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THE
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The Earthen Vessel.

THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS.

IN commencing the tenth volume of the EARTHEN VESSEL, we must write a few lines by way of preface or introduction. Without any ceremony, we shall endeavour to throw all we, at present, wish to say, under the five following heads:—I. *Our Gratitude.* II. *Our Confession.* III. *Our Consolation.* IV. *Our Determination.* V. *Our Design.*

I. *Our Gratitude.*—When we reflect upon our mean original—the heavy tide of prejudice ever beating against us—and the mass of imperfections which have attended our progress—we are no less surprised than thankful in contemplating this two-fold fact—first, that no less than three-hundred and ninety-two thousand copies of the EARTHEN VESSEL have been circulated during the last nine years; secondly, that in some humble measure, testimonies illustrative and confirmatory of “THE TRUTH,” (either in doctrine, in experience, or in practice,) have, by its instrumentality, been published in all directions; and the blessing of heaven has accompanied the same. To a merciful, righteous, and compassionate Jehovah,—FATHER, WORD, and SPIRIT—be all the glory given. “*Hitherto the Lord hath helped us.*” He hath helped us in the bestowment of new-covenant mercies; he hath helped us in constraining thousands to aid in the circulation of this work; he hath helped us in every season of pecuniary difficulty; he hath helped us in causing us to be useful to many, and not a few to be useful to us. What, then, shall we render unto the Lord for all his goodness bestowed upon us? Not only would we most gladly “take the cup of salvation, and call upon his holy name;” but we would, the Eternal Spirit helping, take the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God in our hearts, and by our tongue and pen would publish and proclaim the exceeding and unsearchable riches of our ever-blessed Covenant Head in every destitute crook, and every benighted corner of this triple-jointed portion of the moral creation, until it could be said England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and their dependencies, have had the gospel preached unto them, even unto the remotest

borders thereof. This may be termed pride and ambition. Let the jealous critic term it what he please, we write under a sense of secret gratitude, of humble adoration, of feeble thankfulness; and while we thus pen these broken sentences, our spirits are ready to burst forth in strains of gladness and triumph, while we look in a three-fold direction: first, *backward*, upon the dark and mysteriously trying path in which we have had to tread; yet, have neither been *lost, cast away, nor destroyed*: no; but spared, to prove that “*the blood of JESUS CHRIST, God’s dear SON, cleanseth (even) us, from all sin;*” and spared to spread abroad the precious savour of his all-glorious name. Secondly, we look *downward* upon the many unhappy spirits who—under satanical and carnal influence—have lifted up their powers, with a deadly aim to dash us to atoms, and for ever to extinguish both our efforts and our zeal. But the Lord reigneth. We did not run unsest:—we did not enter into the vineyard of ourselves:—we did not *first* choose our Master and our work:—our most righteous Lord and Master did himself choose, call, and put us into that particular sphere of labour for which he has wisely fitted us: here we stand; and upheld by his omnipotent arm, we shall neither perish nor be paralysed; but, in our small and quiet manner, hope to endure unto the end; and to finish our course with joy. Thirdly, we look *forward*; and sometimes earnestly anticipate *the result* of all our conflicts in a little harvest of real success in the dispensation of the glad tidings of pardon and peace by the finished work of the great Captain of our salvation. In the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, we hope to grow stronger and stronger: to himself and his service, we hope to be more and more sincerely devoted; and, although the rest of our days should be spent among widowed and despised churches; amid the unevangelised localities and ruralities of our land; and in a pilgrimic mission from east to west, and north to south; still, even in such an almost untrodden course, would we pray to be found faithful; and thereby to our sovereign King, evince the genuineness of our faith, the purity

of our zeal, and the depth of our GRATITUDE. Horne's simple verse here suits us well; 'twas thus the bard did sing :

- " Blessings more numerous than the sand
That bounds the mighty flood,
My warmest gratitude demand,
To God, supremely good.
- " A fetus in my mother's womb,
His goodness mark'd the path
That I should traverse to the tomb,
From insanity to death.
- " For food, for raiment, strength and health,
Constrain'd, I bless him still;
And though he has denied me wealth,
'Tis best, for 'tis his will.
- " But chiefly sing, in sweetest strains,
Of gratitude and praise,
That love which in Immanuel reigns,
Eternal as his days ! "

II. *Our Confession.*—The ancient fathers speak largely of a two-fold confession : there is a confession of, or witnessing to, the TRUTH ; and there is a confession of our infirmities, weaknesses, and necessities. Speaking of the first, William Bridge plainly says, " *If you would witness a good confession in these days of ours', then you must be willing to suffer for the truth of Christ.*" This we have proved to be a true axiom. While we were simply seeking for Christ in the closet ; while we were silently listening to the voice of Christ in the ministry, we endured but little suffering, save that which arose from the two powers within, *the flesh and the Spirit*. But, when a gracious Providence, and a constraining power, set us up on the walls openly and boldly to confess Christ, and the gospel of Christ, from that moment suffering work began. This suffering, however, is *not to be charged upon the truth ; nor upon the GOD OF TRUTH*. No ; by no means. The sources of this suffering are manifold. Satanic malice and enmity is one source of this suffering. Satan will watch and wait to see where he can catch you, so as to make your conduct in any manner to give *the lie to your creed*. See how effectually he did this both in David and in Peter. Another source of the suffering is *the spirit of error in all anti-christian powers*. We who know, and love, and honestly confess, the truth of the gospel, we declare that our holy covenant God and Father did, before all worlds, elect and choose in Christ his Son, a people for his praise—and by a predestinating decree, did separate them, and set them apart for his glory, *preparing for them, and appointing unto them an everlasting kingdom of purity, perfection, and blessedness*. We declare that the Messiah, the Christ of God, was perfect God and perfect man ; that he was, and is, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father and with the Holy Spirit. We declare that our precious and most adorable Lord Jesus Christ came into the world to make an end of sin, to make reconciliation for iniquity, and to bring in everlasting

righteousness *only for, and on behalf of, those who were given unto him in the councils of eternity*. No language can be more clear or decided than is that of Isaiah, when speaking as the representative of the whole church, the prophet says, " He was wounded for our transgressions ; he was bruised for our iniquities ; the chastisement of our peace was upon him ; and *with his stripes we are healed.*" To the very same end speaketh the Saviour himself—" I am the good Shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father—(i. e., *there is a perfect knowledge, agreement, oneness, harmony, intention, and design between us*)—and *I lay down my life for the sheep.*"

We also declare (because we fully believe such declaration to be taught and wrought in us by the Spirit of all truth ; because we believe such declaration to be in strict accordance with the Word of God, and to be confirmed by *the genuine Christian experience of all the quickened elect*), that no man can believingly, heartily or savingly, come unto Jesus Christ, except the Father draw him : no man can sincerely love and follow Jesus Christ except the Holy Ghost raise up his soul into a vital and experimental union to the great Covenant Head : no man can comfortably realise the benefits of redemption, unless the eternal Spirit give unto him a living faith, revealing unto that faith the PERSON, the OFFICES, the WORK, and the Kingdom of our exalted EMMANUEL, *God with us*. And, finally, with all the powers of our souls, do we unite with Watts in singing :

" His honour is engaged to save
The meanest of his sheep ;
ALL that his heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

These are simply the foundation principles of our faith : where these blessed truths are wrought in the soul of a sinner, by the God of all grace, they will be accompanied by a tenderness of conscience, an uprightness of heart a separation from, and an utter abhorrence of, all evil ; an overcoming of the world ; a crucifixion of the flesh ; a hungering and thirsting after righteousness ; a spiritual union to the saints ; an obedience to the gospel ; a devotedness of heart and life to the Redeemer ; an approving of all things that are excellent, and an anticipation of entering into, and enjoying, that heavenly rest which remaineth for the people of God.

Opposed—bitterly, because ignorantly opposed—to all these holy and essential articles of our faith, are the legion of spirits which make up the great anti-christian body (which body takes in Mahomedanism, Romanism, Puseyism, Mormonism, Arianism, Arminianism, and a motley group of *isms* beside) which we stay not here to delineate. Be it remembered, then, that satan and the

whole of his unsanctified legion, of whatever name, or shade, or profession they be, all are in warlike antagonism with the TRUTH; and all who dare espouse and proclaim it. Hence comes (as well as from other sources) our suffering.

But when we set out to write "our confession," we did not purpose to touch this side of it: that is, a confession of our faith: it was a confession of our weaknesses we principally designed; such a confession as Paul makes in few words, when, (in 2 Cor. xiii. 4), referring to the deep humiliation of our Jesus, he says, "we also are weak in him." We know not how far other public men (either ministers or authors), may be prepared to go; but we must fully confess that we have very painfully discovered at least a four-fold weakness cleaving as tightly to all our efforts than doth man's skin to his mortal frame. There is a *physical*, there is an *intellectual*, there is an *external*, there is an *imaginary* weakness, which we have to confess: and we do it frankly that no man may henceforth expect from us what never will be found in us, "a perfection of strength." We have no doubt but that many a servant of God, while in this tabernacle, hath shed a tear of sympathy while adopting as their own, in every sense, those memorable words of Paul to the Galatians, "Ye know how, through infirmity of the flesh, I preached the gospel unto you at the first: and my temptation which was in my flesh ye despised not, nor rejected; but received me as an angel of God, even as Christ Jesus." What that particular weakness was to which Paul refers, we stop not to enquire: in our case, it has been a want of caution, of carefulness, of discernment, of deliberation, of knowledge as regards the devices of satan, and the deceitfulness of the human heart. Oh, brethren, how many hours of sorrow, how many cutting disappointments, how many dark dispensations, hath this *moral*, or *natural* weakness brought upon us. Truly, we solemnly feel the need of that holy injunction, "WATCH and PRAY, lest ye enter into temptation." We cannot dwell here: two secret friends meet us in this valley of trial; the one is, *heart-felt grief* for all that is contrary to God and godliness: the other is, *the answer of a good conscience* that with us it has been as it was with Paul, "so then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh, the law of sin;" not wilful, habitual, practical, open transgression; but, the sin of weakness working out a deficiency in more fully waiting for the mind of God; and watching against the devices of satan. Brethren, pray for us. An *intellectual* weakness is also found with us. How high and holy, how deep and unsearchable are the attributes of Deity, the articles of the everlasting covenant, the doctrines of the gospel, the operations of the Spirit, the exercises of the saints, and the

mysteries of an overruling, ever-working providence! Who can understand, who can comprehend, who can grasp, who can define them? This intellectual weakness meets us at every turn; thwarts us in every effort; discourages and distresses us in every branch of our work: in attempting to write; in endeavouring to preach; as well as in the exercise of a righteous judgment between things that differ; in every labour our small and contracted mind is made to groan out, "and who is sufficient for these things?" Perhaps we are not altogether alone in this peculiar affliction. The following paragraph at this moment comes to hand.

"I was formerly well acquainted with two worthy persons in the ministry," says a distinguished divine, "who were eminently and extensively useful. I thought that if ever any men in the world were faithful to the light God had given them, these were. And yet, in their last illness, they had such a feeling sight of their past unfaithfulness, as almost reduced them, for a time, to a despair of salvation. One of them said, he only wished to live that he might have an opportunity of preaching the gospel in a fuller manner than he had ever yet done. The other cried out in an agony of distress, 'God hides the light of his face from my soul, and is putting me to bed in the dark, because, out of a dastardly complaisance to some of my hearers, I have not dwelt enough upon the doctrines of grace, in the course of my public ministrations;' instancing particularly the doctrine of election, 'in which doctrine,' added he, 'I now see such a glory as I never saw before.' Yet both were good men, and went off comfortably at last; though not until they had been led through a tedious, dismal wilderness of keen remorse and distressing conflicts. Such as suppress and keep back any part of Christian doctrine, either through fear of men, or to curry the favour of men, and consult their own ease, advancement, or reputation, at the cost of truth and of souls, have a tremendous valley of pain and horror to pass through, ere they reach the kingdom of heaven. If saved at all, it will be as by fire."

There is an *external* weakness. Men do not all see alike. Even the real work of grace in a sinner's heart is not so satisfactorily discovered in some cases as is necessary for a hearty reception of that poor sinner into the bosom of the church. Every minister of Jesus Christ daily proves that *his* powers are not powerful enough to remove the hindrances that seem to impede his progress, and put a limit to his usefulness. To what an amazing extent has this weakness *without*, crippled us! Prejudices and reproaches on the one hand, with the lack of means on the other, have often tied our hands, and so thrown back the fruit of our efforts as to threaten us with an overthrow and a final destruction; over which our foes would have greatly triumphed; while our friends, with ourselves, would have shed tears of bitterness

and woe. In dark and gloomy seasons of this description, we have sometimes opened upon the fifth chapter of the Book of Job, and the crushing sentences of Eliphaz have inwardly made us to tremble. Referring to the righteous government of the Almighty, the Temanite says: "*He disappointeth the devices of the crafty; so that their hands cannot perform their enterprise. He taketh the wise in their own craftiness; and the counsel of the froward is carried headlong.*" Ah, who can describe that horror of darkness which beclouds the mind when, to all appearance, the people of God, the Word of God, and the providence of God, all stand against us?

"You that love the Lord indeed—
Tell us, is it thus with you?"

There is, however, a *bright* as well as a *black* side to our history. Paul, speaking of some of the good old saints, says, "*Out of weakness made strong.*" and even Eliphaz, while, with the 12th, 13th, and 14th verses of his chapter, he has almost driven us to despair, with the following words he has (we hope by the Spirit's power) kept us from either sinking, standing still, or turning back. How deeply consoling are the words of the Holy Ghost, when he turns from writing the sentence of death upon the wicked, to declare the goodness of the Lord to the most afflicted of his children! What an excellent oil to our lacerated and oppressed spirit, has sometimes been that "*BUT,—but he saveth the poor from the sword, from their mouth, and from the hand of the mighty. So the poor hath hope, and iniquity stoppeth her mouth. BEHOLD, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty.*" Yes! Yes! With the deepest humility would we record it, on our bended knees, while pleading in weakness for the Lord to appear, these words did softly lift up their voice within, and said, "*How hast thou helped him that is without power? How savest thou the arm that hath no strength?*" Thus, dear friends, having obtained help of the Lord, we continue to the present time; and have known those seasons when, without wilful presumption, we carefully adopted the beautiful words of the poet who sung,

"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."

We have run on too far for one number. The remaining portions of this imperfect address must be deferred until February *Vessel*.

WE HAVE A SALVATION IN OUR PRECIOUS LORD.

LETTER FROM MR. W. BIDDER, TO
MR. J. GREENHOUGH.

MY DEAR FRIEND.—It seems as though it would still devolve upon me to break the ice—if it is ever broken—or to break silence once

more. Well, how are you and your dear lady, after an elapse of almost another year? To her tender my kindest love and regards; and truly do I hope that in both the outward and inner man, it is well with you, rejoicing in God our Saviour. Why should we not? Though depraved in ourselves, yet complete in him; though black, yet comely; though poor, yet rich; though polluted, yet clean; though weak, yet strong; though sorrowful, yet always rejoicing; though at times cast down, yet never cast off, nor destroyed; though lost, yet found; though fallen, yet risen, and standing upright. All hail! beloved. We have a salvation in our precious Lord, which answers all Jehovah's precious purposes; all that law or justice can require; all that the election of grace can ever need; and which, as a scheme, I call Jehovah's master-piece, surpassing all the infinite variety of his other works, *yea, chief of the ways of God*, and must produce endless wonder and unceasing surprise through the successive ages of a boundless everlasting. And shall we not rank among the adoring wonderers? O, bless his name! what can prevent it? Sin, by blood divine, for ever removed; the curse fully borne; our debts amply and most honourably paid; our creditor better pleased with the Surety and his payment, than if no debt had been contracted; and is more—ininitely more—honoured in and by the amazing stoop, (humiliation), obedience, blood, sufferings, wounds and death of our precious Lord, than he was ever injured by us. Then, let his saints rejoice. We must ever be more dear to him than he to us; more precious to him than he to us. O what a depth—what mysteries in the truth, mind, and will of God! Our glorious Alpha and Omega contains the whole, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; and to know him is eternal life; and communion with HIM is heaven upon earth; and with this may both my own soul and my dear friends at Manchester be increasing with all the increase of God. The Holy Ghost communicate to us graciously a still greater knowledge of the Almighty Person of our adored Christ. Great, grand, and glorious as are his acts, works, and words, his PERSON surpasses all. I hope my brother fully enters into my meaning, and better into the subject itself; for I can but poorly set it forth; it beggars all words—all language; and all human—all angelic minds are herein left behind as to a full comprehension everlastingly; it is an everlasting subject for contemplation and endless admiration.

I have not filled in my sheet with a gloomy detail of this world's daily occurrences, or of my chequered path in the wilderness:

"All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend."

That's my mercy and your's; but there is a better subject, which infinitely outweighs it; nor would the former benefit you; but the latter may. I trust, therefore, the Lord will bless the above hints to each of you; and you can do as you please with this scribble; read it to any who once knew poor me.

Always very affectionately your's,

Dec. 3rd.

W. BIDDER.

DID JUDAS PARTAKE OF THE LORD'S SUPPER?

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Did Judas partake of the Lord's Supper? My opinion is that *he did not*.

That he partook of the passover is beyond all dispute, but we must distinguish between the Passover Supper and that of the Lord's Supper. To the one Judas, as a Jew, was, perhaps, entitled.

The reasons for my opinion, that Judas did not partake of the Lord's Supper, are,

First, that the language of *recognition* which was used by the Saviour could *not* apply to Judas, for Judas was in disposition, in character, and in relationship, a devil; he was, in practice, a thief and a traitor; and, in destiny, he was a son of perdition. All of which are very different from being a Christian. The language then, I say, of recognition used by the Saviour on that occasion, could not include Judas, nor could the command connected therewith apply to Judas, "This is my body which is given for you. This do in remembrance of me. This cup is the new testament in my blood which is shed for you." Luke xxii. 19, 20.

He laid down his life for the sheep; and Judas is not once called by any one name that indicates that he ever was a sheep, or that he ever had a particle of grace in his heart. He was an apostle *nominally*, but *practically* he was a thief and a traitor, and was not of the "you" to whom the Lord said, "This is my body which is given for you." But it may here be said that Judas was not only an apostle *nominally* but also a *Christian* *nominally*; and that as he was a Christian *professedly*, the Saviour did, on the ground of that profession, in the words, "This is my body which is given for you," include Judas. This may appear at first sight rather feasible, but it makes the Saviour do that which was utterly impossible for him to do. It makes the God of truth utter a *falsehood*—seeing it is *not true* that his blood was shed for Judas. Judas was not one of the "all," for whom the Surety died. Judas was not one of that world whom God had loved, or he could not have been a son of perdition; for the love of God is everlasting, and there is no separation from it. Jeremiah xxxi. 3 Romans viii. 39. Had Judas ever had a place in this love, he never, no never, could have been separated therefrom. Had he ever been joint-heir with Christ he never could have been an heir of perdition.

"This cup is my blood in the New Testament which is shed for you." These words thus uttered, no exception being made, but spoken as including *all* who were present at the time, and as it would not have been true to say to Judas this is shed for you, and as it was impossible for the Saviour to speak falsely, these words are to me one argument against Judas partaking of the Lord's Supper.

The second reason for my opinion that Judas did not partake of the Lord's Supper is, that *he could not partake of it worthily*.

Whatsoever is not of faith is sin. Could Judas partake of it in holy living faith?

Could he discern spiritual things? Could he discern the Lord's body as bearing the sins of his people, as saving his people from their sins? Could Judas, or did Judas, examine himself as to whether his heart was right with God? Did not the thirty pieces of silver, more than anything else, occupy his thoughts, his desires and affections? Does not he, who shall eat of this bread and drink of this cup, unworthily, eat and drink to himself condemnation, not discerning the Lord's body? and if, as the 109th Psalm shews, the prayer of Judas was to become sin, would not his eating and drinking unworthily be sin also? Could his so doing be acceptable to God? In what possible way could it be acceptable to God? Not as an act of either faith in, or love to, God, for his heart (as the hearts of numbers of professors are) was bound up in his covetousness, and if he did partake of the Lord's Supper, then the Lord himself must have ministered the same to him. Is not this to make the Saviour *participate* in and *sanction* an act which, in the sight of God, was nothing but sin. Is it right? Is it reverential? Is it scriptural to make the Saviour a participator in an act of sin and hypocrisy of the deepest hue?

Judas was not a real Christian, but still a *Jew* in heart. The Saviour granted him his right as a Jew, even to the closing course of the Passover Supper, the *sup*.

He was not incapable of partaking of the Passover as a *reflective* ordinance—that is, as an ordinance that looked back to their deliverance from Egypt; so that while at the Passover Supper he acted with the greatest hypocrisy towards the Saviour, yet as a Jew in heart he might be sincere in the *temporal* meaning of the Passover Supper. But the Lord's Supper has no temporal meaning, but a *spiritual* meaning; and Judas was not a spiritual man but a carnal man, and they that are in the flesh cannot please God. There is, therefore, a difference between the Passover Supper and the Lord's Supper.

If Judas partook of the Lord's Supper, he must have partaken of it *unworthily*. Can we connect the Holy One with that which is not acceptable to God?

The question perhaps may be asked, "Did the disciples partake of the Lord's Supper worthily, seeing they had but very little discernment of the Lord's body as an offering for sin?" The answer to this is very simple, and is this: that whatever deficiency there was in *understanding*, yet they were real believers in Jesus, and their love to him was sincere; and they already had a *spiritual* and truthful *disposition*; and any one of which qualities was possessed by Judas. Wherever this heavenly *disposition* is given, the truth as it is opened up, is sure in the love thereof, to be received by such. They may make many mistakes, and tako for a time free-will and low Calvinism for truth, but they will never feel satisfied, or be at rest, until the everlasting covenant, sealed by a Mediator's blood, be thrown open to them, and they brought into the bond thereof; the elements and first principles of which were in the hearts of the disciples when they partook of the Lord's Supper: therefore, they did not partake thereof unworthily. The

Lord *knew* what they were in *heart*; but *we* cannot know until, with the mouth, confession is made unto salvation; therefore they cannot be Scripturally received to the Lord's table, until *after* the Lord has received them; at least, as far as pastor, and deacons, and church can judge; for all have a right to judge in this matter. No pastor or deacons have any right to impose persons upon the church without the church's judgment and consent. They which are spiritual are to judge all things; and are all to share the responsibility of receiving persons into church fellowship; and a matter truly solemn it is, unless we can prove it to be a light thing for any one to eat and drink damnation to himself.

But the *third* and last reason I shall now assign for my opinion, that Judas did not partake of the Lord's Supper, is, that he was *not there* when the bread of blessing, and cup of blessing, were given to the disciples.

I must here beg of my reader to remember, that I am giving merely my *opinion* that Judas did not partake of the Lord's Supper; therefore, when I say he was not there when the Lord's Supper was instituted, I am saying this as my opinion; though I do at the same time confess that my opinion is, in my own mind, very little, if any, short of *certainty*.

It is beyond all doubt, that Judas left the Lord and the disciples, *before* they all left the house in which were the Passover Supper and the Lord's Supper. We see (John xiii. 30), that Judas went out at the *beginning* of the discourse recorded from the 13th to the 17th chapters of John; so that the discourse continued after Judas left, from the 31st verse of the 13th chapter, to the end of the 17th chapter; and then they sang a hymn after this, giving Judas time to get his thirty pieces of silver.

Now, if it could be *proved* that the *Lord's Supper* was not given until after Judas had left the company, there would then be an end to all doubt upon the matter; but in the absence of direct proof, we must be guided by the most *evident* probabilities.

Now, in the first place, it is clear that the Lord's Supper was not given until after the Passover Supper. The Passover Supper, (as we see from John xiii. 2), was ended—before Judas left the company; and there was yet the Lord's Supper to come, of which Supper John does not speak; he goes no farther than the supplement to the Passover Supper—the *sop*; making it his business rather to shew what the Lord *said*, than what he did. As John does not mention the Lord's Supper, but only the Passover Supper, there is nothing either impossible or improbable in the opinion, that the *Lord's* Supper was not given until after Judas left the company, as we *know* he did leave some time before the Saviour's discourse was ended. Matthew and Mark appear to me to bear out the opinion that Judas did not partake of the Lord's Supper.

In Matt. xxvii., we find that when the Lord said that one of you shall betray me, Judas, among the rest, said, "Master, is it I?" Judas knew, at the same time, (verses 14 and 15), that he had already covenanted for thirty pieces of silver, yet said, "Master, is it I?"

and the Lord answered him, (verse 25th); "*Thou hast said.*" Here the account by Matthew, of Judas at the Passover, ends—a full stop is made.

Matthew begins the account of the Lord's Supper, with a *new paragraph*; so that Judas is seen nor heard no more amongst them. Now, *after* this answer to Judas; *after* this quick, this abrupt departure of Judas—so abrupt that the disciples thought he was gone to give something to the poor—now, then, it was *after* this, that the *Lord's* Supper was ministered to the disciples. Here is not the least proof whatever that Judas *was* there when the Lord's Supper was ministered; but every probability that he was *not* there.

Mark xiv. will bear out the same view of this matter: "The Son of Man indeed goeth, as it is written of him; but woe unto that man by whom the Son of Man is betrayed: good were it for that man if he had never been born." Here ends, with Mark, the account of Judas at the Passover. Now, it is *after* this, that the Lord's Supper is spoken of; and Mark, like Matthew, begins the account of the Lord's Supper by a new paragraph. Here, then, again, is no evidence that Judas partook of the Lord's Supper; but on the contrary, he is dismissed *before* the Supper is given; at least, such is my *opinion*.

The only difficulty in this part, is the *manner* in which Luke gives his account of the Lord's Supper; but here the difficulty is *not real*, but only *apparent*. But let us *test* the point.

Luke xxii., makes the hand of Judas to be with the Lord on the table, *after* the Lord's Supper was ministered. Now, it is clear, that when Judas left, he did not, like Noah's faithful dove, return again to the table, but rather, like the raven, went after his carnal and carrion-like covetousness. Yet Luke, *after* speaking of the Lord's Supper, speaks of Judas being there.

Now, how are we to reconcile this with Matthew and Mark, who first dismiss Judas, and then give the Supper afterwards—while Luke gives the Supper first, and dismisses Judas afterwards? There is but one way; and that is a very easy way, in which the different testimonies may be reconciled, and be perfectly harmonious one with the other.

Matthew and Mark follow the circumstances in the order in which they *took place*; Luke does not do this; Luke gives the Passover, and the *Passover cup*: "And he took the cup (verse 17) and gave thanks; and said, Take this, and divide it among yourselves." Now, this was the *Passover cup*. He then passes on to the *Lord's Supper*: (verses 19th and 20th)—"*This cup*" this *New Testament cup* "this cup is the *New Testament* in my blood which is shed for you." Was Judas one of this "*you*?" I trow not.

Now, after Luke had thus given an account of the Passover and the Lord's Supper, he then *goes back*, to bring up an account of the *circumstances* that occurred at the Passover; thus dividing his subject, as it were, into two parts: First, the Passover, and the Lord's Supper; and then, secondly, the circumstances that occurred on the occasion; and, like a good workman, he finishes one part of his subject

before he begins the other part; and thus the same things that Matthew and Mark have given after one manner, Luke has given after another manner; each speaking and writing as he was led of the Holy Ghost. And it is remarkable, that while at first sight it would appear from Luke, that Judas was there at the time of the Lord's Supper, it is remarkable that there are *three* things in Luke's own account in favour of the opinion that Judas was *not* there, when the Lord's Supper was ministered. 1st, "This is my body, which was given for you." The other evangelists do not speak in this form; and that, although Luke while he should *seem* to include, does at the same time use language which must exclude Judas. 2ndly, "Do this in remembrance of me." Was this command to a traitor, a deadly enemy, both of which was Judas? 3rdly, "The hand of him that betrayeth me is with me on the table." Is not this a proof that Luke is here, after giving the Passover and the Lord's Supper, *going back*, to take up the circumstances that occurred? For if the Passover and Lord's Supper were ended and over—which must be the case, if Luke be taken in the order of *time*, instead of the order of *arrangement* of his subject—if, I say, the Supper was ended, why should the hand of Judas be on the table? This little incident proves that while Judas was there, eating and drinking were going on; and that when the Passover Supper was ended, and he had received his share of the sop, "he went," says John, "*immediately* out; and it was *night*:" a word, as here used, of awful significance.

Taking all these things into consideration, I come to the conclusion, that Judas, while he partook of the Passover, in its mere temporal aspect, did *not* partake of the Lord's Supper.

I hold that the ordinances of God ought not to be trifled with; that none ought to be baptized, and admitted to the Lord's table, but such as, in the best and solemn judgment of the church, are regenerated persons.

That the Lord does *suffer* graceless characters to meddle with his ordinances is one thing, to *sanction* their so doing, is another thing; and that after all precautions, the church is sometimes deceived, is admitted; but if the church act as it ought to act, the fault will be not with the deceived, but with the deceiver.

Judas was not included in the recognising "*you*;" he could not partake worthily, he received his sop, and went immediately out, and went to his *own place*. And if it be not so, now that I am right in my opinion, "who will make me a liar, and make my speech nothing worth."

If any should try to prove me wrong in this matter, I hope they will deal gently with me seeing I am but

A LITTLE ONE.

"The saints account it their privilege that God sees them; and it's a very good sign of sincerity, when the soul is not afraid that God should see him; when the soul can look upon the clear beams of the Sun of righteousness without dazzling, as the eagle, when she would prove her young ones, holds them up in the sight of the sun; and if they can endure the shining, and look upon it, then are they of the right kind."

THE IDOL OF THE DAY:

OR, INTELLECTUAL PRIDE AS IT IS.

"The Lord of hosts hath purposed it, to stain the pride of all glory, and to bring into contempt all the honourable of the earth."—ISAIAH xxiii. 9.

MR. EDITOR.—Situating as you are in the midst of conflicting opinions, and the varied sentiments of religious professors, it would be indeed marvellous if you could please all. The charge of *crawling*, or cringing to others' opinions, recently insinuated against you, carries its own refutation along with it—or you would please everybody, even your fault-finding correspondent himself. Nothing could be more wide of the mark. Such an allegation, to say the least, must have been conceived in ignorance, or something worse.

Your present correspondent can sympathise with you in some sort, surrounded as he is on all sides by almost every shade of sentimental religionists, whose views differ wide as the poles are asunder. With some he is set down as a mere doctrinal preacher, a letter-man, legalist, &c.; by others he is said to be a dangerous exponent of doctrines long exploded by the more intelligent and enlightened; and tolerated by a few narrow-minded illiterate folk belonging to a certain school which is fast dwindling into very small dimensions.

What an age of conflict and strife we live in—a gainsaying generation, whom no one that has an honest conscience can please! We have piped into them on the tuneful reed of covenant love, but their hearts have not danced for joy; we have mourned over their natural depravity, but they have not wept. Alas! the great idol before whose shrine the masses delight to sacrifice is INTELLECTUAL PRIDE and FREE WILL. In the church and in the world, among professors and profane, through all grades of society, social, political, moral, and religious, this is awfully manifest. "There is a generation who are pure in their own eyes, and are not washed from their filthiness."

The following lines on the subject are submitted to your judgment; and if allowed a place in your pages, will much oblige

A POOR UNDER-ROWER IN THE SHIP.

Ah! pride is a sly, an insidious FOE,
That haunts and besets me wherever I go,
And lurks in my sorrowful breast:
In pulpit, or pew, meditation or prayer,
When reading or writing its sure to be there,
A vile and an insolent guest.

Proud nature's SATRAP in which satan ensnares
The Pharisee, even while saying his prayers,
(He never once *prayed* all his days).
All heavenly-work folk are caught with the bait,
Their doings so good, their merit's so great,
And their almsgivings making a blaze.

Pride, like a RANK POISON, in Eden begun,
Diffusing its venom through every man,

The noble as well as the base:
This cup of *free-will* Adam drank in the fall,
Which poisoned himself and infected us all,
A plague-spot corrupting our race.

Proud nature's a THIEF of an impudent face,
That aims to rob God of his glory and grace,
To whom all our homage is due :
Ye watchmen in Zion who're faithful and bold,
Hunt out the base robber from every fold,
And be to Emanuel true.

Proud intellect LIES, and says, "'Tis with ease
A man can repent and believe when he please,
May do it, or let it alone ;
Man is a free agent, and so may refuse
The good or the evil which ever he choose,
To will and to do is his own."

This pride of the heart's an IMPOSTOR, at best,
To offer salvation it never possessed,
(Provided I will but comply
With certain conditions on easiest terms)
Inflating the minds of poor ignorant worms
With pride till they perish and die.

And pride is a traitor to Jesus my Lord,
Rebels at his sovereignty, counsel, and word,
(Whose pleasure is going on still) ;
Defying his power with impious strain,
And cries, "I'll not have this Jesus to reign,
Nor shall I submit to his will."

Proud nature, a TYRANT, once ruled over me,
But now from his bondage my spirit is free,
For Jesus hath triumphed above : [day,
Made willing to own him my King from this
I bow to his sceptre, and yield to its sway—
The rebel is vanquished by LOVE !

CORNELIUS SLIM.

Maidstone, November 13, 1853.

A CLEAN BIRD IN AN UNCLEAN CAGE.

A SON of poor old Adam I,
And sure I am I soon must die—
Drop to earth, and lose my breath—
A lifeless captive, led by death—
Father, corruption ; dirt, my brother ;
The worm my sister and my mother.
A worm—my mother—crawled to earth,
To me, a filthy worm, gave birth.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
All corruption altogether ;
And I corrupt among the rest :
How can I through them now be blessed ?
'Tis all pollution here ; I find
No rest for the immortal mind :
Yea, look without, or look within,
'Tis all pollution, death and sin.
Go where I will, I feel unblest'd ;
I cannot find a perfect rest ;
I've sought it oft, but never found
True blessings on this cursed ground ;
And while I write, I feel I'm dying,
And to my Lord I would be crying,
"O hear me ! save me ! Lord, I pray,
From sin in this vile mortal clay."
I can't refine it, nor control ;
It sticks, pollutes, and daubs my soul ;
Sometimes it makes my soul quite sick ;
'Tis satan's bird-lime—it will stick.
My soul, the bird, sometimes would fly ;
Then kicking, sprawling, here I lie :
Where is the man that can engage
To loose my wings, and clean my cage ?
I'm in a filthy cage, I know ;
Peep out sometimes, yet fear to go,

To find those sweet, immortal things
I feel afraid to trust my wings.
My cage now rickety and slim,
The windows growing rather dim ;
The bottom is not very good,
The worm is working in the wood.

I think my cage has caught the rot ;
But, be it so, or be it not,
It's growing now of little worth,
And soon must fall to dust and earth.
This cage of flesh, and blood, and bones,
Must fall to earth among cold stones ;
Dissolve, and rot, ('tis all pollution),
Until the day of restitution.

Once in the flesh my Partner died ;
Not for himself, 'twas for his bride ;
And when he yielded up his breath,
I was baptis'd into his death,
And by his Spirit rose again,
And in his blood wash'd from my sin,
Pure as the mountain virgin snow :
Home to the pure world I shall go.

'Twas in an earthen vessel done ;
Done in our flesh, by God our Son,
With hyssop, scarlet, cedar wood :
The scarlet represents his blood.
My quicken'd soul, baptis'd in blood,
Rose from the sacred scarlet flood.
When freed from this vile cage of clay,
I to my Love shall soar away.

But I'm still in this cage of clay,
And in it I my time must stay ;
Sometimes I try a little tune ;
Again my note is chang'd quite soon ;
Then, faint and tired, I hang the wing,
Can neither skip, nor chirp, nor sing ;
Under my wing I tuck my head,
And wait for some few crumbs of bread.

I live by bits and crumbs, free given,
Some very sweet—they taste of heaven.
Among "good seed," good grain and crumbs,
Sometimes a piece of sugar comes ;
This makes the little bird, (poor thing),
Begin to whistle, chirp and sing ;
Freed from the cage, this bird will go
Up to the hill where spices grow.

This loathsome cage of filth and sin,
Where I a captive long have been,
The angel, Death, shall ope' the door,
A captive I shall be no more.
Then sin shall no more clog my wing ;
High on the hill of love I'll sing ;
Through groves immortal I shall fly,
And never, never, never die.

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Leicester, Dec. 4th, 1853.

Tried believer ! the dealings of a covenant
God with you are not judicial but parental.
They flow from your *Father's* loving heart.
That cloud, threatening though it appears,
wraps yet in its dark folds no curse ; but it
embosoms a *Parent's blessing*. It comes
freighted with a mercy from on high. It comes
conveying the tidings of love and peace. And
when it speaks it will be but the echo of your
Father's heart, unfolding to you its hidden
and deathless love. Thus, not upon the elect
church, will these fast-coming judgments fall,
as upon the ungodly world.—*Silver Trumpet.*

Ministerial Biography.

No. 1.

[*What a multitude of the disembodied spirits of God's faithful servants are now before the throne! Of many of them it may justly be said—*

"Once they were mourners here below,
And wet their couch with tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now—
With foes, and floods, and fears."

No permanent record of many of them is to be found on earth—their record and their rest are both on high—

There they see th' unfading beauties
Of their dear Immanuel's face;
There they tell the wondrous story,
How they overcame thro' grace.

But of some—of no small number who, in their day and generation were useful, honorable, faithful men—the most interesting, deeply-edifying, and savoury memoirs are to be found. We know some good brethren now living in different parts of this kingdom, who could keep you up all night while they would relate most blessed testimonies of the lives and labors of old ministers with whom they were acquainted in the earlier parts of their lives. We are looking these up for the benefit of our readers. A volume of some magnitude, containing "The Experience of a Village Pastor," has also fallen into our hands, and from these several sources, we hope, for a few months to come to furnish some rich and wholesome food for spiritual minds. We commence with—

The Life of William Arbon,

LATE OF HULL.

Written by Himself.

I WILLIAM ARBON, in the twenty-eighth year of my age, being under heavy affliction of body and very great darkness of mind, would attempt, according to the desire of friends, to state a little of my past life and experience. I regret it has not been sooner done, as I find myself now quite incompetent to the task, and can only attempt, at the most, to give a sketch of the outlines of things. May the Lord mercifully direct my heart and hand, so that I may declare nothing but plain matters of facts; and how far what I write may agree with the words of God and with real Christian experience I must leave others to determine.

I was born on the 11th of June, in the year 1781, at a villago called Buntingford, in the county of Herts. My friends, or parents, were poor; and before I had attained the age of two years, my father was taken from me by death; so that I was left entirely to the care of my mother, who had very many difficulties to encounter, in order to bring me up; and who, I have reason to believe, was truly solicitous for the welfare both of my body and soul. Consequently, I was trained up in a strict attendance upon the means of grace, and reading the Word of God; and I can recollect, that from my infancy, I was frequently the subject

of deep convictions and remorse for sin; and by means of the instructions which I had received, I was restrained from the open vices into which many of my companions ran—such as swearing, &c. Yet I was as great a stranger to anything of a religious nature in reality, as any of my acquaintances were.

Nothing particular occurred in my life, till about the age of fifteen years; when I was put out as an apprentice; and as my master and mistress both professed to fear God, I was still kept in attendance on the outward means of grace. My depravity, however, grew stronger, and my disposition for reading—which had before been naturally strong, now greatly abated and declined, till at length I formed the horrid resolution that I would read the Word of God no more.

I had now attained the age of sixteen; and seeing one day a small pamphlet lying on my master's table, I took it up, and read it. This was called *Whitefield's Sayings*; it contained many short but excellent sentences of that man of God; and among the rest was the following: "a prayerless soul is a Christless soul." I said, this is my state; for I live without prayer; and if I am Christless, I am sure there is no salvation, and I must be lost for ever. From this time I resolved to try to pray as well as I could. This was soon noticed by my master, who requested me to engage in the family, which I did; and also at public prayer meetings at the place of worship where I attended.

About this time, I heard a young man preach from a text in the Prophecies of Micah, "Arise ye, and depart: for this is not your rest." I listened to him with pleasing attention; and from the remarks he made, I was led to conclude that I had departed from the spirit and customs of the world, and should ultimately arrive at the rest that remains for the people of God. Then my mind became tranquil and serene; and I thought all was well. But I soon found that I knew but little, if anything, of my own depravity, or of that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free; and I soon began to grow cold and negligent in religious duties; on which account, together with not having felt those deep and painful convictions which I had heard some speak of, I was led to conclude that my profession was all delusion, and that I had neither part or lot in the matter; and so far did these feelings operate, that I durst not call myself a child of God, nor durst I read a hymn or a verse which contained the language of approbation, as *my God, my Lord*, lest I should speak presumptuously, and be adding sin to sin. And in addition to this, that chapter—Heb. x. 28, 29,—"*If we sin wilfully,*" &c., was powerfully sent home upon my mind, so that I was filled with deep distress of soul. I then made known something of my feelings to my master; who attempted to console me, by telling me that I had not sinned wilfully. But I knew that I had; and as there remained no more sacrifice for sin, I therefore concluded that I must be miserable for ever. Now it was, if ever, I felt conviction for sin, and stood condemned in my conscience and before it.

" Now felt my soul the heavy load ;
My sins revived again ;
I had provoked a dreadful God,
And all my hopes were slain."

About this time a minister, whom I frequently heard, was led to speak from the passage to which I have referred; and I recollect he remarked, that the sinning wilfully therein mentioned, signified a rejection of the sacrifice of Christ. This I had not done: for it was my only hope. He also observed, that where it is said, "There remaineth no more sacrifice," it signified that there was none but that of Christ, and that this was all-sufficient for the chief of sinners. From this sermon, my mind was greatly relieved, and my hope revived, and I obtained those views of Christ and his work, and of the gospel, which I have never lost; and if I am not deceived, I could now rejoice in God's salvation. From that time to the present, it has been a settled point with me, that my nature is totally depraved, and my heart corrupt; that my life is unholy and impure; and that the law of God condemns; and that the sentence is perfect—fully just; that nothing done by me, nor any thing wrought in me, can be the ground of my acceptance in the sight of a holy God; but that if I am saved, it must be entirely by grace, through the life and death, resurrection and intercession, of the Lord Jesus Christ. I have often doubted, and do still doubt, whether this be a work of the Spirit of God. But I merely state these things, as descriptive both of my past and present feelings; and must leave others to form their own conclusions; at the same time praying for myself,

" Lord, decide this doubtful case ;
Thou who art thy people's Sun,
Shine upon thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun."

But I must now advert to entirely a new era in the course of my life and experience. At this time—namely, in the year 1799, or 1800—I am not quite certain which—I frequently attended the ministry of a Mr. Waring, who then preached at Buntingford. He was kind in noticing me; and, to my great surprise, one day asked me if I had never had any thoughts of the ministry. I could not deny that I had; but stated my views of the importance of the work, and of my inability to engage in the work, and the apparent impossibilities which stood in the way. He, however, insisted upon my praying before the congregation, and also of speaking on a prayer meeting night, which I frequently did. At length he recommended me as a candidate for admission into the Countess of Huntingdon's College. My friends agreed to satisfy my master for the remainder of my apprenticeship; and, after appearing before the trustees of the College, I was admitted to Cheshunt, in the month of February, 1801. At this place I continued two years; when, in consequence of the removal of the tutor—Mr. Nicholson—or other circumstances, I left that situation, and was from that time employed as a minister in the Connection until the year 1811, during which period I was appointed to supply in London, Birmingham,

Bath, Bristol, Worcester, Brighton, Newentle, and many other places; and in the year 1809, I was sent to Hull, to preach in the chapel in Dagger Lane, at that time supplied by ministers from the Connection. Here I continued till the month of February or March, 1811; at which time I was under the necessity of resigning my charge at Dagger Lane, and also of separating from the Connection, in consequence of being led to embrace the doctrine of the baptism of adults, upon a profession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

(To be continued in our next.)

FIXATION:

A NEW YEAR'S ADDRESS TO THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT, THROUGH OFTEN IN DARKNESS OF MIND, THROUGH MANIFOLD TRIALS.

"Who (Jehovah) worketh all things after the counsel of his own will."—Eph. i. 11.

JANUARY, 1854, is now entered: twelve months is added to our life, and twelve for ever gone, to be numbered with those before the flood. Each of those months, as it passed, witnessed the backslidings of our hearts from the fountain of life and love, and saw our multiplied follies and faults, our anxieties and griefs, and heard our sighs and groans; each has borne away on its wings, never, never to return, its own portion of our pain. What of sorrow or of joy, the months which are to come may bring with them, is to us unknown; but we are fully assured that our heavenly Father has, in the plenitude of his wisdom and goodness, appointed our times; all our times are in that hand that formed the universe, which sways the sceptre uncontrolled over angels, men and devils; which launched the shining spheres, to revolve in the ethereal ocean, and which has, for thousands of years, regulated their motions in their respective orbits, and adjusted the periods of their revolutions with the utmost precision, even to a second of time. This is the hand which is extended, and gently placed beneath all the people of God, by which they are sustained, under the heaviest pressures; borne in safety through all the changes and storms of life, and defended against all enemies; by which their wants are all supplied, and all things are made to work together for their good.

Our lives are drawn through various scenes, and vexed with a thousand little cares; but through all the vicissitudes of time, the thought, the all-comprehending thought of the Eternal, moves on steadily to that point which was immutably fixed by the sovereign mind; and all his vast affairs move smoothly on, amid all the heart-rending strife and confusion in the churches; and all the wild commotion, and outrageous uproar of the world, that lies in wickedness. The Lord has his glorious way in the boisterous sterile, and cheerless winter, as well as in the calm, fruitful and cheering summer. As in the soothing calm, so in the terrific storm; as in the effulgence of the day, so in the deepest gloom of midnight, he is constantly prosecuting his unfathomable designs; and by every permission of his will, and every operation of his power, is fulfilling the sovereign counsels of

his unchangeable mind, and bringing into view the hidden secrets of his deep decrees, all settled and ordered well, to the people of his love, however faith in us may oscillate in reference to its actings upon God, his truth or his ways.

We are born to drink of the mingled cup, which the Judge of all the earth has put into the hands of the saints, while sojourning here below : a cup of strong, pungent bitters, intermixed with some delicious sweets ; but, thanks to sovereign favour, the bitterest bitters, in the divine mixtures, have in them "No drop of wrathful gall." Though we cannot say, in some respects, with Newton,—

"The bitter is sweet,"

yet in others we can, if taught of God ; and know the bitters of life and soul are sanctified to us, and are highly salutiferous. May we, then, take the cup in the untrembling hand of faith, as presented by our heavenly Father's love, and, without a murmur, bow, and say, "The cup which my Father has given me, shall I not drink it?"

Our minds, and with our minds, our feelings, are like the face of the ocean, now tranquil, smooth as the polished mirror, and gilded by the beams of the sun, and now violently agitated by the wind, lashed into foam, and whirled about in the utmost confusion. And now, amidst all that we are, all that we hear, all that we feel, and all that we fear, what shall we do?—lie down in sullen despair? No ; we will still wait upon the Lord, who hideth his face from the house of Israel, and look for him ; we will raise, as we can, our feeble, trembling voices, and say, "Lord, save thy people;" "Why shouldst thou be as a way-faring man, or as one that turneth aside, to tarry for a night?" Let us hear thy all-powerful, all-animating voice, saying, "Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." "Then shall our light rise in obscurity, and our darkness be as the noonday." "Then shall the desert blossom as the rose," and our souls shall be as "a watered garden, and springs of water, whose waters fail not."

What ravages hath Death made in the last year ! and what ravages will he still make in the new-born year ! How extensive—yea, universal, his sway ! He enters into the cottage of the poor, the mansion of the rich, and the palace of the monarch, unheeded by the tears of helpless infancy in the one, the bribe of gold in the other, or the pomp of state in the third. His ravages are also cruel. What pain and anguish often precede the hurl of his fatal dart ! What tossing to and fro is seen in his alarmed victim ! and what sorrow is felt by spectators. Hence we behold, if taught of God the Holy Ghost, the majesty and glory of Christ in his promised work. "He will swallow up death in victory." Isa. xxv. 8. That Christ is here intended, we need only turn to Hosca xiii. 14—"I will ransom them from the grave : I will redeem them from death : O, death, I will be thy plague ! O, grave, I will be thy destruction ! Repentance shall be hid from mine eyes," compared with 1 Cor. xv. 26, 26, "He must

reign till all enemies are put under his feet : the last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Christ for all his people virtually destroyed death when he arose from the grave. As proof of this, "Many of the saints, which slept, arose, and came out of their graves, after his resurrection." Matt. xxvii. 53. But the full glory of this conquest is reserved till the second coming of the Redeemer ; then the dead shall be raised, the saints clothed in immortality, and death so completely destroyed, that his destruction will be like the conquest of a universal conqueror, and the swallowing up him who had gorged all the human race ; for death, in his last struggle for the mastery, will be swallowed up in victory. Of this grand conquest, death has already received many presages,—the translation of Enoch and Elijah, and the numbers already raised from the dead ; but in none so much as in the resurrection of Christ the Lord, when, on the third day's dawn, justice demanded his liberation from the tomb, and Almighty power threw wide open the door. Ah, death, how weak thy efforts against thy rising Lord. Believer, timid believer ! hail thy risen Saviour ! and never forget, that his resurrection is a sure pledge of every blessing of redemption being bestowed, and of life, when you and rolling years shall cease to be time, swallowed up in vast, blissful eternity, to the "saints of the Most High." Therefore look forward, and press heavenward, ye weeping travellers, to Zion. Soon all your tears will be dried, your hopes realised, and both your bodies and souls be with Christ in glory. When Christ your Saviour shall come a second time, it will be without sin unto salvation—"Wherefore, comfort one another with these words."

Gravesend.

JOSEPH FLORY.

Our British Baptist Churches :

METROPOLITAN,
SUBURBAN AND PROVINCIAL.

WE wish it to be distinctly understood, that we are by no means ashamed either of our *principles* or our *practice*. We are the organ of no sect or society ; we are under the patronage of no particular party. We call no man "Master ;" neither are we responsible to, or dependant on any creature under heaven, save such kind friends as (either in circumstances, or in the way of increasing our circulation)—have lent us their aid. To them we tender our sincere gratitude ; hoping that the EARTHEN VESSEL—(with all its imperfections,) may still continue to deserve and obtain their favor and their friendship. Our principles then are those recorded in the Epistle by Paul to the Ephesians—which principles—(called by some men "HYPER-CALVINISTIC"—) are reiterated, illustrated, and openly declared, in all parts of the sacred Scriptures. For us, therefore, to attempt to prove that they are true, would be like a man, at noon-day, labouring to convince the people that the natural sun did shine. As regards our *practice*—it is plainly written

Acts ii. 37—39. and in other parts of God's word. The title and the terms, given to the practice which we advocate in connection with Church-discipline, are these, "PARTICULAR BAPTIST," and "STRICT COMMUNION." We love, both with sympathy and sincerity, all who truly love our Lord Jesus Christ; but the principles and practice before referred to, we have, through grace, embraced; and by help divine, shall always avow them whenever opportunities arise. In order to give these New Testament principles, and this purely Gospel practice, all the prominence we can, we are commencing "AN HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL REVIEW OF OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES;" with occasional illustrative engravings. The following very brief "HISTORY OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE," has been forwarded to us by a friend to the cause of God and Truth in that place. We could have wished it had been more expansive; but as it is the truth in a short compass, we present both it and the engraving, as a humble specimen of one feature of our future labours.

History of the Surrey Tabernacle,

BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON.

THE present minister, Mr. James Wells, and a small church came in the year 1831, from a little chapel in Denmark Street, Soho, to the Surrey Tabernacle, which was then merely a low square building, without galleries, and held about six hundred persons. The place was soon thronged with anxious hearers, and so continued until the year 1838, when the old chapel was removed, the site enlarged, and the present chapel built, which seated about one thousand persons; but even this in a few years was found too small for the congregation, and in the year 1850, it was again enlarged, and then accommodated about thirteen hundreds; still the place was crowded and in 1853 a large vestry was added capable of seating one hundred and thirty persons more, and even now there seems scarce room enough, all the sittings we believe being let,—except a considerable number reserved as free sittings,—and many applications for more, which they cannot accommodate. And what has done all this? We believe nothing but the vitality of eternal truth, and their most solemn and heartfelt decision for the same as it is in the Lord Jesus, and how evident it is to us that the blessing of the Lord rests manifestly upon them, from the many remarkable conversions, the refreshings, and the numerous dying testimonies, they have been favoured to know, have taken place among them. Do not these things shew, that they are not without the life and power of godliness in the ministry and in the souls of the people? And when we remember how they have cared for the poor among them, and of the several flourishing societies connected with the place, and also to their liberality to the Aged Pilgrims Friend Society subscribing above £150 per annum, we cannot but bless God on their behalf, and with them say "What hath God wrought?" The prosperity of this hill of Zion, does in-

deed cheer our hearts, and our joy to the Lord is, that he may keep both pastor and people in the "unity of the Spirit and the bond of peace;" and still go on to bless them, and increase their usefulness an hundred-fold, and that Ephraim may not envy Judah, nor Judah vex Ephraim.

We understand that they have never in any case received temporal help from other churches; yet from our own knowledge we can speak to their readiness to help a poor minister or church who stands manifest in the truth and ways of God. We do not wonder at their attachment to their own minister, and that they highly esteem him for his works' sake, and we believe no minister that may have occasionally preached for them and who has proved himself to be a minister of the blessed gospel, indeed and of a truth, but that such has been most kindly treated by them.

The honoured pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle has, like all God's servants, enough of old Adam about him to make him often cry out, "Oh, wretched man that I am!" So that, although he has now for many years enjoyed much prosperity in the church, the Lord is keeping him sensible of his helplessness and nothingness. We have always felt in visiting this honoured place, that gospel peace reigns in their midst. Doubtless they experience their little interruptions to harmony; and what church is altogether free from this?

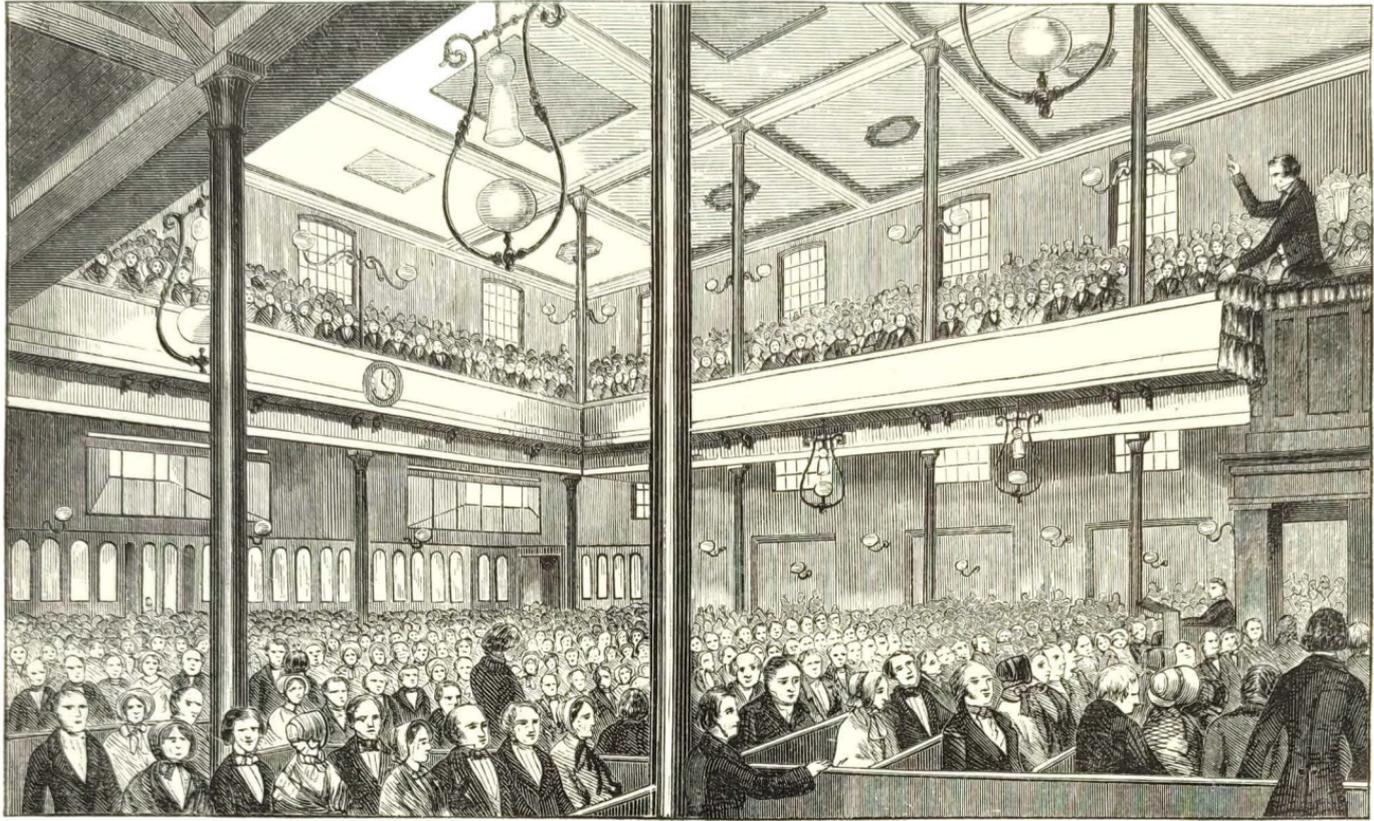
We believe Mr. Wells began speaking in the Lord's name in the open air, about the year 1827; and it may truly be said of him, that he went where Christ was not named; and thus began that cause which is now—through the abounding grace of our covenant God in Christ Jesus—one of the largest churches and congregations in connexion with the Strict Baptist body, holding the truth in all its fulness.

Besides that honoured servant of God, Mr. John Foreman, we know of no minister who labours more in preaching the Word of life than does our brother, Mr. James Wells, in all parts of our favoured land. And how many drooping causes and distressed servants of our Lord has he been the means of comforting in spirit, and helping in temporal things!

When the church was first formed in Princes Place, Westminster, it numbered about twenty members:—there are now nearly, we believe, six hundred.

Judging from their past history and present state, they no doubt hope and earnestly pray that the Lord may still appear on their behalf, and that many poor wandering sinners may yet, within the walls of the Surrey Tabernacle, hear the voice of the Son of God, and eternally live.

POPULAR.—At Zoar Baptist Chapel, Folkestone Terrace, Poplar, three sermons were preached on Lord's-day, December 11th, by Messrs. Messer, James Wells, and E. Bowles, commemorative of the recognition of R. Bowles as pastor of the church. The attendance was very good—the collections liberal. On the following Tuesday, a tea-meeting was held. A



DRAWN BY W. P. CLUBB.]

INTERIOR OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE, BOROUGH ROAD, LONDON.

large number sat down; after which, a public meeting took place, having a two-fold object—first, to congratulate Mr. Bowles on his second years' ministerial labours; secondly, to hear his statement of the dispute which led to his leaving 72, High Street, Poplar, and to answer the question, "*Who is right at Poplar?*"

Mr. Felton having taken the chair, Mr. F. Collins invoked the Lord's blessing. The Chairman briefly stated the nature of the meeting, and then called upon Mr. Bowles to give a concise account of the affair; at the same time promising the deacons, or any other person who might be present, that they should have a fair and impartial hearing, if they could gainsay what Mr. Bowles might advance. Mr. Bowles then entered into a concise account of the various leadings of providence which brought him amongst the people, and the more prominent points of the unpleasant business which led to his separation. The Chairman, after a few remarks, principally expressive of his belief in the statement of Mr. Bowles, and that he was unjustly and unfeelingly dealt with, called upon any person who might be present to reply. After waiting five minutes, and no one coming forward, Mr. Messer rose and proposed the following resolution: "That this Meeting having listened to the vindicatory statement of Mr. Bowles, are perfectly satisfied he is worthy to be commended to the sympathy and kindness of the ministers and members of the Strict Baptist denomination." Mr. C. W. Banks seconded the resolution: which, being put to the Meeting, it was carried unanimously. Mr. Messer, in a brief speech, expressed his desire to see a Board of Ministers established, to which all disputes should be submitted, and whose decision should be binding; believing it would thereby obviate the unhappy exposure of these disputes before the eyes of opponents to Christianity, who are apt to point the finger of scorn, and say sarcastically, "*See how these Christians love one another?*" Mr. Chivers warmly supported the resolution; expressing his sympathy with Mr. Bowles. Mr. Banks spoke to the resolution, desiring (if it was the Lord's will), to see all parties again re-united, calling upon Mr. Bowles to express publicly his forgiveness for the injury done to him. Mr. Banks said he had originated the question, being desirous Mr. Bowles should be set right with the Baptist churches: declared himself satisfied, and hoped the question would be considered as fairly consummated. Mr. Bowles rose with evident emotion, after the last speaker's request, solemnly declaring he had no vindictive feelings toward them; but, if spared to bow the knee that night in prayer before God, they should be remembered before him, for their well-being, &c. The Chairman warmly commended Mr. Banks's request, and Mr. Bowles's reply, deeming the matter fairly settled; and hoped it would now find a grave. Mr. Felton, having to leave, Mr. Chislett was voted to the chair. Mr. Collins, Mr. W. H. Wells, Mr. Shipway, Mr. Bracher and Mr. Chislett, severally addressed the meeting in a Christian spirit. Mr. Searle, of Kingsland, expressed his entire approbation by signing the resolution. WM. BRACHER.

KINGSLAND.—The friends who constitute the Church and Congregation under the ministry of Mr. J. P. Searle, are now zealously at work preparing to build a new chapel, to be called "*Kingsland Tabernacle and Sunday Schools.*" A general Committee, Ladies' auxiliary, and Juvenile branch, have been formed; and as soon as the subscriptions are sufficiently advanced, the building is to be commenced. In all directions round London, mansions, villas, terraces, and spirit-palaces are being erected; we are thankful, therefore, that any effort should be made in any quarter to set up a house for the worship of our God. Believing our brother J. P. Searle to be a sincere, devoted, and honest christian minister, we heartily wish him God speed, with very many years of useful labour in the Lord's vineyard. We had good proof of the high esteem in which he was held at the fourth anniversary of his settlement as Pastor, which was commemorated on the 9th and 10th of October last. We have an interesting report of those meetings, but a small portion only can be here given. In that report Mr. Searle says—

"DEAR BROTHER.—I send you a brief account of the Lord's goodness shewn to one of the least in the service of the sanctuary, on the fourth commemoration of my pastoral labours. While on each annual return I have had to bless His name who has not only helped through the year, but crowned it with such tokens of his goodness, that has caused me to feel more and more persuaded that *here* I am set for the defence of the gospel, yet on no previous occasion has this solemn fact been so confirmed in my own soul, and in the feelings of the dear people of my charge, as on this night when we had a song, for 'a holy solemnity was kept.' That I still live in the affections of the people is proved by the efforts they have made, (far exceeding any previous year). I can truly say that my position was never more cheering than it is now, nor the prospects of the people more encouraging; nothing doubting but that God will establish and bless us as a little church of his right hand planting. No utterances of mine can convey what I feel of adoring thankfulness to that God whose work alone it is, or my fervent thanks to the many ministerial brethren for their kind services so generously given; nor the grateful sense I entertain of the kindness shewn in the augmented contributions of the friends for whom I labour; nor yet set forth the affection I bear towards the members of other churches who so numerously attended to hear in love of our welfare, and bid us God speed. It was the best and most crowded meeting, and the happiest anniversary we ever held within Jireh's walls. On Sabbath day, October 9th, in the afternoon, my esteemed brother Bloomfield preached a blessed discourse from Gal. vi. 14. The chapel was crowded to overflowing. On Monday, October 10th, we held our tea-meeting; 150 took tea. The public meeting commenced at quarter past six. Brother Tanner opened the meeting with prayer. I then rehearsed some proofs of the Lord's goodness in the conversion of sinners and the blessing of saints in the past year. Brother Chivers gave us an excellent address

from 1 Tim. i. 12, last clause, leaving solemn persuasion on the minds of those who were favoured to hear him that the Holy Ghost had indeed put him into the ministry. Brother Jones, in his usual happy manner, spoke from 1 Tim. iii. 1, giving us some weighty and truthful remarks. Brother Banks next entered on some solemn matters in his wonted earnest and savoury way, speaking from 1 Thess. ii. 4. Brethren Attwood and Shipway briefly and energetically addressed the friends. Our honoured brother Wells gave us an eloquent and heart-stirring address from the words, "A good minister of Jesus Christ;" he kept the entire meeting in breathless earnestness, hanging on the weighty things which flowed from a heart warm in his Master's work, and deeply interested in the welfare of our little cause. May his valued life be long spared! Our venerable father Allen next spoke words of patriarchal advice from 'Neglect not the gift that is in thee.' Brethren Parker and Palliser concluded the business of the evening. The total amount collected was £11 16s. 9d; the expenses were £2 4s. 6d; leaving a clear profit of £9 11s. 3½d; a sum very considerably higher than any previous year.

"J. P. SEARLE.

"*Jireh Chapel, Kingsland.*"

EBENEZER BAPTIST CHAPEL, Webb Street, Bermondsey New Road.—Dear Editor.—We, the minister and deacons of the above place, desire, through the *Earthen Vessel*, to erect an ebenezer to the praise of our covenant God for the displays of his goodness and grace toward us as a church, still proving that he is a promise-fulfilling God. The dear Lord is still at work in our midst, as many have come forward witnessing to the power attending the labours of our dear pastor, desiring to cast in their lot among us. On Thursday, Dec. 1, Mr. Chivers, baptised ten persons, six females and four males; some of whom are seals to his ministry, and souls for his hire. Brother Chivers delivered an appropriate discourse from these words, "Wash and be clean." It was a seasonable opportunity; we trust it will lead others to follow the example the Lord has set us. As a church we enjoy peace and unity; and we esteem it a great privilege to be thus united with his dear people, walking in the ordinances of his house—

"There our best friends, our kindred dwell,
There God our Saviour reigns."
May the Lord still go on to bless us, and add to us such as shall be everlastingly saved, and his dear name shall have the praise.

W. STRINGER.

EBENEZER CHAPEL, SHOREDITCH.—T. J. Messer, the pastor, immersed three believers here on Lord's-day, December 11, making seventeen persons he has immersed since his settlement at Ebenezer in August, 1851. One of the candidates on Lord's-day the 11th, had been amongst the independents many years. These three persons, and a young brother who had been baptised some time previously, were received into communion with the church at Ebenezer in the evening. We have two more

applicants for membership. Thus it may be seen our pastor does not "run in vain, neither labour in vain." We have unbroken peace in our borders.

Trosobridge.—An interesting report of the services and a faithful view of the interior of Zion Chapel, on the last occasion of Mr. John Warburton's baptising, have been taken for the *EARTHEN VESSEL*; and will be given, we hope, in an early number. The history and present position of "*Our British Baptist Churches*"—the old and the young—the large and the small—will, under God, fasten home the conviction in many a breast, that (although we are "*the sect everywhere spoken against*"), "God is in the midst of us; we shall not be moved."

LINES IN MEMORY OF

MR. J. ARNOLD, LATE OF HULME,
Who departed this life, Nov. 14, 1853, in the forty-ninth year of his age.

He was a true believer in one eternal God, and the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ, on whom his only hope of salvation rested; he lived and died in the full assurance of eternal life in heaven; his whole plea was, "I am the chief of sinners, but Jesus died for me."

This memorial of affection is inscribed to his memory at the request of his Widow and Son by his friend, ROBERT DAGGATT.

ARNOLD, thy happy soul hath gone
To sit before Jehovah's throne,

And see him face to face:

Now you can join that glorious song,
In heaven with thy immortal tongue,
Salvation is of grace.

Thy soul's array'd in robes of light,
Thy head is crown'd with glory bright,

That never will decay:

No more thou'lt suffer grief or pain,
With Jesus thou shalt ever reign,
Through one eternal day.

Then let his wife and son refrain,
To mourn or weep for him again,

For he is ever blest:

Let them press on the heavenly road,
For it will lead their souls to God,
And they with him shall rest.

His body sleeps in silent dust,
Till Jesus comes to call the just

From the long sleep of death:

Then ARNOLD he shall glorious rise,
And mount to Jesus in the skies:
This ARNOLD saw by faith.

Sweet is his rest now in the tomb,
In the same grave with JAMES his son,

Where troubles are unknown;

But see their kindred souls above,
Where all with them is endless love,
Before Jehovah's throne.

My eyes—can they refuse a tear?

Thy name and memory they are dear,
To me and friends below:

Then, farewell, ARNOLD, till we meet,
And sit and sing at Jesus' feet;
Each other we shall know.

THE

CHARGE DELIVERED BY MR. G. MOYLE,*Baptist Minister, of Rye Lane, Peckham,*AT THE ORDINATION OF MR. S. K. BLAND,
OF OSHESHUNT.

In the afternoon, Mr. Joseph Hamblin, late of Foot's Cray, read a portion of scripture, and offered up sincere and earnest prayer for the pastor and people now united.

Mr. George Moyle, of Peckham, delivered

The Charge,

From 2 Tim. ii. 24, 25: "*And the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be gentle unto all men, apt to teach, patient. In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves; if God peradventure will give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth.*"

These words were written by an inspired apostle, and must not therefore be considered as the words of man, but as they are, in truth, the words of God; to which we do well that we take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place.

I mention this, in order to shew the divine authority from which the message before us proceeds—an authority which claims our humble subjection, and commands our cheerful submission. It is becoming us, as the servants of God, to yield a ready obedience to him, and take his word, and not the word of man; as our rule in all things. Any departure from this, is a matter for deep humiliation before God; and a consciousness of our liability to err will constrain us all to ask for divine grace to enable us to serve God with fidelity and acceptance.

I would just observe, my brother, at the outset, that I do not assume any authority over you in addressing you on the present occasion. We know of no official superiority among the servants of Jesus Christ; there are no such offices as arch-bishops, or archdeacons, authorised by the New Testament, in the church of God. You have already heard it repeated to-day, that One is your Master, and all ye are brethren. The place I occupy is by your particular request; and what I may have to say to you, will be said in love, and with that freedom with which one brother may speak to another at such a time.

In the words of our text you will perceive,

I. Your office expressed.

II. The qualification specified. And,

III. The object you should keep in view—namely, the present, and future well-being of the church of God; an object which I hope you will ever keep in view; for it is that which God has in view, and which Christ has in view, and which the apostle Paul kept in view in his public ministrations: "I endure all things (he said) for the elect's sake, that they might obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory." O, it is a great thing to have our eyes fixed on the same object as the eye of God is fixed upon. It shews that our hearts are right.

Your office, then, is that of a servant of the Lord: and it relates, not to a servant in a po-

litical sense, but to the sacred office of a gospel minister. Men without the grace of God, have been called the servants of the Lord, in a political sense—as Cyrus, Nebuchadnezzar, and others, who were raised up by God to perform a certain work in his providence, and when they had done it they were discharged. But yours is an office which requires great grace in your heart to enable you to do your work as the Lord's servant, with comfort to yourself, with profit to your people, and to the glory of God. A true gospel minister, therefore, is not only a servant of the Lord, but a son of God, by adoption and grace; so that when his service in this world is ended, and his ministerial labour is finished, he is called home to his Father's house above, to "receive his crown of free reward, and dwell for ever there." The Lord Jesus Christ is your Master, my brother; the dignity of his Person confers an honour upon the name of his servants. If it he considered an honour to be a servant of the justly esteemed sovereign of our realm, how much greater to be a servant of the King of kings, and Lord of lords! The greatest of men that have ever lived, felt it to be their high honour to be the servants of the Lord, as the ancient apostles, who placed thier name in the forefront of their epistles, because it was the Master they served which gave weight and authority to the message of the servant. I hope you will ever remember that the name of such a Master confers a lasting honour upon such dust and ashes as we are. Moreover, the dignity of the Master you serve, may suggest a word of caution unto you, that you should call no man your master in matters of religion; because One is your Master—even Christ. You will feel a pleasure, I have no doubt, in your intercourse with your brother ministers, and fellow servants of the Lord, and it will be becoming of you, to shew your esteem towards men of age, ability and usefulness in the church of God; but we must not servilely imitate the example of any man, or submit ourselves implicitly to their opinions. He acts wisely that will receive advice and instruction from the gifted and the good, while he yields his mind to the authority of Christ alone. We are not tied up to sectarianism as to what books we should read, but are at full liberty to gather information wherever we can find it. I do not approve of that opinion which I have heard from some, that we ought to read the Bible only, and not the works of men. My brother, read all you can that is good, and gather all you can that will afford you good and wholesome food for the people of your charge. But you must bring all books and opinions of men to the Word of the Lord; for "this is the law and the testimony," which must ever be esteemed the sole guide and rule of your ministry and life. Whatever is not compatible with the Word of God, lay aside, as the opinion of fallible man. May it be always your endeavour to please the Lord, and not men; for the apostle has told us plainly, if we seek to please man, we shall not be the servants of Christ. The ability of your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, will afford you an ample source of encouragement in your work as a servant. If you feel insufficient for your

work, marvel not at it; since the apostle confesses that he was not sufficient to think anything of himself, and exclaims, "Who is sufficient for these things?" His great source of encouragement was, that his sufficiency was of God. In Christ, my brother, are all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge; and as he has, I believe, called you into his service, he stands pledged to bear all your charges; consequently, you have the sacred privilege to go to him at all times, for whatever supplies you need to enable you to do your work. Servants, you know, are expected to look to their masters for the supplies which are needful to carry on their work; and Christ once said to a needy servant, once for all, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness." O, there is a boundless store of grace in Christ. He is full of grace and full of truth. "Yea, in him dwelleth all the fulness of the God-Head bodily." Your name, as the servant of the Lord, will remind you of your sacred work and service, which goes under various names. You are called a pastor, or shepherd; and your business is to feed the flock or church of God. Living souls will hunger and thirst after righteousness, and they will need feeding with the pure and wholesome truths of the everlasting gospel, which I hope you will always set before them in rich abundance, that they may feed thereon and grow; "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ." I was once told of a good man, who considered that the main object of his ministry was the conversion of sinners; thinking, when they were once called, they were safe enough; but I said to the person that told me, "Did you think it enough when your children were born? Did they not want feeding, instruction and clothing?" O yes; there is much to be done in this way. If the church with which you are united should increase and multiply—and I pray it may, with the increase of God—they will require feeding. May you aim at both these things, my brother: the conversion of sinners, and the feeding of those who are converted. You are called an ambassador; this office will bring you frequently into the presence of your royal Master, to receive your message from his lips for the people of your charge. Your work is not to make a message of your own, but faithfully to deliver it. Preach the preaching which the Lord bids you; and in order to do so happily, you must be frequent in your visits to the eternal throne, that you may receive your messages fresh from the Lord. We want no new gospel; but for myself, I feel that I do want the old gospel opened up afresh, and afresh, by the Spirit of God to my mind, so that a freshness may attend my ministrations to the people. A faithful ambassador is health; and I believe that faithfulness to God and truth will promote both the health of your own soul, and that of the people's. Proclaim, my brother, without fear, the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear; and then, as the apostle speaks, "you will be pure from the blood of all men." Endeavour to put things in their proper place; do not mix up law and gospel together, or there will be a confusion; nor

teach people to look at the gospel through the medium of the law; or the gospel will appear conditional. Rather shew the law through the medium of the gospel; and then, as a covenant, it will appear fulfilled and magnified, by the doing and dying of the great Mediator. If you attempt to look at Mount Zion from Mount Sinai, the blackness, and darkness, and tempest will hide the cross from view. But if you look at Mount Sinai from Mount Zion, then the corruscations will appear glorious, and the thunder will be music. The gospel I take to be a revelation of the pure grace of God; and all the blessings thereof are freely bestowed upon us without money or price; and the law, a divine revelation of moral duties, by which I am taught the necessity of the gospel, and by which I am directed to make a right use of whatever property the Lord graciously gives me in the gospel; for we do not make void the law by faith, but establish and honour it. As a servant of the Lord, you are called a builder; for the church of God is compared to a temple; and this will remind you, that your work is, instrumentally, to set forth Christ, as the only sure foundation of a sinner's hope, and that the materials are spiritually-minded persons; and then to encourage them to repose their souls entirely upon him by faith; for other "foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ;" "and if any man build upon this foundation," &c. (See I Cor. iii. 11—14). Living souls united to Christ will abide the fiery test, when the wood, hay and stubble are burned up. You may, my brother, have some deep exercises in this work; your hopes may be disappointed, and your prospects beclouded; while you may exclaim, "Lord, who hath believed our report?" But commit your way unto the Lord, and look to him for help to prosecute your sacred work with renewed vigour, and you will find, I doubt not, as I have found, that the gospel ministry, with all its cares, is a sweet and holy work.

You are also called a steward, and you know that it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful, and in proportion to the value of the property entrusted to his care, so is the weight of his responsibility. You are a steward of the mysteries of God, and therefore your responsibility is weighty indeed. May you be enabled by the Spirit of God, to bring out of your master's treasury: things new and old, with fidelity and affection, that there may be a portion for seven and also for eight: that is, a suitable portion for all classes of persons that may come under your ministry. Allow me affectionately to remind you that you are called to watch for souls as those that must give an account. But you are not accountable for what do not belong to you, or for what you never had committed to your trust: you are not accountable for the success of your ministry, nor for a large congregation; "Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God alone can give the increase." The man with one talent, was not accountable for two; nor was he with two, accountable for five; but each one was accountable for the number of talents committed to his trust; so it is with you, my brother, you are accountable to God for the outlay of the time, the gifts, and property

which God has committed to your trust. May you ever be found faithful, and then at the close of your labor, hear the voice of your Master saying unto you, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

II. I shall next invite your attention to the qualifications specified in the text. "The servant of the Lord must not strive." Yet in some sense you must strive—you must strive to preach the Lord Jesus Christ to the people as the All in All; for in this way we find the apostle striving; "Whom we preach," he says, "warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom, &c. Whereunto I also labour, striving according to His working which worketh in me mightily." Col. i. 28, 29. And he exhorts, or entreats, the members of the church at Philippi in general to strive together for the faith of the gospel. Now these are holy and lawful strivings, which sooner or later will end in the possession of the crown. But the striving prohibited in our text is a mere strife of words about foolish and unlearned, or unprofitable, questions—questions that do not profit the soul, promote spirituality of mind, and a practical knowledge of the word of God. May you avoid this sort of striving, my brother, always endeavouring to preach the gospel of the grace of God in the spirit of LOVE. God is love, and the gospel is a reflection of him; and as it is brought to bear upon our souls, it has an overcoming power and a transforming influence. Some time ago I visited the ragged school at Peckham, when the venerable Dr. Collyer occupied the chair. Pointing to the scholars he said, "I have been among them, and spoken to them all, with which they were much pleased. O sir, there is nothing like love to gain access to the heart." This is, no doubt, true; for as strife and contention will stir up strife and contention, so love will provoke to love and good feeling. The apostle says furthermore, "Be gentle unto all men." At the same time I pray you may be bold in your Master's cause, firm and decided in your attachment to truth, and by no means be pusillanimous in the proclamation of those truths which you have professed to-day in the name of the Lord. Gentleness I take to be a kind and peaceable disposition; endeavour to shew a kind and peaceable disposition, with a firmness and boldness in your dealings with all men. It is the disposition which a nurse requires in the training of children, as the apostle expresses it, "We were gentle among you, even as a nurse cherisheth her children." You know what it is to be a teacher in a Sunday school as well as myself. I could always get on best with the children by kind and gentle means. The same principle holds good in relation to men and women, for they are but children of a greater growth. You may meet with unkindness from persons which you never expected; but if the Lord shall enable you with gentleness of disposition to render them good for evil, you will be the gainer in your own soul, and be most likely to do good to them. Allow me to relate a little incident in my own experience. A man to whom I had given some offence, because I would not do as he wished me at a church-

meeting, met me some time after at a friend's house, and with clenched fist, said, "You shall remember it." "My good brother," I said, "if you do me all the mischief you can, I will do you all the good I can; if you curse me, I will bless you, and we shall see who will be the gainer." He said no more, but he hung down his head and went away, and did me no harm at all as I know of. "Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good."

Another qualification is, "apt to teach." Preaching and teaching are leading branches of the gospel ministry, and the instrumentality which the Lord has appointed, and which he blesses to the salvation of them that believe. "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." It is therefore said of a bishop that he must be apt to teach; teaching and preaching are his work and business. Now an aptness to teach I take to mean a readiness and willingness to unfold the mysteries of the gospel to the edification of others; and in order to this, my brother, you will be required to read and meditate on the word of God constantly, carefully, and prayerfully; you will need the Spirit of God as the Spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of Christ, for it is from him your gifts and your grace, your comfort and your success proceeds. I hope you will always come forth in dependence upon him; and then, although you may not be prepared to shine before your fellow men, you will be always ready at a minute's notice to show to poor sinners the way of salvation through Christ.

Once more. The servant of the Lord must be patient. Patience is a very useful grace, my brother; and your work and position will call for the exercise of much patience. You will require it in instructing the ignorant; in dealing with those of a doubtful and perplexed mind; in bearing and forbearing with the tempers and dispositions of persons with whom you have to do; in a steady perseverance in well-doing through all difficulties; in waiting upon the Lord for the renewing of your strength; and in waiting, like the husbandman, to see the fruit of your labours. O, my brother, you have need of patience, that after you have done the will of the Lord, you may receive the promise. You have told us of your labours in Wales, and that for some considerable time after, you heard of no good effects thereof, but at last the fruit appeared. Does not this say, be patient and you shall receive the promised good? May the God of patience and consolation enable you so to do. Therefore,

III. Observe the object you should keep in view. Our text says, "In meekness instructing those who oppose themselves, if God peradventure will give them repentance, &c." Men oppose themselves, and their own interest when they oppose the word of God, and the object in preaching the word of God, in christian meekness, is their deliverance and well being. Sin and error are the snares of the devil, by which men are bound and led captive by him at his will. Now, it is God's work to break these snares asunder and give liberty to the captive; by his spirit and grace he gives

his people repentance unto life, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, so that they come to him with weeping and with supplication, confessing their sins, and seeking an interest in his salvation, which is never sought in vain, for "he that cometh unto me," he says, "I will in no wise cast out." As this is brought about by the instrumentality of the truth taught, your object is plain, and your course is clear; you should aim in meekness to instruct them by the truth, who oppose themselves to the truth, prayerfully hoping that God may bless the word spoken to their salvation. Seek, dear brother, the peace and prosperity of the church; keep your eye upon her, she is the beloved of the Lord, and should be loved by you; endure all things for the elect's sake, that they may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus, with eternal glory; and therefore seek the conversion of sinners; use every legitimate means to that end: pray for them, appeal to their consciences, and warn them of their danger; but do not call upon dead men to do living men's work. The apostle warned every man, and taught every man; but I do not find him offering Christ to any man. You will no doubt have persons of various opinions come to hear you, some from one motive, and some from another. But let me advise you not to insult the opinion of any one, for you will only confirm men in their errors thereby; instruct them meekly and faithfully in all the word of the Lord, and leave the result with God. If you really seek the good of men, they will sooner or later see it.

Lastly, Seek the acknowledgment of the truth; for when truth is taught, and received into the heart, and repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus is effected, then the same should be honestly, and openly acknowledged. It should be confessed with the mouth and practised in the life, walk, and conversation. Such persons should walk in the ordinances, and commandments of the Lord, blameless. If you keep this object in view, my brother, you will not give up any doctrine or ordinance to please men; but you will, as a faithful servant of your Master, the Lord Jesus Christ, feel bound to keep, and administer his laws and ordinances, as they were delivered by the inspiration of the Spirit. Do not forget that you are dependant upon an agency over which you have no control, but seek his guidance and presence in all things; and may he keep you and bless you, and make you an able minister of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the Spirit. Amen.

Mr. George Wyard preached to the church and congregation in the evening. We intended to have given an outline of it this month; but did not receive the M.S. until our space was filled.

TWO BEREAVEMENTS AT CHESHUNT.

[A solemn voice from the throne has been speaking to the church of Christ at Cheshunt. The church there has been called to part with an honourable and useful member, who had sustained the office of deacon WELL, since the formation of the church; and now the pastor

bereaved of his beloved partner, of whom we may truly say, she was a Christian wife, a helpmeet indeed. The following brief memorials have been forwarded to us, which, without delay, we lay before our readers.—Ed.]

Joseph Linzell, deacon of the Baptist church, Cheshunt, Herts., has been (somewhat suddenly) called to rest in the presence of his Master. Only once did he appear in the house of God after the settlement of the pastor in October last. During the following fortnight he was laid on a bed of suffering; and on Lord's-day, November 6th, was evidently nearing the eternal world. Throughout the day, in the intervals of service, many of the brethren conversed with him, and rejoiced in the strong consolations and cordial regard for Zion's prosperity he manifested. During the whole night, his pastor and brother deacon watched the trying scene, with his weeping family; and the dying saint appeared the only composed member of the circle. When almost unconscious, a hymn was sung by those around his bed, in which, with a countenance lighted up with heavenly joy, he joined, with movement of hands and lips; his power of speech being quite taken away. His last coherent words were a hearty "Amen" to the prayer offered; and about six o'clock on Monday morning he calmly quitted every earthly tie, and passed into the company of the spirits of just men made perfect.

A large number of sympathising friends followed his remains to the tomb, on the following Lord's-day; and in the evening Mr. Bland took occasion of the solemn event, and of the crowded attendance, to declare the true gospel character of "a good man."

Our departed brother was brought to seek eternal things through the death of his father, about twenty-eight years since: he then became a constant attendant on the means of grace; and when, some years after, he removed from Braintree to Cheshunt, he united with the people connected with the Countess of Huntingdon's College; where, for many years, he led the singing, of which he was ardently fond.

From the first establishment of a preaching station at Turner's Hill, having the design of establishing a Baptist Cause, our brother entered heart and hand into the object, and was (with his wife and son) among the first baptised at the formation of the church. Thus were his steps guided; and often did he bless God for leading him to live and rejoice in the "truth as it is in Jesus."

After a lingering consumption of nearly twelve month's duration, Sarah, the valuable and beloved wife of Samuel King Bland, (pastor of the Baptist church at Cheshunt), has been gently and calmly removed from a world of labour and suffering to the full fruition of the promised rest, there to rejoice in the prospect of complete salvation in union with the redeemed body, and perfect likeness to her Lord.

The deceased was early in life blessed with the convicting and enlightening influence of the Holy Spirit. Under the ministry of the Word at East Lane, Walworth, and in the

work of Sabbath School teaching, her soul was very graciously led in abiding attachment to, and much enjoyment in, the service of Christ. In April, 1841, she made a public profession of her faith by baptism, and continued an earnest and exemplary member of the church.

In October last, she, with her husband, received her dismission to the church at Cheshunt, but was never able to come forth to be publicly received in.

Until the cares of an increasing family, and removal to a distant part of the country, prevented, she was a most indefatigable and affectionate Sunday-school teacher; nor did she cease to correspond with, and pray for, her loved scholars even to the last.

Herein the glory of the promises was revealed, insomuch that her own soul was enlarged and taught, and several of her scholars brought to love and serve the Lord, confessing his name by union with his people, and now engaged in teaching the same truth that sought them out with a blessing. Others, again, are fallen asleep, with whom we believe she has now joined her salvation. Hallelujah!

Another gracious feature in her Christian life, was her devoted attachment to the church with which she was united. Through a varied course of clouds and sunshine her prayerful thoughts rested on the interests of Zion. She was often heard to say, "I love the church at East Street—it is my second birth-place—it is my home." Throughout her diary and letters the desire appeared uppermost to serve the Lord and promote the knowledge of his name.

But to speak of her departure. Her last days were greatly cheered and consoled with the presence of her Master, and a good hope through his grace; so that, while the dear ties of earth sought to prevail against her faith, she was enabled to take a sip of the brook by the way, and to hold up her head.

For some time when nearing her end, her spirits sank in some distress through a consciousness of a murmuring and fretful temper, which, though none around her could perceive, made her to mourn the interruption it caused to her enjoyment of the Lord's favour; but she was mercifully led to regard the completeness of the atonement even for the iniquity of the "holy things," and soon after was heard to say, "I wish I could sing—then I *could* sing that hymn now—

"And may I hope that when no more
These pulses beat with life below,
I shall the God of life adore,
And all the bliss of being know."

Within a few hours of her dismissal she breathed out that expectant prayer—

"Give me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above how bright their joys,
How great their glories be!"

After being lifted into bed for the last time, she wished to have family prayer in her room, and being asked by her husband to choose a portion, with deep emphasis and a look full of meaning she replied, "Let not *your* heart be troubled."

These were almost her last words. After a few hours disturbed slumber she suddenly became unconscious, and without strife, resigned her happy spirit to the keeping of him she had known, loved, and found faithful even unto death. On Lord's day last her poor body was laid in a grave near Brother Linzell, and in the evening her former pastor, Mr. Hamblin, preached a most solemn scriptural sermon to the bereaved family, church and congregation at Cheshunt; and thus is one more seal affixed to the truth of our brother's text, "The wicked is driven away in his wickedness, but the righteous hath hope in his death."

The late Mr. John Underhill.

DEAR SIR.—I was much interested in the account of the death of Mr. Henry Congreve, in one of your late numbers, and now beg to send you some account of one who is mentioned, though not named, in it, and who is also gone to his eternal rest.

John Underhill was born on the 1st of August, 1770, in the neighbourhood of Birmingham. In that town he settled, and in early life became a member of the Baptist Church under the ministry of the celebrated Mr. Edmonds. About the age of twenty-five he was sent out, with others, from that church to preach the gospel in the towns and villages round Birmingham, and to the labours of that little band may be traced the beginning of many of the churches of the midland counties. Bedworth was one of the places visited, and often have I heard him speak of Henry Congreve and his parents, and of his fellow-labourer, good Mr. (or Serjeant) Burton. After about twelve years toil as an evangelist, he accepted a call to be pastor of the church at West Bromwich, and from thence removed, in 1816, to Liverpool, where he was pastor of a Baptist church until a few years before his death. Whilst at West Bromwich he paid a visit to London, and preached in several well-known pulpits there; and during that visit and his residence in Liverpool, he was well known and acquainted with a large number of ministers of the present and past generation. In his principles he always maintained the truths held by the strict and particular baptists, which truths were his confidence through life and his stay in the last trying hour. He suffered much the week previous to his decease, and his throat and mouth were so much affected by the disease that he had great difficulty and pain in speaking, but from what he was able to utter, it was manifest that his soul rested on the Rock of Ages, and that he viewed without dismay the approach of the final hour. Immediately preceding his death he said he had long been looking for it but had not expected to suffer so much, "He longed to be gone," and on Tuesday morning, the 22d of November, 1853, he entered into the joy of his Lord, in the 84th year of his age.

The summons is daily expected for his surviving relict, now in her 81st year, and who is rejoicing in hope of the same glorious rest.

P. S.—December 13th.—Since writing the above she has likewise gone home on the 7th inst. in great happiness. J. H.

LETTER FROM C. S. FRIEND,
OF AUSTRALIA,

*To the Brethren at Dover, Elham, Folkestone,
and Mitcham.*

DEARLY BELOVED FRIENDS.—“Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it.” Though the unimaginable waters roll between us, yet they do not, they cannot, drown the love which God the Holy Ghost has shed abroad in our hearts towards each other, which is characterised “as the unfeigned love of the brethren;” in other words, though it has pleased the God of Jacob to appoint me a place in this land, whilst you remain in that, still my affections toward you are the same, and your’s, I must believe, are the same toward me as they were when, under the blessed sanctifyings of His holy power, we were privileged to meet and have sweet fellowship together, known only unto those who are taught by the self-same Spirit to glory in the self-same Jesus, the self-same Triune God, the everlasting Father, and the Prince of peace. No! “many waters cannot quench love!” “All thy waves and thy billows have gone over me.” Yes! but I am alive still; for “my life is hid with Christ in God;” and here I am, because, “thy mercy endureth for ever;” alive to tell the tale—“the living to praise thee.” “They shall come.” Let the waters of experience through which I have appointed them to pass be ever so deep, let the floods of temptation be ever so strong, yea, let the infernal foe himself ride upon the storm, “they shall come, and everlasting joy shall be upon their heads.” Their faith shall be tried so as by fire, and they shall come with weeping; but come they shall. I have not lit a candle to put it under a bushel: their light shall shine before men: *my* men—*my* redeemed ones. Who can comprehend it, whose souls rejoice in the light of life? and I will get to myself a glorious name. “Many waters cannot quench love;” for my eternal covenant is made: the Lamb is slain, the sweet-smelling savour of the spotless sacrifice is acceptable unto me, and all the blood-washed throng bearing palms, and clothed with linen, white and clean, are here, where no night is, perfect before me now. “Nothing shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.” What a mercy to know, by Holy teaching, to be kept resting in, by holy power, that his love is the strong bulwark of defence against which the gates of hell shall not prevail! O! if it were our love to him on which our hope (leaving the mighty work of salvation) depended, I for one am sure I should never have a grain. Strong consolation, too, to know that our God is not a God of second causes; that by his own will begat he us, and made us heirs of God, and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, unto an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away; an inheritance—a birth-right, which cannot be taken away from those for whom it is reserved. Blessed be God! “he is of one mind, and none can turn him; he hath said it, and shall he not bring it to pass?” “He rested,” (Mark! nothing more to do

“the seventh day from ALL his work.” Blessed be the Jesus of sinners! the Christ of God! “he is of one mind, and none can turn him.” “He gave his back to the smiters, and his cheeks to them who plucked off the hair.” “He endured the cross, despising the shame, and hath for ever sat down at the right hand of God, henceforth expecting until his enemies be made his footstool.” His expectings shall not be disappointed; his enemies are our enemies, and our enemies are his enemies. He will make them as chaff before the wind. Blessed be the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the Quickener, the Teacher! “he is of one mind, and none shall turn him.” He will quicken. What! whether I will or not? Yes; whether you will or not; but there is no “not” in the matter when he begins the work. There may be, and is, many a “not” (aye, and knots too, which the carnal mind can never untie, let it be ever so intellectual) when man tries to make a Christian; you know I am a hyber; and what is more, my prayer to God is, that I may be as great a hyber in my praises to a sinner-saving God, in my desires to feel that I walk before him blameless in love as the Holy Ghost can make me. No “not” in the matter when the hook of conviction is put through the nose. Ah! then it is, with smittings on the breast, “God be merciful to me a sinner.” Lord, I will be saved; do save me. Canst thou save me, Lord? Have mercy upon me, and cause thy face to shine. So, so, the day of God’s power—the Holy Ghost’s power, is come, and who shall abide his coming? Can you withstand it? “They shall be willing in the day of my power.” Put it forth, Lord, that we may rejoice because of it; for it is the power of God unto salvation, made manifest by the eternal Spirit, who has engaged to milk out to Zion out of the full breasts of her consolations a full satisfaction for every spiritual desire, every hungry cry, every mourning cry, every weeping cry, from the inexhaustible fulness of Him who is her all and in all—who is her fairest among ten thousand, and her altogether lovely.

But stay: the oil must be turned off, or the *Earthen Vessel* will have too much cargo for one voyage.

Through the mercy of God, which is new every morning, I and mine are well in bodily health, and well in temporal health; we have enough and to spare. I wish, were it the will of the Lord, that some of you, who know what it is to want the bread that perisheth, were here. It is not my purpose to enter into the temporal advantages of this colony, for they must be pretty well known all over the world by this time. I need not tell you—at least I think so—that I have not been to the diggings. Our God, who turns the rivers in the south, and has the hearts of all men in his hands, kept me without an inclination for gold digging; and that is the only reason I can give for not going with the stream.

When I first came here, I was greatly at a loss for a house of God in which to worship with his people. Truly, we cannot appreciate what we have never wanted; and it is only when deprived of blessings, that we are en-

abled to value them at their proper price. I went to hear a Mr. Hulett; but the father had eaten sour grapes, and the child's teeth were set on edge. I had brought a letter to a dear brother, who had sat under Philpott, and Woolstan; with him and his wife my soul had some sweet seasons. I used to spend the greater part of Lord's-days in their company, reading the Word of everlasting life, talking of the things touching the King and those which make to our eternal peace. My acquaintance with these dear friends led to my acquaintance with one or two others; (for God had his twos and threes even here); and ultimately we met at a friend's house for prayer; our hearts went up to the Lord that he would send us a minister after his own heart; and he has been pleased to do so. Our brother M'Cure has, in the unsearchable ways of Jehovah, been sent among us. We have opened a little place which holds about sixty people; we cannot call ourselves a church of any particular order yet; for we have a few Independents, a few Baptists, and a few who love the truth. Brother M'Cure has been blessed with the opening of his mouth to the joy and rejoicing of those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. That God may bless him abundantly is my soul's prayer; that we, through his instrumentality, may grow up as calves of the stall, fat, and well-favoured in the courts of our God; that we, with you, and all that love our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, may rejoice in the kingdom of our God, when time shall be no longer.

I have written to brethren Terry, May, Huxstep and Sedgwick, since my arrival here. I hope they have received the letters.

Do not let any of my dear brethren, who may think they have claims for private letters from me, imagine that because I have not written to them, I have not as great an affection for them as ever; but let them remember, that when the one has to write to the many, (individually), it becomes a heavy task; and I can assure them that one's time is fully occupied in Australia.

And now, through unmerited love, flowing from the affections of a compassionate God in Christ, believe me to remain, to each and all of you, your's affectionately,

CHRISTOPHER S. FRIEND.

*Mercer's Hill, near Geelong, Victoria,
June 5th, 1853.*

A REVIVAL IN THE CITY OF ELY.

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

DEAR SIR.—Amidst the gloom and darkness so generally prevalent amongst christian churches, it is gratifying to be able to point out any bright spots which appear in the religious horizon; I have therefore no hesitation in forwarding you a statement of the Lord's gracious dealings with his little plantation in the city of Ely, in the humble hope that by the instrumentality of the *Earthen Vessel*, the churches generally may have an opportunity of rejoicing with us in the progress of the Lord's work in seeking out his sheep and bringing them to his fold.

On Wednesday, November 30th, the ordinance of baptism by immersion was admin-

istered to three females, (who, had appeared before the church at Ely, and given a satisfactory testimony of the work of grace on their souls,) in the baptistry of the little community at Downham Market, in Norfolk. The service commenced at two o'clock, with an appropriate hymn, followed by prayer, and a sermon, rich with the truths of the everlasting gospel, preached by Mr. Edwards, the minister from Ely. Mr. Wilson, the baptist pastor at Downham, then delivered a suitable address, and afterwards baptised the candidates, Mr. Edwards being unable to officiate from bodily infirmity. Deep attention was paid to the whole proceedings, and many found it to be a day of solemn rejoicing, but probably none more so than the candidates themselves. It will be a source of satisfaction to many of the Lord's family to be made aware, that the cause of truth at Ely, which has been under a cloud for some years, has revived during the past year; a stated ministry has been established; six members have passed through the ordinance of baptism, and four have been received from other churches; one candidate was prevented from receiving the ordinance of baptism, on this occasion, by unavoidable circumstances, and will await a future opportunity. May the Lord in his mercy add to this little flock those whom he has loved with an everlasting love, for whom the Lord Jesus Christ shed his precious blood, and upon whose souls the regenerating influence of the Holy Ghost has been made manifest, and to the Triune God of Israel, shall be all the glory.

WILLIAM JEFFERSON.

Ely, Cambridgeshire.

THE ENLARGEMENT AND REMOVAL OF "MOUNT ZION."

WE speak not here of the material, but of the spiritual, building; we hope, therefore, our readers will take neither affright nor offence at the heading above. As regards that body of Christians recently meeting for divine worship in "Mount Zion Chapel," Nelson Place, in the City Road, there has been a real fulfilment of some precious prophecies respecting the church of God, as recorded by Isaiah. At any rate, we hope we may say—the church some time since formed in "Little Mount Zion," has—under the ministry of our esteemed brother, John Hazelton—(accompanied by the almighty power of God the Holy Ghost)—"put on her beautiful garments;" "lengthened her cords;" "strengthened her stakes;" and, withal, having "stretched forth the curtains of her habitation," she has fled from the somewhat confined and contracted locality of "Nelson Place," to Chadwell Street, in the St. John Street Road, Clerkenwell—to a commodious chapel, built some thirty years since, for one Mr. Whitley; afterwards the scene of Dr. Herschell's labours; and which when filled will accommodate from five to six hundred persons. The history of the church in little "Mount Zion" is known to our readers. Many ministering brethren from the provinces kindly came and spake to them the word of life, until it pleased the Great Head of the church to settle over them their present pastor

Mr. John Hazelton, formerly of Guyhirn, in Cambridgeshire; whose testimony has been rendered useful in adding about sixty persons to the church in a little more than twelve months; and the congregation steadily and permanently increasing, a much larger place of worship was absolutely necessary. In answer to many fervent prayers, "Chadwell Street Chapel" has been given to them; and on Lord's-day, December 11th, 1853, it was re-opened. The pastor preached the morning sermon from Exodus xxxiii. 13, 14—"Now, therefore, I pray thee, if I have found grace in thy sight, shew me now thy way, that I may know thee, that I may find grace in thy sight: and consider that this nation is thy people. And he said, My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." A more beautifully appropriate portion of Holy Writ—under all the circumstances—could not have been found; and greatly encouraging was the discourse which our brother was enabled to deliver therefrom; and we trust the two essential promises which the words contain—(JEHOVAH'S PRESENCE in the midst of his people, and his people in the enjoyment of spiritual GOSPEL REST)—will be abidingly realised in what we may now call "THE CLERKENWELL AND ISLINGTON MOUNT ZION:"—for Chadwell Street Chapel stands midway between Sadler's Wells Theatre, and the Angel Inn, Islington: a great central point, a thickly populated neighbourhood, and a thoroughfare for very many thousands. The deacons—the church—and the friends generally, have, no doubt, been greatly exercised in making this remove; but they have been enabled to pray and persevere until their feet have been set "in a large room." May the God of heaven—in every sense—make it a healthy and a holy place for quickening souls, raising the dead, nursing the lambs, feeding the sheep, fetching back the wanderers, proclaiming THE WHOLE GOSPEL, and exalting the Lamb of God, as Him that is "able to save unto the uttermost, all that come unto God by him."

In the afternoon of the opening day, Mr. John Foreman preached to a crowded congregation from Isaiah xiv. 32—"What shall we then answer the messengers of the nation? That the Lord hath founded Zion, and the poor of his people shall trust in it."

A brief report of the remainder of the services, we give in the following words of a correspondent:

Brother Wyard, in the evening preached from Psalm lxxxix. 15, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound," &c. On Monday evening, brother Bloomfield preached from Heb. x. 14, "By one offering he hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." The priestly character, work, and glory of Christ was the preacher's theme.

On Tuesday afternoon, at five o'clock, upwards of three hundred sat down to tea. At half-past 6, (the chapel being filled,) the public meeting commenced. Mr. Hazelton, according to announcement, took the chair; and the various speakers ascended the pulpit, each addressing the multitude about twenty minutes. Brother Hazelton gave out,

"Kindred in Christ for his dear sake;" after which brother Wyard read and prayed. Brother Hazelton then gave a brief account of the rise and progress of the cause, together with a description of his feelings in reference to his settlements with them as a church. He informed the friends that brother Bloomfield could not be present through indisposition; he also read letters from brethren Stenson and Allen, which accounted for their absence—brother Stenson having an engagement at Carnel; and brother Allen being laid aside by cholera—both expressed their earnest wishes for our prosperity. Brother Alldis expressed his Christian sympathy with us.

Brother Hazelton then called upon Mr. Wyard to address the friends upon the ORIGIN OF THE CHURCH OF GOD, which he did very comprehensively.

Brother Bland being present, kindly took our friend Stenson's subject, viz., "Reasons why regenerated persons should be formed into societies called churches."

Brother Garritt took the subject appointed for brother Bloomfield, "The necessity of the trials of the church."

Brother Moyle then spoke to the instrumentality employed to increase and establish the church."

Brother Newborn on "The present position of the church." Brother Smith on "The enemies of the church." Brother Glaskin being unavoidably absent, we had to retire without hearing about "The future glory of the church," which was to have been his theme.

Our brethren all felt at home; God's presence was enjoyed; collections, including profits of tea, amounted to about £30; a donation since of £10, making it £40.

Our services are: Sabbath morning, prayer meeting at 10; public service at 11; afternoon prayer meeting at 3; evening, preaching at half-past 6. Monday evening, prayer meeting at 7. Thursday evening preaching at 7.

The purchase, including law expenses, &c., amounts to upwards of £1300. Towards which, amongst ourselves, including a large loan from one of our members, we have raised about £500. Any donations from kind friends will be thankfully received and acknowledged by our brother Minton, 43, St. John Street Road, Clerkenwell. We are a poor people.

The late Wm. Gadsby, and John Hurst.

Epitaph on the grave-stone of the late WM. GADSBY, upwards of thirty-eight years Pastor of the Baptist Chapel, St. George's Road, Manchester. Composed by himself.

Here rests the body of a sinner, base,
Who had no hope but in electing grace:
The love, blood and righteousness of God,
Was his sweet theme, and this he spread abroad.

Epitaph on the grave-stone of the late JOHN HURST, who was Pastor of the Baptist Church, Bacup, in Lancashire, forty-two years. He fell asleep in Jesus, June 15th, 1815, in the 79th year of his age. Composed by himself.

Not on his works, but on Christ's blood,
And righteousness of his incarnate God,
Were all his hope, his rest, his joy, his crown;
And at his feet he laid his burden down.

Our British Baptist Churches:

METROPOLITAN, PROVINCIAL AND SUBURBAN.

In devoting so large a portion of our space this month to the historical and circumstantial affairs of our churches, many papers of considerable value are deferred. We hold them back with no little sacrifice of feeling; but the fact is, the churches have now become so numerous; and so deep an interest is felt in their progress and prosperity, that we dare not shut our columns against the reports which come in from every quarter. We live in days of much outward exertion;—Gospel churches, and gospel preachers in our land rapidly increase; but it is said—and not without some evidence—“most of the *harvestmen* of the last and present generation have been called home; while a race of *seedsmen* have come in their stead.” Well, if these *seedsmen* are “*going forth*,” (into the deep mysteries of eternal truth—into the consciences of sinners—and into the vital experiences of the saints, under any measure of the Holy Spirit’s anointing)—and “*weeping*,”—expressive of their sincerity toward God, their fellowship with Christ, and their sympathy with those who are broken in heart, and contrite in spirit—then, doubtless, they shall come again, bringing their sheaves with them, although now their prospects may be gloomy.

Since Christmas day last, we have visited at least a dozen different Churches, in various parts of this Kingdom; and although our labours have been in some of the smallest gardens, still, we have had opportunities of ascertaining the state and condition of those aged and influential Churches, in the midst of which, we never expect publicly to be found. We are taking notes: watching movements: observing events; and have our own thoughts. The last ten years has produced wonderful changes in our part of Zion: but the cold, the death-like formality, on the one hand; and the naked presumption, with a vast amount of prejudiced pride on the other, threaten to work very serious consequences, and to produce more unhealthy results, before another such a period pass away. Four places of some note we may just refer to—Bath, Brighton, Frome, and Trowbridge. In Bath, the Baptist interests are struggling hard; they are not without life; but unity, real prosperity, and a powerful declaration of “*the whole counsel of God*,” are, in most cases, wanting. In Brighton, death has done much of late to arouse our Churches; and some unhappy steps have been taken, causing dismay and sorrow. Mr. Grace stands in the midst of many people; his posi-

tion appears good. Robert Street is in a very low place. Bond Street—where Mr. Savory laboured so many years—is now destitute of a pastor: a gentleman said to us, there is an opening for a faithful, energetic, full-toned Gospel preacher: “Bond Street, (says one) is under the cold-hearted government of the Primitive Church party—*respectable* enough, ’tis true; but in Brighton, we really want a Boanerges—a man, that is, in one and the self-same person, a son of thunder—a healer of wounds—a dispenser of consolation—a revealer of the deep things of God—in a word, a *preacher of Christ’s Gospel, a pastor over Christ’s flock, and a pattern to all the people!*”

How much easier it is to express our wants, than to get those wants supplied—especially as regards Ministers. Many men are mentioned as supplies for Bond-street; but where *such* a man is to be found, the Lord only knows. Mr. Sedgwick’s people have given Mr. Israel Atkinson another invitation, with a view to the pastorate: of course, some objected to such a step; and it is said another cause will arise therefrom. Whether that be so or not, Mr. Atkinson’s settlement is almost certain, if his life be spared; and we sincerely pray that the Lord may make him the instrument of great good to many hundreds, both of saints and sinners in that rapidly increasing population. The Churches in Trowbridge are on the move. Messrs. Warburton, Webster, and Edwards, are, (each in his own key) proclaiming THE TRUTH—as witnesses for God, each man is now doing a work. Frome is altogether in a deplorable condition: but of Frome we have more to say in a future number.

From Birmingham, and some other large towns, we have intelligence. What is the amount of it? Just this—Churches but recently rejoined and gathered, are dwindling into divisions and weakness. We must not particularise at present: but let us ask—*Who shall we ask?*—We will ask the ministers of Christ—many of whom have their hands on their loins, wondering where the scene will end. We ask them, are there not some solemn words, in the opening of Haggai’s prophecy, which speak loudly to us in these days?—Take but the smallest sample: our tiny space will not suffer us to enlarge:—but take a sample. First:—*the admonition*:—“Thus saith the Lord of hosts, Consider your ways. *Ye have sown much, and bring in little.*”

Truly, indeed, we have *sowers* and *sowing*, too, in great abundance: but how little of real good is brought in! Secondly—*the cause of our present state*—“Ye run every man *unto his own house*:” [With all our profession of zeal and decision—in most cases, we fear the principal thing is, “*our own house*.”] “Therefore, the heaven over you is stayed from dew, and the earth is stayed from her fruit:”

[faithful prediction of what has long been coming upon us!] Lastly—*the final conflict, and the glorious consummation* :—"I WILL SHAKE ALL NATIONS:—THE DESIRE OF ALL NATIONS SHALL COME:—and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts."

Withdrawing our thoughts from these distant sections of our much-loved Zion, we now come nearer home; and proceed to lay before our readers a few particulars illustrative of the general heading given to this department of our work. Our attention is in the first place directed to

SOHO CHAPEL,

the entrance to which, is by a rather narrow gateway between Nos. 406, and 407 of that great West-end thoroughfare, called Oxford Street. The present pastor is Mr. George Wyard, an exceedingly sedate minister of the gospel: a man highly esteemed by a good portion of both the Metropolitan and the Provincial churches. A small two-penny pamphlet entitled: "A Brief Sketch of the Rise, Progress, Present Position and Future Prospects of the Baptist Church of Christ, under the pastoral care of George Wyard, &c. &c.," has just come into our hands. It is the Pastor's Annual Epistolary Address to the people of his charge; it furnishes a concise history of this church's existence from the commencement to the present time; and is, therefore, a valuable document, not merely as a record of events, but, also, because it exhibits a neat, a living model of a New Testament church in a healthy and good working condition; and is therefore an exception to the dark picture we have given in our introduction.

In quoting a paragraph or two—in order to give our readers some idea of the *age, origin, progress, and present position* of this comfortable corner of our Zion, we hope we shall be instrumental in extending the circulation of Mr. Wyard's tract. The following description of some preliminary circumstances are most striking in proof of the honour our Lord will ever put on the *faithful* labours of his own servants. On pages 4 and 5, Mr. Wyard says,

"The late Mr. Richard Burnham was pastor over a few people meeting, at that time, in a small place of worship situated in Green Walk, (but now called Church Street.) He, from some cause or other, moved from thence, with some of his people, to Chapel Street, Soho;—this is now upwards of seventy years ago. They took the chapel situated in that street: from thence they removed to Maiden Lane, Covent Garden; this place was but temporary, and from it they went to Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields. This place was originally a TENNIS COURT—A GAMBLING PLACE. In this place they did not continue long, and from thence removed to a small chapel in Edward Street, Wardour Street. Up to this time, the people were of a mixed order, that is to say, there were some baptised and some not. But here Mr. Burnham became a strict communionist, and declared his altered views in three sermons that he preached consecutively to the people, at the same time declaring his willingness to resign his office among them, unless they were willing to accept his services

with this knowledge of his changed views. The greater part of the people saw with him, and the church, at that time, was constituted a STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH. None were admitted but those who had been baptised upon a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus; and those who, under their former constitution, were considered no longer members. This is as it should be; for, if no unbaptised person, upon Scripture grounds, has any right to the table of the Lord, then, no existing circumstance can be a sufficient warrant for their being allowed to do so; expediency is not to be regarded in open violation of the Master's standing rules.

"This, then, was our beginning, and which was in 1791.

"Secondly, our progress, or how the Lord was pleased to lead on and bless.

"In Edward Street, much, very much good was done, and many were gathered to the Lord, and much people added to his church, so that it might be said in measure, 'And the Lord added unto them daily such as should be saved.' It was in Edward Street the late Mr. John Stevens made a public profession of his faith by baptism. Here also the former Mrs. Stevens put on Christ, and was found in fellowship with the church under the pastoral care of Mr. Burnham. In this place also, the late Mrs. Stevens, the second wife of Mr. John Stevens, was baptised, though not by Mr. Burnham, nor yet in connection with the people of his charge, but by one Mr. Bateman, who was made exceedingly useful at that time, but whose course was cut short by death.

"The place in Edward Street soon became too strait for the people, and God seemed to be saying, 'Lengthen thy cords and stretch abroad.' They therefore sought a larger place, and a chapel in Grafton Street, Soho, presenting itself, was taken. To this place they removed in the year 1795. In this place God was pleased to bless the labours of Mr. Burnham abundantly, and the church was enlarged considerably. It was while they were here, the late Mr. Stevens exercised his gifts with a view to the ministry, and was unanimously sent out as a preacher of the gospel; it was here the church was favoured to walk in a good degree of peace and prosperity, until the decease of Mr. Burnham, their beloved pastor, which took place Oct. 30, 1810, now forty-three years ago. His mortal remains were deposited in the burial ground connected with Tottenham Court Chapel, on the south side of that place of worship, and where also stood a stone formerly, but has long since been removed, and is entirely obliterated; it had an inscription on it, testifying the high esteem he was held in by his friends. A large concourse of people followed him to the grave. The church was now without a pastor,—it was as a flock having no shepherd. In this state they continued for about twelve months when it pleased the great Head of the church to direct their attention to the late Mr. John Stevens, who, at this time was at Boston, Lincoln. On May 5, 1811, a special church-meeting was held at Grafton Street, Soho, when it was proposed that Mr. Stevens should be invited to undertake the pastoral office of

the church. Of 177 members present at that meeting, 136 voted for the motion, and 41 against it. The brethren then in office as deacons were Jesson, Stevens, Angur, and Marriott. This invitation was accepted by Mr. Stevens, and he commenced his labours in Grafton Street, as the pastor of the church, on the first Lord's-day in July, 1811."

Mr. John Stovens's settlement at Grafton Street gave rise to the withdrawal of eighty members, who were, in fact, the first persons that formed the church now under notice: and in Lisle Street, in 1824, they called the valuable George Comb to be their pastor, whose ordination was on the 24th of February in that year; shortly after which they removed to the old Soho Chapel, which, during Mr. Comb's pastorate was taken down, and the church forms a happy contrast to many, as may be seen from the following extract:—
"When your present pastor first came among you, there was a debt of between £300 and £400 upon the place, and a floating debt of nearly £90; all of which has long since become extinct; and we are, through favour, more than meeting our expenses.

"Let us now glance at our present position. It certainly is a merciful one. Perhaps no people and pastor have had a larger share of peace and prosperity than ourselves, during the twelve years we have been together; and, for anything the pastor knows, there is as much good feeling subsisting between us, now we are entering upon this thirteenth year, as when the connection of pastor and people was first formed."

If the pastors of our churches generally could furnish as concise and interesting a report of their rise and reign as the pastor of Soho has done, we should have a rich record of the true character of our Baptist churches. We recommend them to obtain this pamphlet and see what they can do. As no publisher's name is attached, we suppose it can only be had in the vestry of Soho Chapel.

An entirely new Baptist Interest has very recently been planted in the very centre of the aristocratic portion of our metropolis. We refer to the church under the pastoral care of Mr. John Wigmore, whose place of worship is in Riding-house Lane, near Langham Place, Regent Street. Some four or five years since, we found our brother John Wigmore at Crudwell, in Wiltshire: he was then the pastor of a little church meeting in that place. Without the least intention of committing a robbery, we were instrumental in removing this good brother from the country to the metropolis. His labours have been rendered useful. He is a kind, consoling, encouraging, and faithful servant of Christ; a man of a quiet and peaceable spirit; one that appears built and qualified for many year's service in the greatest of all engagements—"feeding the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." Some interesting particulars respecting the rise and progress of this new interest will be found in the following account of

A MEETING AT REHOBOTH CHAPEL,
RIDING-HOUSE LANE, REGENT STREET.

On Monday evening, January 9th, a public

meeting was held in the above place of worship—which is a new chapel recently built for Mr. John Wigmore. Mr. John Foreman took the chair, when a report was given of the progress of the financial affairs; as also of the spiritual success of Mr. Wigmore's ministry amongst them. The evening service commenced by Mr. Wigmore giving out a hymn; after which Mr. Foreman read the 122nd Psalm, and called upon Mr. Wigmore to implore the Divine blessing. Mr. Foreman then stated the object for which the present meeting had been called; said he felt very much pleased in his own soul that God had granted them the privilege to have a house to meet in; he said one of the friends would give some account of the rise and progress of the cause of God in that place.

Mr. Saunders, one of the members, then read a clear, distinct, and definite account of the movements that had taken place with them; of their being moved from little Portland Street to Castle Street East, from thence to George Street, and then to Great Portland Street; as also of their intentions of taking the premises of the latter; but the sum demanded being more than they could manage, viz., £1000 for the lease, and as it would have cost them £500 more in building, they declined it. They then took Lawson's Rooms, in Gower Street. In the mean time they were seeking for a piece of ground to build upon; none appeared so likely to suit as the piece on which this chapel stands. Steps were taken, and estimates sent in. They acted with caution; they did not accept the lowest estimate, as the parties wanted ready money; but they took the highest, as it suited their purpose much better. Having agreed with the builders, they commenced operations, and the foundation stone was laid July 18, by Mr. W. Allen. A tea-meeting upon that occasion took place at Lawson's Rooms, and collections made, which amounted in the whole to upwards of £100. Since that time they have collected more than £70; the chapel, with all its attendant expenses, cost £900; they have shares taken to the amount of £500; and they have £300 to pay off in March. He said the cause of God was truly encouraging; many have been added to the church, some under Mr. Wigmore's ministry, others from other churches—they have found a settled home. One man who was so much attached to Mr. Wigmore's ministry, said he hoped the Lord would so unsettle Mr. W. as to send him back to London; and sure enough he was so unsettled in his mind with the people at Wolverhampton, that he declared they were the two worst years of his life: he was therefore compelled to leave. The friends in London finding that Mr. Wigmore was leaving Wolverhampton, sent him an invitation once more to be their pastor, which he kindly accepted. Mr. Saunders said they had much cause to bless God; the church was living in peace, and many found Mr. Wigmore's ministry profitable.

Mr. Foreman then addressed the friends in a very affectionate manner. He said, "Dear Christian brethren and friends, you have heard the interesting detail which has now been read

in your hearing; and you must be truly delighted with the great encouragement which the God of Israel has enabled you to realize in the short space of fifteen months; to have a house erected where God's sacred truths are faithfully proclaimed; and his blessed ordinances attended to upon Scriptural, and upon heavenly authority: it is a great privilege to have such laws established, so that we can quietly meet and worship our God: and I love my little Queen, and I heartily say,—*Long live Queen Victoria!* and God Almighty grant that she may have heaven's blessings descending on her, and upon every member of the royal family, if it is God's righteous and heavenly will. I look back, my dear brethren, when I first started, or rather I would say, when the Lord, of his infinite mercy, first called me to speak in his great and adorable name. It was in the year 1816; and many said it was no use for us to make an attempt; but I said,—“*Our God is in the heavens; and he setteth up one, and putteth down another;* and all is under his wise government;” for he hath said, “*I will work.*” You may often, my Christian brethren, have a dark cloud hanging over you; and you, poor, tottering, weak saint, may think your hope is perished from the Lord; but it is not so; for whilst there are many hand-posts on the road directing you to certain roads, yet the night is so dark that you can't see to read them; still, your not seeing it does not alter the writing; that remains the same: so it is with our God: he remains the same. Clouds may often come between you and your God, but your God is always the same. I well know what it is Christian brethren, to have cloud after cloud, so dark hanging over me that I have not known which way to take; but our God knew the way; for he has promised to lead the blind by a way they know not; and therefore no cloud, no mountain or hill, can possibly be any impediment to our God. I remember, when we first began to think about building a chapel in the country, what a variety of opinions there were respecting us poor people: for you must bear it in mind, my friends, that I have always had to do with poor people, and poor causes, all my life through: the great folks said—“*What's the use of their building a chapel? Who is to pay for it?*” Little did they think, amidst all their boasted religion, and nominal profession, that the gold and the silver was the Lord's; and that he could turn the hearts of his people whichever way he thought best: but our God is a God of order, and not of confusion; and therefore to the confusion of our enemies the chapel was built: but where the money came from I knew not; for I do not believe there was one person who could give five pounds towards it. I well remember the many thousands of miles I went to beg to get the debt off my chapel at Hill Street, Dorset Square. I can only say, I am truly surprised at what you have done in so short a space of fifteen months. We had nothing like it to encourage us: may the good Lord, in his rich mercy, still prosper you in this work of faith and labour of love.

Mr. Foreman gave an account of a certain

gownsmen whose mind had been very much exercised with that portion of God's truth which says that satan goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he *may* devour; and he sent for his laundress at ten o'clock at night, (rather an unreasonable hour), for her to solve the text. She said she was surprised that a gentleman of his education should send for such a poor woman as her to explain such a passage; but as far as she could, she would. She said she blessed God that it did not read, whom he *will*, or else she would have been destroyed before now; but, she said, he *may not* destroy the purchase of a Saviour's blood; he *may not* destroy the elect of God; he *may not* destroy the ransomed or redeemed of God's family. Oh, said the gownsmen, I never saw it in that light before: your's must be the right religion, and I have been in the dark. You, see, brethren, a poor old washerwoman was able to teach a gentleman brought up at college.

Mr. Foreman spoke of the many new Baptist causes which he had been called upon to open of late: he had special reference to those round the suburbs of London: such as Islington, Mr. Glaskin's, and Mr. Hazelton's; also Garner Chapel, Clapham; where he thought he had one of the most interesting accounts from Mr. Elven of his call, as ever he heard. Many other encouraging things he stated to the church, but said he should draw to a close, as he did not wish to be tedious. He said he had asked Mr. Wigmore and his friends if they intended to have a collection: they said they had not thought of it. Mr. F. said, wherever he went they had a collection; he should therefore take that upon himself. He therefore, in the warm-heartedness of his feelings, said he would give half-a-sovereign, and the plates would go round. He said he had so many demands upon him he could give no more.

The doxology having been sung, Mr. F. concluded in prayer. J. FARRAWAY.

11, Alpha Road, St. John's Wood.

ORDINATION OF MR. G. ELVEN, AT CLAPHAM.

THE Public Recognition and Ordination of Mr. GEORGE ELVEN, as pastor of the Baptist Church, assembling for worship in Garner Chapel, Wirtemberg Place, Clapham, took place on Tuesday, the 3rd of January, 1854; it being also the anniversary of the opening of the said chapel.

Although the weather was most inclement a good number assembled themselves together in the morning, amongst whom we observed *sixteen* ministers of the gospel, many of whom took part in the services of the day; of which we shall present our readers with the most interesting details. The

MORNING SERVICE

was commenced shortly after eleven o'clock. Mr. C. H. Coles, of Brentford, read the hymns,

and Mr. G. Wyard, of Soho, read a portion of Scripture, and fervently implored the Divine blessing on the services of the day; after which—

Mr. J. FOREMAN delivered a discourse on "the nature, constitution, and design of a Gospel church." In introducing his subject, Mr. Foreman said :

Christian Friends : the services of this day is termed an ordination service. We are not come to make a minister, but to congratulate you on your choice ; and to observe that order which is necessary to such occasions. Of course we do not go into the Old Testament for a description of this order. The New Testament is law to us. The words on which my mind has been fixed for the present occasion you will find in 1 Peter ii. 5 : " *A spiritual house.*" The church of God is composed of spiritual things ; it is a spiritual community : and that which constitutes the nature and character of the whole, must constitute the character of each individual forming that church. There is a striking similarity between the foundation of mercy's superstructure, and the whole building, of which Christ is the Head : and of whom it is said, " *To whom coming, as unto a living stone.*" Various ideas have been entertained regarding this passage. Some take it to mean Christ as a living stone, simply because he ever lives. I am not a geologist ; but I have an idea that a living stone is a stone remaining in its original position in the quarry or elsewhere in its natural growing state ; but the instant it is taken from its native place it begins to die. Thus it is Christ dies for his people. Christ is this living stone, and his people partake of the same character. They are said to be " *lively stones—an holy priesthood, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ.*"

After further remarking upon the similarity between Christ and his church, Mr. Foreman observed that the *nature* of a gospel church was " *a spiritual house, composed of spiritual persons ;*" and proceeded in the second place to notice the *design of the church* : that it was to develop the mind, the purpose and the goodwill of God to the fallen sons and daughters of Adam. In the third place, Mr. F. noticed the *order of the church* : which the speaker observed was neither Episcopalian, Popish or Russian ; but that of congregational independence ; that is, one church is neither subject to, nor dependent on another church. They had one Master who was their Father, Lord and Lawgiver — and whose commands are plainly stated. We find that in the early churches they first believed were *then* baptised, and *afterwards* added to the church ; and certain it is, that not all the art and cunning of the human mind will ever put asunder the word of God.

At the conclusion of his discourse Mr. Foreman called upon one of the brethren to give some account of the leadings of divine Providence towards them as a church, and in the choice of Mr. Elven as pastor.

In answer to this question, a reply was read by Mr. W. Odling, (one of the deacons,) from which we have gathered the following particulars :—

It was two years the 14th of last December,

since they opened a place in Clapham, capable of accommodating 140 persons ; this they fitted up at a cost of £23, which they paid, and built their present handsome and commodious chapel, all in about the space of thirteen months. During the first six or seven weeks of their meeting together, various ministers supplied the pulpit ; after which, Mr. Elven came amongst them, whose ministry was well received. After preaching five weeks, a three months' invitation was given to Mr. Elven, at the expiration of which a further invitation of nine months was given, commencing July 11, 1852. During this time the affairs of the little cause were managed by a committee. Mr. E. being still unwilling to become the stated pastor, the committee gave Mr. Elven a further invitation for twelve months, commencing the third Lord's-day in April, 1853, on the condition that should a church be formed previous to the expiration of that time, and the members were unanimous, he should become the stated pastor. On the 13th of July, 1853, the ordinance of believers' baptism was administered by Mr. Elven to eight persons ; and on Lord's-day, August 14th, 1853, a church was formed by Mr. James Wells, and the Lord's Supper administered by Mr. George Wyard. Since the formation of the church, six have been added.

The report concluded with the following stanza :

"Thus far the Lord hath led us on,
And made his truth and mercy known ;
All praise be unto his great name ;
And we'll still try to spread his fame."

Mr. Foreman thanked Mr. Odling for the reply, and called upon Mr. Elven to give an account of the work of God upon his soul ; to which he replied as follows :

The dear Lord was pleased to call me by his grace in the following manner, which I will relate to you as he may assist. I was the subject of a very stubborn affliction in my body for about twenty-one years, and although all the best medical advice which could be sought was obtained, yet it was all without effect until the Lord's time had come, and this affliction had done its office, and then it was removed by the most simple means. This very affliction was made the means in the hand of the Lord of removing me about from place to place in providence until it had removed me to the very place where he met in a saving way with my poor soul ; I have blessed the dear Lord heartily since that time, that ever I was thus afflicted.

While living in this situation, to which I was now brought, I was seized with convictions of sin. I was made to feel that I was a sinner, sorrow entered my soul, and fearful apprehensions that God was about to enter into judgment with me, and that hell would be my portion ; this led me to cry to God with all my heart, " *Lord what wouldst thou have me to do ?*" and " *what must I do to be saved ?*" I immediately commenced to do those things, which I then considered would appease the anger of God towards me, and so to save my own soul, I was compelled to forsake my sinful

companions and practices, to endeavour to amend my life, and to try to become holy before God. This led me to go to a place of worship, and as I then thought that all who made a profession of religion must of course be true christians, I was not particular as to what place of worship I attended; so I went to Long Lane Chapel, Bermondsey, where I heard the Wesleyans, (that being the nearest place,) whose preaching only added fetters to my bonds; for I entered the place in distress of soul, willing to do anything I could to ease my conscience, and to please God, so as to turn away his wrath from me; and in their preaching they told me, at least I took it to myself, that the reason why I did not save my soul, and obtain the pardon of my sin, was because I had not prayed enough, and had not striven enough, and had not attention enough to the things of God. This sent me home weeping more bitterly than ever, and made me strive with all my heart to keep from sin. When I arose in the morning, I made up my mind that I would live free from sin that day; but, alas! before one hour was gone, I detected sin upon sin, so that I found I could not be holy that day. Then I tried again the next day, but had the same failure. And so I went on forming my resolutions; but found I did not abstain from sin. Then I bound myself under the strongest oaths or vows I could think of to God with my hands clasped that I would not commit sin; this I repeated, but found that my vows were no more than my previous resolutions, I broke them all and still could not keep from sin. Now I felt my case worse than before, I had no hope, I was a great transgressor of God's law, and felt that I should be lost, having no idea of a Saviour, or of God's way of salvation. Just about this time the Lord sent a dear child of his to the place where I was then living as my fellow servant; this dear sister I suppose perceived something in me which led her to think I was concerned about my soul spoke to me about the late dear Mr. Denham, who was preaching at Unicorn Yard Chapel, to which place I went and heard Mr. Denham, who pointed poor sinners to Jesus Christ as the only Saviour, shewed the way of salvation, that it was the mercy and grace of God. I was now brought from saying, "What shall I do to be saved?" to the cry, "God be merciful to me a sinner." In this state of mind I continued to attend Mr. D.'s ministry, and on one Lord's day he took for his text, that verse in the 27th Psalm, "I had fainted unless I had believed, to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living." This discourse was blessed to my soul, so as to afford me a little refuge in raising up a hope in my soul, that I was in the way, and that the Lord would come and save me, and to encourage me to look to Jesus, for I had been brought to the place of stopping of mouths, and firmly to believe that unless I was saved solely through the precious blood and righteousness of him, I must perish for ever. But very soon after this my mind sunk into a state of despondency and darkness again, so that I lost that little ray of hope which I had received under Mr. D.'s sermon; I thought that I had deceived

myself, and had taken that comfort to myself which belonged to others, although the minister had described my experience better than I could myself, even to the putting of my fingers in my ears, and running past men who were using profane language in the street; and to the black thumb marks in my little Bible, which I was then trying to read; but my heart was overwhelmed within me, from my fearing that I had thus deceived myself, and satan stood at my right hand to resist me; who told me I was not the sort of sinner God would save; that it was presumption in me to think that I should ever be saved. These suggestions I then believed, my mind being filled with doubts and fears that what I had before felt was not real, yet the Lord knew that I desired not to deceive myself in this solemn matter. While under the influence of these doubts and fears, Mr. D. spake from those words, "Fear not thou worm, Jacob;" this text was certainly sent to me, for I then felt that my fears were groundless, and again confirmed that what I have previously experienced, was of the Lord; so that I left my fears in the pew, and again rejoiced with a little joy, and again hoped in the Lord, that he really would reveal his salvation to my soul.

But soon after this renewal of hope, I got into a cold, careless, and indifferent state of mind, in which I remained some length of time, and in which I had to learn many a painful lesson. For, although I was then preserved from outward sin, still, I had a very great development of my *indwelling sin and corruption*. I was led, indeed, to see that in my flesh, dwelt no good thing. This instruction, I had line upon line, till I was thoroughly convinced of the fact, that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" here I was permitted not only to doubt my interest in God, as the God of salvation, but to doubt the being of this God at all, the reality of religion, and of the existence of the soul after death. Another dire temptation beset me during this time, which was to doubt the divinity of Christ. This was a source of the bitterest grief to my soul, to think that I should doubt the divinity of that blessed Jesus, upon whose finished work I had been helped to base my hope for the salvation of my soul. Tears were my meat, I may say, day and night; while under this temptation, I considered that I was worse than devils, for they confessed it heartily.

While suffering under this, Mr. D. was speaking of the man among the tombs, saying no man could tame him, *but Jesus tamed him*, therefore Jesus must be more than man; he remarked that he just named this, as some of God's children were tried on this point. From this, I obtained some little relief; but still, this did not entirely remove the temptation.

But while I was walking in the street, those words of the poet came suddenly and powerfully into my mind:

"That Christ is God, I can avouch,
And for his people cares;
For I have prayed to him as such,
And he has heard my prayers."

By this the snare was broken, and I was entirely delivered therefrom, and I have never

been allowed to doubt his divinity since; and I do bless my God that I was the subject of that temptation, for while under it, I was so led to search the word, and to consider this important subject, that I believe that I am much better grounded in the doctrine of the divinity of my precious Christ, than I should have been, had I not have been so tempted. But all these things tended to humble me before God, and to make me loathe myself in my own sight, and to cry out of my very soul, "unclean, unclean," and "behold, I am vile," and to make me literally smite upon my breast with indignation, and call myself "wretch," and to make me wonder why God should suffer such a wretch to live for at all.

But I do believe that all this was to prepare me for the revelation of a full Saviour to my soul. I do believe it was the Holy Ghost shining into my mind, to discover to me by his divine illumination, those evils in my heart, which before this, had been hidden from my sight. Thus, as I have said, it was the work of the blessed Spirit, preparing me for the manifestation of Christ as my all in all.

But my soul was exceedingly cast down on account of these things which were so painful to me; still I could not help hoping sometimes, that the Lord would come and save my soul; though I think no poor sinner could have felt more base than I did.

About this time, the good Lord led me to hear Mr. Allen, of Stepney, who was preaching that evening, at the Welsh Chapel, near the Post Office; when he took for his text, that phrase in the Canticles, "My love." He described who were the objects of the love of Jesus, in which he spake to my soul, or the Lord through him, for the word came not in word only, but with power, and gave me the full assurance of faith, that I was an object of his love. This was indeed astounding to my soul, for when I considered what I was, what I had been made to feel, it seemed too much; but the Lord made me to believe it, in speaking his name to my heart again and again. I left the chapel after the service was over, with my soul rejoicing for the first time in the full assurance of interest in the love and salvation of Christ. The text followed me all the way home, and was spoken again and again to me, which increased my joy of soul; indeed, my joy was so great; I was so absorbed in this blessed enjoyment, that I scarcely remarked a person all my way home. When I got to my dwelling, I went in, and passing by my late dear mother, went up stairs, and fell upon my knees by my bed-side, there to enjoy what I was then feeling, as I was in the presence of my Lord; the words, "my love," still following me up; and as they were in this way applied to my soul, I was enabled to do that which I never could before, namely, to claim God as mine; for as these words were spoken home with divine power, it was like an echo of the soul; when he said, "my Lord," I was compelled to say, "my God, my God." I then could claim him as my God in all his dear perfections, in all his offices; my Beloved, my Saviour, my Portion, my All in all; and the

Lord kept pouring in this holy unction into my soul, that I received, enjoyed and wept, and was so full that I felt I could hold no more, and was forced to cry to God, and say, "Stay thine hand: it is enough." In this enjoyment I desired that the Lord would take me home; and used the words of Simeon,— "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." My joy was indescribable: it was truly ecstatic; and in this enraptured state I lay me down to sleep, feeling quite sure that if I were to depart this life on that night, that I should awake up in glory. Thus I was filled with the fullness of God; and never did I weep so much before or since that season, either for joy or sorrow, as I then did for joy.

But many scenes have passed since then: and many changes I have seen. Perhaps some of you will be surprised when I tell you, that even after that blessed manifestation of peace and pardon to my soul, by which I was fully set at liberty—I say, even after this, I became cold and careless in the things of God; so as to give up the throne in private, and then the house of God. God withdrew his dear influence; the new man became very weak, and the old man very strong; satan, by a worldly young man, was ready to lay a bait for me, which he did, and by which I was caught in his snare. This young man, with whom I was employed, solicited me to go and take a walk, which I consented to, after much persuasion. We went time after time walking out together of an evening, which ended in my being completely mixed up with his worldly friends. I became a backslider. There was no visible difference between them and myself; but God could see a difference. O! the bitter pangs of conscience I then felt! When I have been smiling at the worldling's mirth, I have turned away my head and wept; and I can say, that although the world has had my smiles, yet it has never had my heart since the Lord said unto me, "Son, give me thine heart." No, I was spoiled for the world, and could no longer find happiness there.

But in this state of backsliding I went on for some time, during which my mental sufferings were exceedingly acute. When I have been returning home late at night, and was led to reflect upon my then present conduct, and upon my past enjoyments of divine things, and that I had no throne to go to, and guilt in my conscience—no one can tell what I then felt, but God, and my own soul. Talk of enjoying God, and walking at the same time in sin! I never did.

While experiencing these things, I formed resolutions to give it up; but still I had not strength enough to do it until deliverance came; until my good, my precious Shepherd, came after me and restored my soul: this he did, by making me so sorrowful for my sin; which was so very great, because I had now sinned against light, and the precious goodness of my God to my soul; and so great was my sorrow, that it acted upon my body so as to make me lose flesh. But he strengthened me to give up this backsliding course, and to return unto him as the prodigal son; and,

holy be his name, I found the same reception as he did. This was about fifteen years ago; and I do say, to the glory of the grace of my God, that I never did walk so close with my God before that as I have been enabled to do since. The desire of my soul from that time has been that, while it may please the Lord that I should dwell here, that I might be entirely dedicated to his service.

I would also say, that that afflictive experience has been so sanctified to my soul, that although I would not, God knows my heart, be the subject of it again for ten thousand worlds, yet I do now feel thankful that I was suffered so to see what a poor helpless sinner I am; for I have so discovered my entire inability to keep myself, that unless the Lord constantly preserves me, I am as liable to go as far into sin as the flesh would lead me. I feel that I have no more power to stand—as we were speaking on Lord's-day evening—than a glass without a foot. This makes me say, in crying to God, "Hold thou me up, and I shall stand;" and also, "Let thy loving-kindness and truth continually preserve me." By this also I have discovered to a greater extent, the mercy, the grace, the love and the power of God.

When my dear Lord thus restored my soul, I again attended the house of my God, but my place was in some hidden corner of the chapel, I used to enter the place as a broken-hearted backslider; and the Lord was very good to me in this state; for there was generally some word of consolation to my soul.

The ministry I again attended was Mr. Allen's, which was made a great blessing to me. After meeting with his people for a while, I had a desire to be baptised, and join the church; for which I made application, and was admitted a member, after having been baptised; where I have continued a member for about thirteen years, until I received my dismissal to this church, in order to my becoming its pastor; so that I have to say, that "by the grace of God I am what I am," a monument of sovereign grace.

[The interesting account which our brother Elven gave of his "Call to the Work of the Ministry," we shall give next month, with further particulars of the services of the day, if the Lord permit.—ED.]

RECOGNITION SERVICES AT TROWBRIDGE—On Tuesday, December 27, 1853, Mr. R. G. Edwards, late of Chard, in Somersetshire, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church meeting in Bethel Chapel, Trowbridge. In the morning, the nature of the New Testament church was described by C. W. Banks, who spoke from the words of Paul, "I speak concerning Christ and his church." In the afternoon the questions were asked by Mr. W. Allen, and answered on the part of the church by Mr. Oram; after which the newly-elected pastor stood in the centre of the chapel, and gave an interesting account of his conversion to God, of his call to

preach the gospel, and of his faith in the great matters of salvation, and the discipline of the churches of Jesus Christ. Mr. Allen addressed Mr. Edwards in a most solemn manner from the words, "Take heed to thyself!" The sermon in the evening was by C. W. Banks; and on the following Wednesday evening the recognition tea meeting was held, when Messrs. R. G. Edwards, Webster, W. Allen, and C. W. Banks addressed the friends. Mr. Allen, on the behalf of the church, presented the pastor with a handsome purse containing twelve sovereigns as a substantial expression of their love to him for his work's sake. The weather was very severe:—heavy falls of snow were on the ground; it was impossible for friends from any distance to be present; nevertheless, the services were conducted in a sober and scriptural manner; and on some occasions the attendance was good. We hope the friends at Bethel will see better days.

REMOVAL OF MR. GLASKIN'S CON-

GREGATION: The church and congregation under the pastoral care of Mr. John Glaskin, at Islington, having found their little place too strait for them, have purchased the unexpired term of the lease of Providence Chapel, Providence Place, Islington Green. The place having undergone some little cleansing, &c., was opened for public worship, on Tuesday, the 27th of December, 1853. It is a neat and commodious place, formerly in the possession of the Wesleyans. Mr. James Wells preached the opening sermon, from Jer. xxxi. 3. A numerous company were present, and all seemed pleased with the discourse of the Surrey Tabernacle pastor. We had intended to have given an extract or two from this sermon, but many things have prevented us. Mr. John Foreman preached in the afternoon, and Mr. Bloomfield in the evening.

HOLLOWAY.—At Zoar Chapel, John Street, Upper Holloway, on Tuesday, January 10th, Mr. James Wells was engaged to preach in the afternoon; but affliction in his family rendered him unable to attend; Mr. William Allen, of Stepney, kindly supplied in his stead; and preached from Hosea xiv. 5—"I will be as the dew unto Israel: he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." It was a refreshing time to all present; the Lord fulfilled his promise in our midst, by causing the dew sweetly to fall upon us. The friends then took tea together. In the evening, a public meeting was held: Mr. Shipway president. After singing and prayer, one of the friends stated that the church had been formed about eighteen months; that ten persons had been added to them; some of which came at first out of curiosity, but were called through the preaching of the word, and six others were desirous of uniting with them. The meeting was addressed by Messrs. Banks, Chislett, Allen, Chivers, Searle and Garritt. There was a good attendance, and the presence of the Lord was enjoyed. J. B.

VICTORY

OR THE VESSEL THAT MUST CARRY YOU
SAFELY OVER.

An Original and Faithful Narrative.

DURING my last journey in the West of England, I found myself one morning in a humble dwelling, on the borders of the county of Somersetshire—it was the pastor's cottage. We had been into the house of God—one of the prettiest provincial sanctuaries I have seen for some time—I had also been into the sick chamber with the pastor, to speak a few words to his aged, his afflicted, his dying wife. She was low indeed; and, no doubt, will soon see HIM face to face, on whom her hope of heaven has long been built. I bent my knee and prayed the Lord to manifest himself unto her—to be sensibly present with her—and to give her both *the rod and the staff* to support her while passing through the valley. Indeed, such scenes as these are solemn: the body wasting, and waiting for the final stroke—the poor soul looking, and longing to stretch her wings and fly away.

We went down stairs; and being seated one on one side and the other on the other of the little fire, I took a full view of the aged man of God. I am sure it would—if I could here give a true portrait of the scene—excite feelings of humility and gratitude in many a contrite spirit. There was little I, sitting gazing upon an old weather-beaten, tempest-tossed warrior—one that had encountered many a storm, and trodden many a thorny path—and although still in the furnace and most sorely tried, he could sing and did sing of mercy and of judgment, of righteousness and of truth—of the preciousness of his Jesus—of the faithfulness of his God. Oh, was not I happy? I felt I was indeed in the company of a saint—a servant of Christ—an heir of God, and of one that would ere long be found in glory, where all painful wayfare, and flesh-mortifying warfare, should be left behind for ever. The good old man was meanly clad: there was a wide contrast between his appearance and his raiment and that of most of our prim and princely-dressed pastors whom we meet in the metropolis, and in the large cities of our provinces. He had a very old cap on his head, for he was bald; and if you had happened to meet him in the streets, you would have thought he was some worn-out mechanic, whose wages for a long time had forgotten to come to his temporal aid. There was, however, a brightness in his eye, and a dignity stamped on his interesting face, which to me plainly said, "*The kingdom of God is within.*"

I felt a desire to dip a bit into his history. I had, at first, to draw it out by bits; "counsel in the heart of man is like deep waters, a man of understanding will draw it out." I say nothing of my understanding in that sense; but I drew a little piece of the good old soul's history out of him, which I shall not soon forget. "Ah, sir," said he, "I once ran away from the work of the ministry; and I resolved never to engage in it again. I went and sought for employment. I travelled days and

weeks, and scores of miles, until I found myself one day seventy miles from home, in Wales, without food and without money. I was compelled one night to lay in an out-house on some straw, for a bed I could not obtain. Adverse circumstances followed me until me and mine were passed home to my parish as paupers; I was indeed brought low. One day, after being brought home, an atheist came to me and offered me employment. I accepted it; and was once more provided with a home, and with temporal help. My old Christian friends came and besought me earnestly to come and preach to them the gospel of Jesus. I said, '*I will not.*' They went away. As soon as they were gone, I sat alone, and the thought of having so harshly refused them fell upon my mind, and sunk me down in deep distress. As I sat covering my head with my hands and leaning my arm on the table, I saw, in the eye of my mind, my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. He looked upon me, but in that look there were two things: first, a heavenly smile; and, secondly, an expression of severity; he looked me through, and then he said, '*HIS OWN RIGHT HAND, AND HIS HOLY ARM HATH GOTTEN HIM THE VICTORY.*' These words," said the good old man, "broke my heart in melting penitence and love, and I said, '*Yes, Lord, thou hast gotten the victory; and now I WILL GO, and preach in thy dear name.*' That, sir, was over twenty-two years since, and although I still often feel reluctant to go to the work, yet the master keeps me to it." Here he burst into tears, rose up from his seat, and sobbed for a second or two; and then he sat down and talked to me of the goodness and of the grace of his covenant God toward him. The following lines are selected from a long piece of poetry he once published, headed, "*My Jesus.*" The verse or two I have selected bespeak a little of the tone and temper of the good old man's mind.

MY JESUS!

Who was the Head elect above,
The church his body made by love,
Before the earth was formed to move?
The Mediator Jesus.

Who was the secret covenant Man,
Ere earth was made, or time began,
Whose thoughts upon his people ran?
The glory God-man Jesus!

Who with delight and rapture too,
Salvation's plan in council drew,
For all the Father's love foreknew?
The secret wisdom Jesus.

Who did in my poor nature stand,
Gave to the law all its demand,
Freed me a rebel from the hand
Of justice? 'Twas my Jesus.

Who triumphed over hell and sin,
Law-pleasing righteousness brought in,
That I eternal life might win?
My law-fulfilling Jesus.

Who was it groaned, and bled, and died,
While from his hands, his feet, his side,
Flowed streaming down the crimson tide?
It was my suffering Jesus.

Who was it in the grave was laid,
According as prediction said,
Until the debt of sin was paid?
My wounded, bruised Jesus.

Who watched me while I wandered wide
In sin, by sinning heaven defied,
What now I hate I then enjoyed?
'Twas my exalted Jesus.

Who made me feel my sin, and cry,
"Alas! my soul must surely die!"
Who made me to that sweet reply,
"I died?" It was my Jesus.

Who turned my rebel will about,
And bore me up, though full of doubt,
And said I will not cast thee out?
My glorious high priest, Jesus.

Who was it said, "Come, don't despair,
But on me cast thy every care,
Thou dost in my salvation share?"
My constant, careful Jesus.

Who was it opened my sad case,
Drew me with groans to seek his face,
Made me rejoice in sovereign grace,
That dwelleth in my Jesus?

But few can tell the joy I knew,
When God the Spirit sweetly drew
My soul to see its union to
The glorious husband Jesus.

Who made the word of God to be
So very precious unto me,
And what's the object there I see?
All, all directs to Jesus.

Who will support me all the way,
And bring me to the realms of day,
With all the blood-redeemed to say,
"To my unchanging Jesus,

"Let thy unceasing praise begin,
Thy blood has washed away my sin,
And now I am by grace shut in
To glory with my Jesus."

There was one circumstance which this dear man of God related to me with so much simplicity and truthfulness—an event so illustrative of the faithfulness, the goodness, and the careful guidance of our God towards his poor, *wandering* sheep, that I cannot withhold it. On the day following that night when he slept on the straw in the out-house, he was desirous of crossing over the water which separates the Welsh from the English counties. He knew that the fare over in the steam-boat was *one shilling*. And in those days, there was no other means of transit. Having but *one six-pence* in all the world, it became a serious question how he was to get conveyed over. He determined upon asking the captain of the vessel which sailed from what is called "*The Old Pass*," to take him over for six-pence:—he went to the captain—made his appeal—was sternly refused. He then recollected that near to Chepstowe,—some miles distant,—there was what they called "*The New Pass*." In hope that he might succeed better there, he walked as fast as he could to the harbour-master, and besought him to allow him to go over in a vessel just then starting, for six-pence. Again he was sternly refused, and cruel language used for even daring to ask such a favour. "Something (said the good old man) riveted me to the spot. I stood with my hand on the rail that led down to the water-side, gazing on the vessel about to start over; and as I stood, unable to turn away, something said to me, '*that vessel cannot go over without you*.' I thought it presumption in me to listen to such a persuasion; I made an effort to turn away, but could not.

I knew not where to turn to. I was fastened to the spot. All was bustle and noise with the crowds of people getting into the vessel to go over; when something said again, "*That vessel cannot go over without you*." I really trembled at my position. The vessel started; and with the utmost rapidity she cut her way through the waters, until she was soon nearly out of sight. I watched her every movement; and wondered why I could not cease to gaze upon her, and turn away. Presently, all in a moment, the harbour-master came running to me, and said, "*What is the matter? Why, the vessel is coming back again as fast as she can*." I looked more intently; and I certainly then discovered she was on her return to the port from whence she had started; and with such violence did she come, that on reaching the landing, she almost dashed the heavy beams, blocks, and all to atoms. The captain cried out, "*THE ENGINE IS BROKEN: WE CANNOT GO OVER!*" Mysterious enough, the harbour-master turned to me and said, "*Do you know anything of engineering?*" I said—"I do." "*Go down, then, (said he) and see what is the matter*." The captain cried out—"It is no use his coming; the engine is broken, and we cannot go over." "Let him come down," said the other. Down I went. I examined the whole of the machinery; I said,—"*In half-an-hour, with certain materials, I can set all to-right*." The harbour-master brought me the materials—I went to work—and fulfilled my engagement. Apologies were now made for the rough manner in which they had used me; money, victuals, and a free passage were now cheerfully given to me.—"*The vessel did take me over*."

Never, I think, did I hear a more savory and striking instance of the Lord's interposition on the behalf of a poor outcast—a wanderer—one almost broken down in poverty, oppression, and fear. My reader—does not this prove to a demonstration that "*the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and his ears are open unto their cry*?" Jonah may run away; (and there may be many more Jonahs than he who went to Nineveh,) but the Lord will follow them, and return to himself and service they must.

There is a vessel that must and will carry you over, if to JESUS YOU BELONG. It is the GOSPEL OF CHRIST, which contains both the ark of the covenant, and a register of the whole election of grace; and although with the little six-pence of our own efforts, and self-righteousness, we may think to pass over; we never shall. No—it is without money, and without price; and a sufficiency of provision by the way. Thus shall the Word of God be fulfilled, as paraphrased by the poet, when he sings:

JEROVAN hath said, (the Scriptures record)
"The righteous are one with Jesus the Lord;"
At all times he loves them, 'twas for them he died,
Yet oft times he proves them, for faith must be tried,

When faint in the way, or lifeless and cold,
Or sunk in dismay, and none to uphold;
Yet firm to his promise thy God shall abide,
But grace, though the smallest, shall surely be tried.

Temptations and sins in legions shall rise,
As thorns in thy side or pricks in thine eyes;
And oft to thy sorrow his face he shall hide,
For God hath determined his grace shall be tried.

He'll ne'er theo forsake, but surely perform
His word, though he take his way in the storm;
Yea, oft in the clouds of dejection he'll ride,
For he hath determined his grace shall be tried.

As gold from the flame he'll bring thee at last
To praise him for all through which thou hast past;
Then love everlasting thy griefs shall repay,
And God from thine eyes wipe all sorrows away.

Those words, then, "*His own right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory,*" returned to my spirit this morning, while on a long journey into a different district, where, God helping me, I will tell the people a little of the holy triumphs realised by our glorious Leader—the Captain of our salvation, whose real name is, "JESUS, IMMANUEL, GOD WITH US."

Being all alone in a carriage by myself, and taking out my little book, I opened on the eighth chapter of the Gospel of Luke, and as I read on from the middle to the end, something said, "Here is a panoramic view of the victories achieved by our Lord: first, here is his victory over the sea; secondly, his victory over Satan; thirdly, his victory over a Satan-possessed sinner; and lastly, his victory over the fears and faintings and anxious cares of his waiting and his worshipping people; for so it is written, "When Jesus returned, they gladly received him, for they were all waiting for him."

[I must defer until next month the issue of all this; for, although my journey was long, the weather severely cold, my mind exercised to a fearful extent, still, in brother Edwards's chapel, that evening, I feel persuaded, out of weakness God himself did raise me up in strength. How, in my own soul, he opened up a little of his glory, I hope to tell you in next VESSEL.—C. W. B.]

OPEN COMMUNION AND BAPTISM.

BROTHER BANKS.—I have read with real pleasure, and I trust some profit, much of Mr. Blackstock's book. I never knew him in the flesh—but whom, having not seen, I love. If I may give my testimony concerning his writings, they breathe a real gospel spirit. He appeared fully to understand that vengeance belonged to the Lord. Would to God the real churches of Christ, and its true ministers, like him had their quarrels more at the foot of the throne, and less in the many works published in our day! then would the real edification of Zion's enquiring family be more aimed at, and the lambs would feed and thrive, instead of staggering and growing thin. I could heartily have wished that our brother had remained a Strict Baptist unto the end; his reasonings in favour of open communion, as a man, are exactly my own; and if it was my table instead of the Lord's, there are many that I sincerely love for Christ's sake, that should have my hearty welcome thereto. In every other respect I hold them as my brethren, and taught by the same Spirit; I hope never to persecute them, because they see not with me; but here lies the question: Is the word of the Lord to bow to man, or ought the real child of God to bow to the word? Dear Blackstock's arguments, like my own, when reasoning with the

flesh in favour of open communion, will not bear a plain, honest appeal to the written word; still, I know it is only by one Spirit that we are baptised into one body; yet the obediential path of the real believing soul is clearly marked out; nor have we any Bible proof that I am aware of, that any unbaptised person ever became a communicant at the Lord's table. Baptism for believers is clearly delineated in God's unerring word; and I think by immersion, as fairly implied as though written with a sunbeam. John baptised in Enon, because there was *much water* there. Why should the Holy Ghost say *much*, if a little would do? For, with care, a few pails full would either sprinkle or pour a thousand. Did not the Holy Spirit direct Philip into the desert to preach Christ to the Eunuch? (Acts viii.) Did they not come to a certain water into which both *went down*, and he baptised him, and they both came up *out of the water*? &c. Look at John iii. 22, 23. There, in verse 22, Jesus and his grace-taught disciples came into the land of Judea; while he encourages them to baptise in verse 23. John in another place is about the same business. Also we find in Acts x. 48, Peter commands them that had received the Holy Ghost to be baptised; and surely, if the baptism of the Spirit, or, rather, the belief of the truth and sealing of the Spirit did away with this preceptive ordinance, they had no need to be found in it. But the command was not grievous; for real love to Christ seeks to make itself manifest by keeping his commandments. When Saul of Tarsus had his eyes opened, and was filled with the Holy Ghost, he arose and was baptised; so that the baptism of the Spirit, for so we may call it—for "he was filled with the Holy Ghost"—Acts ix. 17—instead of relieving him from the command of Christ, and the obligation to be found in the same, it rather fitted him, as a real believer, to follow his divine Master. Many tell us they are Baptists to the backbone; but they mean the baptism of the Spirit. So am I; for, without his sweet sealings and holy anointings, there is no heavenly dew to be found on our branch, whatever be our profession. But I will maintain that his teaching will lead us, as it did Zechariah and Elizabeth, to walk in all the known commandments of the Lord's house, blameless. But, say others, it is not a saving ordinance. No more is the Lord's Supper; or hearing the gospel of itself; but where is the real child of God that can lightly give them up? Our God says, — "I will honour them that honour me; while those that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." Are not the ordinances like windows, through which Christ to the believing soul manifests himself, and discovers his salvation acts as one mighty to save, to the seeking soul. May we not, if left to ourselves, cavil first about one ordinance, and then another, until every ordinance be disputed and questioned? Some tell us it is not essential to salvation: I know it is not; but it is to obedience; and it does appear clear to me, that baptism, as it stands in the New Testament, is a useless thing altogether to those who say it is not essential, it is not a saving

ordinance. Surely, there is not so much said about it, and such a host of evidence given in its favour, if it is not to answer some purpose.

Then, seeing it really is not essential to salvation, and that, as it regards, the guilt of sin and fear of hell, it cannot save us from the same, let us aim to make use of it as an ordinance of obedience, enjoined by Christ himself to his ministering servants, by them to be continued to the end of the world, and administered to real believing souls, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teach them, said the dear Redeemer, to observe it, and not neglect it; "and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world." (See Matt. xxviii. 19, 20). And truly honoured is that obedient child of his, that in faith is baptised in his dear name, and so baptised into the death of Christ as to see his only cleansing is through his sorrows, sufferings, sweat and blood, and that his justification is through his obedience, resurrection, ascension and glorification, much of which I humbly conceive to be set forth in Believer's Baptism by immersion.

I might say more; but I will only add, that when I first took my pen in hand this afternoon, I had not the remotest idea of writing to you so much—only to say a word or two, and enclose the following hymn. I am thankful to say, however, that the Lord is still giving us evidence that he is with us in some measure; for the Spirit of the Lord is moving some in the camp of Dan. We have now two candidates for baptism; one has often walked, during two years past, thirteen miles to hear my feeble testimony. The Lord blessed the word to him, to encourage him in first seeking after Christ when I was miles away from Tunbridge Wells; after which, at Rehoboth, the Lord liberated his soul by the application of his own word through the same unworthy instrument. The other has also attended for two years, coming a distance also from the country; and the Lord has loosed his bonds also. These things were done, while I had not even once spoken to either of them; nor should I have known them as my hearers if I had met them in the street. Surely, His own arm still brings salvation. Others, I believe, are at the water's edge, and the ground is so tender under them, that, another thawing time or two, and in they must come. The following lines have this day occurred to my mind: we shall most probably sing it at the next baptism, which I hope will take place on January 8th, God willing.

Suffer it to be so Now.

BELIEVER! turn thy wondering eyes,
In Jordan's river see
The messenger of Christ baptise
The Man that bled for thee.
Behold the Saviour standing there,
And just about to bow,
While from his sacred lips I hear,
"Oh, suffer it so, now!"
"Tis my Belov'd," the Father cries;
And John bears witness, too;
While on the Saviour, from the skies,
The dove-like Spirit flew.

A Triune God approv'd the deed,
And own'd the wat'ry way:
And if from bondage he has freed
Thy soul, canst thou say, "Nay?"
Sure, his commands no burden prove;
When love is felt within,
His yoke is easy, and we move
With solemn awe therein.
How light our way, with his compar'd
Our's is salvation's cup;
But his was wrath, by God prepar'd,
And so he drank it up.
Not for himself, but church's sake,
Was he baptis'd in blood:
'Tis light for us his cross to take,
And follow through the flood.

Rehoboth Chapel, THOMAS EDWARDS.
Tunbridge Wells, Dec. 13, 1863.

THE KINGDOMS OF NATURE & GRACE

"Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" JOB xxxviii. 31.

THE object of Jehovah in addressing Job was to humble him; the peculiarity of the manner in the number of interrogations was calculated to make him feel his littleness. Pleiades is the name of a cluster of stars in the constellation Taurus; the helical rising of which made known the return of spring. The word implies all that is desirable, delightful, or lovely; and this corresponds with that season of which it formed the chief constellation in the time of Job. Orion is the name of a constellation, the appearance of which denoted the return of winter; hence the meaning of the word in Arabic is "cold, inactivity, torpor." It may serve as an illustration of the vastness of the starry heavens to observe, that in one part of this constellation, "the sword," there is a nebula which is computed to be two trillions, two hundred thousand billion times larger than the sun! Well might the Psalmist say, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work." The import of the question is given in a lucid way by the editor of the Pictorial Bible, "Job is asked if he could hinder those sweet influences to which nature yields when Pleiades announces the approach of spring; or whether he could loosen or retard that rigidity which contracts and binds up her fertile bosom when the approach of winter is made known by Orion." From the words we may make the following observations:—

The difference in the seasons in the world of nature, may afford us an illustration of the changes in the kingdom of grace. There is a spring time and a winter season in the experience of the Lord's people. The church is addressed as follows, "Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo, the winter is past," &c.

In the spring the vital principle displays its vigour, and appears in various forms, causing the earth to wear a pleasing aspect. So in the spring time of grace. The Christian feels the power of the life of God in his soul in the lively actings of his faith, so that he can say,

"My Beloved is mine and I am his," in the firmness of his hope whereby he holds fast his confidence in the Lord—in the strength of his affection, which many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown, so that he

"Loves the Lord with mind and heart,"

in the ardency of his desires after the Lord, his presence and communion with him—in the enlargement of his heart by the freedom which the Lord Jesus has given him—in the solidity of his peace, the peace of God keeping his heart and mind—in the substantial nature of his joy enabling him to say, "I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Isaiah li. 10. And the savouriness of the conversation indicates the spirituality of the mind. The softening showers of grace descend upon the soul, causing it to resemble a field which the Lord hath blessed. "Thou makest it soft with showers, thou bleesest the springing thereof," Psalm lxx. 10. Further. The spring is a cheerful time; the sun sheds its glories all around; and it is the time of the singing of birds. So the Sun of Righteousness rising, and imparting his exhilarating beams, fills the soul with comfort; the inward feelings cause an outward expression, for "a merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance;" and then we can sing the high praises of God, sing of his mercy, power, truth, and faithfulness, with happy feeling and with sacred pleasure.

Again. The serenity of spring may set forth that delightful tranquillity of mind we are favoured with at certain times; corruptions are subdued, cares are removed, Satan cannot get near, neither can the world annoy. Thus the Lord's promise is fulfilled, "Great shall be the peace of thy children."

But we must notice the contrast—Winter. Then death appears to reign in the vegetable kingdom: and so it is with the soul at times. What a want of feeling! how cold our hearts! how inactive our graces! how barren our minds of everything that is good! how carnal! and it becomes a question, Have we the vital principle within? for what is all profession without it? Hence there are searchings of heart; and we are taught, perhaps, by the death in our feelings a truth more precious than thousands of gold and silver—"Christ is our life." Look at yonder vine, there is no fruit to be seen upon it, and it is stripped of all its foliage—surely it must be dead. No, this is not the case; there is life in the vine, and by-and-bye it shall be visible. Dear child of God, do you resemble the branches of this vine? Remember the life of grace within shall be maintained in all your wintry seasons by your union to the Lord Jesus, "Because I live ye shall live also," is his own promise. Winter is a gloomy season; we have had much dark and uncomfortable weather of late. Solomon said, "The days of darkness shall be many;" but, blessed be God, we have the prospect of one bright eternal day. And the darkness brings a gloom with it very far from pleasing to the children of light; then we feel cast down and disquieted, and begin to look as earnestly for a fresh visit

from the Lord as they that watch for the morning. The winter season is stormy, and are we not exposed to the fierce blasts of temptation, which threaten us with destruction at certain times; in addition to which there are storms raised within by sin, and trouble from God falls heavily upon us. Nor have we cause to think it strange that such things should happen to us, although it was uncommon. Our religion must be tried by the winter of adversity.

As there is a succession of these changes in nature, so we may expect the same in our experience.

Is it a wintry season now with some whose eye this may meet? A change will take place ere long; the mighty power of God shall prove effectual in causing a renewing and a reviving within; and to the sweet influence of the Father's love, the Saviour's manifestations, and the Spirit's grace, thy heart shall yield, and thou shalt again feel what thou hast felt in by-gone days. "The Lord will not forsake the work of his hands." Is it spring with us? we may expect winter. I write not this to discourage, any more than Jesus intended to daunt his disciples when he gave them to understand what they might expect in following him. The fact that in the world we are to have tribulation is not concealed, but plainly revealed, that when we ascertain the truth of it by experience we may not be taken by surprise. It is common among the children of God under their first manifestations to think those happy hours will continue. But ah! this they find a mistake. Israel of old when singing of delivering mercy little thought what awaited them, and how soon a change would take place; but our changes will endear to us an unchanging God, and the divine immutability will then prove a scene of comfort and support to our minds.

As by the question, "Canst thou bind the soft influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion?" we are given to understand we cannot alter God's own order of things in nature, so we may learn the impossibility of changing his dispensations.

To the sovereign will of God, as the First Cause, all things are to be traced, our joys and our sorrows, our mercies and our miseries, our liberty and our bondage, are all determined by him. When he says "peace," a calm ensues; when he smiles we are happy; when he quickens we are lively; when he strengthens we feel courageous; and when he reveals himself we are confident. On the other hand, when he gives trouble we are restless; when he frowns we are distressed; when he withholds his grace we droop; when he leaves us to feel our weakness we are timid; and when he hides himself we are fearful. Thus "to everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven."

As the changes in nature are ordered in wisdom, and prove beneficial, so the various dealings of God are no less wisely appointed by him for good to his people.

The frost and snow, as well as the warmth and the rain, have a salutary effect; so the painful as well as the pleasant is included among the all things that work together for

good to Zion. If we are the Lord's, we shall have to be wintered to prove us, and the issue will be favourable. Grace is both incorruptible and indestructible—"The trial of your faith being much more precious than gold which perisheth, though it be tried with fire shall be found unto praise, and honour, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ;" and though no chastening seemeth to be joyous while we are under it, how oft have we had to say, "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," realising the peaceable fruits of righteousness yielded to us thereby. Our God is great in counsel and wonderful in working; and as he lets us perceive the wisdom of his arrangements, and the love that runs through all, we are not only submissive to his will, but can rejoice, saying—

"All is settled, all is settled,
And my soul approves it well."

In conclusion. We are, as the redeemed of the Lord, bound for a world where we shall have a perpetual spring, a state of uninterrupted happiness, and a land of perfect freedom from all those things that now exercise our minds and trouble our hearts. May this hope inspire with courage all the followers of the Lamb, is the desire of their's affectionately,
Northampton. W. LEACH.

Ministerial Biography.

No. 2.

"SCARCELY," (says one of our Christian witnesses), "scarcely had the grave closed over the mortal remains of WARDLAW, of Glasgow, and JAY, of Bath, when Dr. Collyer, of Peckham, is also summoned to his rest. He died on Monday, January 9, 1854, having filled the pastoral office for a period of fifty years." Many of the "great men," in the professing churches, are passing homeward; and if, by these strokes, we are stirred up to *more diligence in our Master's cause* while we are employed in the vineyard, it will be well. We return again to

The Life of William Arbon,

LATE OF HULL.

Written by Himself.

(Continued from page 14).

In thus reviewing my life so far, I find many mercies to be thankful for and very much cause for deep humiliation before God for so many mercies misimproved, duties that have been neglected, and sins committed; yet I have cause to hope my ministry in the connection was not in vain. Several professed to be called by grace and old believers to be comforted and built up. I was at all times treated with respect by the trustees, as well as the congregation, and nothing but a sense of duty and the dictates of conscience could have separated me from them. The means by which my attention was turned to the subject of baptism were as follows:—A friend put into my hand a book, written by a person of the name of Allen, entitled, "The Loyal Address of Junius Junior to his Countrymen." From the

title page I conceived it to be a political work. I read it, and to my great surprise it was principally upon the subject of baptism, and from the manner he described the practises of the primitive church, and shewing how the corruptions of the sprinkling of infants was brought in, and by Mr. Allen supporting his statements both from history and the Word of God, I was led to say that if I were sure that those things were really true I would never practise sprinkling any more. I now determined to read the book again, and, in the exercise of prayer, to compare it with the New Testament in all the different passages that have any reference to the subject. I did so, and the conviction left upon my mind was, that the Apostles and even John did uniformly require a profession of faith previous to the administration of baptism, and that the account given in of the places were it was administered, &c., were such as evidently implied immersion in water; and that if the connection to those passages he duly considered in which households are mentioned, the language is such as excludes infants. This being the case, I could no longer take infants in my arms and say, "I baptise," when I only sprinkled them; neither durst I any longer say that I did it in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, because I now found that I had no authority, no warrant for what I was doing in the Word of God. I therefore immediately made known my mind to the congregation in Dagger Lane Chapel, at the same time giving in my resignation. - I was now brought into a great straight, for I proposed stopping with the people until another minister was sent to them, and the Lord might open a way for myself. I accordingly wrote to some friends in London, requesting that if they knew of a vacant church they would inform me of it. Some of the people, however, in Dagger Lane were so much exasperated at my conduct that they said I ought not to be permitted to enter the pulpit any more, and I found that many of my old friends were now turned to be my enemies. I was satisfied that I could have peace no longer among them, and my conscience being fully decided upon the matter, I made it a matter of prayer to my God that he would direct and provide for me, and having a wife and three children dependant upon me, and another daily expected, I determined to cast the care of all upon the Lord, who had hitherto provided for me and mine.

I therefore left this people at Dagger Lane immediately; and experienced the kindness of the Lord in so doing; for it so happened that about this time, a few people had separated from the Baptist church in George Street, in this town, and had taken the chapel in Prince Street, and which had, some time previous to this, been unoccupied; and as they had no settled minister, they requested me to become their pastor. To this I for some time made objections, thinking that I would not remain in Hull; but in consequence of their repeated solicitations, and after much prayer to God, and having the advice of a few friends, I at length consented to stay; and accordingly was baptised by immersion in Prince Street Chapel, by Mr. John Pilling, of

Goodshow, in Lancashire, on the 10th of April, 1811; and that day I was added to the church, and was ordained as pastor over the people the next day; when Mr. Pilling, Mr. Hargraves, of Ogdén, and Mr. Moss, of Bishop Burton, were engaged for the services of the day.

In this church I spent five or six years, in comfort; and if I was ever useful in Hull, this was the most useful part of my life. Very many professed to be converted to God by the preaching of the gospel, some of whom are still living in a creditable profession of religion; and several old backsliders have been reclaimed, and others united with us, by letters of dismissal from other churches. This church, at the time of my going amongst them, consisted of about twenty-two, or three members; but the Lord gave us a large increase, so that in a little time we exceeded one hundred. This I thought was the work of God; and to him I hope I gave the praise.

In the year 1818, the Baptist church in Salthouse Lane, in this town, was destitute of a minister; Mr. Wade, their former pastor, having resigned his office amongst them. The church in that place was in a low estate; we in Princes Street were paying £40 per annum rent for our own place; and it was proposed, for the benefit of each, that the two churches should unite. Several of my friends were inclined to this measure. It was, however, I fear, too precipitately carried into effect; and the union was publicly recognised August 1, 1816. Dr. Steadman, of Bradford, and Mr. Harness, of Bridlington, preached on the occasion. I cannot say that in this position I ever felt to be happy, as I had formerly been; nor did the preaching of the Word appear to be made a blessing, as it was in Princes Street. Several, however, from time to time, were added to our number, and things went on tolerably well, until the year 1821, at which time some very unpleasant circumstances arose amongst us, and party spirits ran so high, together with evil tempers, and passions were so much indulged on either side, and by myself with and amongst the rest, until at length I determined upon leaving the people, which I accordingly announced to them; and with much grief of mind I preached my last sermon to them on the 2nd of December, 1821.

I now removed, with a family consisting of a wife and seven children, to High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, at which place I had preached four Lord's-days previous to this; and the people had given me an invitation to settle amongst them. There, however, I never felt myself at home; and soon found I could not continue long; and I saw that I had done wrong in leaving Salthouse Lane. I do regret that step to the present time; and believe I shall as long as I live. Those, however, by whom I thought myself to be injured and aggrieved, I do most cordially and sincerely forgive; and I earnestly request the same forgiveness on their part towards me. Conscious I am, that there were many and very great faults on both sides. Oh, that Almighty God in mercy may forgive us all, and that we may ultimately meet where sin, and

all its attendants, will be everlastingly banished. Amen.

I had not been long in Wycombe, when some of my friends in Hull wrote to inform me that they had left Salthouse Lane, in consequence of the treatment which I had received from the people there. I wrote back to them, and desired them to return to Salthouse Lane; and as I was separated from them, to let all former circumstances be buried in oblivion. They in reply persisted that they would not return; and at the same time proposed that if I would come back to Hull, they would build me a new chapel to preach in. I really laughed at this idea, as I thought it was utterly impossible that anything of the kind could be done by them. But they still continued to importune, and told me more fully their plan, and, as they thought, their flattering prospects of success. Therefore, as I did not feel comfortably settled at Wycombe, and was strongly attached to many friends at Hull, I at length was prevailed upon to return to Hull. Accordingly, the chapel was built in Mason Street, and I arrived with my family in the month of August, 1822, and opened the chapel for public worship on the 1st of September following. In this I never felt myself altogether satisfied or comfortable; the congregation was small, and very little, if any, good effects attended the word preached.

(To be continued).

A SWEDISH SCHOOLMASTER PERSECUTED FOR PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

WE wish our readers (who for the most part enjoy the uninterrupted privilege of hearing the Gospel, and of worshipping God under their own vine and fig-tree,) to read some accounts which have recently reached us of

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTIONS IN SWEDEN.

In *The Evangelical Friend of the Church*, (a Swedish periodical,) is an account of the case of persons who, for the crime of having administered baptism and the Lord's supper, or for that of only reading together the Word of God, singing some hymns, &c., are sentenced to pay heavy fines; and in case of incapability to do so, to endure the punishment of imprisonment on the only nourishment of bread and water. The number of these persons in one province alone, that of Delecarlia, is so great, that the prison for solitary confinement in the town of Tahlun, in which there are 100 cells, *cannot contain more than half their number!* This shews that there is no cessation in these grievances. The church, and higher classes in this land, begin to be more and more frightened by the religious movements going on; and even our best papers, the *Aftonblad* for instance, which formerly gave an account of these persecutions, is now quite silent; perhaps from the fear of losing its subscribers. Thus, little is comparatively known in our country, of the sufferings of our poor brethren in the north.

Schoolmaster Carlsson, writing to Dr. Bergman of his trials connected with witnessing for Christ, says:—

"In Jesus, dearly beloved Dr. Bergman,—your kind letter has very much sustained, rejoiced, and

refreshed me, and many others who have heard it, who are of the same faith with ourselves.

"Now I can tell you that last Sunday, after Divine service at the church of Gladsax, I was told to stay and confront the school committee. The examination I had expected now took place. A jury or tribunal was arranged before the altar, the doors shut, but part of the congregation stopped outside the walls. Knowing that you are interested in the proceedings, I give you an account of the examination, which was as follows:—

Question. Do you acknowledge here, in the presence of the school committee, that you have held devotional meetings?

"Answer. Yes.

"Q. Do you acknowledge that you have several times been advised and warned to desist from such practices?" A. Yes.

"Q. Do you acknowledge that after receiving the last warning, on which occasion a written order from the consistory at Lund was shewn to you, you have, notwithstanding, had meetings both in Baskemolla and Gislöf?

"A. Yes; and it seems very strange that I should be prohibited from doing so. If I wished to assemble people to drink and play at cards, it would be permitted; but if at times when I am at leisure from the school, I associate with some who love the word of God and seek after a heavenly country, in whatever place it may be I meet with them, and they like to edify themselves with the word of God, singing and prayer, in our most holy faith, reading the Bible, and Luther—then this is a crime which must be seriously censured and punished.

"Q. Do you acknowledge that you told me (the clergyman of the parish) that you have the same right to proclaim the word of God as I have?

"A. Yes. But only in the way in which I have hitherto proclaimed it, and will hereafter proclaim it; because that is a right which belongs to every Christian, and as one I possess that right.

"Q. Are you then ready to submit to all the painful and unavoidable consequences of all sorts that will fall to your lot if you obstinately adhere to your views?

"A. I acknowledge it to be my highest duty, and it is also my ardent desire to be obedient, submissive and devoted, in all that regards the school, and in which the school committee has the management; as well as I acknowledge that the authorities of the land have the command over my body, my goods, and my corporeal life: but if these wish to extend their power to a domain where they have no right to command—where I feel myself the subject of higher powers—where the Word of God, my conscience, my faith, and confession of the same, my love to my neighbour, and so forth, are concerned—then I acknowledge no human authority as having a right to command. Here, on these points, I must obey God more than man; and, therefore, suffer whatever may be inflicted upon me, even so far as to lay down my life, if it should be required; whereunto I pray that my God, of his mercy, for the sake of Jesus Christ my Lord and Saviour, would strengthen me in my weak faith, which is very much tried, even by those from whom I could hope to receive encouragement and nourishment in the same.

"Will you now desist from holding meetings and preaching, &c., &c.?"

"A. In such a case as this, where I have not acted foolishly or thoughtlessly, but in accordance with the revealed Word of God, with my conscience, and in pure love to souls, dear redeemed souls, and with a certainty of doing the will of God, then it is clear that I neither can, will, nor ought to desist; only the Lord keeps me in faith, in truth, and obedience. May he give me grace, light and strength, to walk in simple faith and obedience, holding firmly the confession of hope to his glory, his praise and my salvation. Amen.

"The rector said, 'Then I can understand that you will not obey us?'"

"A. I will obey and act according to the will of God, &c., &c.

"Upon this, the rector declared that all was said: that minutes of the conversation would be drawn up. I requested to be acquainted with their contents, and all was finished. I left the church, and went home to my friends, who were expecting me; and we had a prayer meeting, and were richly fed with the word of life.

"Monday evening we had a missionary meeting. Oh, dear brother! you and the other brethren, who have received the spirit of mercy and prayer; pray WITH and FOR me; and strengthen me as much as you can. I am in much combat with myself—in great heaviness. Struggles with sin, unbelief, doubt, despair, fears of all sorts, much labour day and night, temptations from the enemy of our souls, who wishes to enter the house again, from which he has once been expelled by One who is stronger than he. Jeremiah xx. 7—13, is a description of my struggles. But God is our refuge, and very present help in all the afflictions in which we may come. Therefore, we do not fear, even should the earth perish and the mountains fall into the sea. If all the elements should rage, the city of God will be a delight, with its wells of life, where are the holy dwellings of the Highest—God is there. He who dwells there dwells in safety; and the Lord helps him early. Yes, our help is in the hand of the Lord, who has made heaven and earth. His name is a tower into which the righteous runs and is safe. May I remain under the wings of his mercy till the evil has passed over me. He conceals me in his house, and places me on a Rock. This Rock is Christ, who has gained the victory."

POOR HEMAN'S SAD COMPLAINT.

Who is there among the deeply chastened family of heaven, that has not read the *eighty-eighth Psalm*? "*A Psalm containing a grievous complaint.*" We have lately been in communication with a believing child, whose nearest and dearest relation (once an apparently happy and useful member of a Christian church) is now in the very place which Heman describes in the third verse of that 88th Psalm, where he says—"*My soul is full of troubles: my life draweth nigh unto the grave.*" We hope that even this deeply painful event will be greatly useful to some of the afflicted in Zion; therefore we give the following few words from the last letter we received.

"He is still shut up in unbelief. I have asked him several times if he should like to see you? his reply has always been, '*No; not at present.*' His conflict is awfully distressing. In the silent hours of midnight I have heard him say, '*I am lost: yes, for ever lost. I have sinned away the day of grace, and there is no mercy for me: how shall I bear to hear the Judge pronounce those solemn words, 'Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels?' and you, my wife, will hold up your hand, and approve the condemnation.*' I have said everything that I can to encourage him, but all to no purpose; he takes all the threatenings of God's Word to himself; but the promises he says belong to the children of God. I am at a loss to account for such a heavy chastisement. As far as the human eye can penetrate, he has always been a just, upright character: but the Lord is a Sovereign; and finite creatures dare not say, '*What doest thou?*' Will you cry mightily unto God for him? I have an assured confidence that the Lord will appear for him, and that he will shine brighter and brighter unto the perfect day.

THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS READERS.

(Continued from page 8.)

We are unwilling to occupy one line about ourselves: but there are three divisions yet to be filled up: we promised to fill them up; and we wish to keep our word. The third one is the next; and to that shall we confine ourselves this month. It is "OUR CONSOLATION." And from whence is our consolation to be drawn? Certainly not from the smiles and applause of our fellow-men—nor from the stores of wealth we have gathered—nor from circumstances of temporal ease or domestic comfort. No; all these are, to a great extent, withheld—wisely withheld. Nevertheless, even our sources of consolation are neither few nor small. We have no time to write them out at length; neither do we wish to make any parade; but having commenced, we wish to conclude in an honest and honourable manner, the Lord our God permitting.

Our Consolation—like that, we believe, of every real child of God, is drawn, first, from the inward conviction that it hath pleased GOD to reveal his SON in us; and by that divine revelation he hath imparted three essential new covenant mercies—SPIRITUAL LIFE; A KNOWLEDGE OF THE WAY OF SALVATION; and an external holy APPROVAL OF, and UNION WITH, the excellent glories of the kingdom of grace, with all that doth appertain thereunto. When the Sun of Righteousness is pleased to arise and shine upon this his own work within, then, with Joseph Hart we sing,—

"Blessed are they whose guilt is gone,
Whose sins are washed away with blood;
Whose hope is fixed on Christ alone;
Whom Christ hath reconciled to God.

"Though travelling through this vale of tears,
They many a sore temptation meet,
The Holy Ghost this witness bears—
They stand in Jesus still complete."

This life and love divine within constrains us most gladly to labour in any righteous way to serve our holy Master's cause while in this world we stay.

The happy reflection that, (however much we may have been tempted, opposed, persecuted and perplexed, still) a love to, and a decision for the TRUTH has been preserved in us: this is another source of consolation. We pity the man that changes in principle and practice, from one thing to another, until he has no standing at all: while we desire to adore the God of all our mercies for enabling us to say, as regards the vital principles of the gospel,—*"Thou holdest our souls in life, and sufferest not our feet to be moved."* No deadly delusion, nor soul-deceiving doctrine, has ever been permitted to fasten upon our spirits. All glory to our covenant-keeping God for keeping us in the safe position Jude describes, *"Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life."*

The fact that the Lord hath enabled us to cast a mite into the Gospel treasury, is another small source of consolation. The many thousands of EARTHEN VESSELS now scattered

abroad in the cottages and larger dwellings of our people, are so many silent, but sometimes powerful, testimonies to the truth as it is in Jesus. These will live when we are dead. When the grave which is now waiting in Nunhead Cemetery, shall have enclosed all that is mortal of us—when the present Editor, with all his failings and his faults, shall be silent in the tomb; and when, perhaps, even the publication itself shall be discontinued; even then shall its pages be read by thousands; and *"Who can tell the good that our God may work?"* To him alone be all the glory. Hallelujah! Amen.

That independence of spirit, and freedom of mind, which the Lord hath been pleased to give us, is another source of consolation. It has been our lot to labour single-handed for many years. We have had neither the patronage nor the purse of any that either have been, or are, great men in the ministry—or, influential men in the churches. We were preaching the gospel for years in the farther corners of the quiet county of Kent, and neither knew, nor did we ever have the privilege to hear any sterling mimister of Christ, David Denham, and Isaac Beeman excepted. We heard those good men once or twice. Instead of being nursed up, and trained under, sound men: instead of being called under, and counselled by, some loving pastor: instead of being patted on the head, taken by the hand, and warmly supported by some association or gospel band: instead of these things, we have not only, for the most part, had to walk alone, and to work alone; but very often to go forward in the midst of prejudice, reproach, poverty, heart-breaking sorrows, domestic calamities, and unhappy forebodings.

"Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold us up but thou?"

Now, this being the case, and it is, indeed, a true statement,—we say, this being the case, is it any wonder that we have had up-hill work? Only think, for one moment, of a poor Kentish clod-hopper—who, from seven years of age was separated from a parent's roof—brought up to down-right hard work—without counsellor, comforter, instructor, or even one faithful friend—think of such a poor nondescript—out-cast—and forlorn object of misery,—after being thrown about upon the rough waves of this world for between twenty and thirty years—brought to London, and here—in the very midst of a critical, discerning, and, perhaps, censorious people—raised up—not only to preach the gospel, but to be the humble and truly imperfect editor of different little works that are now read and circulated by thousands. Whatever smile of contempt our "elder brethren" and the dignitaries of our churches may cast upon these few lines, we can assure our readers that we are often filled with amazement and solemn awe at the great things the Lord has done for us. Now—by independence of mind,

and freedom of spirit,—we do not mean either carelessness or impudence—we mean nothing more than one of old when he wrote those memorable words—“*I can do all things through CHRIST, which strengtheneth me.*” What were the things Paul more immediately referred to? Read the context; and that will furnish the answer. He says: “*I know both how to be abased, and I know how to abound: everywhere, and in all things I am instructed both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need.*” These things—these changing and opposite circumstances, Paul had found could be borne through the strength which Christ had imparted. Even the valley of Achor had a door of hope; while the “thorn in the flesh,”—painful as it was to endure,—was connected with two great blessings—it kept him from “*being exalted above measure*”—and it made way for the coming in of the promise, “*My grace is sufficient for thee:*”—so that deeply-afflicted Paul could triumphantly exclaim—and his words have often suited us well—“*Most gladly, therefore, will I rather glory in mine infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.*” All we mean, by “independence,” then, is a fearlessness as to who may smile, or who may frown, so long as a practical answer shall be given to our prayers for these three things—first, “*the answer of a good conscience toward our most loving and merciful Lord, and all men:*”—secondly, “*steadfastness in the faith, arising from a vital acquaintance with every essential branch of divine truth:*”—and finally, that we may so occupy a post of real usefulness in the Gospel kingdom, as to “*finish our course with joy,*” and at last, see our indescribably glorious and precious Mediator, Elder Brother, Intercessor and Friend, and hear HIM say to us—“*Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.*”

A struggling, labouring hope that the Lord will yet increase our usefulness, is another source of consolation. Where, or in what particular manner that usefulness may be developed, is not for us to determine. In spirit, we are much separated from many, who, after we have served their turn, have proved ungrateful—yea, in some cases it has not stopped at ingratitude.

We only wish to live and labour with those who breathe the spirit, and in some measure tread in the steps of Him who went about doing good: at the same time we believe we shall ever possess a willingness to “*favour the righteous cause*” of our Lord and Master in every way opened unto us by the good hand of a gracious Providence.

The continued and appropriate unfoldings of the Word of Truth in our own experience, is another source of consolation. Only one instance shall be given; and with this for the present we close.

One Saturday evening, very recently, (after a week of labor which had shaken our nerves, and wasted our strength,) we sat down solitarily by ourselves, with the Book of God in our hand, and with prayer in our heart. We had to preach three times next day: it was near midnight, and it was midnight within. We

had no text, nor the smallest idea as to how we should go through the day. And although we have been helped hundreds of times, yet are we hard to believe. We have known too, much what it is of late to be haunted with the persuasion that our work in London was done. In a pensive and sorrowful frame of mind we sat looking in various parts of the Word. Presently this portion struck home with peaceful power: “*And JESUS said unto Simon, FEAR NOT: FROM HENCEFORTH THOU SHALT CATCH MEN. And when they had brought their ships to land, they forsook all and followed him.*” (Luke v. 10, 11.) We were delivered from darkness, and raised above our fears. We received the words in faith—“*From henceforth thou shalt catch men.*” We retired to rest—slept soundly for seven hours; arose in the morning, and through the day, in every service, we found a fulness of matter, a freedom of spirit, and a firm persuasion that our labour was not in vain in the Lord. In that deep and mighty sea—the everlasting covenant of grace—we believe there are millions of souls yet to be caught by the Gospel net. That God may indeed give us and all his dear servants, power to catch men—that we may safely and honorably bring our ships to land—and then, forsaking all, FOLLOW JESUS ONLY—and, at last, mingle with the blood-washed throng, around the throne of our Immanuel, in the kingdom of glory, is, dear reader, the prayer of your’s in the love of God, C. W. B.

THE ELDER SON AND THE PRODIGAL.

DEAR MR. BANKS.—In viewing the letter in the VESSEL on *The Elder Brother* in the parable, by “A Husbandman,” I am led to think our brother is reflecting upon the opinion of some good men who differ from him, classing them with the elder son; who, as he supposes, is typical of proud, boasting sinners. I believe most of the letter to be very true—especially on traditional preaching and hearing in these days: many are content, without taking any pains to dig for the truth in the gospel, but rest on tradition; and on this account many of the sweet, Christ-exalting doctrines of the Bible are laid aside. As I differ from the “Husbandman,” I, of course, must “shew my opinion;” as I am guided by my Bible, I wish to obey none else.

The passage I consider as the words of Jesus Christ; therefore we must be very careful not to add, or diminish aught from it: all our cavilling will not alter it. Every word of his, is perfect; sent to us, his children, to “furnish us for every good word and work.” The parable serves to shew both kind of hearers at that time. That the supracabounding grace of God extends to the vilest of the vile—Jew or Gentile—bond or free—who by its almighty power are brought to the feet of Jesus as the younger was; and that all our selfish boasting must be laid aside. Many now-a-day forget that by grace they are saved, by grace they differ; and are apt to “think of themselves more highly than they ought to think.” Christ knew all this; it is an old complaint; it is seen in Joshua—Num. xi. 27, 28—who found

fault with Eldad and Medad; protesting against them. So also with the disciples—Luke ix. 46—who could not get on without disputing who should take the highest place; and of course every one made as much of his own merits as he could. Poor John, too, forbade a man casting out devils, because he did not belong to their party—Luke ix. 49; and xxii. 24.

Let us look at the parable of the labourers in the vineyard. The elder servant complained, thinking his services were not paid for as they ought to be. (Here is a parallel.) He found fault with the younger, because his services were short and trivial, compared with his own; and with the master, for not paying him as his services deserved. For this conduct he was sharply rebuked. "I will give (said the master) unto this last, even as unto thee. Is thine eye evil because I am good?" Dost thou complain because I pardon poor Gentile sinners, giving them a free salvation, without works, and make them heirs to all that heaven affords? He is not condemned as an angry hypocrite, or wicked sinner, but is promised an equal reward; and all such fleshly murmurers will not alter the settled purpose of giving rewards. So with the elder son; all his complaining did not set his father's heart against his younger son, or stop the holy joy of the household; but he also is told, that he is to remain in the house with his father—"Thou art over with me, and shalt have an interest in all that I possess: all that I have is thine."

Now, if by the father Christ is meant, then all the blessings in Christ are included; but if the father do not mean Christ, then who does it mean? The servant told the elder, "Thy brother is come." The father also said, "Thy brother was dead, and is alive again; was lost, and is found." Again, the servant saith, "Thy father hath killed the fatted calf." And here is a decided proof that he is one of the family; and is acknowledged as such throughout the parable. The promise given to the elder brother, is what no dead Pharisee can ever boast of through the sacred volume.

Again, the father goes to his angry son, and intrcats him to be reconciled, both to himself and to his brother. This is God's way of dealing with his sons; he never waits their return, for they never would; but he goes himself, and speaks peace unto his children; and love melts their hearts into a reconciliation of his own dear ways. It may be supposed that this son finally went away; if so, God, intrated in vain; he was too strong for Omnipotence; God is disappointed. But there is no proof that he did not come in by the father's intreaties. If the elder is typical of dead professors, then God intrcats them to join with the saints in their holy banquets and gospel ordinances; and as this represents the receiving poor penitents into church fellowship, dead and lifeless sinners would be welcome too.

Let us look at the temper of Ananias, when Saul of Tarsus came, like the poor prodigal, to see his awful condition. Did Ananias receive poor Paul with a welcome? No: "See what evil he hath done," &c., said he: "see what a wicked man he hath been." See how

the Lord rebuked this spirit of selfishness—"Go thy way: he is a chosen vessel unto me." Not till then could Ananias own a brotherhood with him; he now could call him brother Saul—Acts ix. 15—17. Then was that spirit which so prevailed in the elder son slain by the Lord.

See also the case of Cornelius, (Acts x.) who was a converted Gentile, one with whom a Jew would not associate, it being against their laws to do so. But to put these traditions out of the way, the Lord let down a sheet from heaven full of unclean creatures, which their laws forbid to be eaten. The Lord said, "Arise, Peter, kill and eat." "Not so, Lord, for nothing unclean has ever been into my mouth," says Peter. The Lord said, "What God hath cleansed, that call not thou common or unclean." By this voice Peter was silenced as to bringing any accusations against a poor converted Gentile. Hear his own words: (x. 28.) "God hath shewed me that I should call no man common or unclean; (verse 34,) of a truth I perceive God is no respecter of persons. He is Lord of all." As a proof of this the Holy Ghost was poured out into the hearts of these Gentile sinners, so that Peter cries out, "Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptised as well as we?" Here the mouth of boasting is stopped. Bring no charges up against this poor Gentile—he is cleansed with the blood of the Lamb.

I consider Peter as the elder, and Cornelius the younger; and had not God instructed him as he did, Peter would have refused communion with Cornelius, as the elder did with the younger in the parable. Peter said, "Nothing common or unclean had ever entered his mouth." The elder son said he had "never transgressed." Both of them had something to boast of; both were reproved, but not condemned.

Christ knew what manner of spirit many of his own children possessed, and in such a parable as this we see how it prevailed, and how it was rebuked by Christ himself. It was this spirit that Paul wrote so much against. (See Romans xiv. 1—10; xv. 1—12.) It is evident how selfish even good men are; on this account many a poor backslider is rejected, notwithstanding his penitence and acceptance with God. Old grievances are brought up to drive him back, rather than the spirit of our Father who said, "It was meet that we should make merry and be glad."

By this parable I understand the election of grace, first of the Jews, and secondly of the Gentiles. The Father is God himself, who calls the elder his Son: not Abraham, who had an earthly estate to dispose of, which was all he could give; but the Father in the parable is God, who promises the life that now is, and that which is to come. Matt. xx. 23. I believe that the parable shews us the gathering in of the election of grace, as Christ said, "Other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them I must bring, . . . that they all may be one;" that "the middle wall of partition" might be put down, and that the two folds (Jew and Gentile,) might be made into one—that they might "sit together in heavenly

places in Christ Jesus."—Sit together at the gospel feast. The elder might say, "Thou never gavest me a kid." No: the Gospel feast was not yet prepared; for Moses gave not this feast but in types and shadows—but now the feast is prepared and consisteth of the flesh and blood of the Lamb of God. Of this feast the elder was intreated to partake, and no longer reject sitting at the table with poor returning Gentiles. (Rev. xv. 7—9.) I cannot see how our brother can fairly compare Cain, Ishmael, &c., with the elder brother. His parallels are correct as they agree with each other—but not with the eldest son. Compare the case of Cain with it. How different! He had a mark set on him as one accursed of God. He was a murderer of his own brother. God had not respect for his offerings, which excited his rage. For this he received his awful doom: "A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be on the earth." How different this to the elder: "Son, thou art ever with me;" and there was no curse, but the intreaties of a compassionate, sin-pardoning God.

Look, also, at Ishmael, the Son of Abraham, after the flesh, but not the Son of God.—he was promised great things in this world, but nothing in the next; no being forever *with the Lord*; no title as an heir of grace; "*all that I have is thine.*" No: hear his doom, "cast out this bond-woman and her son;" one is intreated to come in, with promise of blessedness; the other is cast out, as a bastard without a title. Ishmael mocked, but the elder son did not, he was dissatisfied with his brother's conduct, and his father's kindness to him.

Nor is Esau's conduct parallel with the elder son. God said, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." There was no such reflection of the elder. If so, then God promises what he will not give, invites who he will not accept, which is opposed to his holy character and word altogether.

Again, how are the Pharisees to be compared with the elder son? They were told (although they said God was their father,) that they were of their father the devil; they were serpents, a generation of vipers. A vast difference between the treatment of the elder brother and this. Dives, too, lifted up his eyes in hell, and will for ever, but the father never threatened his son once, with either banishment, death, or her hell; but contrarywise, "Thou art ever with me." I dwell on this promise; the promise is from a God that *cannot lie*: and every promise of his, is yea and amen unto the glory of God by us. Or, shall we make the father's voice to be God and Christ to the younger, and Moses to the elder? Such it must be, if the promise made to the elder, was founded upon his obedience to the law; "For the law came by man, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." The Father then is Jesus Christ, receiving poor sinners into his family, without asking consent of any of his elder sons, whether they like it or not, conditions were not named. I believe there are many scriptural companions with the parable even amongst us; such as murmur at God's choice of vile characters as his jewels, and can hardly admit them into pulpit or

pew; the labourers in the vineyard who murmured at their pay, are comparable; and the Jew who had indignation against James and John; also those who disputed, who should be the greatest; and John, who forbid one who was casting out devils, because he followed not with him; the disciples who wanted the poor woman sent away from Christ; Ananias who complained against Saul of Tarsus; Peter who was divinely instructed before he could own Cornelius of a brother; Joshua, who wanted to stop preaching in the camp; (Numbers xi. 28.) the fleshly divisions of the Corinthians who were puffed up in their minds; the men who choose the man with a gold ring, and put the poor under his footstool; the man who speaks evil of poor Joseph Hart, who is dead and gone.

R. MOWER.

Shipton, Hants.

THE LAST DAYS, AND BURIAL -
OF
MR. J. F. RUDMAN, OF PLYMOUTH.

WE give the following particulars relative to this sad bereavement, as they reached us, after we were prepared to go to press.

Our esteemed brother Rudman's age was twenty-seven years and a few months. It is a pleasing fact that our covenant God not only sent him amongst us in answer to our many prayers, but also blessed his great labour (though but short) in a very special way and manner, indeed to the real conversion, I believe of many, as well as to the comforting, establishing, and building up of those who have believed. I am a living witness as to the latter myself; and many of my esteemed friends who have had a deeper experience of the good ways of our covenant God than I have ever yet known, many times had abundant cause to erect a fresh Ebenezer of praise to the God of their salvation for making use of such an instrument as our departed brother Rudman for their soul's comfort and consolation. Since he came here there has been a goodly number added to the church, and I may add peace and prosperity have been in our midst; may God grant it ever may remain. Our brother suffered from great debility of bodily strength, but was blessed with extraordinary strength of nerve and mind. It might be said of him although he had the face of the lion, he had, nevertheless, the lamb-like nature of the sheep. I was with him a great deal during his last illness; his mind was kept very composed; and his heart firmly fixed on the unalterability of God's faithfulness to the fulfilment of his own promises as vouchsafed to his children, in his own word of eternal truth, he, having realized it in his own soul by demonstration of the Spirit. His dear and much beloved partner asked him, a few days before his death, whether he did not feel a particular wish to be raised up again? (This was done in order to ascertain the state of his mind.) He looked up, and in his very gentle way, said, "*No, my dear, I have no particular desire either way. If it's the good Lord's will I should go, I am*

ready and willing; and if 'tis his good pleasure I should *remain*, I am equally willing. In fact, (he said,) *I have no will, either way, in the matter.*"

The evening before his death the servant went into his bed room for something; and seeing her master so much sunken, she said, very softly, as she passed, "Poor thing!" He heard her, looked up, and said, "*No, I am rich.*" A short time before his death, he told his dear wife she would not only be left with an affectionate people, but would, if spared long, see much fruit resulting from his ministry here. Touching his dear wife, he said, in reference to her being left behind (as it were) "My dear, hang upon God's sovereignty, and it will be all right." I had many things from him that were heart-cheering indeed; and I never can forget the Lord's tender mercy manifested toward him, enabling him to lay passive in His hands, and knowing no will but His. I helped him out of bed about one hour and a half before he slept off; and after we placed him into bed again, and he got somewhat comfortable, he called for his dear wife, and spoke to her for some little time; at last said, "How comfortable or good it feels!" I said, "Does it, my friend?" and added, "The best and only good we can bestow is comfort to the poor weak body." He answered me with such emphasis, "Yes, indeed it is;" and almost directly seemed inclined to dose. And as Mrs. Rudman was almost worn out for the want of sleep, I begged her to sit in the easy chair and compose herself, while the nurse and I would pay attention to brother R.; but in less than a quarter of an hour, the nurse saw that the breathing was irregular. I then went to his bed-side, and saw his time was very short; and without the least noise or struggle whatever, fell asleep in Jesus at 11 o'clock on Thursday night, Jan. 5, 1854. Our good brother Turner preached his funeral sermon last Sunday evening, and made a collection to meet the expenses of the funeral, &c.; and we gathered more than we could at all anticipate. We buried him at the Cemetery; and notwithstanding the very heavy rain, there were more persons who attended than could be taken into the chapel at the Cemetery. Mr. Bulteel took the part of the service in the chapel, and Mr. Rowland at the grave. I am, your's in the love of the truth of the gospel,

EDWARD FOOT.

January 22, 1854.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MR. RUDMAN.

Dear Rudman's now around the throne,
His ministerial work is done,
His labour all is o'er.
His happy spirit dwells in peace,
In glory, in celestial bliss,
Now, and for evermore.

At Lifton, once I heard his voice
Proclaim the Saviour's love and choice—
Election, full and clear;
There, like a champion did he stand,
Bolt for the honours of the Lamb.
Without a cringing fear.

At home, abroad, in every place,
His themo was froo and Sovereign grace,
A Saviour's love and blood;
His thin, worn face, without a smile,
Took forth the precious from the vile,
And left the cause to God.

In August last, at Trinity,
I heard him preach to those that see, *
Clear, loving, faithful, bold,
But little thought, that God would take
His ransomed spirit home so quick,
Among his chosen fold.

Dear man, he's gone, his labour's o'er,
He reigns with Christ for evermore;
Above his doubts and fears,
He now beholds with rapturous sight,
That place he spoke of with delight,
While in this vale of tears.

O, may the weeping widow find
A passive, God-like, humble mind,
And think it for the best;
Through grace, may she resigned be,
To God's unerring, wise decree,
In taking him to rest.

He's now in bliss, above his fears;
She's left in this dark vale of tears,
But God will be her guide:
That God, who saith, still trust in me,
A Father to the child I'll be,
And will for it provide.

No sickness now, no toil, no smart,
No heaving chest, no aching heart,
From sorrow, he is free;
In heaven, he sees his Saviour's face,
And sings salvation all of grace,
To all eternity.

Cheer up, believers, great and small,
Who soon shall leave this earthly ball
For happiness and peace.
Rudman, who there, shall then behold
A Lamb among the Saviour's fold,
Where sin and sorrow cease.

R. BICKELL.

* Matt. 23, vi.

WHAT THE MEN THAT WANT THE GOSPEL DO WANT WITH IT.

"They want Jesus Christ, for he is revealed only by the gospel. Austin refused to delight in Cicero's 'Hortensius,' because there was not in it the name of Jesus Christ. Jesus Christ is all, and in all; and where he is wanting there can be no good. Hunger cannot truly be satisfied without manna, the bread of life, which is Jesus Christ;—and what shall a hungry man do that hath no bread? Thirst cannot be quenched without that water or living spring, which is Jesus Christ;—and what shall a thirsty soul do without water? A captive, as we are all, cannot be delivered without redemption, which is Jesus Christ;—and what shall the prisoner do without his ransom? Fools, as we are all, cannot be instructed without wisdom, which is Jesus Christ;—without him we perish in our folly. All building without him is on the sand, which will surely fall. All working without him is in the fire, where it will be consumed. All riches without him have wings, and will away. Said Luther, 'A dungeon with Christ, is a throne; and a throne without Christ, a hell.' Nothing so ill, but Christ will compensate."

Brief Notices.

THE LATE JOSEPH RUDMAN.—We regret to announce the death of this young brother in the ministry of the gospel. He has—with many others of late—finished his course and entered into rest. The church at Trinity Chapel, Plymouth, are deprived of a useful pastor, and the cause of truth generally has lost a bold and intelligent friend. We hope to give further particulars next month. We have received a copy of the last work he put his hand to—the last address he sent to the church—it is entitled “CHRIST’S GOSPEL—*A Few Remarks addressed to the Church and Congregation,*” &c., &c. Published by W. Bates, Old Town, Plymouth. This last testimony which Mr. Rudman bore to the great glory of Christ’s gospel, has all the evidences of a mind full of vigour, and well arranged for much usefulness in Zion. It will be a treasure to his friends. It shews how fully his eye of faith was fastened upon the Person, glories, cross and gospel of Christ. A young man called home just as his labours appeared to be more than ever owned of God.

NOTTING HILL.—Commemorative services of the opening of the Baptist Chapel, in Johnson Street, Notting Hill, were held on Monday, December 26th. Messrs. John Foreman, C. W. Banks and Williamson, the pastor, preached the sermons. A cheerful and happy company took tea in the spacious school-rooms under the chapel. This church has grown up entirely (with the blessing of God) under the instrumentality of our excellent and esteemed friend and brother in Christ, P. W. Williamson. But a few years since, a small narrow upper room was large enough to contain them. A spacious, and a very substantial chapel has been built, with vestries, school-rooms, and every necessary convenience. The church, the congregation, the school, and the ministry, are all on the increase. It is, indeed, a fact which calls for much gratitude to the Giver of all good, that in the midst of such a neighbourhood where the *gospel* is scarce indeed, a servant so faithful, a people so devoted, and a cause so useful should be reared. God Almighty abundantly prosper them, prays their poor friend—The Editor.

CHELSEA.—On Lord’s-day, December the 26th, 1853, brother Stenson, baptized eight professed believers in our Lord Jesus Christ; two were males, and six females; the eldest of whom was but twenty-two, the youngest seventeen. Of the six only one has an earthly father living, two of their fathers were members with us, but are now members of the church above. Three of their mothers are members of the church. May God preserve them and our children from all evil and prosper them in the ways of holiness and truth.

CITY ROAD.—The removal of Mr. Hazelton and his friends, have made room for the departure of Mr. W. House and his friends from Banner Street to Mount Zion Chapel, in

Nelson Place, Upper Fountain Place, in the City Road. Their opening services were held day after Christmas Day, when sermons were preached by Messrs. Banks and Messer; and a social tea and public meeting in the evening. William House, like his venerable father, has for years proclaimed salvation by Christ, and by Christ alone. We most unreservedly declare it as our firm conviction that a *more honest and sincere* servant of Christ does not exist than is William House; and we should rejoice to know that his removal is followed by a large increase of real usefulness, and an extension of the interest with which he is connected.

MILE END.—The annual meeting of the church and congregation under the ministry of Mr. W. H. Wells, of Hephzibah Chapel, Darling Place, Cambridge Road, was held on Wednesday, January 4th, when a chapel full sat down to partake of the tea provided, and to listen to the addresses delivered by the ministers present. The pastor opened the meeting by an elucidatory address on the term, “*the people of God.*” Mr. Hawes then read the subjects to be spoken to; after which the president called upon C. W. Banks to answer the following question—“*Who are the people of God—and how may they be known?*” Mr. Cook spoke of the character of God’s people. Mr. Kirtess, of their privileges; and Mr. Bowles of their hopes and expectations. C. W. Banks happening, in the course of his address, to note the recent arrival in London of a minister and his wife, under very trying circumstances, (without the slightest intention of appealing to the people), Mr. Kirtess very kindly took up the matter, and proposed to contribute a trifle to their relief: this led to a collection, and between two and three pounds were most readily handed in. This was indeed a spontaneous and unexpected evidence of the warm and benevolent hearts of the “Hephzibah” friends. We trust Mr. Wells may long be spared to them in usefulness and peace.

ZOAR CHAPEL, GRAVESEND.—On Tuesday evening, Jan. 17th, one kind friend gave the whole proceeds of a public tea-meeting, for the good and help of the cause in this place, one hundred and thirty sat down to tea; after which, brother Wells, gave us a warm and cheerful address upon the principles of eternal truth, and the blessedness of a union built thereon. Mr. Stringer then related the spiritual progress (under God’s blessing,) of the church and people during the past year very encouragingly. Mr. Nichols then followed with a pleasing statement of the financial matters of the cause, during the same period. A verse was sung, when the friends separated for a little time. At seven o’clock, the chapel was filled with sinners waiting to hear the “word of life.” Brother Wells ascended the pulpit, and preached (with fervor, faithfulness, and good feeling,) a heart warming, soul-refreshing, God-glorifying sermon, from Hosea xiv. latter of the 3rd verse, “*For in thee the fatherless findeth mercy.*” May God speed his way, and ours too. We had a

good collection at the close, and things went well, to our God alone be all the glory.

T. STRINGER.

BEXLEY-HEATH ANNUAL MEETING.—Dear Brother: I forward you an account of New Year's meeting at Baptist Chapel, Bexley Heath, on Tuesday, Jan. 3rd. This meeting is held annually, for the purpose of presenting to our pastor, Mr. Wallis, the profits as a New Year's gift. On this occasion, several ladies kindly supplied all that was necessary for the repast. About seventy took tea together at five o'clock; and at half-past six, a public meeting was held. Brother Wallis took the chair, and introduced the subject of the meeting with the following pastoral wish:

My Christian friends, my hearers very dear,
I wish you all a happy, happy year:
Not worldly pleasure, no, nor carnal joy;
Nor aught that would true happiness alloy.
I wish my friends that blessed Source to know
Where real joy and living pleasures flow.
I wish you all a rich and large increase
Of light and love, of purity and peace.
All that is truly good to you be given;
Interest in Christ, and fellowship with heaven.

He then briefly stated the subject for discussion; which was, "BROTHERLY LOVE; its importance, and the best means to promote it." After singing, brother Inwards implored the divine presence, and the following brethren spoke: Mr. Player, of Wickham; Mr. Jenkins, of Dartford; Mr. Welsh, of Foot's Cray; and Mr. Hewitt, of Bexley Heath. These good brethren entered into the subject doctrinally, experimentally and practically, with warmth, energy, and with all their heart. It was indeed a happy and truly edifying meeting.
Bexley Heath. W. HEWITT.

Mr. Abbott's Settlement at Over.

JANUARY, 8th, 1854, Mr. Robert Abbott commenced his pastoral labours over the baptist church at Over, Cambridgeshire: the call of the church thereto was very unanimous. The following verses were composed and sung a few minutes before entering the pulpit.

Be with us in thine house of prayer,
Thou ever blessed Lord!
To ministers and people there,
Thy gracious aid afford.

Their minds in love draw forth to thee,
In aspirations blest:
And may thy day in Zion be,
A day of holy rest.

The word of truth to us display,
In all its beatitudes show;
Jesus, thy Son, may we this day,
More intimately know.

Lord, grant these things in tender love
Upon thy flock may fall;
And best of blessings from above,
Shower down upon us all.

THE LATE WILLIAM JAY OF BATH.

—The last words spoken by the late William Jay, of Bath, to John Angell James, of Birmingham, are somewhat remarkable. Mr. James said to him, "that expression in Psalm xci., is applicable to you, 'With long life will I satisfy him, and show him my salvation.'" "Ah," said Mr. Jay, "Beza said, on his death-bed, 'I have known the fulfilment of every part of that Psalm, but the last verse; and that I shall know in an hour.' My experience (continued Mr. Jay,) is in the words of David—'O God of my salvation, in thee do I trust, let me not be ashamed of my hope.'"

CHINA.—There is a powerful feeling giving rise to a mighty effort, for the purpose of sending missionaries and Bibles to China.

PERSECUTION AT HOME.—The Rector of Great Leigh, in Essex, has published a pamphlet called "*Warning Voice*," in which he pronounces Baptists and all Dissenters to be a set of disloyal, obnoxious, pestilential, heretical set of fanatics: and by cruel means is endeavouring to destroy a chapel recently erected in that village. The Lord be merciful to his poor soul. This black and white gown pulpit man is evidently dead in sin. What an awful state!

THE MARTYRDOM AT ADRIANOPLE.

—Our worst apprehensions about the revival of Mohammedan fanaticism are likely to be more than realised. We have just received communications from Constantinople, which state, that not only is it perfectly true that a Turk has been lately executed at Adrianople, for becoming a Christian, but that a Jewish Rabbi is under sentence of death for blaspheming Mohammed. We do not hesitate to say, that if these statements are substantiated by documentary proof, the whole feeling of the English public will be materially modified as regards Turkey. We never can stand by and tolerate the assassination by our allies of either Christian or Jew.—*Christian Times.*

How precious must the blood of Christ be in the sight of both God and man; in the sight of God, that he should require rivers to be spilt on the Jewish altars to prefigure the same, during which time the sword of divine justice slumbered till Jehovah himself commanded it to awake and smite his shepherd, his fellow, and then found a sheath in the heart of Christ, from whence proceeded that blood that at once eclipsed all the shadows of the ceremonial law, and gave full satisfaction to God himself, and thus made it precious in the sight of man, when brought to see that it is the only means that brings him as the offender upon terms of reconciliation with the offended majesty of heaven, and when the Holy Ghost takes the hyssop branch, and dips it in the blood of Christ, and sprinkles the conscience, it brings in that peace of God that "passeth all understanding." Well might the apostle Peter designate it the "precious blood of Christ."

King's Langley.

R. SEARLE.

THE SAINT IN GLORY:

LINES

In Memory of the late Mrs. C. W. Banks,

THE BELOVED WIFE OF

THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL,"

BY ROBERT DAGGATT.

Of Hulme, near Manchester.

She's gone, dear saint, she's gone,
And left the world below;
She's now before the throne,
Where ransom'd sinners go;
Her blood-wash'd soul is now above,
Where all is everlasting love.

And while a pilgrim here,
On Christ she did rely,
But had her doubts and fears,
If Christ did for her die;
But, now and then, upon the way,
Christ came and took those doubts away.

How precious Christ appear'd,
Upon her dying bed;
For death she never fear'd,
And had no inward dread;
Her ransom'd spirit took its flight
To that sweet world of pure delight.

Let faith look up and see
Her happy soul above;
How we should long to be
Enjoying the same love!
Oh! happy saint, redeem'd with blood,
Belov'd, and own'd, and now with God!

Array'd in robes divine,
How bright she now appears!
Her crown will ever shine
Through everlasting years;
And, as eternal ages roll,
Unchanging joys shall fill her soul.

Her body, cold, and dead,
Now sleepeth in the tomb;
The grave, it is her bed,
And will till Jesus come;
No care disturbs her sweet repose,
She'll rise again as Jesus rose.

Soon, from the grave and death,
Her sleeping dust shall rise;
It will not then be faith,
She'll see him with her eyes,
And glory, like a sea, shall roll
Around and in her ransom'd soul.

Th' archangel's trump will sound,
And sleeping saints shall hear;
They'll rise and leave the ground,
With Christ they will appear;
This song of triumph they will sing:
"Ah! conquered death, where is thy sting."

But let her friends below,
Who're here on Jordan's side,
Remember they shall go,
For death can't saints divide;
For God, to us, his word hath piv'n,
That all the saints shall meet in heav'n.

AMAZING GRACE.

ANOTHER rolling year is gone!
On moments it was swiftly borne
Into eternity.

Yet I am spared, O Lord, to prove
Thy great and everlasting love,
O glorious God, to me.

Why justice has not out me down,
As some wild lumberer of the ground,
And shut me up in hell?
Ah! I can tell the reason why:
Jesus for wretched me did die,
Although by sin I fell.

And yet, (all glory to the Lord),
Encouraged by his faithful word,
I still am kept alive.
And though to those who gaze around,
A living wonder I am found,
By grace I'm kept alive.

And who am I, that I should prove
Jehovah's great and faithful love,
And feel my sins forgiven?
To those around I must confess
'Tis all of free and sovereign grace,
To make me meet for heaven.

O, why should I be led to see
That great incarnate Mystery—
Jesus—the Son of God?
To think that he should die for me,
That horrid death on Calvary's tree,
And shed his precious blood!

O, who can tell what Jesus felt,
When in this wretched world he dwelt,
A Man of grief and tears—
Despised, rejected here below?
His soul was filled with deepest woe,
For three and thirty years.

Yes, Jesus suffered in my stead,
It was for me that Jesus bled,
And in this nature died:
And though I was all stained with sin,
He did the glorious work begin;
His precious blood applied.

I own the work of sovereign grace,
And so do all the chosen race,
In yon bright world above.
Those happy spirits near the throne,
With us they praise the Great Three-One,
And sing redeeming love.

But still I'm in a cave of clay,
And find the road a rugged way,
That leads to heaven above;
But yet my Jesus's gone before;
His name I'll trust for evermore,
And plead his dying love.

Then hasten on, ye rolling years,
To end my sorrows, doubts and fears,
And leave this barren place:
When shall I join yon glorious throng,
In singing that delightful song
Of free and sovereign grace
Peckham, Jan. 4, 1854. GEORGE WILSHERE.

Elijah was removed, but Elijah's God remained. When Dr. Owen was near death, a friend who visited him was expressing his deep sense of the deprivation which the Church of Christ would suffer by his decease. The expiring theologian modestly and touchingly replied, "I am leaving the vessel in a storm; but what is the loss of a poor under rower, like myself, while the great Pilot is on board!" So may it be said of and by every other. Die who will, Jesus lives; and while he lives, the decease of the most illustrious of his servants is but as the falling of a star, while the moon shines in beauty; or the extinction of a lamp, while the sun blazes in glory.

The Open Valley: The Dry Bones:

AND

THE BREATH OF GOD.

"Thus saith the Lord GOD: Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, THAT THEY MAY LIVE." Ezekiel xxxvii. 9.

"When I passed by thee, and saw thee polluted in thine own blood, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, LIVE:—Yea, I said unto thee, when thou wast in thy blood, LIVE." Ezekiel xvi. 6.

"The things of God knoweth no man, but THE SPIRIT OF GOD." "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned; who hath known the mind of the Lord, that he may instruct him? But we have the mind of Christ."

"THE MIND OF CHRIST,"—(as developed largely in his own personal ministry—and as manifested in a lesser degree in the lives and ministrations of his apostles),—was peculiar for these three distinguishing attributes:—first, largeness of knowledge:—secondly, clearness of discernment:—thirdly, the tenderest compassion.

These are the principal fruits of the indwelling life of the Spirit of God. Where these are altogether wanting; where, instead of "largeness of knowledge," there is darkness and ignorance in matters connected with the new covenant:—where, instead of "clearness of discernment," there is confusion of tongues, mingling of spirits, and no taking forth the precious from the vile:—where, instead of the "tenderest compassion" toward the fallen, the burdened, the wounded, and the feeble, there is selfishness, harshness, narrowness, and a haughty carriage, there it is evident that, as yet, THE SPIRIT OF THE LIVING GOD, with all his glorious train, has not taken up his abode. There may be, in all the externals of the gospel—the spirit of wisdom, understanding, and knowledge, as in Bezaleel; there may be the spirit of prophecy, as in Balaam; there may be the perfect form of godliness, as in the foolish virgins; but the kindling breath of heaven—the essential blessing of the Great High Priest—the vital union of bone to bone, heart to heart, and spirit to spirit, can be found only where the golden oil has been poured into the inner man by the life-giving power of our covenant God. We are exceedingly jealous lest the cunning, the clever, and the curious workmen in the manufacture of gospel-idols, and in the carrying on of gospel worship, should bewitch, deceive, and lead into captivity any whose hearts have been touched with a sense of the Saviour's love. We are fearful that the *professing church*, even in this day, is little better, if any, than THE OPEN VALLEY AND THE DRY BONES in Ezekiel's vision. THE BREATH OF GOD IS LACKING. We want our spiritual, our Anti-typical EZEKIEL to come and stand in the midst of our valley, and with his Almighty voice to exclaim, "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may

live." For until the Spirit of God is poured upon us from on high, "terrible as an army with banners," the church of Christ will not be found.

Never was there so large an amount of natural talent employed, both from the pulpit and the press, in the different branches of theology, than is now in existence. But while it is poetical, pathetic, and pleasing, it is, in the aggregate, wanting in power, in penetration, and in the working out of those principles which give glory to a THREE-ONE JEHOVAH, as the absolute AUTHOR and infallible FINISHER of a sinner's salvation.

In proof of these assertions we now turn to some popular productions, which have, of late, come into our hands; and which arc specimens of the failure of which we complain—that is, *an acknowledgment of the Person and work*—and the possession of the anointing powers of God the Holy Ghost.

The Lord forbid that we should presume to sit in judgment over any real ambassador of heaven—be his name or standing what it may. Still, we cannot withhold a brief enquiry—we feel constrained and compelled to ask—*Can that man's divinity be sound—can that sinner's experience be of a saving kind*—where the work and the witness of THE ETERNAL SPIRIT is either altogether omitted—or only referred to in a lifeless and unsavoury manner? If, in the result of our investigation, we are seen to be wrong, we stand condemned; but, if the Lord employ us only for the awakening of a solemn enquiry among the inhabitants of our little Zion, in matters wherein their peace and happiness are so closely bound up, truly thankful shall we be.

Capel Molyneux, the minister of the Lock Chapel, has, during the last few years, published some very interesting religious works. His volume entitled "THE WORLD TO COME," is elegant in its style; but we make no further reference to that book at present; as we are anxious to lay before our readers an illustration or two of the deficiency in our modern divinity of which we complain. A few months since, "a sermon occasioned by the death of the late Earl of Ducie," and preached in the Lock Chapel, by Capel Molyneux, was

published by Messrs. Partridge and Oakley. The text was 2 Cor. v. 4, 5, "*For we that are in this tabernacle do groan,*" &c. After noticing the general scope and drift of this Scripture, the preacher said, "I have chosen it as well fitted to illustrate, and give force to, some remarks I wish to make on the spiritual history, and closing career of *one*, known by name to most, and personally to many I now address—HENRY MORETON, late EARL OF DUCIE! A fortnight ago our prayers were asked, and offered, on his behalf. Now he needs them not, nor might he have them, if he did—he is departed, fallen asleep, and, as we confidently believe, in Jesus! He is dead, and though dead, he speaketh, and in no uncertain or doubtful accents, in the testimony delivered in his last, his dying days.

"I feel it my duty, and privilege, to bring his case before you. The fact of our having publicly prayed for him, demands the public acknowledgment that our prayers were heard—heard, and answered; not, perhaps, in the way in which we in our blindness might most have desired; but in the better way which God hath chosen—better, no doubt, both in relation to the glory of God himself, and the well-being of him for whom we prayed! Also the fact, that a case so instructive in itself, and so appropriate for public mention—by reason of publicity of character—does but rarely occur, seems to forbid its being passed over in silence; and to lay upon one, who was privileged to witness the grace it displayed, the paramount obligation to do what he can to improve it to the benefit of others. Sure I am, that had I asked his mind on the matter, or could it now be expressed, the burden of it would be this: 'Oh, make use of me, hold me up as an instance, an example of the power of saving grace! at all rates, let God be magnified by my instrumentality,—if so it may be—whether by life or by death.' So would he have spoken, so would he, most assuredly, were it allowable, speak now. I shall endeavour to comply with his wish; and may God render the effort subservient to the desired end."

From these interesting introductory remarks our readers will be somewhat prepared to receive some important particulars descriptive of a saving work of sovereign grace as wrought in the heart of one of high and noble birth among the sons of men. Nor do we, for one moment, seriously question the fact, that HENRY MORETON found grace in life, and glory, after death had released his sanctified spirit. Our jealousy has more to do with Mr. Molyneux's ministry, than it has with Henry Moreton's conversion and salvation.

After expatiating largely, 1st, upon "*the power and pressure of nature,*" 2ndly, upon "*the power and preciousness of grace,*"—the preacher brings us to the main object of the discourse. He says: "Now let me say, this is not theory or fancy, not speculative or mere descriptive theology— but very truth and literal fact; it is the history of what is realized, not in the imagination, but in the actual experience of the believer's whole man, from the time of his resurrection in the spirit, till the time of his dissolution in the flesh—

more particularly at the latter period. It is God's truth—which is no fiction—God's truth in Scripture, verified in actual reality. This I have seen; this manifestation of God's truth, this exhibition of the power and blessedness of redeeming grace, yet also of the power and pressure of remaining sin—the glory and the beauty of the one, the bitterness and the suffering of the other—this I have seen, seen, too, in no ordinary degree—oh, no, but in a most extraordinary degree—in the case of HENRY MORETON, late EARL OF DUCIE.

"It has been my lot, as a minister of God, to witness the closing scene of many a man's mortal career, and various, both in character and degree, has been the experience which, at those solemn seasons, has come under my observation. I have seen joy, and triumph, and holy assurance, equal to HENRY MORETON'S; I have seen bodily distress, groaning, anguish, equal to, far greater than, his; but never in the case of any one individual have I witnessed the combination of *both*, as they were realized, and displayed, in his last hours. I say it deliberately, that as an exhibition of grace on the one hand, and of nature on the other—of grace, uplifting the soul to God, fixing, and concentrating, and absorbing it in the love of Christ; and of nature wearing out, pressing down, and exerting its dread power, in distress of the body—I say in this two-fold aspect, in this two-fold experience, I never saw its equal! It was, without comparison, the most instructive termination of life I ever beheld—the most impressive, the most profitable! I learnt then, as never before, what God *can* do, yet, what nature, while it remains, also *will* do! I learnt then, as never before, to what grace can uplift the soul, yet, also, to what the body of sin and death can depress the man! I learnt—invaluable lesson!—that though the believer has received the adoption of the Spirit, he has not received the adoption of the body. No! *that* of a truth is not here, not *yet*,—the body is not *yet* redeemed; we wait for that: Great God! hasten it in thy time!"—How very precious are these truthful testimonies! And, but for the lack of one thing, we should be ready to say, this is one of the richest specimens of divine favour we have met with for a length of time. It would appear that HENRY MORETON'S Christian career was brief. Previous to that, he was a man living in and for the world, and nothing else. Mr. Molyneux's remarks upon A DEATH-BED REPENTANCE, are both solemn and sound. Speaking of the deceased, he says: "Though his career as a Christian man was not long, nor his character, or rather personal experience, during that time demonstrative, do not suppose that his Christian history was limited to a death-bed repentance! Verily, no! I am not going to describe a death-bed repentance; I never saw a death-bed repentance of this character, never such fruit, such expression of grace, or grace so employed, when the death-bed was the commencement of gracious operation. Mark me well—the death-bed may serve to develop and mature, and marvelously expand into flower and fruit, the seed

already sown, but when it is then for the *first time deposited*—admitting it to be so—scant must be the harvest, dubious and most uncertain the result it is likely to produce!”

Passing by the details given of Henry Moreton's zealous efforts, in a religious point of view, after his conversion, we come to the closing scenes of his mortal career. The following sentences are as nearly as possible, verbatim accounts of what he said, to different individuals, on different occasions. “At the commencement of his dying experience, when told that, humanly speaking, there was no hope, and that it was desirable he should be still and quiet as possible, and not speak, he said, as already mentioned, ‘I have been too long silent; I must speak and tell all that God is doing for my soul:’ adding, ‘I have dishonoured God enough in my life; let me honour him in my death: who can tell what the words of a dying man may do?’

“To a very old and highly-esteemed friend he spoke thus: ‘I thank God I have found a Saviour, and such a Saviour—never doubt him. O what a God has he been to me, nothing is too hard for him, never doubt him! O, if Christ was to be doubted, who ought to doubt so much as me? If one sinner ever was greater than another, I am he, but Christ is able to save to the uttermost those who come to him; I have no fears,—I thank my God that I feel clear of all my sins. O God, do what thou wilt, but suffer me not to be tempted above what I am able to bear. Only those who have been forgiven much, love much. Come and stand by me, when I am passing away. Pray for me in that hour when flesh and blood shall shake—pray that God may be with me then.’

“To his own missionary—employed on his own immediate property and neighbourhood—he thus spake: ‘Tell the people that, although I have not been enabled to be among them much, my heart has been with them; tell them that Christ died for them. But I want more than wishing them well; I wish them to apply the blood of Christ to their souls. Tell them I have found a Saviour who can save to the uttermost; tell them *never to doubt*; my darkness has been turned into light, and I accept God's promises in the fullest way. I have no more doubts. Impress upon all that it is not too late to come to Christ—that even the greatest sinner can be saved. Pray for me that when I am passing through the valley of the shadow of death I may have no doubt. I know that that will be the trying time; at that moment I shall want all my strength; but so much has been done for me this night that I have no doubt even for that time; for I know that God is with me. Tell the people that I die a Christian: ‘Feed my lambs.’” * * * To his principal servants, specially sent for, and gathered round his bed, he said:—‘I would not pass away without saying a word to you to let you know what the Lord has done for me: a short time since, this heart was cold, and dead, and obdurate, but now he has turned my darkness into light. It is not of myself, no work of my own, but of grace—I have no doubt; no, I could not doubt: do

not you doubt, for the vilest have obtained mercy. May the peace of God be with you all. And may the light of his countenance shine upon you, as it does upon me at this moment.’

“On the matter of assurance, he then said, and with good grounds,—‘I have it more and more every hour; it is not presumption; oh, no, I do not presume; do not think it presumption; it would be presumption to doubt.’

“Among the last of his utterances were these precious words:—‘*Blessed be God, my title is clear to mansions in the skies.*’—Indeed, the key-note to all his utterances, was his clear, unwavering, happy, but humble assurance; there never was a cloud, a doubt expressed, or even, as we believe, for a moment entertained: his experience in this respect was unvaried: his soul reflected Christ, and the surface was calm, still, unruffled!”

Many may be ready to ask—What *failure* in all this do you discover? What ground for jealousy in evidence so powerful and so positive? We answer, it is the *total omission* of three things, which, in a case like the present, we should, indeed, have rejoiced to have found. In the first place, the preacher certainly would have added much strength to this, what he fully believes to be an illustrious instance of divine grace, if he had, either in his *preached* or in his *printed* discourse have related *how the Lord met with HENRY MORETON*; and what positive proof he evinced that his outward reformation—his gospel profession—his evangelical zeal—and his unshaken confidence—were *indeed connected with*, and the *happy results of*, a heart broken at Mount Sinai—of a heart bleeding under the convicting strokes of “*the sword of the Spirit*,” of a heart pouring out cries and supplications at the mercy seat, and, of a heart bound up, healed, and made glad, by the Holy Spirit's sweet revelations (unto the eye of faith) of a most precious, glorious, and ever-to-be-adorred LORD JESUS CHRIST. Abraham's call by grace—David's conflicts and cries—Manasseh's conversion—the plucking of Saul of Tarsus, as a brand from the burning, with the conversion of many thousands beside—all are in full detail: but *how—when—or where* HENRY MORETON was translated from the kingdom of darkness, and brought into the light and liberty of the Gospel of Christ, is no where declared.

Secondly—there is, throughout the whole of his expressions and exhortations, a total omission of the Person, the power, and the work of the HOLY SPIRIT. To his Missionary, he says:—“*Tell the people I wish them to apply the blood of Christ to their souls*:—tell them, *never to doubt*;—tell them, *I accept God's promises in the fullest way.*” These sentences, to us, are truly awful, as coming from the lips of a dying man. We must—by God's help, we will—tell the truth. THE HOLY SPIRIT is the only quickener of souls dead in sins. He is the only revealer of Jesus Christ to seeking souls. He is the only applicer of Immanuel's precious blood to guilty and distressed consciences. He alone can preserve the living soul from doubting. He alone can give us power to receive and realize the New Covenant promises of a merciful

God. Oh, Capel Molyneux! did you stand by the bed-side of this dying man? Did you hear him bid the Missionary tell the people to apply the blood of Christ to their souls? Did you listen to him while he declared he had fully accepted God's promises? And did you not feel constrained ministerially, and instrumentally, to endeavour to bring in the Person and work of the Holy Spirit, as the only essential power by which any of those things could be accomplished, which the dying Henry Moreton commanded his Missionary to declare unto the people? Alas!—in this your work was incomplete. In your discourse you made the same awful chasm! You said: "HENRY MORETON'S experience was simply Scripture theory verified in fact—Bible portraiture exhibited in living reality. The Gospel is proclaimed and proffered as a remedy for perishing man: HENRY MORETON took it, applied it, and it did its work: it left unrequited just that which for the present it professes not to touch—the *body!* but the rest, *the soul,* it cured. The soul was triumphant, the body groaned. This is not fine-spun argument, but honest fact! Unless we deny the fact, infidelity perishes!"

The third omission is, the *trial of faith*, in the experience of Henry Moreton. We dwell not on this:—the Scripture saith, "*Every man's work shall be tried, of what sort it is.*" Wherein laid the *trial* of Henry Moreton's faith, Mr. Molyneux has not shewn.

It is not for us to make either Capel Molyneux, or the departed Henry Moreton, offenders for a word. In the exercise of Christian charity we sincerely hope the former is a minister of Christ, and that the latter is in glory. Nevertheless, there is, in our day, so much divinity, that goes not back to the covenant purposes of GOD THE FATHER. Neither does it come forward to the full acknowledgment of the Person, and indwelling power of God the Holy Ghost. and of all such apparently imperfect and abstract divinity, we are jealously fearful. We are deeply comforted when we meet with confessions like those uttered by David, in 2 Sam. xxiii. 2, 3,—where he says, "*The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue. The God of Israel said—the Rock of Israel spake to me.*" Here the Three Glorious Persons in the ever-blessed Trinity are distinctly recognised, their office and work declared; and if this acknowledgment of the mystery of God (the Holy Spirit,) and of the Father, and of Christ, caused so "*great conflict*" in the breast of the Apostle, on the behalf of the Colossians, who can be angry with us for this "*contention for the faith once delivered unto the saints?*"

We reluctantly reiterate the painful sentiment,—the absence of this acknowledgment, and a blessed inward realization of the glorious mystery—the FATHER'S everlasting love, flowing through the co-equal SON, revealed and brought home to the hearts of the ransomed by the omnipotent power of the eternal and ever-blessed Spirit,—the lack of this renders our visible Zion like unto Ezekiel's open valley—the bones are scattered—they are dry; and dry and distant they remain until the united and energetic cry goes forth,—

"*Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain.*" How beautifully doth Henry Dorney, in his "*Letters and Contemplations,*" confirm us in our feeble remarks. After setting forth "*How a pure Christ was made sin for us,*" he asks this weighty question: "*But how should a sinner come to enjoy redemption from his sins by a Mediator?*" To which he so carefully replies—saying,

"This is worth the inquiry; but I must not without preparation rush into this mystery. It is holy ground; I must be unshod, that I may enter in, and stand upon it. 'No man cometh to the Son, but whom the Father draweth.' I may indeed get the notion of something about it; but can come to no heart-enjoyment, without the unction of the Spirit of Christ to possess, and so lead me in within the shadow of this Almighty Redeemer. It is wearisome and barren work to be gaping towards this mystery by a mere speculative search; and therefore I would fain make it my design to give away my whole self, in every step of this inquiry, to Jesus Christ, that I may be taught this mysterious privilege, as the truth is in him, whom thus to know is eternal life. And therefore, with a holy fear and tenderness, I desire to wade, according to the Scriptures, into this depth, by 'the Spirit which searcheth the deep things of God.'"

Again, he breaks out—

"O that God would yet spirit me to inquire into, and taste, the bread which came down from heaven! I am searching after the real existence of Christ, and the benefit which flows from union with him. And I perceive that my peculiar happiness lies not in this, that these things have real existence in themselves, but that I know them to exist, and myself to exist in them, and they in me.

"The things themselves are spiritual; I cannot know them naturally, but by the Spirit of faith; for flesh cannot see spirit: in the mount will the Lord be seen. As far as God shines upon my heart and the ordinances, so far I behold a real worth and glorious power in them. In his light only I see light. As far as grace gets life in my soul, so far I see the real excellency of it. As the life of God opens itself to my heart, so far I live, and know the ravishing comfort of spiritual life; for with him is the fountain of life. When he withdraws his breath, I do (as it were) return to the dust; for in him I live and move. I know no worth in any Christian, but as I partake with him in the same spirit and life. Divine commands, reproofs, and comfort, do so far affect my heart powerfully, as my soul doth live in him who speaketh them. The demonstration of spiritual things doth so far appear convincing, as my heart is really transformed by them into the image of Jesus Christ, my Lord, and my Head. Though I have a renewed principle of light and sight, yet I cannot exercise the sense of spiritual sight, till the Sun of Righteousness sends forth a beam to me, by which I may behold him in the reflection of his own light. And this binds over my soul to the necessity of a

mortified, believing resignation to the Author of all light, sight, and strength, who is an unchangeable rock, and his work is perfect. Although I am full of changes, yet his covenant keeps me from utter falling. My strength and sight are ever decaying, but he renews his loving-kindness every morning. O, let the day hasten, in which I may know as I am known, and the shadows of darkness and infirmity flee away!"

In this paper we had purposed to notice a volume from Scotland, entitled, "THE OLD GOSPEL WAY;" and a new volume by Dr. Cumming, "THE COMFORTER." But the following introductory notice, (being the first of a series of notices of the Doctor's works,) having been deferred from last month, we now throw it in as a connecting link between the present and future papers, in which we hope our readers will find both interest and profit.

CHRIST OUR PASSOVER:

OR,

THOUGHTS UPON THE ATONEMENT.

[Never, certainly, was there such a day for new works and publications of every size, of every shape, and on every subject. The gospel furnishes material for ingenious minds to work with; and we suppose no man, in the present generation, is turning theology to greater temporal advantage than is Dr. John Cumming. We write not disparagingly. There certainly is something attracting in his productions; and his works must be purchased—if they are not carefully perused, by very many thousands. We have occasionally read some of his writings with pleasure; and desire to feel thankful for the use which, we hope, the Lord is making of him. One volume of his, recently published by Hall, Virtue, and Co., bears this very beautiful title, "CHRIST OUR PASSOVER: OR, THOUGHTS ON THE ATONEMENT." We purpose very carefully to notice this book. We wish to give our readers as correct an idea of the views entertained, and the work being done, by Dr. Cumming, as possible; but we can only here briefly announce our intention; give a few sentences from the volume before us: future numbers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* are expected to contain notices of more importance than the present. The question asked in some quarters, is this: "Is Dr. Cumming a really sound theologian—a man taught by the Spirit of God?" We shall first endeavour to answer this question from the statements the Dr. makes with reference to his own feelings, exercises and desires. Although one essential thing is missing in most of Dr. Cumming's writings, yet what truly enlightened mind could seriously question either the Christianity or the spirituality of the man who could in all godly sincerity write of the Passover Lamb as the Dr. does in the following words?]

"It never could be said that the passover lamb was slain as an example, where there was no example. It never can be said that Jesus died as an example, because such is not typified here or elsewhere. He lived as an example; he died an expiation. His death was not that of a martyr, but a victim. And hence, the Christianity we preach is not a merely directive system, but a remedial one. Seneca made the very just and natural remark, 'God is just; therefore he will punish; and therefore he will never pardon.' If any should say, Why should we not suppose that God would pardon? I ask, To what degree of guilt will God's par-

don go down? Do you mean that God's pardon will reach to all? Then the distinctions between vice and virtue are destroyed? Do you mean that God will punish all? Then there will not be one remnant of humanity to praise him. How high will God's justice rise in punishing, and to what depth will God's mercy descend in pardoning? You cannot answer. We cannot explain the possibility or probability of forgiveness, until we open the New Testament, and find the solution of the inexplicable mystery in the cross of Christ. There we can see, God is just, and he will punish; but we can see written clear as a sunbeam, God is merciful, and he will pardon. We can see in the page of the New Testament what Seneca could not see in the most joyous page of nature, mercy and truth met together, and righteousness and truth embracing each other. If, then, the ancient passover was sacrificial, Christ our passover, the antitype, must be a Sacrifice also; and on the supposition that the Apostles understood the language that they used, we must infer that they meant to teach that Christ died a Sacrifice, for they have used all the ancient language of the sacrifices of Levi, and have applied that phraseology inseparably from the idea of atonement or sacrifice, to the death of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The very wants of nature indicate the necessity of a sacrifice: I want not simply to see what is perfectly pure and holy, but to see how I, who have violated every law in thought, word, or deed, can be forgiven. I want not simply that preaching or reading which would suit the angels that are in glory, but that prescription that will meet the dying and the diseased that are in an hospital; and if the gospel of Christ be not a prescription for the sick, it is of no use to me. I do want a clearer edition of Sinai; I can only find a shelter and a home under the shadow of Calvary. I do not need to know better what is right, but I need pardon for the wrong, and grace to enable me in the future to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with my God. We see in Christ our passover an atonement for us. He, the innocent One, bore the load and pressure of my guilt; He the holy One was clad in my unholy robes; He took my cup, and drank it; He met my curse and exhausted it; and I am free from the curse of a broken law, because He bore it; and I am entitled to all the blessings of a kept law, because he magnified it, and made it honourable for me."

Ministerial Biography.

No. 4.

The Life of William Arbon.

(Concluded from page 75).

[A long and painful detail of deep bodily afflictions are now given in the MS. with which we have been favoured. We did not consider that portion of sufficient general interest; therefore pass on to the closing scene. Of the deep, dark and distressing state of his mind in this season of affliction, he thus writes:—]

"The only Comforter who could relieve my soul is far from me; my strength declines; my flesh is fast consuming away upon my bones; and my life draweth near to the grave; my spirits sink within me;" and I greatly fear the gates of eternal perdition await me. My former profession of religion now appears to have been all a delusion; and I think I have been preaching to others what I know nothing of myself; and though many have professed to be profited and much blessed by my ministry, yet I cannot believe nor credit their reports; as I cannot to my satisfaction call to mind any time or place in which God has been pleased to shine upon me, or to commune with me. All past seems to be fancy and deception; all present—darkness, and almost despair; all before me is dark, and awfully distressing. Have pity upon me, oh my friends! have pity upon me, for the hand of God hath touched me. Whilst I suffer his terrors, I am distracted; my flesh and my soul have no rest nor ease. "God be merciful to me a sinner." I deserve to perish; but oh, "save me for thy mercy's sake." Should I be taken out of the world in this state, how would saints mourn and satan triumph!

[The deceased here expresses a wish that should he leave this world in his then state of darkness, that his papers should be committed to the flames; unless, for several reasons which he describes, his friends might think good would arise from the publication of them. Among these several enumerated reasons, we give the following solemn and wholesome appeal to the consciences of all who profess to have faith in, and fellowship with Christ. Finally, he says:—]

Should it appear probable that any of the children of God might by my confession be stirred up to walk more with God, and to live nearer to him:—this is the substance of true religion, and the only source of real and permanent happiness to the mind. But alas! in times of health and prosperity how prone are we to forget this! and persons generally live as if this world were their rest—their portion and their all. They are overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness; and so the day of affliction and death comes upon them unawares, and thus takes them by surprise. They live at a distance from God, and plant their dying pillow with thorns. Oh, my dear friends! do study to cultivate and maintain the power of religion. Cleave close to all appointed ordinances, both private and public; and in the use of them all seek and implore intercourse and communion with God. Without this your service is but formal, and the means will be but dry breasts, affording no nourishment or support. Endeavour to live in an intimacy with death, that when it comes he may not appear as an unexpected or an unwelcome stranger; for come he will; and we know not the day nor the hour when. O, pray constantly for much of the quickening, sanctifying and comforting influence of the Holy Spirit—God the Holy Ghost; and may he graciously and satisfactorily give you to know, and enable you to live and act upon the principles of the gospel; so that whether

you live or die you may be the Lord's. Ministers too, I think, should be careful clearly to ascertain that their call and commission is of the Lord. I know that some contend that there is no call to the ministry in the day we live, but the voice of the church and the gift of utterance. This, however, is not my opinion; and though I would carefully guard against everything that would assume the appearance of enthusiasm—such as dreams, or immediate revelation, or sudden impulses, yet I cannot help feeling persuaded that there is such a thing as being called to preach by God; and Jeremiah, Paul, and others, experienced this call. I think his way ought to be made clear in providence, and that he should feel suitable portions of God's Word applied to his mind for his direction and for his encouragement; and that he should feel the importance of the work in which he is engaged, and the value of immortal souls; and that he should feel himself compelled and necessitated to preach the gospel to his fellow-men, and not run thoughtlessly and heedlessly into the work. These, however, are only my thoughts upon the subject; and I do fear, that for want of due consideration of these things, many, even with pure notions and designs, have thrust themselves into the ministry whom God has not sent; as it is evident he has not designed all his children to be public teachers, and who will bye-and-bye have to sit down and count the cost; and to whom the Lord will say, "Who hath required this at your hand?"

But I find I can proceed no further. From what I have said, some perhaps may be led to conclude that I have either been doubting the truths of God's Word, and calling in question the reality of what I formerly preached, or renouncing the doctrines that I once maintained; I therefore think it necessary to add, that neither of these is the case. I believe the Bible to be the Word of God, and to contain the revelation of his will to fallen man; and am persuaded that every jot and tittle of it will be fulfilled, whether it be prophecy, threatening, or promise. The doctrines which I have preached I believe to be consistent with that word; and I am persuaded that all real comfort and support must be derived therefrom, under the sweet and blessed influence of the Holy Ghost; nor can I conscientiously charge myself either with advancing anything, or keeping back anything, in order to please or gratify man; but my distress has arisen, and does still arise, from an uncertainty and fear of my personal interest in that well-ordered covenant of which the Scriptures speak; in that everlasting and unchanging love which is there revealed in the great and precious promises which they contain in the eternal weight of glory to which they refer. O, that my soul had precious faith, to realize her interest in these things! it would be more precious to me than thousands of gold and silver.

"Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair."

I once more repeat it, that should I die in

my present state, and under my present feelings, I think these shoots had better never be heard of, nor anything said about me by way of funeral sermon; but this I shall leave to the judgment and discretion of my esteemed friends, to whom I am under the highest obligation for their kind attentions; and my prayer is, that God may abundantly bless them.

Had it been my highly-favoured lot to have been blessed in my long affliction with the light of the divine countenance, or should it yet please God in any measure to shine upon me, and enable me to say, All is well, I should then have requested to have a funeral sermon preached from Ephesians ii., and latter part of 5th verse—"By grace are ye saved." This would not lead to anything like eulogium upon me; but to have considered, 1st, The deplorable and awful state in which the text supposes fallen man to be—viz.,—lost. 2ndly, To have shewn the nature and properties of that salvation to which God brings his people, both in this world and in that which is to come. 3rdly, To have pointed out the original source of this deliverance and salvation by grace. I have not said this by way of dilation; but merely to shew my view of the text, and my reason for selecting it. But I shall leave this, to say anything or nothing, as may be thought proper; lamenting over the defects and imperfections which have attended me in writing, and also lamenting over that impatience which I have felt and do feel under the afflicting hand of God; and that rebellion which I have manifested against his dealings with me; for God knows, and my soul knows, that in this fiery trial nothing has been seen in me but the filth and scum of corruption and sin. The Lord in rich mercy pardon and forgive, for Christ's sake. Amen.

I must now conclude; 1st, By commending my dear affectionate wife, and my eight children, beloved, to the care of a faithful God. May he be the Husband of the widow, and the Father of the fatherless; may he provide for the supply of all their wants. Oh, that he may be their present Friend and their everlasting Portion. 2ndly, By desiring (O! that I could fully do it in faith!) to commit both soul and body into the hands of Him who is able to save, even to the uttermost, all that come to God by him. Lord, help me to come, and without reserve, to commit myself to thee. O, give me faith to trust thee in thy Word. Help me—O, help me—yet to speak something that shall be for thy glory, and the display of thy faithfulness, and for the comfort of those that are with me; and in my expiring moments help me to say, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit;" and into thine hands enable me to commit it to thee, and give me to know thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth. Amen, and amen. Now, Lord,

"A guilty, weak and helpless worm,

On thy kind arms I fall;

Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,

My Jesus and my All."

February 26, 1827.

A SHORT STATEMENT OF THE
HAPPY END OF CHARLOTTE GILMORE,

Who died (aged 27) in St. Mary's Hospital,
Paddington, a few weeks since.

BY HER FRIEND, E. SMITH.

DEAR SIR.—The last week in December I received intelligence of the severe illness of a dear Christian friend in London, who much desired to see me. I was ill in bed, where I had been for eleven days, and not able to leave it. I prayed the Lord to strengthen his poor worm, and if agreeable to his will, to enable me to undertake the journey, and grant the desire of her heart. The dear Lord heard and answered my prayer, and on Friday, the 30th, in much weakness, I started by the early train—the weather exceedingly cold—the snow lay deep—the journey tedious; yet unequal as all said I was for it, I felt no inconvenience, but the rather better for it—notwithstanding I had some distance to walk in the wet and snow.

I found my friend in the Victoria ward of St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, with twenty-two other suffering and dying patients. It was indeed a scene; the groans and cries of the poor creatures would appal the hardest heart!

On reaching the pallet of my poor friend, she took my hand, and with a countenance and voice, expressive only of agony, she said, "I have no hope, for I am lost! I am black as hell! Hell is my portion—I cannot deceive you; I must tell you *I am lost!*" I spoke of Him who came to save the lost; that Jesus was the sinner's hope—he changeth not; and though we believe not, he abideth faithful. He was ever the same—the Hope of Israel—"the bright and morning Star." "Oh, (she said,) brighten my hopes." I replied, "Your hope is bright as from eternity; 'tis but the cloud; Jesus is the same, his blood the same, his love the same as when he bled on Calvary—oh, do not doubt." "Oh, (she said,) I do not doubt his power, his love to *his own*. Oh, no, I believe it all—but it is not for me; I am dying and going to hell. It is one thing to believe, and another thing to have the sealing of the Spirit, whereby I can call Jesus, Lord, and God, Father." All that I could read or say was of no use. "Oh, (she said,) that enemy of souls! Oh God, suffer him not to tempt me so! Lord, thou knowest I would be thine—thine only! But oh, this tempter, so powerful! it is as if he were actually speaking to me! Oh what shall I do? O pray the dear Lord to remove the temptation. Oh (she exclaimed) I cannot pray—I dare not—God will not be mocked; and something says, I am only an hypocrite, and I shall be damned!"

The sufferings of her body, from cancer in the throat, were in measure as agonizing as the sorrows of her soul. I stood as one dumb; for I felt that the blood of Christ alone could soothe her troubled spirit.—"save from hell, and fit for heaven." To him I could commit her, to do according to his good pleasure

This dreadful state of mind continued until Sunday evening, when she prayed most earnestly the Lord to take the tempter from

her.—“But O, my God, not my will, but thine be done. Thou art a just God and a Saviour; and though thou send me to hell, thou art the same; thou art love.” Again her agony of soul seemed to increase: “Oh! (she said), what have I done? what have I done, that the blood of Christ cannot cover? Oh, my God! why dost thou forsake me? Help me!—Save me!—O mercy! mercy!” It was then the midnight hour; and some music in the streets seemed to arrest her. On coming near, they sung that beautiful hymn,

“Crown him Lord of all.”

“Oh, (she said), crown him—yes, crown him Lord of all, though he slay me, though he cast me off.” I said, “He hateth putting away; and declares his sheep shall never perish. Satan desires to have you, that he may sift and destroy; but Jesus has prayed, and ever lives to make intercession for his people. ‘Look unto me, and be ye saved,’ are his own gracious words.” “Oh, (she said), Lord, give, O give the power to look; and do thou look on me—a vile, guilty, hell-deserving sinner!” She then again prayed that Saviour of sinners to have mercy on her. I was supporting her when she clasped her hands and said, “O Father, I thank thee for those blessed words—‘Lo, I am with thee always, even to the end of the world.’ O, blessed words! O, precious Christ! Yes, Lord, thou art with me; yes, underneath are the everlasting arms. I feel thee nigh, my God and Saviour. Thou art mine; I shall not perish. Precious Christ! Precious blood of Christ!” Her sorrow was turned into joy; the bright and Morning Star was now her light; the Sun of Righteousness was now shining on her soul; she could now read her title clear, through the blood and righteousness of our Lord Jesus Christ. “Oh, (she said), tell them (referring to her fellow servants, when sending messages of her dying love to them), tell them to be prepared to seek the Lord; an interest in the blood of the Lamb, or they perish; tell them I found mercy—even me.”

She gave some tracts to some of the patients, with words of dying love that they might meet in heaven. Two of them, with the nurse, stood by the bed and witnessed her glorious end. She prayed for all, and then most earnestly that God would take everything but Christ. She repeated in prayerful language,

“Is there a thing beneath the sun

That strives with thee, my heart, to share?

Lord, tear it hence; and reign alone

The Lord of every motion there.”

She then took the hand of her friend to whom she would have been united had she lived, and in the most affecting yet firm manner said, “Oh, George! how dearly have I loved you! But I can give you up; I give up all for Christ. Yes, *Christ is all: precious Christ! He is mine and I am his.* O, praise him! praise him!” She then requested us to pray. We knelt around that bed:—how solemn and yet delightful!—feeling the presence of Him, the mighty Deliverer from death, sin and hell. She then requested her friends to sing. “Praise him—I must praise

him! Sing (she said) ‘Rock of ages,’ for he is my Rock; his way is perfect.” She then in a clear though feeble voice, yet with a power that astonished and affected us all, sung that beautiful hymn. Our tears flowed—but they were tears of joy. She alone seemed unmoved. She then said, “Lord, let thy servant depart in peace. I am in the valley, but I have no fear. Thou art with me. Jesus, I feel thee nigh. O, Lord Jesus! receive my spirit.” She then said, looking up, “I see heaven opened. Open the gates wider, wider. I see Jesus my Saviour. Victory! victory! I see Jesus stand. I can see myself there. I see the tribes going up, and you are on the road; and you, dear George, will not be long after me. I see the angels; I hear the music. Oh, how sweet! And I shall sing it too. Oh, how sweet to praise him there! Oh, how happy we shall be to praise God in heaven.” She then said, “Let me kiss you. Lay me up; I have done with earth: my work is finished. I shall go to sleep; but I shall fall asleep in Jesus, and you will see me. O! I long to be gone! I long to be with Jesus!” And holding her poor wasted hands up she exclaimed, “O come, my precious Saviour! take me home. Oh, why delay? Come, Lord Jesus! come quickly! come, Lord Jesus!” the words faintly sounding as she gently breathed her soul into his bosom; and her freed spirit took its flight to the God who gave it; and so she fell asleep in Jesus.

E. SMITH.

THE CHRISTIAN HOLDING CONVERSE

WITH THE SAVIOUR.

LORD, when dejected I appear,
And love is half absorbed in fear,
E'en then, I know I'm not forgot,
Thou'rt present though I see thee not;
Thy boundless mercy's still the same,
Though I am cold, nor feel the flame;
Though dull and hard my sluggish sense,
Faith still maintains her evidence.
O, would thy cheering beams so shine,
That I might always feel thee mine;
Yet, though a cloud may sometimes rise,
And dim the brightness of the skies,
By faith, thy goodness I will bless,
I shall be safe, though comfortless;
Still, still my grateful heart shall melt
At what in brighter days I felt.
O wayward heart, thine is the blame,
Though I may change, God is the same.
Not feeble faith, nor colder prayer,
My state and sentence shall declare;
Nor nerves and feelings shall decide,
By safer things I shall be tried.
Is the fixed tenor of my mind
To Christ—and righteousness—inclined?
For sin—is my contrition deep?
For past offences—do I weep?
Do I submit my stubborn will
To Him—who guides and guards me still?—
Then, shall my peaceful bosom prove
That GOD—(not loving,) IS—(but) LOVE!
MARGARET.

“Take care! poor desponding soul! It has been settled at the council-board of heaven, that the blood of Jesus shall cleanse from all sin; and he who denies it shall be liable to an action-for defamation of God's word and promises.”—Major Rowlandson.

"THE JOYFUL SOUND," AND THE AWFUL SOUND.

Who can tell what a curious being man would be were he to be deprived of all the organs of sense? If he could neither feel, see, hear, smell nor taste, would it be possible that such a being could exist? Could there be life without any of these? A child in the womb has life before any of the sensible organs are opened; thus life and feeling are closely connected. An infant certainly is a man in the bud; and when born, the sensible organs in general are most of them opened, and gradually the intellectual powers of mind begin to expand, and the sensible organs of the body are as doors and windows to the soul in many cases, though in some persons they are not all opened. But a complete natural man, until born again, (let his attainments be what they may), is said to be "dead in trespasses and sin." And as it is impossible to feed, nourish or comfort a dead man with food, so it is impossible to feed, nourish and comfort a soul dead in sins with the holy and divine things of the gospel. And as it is impossible to charm or delight a dead man with harmonious music, so it is impossible to charm or delight a soul dead in sin, with the joyful sound of the gospel of Christ. Thus the most polished, learned, polite, intellectual man (even though he may be a preacher) is a being in the darkness of death—"dead in sin," without any spiritual organs, though he may have natural organs and the light of nature. "For the natural man understandeth not the things of the Spirit, (experimentally,) neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned."

But the spiritual man is one that is quickened by the Spirit of God with life in the soul. If all the spiritual organs are not at first opened, he will ultimately feel the weight, loathesomeness and burden of sin, the corrupt "body of this death;" and if in the mist and the dark for a time, he will be feeling after God, "if haply he may find him." And having "tasted that the Lord is gracious," he will hunger and thirst for the full relish of Christ's love; and the more sweet tastes and relishes he has of the love of Christ, the more ardently he will desire it, and sometimes feel as if he never could have enough, until he gets to Christ in heaven. And by the light of the Spirit of God in his soul, he will see swarms of sins in his corrupt nature that he never saw before, and "in the Lord's light he will see light," when the Lord lifts up the light of his countenance upon him, filling him with peace and joy, under a sweet sense of pardoned sin, in the face of Jesus Christ,—all other things will lose their lustre and their glory, and appear dark and worthless as dung and dross. And through

1864.

the sweet unction of the Holy One, he will smell the rich savour of the good man's ointments, and the soul will be filled with holy odors, and smell heaven before it arrives there to see Jesus—whom having not yet seen, the soul loves. And finally, he will hear such sweet and harmonious sounds in the soul, that no music on earth can compare with it—melody in his heart, and joy in his soul, "joy in the Holy Ghost." Thus he becomes a blessed man; for "blessed are the people that know the joyful sound." Yea, it is the great and joyful trumpet that is blown, and all poor souls come that are "ready to perish." It is the jubilee trumpet, that restores the lost inheritance; it sounds through all the Gospel land, and through every power and faculty of the soul. It is like the joy and sound of music which the prodigal heard after his return unto his father's house—music and dancing. The soul filled with holy rapture leaps for joy, and the wine goes round, and goes down so sweetly, that it makes even the lips of them that are asleep to speak, and speak out plain of the love of God: and sing too a song which none can learn but those taught of God. It is a "joyful sound." "Joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Yea, and even the war trumpet is not altogether a terrific sound to the soldiers of the cross—though they may tremble; for it is a "certain sound," that prepares us for the battle with hell, sin, satan, the world, our corruptions, and the powers of darkness. It is a certain sound, of certain victory, through the "Captain of our salvation:" who by his death and blood disabled all our enemies, and destroyed the works and final power of the devil; and who says, "Fear not; I have overcome them, and ye shall certainly overcome at last." Therefore, ye officers, trumpeters and ministers in the ranks of our noble Prince, let us not hear any of your uncertain sounds, nor legal clangs from your trumpets; but let it be rather a certain, full-toned, joyful sound; that all that are in debt, and in distress, and discontented with themselves, and with the world, sin, and satan's service, may gather round the royal standard, and "fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." I say again, let it be a certain musical, joyful sound; that the honey bees which love music and honey, may be brought to the gospel hive, and find the good word of God sweeter than honey to their taste.

And finally, the last trump of the archangel shall not be a terrific sound to those who fear God, and love Christ—and look and long for his appearing. The sound may be awful and solemn; but it must be a joyful sound to them

who are then to lift up their heads, never to hang down any more for ever.

But O wicked man! and mockers and despisers of the Gospel and the saints, how will ye bear to hear the sound? Ye have a conscience. The prisoners in the jails tremble when the trumpet sounds before the judge, coming into our town. How long shall ye hear the trumpet as sounded at Mount Sinia in your conscience, louder and louder—"The sound of the trumpet and the alarm of war"—and yet not tremble? It is not the Emperor of Russia coming to war with you or judge you at that day. No, I fear unless he repents, he will stand at last among the trembling crowd to be judged, and the Sultan too, with millions of those, "who know not God and obey not the Gospel. Have not you heard the awful trumpet from Mount Sinai, that made even Moses quake and the people tremble? Has it not sounded long and loud in your conscience? Have you, or have you not heard it? The war trumpet of the proud Czar is temporal death to those who fall in the war with him. But shall the trump of God, sound in your conscience, (for you have a conscience.) Curse! curse! "Cursed is every one that continueth not in the works of the law to do them." Shall this awful trumpet sound war, even from God against you, eternal death and damnation, and you not tremble? Shall we tremble at the sound of a man, and not at the sound of God? The Emperor's sword may never reach you, but the sword of God is drawn against all wicked, ungodly, hypocritical mockers and despisers of the Gospel; and yet probably, ye tremble not. The first good sign of your everlasting salvation, would be that you trembled at God's Word; for it is certain death and damnation, or certain life and everlasting salvation through Jesus Christ our Lord.

A natural man has natural life, a natural conscience, and the light of nature, but the carnal mind is enmity against God; and if you live and die at enmity, and war with God, you must surely fall in the awful battle. "Whoever hardened himself against God and prospered?" The world is, doubtless, coming to a close, and the archangel's trump shall soon sound a tremendous and awful blast, when all the world shall hear it, and the stoutest hearts shall be dismayed and wail because of him, when he comes to judgment, to judge the whole earth and the people with equity. The righteous and those who fear his name, shall lift up their heads with joy, but the rest shall call to the rocks and mountains to cover them, and hide them from the wrath of the Lamb, "For the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand?" Answer this solemn question.

W. GARRARD.

Leicester, March 8, 1854.

THE LOSS OF THE ROLL.

THE *Pilgrim's Progress* is a vivid description of every Christian's experience; it is a tale of sorrow and joy; of conflict and conquest; and told out in such a simple and entertaining manner, that one gets absorbed in the contemplation of it.

We have now come to the *Hill Difficulty*, which Christian is endeavouring to ascend. He finds it a steep and troublesome path,—quite disagreeable to flesh and blood; but as it is the ordained path to the Celestial City, he gets a drink of the river of the Water of Life, and addresses himself to his journey. How many Hill Difficulties does the Christian meet with, in his path to heaven! For six or seven years I believe I have been ascending this hill; now, I know if I had been left to choose my own way, I should have acted the part of Formalist and Hypocrite, who took the two other ways at the foot of the hill, in order to avoid the trouble and danger attending the narrow path. Their end was destruction. But infinite mercy preserves the Christian; and though his vigour and strength fail him, yet from running he falls to clambering upon his hands and knees; it is hard work sometimes to keep on, when everything appears to be against us; but we are not of them who draw back unto perdition.

How kind and condescending our covenant God is, to erect here and there a resting-place for his poor pilgrims, where they can sit down and recount the Lord's mercies, and review his favours.

Christian was delighted with his retreat, and began to read his roll, and review his robe of righteousness. But unhappily for him, that, which was only intended for his spiritual comfort and support, was made to serve the vile purposes of the flesh; he fell into a profound sleep—a lazy, careless, carnal state; and the result was, he lost his roll. But what is intended by his roll? Why, his evidence of interest in Christ. Every Christian has, more or less, evidence of his conversion. A work of grace in the heart always produces certain effects, though sometimes the good man has not light to read his roll; yet at some period or other, the Lord says, "*Fear not: I have called thee: thou art mine.*" And it wonderfully supports one, under the discouraging circumstances of the way, to know and believe the love that God hath towards us.

Now, sad experience proves that this roll—this evidence, may be lost for a time, and cause us great grief and anguish of soul. I know what it is to be in this state; for, about two years ago, I got into such a despairing, desponding state of mind, that I became a mystery to myself; satan was permitted to harass and perplex my mind, by bringing all my sins, even from childhood, to remembrance—and truly remembrance was bitter. I sighed and groaned in misery before God; the Bible was a sealed book; and if I did read therein, it only served to increase my misery, and confuse my mind. To all intents and purposes

I had lost my roll, and was miserable till it was found. It was under that useful servant of God—Mr. Rudman*—who was preaching at the time in Leicester; his message, I am well persuaded, was from God to my soul; for it lifted me quite up out of the misery and mire of despondency. His text was, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come." Then I found my roll, and again rejoiced in hope of the glory of God.

How many Christians have lost their roll, and have never found it again till they have been laid upon a sick-bed, or, it may be, the bed of death!

While I was preaching the gospel in Guernsey, three years ago, I was an eye witness of this in the person of an old professor. One Sabbath morning, as I was coming out of the chapel, after service, I was met by a woman who requested that I would go and see her mother, who was considered in dying circumstances; but she added, "Her request is, if you are not a high Calvinist, she don't wish to see you." I smiled, and followed her to the bed-side of her aged parent, where I found a poor worn-out creature, (both with old age, and anxiety of mind), upon the brink of eternity. After a very brief conversation, (during which she repeatedly asked me if I thought she was right), I found she had once walked in the light of God's countenance, having experienced that divine change, styled a passing from death unto life; but from her expressions, and a little I gathered from her daughter, I found her subsequent mode of life was not at all compatible with the profession of Christ; in fact, she had sunk into an Antinomian state—a loose, careless, quarrelsome state of mind—and had thus lost her roll, and had lived without feeling (so far as I could learn) her loss, till Death, with his grim and ugly visage, was staring her in the face; then her disquietude arose; her fears returned.

Now, it was evident to me, she tried hard and strained every nerve to rest upon the bed of past experience. "I was once converted; I enjoyed peace; I believed the truth of God's distinguishing grace; I have ever since maintained these doctrines: do you not think I am right?" Poor creature! I scarcely knew what to say to her; so I asked her if she did not wish to die and leave these troubles, to be with Christ. Her reply was, "I should like to live a little longer." This spoke volumes.

At my second visit I found her in similar circumstances; and all she wanted, was, her roll; her evidence renewed; a promise again sealed home upon her heart. "Say unto my soul, I am thy Salvation." And I am happy to say, this she obtained before she died. The Lord returned—blessed be his holy name!—and comforted her heart, and told her she was his; and then, oh how different her state! She longed to be gone, to be with Christ, and was soon taken to his rest. It was to me an instructive visit. It taught me what a sound

* From the *VASSER*, I see he has departed this life. I can bear my testimony to his great usefulness in preaching the gospel. The Lord raise up many more such in his vineyard.

creed can do for a person in the hour of death—that is, just nothing at all. It taught me the danger of soaring high in doctrine, while truth has but little (if any) influence either upon the heart or life. It taught me the need of watchfulness and sobriety in the ways of God, and the danger there is of losing our roll; and if that is gone, we may not miss it while all is pleasant and prosperous; but when affliction or sore temptation comes, or when the hour of death is at hand, then we shall deeply feel its loss, and be miserable till it is regained.

T. SMITH.

Wooton, Beds., February, 1854.

OBITUARY OF THOMAS H. BURTON:

The first grain of Wheat removed from the Church, at Garner Baptist Chapel, Clapham, and taken into the heavenly Garner above.

MR. HENRY THOMAS BURTON, a faithful, honest veteran in the army of King Jesus, left the ranks below to join the conquering host above, January 7, 1854, aged 71. He was brought to a knowledge of himself as a sinner, and of Christ as a Saviour, in the year 1798. He at once became a most diligent searcher after the truth as it is in Jesus. After wandering from place to place, his steps were directed to Mr. Richard Burnham's, Grafton Street, Soho, by whom he was baptised May 1st, 1800, and became a member of the church. For nineteen years from this time he was "diligent in business, and fervent in spirit," and experienced many trials, temptations and distressing changes in providence. He gave £800 for an established auctioneer's business; but his truthful mode of speaking of the articles for sale, and his strictly honest dealing throughout, gave great offence to the dealers, who deserted him; so that in five or six years his £800 was gone.

He was not to be rich in this world's goods, though he strove for it, but not at the expense of truth. He then entered into business as an undertaker.

In 1819 he began village preaching, and often walked ten and fifteen miles to preach; having the cause of God and the good of souls at heart. The wages he received were the Lord's presence and a good conscience. This he did till about the year 1839. At this time he resided at Lambeth; and started and carried out a plan—most novel and original—which was that of a *river missionary*. (He was now following the occupation of a schoolmaster, and was one of the first in the infant system).

To carry out his plan, therefore, he must have a boat—which he built in his school-room with his own hands, rising at three or four o'clock in the morning; and while occupied about it so early, his son often heard him singing that well-known hymn,

"O love divine! how sweet thou art!

When shall I find my willing heart

All taken up by thee?" &c.

He named his boat the *Alpha*, as being the first engaged in the work. When all was

ready, he commenced operation, with about one hundred tracts, which he gave to barge-men, &c., as he passed them, with a long stick which had a slit at the end, in which a tract was placed, and so it was conveyed. At first, the thing being new, they eagerly caught them, wondering what they contained; but when it became known, many of them met his efforts with a bucket of water; he was often drenched and abused, and narrowly escaped with his own and son's life, who used to accompany him. Such was his zeal for God, and the good of souls.

After about five years' trial, he gave up the boat—no one coming forward to assist him; and now, growing aged, and afflicted with an asthma, he was not able to engage in any active employment. He was an old member of the church at Meard's Court, under the pastorate of the great and good John Stevens, where he attended, as often as circumstances would allow, till the death of Mr. Stevens, who was his favourite minister; and his mind was well stored with excellent expressions and ideas like his beloved pastor. He removed to Clapham when it was impossible for him to attend Salem Chapel, Meard's Court. He now thought that he should never find another church where he could join in communion and fellowship. He became much cast down in his mind, not finding any place where he could hear the word with pleasure. But about twelve months since, one Lord's-day, he found Garner, when he heard Mr. Elven with great delight. He went home and told his son—with whom he resided—he had found some kindred spirits at Garner, and his soul was exceedingly refreshed; he became more cheerful than he had been for years; and which he never lost to the moment of his death.

When the church was formed at Garner last August, by his request he composed one of its members. Great enjoyment was experienced under his prayers at the prayer-meetings at Garner. But his prayers are ended in praises above; our loss is his eternal gain. He often acknowledged in his prayers his gratitude and thankfulness to God for his raising up such a cause, and a place, where his soul had been so refreshed with the Divine presence in his old age, even as in the days of his youth, and the days of his espousals, and which he never expected to experience again in this vale of tears. He was a man well established in the truth, and strong in faith, giving glory to God, and said—"By the grace of God I am what I am." He had great difficulty in breathing, and could walk but a short distance before he had to stop and get breath; but he was willing to live or to die as it pleased his Lord, and had long been in a waiting posture, being confined to his room for several days. Just before his death he called for his son, and said he had had a restless night; and prayed the Lord would give the final command for his departure. He had no fears nor doubts; his faith, patience and resignation often surprised his friends. His prayer was quickly answered. His son had not been in the room with him more than ten minutes, and had no idea that

his end was so near, when he asked him to put him on his knees, and to assist him out of bed for that purpose. He contrived to get out, and on a scat, when he asked his son to fan him, as he felt faint. He used his handkerchief for that purpose, when he bowed his head as though he had fainted; but his ransomed spirit was fled, and he fell asleep in Jesus. Truly, his end was peace, and "he came to his grave in a full age, like a shock of corn in its season." His remains rest in the Norwood Cemetery, till the morn of the resurrection. Mr. Elven preached his funeral sermon Lord's-day evening, Jan. 22, from Numbers xxiii. 10, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Clapham, Feb. 21.

WM. ODLING.

THE KENT STREET SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

WE highly esteem every good man. When a man's life is mainly spent in endeavouring, instrumentally, to do real good to his fellow-creatures,—we certainly think honorable mention of such a man is neither unscriptural, nor unseemly. As stimulating examples to others, we love to record the delightful fruits of sovereign grace and superabounding mercy as manifested in the zeal and untiring labours of such devoted men as Mr. West, who, for fifty years, has gratuitously conducted the schools held in Kent Street, in the Borough of Southwark.

A meeting—"in commemoration of the Jubilee of Mr. West, as Superintendent of Kent Street Sunday Schools," was recently held. We were kindly invited; and as kindly received. Some gentlemen who, many years ago were poor boys in Kent Street Schools—were present; and bore interesting testimony to the benefits which, under Mr. West—and some other teachers,—they had received. It was really enough to make one cry for joy—and we could not refrain—to hear the confessions which some of these grown up, and well-dressed, Kent Street scholars made of their native naughtiness, and how God, in infinite mercy, blessed the labours of his dear servants, to their good both for time and for eternity. We sincerely hope that when dear Mr. West's head is laid in the silent tomb, and his spirit is before the throne, that another as patient, as persevering, as well adapted, may be raised up to fill this most arduous, this very important post; and that Kent Street School may continue to receive poor wretched children—under God's blessing to instruct them, and send them into the world, as it has already done many thousands—not a curse, but a blessing to society, and of some use to the professing churches in Christendom.

The following is merely a verbatim report of the address which Mr. West delivered after the Committee had presented him with a very handsome, most striking, and noble-looking portrait of himself.

The simplicity and godly sincerity so characteristic of Mr. West, will be clearly seen by discerning minds in the following few sen-

tencos which he delivered. After briefly thanking them for their kindness, he said:—

I was twenty-one years of age when I joined the Kent-street Sunday-school, in September, 1804, with my dear friend, Mr. Tibbs, who, to my deep regret, was removed from us by providential circumstances, in the following year. I had, with the rest of the teachers, quite decided that he should be the Superintendent of the school, had he continued.

We had still a teacher left that we considered competent to the office, a Mr. Clark, (rather a shrewd man,) who, when I was about to propose him as the Superintendent, very dexterously turned round and fastened the office upon me; so that in less, I think, than five minutes, I was quite unexpectedly fixed in my present position, where I have remained, Sir, as you know, to the present time.

The school was in a declining state, for want of assistance; the number of children attending being reduced to 38, to the best of my recollection. There had been weekly instruction, but it had ceased, for want of teachers to carry it on. This advantage was now resumed, and arrangements made to meet the children three times in the week, for spiritual and secular instruction. The school began gradually to progress; for though the original teachers were but few, they were suited for the work; to use a plain phrase, they were of the right sort—men *fearing God*, cheerfully and prayerfully devoting themselves to the interest of the school. Here you must allow me to mention some of their names who live, and will ever live in my affection, with whom I considered it an honour to be associated—Campion, Green, Kirk, and Ketchlee, the father of the present Mr. Ketchlee, who is still with us, treading, I believe, in his father's steps.

The school and the situation were both very inconvenient,—and much against us. As for the school, it was a very dilapidated room on a first floor, in Kent Street; there were holes quite through the brickwork of the wall into the yard behind; the floor was very inconvenient, being nearly a foot higher in some parts than in others; the staircase opened directly into the court, which was worse than Kent Street itself; this proved a great annoyance to us, the filth of the court being often transferred to the staircase, which being rather steep was dangerous for the lesser children. These difficulties did not discourage us, we set to, and got the school-room repaired, cleaned, and painted, (the painting I think, we did ourselves,) we also added another room at the back, which not only increased our accommodation, but very much improved the shape of the school, making that nearly square, which before was a shapeless three-cornered place, something like a triangle, but not a correct one. The next difficulty I have to mention, was a more serious one. We were entirely deprived of the service of female teachers, the obstructions being such as to prevent their attendance. But we had not proceeded far, or waited very long, before we gained this desirable acquisition; and very decided and valuable teachers they proved to be, quite equal to the teachers on the boys' side. We assem-

bled regularly every Sabbath morning in the school at seven o'clock, winter and summer, (Mr. Ketchlee and Mr. Campion coming from Charing Cross.) We took our breakfast, dinner and tea, in the school-room,—not finally leaving on the Sabbath, until nine o'clock at night. We held a prayer-meeting every Sabbath, morning and evening. Thus the school proceeded under the blessing of God, united, happy, and prosperous. The school-room now became too small for the children attending, and the Society having, I believe, reason to be dissatisfied with the landlord, determined to erect a new school-room, to which the Kent Street teachers subscribed twenty guineas, (I think I am right in the amount.) Our dear friend Mr. Neale (in the firm of Neale and Bayley) performed wonders, as an instrument, in procuring the necessary funds. The school cost £1000, and the freehold ground £200.

The foundation stone was laid by that affectionate and successful preacher, the Rev. John Sibree, and opened by the Rev. Rowland Hill, in 1814. I hardly know to which of the two, as instruments, to ascribe my conversion to God;—certainly, Mr. Sibree's preaching, during his stay at Surry Chapel, in the summer, made an impression on my mind not easily to be removed; but upon Mr. Hill's return in the autumn of the same year, his preaching was powerfully conveyed to my heart. Yes, my heart was filled with love, gratitude, and joy. I had no terror or fear, and this continued for a long time. My conflicts came afterwards, no doubt in the right time. I never had the courage to mention this to either of these eminent servants of God. Whether I did right in withholding it from them, I will not decide.

A few words upon the present state of the school, and I will relieve your attention. We removed to the present school in 1814, after remaining in the room in Kent Street for ten years, taking with us about 180 children.

The school now (with our enlarged accommodation) began gradually to increase, and so continued with little interruption, until it became rather inconveniently full, which led to the building of the additional school behind, in 1847. This school cost the Society £800, including the freehold ground, to which the teachers and friends very liberally subscribed. You will perceive that the two schools, with the freehold ground, cost £2000. We now removed about one hundred of the smaller children from the mother school, (shall I call it?) into the new one, occupying the ground floor of it, this very greatly relieved the present school. The new school contains also two convenient rooms up-stairs, where the working and select classes and teachers' meetings are held, and a parents' meeting also, every week. These rooms add very much to the comfort of the teachers, where they often take their tea and dinner. The average number of children in attendance is between 600 and 600, except when we go to Peckham-Rye in the summer, and then it reaches 700. We attend the children every evening in the week, except Saturday, for writing and ciphering, in which the elder scholars greatly assist, having learnt both

in the school. We have 44 classes, requiring 44 teachers, besides the superintendent and secretary, making 46 teachers; of whom 30 are derived from the school itself, 3 are the sons of former teachers, and the remaining 27 have all been scholars in the school. There are 22 teachers on the boy's side, 18 of whom are from the school, leaving only 4 from other sources. We find the scholars trained for seven or more years in the school have a decided advantage over strangers in the work, perhaps, more especially, in a school like ours, where the children are a grade or two below the generality of Sunday schools; they know better how to bear with the untutored manners of the children, remembering they were so themselves, till taught better. Here I observe, the supply of teachers, from the scholars, increases, being more the last two years than at any former period, while the teachers not derived from the school diminish. Here I can but observe the difference between a parochial and a Sunday-school. Being naturally fond of children, I have made myself acquainted with some of the boys in St. George's in the Borough, and St. John's Horslydown, the impression made upon my mind by this acquaintance with the children, is that in a parochial school, they are glad to leave, whenever the rules of the school will permit them to do so, but our children *will not leave*, though they are almost young men and women.

I must now direct your attention in a few words to a very important feature in the school, namely, the formation of a class from the younger teachers and the elder scholars, under the care of our dear friend, Mr. Tibbs. This class was formed in, I believe, 1841. I know of no circumstance, during my stay in the school, that has given me more satisfaction (and I believe the teachers generally) than the formation of this class; which has now continued for about twelve years. That God has singularly sanctioned and blessed it, we cannot doubt.—I believe there is hardly a teacher or elder scholar, who has regularly attended the class, that is not the better for it, and to this day, does not thank God that it was ever established. The lessons for the class are derived from the Bible only. Here I can but observe, that this Book of books is evidently preferred to any other book. I think if I were to ask them what book I should give them, 99 out of 100 would say, "Give me a reference Bible." With this blessed book for their guide, they go into life; and God has blessed many of them with his Spirit also; having the Word of God, and the Spirit of God, I believe they will be preserved. Living in the neighbourhood of Southwark during the whole period of my continuance in the school, I have had ample opportunity to observe their conduct in the various situations in life to which it has pleased God to call them; and I am happy to say, that almost without an exception—where they have continued for a series of years in the school, (which many of them have done,) the religious instruction they have received has rarely ever left them, but has been blessed either to their conversion, or at least to embittering the path of sin.

Some of them have been removed across the seas, almost to the end of the earth; but this has only increased their love to the school, by calling up to their remembrance the instruction they received, and the happy days they spent in it. These statements have been confirmed by their letters.—May we not believe their feeling to be,—If I forget thee, let my right hand forget her cunning, if I prefer not thee before my chief joys?"

OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

[We think the question propounded last month may lead to the publication of some interesting articles. It is but little known how large an amount of moral, social, and even spiritual benefit Sunday Schools have been instrumental in producing. We can furnish evidence. But some of our brethren shall speak first. With much pleasure we insert the following.]

Dear Brother.—Having seen an account in last month's *VESSEL* of a Sunday School meeting at Cheltenham, and being a friend to, and an advocate of Sabbath Schools, my mind has been inclined to write a line, in order to shew my opinion; and, although it may not be worth much, it will not, I think, do your numerous readers any harm.

The question propounded is: Should teachers who are in an unregenerate state instruct the children? I answer, that I am of the same opinion as our good brother Freeman; that, if the teachers who do not know God savingly were dismissed from our schools, there would not be many in our land; although—blessed be God!—we have a goodly number of teachers now in our Sabbath Schools who are taught by, and known of God; and I would—God willing—the number was doubled. Where is the man who can come forward and deny our Sabbath Schools to have been made a great blessing to our land?

But this, my brother, is taking but a very low and diminutive view of it; for, were you to ask some of our ministers, and very many of the members of our churches, they would doubtless tell you that they have been taught to read God's Word, and favoured to receive impressions when there, which in after days they could not forget; and therefore I do think, that if the teacher be not a regenerate man or woman; but, if there be nothing immoral in their conduct, they ought to be encouraged, and not by any means discouraged; for it is God's Book they read with and to the children, which is able to make them wise unto salvation; and by the assistance of the Holy Spirit, (without which all our labours will prove abortive), to open the darkened eyes of their understanding.

Secondly, They ought to be encouraged, because, with the children, they go to the house of prayer; when probably, if they were not teachers, they would be found, as others are, going elsewhere on the Lord's-day; and you will say with me, it is good to be in the way. I, with many others, have found it to be so; and although I did not know the Lord

for years after I was a teacher, I have to bless God that ever I entered the school, inasmuch as it was the means the Lord made use of, in conducting me to his sanctuary, where I heard his gospel proclaimed to the salvation of my soul.

Thirdly, They should be encouraged, because God has, doubtless, some of his precious jewels amongst them, and he will find them out; and that, too, sometimes by the prayers of the Christian teacher; as I well remember with what anxiety and intensity of desire I used to listen to the prayer when offered by the teacher, and how thankful I felt when I heard him pray for the unregenerate teacher; and especially for a sinner vile, such as I felt myself to be! The effectual fervent breathings of the righteous availeth much; and even our God has not told us how much.

Fourthly, Because, when the dear Lord is pleased to seek them out by his grace, they generally make the very best teachers; being trained up in the school, they are more adapted for, and take a greater interest in the school, when they are instructing the dear children. Upwards of six were baptised by good old father Seymour—who, “being dead, yet speaketh”—all of which had been teachers in the school before we knew the Lord; and two of us are now engaged in proclaiming glad tidings full and free—I say, full and free—to our fellow-sinners. Therefore I am decidedly of an opinion that, if young friends in our schools—although they do not give any reason for us to believe they know the Lord, yet, we cannot tell what may be going on within; the barbed arrow may have entered: and God in his own time will make it known; and therefore, to forbid them to instruct the young, I think would not only be wrong, but *cruel*. I can assure you that I know of many others, who are now members and *consistent* members—in Christ’s church, who were teachers in the Sabbath School before they knew the Lord.

These are four reasons, among the many that might be brought to bear on the subject. I would say, therefore, to the Christian teacher, encourage your neighbours and comrades, and speak to them; set a good example before them; watch over them, as those who are watching for souls; and by God’s help pray for them; “not forgetting (saith the Lord) to entertain strangers; for by so doing some have entertained angels *unawares*.” Be thankful unto God who hath made you to differ; at the same time, consider that God, even thy God—oh, believer—is able to answer your prayers to the conversion of others also! Some there are amongst our Sunday School teachers, who have many times doubtless been tempted to give up, through unworthiness felt. God has convicted them by his Spirit; and they now feel how unworthy they are to attempt to instruct others. My dear friends, with pleasure I inform and encourage you, that Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. Do not be discouraged because of thy unworthiness: the cause is a good one, and the Master is worthy; and remember, none ever felt sin to be a burden, so as to hate and mourn over it, but those who

will and shall receive pardon. I would that our churches, ministers and deacons encouraged Sunday Schools more than they do. I have many times had my mind grieved when I have been at the prayer-meeting, and heard three or four of the Lord’s dear saints pray, and *not one word* offered up in prayer for the Sabbath School.

Brethren, allow me to say, they need your prayers. I was delighted the other day when in company with two of the Lord’s dear ministers, and some Sabbath School teachers—and knowing that one of my dear brethren was an advocate for schools, I said to the other, “Do you ever go into the school?” “Yes;” was the answer, by one of the teachers opposite; “Mr. — does come in; and he always looks so pleasant, we are glad to see him.” The other brother said, “He gives you one of his good-tempered smiles.” I thought, even a good-tempered smile from a minister of the gospel will give encouragement to the Sabbath School teacher. May many be encouraged to go and do likewise!

I am your’s, dear brother, in love and truth,
F. PEARCE.

Bradford, Wilts., March 9, 1854.

A POEM

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MINISTER.

BY THE LATE RICHARD BURNHAM,

Minister of the Gospel, Grafton Street, Soho.

Thou man of God, thou lover of the truth,
Celestial hero! lively, zealous youth!
Taught by the Lord, and fired with his applause,
Bold yon appear in his all-glorious cause,
Surely commissioned from the eternal God:
Warmly yon preach the Saviour’s flowing blood.
Mortals may rage, hut they shall rage in vain;
Cleave to your God, and all their power disdain.
Fearless, go on, and flame with zeal intense;
God gives the word, and God is your defence:
God is the same, in every time and place,
And loves to shew the wonders of his grace.
Who can contract the great Redeemer’s love?
Or, who prevent what Jesus shall approve?
Who can restrain the cries of Calvary’s blood?
Or who shut up the bowels of a God?
Go forth with zeal, thou servant of the Lord;
With growing ardour preach the gospel word;
Where mercy leads thee, there aloud proclaim
The great salvation of the slaughter’d Lamb.
Triumphant say, (as taught from realms above),
God is a Fountain of unchanging love;
A swelling Sea of mercy and of peace;
A wondrous Ocean of unbounded grace.
Kindest compassions overflow his heart;
He even waits salvation to impart;
Invites the vilest to his loving breast,
And bids them enter everlasting rest.
Go, and do likewise, in Immanuel’s name;
Whom he invites, do you invite the same;
Take a fair copy of the Son of God,
Learn the full merits of atoning blood.
O, learn the freeness of redeeming grace!
And preach the gospel, like the Prince of peace.
Let all his goodness in your bosom roll,
And catch the feelings of his tender soul;
Then, with what fervour you will sound abroad
The vast salvation of the incarnate God!
O, how you’ll shew to sinners far and wide,
The unequal’d glories of the Crucified!
Down with contentions! O thou man of God;
And nothing know, but Jesus and his blood.
Scorn the vile meanness of a party name;
But freely, fully, zealously proclaim

The endless wonders of victorious grace,
 Widely extended to a fallen race.
 Despise the terms that gender wrath and strife,
 But urge that men must pass from death and life.
 If to your view the penitent appears,
 Look like the Saviour on a Mary's tears;
 Gentle and soft be then your kind address,
 And well explain the all-sufficient grace.
 Spare not to tell the pity of a God,
 And bear down guilt with promises and blood.
 Though doubts and fears the tortur'd spirit toss,
 Warmly repeat the merits of the cross;
 And if to mountains sin should seem to rise,
 Then sound the louder Jesu's sacrifice.
 If, after all, curs'd unbelief prevails,
 Still, still maintain the promise never fails,
 Which kindly speaks, in mercy full and free,
 That none who come will Jesus cast away.
 Thus shall you win the sinner to his God,
 And make him wonder at the cleansing grace;
 Sweetly enraptured with forgiving grace,
 He'll bless the Lord for such a word as this.
 When the backslider you with zeal pursue,
 Keep a kind Jesus in your constant view;
 Think how the Saviour on a Peter gaz'd,
 And think how mercy Peter's soul amaz'd;
 No threatening words such meaning could impart,
 As Jesu's looks to Peter's beating heart;
 Pierc'd to the soul with Jesu's pitying eye;
 And Peter weeps that he should e'er deny
 So dear a Saviour and so true a Friend,
 Who kindly loved, and loved him to the end.
 Now take advice, and learn of me in part;
 Let tender mercy ever sway thy heart:
 Reprove and caution with a Father's care,
 And aim to start the penitential tear;
 Strive to convince, reclaim, and sweetly win
 The wandering soul from every hateful sin.
 Say, that the Saviour longs again to hear
 The feeble breathings of the broken prayer.
 Ah! point to Jesus on the gospel pole,
 Ready to heal the poor backsliding soul;
 Point to the tree, where glory ever beams;
 Point to the heart, where mercy ever streams;
 Dwell on the blood the great Immanuel spilt;
 Swell the atonement o'er a sea of gullt;
 Urge that the Lord is full of truth and grace,
 And waits to give salvation, life and peace;
 That tenderest pity all his bowels move,
 Eager to shew the brighter scenes of love;
 That healing grace he surely will impart,
 To calm the sorrows of the throbbing heart.
 Thus sound the mercy of the Son of God;
 The endless virtues of a Saviour's blood.
 Pursue the work with sympathetic tears,
 And ne'er he weary till the Lord appears.
 Thus shall you please the Monarch of the skies,
 And fill the sinner with transporting joys;
 And all your labor shall rewarded be,
 Through fleeting time and vast eternity.
 O, with what pleasure shall your mind be fill'd,
 When Jesus is in bursting clouds reveal'd!
 When in full pomp Messiah shall appear,
 Firm shall you stand, without a rising fear;
 Sweetly enraptur'd with the amazing sight,
 You'll hail the Saviour with supreme delight;
 Glad shall you see your children all arise,
 And Jesus own them with the truly wise;
 Then the dear Saviour's kind, approving voice,
 Shall charm your ears, and make your heart rejoice.

"He that hath grace doth not always know it; this root may lie so deep under ground, that he in whom it is cannot see it, or say it is in me. Yet this root, how deep soever, is discernible in itself, and is often clearly discerned by those in whom it is. Job's friends thought there was nothing in him but a root of wickedness and hypocrisy; but he saith, 'the root of the matter is in me.'" "Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth," saith Solomon. That is most comely, and so it should be, yet sometimes a man must speak for himself, to maintain his own innocence, and advance the glory of God, which may be darkened by the silence of man."—CARROLL.

Lines Written on the Death of the late

MR. JEREMIAH CHAPMAN,

Formerly one of the Deacons of Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, London. Born at Chatteris, Cambs., July 2, 1803.—Fell asleep in Jesus, at Peckham, January 10th, 1854.

Farewell! dear brother! thou art gone

To take thy place above;

To mingle with the happy throng,

Who sing of Jesu's love.

Thy days of trouble all are past;

The sorrow felt within

Is o'er, and thy blest soul, at last,

Is freed from every sin.

Oft have I seen the trembling tear

Flow from thy loving eyes

When speaking of that precious blood

Which thou did'st greatly prize.

Oftimes I've heard thy lips relate

That promise made to thee:

"I'll never leave thee, nor forsake;

Thy faithful Friend I'll be."

This promise, given in early life,

Was often brought to mind;

And fast to 't thy soul did cling,

And consolation find.

The poorest saint that walk'd the earth,

Was very dear to thee;

Couldst thou but feel the heavenly birth,

And Jesu's image see.

But holy hatred seem'd to dwell

To traitors vile and base,

Who, travelling in the road to hell,

Could prate of sovereign grace.

It mattered not how dear the tie

Of flesh and blood, might be,

If, while they talked of precious faith,

Its fruits thou couldst not see.

A union formed there long has been

Between my soul and thee,

Which ne'er shall be broke off again

Through vast eternity.

When Zion stood midst troubles sore,

And Zion's pastor, too,

Then deeply anxious was thy soul

To know what thou couldst do!

Dear David Denham, could he speak,

Would prove these sayings true;

He found in thee a faithful friend—

A brother kind and true.

Thy hand, and heart, thy purse, and soul,

Where all alike preached

To help the man who prophesied that truth

Thy soul so much enjoyed.

Once more, farewell! my faithful friend,

'Till we shall meet again,

To taste that bliss which ne'er shall end,

And with the Saviour reign.

ELIJAH PACKER.

"When the dying love of Christ is felt, and God the Father's everlasting love enjoyed, the Holy Ghost having shed it abroad in the heart, the love of the world takes its flight. 'Whom have I in heaven but thee! and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee.' A glorious resurrection from the dead, and a crown of immortality and eternal life is the fruit of his victory. These, and all these, and many more blessings, are divided among God's elect, who never did anything to procure them. And though they have, in their natural state, lien among the pots, and been as base as any, yet in the righteousness of Christ, and in the adorning of the Holy Ghost, and crowned with a crown of life, shall they shine forth in the kingdom of God their Father for ever and ever."—ISAAC BERMAN.

Our British Baptist Churches.

METROPOLITAN, PROVINCIAL AND SUBURBAN.

COMMUNICATIONS, and articles of deep interest, connected with the origin, progress, persecutions, and present position of our churches, are coming to hand. In the humble hope that we may be instrumental in shewing that (although comparatively, we are a weak and much despised section of the visible church) the hand of our God has been, and still is, upon us, for good, we purpose to give up a portion of our work to papers confirmatory of this one fact. Thousands who are doubting, fainting and fearing, may hereby be encouraged. We are persuaded that in this land, there are many godly persons, babes in grace, and lovers of our most glorious Lord Jesus, who are mixed up with churches whose discipline and practice is nowhere to be found in the pure Word of God. Brethren—be *practically decided*. Allow some of our choicest papers to be read at your social meetings; circulate them among your friends and neighbours; form “GOSPEL PERIODICAL SOCIETIES” in connection with your congregations;—withal, pray for more genuine humility, ministerial unity and energy, with untiring zeal in the midst of our churches; and we may then look with confidence for the fulfilment of those rich prophecies which are yet waiting to break forth upon the nations of the earth.

ORIGIN OF THE

BAPTIST CHURCH, BEXLEY HEATH.

ABOUT twelve miles from London, over Shooter's Hill, lies a pleasant, open high road to Dartford, Gravesend, Chatham and Canterbury. It has always been known as Bexley-Heath—deriving its name from the village about a mile on the right. But the lapse of years, and a continual increasing population, has vastly added to its importance and improvement: it is no longer a *Heath*, with a few scattered groups of cottages; but a respectable rising neighbourhood of more than three thousand souls, and *now* called Bexley New Town.

Some forty years ago, a good man named John Masters, was honoured to be among the first founders of the Baptist church in the neighbouring village of Crayford; and some years after, was mainly instrumental in raising the Baptist interest here. When he came to reside on the Heath, there was no means of grace; his heart glowing with zeal for the divine glory, he soon gained the countenance of a few who appeared like-minded with himself; a school-room was obtained, and several preachers regularly supplied the pulpit; there was a considerable congregation, and much good wrought. But one of the preachers—a Pædo-Baptist, sought to shut out the other supplies, swamp the Baptist, and establish an Independent cause. John Masters, however, quietly withdrew; and licensing his own

house, invited several ministerial brethren, who preached there the word of life. In the course of a few years, a piece of ground was taken; and after much labour, anxiety and bitter disappointment, the good man had the felicity of witnessing the completion of a house for God, which was vested in trust for the use of the Particular Baptists. The chapel was opened in 1827; the late George Comb, of Soho, the late William House, of Clement's Lane, and Benjamin Lewis, of Southwark, were the preachers on the occasion, when a little band of believers were formed into a gospel church, and John Masters chosen one of its deacons.

The infant church experienced many trials and difficulties in procuring supplies; at length a minister was appointed over them, during whose pastorate the *communion was opened*;* when honest John, and a few others, who thought the faith and practice of the early saints worth contending for, at once withdrew their fellowship, though they continued to worship with them.

Towards the close of the year 1842, the writer was elected pastor of this people; they were then in a sadly disordered condition, very remote from Apostolic practice—and doctrine too.—The secular affairs were conducted, and the pulpit supplies obtained, by a *Committee of management*. In a very few months the pastor had the happiness of baptizing seven disciples, to whom his testimony was made a blessing; this was an event deeply interesting to many, as the Baptistry had not been opened for several years.

The church now thought it high time to act for themselves, and soon determined upon setting the house in order, and cleansing it of existing abuses. They henceforth resolved to act upon *strict communion principles*. The consequence of all this was, the great bulk of those whose subscriptions formed the chief pecuniary support of the ministry, withdrew; the movement was organized on purpose to cripple the energies of the poor church, and starve out the pastor, who was now suddenly plunged into very embarrassing circumstances; yet he was not altogether discouraged. “Persecuted, (indeed), but not forsaken; cast down but not destroyed.” He felt he had discharged a duty owing to himself, to the church and his Master, and was determined to stand or fall with the banner of truth in his hand; he therefore took gladly his share in the reproach of the cross. Nevertheless, he is free to confess *now*, after the experience of twelve years, that—it was in an unguarded moment he undertook the pastorate of the church in their then disorganized state; had

* I forbear to mention the name of the brother referred to, as he has often acknowledged it was a step in the wrong direction, and expressed his deep regret on that account.

he been wiser, he would have declined their earnest request to fight their battles, and left them to settle it before he took the oversight of them, and perhaps have spared himself many head-aches and heart-aches. Blessed be God! who seeth not as man seeth, and knows an error in *judgment* from a base motive in the *heart*!

The Lord was pleased to bless the labours of his servant from time to time to a few precious souls whom he had begotten in the bonds of the gospel; and about twenty-one were added to the church during his ministry, among whom might be mentioned Samuel Cozens—now pastor of the Baptist church, Willenhall, Staffordshire—and his amiable wife, who were dismissed from the church at Lessness Heath, and received the right hand of fellowship into the church here, May 5, 1844. No doubt he has often realized the text given him on that occasion—Isaiah liv. 17. It would be well if every church were formed with such members. Samuel stood by his pastor to the last, and deeply sympathized with him in his trials and persecutions; he helped and encouraged him—not with empty words—but with solid, substantial aid; his house and purse were always open to him; and though many years have passed since then, it is not forgotten by the Master, nor the servant either; who takes a pleasure in the opportunity now afforded of making this grateful record of a brother in the faith. On the same day Samuel Smith was admitted a member from the church at Crayford—a quiet, unassuming little man. The Lord appears to have need of him also; and he has of late ministered in East Farleigh Baptist Chapel.

A passing remark is likewise due to John Inwards, who was united to the church about this time, and still continues his membership, though frequently acceptably supplying several pulpits in the county. Some months ago he preached for his old pastor at Maidstone; and if he proclaims "*Christ All in all*" in the pointed, savoury, powerful manner he did then, we may expect the Master will set him to work soon.

In 1846 the writer was called away to labor in Sheerness, when he was immediately succeeded by his aged brother—Mr. Coleman. The commencement of his ministry was at Lessness Heath, where he continued fourteen years. He afterwards became pastor of the church at Colnbrook, Bucks., for twenty-two years; and finally took the oversight of this church, where he finished his course in peace, October 4, 1848.

After the pulpit had been supplied for some time, the present minister—brother Wallis—was invited to the pastoral office, which he has sustained about five or six years. The cause has prospered considerably during that period; the numbers have increased, and the chapel undergone substantial repairs. May the little one become a thousand, the hearts of minister and people be united, and imbued with the Spirit of Christ, and the labours of his servant crowned with continued success.

CORNELIUS SLIM.

GRAVESEND, ZOAR CHAPEL.

On Tuesday evening, February 28th, after singing the 220th hymn in Mr. Stringer's book, brother Nichols read a portion of the sacred word, and implored the blessing and presence of God; the 223d hymn was then sung, at the close of which, Mr. Stringer (at the head of the pool) announced his text, Acts xviii. last clause of 8th verse, and spoke from it thus—1st. Paul's preaching; 2nd. The people's faith; 3rd. Their practical obedience. At the close of the discourse, Mr. Stringer baptized nine believers in our precious Christ. The chapel was crowded with spectators, and many could not obtain admission. The order throughout was excellent, the solemnity great, the presence of the Great Commander sweetly enjoyed, the candidates happy, the audience—especially the Independents—filled with wonder, and God glorified. With the nine baptised, and two from other churches, our little community is increased with eleven believers. "The Lord of hosts is with us,"—peace reigns,—power is felt,—and prosperity realised. Within two years and a half, at Gravesend, Mr. Stringer has baptised 33 persons upon the confession of their faith, and others we believe will shortly embrace that Christ preaching, God-glorifying, world-despised ordinance—

"If God be for us, who can be against us?"

Baptised into death,
We sink and rise again,
We put on Christ by faith,
And glorify his name,

What he commands we know is right,
To serve him thus is our delight.

J. NICHOLS, } Deacons.
H. PUTTENHAM, }

EAST STREET, WALWORTH.

On Thursday, March 2nd, a very interesting meeting was held to commemorate the completion of the first year's union of Mr. Joseph Chislett, as pastor with this church. Many of the members of the congregation, with several ministers from neighbouring churches, amounting to upwards of 250 took tea together, after which the service of the evening commenced with singing and prayer. Mr. C. expressed the pleasure he felt in witnessing so many assembled on the occasion, stated the order of the meeting, and requested the Secretary to read a brief account of the last year's proceedings, from which it appeared that 31 have been received by baptism, and 22 by letters, &c. Decrease, by dismission to other churches, deaths and exclusions 20; clear increase 33; total numbers on the books 210. Mr. S. K. Bland then addressed the meeting, and in the names of the Sunday School teachers, presented Mr. C. with a copy of Kitto's Illustrated Bible in two handsome volumes, and four volumes of Dr. Goodwin's works. Mr. J. Wells made several powerful and judicious remarks, as did also Mr. J. Foreman, who in the name of some of the congregation, as a token of their esteem, requested his acceptance of a purse, (contents not named.) Mr. New-

born in a short, affectionate, and very appropriate speech addressed the meeting. In the course of the evening, the names of the five former pastors of this church were alluded to, as the former Elijah's, and an earnest prayer that a double portion of the Spirit bestowed on them, may be given to the present Elijah; and with the apostle to give glory to Him, who is the giver of every good and perfect gift; who could say, "I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God that was with me."

The service closed with singing and prayer. We trust the wise and able counsel given, will not be soon forgotten. The company separated, as far as we could learn, highly pleased and profited.

JOHNSON STREET

INFANT'S FRIEND SOCIETY.

DEAR SIR.—Feeling assured that you take a lively interest in the formation of all Societies having in view the amelioration of the sad condition to which sin has reduced the human race, it is with much pleasure that I forward to you a brief notice of a meeting held on Tuesday, March 7th, at Johnson Street, Notting Hill, for the formation of an Infant's Friend Society. A numerous company assembled. Mr. Foreman, who had been invited to preside on the occasion, took the chair. A hymn having been sung, and the divine blessing implored by Mr. Williamson, Mr. Foreman, in a lengthened address, explained the objects of the Society, and then called on Mr. Newborn to move the first resolution which was as follows: "That this meeting considers, that to do good is in accordance with the divine precept, and therefore resolves that a Society be formed for assisting poor women in the time of their confinement, to be called the Johnson Street Chapel Infant's Friend Society." Mr. Wells, seconded the resolution. Mr. Stenson proposed that a Committee be formed for the carrying out of the objects of the Society; this resolution was seconded by Mr. Bloomfield. Mr. Garrit proposed, and Mr. Williamson seconded the last resolution, which was to the effect that the present meeting considers the Society worthy of support, therefore that a collection be made this evening for the benefit of the Infant's Friend Society; the meeting was concluded by singing and prayer. The evening's collection, with donations voluntarily presented by the committee, amounted to £8 17s. 6d. and the committee are encouraged by some, who have given in their names as annual subscribers to the Society. May the blessing of the Lord attend the labours of this Society, and may the supporters realize the truth of the words of the Lord Jesus when he said: "It is more blessed to give than to receive." E. S. WILLIAMSON.

THE LITTLE

BAPTIST CAUSE AT GREAT MARLOW.

MR. EDITOR.—I believe it is true, when they say the Strict Baptist community is an odd

and despised one; yes, as it was in the days of our Lord on earth, who was the Founder of our community, so it is now; we are poor, particular and despised; still, we live more than many, separated from worldly conformity, dwelling alone; we are the men wondered at. Albeit, let not any man think within himself that we are on the consumption list: we are not: we have many chapels, and churches in them too, long built and soundly established: we have others building, and more yet in projection: while in the midst we have Jesus, the great Shepherd; a good few sheep; and we have baptism by immersion, which many cannot brook. There is now at Great Marlow, Bucks., a few of Jacob's children, who have been struggling mightily hard for the space of two years and a-half for pure, free-grace truth, and a life of obedience to the commands of God in the church. In the Wesleyan chapel, (kindly granted for the occasion,) on Monday, March 13, for the help and encouragement of the Baptist friends, C. W. Banks delivered an unreserved, yet Christian-spirited discourse, from that which is written in Psalm xlvii. 8, 9. The preacher was at home; he spake as a man should do, who stands between God and sinners; he descended right down to the crushed, broken, contrite-hearted sinner, and ascended to the throne of God's holiness; he seared to the regions of bliss, and drew forth our souls to a view of that harmony and unimaginable glory when all the now fainting, groaning, travelling saints, with united breath, shall burst forth the song of blessing, and honour, and glory, and power unto the Lamb for ever and ever. Amen, and amen.

By this discourse some were softened, some were consoled, some encouraged, others animated; the collection was good; never yet in any Baptist chapel did the writer feel more at home than in the Wesleyan chapel on that occasion; why was all this? Because the Holy Ghost was there. With thanks to God, the holy, blessed Three, I say, Amen.

ABRAHAM HOWARD.

HORSHAM, SUSSEX.

MR. EDITOR—I have once more to inform you of the peace and prosperity of the church of God, assembling at Rehoboth Chapel, Horsham, under the pastoral care of Mr. E. Mote, who baptised, on Lord's-day, February 26th, 1854, five believers in Jesus, who made a satisfactory statement before the church, of their faith in Christ, and repentance towards God. There was one male, and four females; one of the females was seventy-seven years of age,—she was greatly supported by the Lord. All seemed to enjoy the ordinance, and that passage of holy writ once more proved true—"Obedience is better than sacrifice."

They were all added to the church the following Lord's-day.

We must say—"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Your's affectionately in the bonds of the Gospel,

THOMAS HILL.

THE INDUSTRIOUS AND SUCCESSFUL
MINISTRY OF MR. WALL, AT RYE,
 IN SUSSEX, AND
 THE GOOD OLD PURITAN JEAKE.

[We are truly thankful to "A Visitor," for the following excellent report of the energetic and happy doings of the pastor and people connected with the Baptist cause at Rye, in Sussex.—Ed.]

DEAR SIR.—There is no cabin of your monthly packet which your readers are better pleased with than that which contains accounts of the churches; and the interest is heightened, when you can tell of progress and prosperity; of a fruitful ministry—an united people—and active zeal in the service of the truth, whether in aggressive war on the kingdom of darkness, or in trailing up the tender branches of the vine, or watering the droughty plants in the king's vineyard.

Being a working man yourself, you have a brotherly sympathy for *labourers* in the fields and a becoming contempt for skulkers, who care for the fleece, and neglect the flock. If you think the following suitable for insertion, please print it, and let the stay-at-homes know what their brethren are about on the sea-board of Sussex. I was at Rye the 16th of February last; and it is what I saw and heard there that I wish to communicate.

The chronicles of the cause there would furnish a treat to the lovers of church history; but my business is with a short passage thereof, touching things as they are.

Mr. Wall, who commenced his ministry at Rye under many discouragements, was not left to mourn over labours in vain; the hearers increased, souls were converted, sleepers were waked up, and the dull quiet walls echoed with songs of praise, hymned by living voices, and melody of the heart. The good man not only preached in the pulpit, he looked after the neglected young, fostered the Sunday-school, obtained assistance from the intelligent of his flock, and gave lessons in letters and industry, to poor boys and girls at stated hours of the week; till at length the demand for room became urgent, and these Christian philanthropists had their choice of a dilemma—they must do *more* or they must do *less*. As there is no getting on far in this world without money, and as the Rye friends (like many we know,) are only rich in faith, it seemed they must adopt the *latter* alternative, and relax their exertions; but this they could not submit to without absolute compulsion, so they resolved by God's help to try the former.

Side-by-side with their chapel stood an old building, every stone of which conveys a lesson equal to any sculptured relic of Nineveh, on Babylon. It was erected by a puritan of the name of Jeake, who was born in the reign of James I.—lived in the disastrous times of Charles I.—basked in the sunny days of puritanism, under the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell,—suffered persecution in the reign of Charles II.—shared in the deceitful toleration of James II.—and was privileged to rejoice at the accession of William and Mary, and to see the demon of English persecution put in

chains under sentence of banishment. The puritan Jeake became a marked man for cruel bigotry to shoot at, in the year 1662; and was in constant expectation of imprisonment and ruin till 1676, when he was summoned to appear at Lewes, where the assizes were to be held April 21. Knowing that accusation for the high crime of unbelief in "the divine right of kings to govern wrong," and the apostolical succession of lord bishops was tautamount to proof of the culprit's guilt, he prudently declined the invitation to walk into the lion's mouth, and so kept away from Lewes. The church-and-state myrmidons next procured the issue against him, of what is called in the outlandish language of lawyers, "*A writ de excommunicato capiendo*," to avoid which he levanted to Dover, but found no safety there, as the news of his case had travelled thither before him; and like the hunted hare he was was fain to double, to baffle his pursuers. He was well versed in law, and therefore knew how to plant stops in the way of injustice, and foil the adversary with his own weapons. Herein he had an advantage over many of his down-trodden brethren, whose goods were confiscated, and their persons thrust into dungeons; and, not unfrequently brought forth to be mutilated, their backs flayed with the whip, their cheeks branded with hot irons, their ears cut off, and their noses slit, these being the mild methods taken in those *good old times*, for weaning people from the conventicle, and winning their affections to the venerable establishment. But Jeake was not selfish in the use of his legal skill, for while he checkmated his opponents, and kept his feet out of the stocks, he was ever ready to help the persecuted; and as he had opportunity, visited the twos and threes of the Lord's scattered family, ministering comfort, and encouragement under their afflictions, and exhorting them to endure as "seeing Him who is invisible." His enemies grown impatient, and mortified at his tact, whereby he neutralized all their cunning, he was compelled to appear before the King and Council at Whitehall, Aug. 29, 1682. The charge brought against him was, that he was a preacher to a seditious conventicle. Others of the party were present; but as the charge of preaching was made against Jeake, the king asked which was ho. Jeake drew near, and told the king he was the person so charged, but that he preached sedition, he denied. The king asked him why he transgressed the laws, in preaching in a conventicle? to which Jeake replied, that, if he did transgress the laws, his Majesty's courts were open. The king told him if he were so much for law, he should have it, and bid the Attorney General to prosecute him under the Oxford act, and commanded the informer to shut up the doors of the meeting place on his return. On Nov. 23, intelligence was brought that an attachment was out against Jeake, who preferring even a modicum of liberty, to the close quarters of a prison, left Rye at an early hour of the morning for London, whither he travelled on horseback, and there he remained till the month of May, 1687, when the scheme of James II. for the introduction of popery, for-

bade the enforcement of persecuting statutes against Dissenters. He continued his labours among the people till October 1696, when he was called into rest. In answer to a question put to him as to the state of his mind, his last words were, "I GO TO MY FATHER."

The edifice referred to, Joake erected in 1689, and no doubt he calculated on its standing till the present generation should cease. The walls are of stone, three feet thick at the base, and only slightly narrowed in the upper part. In the course of years the congregation dwindled away, and the building was appropriated as a dwelling, and on various accounts became a nuisance rather than a blessing to the town. Mr. Wall and his friends set their desires on the possession of this old chapel, which they believed they could make good use of, as a Sunday-school on the Sabbath, and a Ragged School in the week. The scheme being started, they did what they could themselves, and then went to their neighbours who to their honour be it spoken, gave liberally; and of the total expense of the purchase and alteration, three hundred pounds or more, scarcely £30 remained unpaid. The upper floor of the old building is opened to the chapel, for the accommodation of children on Sundays; the ground floor is fitted with all the needful furniture of a school, where 200 youths of various ages are instructed gratuitously in the week, by the minister and his flock. February 16, was the day chosen for united thanksgivings to the Father of mercies for success so far attained, and to implore a divine blessing on the work. Many were there from neighbouring towns; the day was fine, a large number sat down to dinner, three hundred partook of tea, and the arrangements for comfort were faultless. Mr. Edgcombe of Dover preached in the morning, from 1 Tim. i. 17. Mr. Jones of Blackheath in the afternoon, from Isaiah lv. 1. In the evening, after an address from the pastor, the following subject was discussed by Messrs. Blake of Sandhurst, Jones and Edgcombe: "The wisdom and kindness of Zion's King in the appointment of qualified pastors in his church." I heard many say that the services were refreshing and delightful. The different speakers were evidently gifted with a spirit of utterance. It was a day to be remembered. The Lord give to all our vacant churches, able, devoted pastors, like our brother Wall, and to all truthful, active ministers, a warm-hearted, attached, working people, like the church at Rye. May the beauty of the Lord their God be upon them! I am, dear Sir, yours, in gospel service. A VISITOR.

THE BAPTIST CAUSE AT HAZLEMERE.

I WILL give an account of the above cause as briefly as possible. It is something more than eight years ago that a young man by the name of Matthew Welland began to speak in a room. The room becoming too strait, the congregation took an out-building, formerly occupied as a skittle ground, and fitted up what we call "Our Chapel." The cause at that time was carried on by a committee.

Things at first seemed to go on well; the chapel was crowded with apparently anxious hearers; but there was not much manifest union among them.

Mr. Welland soon became a popular man, and was called to supply at Farnham, Woking, Guildford; so that he was at Haslemere but once a month. In his absence, he sent us Mr. Joy, then of Alton, and Mr. Mansfield, then of Guildford. From that time there was a falling off in the number of hearers, and a division of feeling; some were Baptists, others Independents. Mr. Welland had hitherto sprinkled infants, but now publicly renounced it, declaring he believed it to be without Scriptural authority.

On the 11th of September, 1848, Mr. Welland, (with nine others), was baptized at Ripley, by Mr. Allnutt. Mr. W. took the afternoon service, during which he said he had for some time past stood against the light of his conscience in sprinkling infants; but he hoped the Lord would forgive him. He had, at that time, made an engagement with a people in Warwickshire, for a few weeks, but told us that he should leave them when he had fulfilled his engagement, as they could not agree with baptism. But from thence he has never returned, leaving us to get on as a church as we could.

From this time we went on with Mr. Joy and Mr. Mansfield, each coming once a month. The church unanimously chose me as deacon, to break bread, and read sermons, when we had no minister, after being organized as a church by Mr. Allnutt. But very soon war broke out between our parsons. And as Mr. Mansfield was at that time a determined Anti-baptist, he left, and many that did not like water went with him. They have built a chapel at Farnhurst, about three miles from Haslemere. Mr. M. also preaches at Chichester, Midhurst, and Bolney. I think it was in June, 1849, by request of the church, and from an impulse within, that I began, with much trembling, publicly to preach the gospel as far as I had ability, telling the church, if they were not edified, I would leave off. Instead of wishing me to leave off, they bid me God speed, and blessed God for raising me up, and for rendering me useful.

There now appeared to be unity among us; we were happy in each other's company; and several cast in their lot with us. I used to speak three times a month, and Mr. Joy once. Mr. Joy coming so seldom, and the Lord being pleased to honor my humble testimony, some wished—(as Mr. Joy was called to labor in other places)—that I should fill the pulpit every Sabbath. This motion stirred up a little unhappy feeling in some quarters. I was charged with striving for the pastoral office, and some that before encouraged me now did all they could to stop my mouth; others were labouring in prayer to uphold me. Amidst all this confusion I gathered consolation from two sources: one was, I knew what I had done was with a good conscience; I coveted no man's silver or gold, or human applause; I had preached the gospel freely; my only aim was their spiritual welfare. The other source of

consolation was the sweet whispers of the Spirit within, assuring me that the Lord was my Rock, and there was no unrighteousness in him.

There appeared no hope of reconciliation; our chapel lease was run out; I therefore told the church if they would choose Mr. Joy, I would retire. Instead thereof, Mr. Joy retired, and one third of the church went with him, and have since held worship in a house. This took place in December, 1852; since that time we have been few, but have had peace among ourselves; God's presence has been realized; many sweet seasons have we enjoyed, while Jesus' precious name has been as ointment poured forth; and I hope the Spirit of God is working effectually in the hearts of some that come to hear. We have great cause for humbleness, as well as thankfulness.

I am happy to say our friends take a deep interest in the school; and I have found a spirit of conviction among the children which I pray God may end in real conversion. I do trust the Lord is with us, and that the God of Jacob is our Refuge; may he be our Guide till death, and afterwards receive us to glory.

Your's truly,
REUBEN HARDING.

P.S. I would say, we have lost one member by death during the last year, one of the first that was baptised in the open air. Through grace, she was enabled to walk worthy of her profession: and from the time of her baptism till her death there was a visible growth in grace and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ. Yea, I may say, she was a true disciple of Him who went about doing good. She told me a very short time before she died that the Lord was so precious that she felt no desire to live, or fear to die. Her husband—who is a deacon—told me the last night she was in the world he read for their evening meditation 2 Cor. iv.; and as he dropped a word or two on the 13th and 14th verses, she said she believed it would be well with her, as she felt she had the same spirit of faith. After committing themselves to the care of Him that neither slumbers or sleeps, they retired to rest. About midnight she told her husband she felt her mind sinking; and about five o'clock she said it was well, come life or death. He went for the doctor, during which time her case became dangerous. On seeing her sister weep, she said, "Weep not; the Lord is mine, and I am his." Before the doctor came up-stairs, she bid her husband good-bye; told her sister she loved her husband, but loved the Lord better. Both mother and child died under the doctor's hands on the 12th of October, 1853, in the 39th year of her age. She was the first that we have ever lost. As we stood around her grave, singing,

"Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus;
Thou with us shall wake from death,"

I felt such heavenly peace flow into my soul that I longed to depart and be with Christ; and could truly say,

"Here vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with thee."

Her memory is blessed.

Shotton Mill, March 10, 1854.

GOOD NEWS FROM DEVONPORT!

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Here is God-glorifying news from the west. Our much esteemed friend and brother Rowlands preached his farewell sermon at Mount Zion Chapel, Devonport; has been brought out through the Holy Spirit working in him to be honest in preaching his commands to his disciples, and all his servants whom he sends out to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. I am a witness in hearing him preach and vindicate the Lord's ordinance of believer's baptism. He came in this town to preach to a few who came out from Mount Zion Chapel, and preached in a room as an Independent. They soon built him a Chapel. After preaching in it about five years, latterly I often heard him advocate the ordinance of baptism; and the Lord greatly blessed his ministry. At length the congregation at Mount Zion diminished. They sent to brother Milling's congregation to come back, and join them again at Mount Zion. Mr. French, who was their stated minister, was still to remain; brother Rowlands to preach one part of the day, Mr. French the other. It was agreed on: the chapel was sold: Mr. French sprinkled infants, and brother Rowlands preached it down, and advocated believer's baptism. Very soon the chapel deeds were handed to brother Rowlands. In them it was stated that no minister was to advocate the ordinance. This muzzled the ox who trod out the corn, and grieved him much. Soon on the back of this, he was told by the officers of the church that he was to have no fixed salary for preaching, but was to receive the little they had left after the expences of the chapel were all paid. He refused to accept it, and threw himself into the hands of God by prayer and supplication, to bring him out from amongst them, and to open a door where he could sound out all God's commandments without bonds, and to be delivered from the ungodly practice of infant sprinkling.

Just at this time, the friends at Stonehouse, Union Street Chapel—who are Strict Baptists—were discomfited in a minister, and they sent to brother Rowlands to come and serve them as often as he could. He consented to it; and the Lord blessed the word to their souls; for I heard several of them say so; and they soon gave him a call to become their stated pastor, and he accepted it. Last night I left my chapel at Plymouth—Trinity Chapel—to hear the good old man of God preach his farewell sermon at Mount Zion to a large body of people from these words, "Ye must be born again." The Lord was manifestly in him; and it was a faithful, experimental discourse; our hearts and souls felt the power of it to the glory of God, and to the humbling us down at his dear feet. He publickly gave us his reasons for leaving: one was, because they muzzled him with the deeds of the chapel, and his disapprobation to infant sprinkling. Mr. French was present: I saw him. Mr. Rowlands told them he wished to part from them in peace, so as to meet as friends, and offered to serve them at any time. His old friends, who cannot go to

Stonehouse, are very sorry to part with him. It was a heart-rending parting; but I was told that many of them were going to give up their sittings that evening, and follow him to Stonehouse, the chapel Mr. Webster left.

Here is another evidence that the Lord is at work in the west! May God grant we may hear of more, and see more of the hand of God in his servants, bringing them into the following him in obedience to his commandments. I thought you would be glad to hear of this. Your's, in the best bonds,

J. G., A MEMBER OF TRINITY CHAPEL.
Devonport, March 20th, 1854.

Brief Notices.

DR. GILL'S COMMENTARY.—Mr. Doudney, in conjunction with his "*Bonnahon Industrial Printing School*," has completed his herculean task of producing a complete new edition of Dr. Gill on the Old and New Testaments. The six noble volumes are now in our hands, Mr. Collingridge having kindly made us a present of the work. As far as time would admit, we have examined the contents, and feel justified in saying, a larger mass of Biblical matter—of exceedingly valuable, sound evangelical illustration and exposition of Scripture text, is nowhere to be found for the price at which these volumes are rendered. Under the heading, "*Some of the Beauties of the Bible*," we purpose to give—in future numbers—a few choice quotations. Neither time nor space allow us in this brief notice to do more than give the following few words to his friends, with which Mr. Doudney closes his labours:—

"Beloved Friends.—Words will utterly fail in attempting to describe to you what are our feelings in announcing to you the close of this great and important undertaking. It seems verily like a dream. We ask ourselves again and again, 'Can it be true that Gill's Commentary is complete? that the work upon which we entered somewhat less than two years and a half ago, is brought to a close? that our mingled hopes and fears—joys and sorrows—have subsided?' To God—to God alone—be the glory! To his wisdom, his grace, his faithfulness, his abounding and superabounding love, mercy and compassion, be all the praise!

"We adore thee, oh our covenant God and Father, in that by thy good hand upon us, we have accomplished the work thou didst put it into our hearts to undertake; and now crown it, we implore thee, with thy smile! Send it forth into the length and breadth of the land, yea, let it testify to the very ends of the earth of covenant love, blood and salvation! Amen, and amen.

"DAVID ALFRED DOUDNEY."

"*Asleep in Jesus; or, a small tribute of affection to the memory of a beloved child.*" By S. Adams, curate of Thornton and Bagworth, Leicestershire. London: Aylott and Jones. This is a good man's memorial of a good and gracious child, whose experience on the dying bed was truly amazing for a child

so tender in life. We purpose to notice the work more fully, and make a few extracts therefrom in CHEERING WORDS for May, which little half-penny monthly may be had of Houlston and Stoneman.

THE SPREAD OF THE GLORIOUS GOSPEL.—A pamphlet by Mr. Garrard, of Leicester, and published by Aylott and Co., has come to hand. It is entitled, "*The True and Real Struggle*," &c., &c. The Author of "*The Coming Struggle*" here meets with some faithful dealing; and the "*signs of the times*" are turned to good account. Mr. Garrard tells us what the *real struggle* is; who the parties are that must be engaged in it, and how it will end. The following paragraph from the body of the work is both encouraging and instructive:—

"Doubtless, the wrath contained in '*the sixth vial*' is now pouring out upon the river Euphrates, which concerns the Turkish empire; and the seventh and last vial follows quickly, and will soon be bubbling in the neck of the vial. The sixth vial is poured out upon the '*great river Euphrates*:' that is, upon whatever hindereth the restoration of the Jews, and the destruction of mystical Babylon (as the Turkish empire), 'that the way of the kings of the east might be prepared' (Rev. xvi. 12).

"Concerning '*the kings of the east*,' there are different opinions. And here I only 'show you my opinion.' After the day of Pentecost, the gospel went out from Jerusalem, and travelled westward. It was preached in Asia Minor, and then crossed the nations of Europe westward, through Rome, Spain, Holland, France, Switzerland, Germany, and other provinces, and crossed the Channel to the British Isles. And then, by the persecuted Puritan fathers, it was carried across the wide Atlantic to America. The shining, vivifying glory of the gospel, like the light of the sun, travelled westward, leaving the east in darkness, idolatry, superstition, and heathenish night—in those parts where Christ was crucified, and where the prophets and apostles were put to death. And Jesus said, 'The night cometh when no man can work.' Consider what little conversion-work—real conversions to God—by the work of ministers in the dark benighted East, since the light of the glorious gospel left those parts of the world, and shined westward, through the Gentile ministers, filled with the Spirit of God. 'They shall fly upon the shoulders of the Philistines towards the west (civilised Gentile nations) and shall spoil them of the East.' This gospel must shine round the world, like the sun, westward. It went out from Asia, through Africa, Europe and America, and has nearly gone round the world; and is now rising, like the sun, in the extreme east of Asia—in China; for, amidst that signal insurrection in China, the people there, it seems, are receiving the dawning light of the gospel. 'So they shall fear the name of the Lord from the west, and his glory from the rising of the sun.' The Sun of righteousness must arise in the East. And, as the light and brightness of the sun drives darkness before it, so the light and glory of the

gospel of Christ drives darkness, superstition, and heathenish night before it. Gross darkness hath covered the eastern part of the world—Turkey, China, Tartary, Japan, and the East Indies. And the gospel light in the East will alarm the wild beasts, (tyrants and despotic kings), and make them more fierce and savage. But the angels, (or messengers), Christ's gospel ministers, with gospel-trumpet sound, 'shall gather his elect from the four winds.' And when these kings of the East begin to move, by the Spirit of God moving in them, and the Sun of righteousness shining upon them, then know that the great battle of Armageddon, and the destruction of *mystical Babylon*, is not far distant. Then the end comes—the end of the beast's reign—the end of all kingly despotism and tyranny—the end of all priestcraft and ecclesiastical oppression in all nations. The parties concerned in this great battle will, doubtless, be popish tyranny and kingly despotism, against truth, light and liberty. The latter must prevail, and Christ, 'the Lord alone, shall be exalted in that day.' 'He must reign.' "

THE KENT STREET SCHOOLS.—In a former part of this number, we have given a brief report of the address delivered by Mr. West, on the commemoration of his jubilee, he having for fifty years superintended those most important and valuable institutions—"The Kent Street Schools." We have since received a communication descriptive of the origin and usefulness of an Auxiliary to these establishments called "THE CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATION." Hoping that reference to this essential branch of the above institution, may be useful to other schools, and even to Christian churches, we feel constrained to call attention to the same. The origin of "the Co-operative" was simply thus;—as years rolled on, some of those boys who had received great benefit from the school themselves, were prompted by a sense of gratitude to fill the office of teachers, and thereby endeavour to be useful to others. By and bye these teachers became husbands, fathers of families, and heads of houses, and found it impossible faithfully to occupy their position as teachers, without neglecting important duties at home. They consequently withdrew from the classes. But, Mr. West, anxious to retain the services of these useful and devoted men, proposed the formation of an Association embodying as many of the before-mentioned persons as possible, and having for its object the rendering strength, counsel, assistance, and encouragement to the schools in any and in every practicable manner. For more than fifteen years, perhaps, this co-operative, then, has been in existence; so that while teachers are labouring to impart instruction to the children committed to their care, the co-operatives are watching over, and sympathizing with, the best interests of the institution; sometimes employing themselves in canvassing for children; at other times seeking for zealous, able, and kind-hearted teachers; and occasionally relieving some of the teachers by taking their stand in the midst of the classes, administering instruction and wholesome lessons thereon. Thus has "The co-

operative" proved a kind of powerful rear-guard—furnishing a body of Christian men who throw all the time and talent they can possibly afford into the general services of the schools, willing to be commissioned in any department of labour that can promote the best object of the institution. Beside the occasional and devotional gatherings and labours of these "Co-operatives" they hold quarterly meetings alternately at their own residences, where teachers are united—encouraging instances of usefulness are related, matured instruction is imparted, and a spirit of zeal and harmony is maintained, all proving of incalculable advantage to the associated bodies. We commend this to the prayerful consideration of Sunday-schools, and Christian churches. It plainly proves that when and where the heart is right, and where the will is gratefully bent on doing good, some useful post may always be found, and in some labour of love every one may be, more or less, employed.

Thoughts on the Mercy of God.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

SIR.—On Sunday morning March 12, 1854, Mr. Samuel Milner preached from this text—"Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens, and thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." Psalm xxxvi. 5. He spoke very largely, and very sweetly, of the exemplification of mercy in various instances to many of the people of God, so that they might visibly see his hand, and acknowledge his power.

The sermon was blest to the comfort and encouragement of many who were congregated together that morning, particularly to myself; it was to my soul what Mr. Gadsby used to call "a dead lift." I had passed through a week of severe conflict, but it came as healing balm to my soul, so I composed a few verses on Mercy, which if you think them worth a place in your valuable "Vessel" they are at your service. I remain your humble servant,
SALMON'S LANE, LIMBOUSE. THOMAS HALL.

Thy mercy, O Lord, in the heavens appears,
But mercy, she could not stay there,
She swiftly descended to wipe off the tear
Of penitent sinners at prayer.

How sweet to the soul where this mercy is felt!
'Tis a fortaste of glory indeed;
Our hearts at the sight of our Jesus do melt,
And for him they solemnly bleed.

We thus to the cross of Mount Calvary turn,
Where mercy is streaming in blood;
The o'erwhelming sight makes our hearts quite
to burn
With tears flowing down like a flood.

'Tis mercy brings peace, and true happiness, too;
And quite removes every fear:
Our sins and misgivings are hidden from view,
While Jesus, our mercy is near.

We then do rejoice, and sweet fellowship prove;
'Tis then we can feel we are blest;
Being lov'd with eternal, unchangeable love,
We on the Lord's bosom can rest.

The soul when thus favour'd is filled with joy,
And feels on the threshold of bliss;
The world and its pleasures appear but a toy,
Compar'd with such pleasure as this.

Thus mercy hath led me the whole of my life,
And mercy the same will complete;
For when death appeareth to finish the strife,
She'll wait me to Jesu's dear feet.

There in the bright mansions of glory to raise
The song of free mercy alone;
While millions of voices unceasingly praise
The Lamb in the midst of the throne.

The Present Conflict of Nations.

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

DEAR SIR,—We have fallen on eventful, anxious times, when complications strange and ominous are darkening the political horizon of Europe. The temple of Janus is open, and the Moloch of war is stalking forth to gorge on human flesh, and luxuriate in the groans of dying warriors, and the bitter cries and tears of bereaved widows and fatherless orphans. Curiosity is excited, expectation is on tip-toe, the enquiry is general and constant,—“What’s the news?” But notwithstanding all the talk and enthusiasm in our streets, it is certain that the *many*,—and we may add, *the church*—do not as yet realise the awful fact of **MURDEROUS WAR!** It is so many years since we were engaged in strife of arms, except in remote parts, that to nine-tenths of our population, war is only a tale of history, and armies and fleets the costly baubles of a proud aristocracy. They need some of the awful realities of the battle-field to come immediately before their eyes, ere they can possess the deep solemn feelings which affect older memories—but which, were it the will of God, we wish they might be spared. It is with no desire to provoke controversy, nor to alienate your valuable pages from the objects to which they are pledged, that I ask for a little space to state my thoughts, and invite my honoured brethren in the ministry to ponder the subject of the day, and qualify themselves to be in this, as in other matters, guides to their flocks.

Perhaps we ought not to regret that some good men are so devoted by choice and conviction to the study of **ETERNITY**, as to know little, and to care little, about the mutations of *time*. The gospel in its precious influence on believing minds fits for all ends, sustains under all burdens, and directs in all straits; and therefore a ministry which simply exhibits our precious Christ as “The Way, the Truth, and the Life,” in relations purely spiritual, may be a very *efficient ministry*, and have honourable testimonials in renewed hearts, and in the book of remembrance written before God. Mal. iii. 16. It is for every servant of our Divine Master to be fully persuaded in his own mind, concerning his own proper gift, and the department of service which his Lord has directed him to occupy: and it would be unbecoming of one to judge another in these particulars, or to require his brother to overstep the lines of his capacity or calling, drawn—as *he* believes—by the hand of sovereignty. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, that the ministerial province is as wide as the range of revelation, and though not *necessary*, it is very *desirable* that the teachers of truth should be agreed on the signs of the times; and be prepared to direct the judgment and the devotions of the people, in reference to the struggles of nations, and the advancement of Messiah’s kingdom.

Vol. X.—No. 112.—May, 1854.

To be satisfied ourselves, and to be helps to others in our present crisis, we must be convinced that the Lord’s hand is in the movement, and that the course taken by our government is just and wise.

Doubt on either of these points will generate painful anxiety in the soul, and embarrassment at the throne of grace. We believe the time is coming when the nations shall not learn war any more; and we rejoice to mark progress in the policy of governments—our own especially—in a direction opposed to the inhuman practice. It is because one of the potentates, pledged by solemn treaties to maintain peace, and the inviolability of territorial rights, has assumed the bully, and sent forth his legions of slaves to rob and murder his neighbours, that England and France have combined, and gone out against him, to check his ambition, and compel him to retire within his own boundaries. To say it is no business of our’s, and because we are strong enough to defy aggression on our own soil, we ought to stand by and allow a rapacious despot to glut on the blood of a weaker nation, is to plead for selfishness and indolence. For what has the Governor of the world endowed us with such an amount of physical and moral strength, if on such occasions it is not to be used? Esther was raised to queenly estate for the preservation of her doomed relatives; and the individual or nation, gifted with power, and refusing to exert it in defence of the oppressed, must be chargeable with the guilt of the man who hid his talent in the earth, and was deprived of the same. Mr. Cobden’s plan of arbitration has been tried to the last moment, and has failed. The queen’s ministers have been harshly censured for treating so long with such an insane, self-willed brute. His great provocation is the growing spirit of liberty, and the spread of Protestantism in Turkey. He is as implacable and intolerant as the Pope of Rome; and between them they would shut out the light of heaven, banish the Bible, and rivet adamantine fetters on the universal mind of man. We know they shall not ultimately succeed, but we must try and hasten their defeat. Unlike our forefathers, we are not unsheathing the sword to increase our possessions, nor for revenge, nor glory. This is a contest for liberty against tyranny; for truth and justice against hypocrisy and extortion; for civilization against barbarism; for Protestantism and the Bible, against Antichristian superstition and bigotry. It were better to fail in such an enterprise, than deserve the curse of Meroz, who stood aloof from the battle for the avenging of Israel—(Judges v. 23).

But we anticipate *a triumph*: not for our-

selves—nor for the Turks; but for those high and holy principles which are destined to spread and secure peace to the world, make the moral wilderness an Eden, and the desert a garden of the Lord. (Isa. li. 3.)

With such expectations, we can pray that our senators may have wisdom, our generals skill, our soldiers courage in the conflict, and forbearance in the hour of victory. We shall pray for despotism to perish, and tranquility to ensue. That our country may prosper in all good things, that the deceiver of the nations may be speedily silenced, and that the seventh angel may soon sound his trumpet, when great voices in heaven shall be echoed by many voices on earth: "THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD ARE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS CHRIST, AND HE SHALL REIGN FOR EVER AND EVER." Rev. x. 15. I remain, dear sir, your's,
Blackheath, April 18. T. JONES.

TREATMENT OF THE

LAST VICTIM OF POPEERY IN SCOTLAND.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Should the following be thought worthy of a place in the EARTHEN VESSEL, I hope it may prove encouraging to many of the Lord's redeemed. I have perused the same with deep interest, and feel it very important; particularly so, as the clouds portend the rising storm.

Walter Mill was born about the year 1476. His parents were in respectable circumstances, and he was educated at the University of Aberdeen. At the age appointed by the canon law, Mill received orders, but did not enter a monastery. He had no opportunity of conversing with any of the leading reformers, but framed his opinions from a careful study and comparison of Scripture. A total change took place in his conduct and ministrations; he left off the celebration of the mass, and devoted himself entirely to preaching, and the instruction of his hearers.

Such conduct attracted notice and censure; he was therefore, in 1538, delated to the Archbishopric of St. Andrews, as a preacher of heretical doctrines, and was speedily cited to answer certain charges. He, however, sought safety in flight, and retired to Germany, where he remained for some time; associating himself with Zuinglius, Acolampadius, and others, he was more fully instructed in the reformed doctrines. While on the continent, he occasionally preached, and severed the last tie which connected him with Rome, by entering into the marriage state. He returned to preach the pure gospel in Scotland about the year 1556. At first he lived a retired life; he instructed many privately in the truth, and denounced the vices of the age.

But he soon became more conspicuous, and excited the jealousy of the clergy by proclaiming most unpalatable truths; and being informed of their designs, judged it prudent to change his residence. So matters continued till 1558, when Archbishop Hamilton, exasperated by the failure of his attempt to induce

the Protestant nobles to dismiss their preachers, was looking out for some victim upon whom to wreak his vengeance. The feeble age of Mill, who was now in his eighty-second year, did not shield him from the primate's hostility—who, being informed that the reformer was residing at Dysart, resolved to make an example of him. Mill was therefore apprehended by Sir George Strabane, and Sir Hugh Torry, who carried him to St. Andrews, where he was lodged in prison. Indefatigable efforts were made to induce him to retract—both by flatteries, threats, and promises. Finding, however, that he was immovable, they resolved to proceed against him, according to the laws of the Romish Church.

An assembly, composed of various of the dignified clergy, was summoned to sit in judgment on the heretic. The Archbishop presided in person, and beside him were seated the bishops of Moray, Brechen, Caithness, &c.; the abbots of Dumferline, Lindors, and Cupar, and various doctors of theology in St. Andrews—John Grierson, black friar; John Winram, sub-proprietor of the abbey; William Cranston, sub-prior of the old college, and others. The trial took place on the 20th April, 1559.

Mill appeared so poor and feeble an old man, that the spectators deeply compassionated him; he seemed so feeble that many doubted whether he would be able to make any defence. When commanded to mount a pulpit prepared for the occasion, his infirmity required assistance. He looked calmly around, then sank on his knees, and implored divine help. But he was commanded by a priest, named Sir Andrew Oliphant, to rise, and answer to the articles of accusation. He obeyed; and spake in a voice which astonished the audience, and dismayed his accusers. "Sir Walter Mill, (cried Oliphant), arise, give answers to the articles; for you keep the Lord my Archbishop here too long." Mill looked at him with a smile of pity: "We ought to obey God, (said he), rather than man. I serve one more powerful—even Almighty God; and whereas you were wont to call me Sir Walter, call me not so now: I have been too long one of the Pope's knights. Now say what thou pleasest."

Fox gives the following account of the trial, which was conducted by Oliphant, who began with the following questions: "What thinkest thou of priest's marriages?" "I think it a blessed bond; (replied Mill;) for Christ himself maintained and approved the same, and also made it free to all men; but ye think it not free to you; ye abhor it; and in the meantime, take other men's wives and daughters, and will not keep the bond that God hath made; ye vow chastity, and break the same. Saint Paul had rather marry than burn; the which I have done; for God never forbade marriage to any man, of what state or degree soever he be." "Thou sayest (continued Oliphant) there be not seven sacraments?" Mill answered, "Give me the Lord's Supper, and baptism, and take you the rest, and part them among you; for if there be seven, why have you omitted the rest—to wit, marriage, and give yourselves to slanderous and un-

bridled license?" "Thou art against the blessed sacrament of the altar, (said Oliphant), and sayest that the mass is wrong, and idolatry." "A lord or a king (replied Mill) sendeth and calleth many to a dinner; and when the dinner is in readiness, he causeth to ring the bell, and the men come to the hall, and sit down, to be partakers of the dinner; but the lord, turning his back upon them, eateth all himself, and so do ye." "Thou deniest the sacrament of the altar (said Oliphant) to be the very body and blood of Christ." "The Scripture of God (returned Mill) is not to be taken carnally, but spiritually; and standeth in faith only: and as for the mass, it is wrong; for Christ was once offered on the cross for man's trespasses, and will never be offered again; for them he endeth all sacrifice." "Thou deniest the office of a bishop," urged the priest. "I affirm, (replied Mill), that they whom ye call bishops do no bishop's works, nor use the office of a bishop, as Paul biddeth, writing to Timothy, but live after their own sensual pleasure and take no care of the flock, nor yet regard the law of God, but desire to be honoured, and called 'my lords.'" "Thou speakest against pilgrimage," said Oliphant. "I affirm, and say that it is not commanded in the Scriptures," replied Mill. "Thou preachest secretly and privately in houses, and openly in the fields." "Yea, man, and on the sea also, sailing in a ship." "Wilt not thou recant thy erroneous opinions? And if thou wilt not, I will pronounce sentence against thee." "I am accused for my life; and therefore, as Christ said to Judas, 'Quod facis, fac citius;' ye shall know that I will not recant the truth; for I am corn—I am no chaff: I will not be blown away with the wind, nor burst with the flail: but I will abide both." The examination was now closed, and Oliphant pronounced sentence upon the aged champion of the truth.

Mills's boldness and fervent piety, with his venerable appearance, excited the sympathy of the beholders. The whole city of St. Andrew's shared this feeling; which was so deep, that the Archbishop could not get a civil judge to condemn him. Learmont, the steward of the regality, and provost of the city, determined not to countenance the procedure, went to the country. Even the Archbishop's chaplain refused to condemn him; and, says Fox, "the whole town was so offended with his unjust condemnation, that the bishop's servants could not get for their money so much as one cord to tie him to the stake, or a tar barrel to burn him; but were constrained to cut the cords of their master's own pavilion to serve their turn." At length the Archbishop bribed one of his own domestics, named Alexander Somerville, to act as temporal judge. The stake was prepared on the very day of Mills's condemnation; and by this unworthy minion of Hamilton was the aged martyr led forth to receive the crown of glory. He was guarded by a band of soldiers, and Oliphant, with other priests, accompanied him. Oliphant desired Mill to advance to the stake; for he had halted when he came in sight of it. But he replied, "No: yet if

thou wilt put me up with thy hand, and take part in my death, thou shalt see me go to the stake gladly; but, by the law of God, I am forbidden to lay violent hands on myself." Upon this the fanatical priest pushed the martyr rudely forward with his hands; who went forward, bravely, saying, "Introibo ad altare Dei." Mill desired to address the crowd, but Oliphant forbade him, saying that the bishops were already offended at his much speaking. But the people, sympathising with the aged sufferer, exclaimed with a loud voice that the bishops would yet lament that day, and desired him to say what he pleased. Fear now silenced the persecutors; the aged priest sank on his knees in prayer, then rising, stood on the coals, and thus addressed the multitude: "Dear friends, the cause why I suffer this day is not for any crime; (although I am a miserable sinner before God;) but only for the defence of the faith of Jesus Christ, set forth to us in the Old and New Testaments; for which, as the faithful martyrs have offered themselves gladly before, being assured after their death of the eternal felicity of their bodies, so this day I praise God that he has called me of his mercy among the rest of his servants, to seal his truth with my life; which, as I have received it of him, I willingly offer it to his glory. Therefore, as you would escape the eternal death, be no longer seduced by the lies of priests, monks, friars, abbots, and popish priests, and the rest of the sect of Antichrist; but depend only on Jesus Christ, and his mercy, that ye may be delivered from condemnation."

This affecting speech caused the multitude to give vent to their feelings in groans and tears. Then turning to his persecutors, he said, "I marvel at your rage, ye hypocrites, in thus persisting to persecute the servants of the living God; but hundreds shall rise out of my ashes, who shall chase you from your temples of iniquity, and establish the true faith of Jesus Christ. I trust in God I shall be the last that shall die for the truth in Scotland, in this manner."

Mill was now drawn to the stake, and the fire lighted; while the flames raged about his body, he gave utterance to expressions of the most heroic fortitude, and constantly commended his soul to God. His last words were, "Lord, have mercy on me! Pray, pray good people, while there is time!"

He entered into rest on the 20th of April, 1559; leaving a name which was long after hallowed in Scotland.

I remain, dear brother, your's in the Lord
Jesus, W. CÆSAR.

Guildford, April 15, 1854.

"The church of God has its own joys, its own interests, its own sphere of life—but rest is not its portion here. It is an assembly of believers, who are met together in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ—whose ground of union is a common faith in his precious blood—and who are agreed in their submission to the word and Spirit of God in all things."—*Major Rowlandson's Basket of Fragments and Crumbs.*

LETTER FROM MR. J BUNYAN M'CURE,
CONTAINING SOME ACCOUNT OF
THE FORMATION OF A PARTICULAR BAPTIST
CHURCH IN GEELONG, AUSTRALIA;
AND OF HIS VISIT TO VAN-DIEMAN'S LAND.

An Account of the proceedings of the Particular Baptist Church meeting at a small place of worship in Saffron Street, Chilwell, Geelong, Victoria, Australia. (Copied from our Church Book.)

"Oct. 1853.—The God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the Rock of our Salvation, whose work is perfect, having, in the wondrous council of his will, determined that a few of his redeemed ones should be brought to dwell in this part of the world; also determined that they should be brought to know and have fellowship with each other; and in answer to many supplications has been pleased to grant the request of the poor and needy.

"Some of our dear friends have been for the last ten years without any certain resting place, feeling great want of a faithful ministry, and never until now been able to unite with a people who believe in the ancient settlements of the everlasting hills—a people who have an experimental acquaintance with the plague of their own hearts and the riches of a free-grace salvation—the salvation of God through Christ Jesus our Lord. But now He who led Israel by a right way in the wilderness has been graciously pleased to bring from the father-land a few more of those who hope in his mercy to be fellow travellers with those who were already here. He hath united our hearts to fear his name, and given us a desire to fear him, and to walk together in love. He hath blest us with a faithful witness, our dear brother, John Bunyan M'Cure, who, by the grace of God the Holy Ghost, is enabled to speak of the things touching the King, the good tidings of great joy, the everlasting gospel of the Son of God; so that our hearts are cheered, our faith encouraged, and our hope strengthened; he hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad; and glad that by his leading, and gracious teaching, we have been brought to desire to be united together in the bonds of church-fellowship, that we may enjoy the blessings of the Lord's house; and by the gracious Spirit's manifest indwelling in our souls, behold his goings in the sanctuary. For which purpose ten brethren and nine sisters, after having entreated the Lord for his directions, chose our beloved brother, John Bunyan M'Cure, to preside over our meeting; at which it was proposed that each brother and sister should declare to the rest then assembled what God had done for his or her soul. Such declarations were accordingly made by each, and after various questions had been asked touching the belief of those then assembled, and satisfactory answers given, it was, in the case of each brother and each sister, put to the show of hands whether such brother or sister was one with whom the rest could unite in church-fellowship. The feeling in each case being unanymous, it was declared that brethren John Bunyan M'Cure, Barnes, Friend, Dines, Trotman, Woolard, Dawes, Hartshorne, Williams, Ash; and sisters Barnes, Gundry, Ash, Dawes, Richards, Adook, Dines, Hartshorne, and Nicholson, were the persons who

should form the foundation of a Particular Baptist Church."

On the following Lord's-day, after solemn prayer, I publicly formed them into a Strict Baptist Church; after which we approached the table of the Lord. It was a solemn time. Some of the dear souls had not enjoyed the privilege of the Lord's Supper and communion with the saints for ten years; it was to them a return from captivity, turning and coming again to Zion with rejoicing. Oh what a privilege is church-communion in these far-distant lands!

It is true that a great many of the adopted ones have landed on our shores; but no sooner than they arrive they are gone, some to the gold mines, and others to different parts of the bush; yet we are favoured. Most of our brethren and sisters are settled down in comfortable circumstances, and are likely to continue together. At present we are of one heart and of one mind: God only knows how long it will continue.

I am encouraged to hope that we shall go on in peace. The people who are now together are gathered through my ministry—on my arrival they were scattered. Those who love a full and free-grace salvation were drawn; while others turned away with a growl, "Oh, he is an antinomian." By the grace of God I will only feed the children, I cannot help the dogs being under the table. At present we are not troubled with them. There are plenty of preachers here who will be glad to sew pillows to their armholes to let them down into hell easy, without my doing so. I am not in any way dependant upon their liberality. We make no collection; money is never named. We have a box at the door to receive the free offerings of the people when they come in or go out at each service. If the English churches would adopt the same plan I am sure that it would lead to great good to the churches and ministers.

Last week I returned from Van Dieman's Land. I went first to Launceston, and saw Mr. Dowling; he was quite delighted in seeing me, and received me with great kindness. He is quite well, and as active as a young man. He has a nice comfortable chapel, about half full of hearers: things generally appear to be in a low state. I left Launceston by the night mail for Hobart Town, a distance of 120 miles. It appears to be a very fine and pleasant country; some of the mountains are 5000 feet high, and covered with snow. Something said to me when I saw the prisoners working on the roads, "Who maketh thee to differ from another?" &c. I met one going with heavy irons and yellow clothes, and double letters worked on his back, according to his crime and punishment. I said, "There goes John Bunyan M'Cure but for the grace of God." When I arrived at Hobart Town I found my way to some of the Lord's dear children. I learnt from them that there was no truth in the town; there was a person preaching at the Baptist Chapel, telling the people they may come if they like, &c. He has preached out those who love the truth, and baptising any one who will come to him. I met with a lady, a member of the late Mr. Irons's; she is grieving exceedingly on account of the unfaithfulness of men professing to be sent of God to preach the gospel; they preach a gospel of their own devising, but not the glorious gospel of the blessed God, laying the creature low in the

dust, and holding our most precious and all-glorious Christ the head, the first, and the last. Surely if these were sent of God and taught by God the Holy Ghost,

"The only gospel they could own,
Sets Jesus Christ upon his throne;
Proclaims salvation full and free,
Obtained on Calvary's rugged tree."

And spiritual breathings and desires must increase and ascend up to heaven.

In that important land, Van Dieman's Land, dear brother Dowling appears to be standing quite alone. There is not another known who fearlessly declares the whole counsel of God; and we cannot expect that he will remain in the church in the wilderness a great while longer, being in his seventy-third year. He has made arrangements to spend a short time in Geelong; I hope to see him this week.

It would greatly rejoice my soul if the dear Lord would bring out into this land some few of his own servants who are blest with the unction of the Holy Ghost. I would do all in my power towards supporting and encouraging one at Geelong; but I feel afraid to say one word to lead any away from their present possession, without writing the truth. The Lord's dear children are a small people who love the whole truth, but are not able to support a minister wholly. Those who have a trade in their hands need not fear; by the Lord's blessing they will be sure to do well: but I will write more to you on the subject another time.

I am sorry to say that up to this date, January 10, 1854, I have not received one letter from my Christian friends. Last week I received a short letter from my brother informing me of the illness of my father. I quite expected to have received many letters before this time, and likewise some copies of the EARTHEN VESSEL. Our Christian love to our many dear friends. You are often the subject of our conversation, and our prayer unto the Lord. We hope that you are all well. Thankful am I to be able to say that we are all well—myself, wife, and children; and through the Lord's goodness we are doing well in our business. I must draw to a close, or I shall be too late for the mail. Dear brethren, farewell for the present; and believe me your's in our Lord Jesus,

JOHN BUNYAN M'CURR.

Moorabool Street, Geelong, Australia.

January 10, 1854.

REVIEW.

"Predicted Events Coming upon the Nations of the Earth: a Sermon preached more than 200 years ago, before Oliver Cromwell and the Houses of Parliament on a National Fast Day. By Dr. JOHN OWEN, pointing to, and descriptive of Events now transpiring in the World. To which is added, A Most Glorious Scripture Prophecy: Shewing how it shall be with the Church of Christ unto the End of the World. By CHRISTOPHER NESS. 4th. Edition, with Appendix." London: HOULSTON AND STOKEMAN, 65, Paternoster Row.

(TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.)

DEAR SIR.—Should you think the following remarks on that "Sermon of Dr. Owen, and the Prophecy of Christopher Ness," which you have

just published, worth inserting in your journal, as tending yet further to direct the minds of your readers to the hitherto all-but-neglected study of Scripture prophecy as specially bearing on the present times, they are much at your service.

DAVIDICUS.

The sermon which Dr. Owen preached before Oliver Cromwell and the Houses of Parliament, about two centuries ago, we consider to be specially worthy of notice on these grounds—that he himself was manifestly a chosen instrument in the hands of the Spirit of God to witness for the kingdom of Christ in those troublous times in which he lived; wherein, also, that most remarkable man, the Protector of the Commonwealth of our Israel, was raised up to deliver the church in these lands from the superstition, idolatry and carnal oppression of those spiritual Midianites of former times, who became as 'chaff before the wind' at the irresistible onset of that 'mighty man of valour,' and his chosen band of devoted followers in those days; while Owen was singled out from the crowd of witnesses of his day, by that discerning man, as one eminently gifted and fitted above his brethren, to guide the helm of spiritual affairs in the kingdom, seeing he was appointed Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford during the protectorate, even as Cromwell himself upheld the sceptre of power in a more carnal kind during that crisis of our national glory as a Protestant kingdom of the earth.

The sermon referred to, we consider, hath been most opportunely brought before the public at this time—at a moment when a remnant of that spiritually corrupt seed of Midian, after the spirit—have again appeared in the midst of the camp of our Israel—who are truly neither *Romanists* nor *Protestants*, although savouring of the former rather than of the latter, even as Midian was distinct from both Moab and Israel; but were by the counsel of Balaam 'cast as stumbling-blocks' in the way of the chosen seed to tempt them to commit whoredom with those corrupt idolators, so as to bring upon them the just anger of God: See Numbers xxv. 31; and Judges vi. 8, for an account of those 'wars of the Lord' both on the other side of Jordan and in the land of Israel's inheritance. But which spiritual *plague-spot* hath once more appeared in our times in the professing church, under the name of Puseyism, or Tractarianism; and which is manifestly of a similar character in a spiritual kind to that more carnal fornication and idolatry which brought the divine circumcision on a multitude of Israel in former times, and which will doubtless bring about like results in these days. Hence, we judge, that everything which tendeth to bring more clearly into view that spiritual mystery of iniquity, through whatsoever witness—past or present—for God and his truth to purge the church of all such intruders into the camp of our Israel, we hold to be of service to warn the saints, lest they be taken in the snare of so subtle an adversary.

But, as the space allotted to reviews of works in your magazine, we presume, is small, we can barely notice a few prominent passages in the sermon alluded to, which we consider as most particularly bearing on these our times, for the sake of your numerous readers, whose ears, we trust, will be found open to 'hear what the Spirit

saith unto the chubres; especially as we 'as a people chosen for the name of the Lord,' are now on the eve of a 'time of trouble,' of which Danel and all the prophets witness has to come to pass 'in the last days.'

With this in view, we beg to direct the attention of your readers—most of whom, we trust, will be able to peruse the sermon itself—first to page 10; wherein Dr. Owen explains his views of the 'heavens and the earth,' which were to be shaken as being, *not* the Judicial heavens or ceremonies, which some had thought, but first the 'Pagan-Romish state,' the overthrow of which he considered as being described in Rev. vi. 12—15; and next, of the removal of the 'Papal power,' the end of which he looked to as then approaching—pages 16 to 18—while he takes occasion to give his decided negative to the discoveries and *curiosities*, as he terms them, of those who, in his time, held the doctrine of the *Personal reign* of Christ on the earth—page 14.

Now, concerning his first idea respecting the putting away of the heavens and earth, as referred to by Paul and Haggai, being the removal of the *Pagan powers*, we may take leave to differ a little from the learned divine, seeing we do consider the *Jewish heavens and earth* to have been, at least, primarily signified by the Spirit in the apostle of the Gentiles; and certainly, we cannot agree with him in his application of the sixth seal to that event, instead of seeing it foreshown in Rev. xiii. 1—11; wherein is set forth the contest of Michael and the Dragon, on the birth of the man-child; while the sixth seal refers to the French Revolution in 1789-92. Nor yet, do we see that his mind had any clear vision at all of the *Papal period*, which he barely notices as commencing about the year 450; while he adds nothing of its termination—which, according to his hypothesis, would have stretched beyond his day—that is, to A.D. 1710, or 75 years later; (see page 16;) and, although, to do the Doctor justice in this latter particular, we see in page 30 that he does not undertake to solve the mystery of 'chronologies and computations which yet have their use; and to count a number being wisdom indeed.' He had light however to see, that the Turkish power was signified under the Apocalyptic emblem of the River Euphrates, whose waters—he said, were too high in his day to allow the 'kings of the east,' or Jewish people, then to pass over; (page 21;) while, at the same time, he notices the purpose of God to restore the Jews—page 20. But he admits, that the great stumbling-block to their conversion, was the idolatry of the Gentile nations professing Christianity.

Again, in page 22, he remarks, that 'of the speedy accomplishment of all this I no way doubt. I believe, and therefore have I spoken. Whether I shall see any further perfection of this work whilst I am here below, I am no way solicitous; being assured, that if I fail of it here, I shall, through the grace of Him that hath loved us, and given himself for us, meet with the treasures of it otherwise.' Again, when speaking of the importance of noticing the 'signs of the times,' in the fulfilment of prophecy in various ages of the church, he saith—pages 23, 24—'It is said of the men of Issachar, that they had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do. If the times and the seasons be not

discovered to them, if the mind and will of the Lord in their generation be not made known unto a people, it will be their ruin. Hence it is, that the Lord encourageth us to make enquiry after these things, to find out the seasons wherein he will do any great work for his people, knowing that without this we shall be altogether useless in the generation wherein we live. Isa. xlv. 11. "Ask me of things to come concerning my sons; and concerning the work of my hands command ye me." And what is this that the Lord will have his people to enquire of him about? Even the great work of the ruin of Babylon, and the restoration of his church, which yet was not to be accomplished for 240 years. The prophet Danel tells you that this was his great study; and at length he understood by books the approach of the time wherein God would deliver his church from Babylonish captivity and pollution.' Again, in page 27, 'Every age hath its peculiar work, hath its peculiar light. Now, what is the light that God manifestly gives in our days? Plainly, the peculiar light of this generation is that discovery which the Lord hath made to his people of the mystery of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny;' and to which apprehension of the mystery of iniquity by Dr. Owen in that day—both from within and from without the kingdom—we may add a yet further unfolding of the satanic designs of the mother of harlots and her coadjutors in our times, wherein Popery and Puseyism, Moab and Midian, hath in these days yet again conspired, as we see from Psalm lxxxiii., was done in the days of David, to make a fresh attack upon the citadel of our Zion. And hence, as we have said, we see it to be all-important to have the full light of divine truth made to bear upon that mystery of iniquity in every form. And finally, we may observe, that in page 29, he draws a conclusion to his discourse in many most excellent practical remarks, and appeals to his auditory in these words—'And here I dare appeal to all who with any diligence have inquired into the things of the kingdom of Christ, that have any savour upon their spirits of the accomplishment of prophecies and promises in the latter days, who count themselves concerned in the glory of the gospel—whether this thing of consuming the mystery of iniquity and vindicating the churches of Christ into the liberties purchased for them by the Lord Jesus, by the shaking and translating all opposing heights and heavens, be not fully in their expectations; only the time is in the hand of God, and the rule of our acting with him is his revealed will.' And so also in page 32—'Let the professing people that are amongst us look well to themselves. The day is coming that will burn like an oven. Dross will not endure this day. We have many an hypocrite as yet to be unceased; many that make a great show now upon the stage shall be turned off with shame enough. The spirit of judgment and burning will try you. Tremble, I pray! for you are entering the most purging trying furnace that ever the Lord set up on the earth. Is it not in vain to fight against the Lord? Some are angry, some troubled, some in the dark, some full of revenge; but the truth is, whether they will hear or forbear, Babylon shall fall, and all the glory of the earth shall be stained, and the kingdoms become the kingdoms of our Lord Jesus

Christ.' To which testimony of so faithful a witness in these days, we may add, by way of summing up the whole, that that 'shaking of the heavens and earth,' to which Dr. Owen directed the attention of the chief men in the nation in his time was but *one blow*, albeit it was a heavy one, brought by the hand of that valiant soldier of the Protestant faith against Babylon and her allies both within and without the kingdom. But now again it is manifest that we shall, in these days, have another purging, trying, and sifting time, such as the church hath never seen, (See Daniel xii. 1, 10,) during the pouring out of the remaining contents of the seventh vial. (Rev. xvi. 17—21. None of which had come to pass in that day; and wherein the 'heavens and the earth' of our time—all the stable institutions of every kingdom of the world—shall be shaken to their foundations; and finally all shall be removed that are not found to be built on the rock of God's eternal truth, both in churches and kingdoms, both in civil and ecclesiastical things, both in things carnal and spiritual, both in this and every other nation on the face of the earth; and the time is at hand, yea, at the doors, for the accomplishment of these judgments foretold in all the prophets, which shall prepare the way for the establishment of that kingdom which shall never have an end, even the reign of Christ and his saints unto the end of the world. See Rev. vii. 13, 14, 18, 22, 26, 27; and Rev. xx. 4.

We must defer our notice of the prophecy of Christopher Ness to another occasion, as we have more than exceeded the limits of space for one number.

PREDESTINATION, AND CREATURE RESPONSIBILITY.

BY T. CORBET, OF FROME.

DEAR BROTHER.—I send you a few plain thoughts upon predestination and creature responsibility. If you shall judge they may be useful in this day of gloom and bickering, you can freight them on board the VESSEL; if not, burn them.

Predestination, although so holy and glorious in itself, has by men been dressed up to appear the most ugly and dreadful of all things; to be both despised and hated; while creature responsibility, which is an awful thing, has been made to appear so amiable and innocent, that men cleave to plead for, and love it with the dearest love.

To predestinate, is to appoint, decree, ordain, determine, fix, settle, make sure, or certain. The word is not often used in the Scriptures; yet throughout the whole I see it shine more refulgent than the sun. O, my prospects would be truly gloomy if I viewed things running at random; or that the Governor of the nations ruled in subordination to the wills and whims of poor, proud, ignorant, sinful and fickle mortals; or that anything was, and comes into existence, and its end unknown to the omniscient God; or that in himself he wills and wishes an end to be attained, which is not. How painful to think upon a disappointed God, baffled love, frustrated intentions, designs of wisdom a blank, great attempts unsuccessful, amazing works ineffectual, and

infinite expences all thrown away as worthless! Can this be possible? With finite worms this has, will and must be the case; but not so with the infinite God. O my soul, give such a thought no quarter; rather let it be for ever banished as a crime to be detested.

Predestination, say some, and man's responsibility! How can these stand together? If predestination is a truth, then men are not responsible for their actions; and if men are responsible, then there can be no predestination. Thus men argue; carnal reasoning blinds them, so that revelation loses its authority with them. Yet, if these men would but sit down and calmly and impartially survey their own history, I am persuaded they would trace the footsteps of predestination indelibly impressed upon many events. Of this I am certain, that we are creatures of circumstances over which we have no control. We cannot frame circumstances, nor mould events to match with our wishes; but are oftentimes, and in many things, under the necessity to submit, and take things as they come. This looks like predestination; and if I murmur, repine, and rebel under my troubles, or resort to unlawful means to ease or disentangle myself, and the Lord makes the snare for my chastisement greater than it was before, this looks like responsibility. If under my troubles I use the only authorized means for deliverance, which is prayer, and though I cry and shout, yet the Lord does not deliver me. Does not this teach me that there is such a thing as predestination? And if I grow weary in crying, looking and waiting upon the Lord, and he makes me feel in my soul his frowns and rebukes, does not this teach me that there is such a thing as responsibility? If I cannot make sure of trading and gaining, nor keeping the gain when it is in my possession, nor by diligent plotting escape from a trouble which I see is coming, nor with all my care prevent sickness nor the stroke of death in the prime of life, does not this prove predestination? And if my losses, troubles, sickness, and death are the fruits of my walking contrary to the Lord—examples of which are noted in the Scriptures of truth—does not this prove responsibility? Alas! for the majority of the school-taught teachers in our day! their knowledge of predestination and responsibility is speculative, instead of being experimental; and the consequence is, they are entangled in a maze; sport with their own deceivings, and entangle all that listen to them and are led by them.

Did not the Lord govern his creatures by some fixed and immutable rule, everything must run at random, and nothing could be certain either to himself or the creature; and to suppose this, is to blot out the believer's hopes, and charge the Scriptures of truth with being a lie. But—Jehovah be for ever adored!—predestination not only settled the end, but the means to that end; and often a portion of the means to that end have been, and are, sinful, cruel and unnatural; yet the end has and shall be triumphantly attained; predestination remain immaculate, and responsibility retain its force.

It was predestinated that Joseph should be exalted to power and dignity above his brethren; and his brethren, aiming to prevent this, sold him for a slave; but the cruel means they employed to frustrate, brought it about. Here predestination settled the end, and also the means to that end; yet no man taught of God would dare to say that Joseph's brethren were not responsible for that act, nor did they say so; but on the contrary, when in the presence of their unknown brother, they said one to another, "We are verily guilty concerning our brother, in that we saw the anguish of his soul when he besought us, and we would not hear; therefore is this distress come upon us." Gen. xlii. 21. Jealousy prompted them to the act; predestination overruled that act; it baffled their intention, but did not indemnify them from guilt and grief. "As for you, ye thought evil against me; but God meant it unto good" Gen. i. 20. Here the good was in predestination, because it is good; God meant it to good, and produced that good; the evil was in them; predestination overruling their evil designs and acts for good, did not justify that act. Evil acts designing to compass an evil end, being circumvented and made to produce or bring about a good end, is taking the wise in their own craftiness, and aggravates the evil a thousand-fold.

But to pass on from Joseph, to Jesus in his death for the salvation of his people. His death was predestinated, also the manner, and by whom; or it must have been a peradventure, and not a certainty. The ordination of the end necessarily involves the ordination of the ways and means to that end. What are the prophecies relating both to persons and things, but so many developments of predestination? If predestination had not made the predictions certain, not only in the lump, but in every minute particular, how could there have been any certainty of their fulfilment? To say the Lord is faithful to perform all that he hath spoken, is all one with saying he hath predestinated to perform what he hath spoken; or predestinated, predicted, and then performeth.

The prophecies relating to the suffering and death of Jesus run, "His visage was more marred than any man, and his form more than the sons of men." Were the marring and deforming ordained, and not the marring and deforming? If the one were ordained to be done, so was the other: to make one certain is to make the other certain; for if the actors are not ascertained the acts cannot be predicted. As certain he was predestinated to be despised and rejected of men. Did predestination include the despising and rejecting and not the despisers and rejectors? I say it included both: and the ever-to-be-adored, though despised and rejected One, has pointed out the persons—"The Son of Man must suffer many things, and be rejected of this generation." Luke xvii. 25. Here is the prophecy—must suffer many things and be rejected, and that by the men of this generation. "Him being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye (the men of this generation) have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." Acts ii. 23 God's counsel

determined both the deed and the doers; for in determining the slaying, the wicked hands that slew were determined. Yet this determination of the slayers put no constraint upon nor influence into them; but they were left to their native blindness, carnal enmity, the promptings of satan, and the sway of their own wicked hearts; therefore the acts were their own, and they were responsible for the crime of murder. Predestination neither influences, prompts, nor compels any man to do evil; but leaving him to his own course, he will do evil with both hands greedily. And this the Lord can do in strict justice, seeing he owes no man, as a sinner, anything but wrath and indignation. Predestination makes no man a sinner, nor necessitates him to sin, and then damn him for being and doing what it compelled him to be and do. Being a sinner is man's own default; sinning is the fruit of being a sinner; and damnation is the law vindicating its own honour, which sin has trampled upon. Let predestination throw the reins upon the neck of a man's lusts, and providence furnish him with ways and means, there is nothing too vile for that man to do.

To have no restraints from evil doing is not constraint to it. Men need no promptings to, but they need restraints from evil; and all are under them more or less, either by holding in their lusts, or circumscribing their power in providence. The king of Gerar, when threatened with death for aiming to defile Sarah, pleaded his righteousness, saying he had not touched her; but the Lord told him the reason he had not, was not because he would not, but because he could not—"I also withheld thee from sinning against me, therefore suffered I thee not to touch her." Gen. xx. 6. Here, if this man had not been under the restraints of predestination, Sarah must have been defiled or murdered. Indeed, if men were not under the restraints of predestination, the whole frame of society would be dissolved, for the desperate crimes we hear and see some men commit, all would commit. The wonder with me is, not that men are so bad, but that men are not a thousand times worse; and sure I am it would be so were it not for predestination.

I will close these scattered thoughts by saying, that all who are and shall be saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation are under the constraints and restraints of predestination. These possess the double; while those who will die in love with sin are under its restraints, some more, some less; so that for some it shall be more tolerable, and others shall receive the greater damnation. Now, if this be the case, even wicked men have no cause, nor men professing godliness, to vent their spleen against predestination; for without it not a soul could have been saved, and they that perish would, by their greater and more abundant crimes, have made their hell the hotter.

T. CORBET.

"Satan tempts the saints to unholy wrath, (Luke ix. 54), and they don't know, and little think, where they had their coat, to so heat them from, till Christ tells them, 'Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.'"

Letters from the West of England.

WITH RECORDS OF MINISTERIAL EXERCISES—THE CONDITION OF GOSPEL CHURCHES—SKETCHES OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, &c., &c.

NO. II.

[THE first No. of this series is published separately—by Houlston & Stoneman, entitled—“My removal from Crosby Row to Unicorn Yard Chapel. *A few words to my friends; and to all who will befriend the truth.*” The following is a continuation; and if life, health, strength, and means, be given—this will be followed up by others. There are—in Church History and in Christian Character—thousands of striking illustrations of the sovereignty and saving nature of divine grace. As I travel from church to church; and from one christian family to another, I gather all I can that is good; and delight in giving it out for the encouragement of the Lord’s hidden ones where my *Vessel* is allowed to enter. Dear Friends—help us to spread our sails—and waft us farther still.—Ed.]

Tuesday, April 4, 1854.—I have just left London—am on my way to Plymouth—expecting, if the Lord permit, to preach this evening at Reading, and progress onward every day until I reach my journey’s end. It is a trial to leave friends, children, business, church, home, and all that is dear to one’s heart, and, casting one’s self entirely upon the mercy, care, and goodness of the Lord,—to go forth in the solemn work of preaching the gospel of the grace of God. For such a work I have at least three qualifications: The first is, I know and feel that I am a poor, weak, depraved, deceitful, and unworthy sinner, not deserving the least drop of mercy, nor one of the smallest blessings that the Lord has to bestow. Secondly, I know that both temporal deliverances, and gospel privileges have been granted unto me in such mysterious and numerous instances, that sometimes I do desire to be humbled down, and melted into tears of the deepest penitence at the feet of the Lord Jesus—and with every breath I draw, with every step I set, with every act and effort, to magnify the grace of my Saviour and my God. But, alas! how little of this desire is carried out in pure and holy practice. When, dearest Lord, shall I begin to live to thee? Thirdly, I know, that for more than fifteen years, there are few who have more willingly run hither and thither—where I have been called—talking of the things which concern the kingdom and the coming of IMMANUEL, GOD with us. If the Lord had not given me great strength, and supplied me in a bountiful manner indeed, I should long since either have been cast into a debtor’s dungeon, or laid in the silent grave.

1854.

Blessed—for ever blessed—be the Holy name of my heavenly Friend—in the midst of wrath, he has remembered mercy. He has spared me—and my chief desire is to give up myself entirely, honourably, and usefully, to his name, his people, his cause, and, then, at last, to find a little seat among the millions of the ransomed ones in glory, where,

In a nobler and a sweeter song,
We’ll crown him Lord of all.

Very soon after the train had moved off with us this day, I opened my Bible, with a desire (a poor, weak one, I must confess) that my eye might fall on some kind, cheering word—some spirit-cleansing, soul-reviving word; for if ever a man was worn down with trial, anxiety, secret sorrow, toil, and a thousand fears, I was this day when I left my home. The words which fastened upon my mind, were these, “*Come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem—that we be no more a reproach.*” After such a meeting as we had last evening—and having in my heart the hope that the Lord will use and honour me to help his people—both in a temporal and in a gospel sense, to build up the wall at Unicorn Yard; under such circumstances, the words of poor dear Nehemiah, (chap. ii. 17), appeared very applicable, and encouraging too. I considered the reproach to which Nehemiah referred—his brethren were in captivity, in great distress, the temple was defiled, the wall was in decay, the gates were burned with fire. I thought of the reproach which the whole of the Particular Baptist body laid under in many parts of this country. I could point to many places where the members of our Baptist churches are treated with much contempt, and frequently so persecuted, that they are compelled to leave good situations, and endure afflictions with the people of God. I thought, too, of the long and heavy reproach under which I have laid now for more than twelve years; and every one whom the Lord has given to me in church fellowship have been called to endure reproach in a measure. Reproach broke our Master’s heart; it has often wounded my spirit; crippled my usefulness; distressed my mind; discouraged my friends; ah, and often has it made me fear that neither my faith nor my fellowship in the gospel, were from heaven.

Wednesday, April 5.—Endeavoured to preach last evening in London-street, Reading, from Nehemiah’s words, “*Come, and let us build up the wall,*” &c., but my hoarseness and cold was afflicting indeed. I feared my preaching would soon be over. I spoke to the people, first, of the reproach to which Nehemiah referred; for you must note distinctly

that he considered the desolate and divided state of the wall at Jerusalem to be a reproach; and how was this reproach to be removed? By a united and zealous effort to build up the wall, to restore the true worship of a Triune God, and to bring the poor Jews out of their captivity. I could enter into Nehemiah's feelings with much sympathy when he said, "*Come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, THAT WE BE NO MORE A REPROACH.*" I have long been convinced that if a minister, or a gospel church, fall into reproach, it is not a little that will remove it. No, I have laboured and suffered under reproach for years; and I believe that reproach will live for generations after I have passed off the face of this lower world. Had I a trumpet-tongue, I would call upon every warm-hearted and clean-handed friend that Zion has, and seeing that Unicorn Yard Chapel is now to be—under God—the scene of my future labors, seeing that this very venerable metropolitan mother-church has fallen into weakness, and her walls into some decay; seeing, moreover, that here is a large field for doing good among the reckless, the wretched, and some of them that have believed; seeing these things are so, I would, like Nehemiah, say to the "few men that are with me," "*Come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem.*" With all my heart and soul would I add, "May God Almighty help me so righteously and honourably to build, and so usefully and successfully to labour, that enemies might be silenced, friends encouraged, sinners gathered, saints refreshed, the glorious gospel magnified, Immanuel's precious name exalted, and my poor head lifted up in the gates of the daughters of Zion to tell of the hand of my God that is good upon me.

To return to Reading. It was singular that I should have such a text to preach from in Providence Chapel, at such a time; and I thought I might be a little comforted when friend Martin said, if I had known all their circumstances, and had studied a sermon on purpose for them, I could not have spoken more suitably to their present position. That good man, Charles Vize, the deacon of Bethel, said the subject was precious and suitable. But I must tell you why it was so. There are two churches in Reading, who hold fast to New Testament ordinances, and all essential gospel principles. Neither one of these churches have a settled pastor—neither one of them are strong enough to support a minister in a becoming position. Both these churches meet for worship in hired chapels; and both these churches have to seek, month after month, for supplies for the pulpit. Some in both churches feel convinced that the two churches would do well if they were no longer to be *two*—but united together in one place, under one good, sound, judicious minister of the whole gospel, they might be useful, happy, and free from many anxieties which now renders church membership a weighty and unpleasant position. In London-street Chapel, there is room enough for both to be one. Mr. Marston has resigned, and left. Many are sorry he has gone; but while the interest is so divided, no hope can be enter-

tained of honourably supporting a valuable pastor. We should greatly rejoice to see these two little families sweetly and happily blended together; and if the several members are truly concerned for the welfare of Zion, they will lay aside party feelings, set their hearts and eyes only upon the glorious Person of Jesus, as revealed in the gospel, and united together around the cross, sitting in harmony under the healing shade of Calvary, they will sing,

"Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home."

No town in England presents a more delightful field for pure gospel labour. I have recommended them two good brethren; if neither of these are found to be God's mouth to feed their hungry souls, it shall still be my pleasure to seek after, and to send unto them, good and gracious men, until the Spirit of the Lord shall say, "*ARISE, AND ANOINT HIM: THIS IS HE.*"

I have pencilled down these few lines while riding from Reading to Bath; where, if the dear Lord will give me a little voice, and some healthy and holy breath in my lungs, I will try once more to feed that part of his little flock to whom in seasons past and gone it has been my happiness to deal out gospel bread.

Thursday, April 6, 1854. Last evening, I was once more in the pulpit of Widcombe Chapel, in the suburbs of Bath; I fought hard battles in my feelings, with reference to preaching in that place; because the minister, William Cromwell* is a man whom sin, satan, reproach and prejudice have done much to injure; but there are two things I know I cannot do with a determined intention—I cannot countenance any man in a course of sin; neither can I cast silent contempt upon a brother in Christ, because he has been found—from peculiar circumstances in a state of captivity—especially when I have good reason to believe that the Lord hath granted him repentance; and still renders his ministry useful in the conversion of sinners, and in the feeding and confirming of many of the dear believing saints. I have never entered Widcombe chapel yet, but I have had a power constraining me to go—a message to carry—and a sacred blessing in the service. There are some truly honest, deeply-spiritual, heaven-born vessels of mercy connected with the cause, and I am quite certain that wherever our glorious Shepherd folds any of his sheep, there shall be carried to them some gospel food. Wherever poor Ruth is found glean- ing, there will our blessed Boaz command some of his servants to let drop some handfuls of purpose for her. Such was especially the case last evening. So weak were my speaking powers, that I feared I should never go through the service—but I had this suitable portion on my mind—"Give us help from trouble; for vain is the help of man: through

* William Cromwell, since this was written—has been called into the presence of his Maker.

God we shall do valiantly," &c. Psalm ix. When I entered the vestry there met me some honest, warm-hearted godly men, who spoke the language of Canaan: when I sat down in the pulpit, they were singing,

"Lord, I cannot let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow."

The singing was delightful; the people seemed intent; the Lord helped me, and some declared good had been done. There were four things to which my mind was led in speaking: First, to notice some of those troubles which the Lord's people come into, wherein the help of man is vain. "*The time of Jacob's trouble*" is specially marked in God's word. When a quickened sinner lays under the curse of a broken law; when the sorrows of death and the pains of hell have taken fast hold of him, then he may run to priest or parson, and seek help and healing from books and "Bible Christians," as some call themselves, but they will be found dry breasts until the Great High Priest appears with blood divine, and such a blessing as will give that poor sinner an experience enabling him to sing,

"Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Can give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
"But O Christ the Heavenly Lamb
Takes all our sin away;
A Sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they."

The second thing was that real earnest prayer which a soul pours out with tears and sighs before the mercy-seat when troubles press down on the soul, and grace leads on to God.

There are but very few of the Lord's deeply tried children but have read the 16th verse of Isaiah xxvi., where the prophet is shewing how it is the true Israelite comes to his best Friend—"LORD," says he, "*in trouble have they visited thee: they poured out a secret speech when thy chastening was upon them.*" This is a remarkable and faithful text and touchstone of what my good brother Messer would call a "*vitalized Christianity.*" And the man that never knew what it was to weep out a secret speech at Jehovah's feet while the chastening hand of God was upon him, must surely be destitute of any comfortable evidence of his soul's eternal safety.

How a holy, heart-purifying, Christ-encouraging faith is brought into existence and exercise by the revealings and openings up in the soul of the covenant character and transactions of a THREE-ONE JEHOVAH, by the sweet Comforter of Israel, was another branch of the subject. A living faith, sirs, when it takes root in the new heart of a vessel of mercy, looks into the covenant of free and distinguishing grace. It lays the soul down at the feet of a dear Redeemer; it reads some of the precious promises; it brings to mind what great things God has done for thousands of poor sinners now in glory; and while it brings into the soul such encouraging views of covenant provisions and pardoning mercies, this admiring soul cannot help exclaiming

"*Through God we shall do valiantly!*" all my foes, all my fears, all my sins, all my sorrows, shall be drowned in the depths of the sea; and on the other side of the river I hope to sing, "*The Lord is my strength and song; and he is become my salvation. He is my God, and I will prepare him an habitation: my father's God, and I will exalt him.*" Oh! blessed climax! glorious consummation of a true believer's exercises and desires! My soul, be sure of this—that the beginning of thy heaven-seeking career was a broken heart for sin, a true repentance at the cross, a genuine faith in the perfect Person, and all-sufficient work of Jesus: then, well persuaded you may be, that when the Lord makes up his jewels, among them you will be. These lines I have pencilled down while the steam is drawing a huge mass of people from Bath to Exeter. Oh, may my patient Master help me again this night!

Exeter, April 6, 1854.—Entered this ancient city this afternoon, a perfect stranger to all—not knowing a soul within its walls that I could think of, but one Baptist minister, who is of so sour and selfish a cast that I should never think of approaching him. However, I had received an invitation to come and preach in the Old Tabernacle—the very place where dear old Henry Tanner preached so many years. Myself and little Charley were kindly received and entertained by brother R. Goodridge, whom I found to be a tried, and deeply exercised child of God. Of the many things I saw, and passed through in Exeter, I cannot now write fully; but in some of my future letters, Exeter shall not be forgotten, if God permit. After groaning and waiting in prayer for a message to go up with, I was compelled to go almost destitute of mind, matter, or any sense of divine mercy. This little word hung about my spirit—"That I might preach him among the heathen." (Gal. i. 16). And from these words I attempted to speak—and speak I did; but of it—of the Tabernacle—of dear Henry Tanner—and of other things, I hope to furnish a few interesting leaves another day.

Newton-Abbott, Devon., Saturday morning, April 8, 1854.—Came from Exeter to this place yester afternoon. A good man travelled with me; and in the house of brother Michelmore, an extensive drapery establishment, we found all things needful for the body. Newton-Abbott is a remarkably neat, quiet, and prettily arranged inland town, having in its neighbourhood some of the most delightful scenery that the world of nature can present. Ancient records furnish evidence of some interesting facts connected with this town; but I pass them by. Among the many places of worship to be found in this place, there is a neat Baptist chapel—complete, compact, and convenient. The history of the church connected with this place is interesting indeed; and one good man, Mr. Stitson, who has been clerk in the place for nearly or quite forty years, has partly promised to write me out a brief history of the persecutions and perils through which this part of the church

of Christ has been called to pass. I hope to give it to my readers some of these days.

I was engaged to preach in this said Baptist chapel last evening. I retired to seek for my message: but it was nearly time to be found in the pulpit before I could obtain the least degree of hope that I should have a message to carry unto the people. After much anxiety these words would abide with me—*“Look down, from heaven, and behold, from the habitation of thy holiness and thy glory: where is thy zeal and thy strength, the sounding of thy bowels, and of thy mercies toward me? Are they restrained? Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not: thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting.”* I went into the pulpit—they sang most sweetly. In reading the 32nd Psalm, I found my soul was set at liberty; the blessed Spirit breathed in my soul; and I realized a joyful expectation that the Lord would bring me forth in true and holy liberty, and bless the word to the precious souls that were present. Oh, I did pray for this! but the chain was not altogether taken off. After reading the text, I purposed to notice three things: I. *The affliction of the church; and the terms whereby that affliction was described.* II. *The prayer of the church, and to whom that prayer was directed.* III. *The plea of relationship, and the grounds in which that plea was laid.* You may form some idea of Zion's affliction, if you consider the way in which she interrogates the Lord. She says, *“Where is thy zeal?”* &c. The Lord's zeal is seen when he pours forth his Spirit; clothes his word with power; breaks the hearts of rebellious sinners; and binds up the smitten souls of his seeking saints. But when he hides his face; when he puts forth no power; when no meltings or movings of heart and soul are experienced. when the sermons, the songs, the service of the sanctuary, the sighings of the saints, and the souls of poor sinners, all appear left without any of the supernatural and invincible operations of the Almighty Spirit; without any demonstration of heavenly favour and mercy; then the church brings in her appeal, *“O Lord, where is thy zeal, thy strength, the sounding of thy bowels?”* &c. *“We have,”* she continues—*“seen thy sanctuary trodden down; we have ourselves erred from thy ways: our hearts have become hardened from thy fear;”* our state is dreadful; and yet no help from heaven do we receive. This state of things brings the church, under God, to earnest prayer; and in a pitiable, but prevalent spirit, she cries out, *“Look down from heaven, the habitation of thy holiness, and of thy glory,”* &c. She directs her supplications to Jehovah in the Trinity of his Persons—God in covenant; union to God in Christ, the habitation of his holiness; to God in the Person and anointing glories, and holy discoveries of the eternal Spirit. Such petitions are affectionate, acceptable, and successful. They never finally fall to the ground. They are followed up here by a delightful plea on the ground of relationship.—*“Doubtless, thou art our Father.”* That is, thou hast quickened and called our

souls into life. Thou hast nourished and fed our souls with the bread of life; thou hast adopted us into thy family, and put us among thy children; thou hast given us to feel a holy love to thee, and a sacred claim upon thee; such as loving children to parents that are just and kind. Therefore, although we are unknown and despised, we dare not doubt but that thou art our Father; and from everlasting to everlasting our glorious Daysman, God, Redeemer, Husband, and Friend, thou wilt be.

Thus, in a brief and hasty manner, have I caught a thought or two of last evening's discourse. And, now, hoping to be safely conveyed to Plymouth, for the present, farewell; but from the far-west you will hear of me again, if my good Lord will speed my way.

I have called here upon some dear old saints. Perhaps, some day, I may give you A Few Recollections of the Character of Country Christians.

Plymouth, Lord's-day, April 9, 1854.—For the first time in my life, I entered this gospel Goshen last evening, after a week of heavy labour in travelling and in preaching; so ill, so hoarse, and so weak was I, that I feared it would not be possible for me to preach this day. I began to look closely into my real state; for truly I felt it might not be long before I might be called to give an account of my stewardship, and I stand before a holy God. I cannot say that I was at all comfortable. No: many heavy fears sunk me; but as I walked through the town of Newton Abbott yesterday morning, with my heart a little lifted up to the Lord in prayer, these words did certainly spring up in my mind with comforting power, *“And last of all, he was seen of me also, as of one born out of due time.”* These words would abide with me; and they did a little help me in the midst of my sinkings. I was favoured to rest well; and arose this morning—but oh! how dark my mind was found! I could not feel my Saviour near; I could not hear his voice; I could not get hold of his strength; I could not find any of the blessed Spirit's anointing; I could not see how I was to preach. No: it was a dull unhappy time. Ah, I thought, this comes of being a minister; and perhaps I have done wrong in coming away from home at all. In this state I went to chapel; and not until just before I went into the pulpit did I feel the least spark of kindling light and love in my poor breast. When I was in the pulpit, I had that measure of freedom which enabled me to read and pray with some comfort. Trinity chapel, in which I was now standing, was originally built for Mr. Arthur Triggs; since he left it, many good and gracious men of God have preached the gospel of Jesus there: yea, I think I may say of that pulpit what, perhaps, cannot be said of many—it has never been defiled with any deadly error. The chapel is substantial, plain, commodious, and lofty; I suppose a thousand persons may worship therein. We had large congregations; among whom I saw many venerable heads, and nearly all eyes appeared anxiously fixed upon me while I spoke of the

effects produced in the mind and person of Saul of Tarsus by the revelation of Jesus Christ to his soul. How very beautiful—how complete—how comprehensive—does that Scripture now appear to me! Grateful, indeed, do I desire to be to the dear Saviour of my soul—not only for that, he gave me such a happy portion to commence my labours with in this place—but, moreover, because every sentence of it breathes forth the deep feelings of my heart. “*And last of all, he was seen of me also; as of one born out of due time.*” There is the source of all the Apostle’s faith, fellowship, and the foundation of his ministry too. HE SAW CHRIST. And from that glorious Fountain of life and light, a flood of illuminating, heart-changing, soul-transforming, self-colouring, sin-conquering power was received. Saul of Tarsus became dead to the law that he might live unto God. And now he adds, “*I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle; because I persecuted the church of God.*” Here is Paul’s genuine humility. What a mercy it is the Lord waits not for our meetness or fitness! If he had, he would never have made a minister of me; or, if he had, he would long since have turned me out of the vineyard, if he had not turned me into hell. “*But,*” as Paul says, “*by the grace of God I am what I am: and his grace which was bestowed upon me was not in vain: but I laboured more abundantly than they all: yet NOT I, but the grace of God which was with me.*” Here the abundant fruits of grace are declared. I hope, even in this department, I may creep in and claim my measure of adaptation. It is true, my labours have been among the poor and the afflicted; but, since the dear Lord took me into the vineyard, and harnessed me again to the gospel plough, I have never ceased to work with all the light and power he has given me; and hope I never shall, until I depart to dwell with him above.

Plymouth, Sunday-afternoon, April 9th.—I am now in the late Joseph Kudman’s study, waiting for the Lord to give me my work for the evening. Poor dear Joseph Kudman is gone! Here is his house—a little palace for convenience and domestic comfort; here is his study, with a goodly number of volumes—a room in which he had hoped to spend many holy and happy hours; here is his tender and affectionate widow, and his lovely little fatherless son; and withal, a few steps off, there is the chapel, and hundreds of anxious souls, to whom his ministry was a blessing. But in his youthful days he is gone home to glory. How mysterious! but all is well. I and a few more with me are yet in the vineyard for a little time longer. Lord, help us—oh! do help me—to live the remainder of my days in real devotedness to thy dear name; in increasing usefulness to thy people; and in a new-covenant, an evangelical, an experimental, a practical meetness and readiness for that blest state of which Watts so sweetly sings—

“All o’er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.”

Oh for some sweet and precious word this evening, to raise up my waiting, sinking heart!

After a little searching, the desire of my heart has been answered, I hope, in the words written in Psalm xii. 5, “*For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise, saith the Lord: I will set him in safety from him that puffeth at him.*” These words are an answer to David’s cry and complaint in the first part of the Psalm. Looking carefully at the words you will notice,

I. The terms by which the character and the condition of God’s saints are herein described—“*The oppression of the poor, and the sighing of the needy.*”

II. You must endeavour to fetch some spiritual honey out of the two gracious promises made to these poor and needy ones—“*Now will I arise—I will set him in safety.*”

I. The description given of the character and condition of God’s saints—“*Poor and needy, sighing under oppression.*” These words justify me in saying that the greater part of the most painful afflictions whereby the saints of God are exercised, arises from *oppression*, from *satanic persecution*, and from *spiritual imperfection*. In the first place, our trials arise from *oppression*. Oppression is either the taking away of our goods by force; or it is opposing us in our way; or it is laying heavier burdens upon us than we can carry. In all three of these ways the Lord’s people are oppressed: 1, There is the taking away from us that which is ours’. The Midianites oppressed the Israelites by taking away their corn as fast as it grew. These Midianites are so many spiritual adversaries, which are ever robbing the children of God. You pray for a blessing; you greatly need a blessing; you come to the house of the Lord, to the word of the Lord, and you gather fruit, you receive comfort, you obtain mercy, you lift up your head, and go away rejoicing; but before you are gone far, something comes in; some unclean spirit, some cross event, some family trial, or some old and sore besetment; you lose your comfort, you lose your strength, you feel you are robbed, you sink in sorrow; and now Solomon comes along, and he says, “*I returned and I considered all the oppressions done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter: and on the side of the oppressor there was power; but the poor oppressed saint had no comforter.*” How just a picture is this! Look at poor Job, and Heman, and David, and Mordecai. They are oppressed—they weep out tears of sorrow,—but no comforter. Sometimes to the dear oppressed child of God, the flesh seems strong to evil—satan is strong to tempt and to suggest wicked and painful thoughts—the world is strong to oppose—and even cruel oppressors are strong to afflict—but there is no comforter in present manifestation to relieve, to cheer, to deliver, although underneath are the everlasting arms to support.

It is to such an afflicted soul the promise is made. “*Now,*”—that is, at the appointed time; some say, “*in the days, or in the person and by the saving power of the Messiah,*” will I arise—I will stand to deliver the op-

pressed soul, and "set him in safety," or in *salvation*.—so that "the puffing tempter shall no more afflict or harm him." This promise is partly fulfilled when a vessel of mercy is brought by faith and fellowship to live under the shadow of the mercy-seat, and to walk in union and communion with Christ; but the full blessedness of it will not be known until we are taken out of the world up into glory.

This is a scanty outline of my first evening's discourse. We had a large number to hear; some blessed hymns were sung. I hope the Lord did work by his word.

I do more than ever desire to live a life of faith upon the Lord Jesus Christ; by faith to eat his flesh, to drink his blood; in every act to honour him; in every sermon and service to exalt him. O, Holy Ghost, to me reveal the wondrous Christ of God. Grant me that highest honour mortal man can know—with Paul to say, "*For me to live is Christ; to die is gain.*" Amen, amen.

Plymouth, Tuesday night, April 11, 1854.

—I have been and delivered another message in Trinity Chapel, of which the following is a brief sketch. My present heavy cold, inward weakness, lowness of spirits, arising from the difficulties in my circumstances, all tend to contract my poor heart, and make me dull, dreary and sad. I had a wide field opened to me this evening; but I felt compelled only just to peep into the different parts of the field, and then off to another. I find it is no very pleasant thing to be labouring among those who are strangers to you in the flesh. Oh, how blessed to know ever as we are known; and that will be the case in heaven. There are many little causes in Plymouth, Stonehouse and Devonport, but hardly any real prosperity. The following are a few of the words I was led to utter this evening. The text was Zech. xl. 4, 5. Since last Lord's-day, my mind has been rather deeply arrested by this Scripture, and also that which stands in the 21st chapter of Jeremiah, and the 12th verse. The Lord there calls upon the house of Jacob to execute judgment in the morning; and to deliver him that is spoiled out of the hand of the oppressor—threatening to visit the house of David severely if it did not do the work of charity. The text that I have read out of Zechariah, brings a solemn charge against the rulers and ministers of Zion—and a positive command to feed the flock of slaughter. The word in Jeremiah supposes that there may be one or more of God's dear children who have been spoiled; and who are in the hands of an oppressor, and the Lord calls upon the house of David—that is, the church of the living God, to execute judgment for such an one in the morning; that is, very early; promptly, not to delay it; and to deliver him out of the hands of the oppressor. This has been God's manner of working for his people in all ages; and he calls upon his church and people to do the same to the utmost of their power. When David was spoiled, and in oppression, the Lord executed judgment for him—for though he had sinned, yet the Lord, by virtue of his

union to the Messiah, did put away his sin, and he sent Nathan to tell him so; and also to deliver him. When Jonah was cast into the whale's belly, and went down into the belly of hell, the Lord executed judgment for him, and delivered him; and he fully proved that salvation was of the Lord. Now these words, since I have been here, have been sweet to my soul in one sense—although trying in another. Some thirteen years ago I was dreadfully spoiled by sin; and I fell into the hands of the oppressor, and dark and dreadful was my state of mind; and great were my sufferings, and losses, and trials. But after three years the Lord sent George Abrahams to execute judgment for me, and in a measure to deliver me out of the hands of the oppressor; but that deliverance has never been complete; for although I have laboured hard for many years now, yet trials and losses have followed me, and my heart and hands are much oppressed, even to this moment. About four years ago, when I was earnestly begging of the Lord to appear for me, the eight distinct promises in the three last verses of the 91st Psalm were made very precious unto me; and by those promises I had deliverance *by faith*—I believed God would do all things for me; and some of them HE HAS DONE. Many times has he delivered me; many times has he answered my poor cries at the mercy-seat; he has been with me in trouble: but to be set on high in full union and blessed communion with Christ—to be honoured by gathering in souls to Jesus Christ—to be freely and entirely delivered—to be sanctified with a long life of holy service and extensive usefulness; and at last, in the full blaze of perfect glory, to see his salvation, these are precious mercies I am yet waiting for; and a little thought has crept into my heart, that, I am more extensively to call upon the house of David to execute judgment for me; and to deliver me out of the hands of all oppression. I could not keep back these words.

Now, the two Scriptures I have called your attention to, seem to me to point out two evils to be found in some of our churches. The first is, a degree of carelessness about the poor sin-spoiled and satan-oppressed soul. "Oh, house of David," says the Lord, "be up early in the morning; and execute judgment for such an one; and deliver him." Wherever there is a poor, burdened, oppressed soul, seek for his deliverance. The second evil is, a cruel course of conduct towards the sheep of Christ on the part of those whose office it is to feed, keep and govern them. Zechariah's words contain,

I. The author of his message—"THUS SAITH THE LORD MY GOD." How confidently a man can speak when the Lord has spoken to him! and how sweet the expression, "the LORD MY GOD." My Maker—my Almighty—my unchanging Jehovah saith thus to me. The Spirit of adoption is a blessed Spirit indeed—

"When I can say, My God is mine."

II. These words contain an express and positive injunction—"Feed the flock of slaughter." Christ's church is a flock—his

own flock—which his Father gave him; which he redeemed from hell; calls by grace; said to come up from the washing, all washed in the blood of the Lamb—and sanctified by the Spirit in regeneration; every one bears twins; fruitful in faith and love, in knowledge and zeal—not one barren among them; called his *beautiful flock*. To me there is something beautiful in a goodly company of saints, who have been quickened, pardoned, united, all loving Christ, and one another, and worshipping him, and following him. But, when you consider what a perfect and holy body they will be when complete in righteousness and glory, O! beautiful indeed! This flock is called the flock of slaughter, because slaughtered in the flesh being crucified by the world; slaughtered in their souls by persecution; slaughtered often in their peace, by sore temptations and trials.

This term feed, means the administration of *nourishment and government*. The Lord has given us precious *doctrines*, and gracious *promises* for nourishment; wholesome precepts, and standing ordinances for government.

III. These words of Zechariah contain the *character, the conduct, and the very bad condition* of the under shepherds.

1. Their *character*—their *possessors*.
2. Their *conduct*—they sell them.
3. Their *bad condition*—hold themselves not guilty—take the name of the Lord in vain—and pity not the flock of slaughter.

Plymouth, April 13, 1854.—After writing and despatching my letters yesterday, I went at 12 o'clock to Portland Chapel, where Mr. Babb ministers, and where the annual meeting of a Society called "*The Poor Saints' Relief Fund*," was to be held. Mr. Babb succeeded some years since from the Church of England, and built himself a house here in Portland Villas, and a house for the worship of God in connection therewith. The chapel is remarkably substantial, neat, and commodious. Mr. Babb is a man of gospel truth; and of an exceedingly kind and benevolent disposition; but not of sufficient talent or attracting powers to draw many persons together: but here is quietude, in simplicity, and with some success, he worships the God of his fathers, and ministers the gospel of Jesus Christ. Mr. Bulteel opened the meeting yesterday morning by reading and prayer; and then the business proceeded. The following extract from the Report of this institution will give the reader some idea of the spirit of its founder, as also the object it has in view.

"Ten years have now elapsed since the formation of this institution; and each successive year has been ushered in with augmented sources of thanksgiving to the Fountain of all goodness. The object of this institution is, to afford pecuniary relief, adequate to the case of every applicant who, it is hoped, believes on and loves the Lord Jesus Christ. And O that the whole world of poor saints, who know not where else to apply, could apply to us in relief of their necessities, and that we had the means of answering their cries! for though necessarily limited in its operation, this fund is unlimited

in its object; and though we have not yet distributed even a hundred pounds in any one year; yet we should be rejoiced if the bowels of thousands could be refreshed by our hundreds, or of ten thousands by our thousands."

On leaving this meeting, I went and saw the great building where Mr. Bulteel now preaches. It was built by the Plymouth Brethren; and is indeed a massy structure; but the congregation who assemble under Mr. Bulteel are not now so numerous as they used to be. Mr. Doudney, who preaches gospel truth in "*Charles Chapel*," is rather an attraction to some, but his ministerial powers are not sufficient to gather an *abiding multitude* of hearers. No *Dr. Hawker* nor real successor of his spirit and enlarged powers, is now to be found in these parts. As I passed onward through a quiet street, my attention was arrested by a bold bill in a small shop window, which read like this—"CRUMBS FOR THE LORD'S LITTLE ONES." Being a *little one* myself—and I have sometimes hoped, one of *the Lord's little ones*—and being much in want at that time of a crumb of living bread, I went in eagerly to make a purchase of some of these crumbs; and I hope they are not altogether wrongly named. They are crumbs of *scriptural instruction*, if not of *spiritual consolation*. I sucked no honey out of them myself, but then mine is such an obstinate, proud, self-willed spirit—it seems as though nothing but a very powerful application,—a real sense of destitution—and an overflowing tide of spiritual influence and divine revelation, can ever truly affect me. I will, however, give my readers one of these crumbs. It is a nice little comment

ON THE PEACE OFFERING,

as recorded in Leviticus, chapters iii. and vii. The writer says:—

"The Lord Jehovah is emphatically called the GOD OF PEACE. He gave his only begotten Son to *make peace* between guilty sinners and himself. We have not now to seek terms of reconciliation, or to make search for an acceptable offering, for God has provided all in 'the Lamb without spot;' who is now preached by the Holy Ghost as '*having made peace* through the blood of the cross.' The Lord Jesus is both the *Offering* and *Offeror*; for he gave *himself* for our sins;—he '*offered himself* without spot to God.' He is the infinitely acceptable Peace-offering, and therefore the everlastingly efficacious Peace-maker. Immanuel is most truly the PRINCE OF PEACE, whose entrance into this world was celebrated by the multitude of the heavenly host, singing, 'Glory to God in the highest, and ON EARTH PEACE, good-will toward men.' How wonderful that God the Judge of all, the holy and just God, should be the Author, and sole source of *peace* to the conscience of the sinner and ungodly! But so it is. The Son of God delighted to make known the '*gospel of peace*;' and to dispense glad tidings of good things to the distressed and guilty sinner; and all his ways were but the overflowing of a full cup of *peace* to all believers—'Thy faith hath saved thee; go in peace.'

"None could make *peace with God*, but the

Holy One of God; 'the man that is my Fellow, saith the Lord of Hosts;' and he alone could satisfy all the demands of divine justice, and the sternest requirements of perfect holiness, by virtue of what he himself was. The unspotted and undefiled Saviour, God manifest in the flesh, infinite as to capacity, perfect as to purity, within and without,—the Eternal Life which was with the Father—was able to offer to God an all-sufficient ransom, and drink up all the suffering and wrath our sins justly merited at the hands of God. And this he did (which none other could) when he offered himself 'once for all' without the gate. It was there the Peace-offering was killed; there the blood was sprinkled, and there the fat, &c., (the inward richness and value of the victim), was tried by fire, duly estimated, and found to be a sweet savour (a savour of rest) unto the Lord. The unalterable tale of redeeming love, that Christ loved the church, and gave himself for it, was there told out. From that fountain of living waters, all the ransomed myriads drink eternal blessings. From that altar they learn the new song, and, in the perpetual remembrance and ceaseless apprehension of its everlasting value, they will sing before the throne, 'Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood,' &c. It is in the midst of the throne of heaven that the Lamb slain is *now* known—accepted and glorified at God's right hand. After having offered one sacrifice for sins for ever, he sat down. Rejected by earth, he was welcomed in heaven, highly exalted, and crowned with glory and honour. Hence the narrative of the Peace-offering concludes 'a sweet savour unto the Lord.' Here God can rest concerning his people, and here the soul of a believing sinner *rests* also. * * *

"God is now, therefore, 'preaching peace by Jesus Christ'—an already accomplished peace—both to Jews and Gentiles; *peace by faith*, through our Lord Jesus Christ, (Rom. v. 1),—*peace with God*, who justifies from all things through what Christ has done (Acts xiii. 39); *peace in the heart and mind*, because God declares that the blood of (the Offering) Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin—it once and for ever purges the conscience, which nothing else can do (Heb. x. 2)

"Blessed it is *thus* to know God in the slain and unblemished offering! It is not a question of attainment on our part, but a past transaction, a settled fact, known to faith, that Christ has *made* peace, and that God has accepted it with delight on our behalf; it was most truly a sweet savour unto the Lord.

"In the burnt-offering, all the offering was consumed upon the altar, because it represented Jehovah's righteous Servant wholly, unceasingly, and unreservedly, surrendering himself unto God, even unto death, that by the obedience of One many might be made righteous. Not so, however, the peace-offering; but, as we have seen, God had (so to speak) his part, the worshipper fed on his part, while the wave breast and heave shoulder afforded food for the priests; thus shewing us, very blessedly, the position of fellowship with God and with one another which the accomplished peace of the Lamb slain has in-

duced us into. Oh, to be able, by the Holy Ghost, to realize more of this true fellowship! What unfathomable depths of love are here! The *far off* made *nigh* by the blood of Christ! What a nearness! What an intimacy of holy union! Infinite love providing a perfect offering to establish an everlasting covenant of peace between God and sinful men. Hence the Spirit's pledge, 'Thou shalt keep him in *perfect peace* whose mind is stayed upon thee, because he trusteth in thee.' Happy those, who, in the clear consciousness of having believably laid their hands on this all-sufficient Offering, can say,

"Peace with our holy God,
Peace from the fear of death,
Peace through the Saviour's precious blood,
Sweet peace! the fruit of faith!"

"It is well to observe, that fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, and with one another, is the result of the accepted peace-offering; and that fellowship consists in the true estimate of this peace. It is entirely spiritual, and its experimental enjoyment is the communion of the Holy Ghost, who takes of Christ's and shews unto us. It is God, and Christ, and the purged worshipper, finding rest and satisfaction in the peace-offering—thinking of, estimating, and enjoying the work of peace together. This is fellowship. God is glorified, and the sinner saved. Sin is blotted out, and the sinner justified. All is peace. 'Mercy and truth are met together: righteousness and peace have kissed each other.' God finds peace in the offering touching our sins; he rests peacefully toward us in the sweet smelling savour. Christ sees of the travail of his soul and is satisfied; not one is lost of all that the Father gave him. At his own supper with his disciples, the very Sacrifice for sin, the Offerer, the Priest who entered into heaven by his own blood, gave thanks, and dipped with his disciples in the same dish; and, doubtless, when we assemble in his precious name, thus to remember him, he not only says to us, 'PEACE be unto you,' while shewing us his hands and his side, and welcomes us with, 'Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved;' but he himself, in the unchangeableness of his own perfect love, cannot but dip with us again in the dish, and take peculiar delight in the glorious character of the peace he has made. Well might he say to his disciples, '*Peace* I leave with you; *my peace*—I *give* unto you: not as the world giveth give I unto you.' Wondrous peace! God and Christ and the believer feeding together, finding refreshment and rest in the same blessed fountain, secured for ever through the blood of the everlasting covenant."

In the evening I attended a meeting of the friends of Mr. John Osborn, at Stonehouse; and addressed them from the words, "*The Lord's voice crieth unto the city: and the man of wisdom shall see thy name: hear ye the rod, and who hath appointed it.*" I looked at the proclamation; the promise, and the precept; but I am too unwell this morning to write out my views. I hope to be better able to do it some day yet coming. C. W. B.

(To be continued.)

Ordination of Mr. James Jay,

AT GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

EXACTLY two years since, we had the somewhat painful task of chronicling the termination of the mortal career of that courageous and valiant man in Israel, Joseph Irons. Since that time many changes have been experienced by ourselves and the friends at the Grove. Death, which deprived them of a valuable pastor, has also taken from their midst a devoted deacon, and many others.

Since that time many ministers have occupied the pulpit of Grove Chapel, with more or less acceptance; but none have appeared so well to suit the feelings of the Grove Chapel church and congregation, as Mr. James Jay—late of Birmingham—whose public ordination to the pastorate of that place, it is now our pleasurable duty to record.

This solemn service was holden in Grove Chapel, Camberwell, on Wednesday evening, the 12th of April.

Mr. BROAL commenced the service, by giving out a hymn, which was sung; after which—

Mr. WOODLANDS read the 3rd chapter of Paul's first epistle to Timothy, and fervently addressed the throne of grace for the Divine presence on the occasion.

Mr. CHRISLETT, of Walworth, gave out the second hymn, and

Mr. THOMAS BAYFIELD, of Chelsea, delivered a short address on the nature of a gospel church. This subject having been so often discussed in our pages, renders it unnecessary that we should give any part of this discourse. We will only say that Mr. Bayfield directed his discourse under two thoughts—1, A gospel church is gospel gathered; and 2, gospel governed.

Mr. HUNT read the third hymn, and

Mr. RICHARD LUCKIN rose to propose the usual questions; in doing which, he said: "Dear Christian Friends, I think those lines of the poet are most admirably appropriate to the circumstances of this place:

' God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform.'

This cause lays very near my heart. It is now twenty-seven years since I first preached in this place; and from that, till the time of his death, an unbroken intimacy subsisted between myself and your late departed pastor. God has sent you another dear man to minister unto you in holy things."

Mr. Luckin then called upon one of the friends to state the leadings of providence which induced them to call Mr. Jay to the pastorate; in answer to which, Mr. Benjamin Soddy read a paper, from which we gather the following outline:

Three months had elapsed since the death of Mr. Irons, when Mr. Jay was named to Mr. Pope, (since deceased,) as a suitable supply; whereupon an invitation was sent him to minister to them three Sabbaths in July, 1852; and they have reason to hope that the

testimony Mr. Jay gave in his first sermon on that occasion was signally blessed. In October, 1852, he again spent two Sabbaths amongst them with the same acceptance; and again in April, July and October, 1853. At each visit, the desire to secure the continued services of Mr. Jay seemed to increase; and the question being proposed to him during his October visit, he requested time to consider the matter. One month after, the church, with only a few dissentients, invited Mr. Jay to supply the pulpit for six months; and after much prayerful consideration, and most abundant proof that '*the thing was of the Lord,*' the church solemnly and unanimously invited Mr. Jay to become their pastor.

Mr. Luckin called on the church to signify their approval, which they did in the usual way.

Mr. Luckin asked Mr. Jay if he would accept the call of this church—to which he replied, "By the grace of God, I will."

Mr. Jay was then called upon to give some account of his call, by divine grace, and the grounds he had to believe that God had sent him to preach the gospel.

From the pastor's reply, we extract the following main facts.

For twenty-six years he lived in the service of sin and satan—prone to every evil; though blessed with godly parents; and he would earnestly exhort all parents not to cease in their supplications for their children. When about 26 years of age, he was visited with convictions of sin, which drove him to make many vows and resolutions to forsake his guilty ways; but as often as he made them he broke them all, and "returned as a dog to his vomit, and the sow to her wallowing in the mire." He felt he grew worse and worse; but still there appeared an aching void within his breast. In 1827 he lost an only sister, and was himself severely indisposed; and it was at this particular period—when a dissolution of his mortal frame seemed probable—that terror entered his soul, and his sins appeared to stare him in the face. In this condition he could only groan out, "Lord, save, or I perish;" "God be merciful to me a sinner." About this time the Lord sent Mr. Thomas Hughes to Hackney, whose ministry was the means in the Holy Spirit's hand of sealing home pardon to his soul; and was greatly blessed in establishing him; whom he should ever highly esteem for his works' sake.

In the year 1828 he joined the church there; and for six years the Word came to him "not in word only, but in the Holy Ghost and much assurance," and the ordinances of Zion were like wells of salvation unto his soul. And now that he found Christ so precious unto his own soul, he felt constrained to speak of him to others whenever he had the opportunity. In

the year 1833 his pastor, Mr. Hughes, one day requested an interview with him and other young men belonging to the church; Mr. H. asked if either of them had any longings of soul towards the ministry. To which Mr. Jay answered, "No, never." For although he had felt constrained to speak to others of the Saviour he had found so precious, yet he considered the ministerial office a solemn and a weighty one; and said, "woe be to that man who ran unsest or uncalled." Mr. Hughes, thinking he perceived something in Mr. Jay calculated for the ministry, requested him to make it a matter of solemn prayer to God. Subsequently, (some time in 1834), he was requested to preach before the church for a space of two months, which he did with many fears; when all but five of the members came to the conclusion that God had called him to the ministry.

At the close of the year 1834, Mr. Jay received an invitation from a destitute church in Worcestershire to preach to them. He went. In the early part of 1835, he received a second invitation; and subsequently a third, to labour amongst them for a lengthened period; which, after much prayer and hesitation he accepted. Before leaving for the scene of his labours, he was solemnly set apart by his pastor and fellow-members to the ministry, and commended to God. He then removed thither with his family; and he says, No words could describe the feelings of his heart at separating from those whom he loved in the bonds of the gospel. After nine months' residence there, painful differences arose. Mr. Jay ceased to minister to them, and went about preaching in various places in the surrounding country, where proofs to this day remain of the good effected by his labours there—two chapels having been erected where before there were none.

Up to this time Mr. Jay's work had been that of an evangelist, which he considered easy when compared to that of a pastor.

In May, 1836, Mr. Jay went to supply the pulpit of Zoar Chapel, Birmingham, and afterward received an unanimous and affectionate call to the pastorate there, which he accepted; and special services were held on that occasion. In four years they found Zoar Chapel too straight and inconvenient and that it was needful to obtain a more suitable place; and they built one called, "Trinity Tabernacle." For nearly eighteen years Mr. Jay continued to minister in Birmingham, with a measure of success; but during the last three years he could not see that the Lord was blessing his ministry as he had done. This led him to beg of the Lord that if he had no more work for him to do in Birmingham, he would open another door. Accordingly, he felt it would be his duty to accept any invitation he might receive, given in writing from another part of Zion.

In conclusion, Mr. Jay said, "Little did I think that call would be from this place, yet here I stand * * * And I solemnly promise that if I find the Lord is not blessing my ministry here, I will at once resign the pastoral office this day committed to me."

Mr. Luckin then requested Mr. Jay to give a statement of the doctrines and principles he intended to advocate there; in reply to which, Mr. Jay made an honest confession of that faith which he said for twenty years he had loved to preach, and prayed to practice.

Mr. Luckin, in a fervent manner, offered up the ordination prayer; whilst surrounded by the other ministers present, they laid on hands, and commended the newly-ordained pastor to God.

Mr. Silver delivered a short but impressive charge from 1 Timothy i. 11.

Mr. Gawler, of Strood, addressed the church; and

Mr. Isaacs concluded the service with prayer.

Our British Baptist Churches.

UNICORN YARD AND CROSBY ROW.

On Monday evening, April 3rd, a Tea and Public Meeting was held in Unicorn Yard Chapel for the purpose of duly recognizing CHARLES WATERS BANKS as the Pastor of that church, and also for taking into consideration the steps that should be taken for putting the chapel into repair. A large number of Christian friends took tea; after which the meeting commenced by singing a hymn, given out by Mr. ELIJAH PACKER. Mr. JOHN FOREMAN took the chair. Mr. ATTWOOD, of Camberwell, asked the Lord to bless the meeting. Mr. John Foreman then opened the business of the evening in a kind and instructing address, calling upon Mr. JAMES MOTE, (one of the deacons of Unicorn Yard) to give an account of the way in which they had been led in inviting Mr. Banks to the pastorate. This Mr. Mote did in a faithful statement, which was confirmed by C. W. Banks. Mr. Foreman commended the course pursued, and the conclusion to which the matter had been brought. Mr. JOSEPH CHISLETT then moved, and Mr. JAMES WELLS seconded the following resolution:

"After hearing the statement made by the Deacons of Unicorn Yard, and the testimony borne by C. W. Banks as regards the circumstances which led him to accept the pastorate here, I beg to propose that this Meeting signify its approbation of the movement."

Mr. James Wells, in a warm and powerful address, detailed the various reasons which he considered fully justified the removal of C. W. Banks and his friends to Unicorn Yard. Mr. T. J. MESSER moved and Mr. S. K. BLAND seconded the next resolution, which was as follows:

"That this Meeting sympathize with those Members of the Church at Crosby Row, who feel themselves aggrieved by this movement; and that this Meeting earnestly entreat all those friends who have long heard, and can profitably hear C. W. Banks, still to cleave together, and thereby encourage him in this heavy and important step."

Mr. Messer's speech was full of earnest sympathy with all who might feel themselves at all aggrieved at this movement. Mr. Foreman

called first upon the members of the church—and then upon the meeting generally, to signify their approval of the union; which was very unanimous; and after Mr. William Allen, the Chairman, and others, had spoken on the question as to how the money was to be raised to repair this ancient house of God, Mr. Charles Shipway concluded with prayer.

On Wednesday evening, April 19th, a public meeting was holden in the Baptist Chapel, in Crosby Row, Borough. C. W. Banks in opening the meeting, said it had been called for the purpose of laying before the friends a brief statement of the position he was placed in with reference to Unicorn Yard. He had come from Plymouth expressly to aid the Committee; and felt it his duty to speak plainly and faithfully that every one might know what was being done. Competent judges had decided that before he commenced his stated ministry in Unicorn Yard, it was essentially necessary that the roof, and other parts of the building should undergo a thorough repair. Mr. S. K. Bland had drawn up specifications; tenders had been received, a contract had been signed, the work was now in actual operation.—The chapel, God permitting,—would be ready for re-opening early in June;—and the whole cost of going in, and entire renovation, would be £300. The Committee were bound to pay the Contractors for the work as it proceeded; and within the space of two months from the present time, all the work must be done, and the Contractors must be paid. The Committee had unexpectedly found themselves in difficulty,—they were pledged to pay the Contractors, but had not the means. This difficulty arose out of a little misunderstanding. C. W. Banks said, being apprised of this difficulty, he left many engagements in the West of England, and came to London, begging the Lord to grant that before Zerrubabel, this mountain might become a plain. He had laid the case before a firm, a faithful, a zealous, and a most disinterested friend. After due consideration, that friend authorised him to meet the Committee and to tell them that the money should be handed to them; but the peculiar circumstances under which the money would be advanced, rendered it absolutely incumbent upon C. W. B. to be responsible, giving a guarantee that the whole £300 should be re-paid at the earliest possible moment. He wished his friends therefore to distinctly understand that, in addition to his other trials, he found this solemn engagement to re-pay £300, to weigh very heavy upon his mind. There was, however, no other alternative; and he had been comforted and encouraged from an inward persuasion that the Lord would make him the humble instrument of strengthening the walls of that old and long-consecrated house of prayer; and of introducing his friends into a place of worship *free from rent*, and sufficient for all the purposes of a Baptist Interest.

Mr. THOMAS JONES, (late of Chatham,) addressed the meeting in an energetic manner; as did also Mr. Chamberlain, and Mr. Aaron Miller. C. W. Banks informed the meeting that three members of the Committee

had come forward most nobly:—one with a loan of £50; a second with £30; and a third with £20. Other smaller loans, and a few contributions had also been kindly forwarded. As regards himself, C. W. Banks said, that trying as his pecuniary position was, he has most fully determined not to receive one penny for his ministerial labours among them until the whole debt was paid off;—and he earnestly solicited the aid of all his friends, whether in town or country. Contributions toward defraying the debt incurred in repairing Unicorn Yard Chapel, will be thankfully received by the Treasurer to the fund, Mr. Richard Channen, of No. 8, New Church Street, Bermondsey; by Mr. James Lloyd, Chairman of the Committee, No. 12, Craven Street, Hoxton; or by Mr. Robert Symonds, of New Church Street, Bermondsey, and Mr. Aaron Miller, Grange Road. This appeal to the friends of Gospel truth being made by one who has willingly and freely served the Churches of truth in this land for many years—yea, further, this appeal being made on behalf of an honourable and substantial repairing of an ancient Metropolitan Baptist Chapel, it is fully believed that it will meet the eye of many whose hearts and hands will be constrained at once to come forward—if it be with but the smallest mite—without any unnecessary delay. Remember three things—1.—The whole responsibility of repairing Unicorn Yard Chapel at present lays upon one individual;—(the Editor of this work;) that £300 must be paid without much delay; and, then remember, if each friend to truth at once put their hand to the work, the debt will be cleared—the burden will be removed.

BAPTISING AT KEDDINGTON.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Knowing that you love to hear of the prosperity of Zion, it is with grateful feelings I desire to record the gracious acts of our covenant God, to us, a few of his sheep in the wilderness, in adding to us four more, on Lord's-day, April 3, when they publicly walked in the ordinance of baptism, in the presence of at least a thousand people, having previously given a statement to the church of the work of the Lord in their souls, which was most blessed and clear in the secret but powerful operation of the Holy Ghost, in killing and making alive, wounding and healing, &c. At the water the people were very attentive; the candidates and others were greatly blessed with the presence of Him who is the joy and strength of Israel.

Our pastor, brother Powell, spoke in the morning (standing against the chapel door, as there were more people than could get in the chapel,) from Isaiah viii. 18: in the afternoon from 2 Cor. viii. 5. It was a good day. We had several sheep from neighbouring folds, to join with us at the table of the Lord, after the baptised had received the right hand of fellowship. It strengthened our hands. I do love a Christian spirit—I wish there was more of it in Zion. Yours, &c. JNO. DILLISTONE.

Woodland Green, Sturmer,
April 6th, 1854.

CENTENARY MEETING

AT

LITTLE ALIE ST. CHAPEL, GOODMAN'S FIELDS.

ON Tuesday, March 28, 1854, a meeting was held in the above place of worship to celebrate the goodness of the Lord to the church assembling there, it being the one-hundredth anniversary of the settlement of the first pastor in connexion with Alie Street. On this interesting occasion the church and congregation took tea together. The charge was six-pence; the poor members invited free. After tea, Mr. Dickerson presided at a devotional and highly-interesting meeting, which was commenced by singing Psalm cxxxiii.,

A portion of divine truth was read; and Mr. Samuel Milner, of Rehoboth Chapel, Shadwell, implored the Divine blessing in a sweet and solemn manner. After which Mr. Dickerson made a few remarks, and called on Mr. Deane, the senior deacon, to read a short history of the church.

The venerable man rose, and with considerable emotion of mind, commenced reading a beautifully composed and concise history of the church, which he traced back more than two hundred years, but referring especially to that part of it in connexion with Alie Street; and by it we were informed that the blessing of the Most High had rested upon it in an especial manner; the truth of God had been constantly maintained without the least deviation; the ordinances of the Lord constantly observed; and the peace of the church preserved during the whole time. In the hundred years there had been only four pastors: three had lived and died in the bosom of their beloved people; and their present pastor had been with them twenty-two years. During the period of his ministrations the Lord had commanded his blessing to rest there in calling sinners from death to spiritual life; and since his settlement 481 persons had been added to the church, some of whom are fallen asleep, but many remain to this day. The report was truly interesting. The above are a few extracts.

Mr. Dickerson then gave out the 396th hymn, Rippon's Selection, and called on Mr. Belgrave, one of the deacons, who spake nearly as follows:—

Beloved friends: We are met on a very solemn and interesting occasion. It is solemn because it is the only time in our life that we shall meet on such an occasion. We always attach importance to acts that we perform but once, and such is the present; for it is a solemn fact which I wish to impress on your minds—that before the return of another period of time like the present, the whole of this assembly will be laid beneath the clods of the valley. Oh, that we all may be prepared for that event!

But it is also interesting. We are met to review our present circumstances, and to connect them with acts of antiquity. This is, or should be, the every-day employment of the Christian, for all he is, all he enjoys, and all he anticipates, arise out of acts of antiquity. When I lay my hand on this blessed book, the Bible, I lay it on the records of antiquity; and

every Christian is a true antiquarian. There he reads the account of the sinless state in which he was created, and of his guilty and miserable fall; but above all, he reads of the ancient settlements of divine grace on his behalf—of an ancient covenant of grace and peace—of ancient engagements and of dateless love—and he joins issue with the Apostle when he says, 'Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, according as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world.' But while it is the privilege of the whole ransomed family of God to rejoice in these great transactions, it is the delight of each special part of the church to review the tokens of the Lord's kindness to them.

The report which has been read—which is truly interesting—presents facts which must be alike encouraging to people and minister.

Of this part of the address we can only give a sketch.

1st. You have been preserved in a state of comfort; there has not been division and strife amongst you; you have not been driven from your comfortable place of worship by divisions, as many have; but here you are in a quiet resting-place.

2ndly. Security; because you have abode in the truth, and have rested on that foundation which God hath laid in Zion; and very many of your fellow-members have crossed the flood, and sung,

"How can we sink with such a Prop,
That bears the world and all things up?"

3rdly. You have maintained an honourable character in reference to your pastors. Three of them have lived and died in connexion with this beloved flock; and your present one has been with you twenty-two years. And permit me, sir, to say, that the report contains statements which must be very encouraging to you as a minister of Christ. The Lord has placed you over a people who love the truth, and they have shewn their attachment to it by a regular attendance on your ministry; they have not had itching ears; nor have they said, "Lo, here and there is Christ;" but they have found him here; and you are privileged with the apostle to say, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in the truth." The Lord has also placed you over a loving people; they love Christ, and one another for Christ's sake; and they love you for your work's sake. And you are not called to use to them the language of the apostle when he said, "Love not in word and in tongue only; but also in deed and in truth;" for they did not wish this meeting to pass over without a practical illustration of the fact; and it was proposed that a subscription be entered into for that purpose—the collection of which was entrusted to the ladies—and the speaker passed a high encomium on them for their zeal in the work, as more than thirty pounds had been collected.

Then addressing the pastor he said: The right of presenting this token of the affection of your people devolves on our aged and much beloved brother, Mr. Deane, as the senior deacon of the church; but he has re-

quested me to perform that pleasing and honourable task. Permit me, then, sir, to present to you this purse and contents as a token of the affectionate regards of your friends, and to assure you it is accompanied with their fervent prayer that the Great Head of the church may continue to bless you, and that the union that has so long existed may be still more firmly cemented and perpetuated, until all the great purposes of your ministerial call shall be answered, and your Master shall say "Come up hither."

Mr. Whorlow, one of the deacons, gave out two verses.

Mr. Dickerson then rose, and was much affected by the token of affection he had received, for which he presented to the meeting his best thanks; and then gave an account of the leadings of Divine providence in his removal from the church at Rattlesdon, in Suffolk, to the station he now occupies.

The meeting was then concluded with prayer, and the friends separated, expressing their delight in reviewing the way the Lord had led them. A MEMBER.

SURREY TABERNACLE, BORO' ROAD.

ONE of the most pleasant and interesting social meetings we ever privileged to witness was holden in the new vestry of the Surrey Tabernacle, on Tuesday evening, March 28th. The object of which may be gathered from the following brief report.

At five o'clock about 150 persons sat down to a well-prepared tea; after which the meeting commenced.

Mr. JOHN THWAITES read, and the company heartily sang that well-known hymn of Dr. Watts,

"How did my heart rejoice," &c.

The pastor, in a most solemn manner, addressed the Divine Majesty.

Another hymn having been sung,

Mr. HOWARD, a member of the church, arose, and said:—"I have a most pleasing duty to perform this evening—that of presenting, (on behalf of the ladies of the Surrey Tabernacle), our pastor, this very handsome easy chair, as a small token of their esteem for him, as a servant of the living God. I have also to present to Mrs. Wells, who, in consequence of our dear pastor's journeyings up and down the land to preach the gospel, is often deprived of that domestic happiness which it is the privilege of so many of us to enjoy, a very handsome work table."

Mr. JAMES WELLS, in rising to reply, said he felt their kindness to be great; and he accepted their present conscientiously and gratefully, believing that it was not given in admiration of the man,—but in Christian love to him for what the Lord had made him. Mr. Wells also made some pleasing remarks as to the origin of the word "chair"—and referring to the chair they then presented him with, he said he could certainly very much more easily establish his right to this chair than the apostle Peter could to the chair occupied by the Pope of Rome.

Mrs. Wells in a few words acknowledged the gift, made to herself.

Mr. Cox, in the name of two ladies, pre-

sented Mr. and Mrs. Wells with coverings for the chair and table.

Another hymn having been sung, Mr. Wells, on behalf of the friends, presented each of the seven deacons with a very handsome copy of the Scriptures, large 8vo., marginal references, bound in calf, and gilt edged; in the following order: Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Butt, Mr. Thwaites, Mr. Keeble, Mr. Carr, and Mr. Attfield. Each of these brethren replied, excepting Mr. Attfield, who was unavoidably absent, by appropriate addresses; and we must say the good feeling and great unity existing among the seven deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle is a most pleasing thing, and affords a noble example to other churches. They seem to be all of one heart, and one mind. Messrs. Butt's and Thwaites' addresses were particularly interesting, and excited much feeling among the meeting; but being of a local character, their insertion here would not perhaps be interesting to the majority of our readers.

The following hymn composed for the occasion by Mr. Cox, was sung:

Lord, descend; come now, and own us;

Bless the labour of our hands;

Keep us walking, by thy Spirit,

In the path of thy commands:

Heavenly Father!

By thy power alone we stand.

Keep us, in our heart's affections,

Still united as one man;

Give us wills to do thy bidding;

This, dear Lord, thou only can.

Precious Jesus!

In our hearts thy power maintain.

May the offerings, prayers and praises,

Which we offer here to-night,

Rising as a living incense,

Be accepted in thy sight.

Blessed Spirit!

Fill our souls with pure delight.

O may pastor, friends and deacons,

Meet around the throne of God;

Join to sing of that great ransom

Which he purchas'd with his blood.

One Jehovah

We shall praise with sweet accord.

Mr. Wells passed a high encomium on the manner in which the testimonial and all arrangements connected therewith, had been conducted by Mr. Cox, and closed the meeting with prayer.

The chair which, we understand, was manufactured at Mr. Thwaites' establishment, is a beautiful specimen of English workmanship. A tablet is inserted in the back bearing the following inscription:

"Presented by the Ladies of the Surrey Tabernacle to Mr. JAMES WELLS, their Pastor, in token of their high esteem and Christian affection. March 28, 1854."

The vestry was tastefully ornamented with tablets containing appropriate passages of Scripture, surrounded by wreaths of flowers. We hope the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle may long be spared to enjoy his chair, and the affections of his very kind people.

The ladies who formed the Committee of the Testimonial presented Mr. Cox with a very handsome copy of Cruden's Concordance; and twenty of the ladies (subscribers) also presented him with 2 handsome volumes—Fox's Book of Martyrs, and Dr. Keith's Evidence of Prophecy.

RECOGNITION OF R. S. TANNER,
AT SQUIRRIES STREET.

GOOD FRIDAY being the day appointed for the recognition of Mr. R. S. Tanner, at Squirries Street, Bethnal Green, I resolved to be present. Found a number of brethren there, connected with various churches in and about London, come to assist in the services, or to congratulate the parties to this important union.

Mr. FELTON gave an interesting address on the constitution of our churches, from 1 Tim. iii. 15: "The church of the living God the pillar and ground of the truth." He laid much emphasis on the character of God as the living God, being the source of life to all creatures; but especially as the Giver of *spiritual life* to his people; in whom he dwells as his church, his house, his home, his rest. One remark made by Mr. F. struck me as new in discourses of this kind. He approved of the existence of the Anglican Church, as a national acknowledgment of God the Creator and Preserver of men; and said he did not wish the destruction of the Church, though he did wish it to be purified. The idea savours of liberality—very great liberality—towards an institution which one of the poets be-praises as

"Of the reformed the best,
Because reformed the last."

Were our good brother to specify the extent of purification which would satisfy *him*, I suspect this reform of "the Church by law established" would verge on annihilation. Such specification, however, might be reserved for the use of Her Most Gracious Majesty, when she, as head of the Church, shall bid the Bishops stand aside, while a convocation of Baptist ministers propound a model scheme for a national church on New Testament principles. As it is pretty certain we shall not be sent for during the present year, I will only add my thanks that we have such churches as the apostles planted, and such men as brother Felton to watch over and feed them.

In answer to the usual questions, Mr. Tanner stated that he was born at Wells. His parents were moral people, duly mindful of their children's behaviour, over whom they maintained a wise and salutary control. In very early life he had serious thoughts, chiefly originated by the teachings of a Sunday School. His father employed a foreman who was a godly man, and whose Christian demeanour won greatly on young T., who thought if he could be like him he should be all right; and therefore he strove to imitate him as near as he could.

During several years of his childhood, he was intent on divine things, according to the little knowledge he had of them; but these first impressions, though far from slight, wore off after he was put an apprentice, and became associated with bad lads, who by degrees drew him into their wicked courses; and the oft-told tale of youthful folly, vice and recklessness, was exemplified in him. He

gave himself up to pleasure—was the guiding spirit in all juvenile frolics, and was indispensable at all merry-makings in his neighbourhood. But he was made to feel that "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful, and the end of that mirth is heaviness." Prov. xiv. 13. Inward anguish, akin to the pains of hell, wrung his soul, and put him on meditating suicide for escape from a punishment greater than he could bear; and this, when among his boon companions he was deemed the jolliest dog alive. So true are the words of the prophet, "There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked." He tried infidelity as an anodyne for a guilty conscience; endeavoured to believe in all unbelief; and to find peace in the doctrines of atheism and annihilation. But his efforts were bootless. He was surrounded by too many evidences of divine wisdom, and had too keen a sense of God's anger against sin, to allow of faith in such damning delusions. So he next got into the scorner's chair, and sought amusement in criticising the sermons he heard, for he could wholly absent himself from public worship; and he was delighted when he could wrest a man's sayings into apparent contradictions, and turn sacred things to ridicule. To every purpose of God under heaven there is a time appointed by the infallible Purposer; and as there was a purpose of grace in favour of this profligate rebel, so there was a time set for its operation; and as he was passing across a village Green, he was induced to halt, and hear a preacher, who was about to declare the word to a little group of peasants. He was quite sure the man was a fool—and he should have a laugh at his expense. But stay—he read his text, "THE WICKED SHALL BE TURNED INTO HELL." Who are the wicked thus doomed? The preacher essayed a description of the guilty class; and sure enough he drew the portrait of Tanner;—Tanner, the scoffer, the reprobate, the despiser of good—the would-be infidel. He might have attended him in his revels; have seen his secret sinnings: his paroxysms of remorse; his plottings against his own life. He might have lived in his heart, and witnessed its throbs of agony, and the scorpion stripes of his guilty conscience. ALL, all was told out, and told in, so that Tanner went home distracted, and said to his wife—for he was now married—"O, wife, we must pray, or be damned!"

For three months he strove, and strove in vain, to satisfy justice by his own doings. When passing along the road, he saw a gentleman in a gig throw out a tract, which he immediately picked up, and found it was entitled, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." He went into an adjacent wood, and read the words over and over again. He wanted above all things to be saved, to be forgiven, to escape hell, to gain heaven. He had some idea about being saved—but what was meant by believing on the Lord Jesus Christ, he could not divine. He pondered, prayed, cried, groaned, for more than two hours, till his feelings were intensified to the highest pitch; when lo! the heavens opened, and the Saviour appeared, smiled benignantly upon him, and he, over-

come by the beauty and grace of the Redeemer's presence, cried out, "Lord, it is enough." He felt that to apprehend—to know Christ, was to believe on him; and by believing the soul is saved. He is aware that different people will have different ways of explaining this vision; and some will doubt it altogether; but to him it was a reality—a glorious fact, which filled his soul with joy unspeakable. He told it to some professors he knew, but they looked at him with pity, considering him to be a little crazed, if not absolutely mad. He shortly joined the Methodists, who encouraged him to talk; and by and by he was preaching to little bands in houses and barns. But at length he was complained of for preaching un-Methodist doctrine; in fact, he was accused of being a Calvinist. He told the court he did not know what Calvinism was; but he preached according to his own experience.

With some cautionary remarks he was left off for that time; but soon he was denounced again, when it was decided he was heterodox, and they cancelled his commission, and turned him out of their synagogue. Subsequently he was engaged to preach under other auspices, and went to work with much fear and trembling. He became a baptist; was brought into severe trials of poverty and soul darkness; was tempted as he had never been before; but in and through all, God was teaching him to understand the Scriptures, and qualifying him to speak a word in season to them that are weary. One incident in his experience must conclude this part of my report. He was expected to preach at a certain place, and these words were laid upon his mind: "I AM hath sent me unto you." He was much tried about this text; and finally resolved he would not preach from it, as it must appear presumptuous of him to go with such words in his mouth. Attempting to preach from another text he was shackled, and fairly broke down. At the foot of the pulpit stairs, he was met by a plain Christian man who accosted him with some severity of manner, saying,— "Young man, you either have guilt on your conscience, or you have been trying to preach from other words than those the Lord had given you." He frankly confessed that such was the case. "Then," said his reprover, "go up again, and deliver your message;" and turning to the people he said, "Wait, and you will hear what his Master sent him to say." He went into the pulpit, read his text, and for an hour or more, he poured out a stream of God-glorifying truth, with a freedom surprising to himself, and with a savour which constrained his hearers to say the text was verified to the letter. After this he was fain to hold on to the gospel plough without looking back.

In the afternoon Mr. Chivers, of Bermondsey, offered up what is called the ordination prayer with much suitability of petition and fervour of spirit. Mr. Jones, late of Chatham, gave the charge from 2 Cor. vi. 3, "Giving no offence in anything, that the ministry be not blamed." In the evening Mr. Allen, of Stepney, preached from Gal. v. 1, "Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath

made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."

I should have liked to have furnished notes of these discourses, but decline to monopolise too much of your space; and therefore conclude by praying that the cause at Squirries Street may grow and thrive, and that pastor and people may long live to realise the sweetness of Psalm cxxxiii. I am, dear sir, your's,
A VISITOR.

THE SUDDEN

DEATH OF MR. CROMWELL, OF BATH.

ON my return into Devonshire, I called to see the bereaved friends whom William Cromwell has left behind, and who had requested me to speak to them in the Lord's name on the occasion of his funeral. Having given myself to the Plymouth friends for the month of April, I dared not comply; but as our good brother Huntley, of Limpley Stoke, was prevailed upon to stand in the solemn services, my mind was relieved. And now for a word or two concerning the end of Mr. Cromwell: I had been with him, and preached for him, on my way to Plymouth only a few days previously, and was struck with the peculiar manner of his conversation: which continued, yea, increased to such a degree, that his wife said, "Father, I wonder your tongue is not tired—you quite make my ears to ring." Immediately he said, "Mother, I shall keep on talking of these things as long as I am here; and then I shall go up and sing a song of holy triumph." He continued about as usual, and preached to his people on Good Friday evening, when it was remarked to several that the discourse was exceedingly solemn, but rich in developing the glorious mysteries of redeeming grace. After preaching, he gave out a beautiful hymn in a most impressive manner. One of the brethren walked home with him; and he went to bed as usual, no one having the most distant idea that he would never rise again in this world. The next morning his wife arose early, and took him some tea; and to his daughter he conversed freely, and gave them directions as to what he wished them to do. About half-past nine, his wife took him up another cup of tea; as she entered the room, a knock was heard at the front door—he turned round and looked, as much as to say, *See who is there*. Mrs. Cromwell ran down, and having spoken to the person at the door, she returned to her husband's room, when she saw to her inexpressible grief and surprise, that his eyes were closed in death—the colour from his cheeks was gradually departing. She called to him, beseeching him once more to speak to her—but without moving head, or hand, or foot, the spirit had fled—nothing but the lifeless frame of the once powerful William Cromwell was left.

I spent some time in the company of his aged mother, his bereaved widow, his fatherless children, his sorrowing friends. I earnestly wished it had been in my power to have rendered them some essential service—but I do

trust the fountain of mercy will still flow in their midst, and the good hand of providence still afford them supplies. In closing this brief and imperfect notice, (which I write while the steam shakes me on to Plymouth), I must say, I certainly never knew a man in whose one person there was to be found a greater measure of strength and weakness—combined; grace made him strong; grace made him decided for God's most holy truth; grace gave him a vehement love for all who loved and honoured the Saviour's name; in his best days, he was almost universally beloved and esteemed, and his usefulness will never be fully known until the last great day appears. While, however, grace took him out of the fall, set him upon the walls of Zion, and made him a blessing to many souls; while grace did this, and much more, the weaknesses and infirmities of the flesh were sources of the deepest affliction to him and to his friends. The fullest conviction of my mind is this: that no man ever knew more painfully what Paul meant—no man ever stood as a more striking comment upon Paul's words when he said, "*lest after I have preached the gospel to others, I myself should become a castaway,*" than did William Cromwell. William Cromwell was not cast away from the covenant of grace, nor from the mercy-seat, nor from the gospel ministry, nor from the affections of many whose souls have been greatly blessed by his ministry; but he was cast off and cast away by many, who once received him, and esteemed him as a faithful servant of God:—the cause and the consequences of all this broke his spirit, destroyed his peace, and, humanly speaking, laid him in an early grave. Talk of sins, infirmities, and temptations! there is not a class of men under the canopy of heaven, that do—in every sense—suffer more from these things, than do the ministers of Christ. What a mercy it is that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief! More of this another day.

C. W. B.

ANOTHER
GOOD FRIDAY AT GOLDINGTON
CRESCENT.

[We are thankful to find that the EARTHEN VESSEL is making its way into several of the colonies, and distant climes. Intelligence of the circumstances connected with our different churches, is of great interest to such friends as have left their native land.]

Dear Brother.—There are many of the Lord's living family scattered up and down this and other lands, who still feel an interest in the welfare of Zion, Goldington Crescent, Somers Town; and who are anxiously looking for the arrival of the VESSEL, that through its medium they may be apprised of what the Lord is doing with us as a church and people. Blessed be his name, he still enabled us to rejoice in him for the gracious supplies we receive continually through the instrumentality of his tried and faithful servant, James Nunn. In these days of declension and fall-

ing away, a firm adherence to truth is invaluable. The Lord is giving us undeniable evidences of his owning and blessing what our pastor advances to his honour and glory, in calling his people out of nature's darkness into marvellous light, in strengthening, invigorating, refreshing, comforting, and building up his people, enabling him to meet with, and proclaim comfort to, the Lord's afflicted ones in the uneven pathway to their Father's glorious and blest abode. The thought of its attainment, how cheering to the weary traveller! how elevating! how consoling to his cast down, but not destroyed, children!

We have great reason to be thankful:—few miseries to endure—abundant mercies received,—with superabounding grace treasured up in our blessed covenant Head—the Lord Jesus Christ.

We have again to record the Lord's mercy and favour toward us. On Good Friday last, we had our half-yearly tea meeting; its object being, principally, the liquidation of the debt;—although it was only mentioned from the desk, we were favoured with the company of nearly two hundred to tea; and at the meeting, at 7 o'clock, we had nearly five hundred persons. It proved a truly refreshing time to the friends of Zion. The Lord has not forgotten us; he has done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

Our dear pastor took the chair, supported by brethren Wallis, Smith, Bolton, and Domoney; (for the presence of the last named we have to thank you kindly). The speakers were severally led out in admiration of the matchless love of a covenant God in thinking of us, caring for us, and continuing to bless us both temporally and spiritually. We can truly say, in the midst of great opposition from some quarters, "What hath God wrought for us?" Let his great and precious name have all the praise and glory. We still adhere to the voluntary system. The proceeds of the evening amounted to nearly £36; the debt is reduced to £900; after paying all out-goings, by the voluntary principle nearly £500 has been paid off the debt in three years and a-half. Faithfully your's, in covenant relationship,

THOS. DOWLAND, }
THOS. SCOTT, } Deacons.
JAMES MARKS. }

CHOROUGH.—On Lord's-day, March 5, 1866 a female followed the Lord in his own appointed ordinance by being baptised in his name, and in the afternoon received into the church. The Lord was manifestly present, giving testimony to the word of his grace. Some who had been halting were brought to decision; and on Lord's-day morning, April 2, four persons, two males and two females, were immersed in the name of the Sacred Three. One, an aged female, seventy-five years old, tottering with age, yet with a firm step and a countenance beaming with joy, testified her attachment to the good old way. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and will not soon be forgotten. In the afternoon the above four persons were added to the church, according to the primitive pattern, Acts ii. 41. May copious showers of divine influence come down upon the church here, that many such seasons may be experienced.

J. S.

Jacob Chosen ; Jacob Chastened ; Jacob Crowned.

DEEP IN THE EVERLASTING MIND
THE GREAT MYSTERIOUS PURPOSE LAY,
OF CHOOSING SOME FROM LOST MANKIND,
WHOSE SINS THE LAMB SHOULD BEAR AWAY.

THEM LOV'D WITH AN ETERNAL LOVE,
TO GRACE AND GLORY HE ORDAIN'D,
GAVE THEM A THRONE WHICH CANNOT MOVE,
AND CHOSE THEM BOTH TO MEANS AND END.

How perfectly beautiful—how solemn and how safe to man—how mysterious to angels—how destructive to all the powers of darkness—how glorifying to the God of all our mercies—is THE SALVATION OF THE BRIDE OF CHRIST! Do you ask, *from whence doth that salvation take its rise?* The answer is, in the SOVEREIGN CHOICE OF ALMIGHTY GOD! Do you ask, *how that salvation is manifested?* The answer is, in the CALLING, THE TEACHING, THE CORRECTING, THE KEEPING OF thousands of the sons and daughters of the first Adam? Do you ask, *how shall that salvation be consummated?* The answer is, first, in the words of Christ, “*I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also.*” The answer is, secondly, in the words of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, “*Whom he did predestinate, them he also called: and whom he called, them he also justified: and whom he justified, them he also GLOIFIED!*” for, “*when CHRIST, who is our Life, shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory!*” The answer is, finally, in the sweet and comprehensive words of “*Him that hath the seven spirits of God, and the seven stars*”—when of his dear saints in Sardis, he said, “*They shall WALK WITH ME IN WHITE—(i. e. in perfect purity, in holy victory, in complete conformity,) for they are worthy;*” they are accepted in me; as though the Covenant Head should say, *in me they are complete; with me they shall be crowned.*

These are the life-giving principles of the Gospel of Christ; these are the glorious foundation stones of Zion's peace, prosperity, and eternal bliss. These things we have received into our hearts, they have been the theme of our tongue, the consolation of our spirit for many years. To proclaim them we have travelled thousands of miles, to publish them is the one great object of this humble and much despised periodical. And although we have often trembled at the appearance of storms that threaten our temporal ruin,—although we are now passing through rivers of tribulation, and fires of persecution—yet can we calmly look upon the 43rd of Isaiah, and set our seal to the promises there recorded, “**I WILL BE WITH THEE**”—“*the rivers shall not overflow thee; thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon*”
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thee.” Perilous as our pathway has been, we have obtained help of God, and humbly hope to preach and publish the righteous and holy doctrines of the Cross for years to come, and then with Horne to sing:

- “ Yes, there are crowns laid up on high
For souls in Jesus bless'd,
Rich crowns of immortality,
An everlasting rest!
- “ I've found the glorious prize I sought,
And death with triumph meet;
In Jesus' strength the fight I've fought,
And vict'ry is complete.
- “ O monster death! where is thy sting?
Where thy terrific force?
Thy vanquish'd pow'r, through Christ, I
sing,
And gladly end my course.
- “ I've kept the faith, on Christ I've liv'd,
And now on him rely;
He calls me home, with joy I go,
To dwell with Christ I die.
- “ And though this mortal body dies,
And moulders down to dust,
It shall in Christ's own image rise,
And stand among the just;
- “ To hear his voice, to see his face,
Whose presence makes my heaven;
And dwell among the heirs of grace,
In glory freely given.”

The foregoing remarks have been drawn from us, in coming to notice a work recently published by Wertheim and Mackintosh, of which Joshua R. Watson is the author, being, “*Three Lectures from Hosea xii.*” Sleep having fled from us, in one of those nights of deep anxiety through which we have to pass, we arose as early as two o'clock, and having lighted the taper, turned to read these lectures by Joshua R. Watson; and very suitable, edifying, and consolatory some portions of them were found. We do not know Joshua Watson; but we must believe he is a man taught of God in some points; and appears to possess a mind to comprehend some of the deep things of God. The following introductory remarks by the lecturer throws, as we consider, an instructing light upon some portions of divine truth;—he opens with these words:

“ You will remember, my brethren, that at the death of Solomon there was a rent in the

twelve tribes of Israel; their prosperity, their harmony, and their worship of the true God, were broken up; ten of the tribes went over in a body to Jeroboam, the usurper, in open rebellion against 'the house of David;' forsaking the truth, forsaking their privileges, and, like Esau, their prototype, selling their birth-right to the highest bidder. These ten, in the prophecies, (specially in Hosea), went by the name of Israel, sometimes by that of Ephraim, because Jeroboam, to whom they revolted, was of that tribe. This apostasy is a memorable era in that people's history, and should be well marked by us, for it was a deliberate apostasy from God's truth in Jesus, as typed in the Jewish ceremonial. David and 'his house,' were the constant representatives of 'the faith once delivered to the saints;' and with their rebellion those tribes renounced this glorious truth, and caused God to say, 'Ephraim is joined to idols; let him alone;' not so the two tribes, Judah and Benjamin, which together went by the name of Judah, these remained staunch to the faith; they scorned the alliance, knowing in whom they were believing; and in 'the house of David' they saw God's love through a prospective Saviour, and of them to their glory it is written, in the twelfth chapter of the First Book of Kings and the 20th verse, 'there was none that followed the house of David, *but the tribe of Judah, ONLY.*'

"Conceive, then, this fact—a fact as memorable as the Protestant Reformation—and you will rightly appreciate the position and religion of the ten tribes, when it is said of them, 'Ephraim feedeth on wind, and followeth after the east wind;' setting forth, as I believe, not only *their* individual history, but that of all those who 'follow lying vanities,' and thus 'forsake their own mercy.' Consider the idea used; 'feeding on wind;' unsatisfying—'the east wind,' cold, destructive, destroying; such was the condition of Israel when they relinquished the truth. Oh! from what good things—what fat things—what manna—what bread for their souls, were they departed; and on what husks that the swine did eat were they feeding! Yea, they fed on wind; they were 'children tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of (false) doctrine;' and borne on by this blast from the bottomless pit, they were led from lie to lie, from the truth to error, from idolatry of one kind to idolatry of another; that which they before resisted, to that they now yielded; that 'ring-fence of separation,' with which God had surrounded them, they now broke down; Assyria is covenanted with, and Egypt won by presents. This act of Israel stands out from our Bible as a warning to all who would yoke with Antichrist, the present king Jeroboam; it speaks loudly to all who are unsettled in the faith, who have never known the difference between 'the truth' and the 'lie;' whose religion is a counterfeit, whose eyes are blinded, and who do not recognise the pillars of the faith, as typed out in the ceremonial practised by the Jew; man, a deep-dyed sinner, 'altogether abominable,' to which the great Laver in the

very precincts of the temple spoked; Jesus a Saviour, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, as seen in the daily Sacrifice; and the Holy Spirit, that heavenly Tenant, whose office it is to renew, re-create, re-beget, 'to take of the things of Christ and shew them' for the sinner's comfort and joy, as seen in the blaze of light with which the tabernacle was surrounded. This Trinity of truth, which Judah cherished, when she clung 'to the house of David,' Israel trifled with and at last forsook; and thus for the warning of all apostates and worldlings it is written, 'Ephraim feedeth on wind, and followeth the east wind (notice this expression;) he daily increaseth lies, (he receives lie after lie,) and desolation, and they do make a covenant with the Assyrians, and oil is carried into Egypt.' It was from little to little; Israel caught at one lie and then another, one bit of false doctrine then another, just like men in our day, and could at last delight in Egypt and Assyria, the great enemies of God's truth; thus Jeremiah laments over them, 'My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken me, the Fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns—broken cisterns—that can hold no water.' * * * * *

"If Israel, being ten tribes, represents the majority, the apostasy, or the world—mark you, not a world in infidelity, but a world with a religion—a false religion—such as had never been revealed by God in his word;—if then ten tribes, or Ephraim, represent these, does not Judah, the two tribes, the minority, represent the church, or that well-appointed, well-united, compact body of believers to be found everywhere, whose city is the Jerusalem above, whose beauty and unity is the amazement of the modern Balaam, who would curse this people? But yet 'the Lord hath a controversy,' 'somewhat' against Judah, and will punish Jacob according to his ways; 'Jacob;' here the two tribes are removed in God's mind out of the name Judah, into that covenant name of Jacob; there is love meant *here*; chastisement, it is true, but in love; not judgment, but correction; mark this distinction: how know ye this? Why, because of the change in the name in this verse from Judah to Jacob, and from what follows; God has gone back a thousand years to the history of Jacob, and his dealings with his church shall be after that model. You hear of no such name affixed to the ten tribes; Ephraim is not called Abraham or Isaac; no, Ephraim has apostatized, revolted to Jeroboam; Judah remains to Rehoboam, Solomon's son, the lawful heir: the ten tribes said, 'this is the heir, come, let us kill him;' therefore is there no name of endearment attached; but here we find it, 'the Lord hath a controversy with *Judah*,' but will punish *Jacob* (now think of Jacob's history) will punish *Jacob* according to his ways; sin shall not go unproved, but the punishment shall be as if to Jacob. Then the scene changes, and Jacob is before us, and we are told that God set his love on him from his very birth, and brought Jacob into covenant before the world began; he was chosen of God; 'yea, rather,' as the apostle says, 'was known of God,' when *he*

did not know God; and so loved, that he influenced God to bless him; and so close was his intercourse, that God 'found him at Bethel, and thero spake with us.'"

In the midst of his somewhat earnest contention for the sovereign choice of the church in Christ, our author says:

"I wish that we did remember this great doctrine, that it is 'not by might nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord.' How elevating the thought! Say you there is anything melancholy in this truth? Can any truth of God be sad? No, it may be difficult, hard to some, but the examination of it under the teaching of the Spirit will be the rejoicing of the heart. My brethren, the election and re-begetting of God are not by the will of man; be he clergy or layman, he cannot will it; and therefore to say the least that should be said, the advocates for baptismal regeneration are wrong; for the word of God is dead against such reasoning, and Jacob and Esau are witnesses to the error; two sons, two babes, two circumcised according to command, yet Jacob shall take his brother by the heel and supplant him."

[To enter upon the second point—"Jacob Chastened,"—or even to finish the first,—"*Jacob Chosen*,"—would occupy more space than can be spared. With the following few words from

MARTIN LUTHER TO ERASMUS, ON PREDESTINATION,

we must now close; pledging ourselves to proceed next month.

"Who art thou," O Erasmus! "that thou shouldest reply against God, and say to the Almighty, what doest thou?" Saint Paul discoursing of God, declares peremptorily, "whom he will he hardeneth;" and again, "God, willing to shew his wrath," &c. And the apostle did not write this to have it stifled among a few persons, and buried in a corner, but wrote it to the Christians at Rome, which was in effect bringing this doctrine upon the stage of the whole world, stamping an *universal imprimatur* upon it, and publishing it to believers at large, throughout the earth.

What can sound harsher in the uncircumcised ears of carnal men, than those words of Christ, "Many are called but few are chosen?" And elsewhere,—"I know whom I have chosen?" Now, these and similar assertions of Christ and his apostles, are the very positions which you, O Erasmus! brand as useless and hurtful; you object, "If those things are so, who will endeavour to mend his life?" I answer, without the Holy Ghost, no man *can* amend his life to purpose. Reformation is but varnished hypocrisy, unless it proceeds from *grace*. The elect and truly pious are amended by the Spirit of God; and those of mankind who are not amended by him, will perish. You ask, moreover, "Who will dare to believe himself a favorite of heaven?" I answer, It is not in man's power to believe himself such upon just grounds, till he is enabled from above, but the elect shall be so enabled; they shall believe themselves to be what indeed they are; as for

the rest who are not endowed with faith, they shall perish, raging and blaspheming as you now do. But you say, "These doctrines open a door to ungodliness." I answer, whatever door they open to the impious and profane, yet they open a door of righteousness to the elect and holy, and shew them the way to heaven, and the path of access unto God. Yet you would have us *abstain from the mention of these grand doctrines*, and leave our people in the dark as to their election of God; the consequence would be, that every man would bolster himself up with a delusive share in that salvation, which is supposed to lie open to all; and thus genuine humility, and the practical fear of God, would be kicked out of doors.

This would be a pretty way indeed of "stopping up the gap," Erasmus complains of! Instead of closing up the door of licentiousness, as it is falsely pretended, it would be in fact opening into the nothernmost hell. Still you urge, "Where is the necessity or utility of preaching predestination?"

God himself *teaches* it, and commands us to teach it, and this is answer enough. We are not to arraign the Deity, and bring the motives of his will to the test of human scrutiny, but simply to revere both him and it. He who is all-wise and all-just, can, in reality, (however things appear to us), do wrong to no man, neither can he do anything unwisely or rashly, and this consideration will suffice to silence all the objections of truly religious persons.

EXPOSITORY

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER I.

MOST excellent Theophilus, (Luke i. 3), as grace has formed you, I trust, for God, and is making good in your experience your name, (for Theophilus, as you know, means a lover of God), and now, that you may more clearly see into those things wherein you have been instructed, I will begin to set before you, in this my first letter to you, that which gives rest to my own mind, concerning those Scriptures which seem to you rather difficult, upon the subject of *special*, certain, and eternal salvation. You can hardly reconcile them with the doctrine of "he will have mercy upon whom he will have mercy."

Your daily experience tells you that it must be all of grace; yet that your judgment and your real experience seem somewhat at variance. The helplessness, the law in the members, the plague of the heart, and the destitution of anything good in the flesh, all bear testimony to your face that you are not only almost, but altogether an unclean thing; that you are in the first Adam, faded and fallen like an autumnal leaf from its parent tree; so that, truly, you are a debtor, not to the flesh, to live after the flesh; for if you live after the flesh, you shall die; yet you feel that you can live no other life than after the flesh, only as mercy from on high enables you so to do. You feel that a life of faith by the Son of God is far above, out of your reach:

that even true *living* faith itself must be the gift of God; and if true faith in Jesus must be the gift and work of God, how much more must *eternal life* itself be the gift of God.

Now, as the words *world, the whole world, all men, and every man*, are to you somewhat difficult to understand, and while you have been told to look well to the context, in order to get the general drift, and spirit, and meaning of the writer; and this advice, as far as it goes, is good, and should be by all means strictly attended to; but the context will not always give the meaning: while, therefore, we would and should look well to the context, we, in addition to the context, must keep close to the universal law of interpretation; which is this—that both *definite* and *indefinite* phraseology must be taken in *strict accordance* with the *subject* to which it is joined.

I will now give some examples of what I mean.

John iii. 16, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Now, here we see that the *love of God* is the subject to which this indefinite mode of expression is joined. The word *world*, therefore, must *not* be understood in a way that does not accord with the love here spoken of.

The love here spoken of does not mean merely temporal and outward favour; for this temporal and outward favour was all that the love of the Lord meant to the Jews as a *nation*—and hence of them he says, "I will love them no more." Hosea ix. 15. But the love of God spoken of here in John, is in Christ, and is like the gift it bestowed—"he gave his only begotten Son." In his favour to the literal seed of Abraham, he gave them an earthly temporal inheritance; the love and the gift were in accordance one with the other; and so here he gave his only begotten Son. Is Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever? So is his love to those for whom Christ died. Is Jesus Christ God, and therefore infinite? So is the love of God. "God (unto his own) is love;" and was Christ, as Man, loved before the foundation of the world? (John xvii. 24), so are his people loved with the same love. (John xvii. 23). Is Jesus Christ *indissolubly* one with the Father? So there is no separation from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus. Is the Son of God sure, finally, to conquer all that can be against him? So his people are more than conquerors through Him that loved them. Are the lines fallen to the Saviour in pleasant places, and has he a goodly heritage? So his people have an inheritance by him incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. In a word, as the salvation from Egypt, sustenance in the wilderness, and the land of Canaan, with its advantages by the presence of the Lord by a temporal covenant, (see Deut. xxviii.), were expressive as a *shadow* of good things to come, and but a *shadow*; and as a shadow, is now passed away; as these were expressive of the kind of favour he bore to them as a nation—and he might, had it pleased him so to do, have chosen any other

nation to the same honourable distinction but he chose whom he would—as they got the land in possession by the kind of favour he bore to them, so those who are loved in Christ are loved unto the end: yea, with an everlasting love. Whatever Immanuel is, *that* is the expression, the meaning, and the measure of the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus.

The Saviour will never own any as his brethren, but those who by the Father were given to him, and constituted one with him. It is on the ground of this eternal election-*oneness* with him, that he owns them, sanctified by God the Father; sanctified, set apart for a holy use and destiny; and so it is written, that "both he that sanctifieth, and they who are sanctified, are all of one; for *which* cause, he is not ashamed to call them brethren." Here, then, the Father having chosen and set them apart, is the ground, the foundation, the cause of the Saviour *owning* them at the first, and then bringing them off at last with the triumphant, "Behold I, and the children which God hath given me." (Heb. ii. 11, &c.)

Now, my good Theophilus, let us look again at "God so loved the world." Now, though you do not believe in the doctrine of purgatory, yet you do believe and are sure that there is a hell, and some are already there; but if they were included in "God so loved the world" and yet are lost, then is that for ever put *assunder* which God had for ever joined together, and that joined together which God had for ever put assunder. In John x. 15, the Great Shepherd has joined his death and the eternal life of those for whom he died for ever together—"I lay down my life for the sheep," and "I give unto them" (not I offer unto them,) but "I give unto them eternal life and they shall never perish." Here his death and their eternal life are for ever put together, and they and destruction put for ever assunder. Shall we make the Son of God a liar? Shall we still join with sinners to contradict the Saviour? Shall we still walk in the counsel of the ungodly (the unregenerate)? Shall we still stand in the way of sinners, and sit in the seat of the scornful? and then delude ourselves with the notion that it all means the *same* thing, whether we admit or deny the truth of the testimony of Christ; forgetting that oneness with falsehood is (whether we know it or not) oneness with him who was a liar and murderer from the beginning.

Again, "Thou hast loved them as thou hast loved me." Would the living God ever part with his own Son, and yet if he parted with any, and if there were any danger that danger must have been even more with the Saviour than with the sinner: more with the Surety than with the debtor; more with the Shepherd than with the sheep, for all *their* sins were laid upon him; and if he overcame all and lived at last, then the danger is over, for "if Christ be not risen our faith is vain, and we are yet in our sins; but now is Christ risen and gives this testimony, because I live ye shall live also."

Thus, then, the word "world" in this scripture, "God so loved the world," must mean

those of whatever nation whom God eternally loves; for it is mediation love, and must accord with its own gift Christ Jesus, together with the order and design of that gift. Thus you must interpret the word "world" in accordance with that to which it is joined.

Remember, there is "a new covenant in Christ Jesus," and you must not interpret those scriptures which belong to that covenant contrary to that covenant; if you interpret but a man's covenant contrary to the manifest designs of that covenant, you would be looked upon to be both a sorry and a dangerous lawyer.

But you must look upon this letter as only an introduction to a few letters (if this beginning should be acceptable to you) I hope to be enabled, by the BARTHEN VESSEL, to send to you.

You can for a few words and two-pence, obtain the VESSEL by order through any bookseller; a work for two-pence which thousands of our forefathers would have rejoiced to have had for two-shillings; but happily, the day is gone by that two-hundred pounds had to be given for a Bible, and ten-shillings for a few pages of gospel truth. Let us then take advantage of the BARTHEN VESSEL, in getting all the good we can by it ourselves, and commending it to others.

I hope Theophilus will not object to hear again next month from

London,

May 28th, 1854.

A LITTLE ONE.

A PASTORAL LETTER.

MY DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST JESUS.—Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name and acknowledge his might as manifested in all his wondrous works and ways; adore his mercy as manifested in your soul's salvation; admire his management of all his vast affairs in such manner and order as to preclude the possibility of any amendment being suggested by the inventive mind of man; approach his majesty at all times in and through the merits and mediation of the Messenger of the Covenant, whose name is "the Branch;" and moreover, approve the mysteries of the gospel, the ministry of the word, and the means of grace, as amongst the things which are excellent, and which can only be duly appreciated as they are spiritually apprehended. Your movements, I trust, are all regulated by the good hand of Him who "guideth the meek in judgment, and giveth understanding to the simple." And being so, you shall surely see not only that the conducting cloud goeth before you, but that the glorious Lord himself is both your sure defence and solemn confidence. Truly great has been Jehovah's faithfulness to you:—he caused you to hear, and know, and understand and follow his voice: he guided your feet into the way of peace in directing your heart into the love of God and the patient waiting for Jesus Christ—in making plain your path, and clear your course, before the face of your enemies—and in strengthening your soul to stand fast in the faith of the gospel of the grace of God, according to the freedom the grace of the

gospel has produced within you, while walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. Consider the great things the dear Lord has done for you, and is still doing for you, not only as evidential of his infinite and unerring wisdom, but as expressive of his paternal and unchanging love. For

"His love is constant as the sun,
Though clouds oft come between;
And could our faith but pierce those clouds,
It might be always seen."

In remembering the sweet promise of his grace, "As thy day thy strength shall be," regard the great Promiser himself, who is declared to be "the Strength of Israel;" and hence David knowing it right well, said, "I will love thee, O Lord my Strength." Surely Christ known experimentally as the great Captain of salvation, and glorious Prince of peace, will be exalted in his own strength perfected in our tribulation as well as in our salvation, both of which are alike sure to all the seed royal. Although the salvation of the righteous is sure to be followed by tribulation, yet finally all their tribulations shall be followed by a full and triumphant salvation. Nor have at any reason to regret, (though the flesh will at times repine and rebel,) the many soul-sorrows we have endured, or may yet endure, in the wilderness; but rather should we rejoice in knowing that

"All must come, and last, and end,
As shall please our Heavenly Friend."

May the Lord favour and indulge you with much of his life-sustaining and health-maintaining presence; multiply his love-tokens in your soul's experience and enjoyment of his truthful testimonies, in which he saith, "Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God: I will help thee, yea, I will strengthen thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." Well, then, might we exclaim with the poet,—

"His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus supported, who shall faint?"

We do well to remember that while our faintings show our weakness, Divine faithfulness maintains Jehovah's worthiness of our most hearty confidence, which hath never, no, never, been exercised in vain upon the solemn promise of his sacred lips. For we know that

"Though cisterns be broken,
And creatures all fail,
The word he hath spoken
Shall surely prevail."

Then be of good cheer, my sister, for

"Though dark be your way,
Since Christ is your Guide,
'Tis your's to obey,
'Tis his to provide."

The Lord mercifully make your face to shine with the light of his countenance reflected upon you; create joy and gladness in your heart by communicating all needed grace from day to day; fire your soul with love to the dear Redeemer, whose name is as ointment poured forth, whose love is better than wine, and

whose favour is preferable to life; and when the days of your pilgrimage shall be ended, may you be found at his right hand where "there are pleasures for evermore." Kind regards to Mr. T——. Peace be with you, and with the whole Israel of God, wheresoever scattered throughout the length and breadth of Emanuel's land. So prays your acknowledged pastor, (a worthless worm),

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

P.S.—The same post that brought your note enclosing one shilling for the Lord's poor, also brought one from our sister Lubbock. It was refreshing to my spirit to see you were both likeminded in remembrance of the Lord, of his ordinances, and of his poor. Our dear sister has been accustomed to send me a shilling for the ordinance each month during her annual visits to the country.

How encouraging it would be to the pastors of the London churches if all their members, when absent from the table of the Lord by reason of their removal into the country, would shew their mindfulness of home by forwarding their usual monthly contributions on behalf of the poor.

J. S.

A DINNER WITH THE POOR OF CHRIST'S FLOCK.

"Better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox, and hatred therewith."—Prov. xv. 17.

THESE truths I have proved in sweet and holy experience. I have dined with some of the nobility, where I have had a footman behind my back, serving me with many dainty dishes, and where every thing has been in season and in order; and generally with such people who are what is called real bred gentry, there is not that stiff, affected, put on politeness, which puts a man in irons, so that he scarcely knows what to do with his tongue, eyes, hands, and elbows; but with such I have found unaffected politeness, easy manners, kindness, liberality, and free conversation. And I have often frequented the houses of other godly christian people (at whose tables I have had as many comforts, of this life, as I could have at the Queen's table,) where I have enjoyed cheerful conversation, smiles, good manners, and every thing I could desire. And I have dined with the proud, stiff, pedantic, foppish, and would-be polite gentleman, who sat at table like a fine dressed-up statue, with high shirt collar, starched stiff, who seemed afraid to move his head, lest he should displace something of his dress, make a wrinkle in his coat, put a hair of his head out of place, or bend his shirt collar, who would hold his three-tined silver fork underhanded, and pitch a morsel into his mouth fashionably. I have been at the houses of others where they said "eat and drink," when the heart was not with me; who could backbite, slander, and reproach me behind my back; and with others where a plenty of the good things of this life to eat and drink, where there were hatred, quarreling, and confusion therewith.

But all the happy, sweet, and comfortable dinners that I have enjoyed for many years past, was upon potatoes, with scarcely anything

beside; and this was two or three years at Dunmow, in Essex, when on a visit there among some of my old friends. A poor man whom I had not known aforetime invited me to his house, a little lone house, in the fields not far from Lord Maynard's park. He was extremely poor and afflicted in body, and I believe depending in some measure on the parish. He had passed under peculiar trials, some which it would not be prudent for me to enter into. He had not been so situated as to have the opportunity of attending under any gospel ministry. He told me how he was convinced of the exceeding sinfulness of sin, and how he had been bound and tied by the cords of his sins, afflicted, distressed in soul, and tormented of the devil for some long time; and how the Lord delivered him, comforted him, spoke peace to his soul, and brought him into liberty, peace and joy; and all this, and much more than I can write, without any means of a preached gospel, being directed by the Spirit of God to certain Scriptures. I felt greatly delighted, refreshed, and comforted at the narration that he gave me; and that I had found a brother in such relationship that neither this life, death, hell, satan, sin, nor the grave could destroy.

Now for the dinner—I believe there was a small piece of bread in the house, and a small piece of butter. He went into his garden and took up some very nice potatoes, and this was all there was for dinner; after a long and interesting conversation, the dinner came on the table, a dish of good potatoes, for him, myself, and his two children, the wife not being at home. And I speak the truth, (though it was not exactly "a dinner of herbs," it was a dinner of vegetables, a dish of potatoes,) I had not for many years enjoyed such a dinner; it was a dinner of potatoes where love was, and I found it better than a stalled ox and hatred therewith; for the pure and perfect love of God was there, in holy, heavenly, scriptural truth, and the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge; (the knowledge of every natural man or mere nominal professor,) for I believe it was "joy in the Holy Ghost."

After dinner and some further conversation, he requested me to sing with him and pray; and if ever the heavens were opened to me in prayer they were then. I felt my spirit (after praying sometime) quite absorbed in love, and a sensible felt glory in my soul—"joy unspeakable!" It was a little octagon-shaped house, standing quite alone in the fields, and really it seemed filled with light, love and glory, as if heaven were come down and filled the place, and my spirit gone up into heights of such calm, serene, indescribable peace and joy, that no one knows, only they that receive it; and I felt loath to leave the place, and left it with some reluctance.

I cannot remember that I have had such a happiness at any dinner since that day; I believe it is among the poor of Christ's flock that Christ makes himself more precious than among many rich people, or even among rich christian people; for among Christ's poor there are no fine rooms, paintings, and rich furniture to be shewn, nor fine silver dishes, and a variety of joints to pamper the fleshly taste; nor

fine, gay clothing, gold chains, diamond rings, with other earthly polity, to puff up the mind with pride, at such false glory. The glory of Christ's poor people is himself; and if he comes down in his glory where two or three of his poor afflicted people are met together, they feel, see, and know it to be the glory that excelleth all earthly glory—"joy unspeakable, and full of glory;" and then outward glory is as nothing, and we are "all glorious within." But when the Lord withdraws this sweet, bright thing, glory, we as it were, drop into ourselves again, moaning in darkness till he returns. But the promise is, "I will not leave you comfortless: I will see you again." O, for another shining glory of Christ's love in my soul! if I had only potatoes for my dinner, I would cry out, O, for another dinner of potatoes!

This poor man requested baptism at my hands, and I baptised him in the river Chelinar, near the east end of the parish church at Great Dunmow, in the presence of a large company of spectators. WM. GARRARD.

Leicester, May 3, 1854.

THE
PRESENT "CONFLICT OF NATIONS."

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR SIR.—Having read with some degree of interest the article entitled, "A Few Words to the Churches with reference to the Present Conflict of Nations," I have thought that a few words with reference to the views advocated therein might, by God's blessing, be useful to the CHURCH.

1st. It is somewhat surprising that we are told, "that doubt on the point that the course taken by our government is *just* and *wise*, will generate painful anxiety in the soul, and embarrassment at the throne of grace;" inasmuch, that it is to be hoped that no child of God would take *that* as a ground of faith in prayer, seeing that it is quite possible for our government to be *wrong* in both cases, which I think can be proved easily. We are told, indeed, of *one*, who has sent forth his legions of slaves to rob and plunder his neighbour; but let us look at home, and see what countenance our so-called *just* guides, are giving to doings in Kaffir Land, China, &c.; and I think that we may safely say, that there are six of one, and half-a-dozen of another; and perhaps as much to condemn in both.

And again; that because we *have*, we ought to *use* our physical and moral strength, is in direct opposition to the principles of that gospel which we profess to love; inasmuch as that would justify any man in knocking me down, because he was the stronger, or killing me for his pleasure and profit, because he coveted my goods. How unlike those God-like principles, which call upon us to inculcate, and practise, "Love your enemies; do good to them that hate you," &c.; "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink;" and many similar precepts in the teaching of our divine Lord and his apostles! And to refer to the wars and doings of the old dispensations as examples, is

to do that for which we have no warrant now—remembering that our Lord has said, "My kingdom is not of this world, else would my servants fight." Mr. Cobden's plan *has not been tried by our government*; if it had, we might have hoped for better results, seeing that an audience was obtained even by the representatives of a despised body of men, and not in the least encouraged or recognised by our government for the people at large.

What we want most of all is, not the wisdom of this world, but *that* wisdom which cometh down from above, which is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. Let the word go forth, then, to the church, to hold fast the profession of its faith without wavering, remembering that He is faithful who has promised that "*all things* shall work together for good to those that love God, and are the called according to his purpose;" and let come what will, be assured of this, that He who reigns above, will see that the object he has to accomplish shall be found completed when the last trump shall sound.

Earnestly would we say unto each believer in Christ, at the present eventful time, Look unto Jesus! for vain is the help of man without the guidance of Him who worketh all things by the counsel of his own will, and whose province it is to overrule all things for the good of his church, which he has purchased with his own blood. And we feel sure, that the confidence that such feelings would beget, would enable each believer to come boldly to a throne of grace, to obtain help in every time of need; and then we should not hear of those excitings of the old nature to battle with our brethren in fierce combats, but to pray to our Father in heaven, that if it be his will to stay the progress of the man of iniquity, and cause that gospel to spread its influence throughout the world, echoing through all its dreary wastes, "Peace on earth, and good will towards man," and bring about the consummation of the church's desires, that they shall see every knee bow, and every tongue confess that Jesus is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.

Let such truths as these be opened to the church, with all their sublime and glorious manifestations, and much will be done to enable them to look on patiently and believingly on "the present conflict of nations," and to say with full confidence, "we will trust, and not be afraid, inasmuch as we look for that city which hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God;" remembering, meanwhile, that we are but strangers and pilgrims here; and that *whatever* may hasten our departure—whether it be war or anything else—it will only transport us to the realms of bliss, "to be with Christ, which is far better."

Thus may the Lord give us understanding in all things necessary to our thus walking to his praise. Yours, in the gospel of peace,

JOHN WM. KIRTON.

29a, Lincoln's Inn Fields.

He who through God's grace has overcome a world of lusts and devils, is greater than Alexander who only overcame a world of men, though he be but a poor cobbler's apprentice.

"THE WORLD'S CONFUSION, AND THE COMING RESTORER."

WERE we disposed to dwell upon the fullness of the sentiments couched in the above words, we might occupy pages: but we shall levy no such task either upon ourselves or our readers. At the same time, we cannot be silent touching the things which are coming to pass; and in which all, who have faith in the word of God, are so deeply interested.

There is "*confusion in the world*," there is *division in the church*, there is *distraction in the minds of many* who love and serve the Lord. How cheering, then, the twin sentence—"THE COMING RESTORER." A beautifully expressive name for the Great Physician—the good Samaritan—the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls! It did please the FATHER that IN HIM all the fullness of grace, righteousness, purity, peace, and eternal glory, should dwell. It was deposited in him—it has dwelt securely in him—that from him the bride might receive it, in the Lord's appointed time. Sin and satan have roamed about, and roared, and reigned, too, in this lower world, for many centuries. They have threatened to dash God's creation to atoms—they have done their utmost to drag the living family down to hell:—they have not altogether failed. But, as far as the true church of God is concerned, satan shall be finally cast out—sin shall be entirely washed away;—then "*the kingdom and dominion, and THE GREATNESS OF THE KINGDOM under the whole heaven, shall BE GIVEN to the PEOPLE of the saints of THE MOST HIGH, whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom, and all dominions shall serve and obey him.*" Dan. vii.

Prophecies and promises like these—when revealed and applied to the heart, by the eternal Spirit, are sufficient to cause us to rejoice even in tribulation; knowing that, "*Yet, a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry.*"

Before us, is a pamphlet just issued by Wertheim and Macintosh, with these words for its title—"SHADOWS OF THE FUTURE: OR, THE REAL ANTICHRIST. *The Destinies of Rome, Constantinople, and Jerusalem,*" &c. By A. M. Oxon. There is a becoming sobriety and an elegant simplicity in the work which constrains us to draw the attention of our readers to it. We have first the *Real Antichrist* depicted; but he is not worth our notice. We have then "*The Destiny of Rome*"—that is, that "in one hour her judgment will come." "*The Destiny of the Moslem*" follows. Then comes a prophecy respecting "*JERUSALEM*," which, whether it be received in a literal or a spiritual sense, speaks with a refreshing savour unto the soul of the true pilgrim to Zion. And the finale of the book bears the heading placed at the top of this page.

After a lengthened detail of the time of tribulation connected with the return of the Jews, our author introduces the final drying up of the waters of the Euphrates, and the coming of Him whose reign brings peace, and whose rest is glorious. The eleventh of Isaiah comprehends the whole of the Mediatorial work of Christ, and his utter destruction of the tongue of the Egyptian (or, modern

papal) sea:—and then, dear Zion of our covenant God, "IN THAT DAY thou shalt say O Lord, I will praise thee, though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and thou hast comforted me."

A GOSPEL EFFORT FOR CHINA, AT THIS IMPORTANT CRISIS.—We have read, and re-read, the striking request of "R. W. Z.," respecting "*An Appeal to the Strict Baptist Churches of both Hemispheres*;" aiming to arouse our Gideons, our Davids, our Nohemians our Mordecais—and, in fact, all the hosts of our New Testament Israelites, to one united effort to call into existence—under the direction and blessing of the Lord our God—a powerful agency to carry forth and to unfurl the banner of the Lord in the eighteen provinces of the Chinese Empire. Our very soul leaped in us when the stirring appeal touched our almost fainting spirit; and the mind's-eye threw a hasty glance at the hundreds of zealous and decided men in our churches who would rejoice to see the Master coming to them, (in a way of open providence), and to hear his solemn and his sweet voice saying to them, "*Why stand ye here all the day idle?*" Surely this is "*about the eleventh hour.*" Matt. xx. 6. Surely, by many striking dispensations Jesus, the great Householder, is now going out—and certain we are, that many in our gospel churches are "*standing idle*:" and if the solemn question were put to them, "*why stand ye idle?*" the answer would be, "*because no man hath hired us.*" Nor, until Christ himself shall purify, qualify, and commission them, will any hiring, or any going, or any doing, be effectual. We cannot but hope that the day is approaching, when our churches—(who have done little more than selfishly receive the gospel for themselves)—will be aroused and employed in carrying the precious treasure forth to other lands, and to other people. But "R. W. Z." is little aware of the sacrifices we have made already in the direction he intimates. Let him step forward in practice, while we retire in supplication; and by these, if God will, the thing he desires may be done.

THE FIERY TRIAL.—The good Christian brother whose deep soul-trouble we noticed a few months since, still lays deep in the flood. His beloved partner says: "You will expect to hear some tidings of my poor, afflicted, distressed husband, his sufferings have been severe indeed; no tongue can speak, or pen describe. I must say I have prayed without ceasing; and although for the last few days he has appeared more quiet and composed, yet no immediate deliverance from the Almighty has come—he is continually crying out, 'I am lost! Hell must be my portion!' I have told him that Jesus came into the world for the express purpose of saving the lost;" that he is as safe as if he were now in glory. This he cannot believe. What a solemn thing to be shut up in unbelief! Hart was in this state seven years, and Huntington two. In God's appointed time and way, I have no doubt he will be brought into gospel liberty. For the most part through this afflictive dispensation, I have been quiet and composed, trusting in the faithfulness of a covenant God. Yes! sometimes even in the furnace I have been enabled to bless and praise Him that we are out of hell, on praying ground and pleading terms, through the merits and intercession of Christ. I am still at a loss to guess the cause of so severe a trial; but what we now not now we shall know hereafter."

THE NINTH PLOT OF THE DEVIL AGAINST THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS,

BY BALAK AND BALAAM, A TYPE OF ROME.

[A Review of CHRISTOPHER NESS'S "GLOZIOUS PROPHECY," the fifth new edition of which is now publishing by HOULSTON AND STONEMAN, under the title of "PREDICTED EVENTS," &c.]

THERE were three most notable spiritual luminaries in the time of the Commonwealth, and continuing onwards during the oppressive rule of that Abimelech of our Israel, Charles II., who was manifestly given of the Lord as was his type of old, as a scourge to the church in these lands, because of their ingratitude to the house of our modern Gideon, that mighty man of valour, the Protector of the rights and liberties of this Protestant kingdom, who "adventured his life far on their account." Judges viii. 33—35; and ix. 15—21. And these we reckon to have been Owen, Baxter and Howe, who were raised up in that day to do battle in a more spiritual kind "for the Lord and his anointed;" and were like unto three of David's mighty men, and amongst whom Dr. Owen was undoubtedly the chief, notwithstanding the peculiar gifts and graces of the Spirit bestowed on those three, each for the work assigned to them. We may take leave to add yet another remarkable witness for those times, Christopher Ness; who was coadjutor with these and other divine lamps in that perilous warfare, and whose valuable "History of the Church of Christ from the beginning of the world unto his own day," we consider to be a master-piece of writing in the Spirit, containing, as he himself justly expresses it, "the quintessence of sacred, civil, and ecclesiastical writers, and serving as a short comment upon all the books in the Bible, both historical and prophetic." This work must indeed have been a most valuable gift to the church in those troublous times; but whether this luminary of his day was apprehended while living we have no certain means of knowing, seeing we have never met with any account of his life, while the work before us was printed in a small compendious volume in 1680, neither the dedication nor preface of which gives any account of himself; we may remark, however, that Owen died in 1683, and, as far as we remember, Baxter also within a year or two after; which period likewise terminated the cruel reign of that monarch by whose means those divine pitchers were broken from time to time, in order, that the lamps contained therein might be *unveiled* to the church.

The work to which we refer, may be said to comprise the whole experience of the church in her warfare with the adversary, within *thirty-three plots*, or devices, of the devil, against the seed of the woman, but out of all which the church is shown to come victorious, for, as he expresses it, "the church (like the old Romans) may lose a battle but never a war;" and like the burning bush is never
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consumed, (Exodus iii. 3,) because the "good-will of him that dwelt in the bush" did preserve her. Deut. xxxiii. 16.

Ness dedicates his work to Sir Robert Clayton, then Lord Mayor of London; who it is likely was, for a season, a sort of shield to Ness, from that "pricking brier" to the saints, Charles II.—During his ministerial work, as from what appears in the dedication, his Lordship seems to have loved and protected the Protestant interest in that day; and certainly, if he had sufficient discernment and appetite in the Spirit to enable him to embrace and digest so excellent a repast as that presented to him by the writer, he must have been a man of more spiritual capacity in his times, than the church seems to be favoured with—in such stations in life—in these days.

We had some thought of endeavouring to gather out the cream of this extraordinary work of past times, which appears to be *anew unveiled* in our time, for the profit of the divine flock; but finding, it may be said, that besides the matter being *all cream*, or in other words *all gold*, and with but little alloy—we know not, but that if it any how could be dressed up in a *modern garb*, it would thereby lose much of its peculiar force and value; which lies not only in the depth and originality of thought contained in it, but in the extreme bluntness and quaintness of expression which was current in those days, although such language might not be suited to the more polished ears of this generation, who are even more anxious and careful to perfect the *external* in every kind, than to obtain, at any cost, such *pith and marrow* of divine truth as is found within the compass of this little volume. We should, therefore, advise the work to come forth either *entire* in as small and cheap a form as possible; or, in parts or numbers, suited to the poorest of the flock; each number to contain *one plot*—while we can, at present, only give the substance of one of these *satanic plots*, as a sample of the matter and manner of this singularly gifted and highly spiritual writer; and which will be found to cast light in a variety of ways, on the experience of the church in our days, as the sequel will show.—

"*The Ninth Plot of the Devil against the Church in the Wilderness, by Balak and Balaam, a type of Rome.*"—(page 71—86.)

"But the sorest thrust, and most fiery dart of the devil against the wilderness church, was that of the Moabites—with their assistants the Midianites,—which was the last gun-shot of the wicked one against Israel before they entered Canaan—yet it proved, by the over-ruling providence of God, but

the shot of a pot-gun, a dintless dart, and an unsuccessful thrust in the issue—no weapon formed against the church shall prosper. Isaiah li. 17. The divine promise did blunt the point and spoil the purpose of all both human and diabolical projects; yea, of this last, which was the worst of all, the last bite of dying beasts are most deadly; no less was this last of the serpent to interrupt the church in her passage out of the wilderness to Canaan. Take a particular view of two things—1st, of the church's danger, and 2dly, of the church's deliverance. God requires a due commemoration hereof, (Micah vi. 5,) where he saith, 'Oh, my people, remember now what Balak, king of Moab, consulted; and what Balaam, the son of Beor, answered from Shittim unto Gilgal, that ye may know the righteousness of the Lord.' The compellation ('Oh, my people,') doth plainly demonstrate that the sinfulness of God's people doth not destroy God's claim to and interest in them. They are his by creation, by redemption, and by the covenant of grace. 'Tis true, that by the old covenant of works God might write Lo-Ammi and Lo-Ruhamah upon his sinful church; but the free-grace of this new covenant rides triumphingly over all the incapacities and unworthiness of his people; and when they are not (in themselves) worthy, yet their gracious God will 'account them worthy,' (Luke xxi. 36.) when he cannot own them (as his jewels) Mal. iii. 17, for their sakes, yet then will he own them for his own sake. Ezek. xxxvi. 22, 32. No lore like God's lore, that loves thus freely: Hosea xiv. 4; though all the world disclaim them yet must God lay his claim to them, 'Oh, my people,' how can he disclaim them; so he tells us in his four such hows as are not to be paralleled in the book of God. Hosea xi. 8. How shall I give thee up Ephraim, &c., I cannot find in my heart to do it—what will the Egyptians say, (Exodus xxxii. 12,) and what will become of my great name? Josh. vii. 9. The very banks of blasphemy will be broken down when God cannot behold innocency in his people, as before, yet will he prevent the insolency of their enemies. Deut. xxxii. 27, and Psalm cxl. 8. As the church in the wilderness had a Balak and a Balaam against her, so the church evermore in her wilderness-state hath force and fraud against her. But God delivered the church out of their hands, Josh. xxiv. 10, and brought her from Shittim (the place of their sin of Baal-peor,) to Gilgal, where he renewed his covenant with them. Thus Rome, at this day, seeks the ruin of the reformed religion, and 'devises deceitful matters against them that are quiet in the land.' Psalm xxxv. 20. Balak hires Balaam (the devil's spelman) to curse Israel. 'Tis said, 'God put a word in Balaam's mouth,' (Num. xxiii. 5.) A phrase never used concerning the inspiring of any of the holy prophets, which word did hut pass through him as a trunk through which a man speaks, his heart was not holily affected with what his tongue uttered; he did not eat his words as Jeremy did; (Jer. xv. 16,) nor did he believe what he had spoken as David did; (Psalm cxvi. 10.) and after him Paul. (2 Cor. iv. 13.) But as he was called 'a Prophet,' (2 Peter ii. 16.) so also a 'sooth-sayer,' (Josh. xiii. 22.) he using enchantments as the divines and prophets of the heathen did. (Deut. xviii. 10, 14, and Numbers xxiv. 1.

'Thus satan makes use of the meekest means to accomplish his own devilish ends, and makes Balaam to do more mischief to the church by his counsel than Balak could do by his courage. He layed a stumbling-block before Israel; (Rev. ii. 14.) He 'ran greedily,' (Jude 11.) from altar to altar, gapping after the gain promised. Thus Balaam's march to marr the church was furious as Jchu's, so that neither God's prohibition before his journey, nor the crushing of his foot, the speaking of his ass, the drawn sword of the angel in his journey, nor the disappointment of all his endeavours by his enchantments afterwards, could hinder him from pursuing his cursed, cursing project; yet God made all fruitless and frustrate; neither had Balak his

will nor Balaam his wages. God overules the devil and his spelman, turns the desired curse into a devout blessing: gladly would Balaam have cursed Israel, but he cannot wag his wicked tongue without God's leave, nor Balak with his men of might find their hands without divine permission. (Psalm lxxvi. 5.) Yea, Balaam's heart cursed against his tongue, and his tongue blessed against his heart. As the church then had a Balaam to curse her, and a Balak to hire him thereunto, even so it is now; (Gal. iv. 29.) 'There is no new thing under the sun,' &c. (Ecc. i. 9.) The present church of the reformed religion hath the great Balaam of Rome to curse her 'with bell, book and candle.' He is the devil's spelman, (Primo genitus diaboli,) the gull and cheat of the world, to whom the Balaks, or kings, (that have given their power to the beast, Rev. xvii. 13,) say, 'whom thou blesseth shall be blessed, and whom thou curseth shall be cursed.' (Num. xxii. 6.) Whereas the power given to man for blessing or cursing others is not despotical or majisterial, but only ministerial. The great man of Rome is like Balaam, a mad prophet 'sitting in the temple of God.' (2 Thess. ii. 4.) Yea, a soothsayer, a sorcerer, a necromancer, a conjurer; so he is the devil's prophet; and 'tis very remarkable, the devil hath done more mischief to the church of God in his 'transforming himself into an angel of light,' than ever he could do in his own proper colors as the prince of darkness. Hence the pope, that false prophet and Christ's pretended vicegerent, hath given more bloody blows to the reformed religion, (in its power and purity) than ever the Turk hath done. And 'tis also very remarkable, that though Balaam cannot curse Israel, yet he curseth Amalek, the first; and Rome, their last enemy. (Num. xxiv. 20, 24.) [By Rome he understands Chittim.] And as sure as that of Amalek is come to pass so sure shall that of Rome be—God's hand is upon his throne to accomplish both in Christ; (2 Cor. i. 20,) and by him (2 Thess. ii. 8.) For 'he also shall perish for ever,' (Num. xxiv. 24,) or 'shall go into perdition,' (2 Thess. ii. 7, 8, 9,) that 'he might go to his own place;' (Num. xxiv. 25,) that is to hell, as Judas did. (Acts i. 25.)'

Let this then suffice to show the kind of marrow of divine truth in those days in which Ness witnessed, and which may serve as a "pot of that manna" wherewith the church was fed in those troublous times.

So now, for a few words on the "SCRIPTURE PROPHECY," of the same author, which has been appended to that "Sermon by Dr. Owen," of which some notice was given in the Vessel for last month. This brief view of the state of the church during the "times of the Gentiles," and continuing onwards during the "Millennial age," is drawn from the *Apocalyptic vision*, and is a continuous prophecy of the church's progress through all times after Christ to his second coming—as that of *Daniel* was before Christ unto his first coming; on both which books he gives a conspicuous comment; but concerning which we can only make a very few remarks, seeing we have already occupied so much space in noticing the main part of his work going before this prophecy, with which he concludes the whole.

Ness says little or nothing of the first part of the Apostle's vision; and as might have been supposed, corresponding with all his co-ajutors in those days, shows that he has no apprehension of the *structure* of the book, while yet his spiritual vision and apprehension

of many of its parts is very considerable, and in particular as to what relates exclusively to the church, in contra-distinction to what belongs to the kingdoms of the world, in the prophecy. Thus, we find him to almost entirely pass over the first nine chapters; which contain, amongst other things, the first six seals and the first six trumpets, and to come at once to notice the seventh trumpet in chapter 10; and which he says contains the seven vials, although he should have said, that the seventh trumpet contains seven thunders, as the seventh seal contains seven vials. He further supposes the seven vials to refer to events occurring at the time of the Reformation, (see pages 33—35 of "*Predicted Events Coming upon the Nations of the Earth,*") and onwards to his own time, in so far as he considered the vials to have then been poured out; and which application of the vials, in a more limited and inner court view of the subject, we do not wholly reject; although it is manifest from a more enlarged view of the subject, as applied to the kingdoms of the world and to the church likewise in its kingdom-state and form, that the first six seals and the first six trumpets, each run on till the end of the papal period of 1260 years, from 538 to 1792-3; when at length the seventh trumpet sounds, (Rev. x.) and the seventh seal opens; (Rev. viii.) and consequently not till then the seven vials properly begin to run their course, and with which the seven thunders correspond. Nevertheless, as this interpretation belongs to an understanding of the complete structure of the Apocalypse in all its parts, and which was not apprehended in former times, and indeed is but known to a few in our time, we shall not enter further into the subject at present, but simply remark that in Ness's view of the matter, according to the light given unto him, he makes many original and beautiful remarks, even exceeding those of his contemporaries on that subject, and notices some singular parallelisms between the vials and trumpets in the course of his argument. He begins by saying, "that the church of God is always under some special prophecy, promise or providence; and therefore her state is steadfast and immovable as the mountains of brass; (Zech. vi. 1.) neither men nor devils can remove her; (Psal. cxxv. 1, 2.) Such is Christ's compassion for his church and chosen, that in the worst of times 'he leaves her not comfortless,' (John xiv. 18.) but secures her from swooning with sovereign cordials. (Rev. vi. 10; viii. 3.)" Again, "As the former plagues destroyed the dragon and Rome heathen (Rev. xii.) so those latter plagues shall destroy the double beast that rises out of the ruins of the dragon—to wit, Rome anti-christian. (Rev. xvi.) Yet his fall shall be gradual as his rising." (see page 34.) Again, "Herein the series and order of the vials is very observable. The first is poured out upon the earth; that

is, upon the pope's footstool, his stigmatised slaves or branded vassals. This made them sick of the devil's disease—to wit, malice and rage at the Reformation."

"The second upon the sea—that is, on the popish councils; especially that of Trent. The third upon their rivers, their brackish clergy, which corrupt the see of Rome; especially the Jesuits, who have "blood given them to drink, (by the law of nations), for they are worthy. Rev. xvi. 2, 3, 4, 6. The fourth upon the sun, the house of Austria, the great luminary of the Romish firmament; which, being incorporated with Spain, hath given light and sustentation to the tottering kingdom of the beast; and not only so, but hath by the Indies' treasure aspired after the fifth or absolute monarchy; as France doth now; but that word of God, 'there must be ten horns,' waylays them, so that one horn cannot lick up the nine. And who cannot but wonder to behold how much the splendor of that luminary is now eclipsed by an interposition? how the legs whereon the image of Babel (or Babylonish beast) standeth, do now clash and knock one against another, insomuch that the Christian (of France) hath got the Catholic (of Spain) under his girdle and at his devotion? Yea, the Austrian eagle begins to truckle under him, so that the kingdom of the beast is darkened with a Scottish mist. Rev. xvi. 8—10. This makes them 'gnaw their tongues, blaspheming,' as Faux did, when taken, saying, it was not God, but the devil, that brought to light and to nought their powder treason. When the fifth vial is poured out upon the throne of the beast, ('which the dragon hath given him,' Rev. xiii. 2), this can be no other than Rome; for here Christ speaks without a parable, that then it may be conspicuous to every common eye which of the vials are past, and which to come; and what vial we now live under is doubtful; yet this is beyond doubt—that as the fifth trumpet placed Antichrist on his usurped throne,—Rev. ix. 1,—with the key of the bottomless pit at his girdle, so the fifth vial dethrones him, though not destroys him; for the beast is reserved for a worse ruin after his throne (Rome) be ruined—chapters xvii. and xviii. O, that God would put it into the hearts of some of those ten kings to loathe her and burn her for an old stinking bawd, as is prophesied of her, Rev. xvii. 16. It is now become a great brothel-house, having this brand:

"Vile Rome, adieu! I did thee view,
But hence no more will see,
Till pimp, or punk, or jade, or spade,
I do resolve to be.

"Charles V. took it, and would have burnt it, had not his soldiers been restrained by an overruling hand, because 'God's time was not then come,' in the fifteenth century. 'Her iniquity was not then full.' Louis

XII., of France, being excommunicated by Pope Julius II., bid defiance to his holiness, and coined money with this inscription, 'I will destroy Babylon.' How far this present French king—Louis XIV.—God may put it into his heart to go, we yet know not; but this martial French king stands fairest of all the ten horns in our day to do to Rome what Attilas, that scourge of the world, did.

"The sixth vial brings in conversion to the Jews as soon as the fifth vial doth bring in confusion to the popelings; for the call of the Jews cannot be till Antichrist's sect is destroyed; for nothing doth stumble that poor people at Christianity more than the idolatry of those mock-christians, the Romanists, whom the very Turks, for their image-worship, call idolaters, and therefore abhor them for their breach of the second commandment." Pages 34—36.

Ness has besides some curious remarks on the sixth vial, in which he saith, "Christ hath the eastern Antichrist (the Turk) to tread down;" but some think that the western Antichrist upon the ruin of Rome by the fifth vial shall run to the eastern Antichrist (the Turk) for succour; and *Gog*, the pope, or covert enemy of Christ, shall join with *Magog*, the Turk, or the overt, or open enemy, as the two names do signify; therefore, the sixth vial is poured out upon the Euphrates, or Turkish empire, to dry it up so far that another army of new Christians (the converted Jews) may make war against the beast also. [From this we see that there were some then, as in all ages of the church, who studied the prophecies, and gave forth their thoughts upon the subject.] Their conversion is hindered by a double bar—1st, the pope's idolatry; and 2ndly, the Turk's insolency. Now, as the fifth trumpet brought on the former bar, so the fifth vial takes it off; and as the sixth trumpet set on the latter bar, by loosing the Turk from Euphrates,—Rev. ix. 14,—so the sixth vial carries it off, by drying up his Euphrates, or empire, that the way of the Jews may be open to Christianity, to Canaan, and to the battle of Armageddon." Page 37.

He also puts forth some further ideas concerning the calling and conversion of the Jews, which are well worth attention, and particularly some highly spiritual thoughts respecting the coming marriage of Christ with his bride, the church, both Jewish and Gentile, are exceedingly beautiful; and which will greatly repay perusing. Pages 38—40.

And, finally, altogether, concerning this prophecy, we certainly consider the ideas of Christopher Ness in the work in review, to have been much in advance of the age in which he lived; that they are original, and take in a wide and comprehensive view of truth, both in his church's history and in this Scripture prophecy; setting forth the

varied experiences of the church throughout all ages, from its beginning unto its final continuation in glory; and which no other writer, that we have any knowledge of, has given for the instruction of the saints up to our time. Therefore, we are greatly of opinion, that its republication at this time will prove a boon to such as are spiritually minded, when, if "knowledge runs to and fro" in a carnal kind, there is a manifest poverty of thought, and lack of enlarged vision of mind in the spirit to embrace the word of truth *in all its fulness*, among both preachers and writers of these days, so as to warn the church of things that are coming upon the earth, and to prepare her for the approaching conflict among the nations of the world.

But we cannot resist giving the concluding words of our author on the subject.

"As we are not to expect any new revelation, no more than any new gospel; so we ought only to believe and pray for the accomplishment of all that is revealed; being assured from truth itself—Rev. i. 6—that 1st, He who was the Alpha to confound the first plot, (Gen. iii.,) will be the Omega to conquer the last. (Rev. xxii. 13). 2ndly, the kings of the earth, that gave their power to the beast, 'shall bring their glory to the church.' Rev. xvii. 13, and chap. xxi. 24. 3rdly, the bride's feast and felicity shall be either in heaven, (as Piscator,) or on earth, (as Alstead), or in both, as Perkins says. It is good in either place; refer that to God; making a common and constant cry, 'Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, to accomplish all that is unaccomplished.' 1 Thess. i. 10; Rev. xxii. 20, 21." Page 40.

[Thus far has the author of "*The Coming Time of Trouble*" written by way of review on Christopher Ness. The volume to which he refers, is scarce; we never could find but one copy all England over. It comprises 512 pages, in 34 chapters. It might be published in twelve two-penny numbers, in beautiful type, large and good paper, but we are too heavily-laden to do it on our own responsibility. Should this meet the eye of one zealous in the defence of truth, having means at hand, we say to such an one, step forward now, give us a little encouragement; and by God's help, the churches in Christendom shall soon have in their possession old Ness's "NARRATIVE OF THE DEVIL'S PLOTS AGAINST THE CHURCH: AND GOD'S DEFEATS OF THE FOE."—ED.]

Believers should ply their oars lovingly one way, and not fall a scuffling together in Christ's boat.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

THE DEATH OF JOHN WADE, OF UPPINGHAM.

THAT venerable and useful saint of God, John Wade, finished his earthly course, and was called to his heavenly rest, on Friday morning, April 28th. His death was sudden and unexpected to all, except himself, who was daily ready to "depart, and be with Christ, which is far better." He was watching for his Lord's coming, or for his calling him home, day by day; and for these last two years and a-half, during which I have known him, this seems to have been his daily experience and conduct without intermission. "Praying always, with all prayer and supplication," was strictly exemplified in him; and when in darkness, desertion, and temptation, which was very often, he would then pray the most. Zion lay near his heart; her prosperity, the peace of Jerusalem, and the Lord's presence and blessing for the minister, were the burden of his public prayers. Except sickness prevented him, as it did some few times, he always commenced our prayer meetings, after singing, with a solemn, devout and fervent prayer; and never refused when called upon to engage, whatever his state of mind might be. Would it not be well for all who engage at our various prayer meetings to take pattern from our dear brother on this point? Once in the week, for the most part, but sometimes twice or thrice, he would visit the minister for the purpose of private prayer for a blessing upon his studies and labours. Perhaps there are not many deacons enabled so to do; but this he did, and was so employed with the minister only about fourteen hours before his death. After a few hours' illness, without speaking ten words, and seemingly with little pain, he died, and entered into the joy of his Lord. On the Fast Day, during the evening service, he gave out these three remarkable hymns—412, 471, and 474, in Gadsby's Selection. The first begins,

"What cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well."

The second, before sermon:

"Prepare me, gracious God,
To stand before thy face;
Thy Spirit must the work perform,
For it is all of grace."

The third, and last he gave out on earth,

"When I can read my title clear,
To mansions in the skies,
I hid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes."

The last verse of the last hymn,

"There shall I bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast,"

appears to have been deeply felt by many in the chapel; it was given out with such emotion and fervency by our lamented brother, and to himself it was indeed a foretaste of that bliss, which in a few hours afterwards he doubtless realised to the full enjoyment of his justified spirit made perfect.

It would be quite superfluous for me to say anything respecting his Christian course and pilgrimage in general, and his life of suffering with, and faith in Jesus Christ, which were profound and deep, as his various writings testify, which have been long before the church.

As for the change that had evidently taken place in some of his sentiments, (which we as a church and minister could neither see with him in, nor approve of; but were enabled to walk together in peace through mutual forbearance), yet he always remained the same Christian in experience, as is recorded in his writings before this change took place; and even the deviation from some of his former sentiments the Lord has evidently overruled for the good of his church and people. If I may offer an opinion from personal acquaintance and careful observation, I think the alteration was neither so great as has been represented, nor as he himself might sometimes express in the warmth of conversation. However, I will leave the reader to judge for himself, from the following extract from Bethesda's church articles, which were compiled by brother Wade a short time before his death. It is as follows: "Such is the awful state of alienation and enmity of the human heart, that not a single soul would ever be willing to come to Christ without the special act of mercy and power put forth in effectual calling by the Holy Ghost, according to the good pleasure of his will," according to his own purposes and grace, which he hath purposed in himself, to the praise of the glory of his grace. In such a state are the objects of his special love and mercy, who are by nature the children of wrath, even as others, and can only be known as the fruits and effects of the Holy Ghost are made manifest in effectual calling. These are said to be hid in God, and are made known to the church, according to the eternal purpose of God, which he purposed in Christ before the foundation of the world. They are chosen and blessed with all spiritual blessings, accepted and complete in him; they are called 'a peculiar people,' 'a chosen generation, a royal priesthood,' 'the election of grace,'" &c.

Though I have been desired by the surviving relations not to say much of the man, I feel it as a matter of common duty and respect to our departed brother, to state a few facts, which ought not to be hid from the church at large.

If he was not by nature so attractive and liberal as some, yet through grace he became exceedingly so; and in this respect he, being

dead, yet speaketh; and perhaps will do for ages to come.

Our chapel (the ground of which was given by our highly respected brother, the late Thomas Gauble) is now left by brother Wade's last will, with an endowment towards the support of the minister, and an adjoining house to the chapel for his residence, rent free, all which are never to be alienated or mortgaged for ever.

May the Lord raise up many such nursing fathers in Zion, and dispose the hearts of others who possess abundance of this world's goods to take pattern by him, and find the same happy termination. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." D. LODGE.

[Tppingham.

DEATH OF THOMAS WOOD, OF BERKHAMPTSTEAD COMMON.

DEAR FRIEND—I have writton to apprise you of the decease of Mr. THOMAS WOOD, the aged minister of Bethel Baptist Chapel, Berkhamptstead Common, who departed this mortal life on Tuesday morning, April 11th, 1854, about 8 o'clock, aged 79 years and 9 months.

He was laid aside from his ministerial labours by illness for about eighteen months. I was asked by our brother R. Searle, of Two Waters, to assist the dear old saint, in giving labours for him, as the church did what was in their power for his support, which I freely consented to, as I had no settled appointment on the third Lord's-day in the months. I have continued my services among them since the third Sabbath in February, 1853. I made it a point always to see brother Wood before I left Berkhamptstead. On the third Lord's-day in March I called: his friends at the chapel informed me he had a paralytic stroke on the Thursday before; I saw him in bed in an helpless state, but strong in the powers of his soul, possessing it in patience, waiting the pleasure of his heavenly Father to call him to enter into the joy of the Lord. After I had spoken to him of the riches of God's grace bestowed upon us, I left him in the hands of our covenant God, bidding him farewell, I said, "Farewell, I believe I shall never see you again here, but I am persuaded I shall meet you around the throne of glory," to which he fully consented.

[Speaking of the real christian love which dwelt in dear brother Wood's heart, our writer says]—Many years ago my friend and brother in the ministry, Alyer Lock, of Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn Lane, said to me, wherever I go I find the want of love in the church, and God will visit the church for this. I have not seen an increase of this heavenly grace since his departure out of this vale of tears; I do sometimes contemplate the cause, and do think the ministers are to be blamed for the want of this amongst each other. Dear John Berridge set his blessed Master as a pattern to labour after in the ministry:

"He travelled on foot
When preaching of peace
And carefully sought
Poor sinners to bless,

Went with an heart cheary
To any ones call;
Then why am I weary
To wait upon all?"

This also was the practice of our departed friend and brother Wood as long as he had strength of body given to him; he had a large family to maintain by his industry, and to preach the gospel to the poor, who had small means for his assistance, although they felt a pleasure to do what they could to the last breath. The dear old saint wished our friend and brother Figg (of Redbourn) to bury him, and to preach his funeral sermon. Mr. Figg had engaged to preach in the country, therefore I was requested by the Church to perform that duty for them, between the morning and afternoon services, on which occasion the dear Lord was present, not to bless me alone, but many more; I think it might be said at that grave as it was at the grave of Lazarus, when they said, "How he loved him," particularly when singing those words penned by Dr. Watts:

"Hear what the voice of heaven proclaims,

For all the pious dead;

Sweet is the savour of their names,

And soft their sleeping bed.

"They die in Jesus and are bless'd

How kind their slumbers are;

From sufferings and from sins releas'd,

And freed from every snare.

"Far from this world of toil and strife,

They're present with the Lord:

The labours of their mortal life

End in a large reward."

On returning to the pulpit, the sight was humbling yet pleasing, the chapel was crowded, this proved respect indeed to the Lord's servant now departed. My mind was impressed with the 14th chapter and 13th verse of the book of Revelations, "And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." I made a few remarks first, on the divine commission given to St. John to write; and, secondly, the messago he was to deliver to the church of God.

THOMAS HANSHEW.

[We cannot here give the sermon as forwarded.]

MEMOIR OF MRS. BALDUCK, LATE OF WATERBEACH.

IN giving the short but faithful narrative respecting the life and death of our departed friend, it is not with a design to extol the creature, but rather to set forth the abounding of God's grace—to erect an altar of thanksgiving in honour of our Redeemer—to speak of the deceased as under the divine influence and blessing of the cross of Christ.

Mrs. Balduck was a native of Elsworth, in Cambridgeshire, and daughter of Mr. J. Webb, a respectable Miller. She was born in the year 1779, and married to Mr. William Balduck in the year 1802, and died April 14, 1854. She was a widow about fourteen months, and lived with her husband more than fifty years.

The subject of this notice was brought up in the faith and practice of the ritual of the

Established Church, which she adhered to for many years, unacquainted with the plan of salvation as revealed in the Scriptures of unerring truth; therefore, a stranger to vital godliness, and continued in this state, without any evidence of a change of heart, until the year 1833, at which due time the Lord was pleased to visit her soul in a way of special mercy, and brought her to a happy acquaintance with the truth as it is in Jesus.

A few years previous, some of the more enlightened people of the village availed themselves of the opportunity of going out to hear the word preached in the neighbouring parishes—not only attending at an Establishment, where they might be privileged, by a journey of four or five miles, to sit under the ministry of the late Mr. Berridge, and Mr. Venn—but also to attend at the Baptist chapel. This created a spirit of dissent in the breasts of many, which increased, and ultimately led to the erection of a place of worship in Elsworth, and the foundation of the present Particular Baptist chapel and cause, which the Lord hath greatly blessed. Here our departed and esteemed friend, owing to God's councils and love, was by the ministry of the gospel convinced of her sinfulness; and, although before, she had lived a moral life, and possessed a very amiable disposition, she was at length taught to know, that "by the works of the law can no flesh living be justified." The blessing of the Lord was revealed to her soul in an experimental manner, in the fulness and freeness of God's eternal salvation. Here was her soul enabled to find peace and joy in believing. During the time she had allotted her on earth, she was constrained to give sufficient proof of her obedience as a believer in Christ, by her industry, and by her hospitality, she reflected honour on that cause which she so heartily espoused. The poor members, and others, found her a constantly kind, considerate, and generous friend. They were allowed, with a free welcome, to have access to her; when bowed down, under various circumstances, she cheerfully listened to, and relieved them. She never seemed more in her element—more happy—than when visiting the humble dwelling of the needy, assisting in illness, in want, and in death. Their prayers and blessings attended her down to the close of her earthly career; and their tears, and the tears of those whom she was so much beloved by when living in that social circle, followed her to the grave. She found no place for self-boasting, no wish to glory, save in the cross of Christ. Her hopes were founded on the efficacy of the atonement, as every way suited to a poor sinner's salvation. The pardoning love of Christ was a felt reality, from which she derived at times much comfort; and on this she was enabled to rest her hopes, for time and for eternity.

She was blessed with a sense of her own unworthiness; of gratitude, of obligation to her divine Lord, for the great work he had done for her. She loved the habitation of his house, and the communion of the people of God. The simple, unadorned language that escaped the lips of the sincere believer,

was listened to with peculiar pleasure. She was the subject of many fears. Sin was her great grief, and she longed for that better country as a home of rest, of peace and joy. The writer has heard her say, she thought and felt the blessing to be too great to be bestowed upon such an unworthy creature, and that it was all of grace.

The last illness was short and unexpected. She was enabled to converse but little; but a sweet calm rested on her brow as her departure was at hand; and thus she fell asleep in Jesus.

Her body was interred in the burial ground adjoining the Baptist chapel; a crowded audience attended, and an address was delivered on the occasion. J. S.

Waterbeach.

CONVERSION AND DEATH OF A ROMAN CATHOLIC AT BRENTFORD.

JAMES KELLEY, the subject of this memoir, was born at Harlow's Cross, in Ireland, in 1785, of Roman Catholic parents; and was brought up in all the superstition of that corrupt church. When very young he had a situation to attend on the priest, ring the bell, sprinkle holy water, throw about the incense, hold up the robes, and various things beside. When he was fourteen years of age he went to sea, and continued in the service nearly twelve years. At length the ship in which he served was wrecked near the shores of Norway, and in this situation the crew was partly in water three days and a half; and his limbs were so chilled, that he had a wound in one leg till within three months of his death. The crew was picked up by a sloop, and their lives spared. After this he was discharged without a pension, and came to England, and got his living by carrying about a basket. In travelling he met with his wife, who now survives him, at Newbury, in Berks; and they both travelled about for years. He then settled at Storbridge, in Dorsetshire, and attended a Roman Catholic chapel, about three miles from that place; but a heavy shower of rain falling one Sunday morning, his wife persuaded him to go to an Independent chapel near their house, and she went with him. Before they got to the meeting-house he hesitated, and would have gone back but for his wife. At length he ventured in, and, for the first time in his life, heard the word of God read—a thing quite strange to him. The minister went to prayer; and at length took these words for his text, "The blood of sprinkling." He looked round, expecting to see the blood sprinkled as he had been used to throw the holy water; but being disappointed, he waited to hear about the blood. He felt a conviction that he had followed a delusion all his days, and made a solemn resolve before God he would never enter a Roman Catholic chapel again, which vow he never broke. Deep conviction seized him, as he found the law made claims he could not pay.

Soon after this the priest paid him a visit to inquire the reason for his non-attendance; and when Kelly informed him the real cause, his reply was, that they should soon gain power in England, and that he should be the first victim. But none of these things moved him. He attended the word preached with an intolerable load of guilt upon him. But going out one day

with his basket, he had to cross some fields, when these words arrested him, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." He looked round to see where the voice came from; but seeing no one, he hastened over a stile into another field where a barn stood, into which he went, and falling on his knees, poured out his full soul to God. He felt such a sense of pardoning love and nearness to God through the blood of atonement as hardly to know whether he was in the body or out of it. When he arose, he found he had attracted the notice of the parson and squire, who were out shooting, who began to make sport of him: but he left them, and went on his way rejoicing.

Soon after this, he removed to Storminster Newton; and his leg being very bad, he was persuaded to go to London in hopes of getting into an hospital. He started in a road waggon, and got out of it at Brentford. He soon got an order, and left his wife till his return. When he came back he made up his mind to continue where he was, and joined the Wesleyan body in that town. His mind was in much bondage, but from a dream he had, he thought he should be taught the way of the Lord more perfectly. As he was going home one day from Turnham Green, he met Mr. Coles, Baptist minister of Old Brentford; and he was struck with the thought (though he did not know him) that he was the man to be made a blessing to him. When he got into the town he gave a description of his person; and when he found he was a minister, he made up his mind to hear him, which he did. The sound was new to him—free grace was liberty, whereas free-will had been bondage. He attended once a day for some time; but Mr. Coles being invited to preach to the Sunday schools in Brentford at the Wesleyan chapel. His subject was, "What think ye of Christ?" This brought Kelly out completely, and also two females, who were all baptised, and joined the church. He stood an honourable member for three years, and was never known to be absent from any meeting during that time unless illness prevented. He had a peculiar gift in prayer, and at times got so near the throne that the hearts of the people burnt within them while they mutually enjoyed the presence of the Lord in his house. He was truly loved by the household of faith, and greatly missed when the Master said, "Come up higher; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

His last illness was short; he was taken for death at the prayer meeting, on Lord's-day morning, April 2, and died Wednesday 5, 1854. He was obliged to leave before the public service commenced, and went home. He continued getting worse the whole of the day, and on Monday he was considered in a dangerous state. On Tuesday our minister visited him, and found him in great pain. His sufferings were so great that he compared them to knives darting through his body; but his mind was most blessedly supported with that truth the Holy Ghost had led him to embrace with all his heart. He said,— "This is a sharp conflict, but it will be short. O that I may have grace and patience to bear it! I never saw and felt myself such a poor, guilty sinner as I do now;" but added, "I am on the Rock; the Lord has a redeemed people, and I am one." This was expressed with much soul-feeling. On being asked if prayer should

be offered up for him, stating at the same time, "you are so deaf you cannot hear it," he emphatically said, "*The Lord can, and will.*"

The disease making rapid progress, it was certain the tabernacle must soon be taken down. The whole of Tuesday night he was very restless in body, but the subject of redemption filled his soul; for when the pain in any measure abated, he would again begin to speak of Christ as the Redeemer, and of the completeness of the work he had effected by his most precious blood; and then with great warmth said, "I am one of the REDEEMED." To a brother, the morning he died, he said, "I feel that the carnal mind is enmity against God, to the very last;" and he then pressed the subject of redemption, which had so filled his own soul, to his wife and brother—"See (said he) that you are interested in this."

Shortly after he fell asleep; and on Sunday, April 9th, devout men carried him to the grave, in the burying-ground adjoining the Baptist chapel, where his remains were deposited, in the sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life.

THE LATE WM. GALE, OF HOLLOWAY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Knowing there are many that read your valuable periodical who would be pleased to hear some account of the gracious dealings of our covenant God towards my dear departed brother in the Lord, Mr. William Gale, late of Holloway, I take up my pen to relate a little of what passed between the departed and I during his life and last illness. I had wished that some one more able than myself would have done so.

The Lord called him by his grace when very young under the ministry of Mr. Flack, of Sutton, who, at that time, was living in the same house with him. My departed brother went to hear Mr. James Wells, by whom the Lord was pleased to set his soul at liberty. The first time he went to hear Mr. Wells they were singing the 97th hymn in their Selection. He told me that that hymn so suited his case that the sweetness of it he never forgot—he then felt he was a sinner saved by free grace. At the age of nineteen he was baptised by Mr. Wells; and continued for twelve years an honourable member of that church, when the Lord was pleased to take him from the church militant to join the church triumphant above, after suffering from consumption for four months, which he bore with great patience, as all that visited him can bear witness. I never heard him once complain of his sufferings. When his beloved partner has said, "You suffer very much, my dear," his reply was, "Not so much as many do." In February, 1853, the physicians ordered him to Ventnor for change of air; but at the expiration of five weeks, finding he got no better, but rather worse, himself and his partner returned home, disposed of their business, and went to Brompton, thinking that air might be beneficial to him. But the Lord ordered it otherwise.

Our departed brother was not favoured with the rejoicings that some of the Lord's people have. His mind was very much bedevilled about leaving his dear wife. My heart has ached many a time when I have visited them to see both of them clinging to each other, when I knew they must soon part. One day when I visited him, he told me Satan had been telling him he had been deluding himself, telling him he could not give his wife up to the Lord. He said with tears in his eyes, "I know we have made idols of each other; but if the Lord ever gave a man a wife in answer to prayer, he gave me my Julia; for one Lord's-day I was very much cast down, and I went to hear brother Flack, who was then speaking at a small room in

Holloway. He read Psalm xxxvii., and when he came to the fourth and fifth verses, they came with such power to my soul, that I went home rejoicing, feeling assured that all would be well." The Lord granted him his request, and they were united in August, 1851. I directed him to the word of God, where the Lord promises to be an husband to the widow. He said, "I know the Lord will take care of her, for he has guided her in all her ways; and I know he will not leave her now: but I want to feel and to say, 'The Lord's will be done.' It is so hard for flesh and blood to part, for we have been happy indeed the few months we have lived together." He told me that a few months before his illness it was laid very much upon his mind that he should lose his dear partner. "Oh," he said, "the rebellion I felt was dreadful! Little thinking how soon I was to be taken away from her." I then left him, praying that the Lord would shine in upon their souls, and enable them both to say, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

About a month before he died, he was very much distressed in his mind, and all at once he burst into tears. His partner asking the reason, he said, "Oh, I have a promise at last; the dear Lord says he will come again and receive me to himself." It was the 14th of John and the three first verses that came with power to his soul. After that time he was more comfortable in his mind. He often used to express his gratitude to our brother Wells for coming so often to see him. He used to anticipate with great pleasure his visits—saying, "His visits are like his sermons used to be to me. He generally says something that encourages me and gives me a little lift by the way."

The last day he was upon earth he got downstairs as usual; and while sitting at breakfast said to his dear partner, "Oh, how good the Lord has been to me! there is not anything I want but what I can have. I might have been in Brompton Hospital" (referring to a young man dying in there that had lived in his service). She replied, "Yes,

my dear; and above all, he has given you his grace:

"And though our cup seems fill'd with gall,
There's something secret sweetens all."

"Yes, (he said), I can say, my saddest hours I prize." He said very little the remainder of the day, but seemed much weaker. He went to bed as usual. His wife said to him, "You seem very ill, my dear." He said, "Yes, I cannot last long like this." She asked him how he felt in his mind. He said, "Sometimes I feel to doubt; but then something says, all shall be well at last." She then said, "You feel you can say,

"A few more rolling suns, at most,
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast."

He replied, "Yes; but I wish we could give each other up into the Lord's hands. It is hard to part; but do not grieve; you will not be long after me." He dosed until about three in the morning, when he took his medicine, and about half an hour after she saw a change, and went to him and spoke, but he could not answer. She said, "If you know me, and are happy, press my hand." He smiled at her, and clasped her hand in his, and died without a struggle or a groan, on the 24th of June, 1853. It is true, he has left no fatherless children, but he has left a weeping widow; and although she feels her loss is great, yet may she remember she has a covenant God to go to. Yes, it is her loving Father that has caused the breach to be made, in order to fill it up with that which is more durable and lasting—even his own self; and he has said, "Behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest." May the Lord guide, direct, and protect her, and fill every chasm; and although to all human appearance her natural strength is declining, may she feel that her spiritual strength is renewed day by day, is the prayer of yours,

Islington, May, 1854.

WILLIAM P.

Our British Baptist Churches.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.

CHELMSFORD—O! Chelmsford! how oft has the couch been wet with tears—bitter tears—at the division and distraction of thy church and congregation! How oft has the prophetic lamentation been taken up, "How doth the city sit solitary, *that was full of people!* how is she become as a widow *that was great among the nations!* how tributary, *that was as a prince among the provinces!*" Ah! the Baptist cause at Chelmsford was once looked up to as the Jerusalem church of the country; the hill Zion of Essex; the stronghold of all the Baptist churches in the eastern district. It may well, then, be asked, "How is the gold become dim—the most fine gold changed?" Well, "the mind that hath wisdom," will trace it all up to the sovereign purpose of Jehovah the Father, respecting the glory of his Son Christ Jesus in the "latter days," (Ezekiel xxviii. 19 and 23), and thus be quick to observe that universal drunkenness of the world, and the churches called Christian, scattered abroad, in which all creation "groaned," as it staggered through the eventful years of 1847-8. When that "voice,"

which before had shook the earth, again poured out another of those awe-striking, soul-perplexing, world-convulsing, sin-confounding, satan-troubling "vials," which shook "*not the earth only,*" that is, not the civil and ecclesiastical condition of the kingdoms, states, and nations of the world, "*only,*" "*but also the heaven;*" by which I understand is meant, the visible church of Christ which places its power in heaven; where a "shaking" is also to take place. Mark xiii. 26. And the reason is obvious; as Paul says, "that there may be a removing of *those things that are shaken,* as of things that are made; that those things which *cannot be shaken,* may remain." Heb. xii. 27. And the things that "*cannot be shaken,*" are "*the things of God;*" those done *in* the invisible church of Christ. For this is that kingdom which "*cannot be moved;*" "The city which hath *foundations,* whose Builder and Maker is God."

Now, the effect of this earth-quaking "woe," though serious to the militant church in its material position, was principally felt in the doomed kingdom of satan: the "seat of the beast" being more violently shook than any other; and the consequence was, that in the anguish of the gnawing of his tongue for

pain, he gave another (perhaps his last)* throw at the power of Christ, both in the church as Zion's King, and in the world as Lord of all. And thus I believe the late commotions and calamities with which this earth has been visited, the wars and aggressions, the blights, pestilences and panics, the social, political and religious revolutions, are all consequent upon the prophetic final shakings; whilst the seducing and separating influence of satan exercised in and upon the churches of Christ, must be viewed also in relation to the great question affecting the end of time; seeing that the judgment of the "latter days," "must "begin at the house of God."

Thus I have observed that the very same spirit and policy that has marked the proceedings of Europe's autocrats, emperors, petty kings, and paltry dukes, in their domineering, crushing and persecuting practices, has been rampant also in our "*British Baptist churches*," where "*Diotrophes*," has as successfully done his work of spoliation, as any despot has in the earth and the world.

Among which churches, must unhappily be mentioned Chelmsford; for it was about the years I have named that a spirit arose amongst that people which was contrary to the gospel of Christ. Whether as a traceable source it sprang from Village Deeping, or issued from the poisonous veins of some local upas tree, (Deut. xxxi. 18), or was the product of that plentiful sowing of tares among the churches, when "the prince of the power of the air" went forth as he did, and sprinkled all countries, states, and conditions of Europe, with the fructifying seeds of discord, desolation and death, I cannot determine; but certain it is, that Chelmsford participated in the ruinous pride of nations, when a spirit in unison with the temper of continental despotism arose in the Baptist church established there, whereby a reign of terror was substituted for the peaceful sway of Christ's sceptre of love, and the shepherd's crook exchanged for the school-master's rod. And what was the consequence? Why, just the same as happened unto the children of Israel when David was a cause of trespass unto them—a fall,† (Prov. xvi. 18; Eccles. viii. 9), whereby the pastor was brought into "a strait," and the people visited with affliction. (2 Sam. xxiv. 14, 16). Indeed, such a course of procedure is sure to bring about religiously, what a powerful public writer hath lately said of such systems politically: "*They only answer for the present, at the cost of a future catastrophe, or a more certain and fatal decay.*" That catastrophe, or, Scripturally speaking, "calamity," overtook this cause, according to the word of the Lord; (Hosea xii. 2; Joel i. 16—18; Ezekiel xxii. 14, 16;) when, as their mighty one in Israel fell, the arrows of war perished; and then the enemy prevailed. The under shepherd thus weakened in the way, his flock became an easy prey to the devouring wolf, who entered the fold, and scattered the sheep. And it was in

this separated, wounded, robbed, spoiled, divided, and sub-divided state,—the pastor removed, the people scattered, the church degraded, and truth dishonoured; the original cause dwindling in Ichabodie languor, and the two new ones existing only in the weakness of antagonism,—that the Lord, in mercy having heard the sigh and the cry of his children in bondage and bereavement, stirred up the spirit of his Boanerges' servant, JOHN CORBITT; sending him to stand in the gap, and, Phineas-like, to stay the plague. Who, having come among the people by command of the Lord, and being solemnly impressed with Jehovah's assertion, "I (God) will work," not I, (John Corbitt), his eye was more unto the Lord than upon the people; yet was it towards the people in a way of sympathy, but up unto God in a way of prayer. And I must say, the strongholds of the enemy were more weakened by "*supplication to the God of heaven*," than by anything else; so that if any one wishes to know where, how, and by what means a re-union has been effected, I would toll them, it has been at, and through our PRAYER MEETINGS. This was Nehemiah's plan when he rebuilt the broken walls of Jerusalem; which formed the strength of "feeble Jews;" (Nehemiah iv. 9); and by which he brought to naught the mocking threats of Sanballat and Tobiah. (Nehemiah iv. 4.) And this has been John Corbitt's way at Chelmsford, by which means Ephraim and Judah hath ceased in their envyings and vexations; the lion of discord, and adder of dispute hath been trodden under foot; stumbling-blocks taken out of the way; silence been put on the sayings of ignorant men; obstacles surmounted, difficulties overcome, walls scaled, hindrances removed, prejudices probed, wounds healed, saints comforted, satan defeated, and God glorified.

But as matter-of-fact men like numerical statistics, I will here inform them that a congregation reduced sometimes to from eight and ten, to twenty, has been increased to from two to three hundred, and upwards; whilst, after eight expedient removals and two transfers, twenty-four additions have been made to the church, five of which have been by baptism. And it was to commemorate the Lord's goodness in thus reviving his work in our midst, and restoring unto us days of former prosperity, that the anniversary of Mr. Corbitt's first visit to Chelmsford was proposed; and which took place on Tuesday, May 2, 1854, when three sermons were preached: those in the morning and evening, by Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle; that in the afternoon by Mr. Joseph Wilkins, of Cottenham, Cambs.; the texts being, Psa. xxxv. 8; Isa. xli. 10, and Eccles. v. 19, 20. And truly a portion was given to each expecting, longing saint in due season, according to their several needs and necessities, as the Lord saw fit to bestow it upon them. Happy and honoured of God indeed is that man, whose mind, divested of its own impurity, is prepared by grace to receive the essential substance of the remarks made this day; and whose soul, cleansed from its own sin, is sanctified to the losing sight of all creature

* That is, in a way of success; as is evident from Rev. xvii. 14.

† Once morally—now ministerially.

things, that it may grasp by faith the glorious fulness that there is treasured up in Christ Jesus, which it was the great object of the preachers, with their several gifts, to set forth. The value of a sermon lies not in our critical and captious estimate of its worth, but in the spiritual benefit and blessing wherewith it is accompanied by God the Holy Ghost to the soul. On the whole, I believe it was a good day; it certainly was an important one, and I trust the precursor of happy days to come. I can say, it was truly delightful to see such a gathering of the brethren, from whom for years we have been so wrongfully estranged; and especially cheering once again to greet some of our county Baptist pastors, with their friends also, who came amongst us to give their sanction and support to this day of grace, in commemoration of the Lord's goodness to this long-rent cause. Whilst by their freewill offerings to the service of the sanctuary, (amounting to nearly £12), they shewed how rightly their hearts were affected towards the Lord and his people. Really it reminded one of the time of Ezra, when, upon a return of the children of Israel to the former days of their prosperity, they gathered themselves together in Jerusalem as *one man*, and, aided in the work of the Lord by the only *Scriptural* way of monetary presentations to the temple, giving of their substance, first, *after their ability*; secondly, *with a willing heart*; and, thirdly, *as unto the Lord*.

Thus hath the God of heaven answered the prayer of our lips, granted the desire of our souls, and prospered the work of our hands: proving to this day that he is the repairer of every breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in, and the only procurer of peace.

And now in conclusion, I can only express my sincere hope, that, keeping close to him, we may continue to abide under the fostering care and charge of our covenant Keeper and Lord; that having begun in the Spirit, we may not seek to be made perfect in the flesh, but holly serve the Lord with singleness of eye, and sincerity of heart, to the glory, and honour, and praise of his name.

Our minister is very earnest and energetic in his work; and our present deacons are men of great humility and much gospel simplicity. We have union and brotherly love in the church, where everything is done in the order which becometh God's house, whilst peace and quietness seem to abide with the congregation. And I would, if it were the Lord's will, that we may never again have to hang our harps upon the willows, and weep as heretofore, at and over the destruction of all these desirable things; but that the word of God by the mouth of Moses to his children in the wilderness may be verified among us, "*The Lord shall establish thee an holy people unto himself.*" Deut. xxviii. 9.

JOSIAH.

P.S. Verily the times passing, and the times to come, loudly and solemnly call for the united purpose, watchful progress, and constant prayer, of the church of the living God. Look well, my brother, to the inscription on the milestone of time to which we are fast approaching, and read Rev. xvi. 15.

NEW BAPTIST CHURCH AT BEDMONT.

DEAR BROTHER.—I forward you an outline of the formation of a new Baptist church at Bedmont, near Abbot's Langley, Herts., on the evening of February 28, 1854. About thirty years ago, James Twitchell, farmer, residing at Bedmont, opened public services in his barn and house, as the case required. He being at that time a member of the Baptist church at Watford, over which Mr. Medley formerly presided, and shortly after was dismissed to St. Albans; but for upwards of thirty years he preached to a few of the inhabitants of Bedmont first in his house and barn; then a small place was fitted up to meet in; this being given up, the present meeting house was fitted up for divine worship. Here he continued to labour gratuitously among a few poor people; and not only laboured for nothing, but, as he has told me, he has often had half the rent to pay for the place out of his own pocket. But he continued going forward and looking forward, and the Lord was pleased to reward him with some seals to his ministry. He died on the first of October, in his eightieth year; and one person he had been made useful to died the following morning.

I was on intimate terms with brother Twitchell for some time; and one Lord's-day afternoon in May, 1850, I went to Bedmont Chapel, and the good man desired me to speak for him, to which, after he had read and prayed, I consented. I spake from those words in John ix., "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" and the Lord was pleased to bless the word to the encouragement and consolation of one person, and to the satisfaction of several others; and the friends requested me to come and assist brother Twitchell, provided three services were opened. This I could not promise, as, I said, I must have the consent of the church at Two Waters before I could promise that; but I promised I would pay them a visit in a short time. I did not want to go to Bedmont to speak, for my mind was quite another way; and therefore said I would lay it before the church, and if they agreed to it, I should have no objection; feeling persuaded they would not consent to it. But instead of this, they gave consent to it, and therefore I could say nothing. Thus I continued to assist my brother Twitchell till the dear Lord called him home.

After his death, some of the friends came to me, and told me it was the desire of the hearers that I should labour continually amongst them. They being a poor people, and not able to meet the expenses of a minister, if the Lord should incline my heart to speak to them they would be satisfied. Accordingly, one Lord's-day afternoon I named this publicly, and wished to put it to the vote. I withdrew while brother Wise attended to this for me; and it appeared the call was unanimous. The friends seemed satisfied with their choice, as it appeared in answer to prayer I had been sent among them; for it had been the prayer of the people, and also of brother Twitchell, that the Lord would raise up some young servant to preach that same Jesus to them that they had been privileged to hear.

Since I have been at Bedmont, the Lord has blessed the word to five persons whom I have baptised: (these with myself constitute the lately planted church). Two the Lord was pleased to call home after receiving an arrest through the instrumentality of my preaching. One person heard such an awful account of my preaching, that out of curiosity he came to hear me, and from that time continued a constant hearer until he left the village. There are at the present time several anxious hearers that I have a good hope of; and one stands a candidate for believers' baptism. I hope more may follow, if the Lord will.

At the request of our friends, I agreed to resign my membership at Two Waters, and to unite with them in church fellowship; and we agreed to invite Mr. Richard Searle, the pastor of the Baptist church, Two Waters, and Mr. Richard Figg, the

pastor of the baptist church, Redbourn, to come and form us into a church. Mr. Searle preached a very suitable discourse from Acts xx. 28, "Feed the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood;" noticing, first "the church;" secondly, the exhortation, "Feed the church of God;" thirdly, the purchase. In the course of which, he gave us some very wholesome advice; expressing his approbation of the steps we had taken; and remarking the different feelings he had now towards us to those he once had, wishing us every gospel blessing and comfort, prosperity and peace. The sermon ended, brother Figg called upon H. Hutchinson to state what doctrines this church was founded upon. In answer to which, he read a form of creed we had agreed to between us, in substance the same as that of Dr. Gill. Brother Figg then asked the six friends to join hands; which being done, he then solemnly, impressively, and affectionately pronounced us one church. Then brother Figg administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to the church and also to friends from other churches. Thus ended one of the most delightful meetings in Bedmont. May the Lord enable us never to forget it. I am your's truly in the Lord, H. HUTCHINSON.

RECOGNITION OF MR. WM. BRACHER.

THE public recognition of Mr. Bracher as pastor of Zoar Baptist Chapel, Hounslow, took place on Tuesday, April 25, 1854.

A hymn having been sung, Mr. Chislett commenced the devotional exercises of the day by reading, and prayer.

Mr. Wm. Allen, of Stepney, in his usually quaint but interesting manner, delivered an address on the nature and constitution of a gospel church.

Mr. Chislett asked the usual questions; and first called upon the church to give some statement of the Lord's manner of leading them to the choice of Mr. Bracher as their pastor. In reply to which, one of the deacons read the following paper:—

DEAR BRETHREN.—In placing before you a statement of what we believe to be the Lord's hand in uniting us together as a church much might be said, but will give only a short outline.

We believe the triune Jehovah did in eternity engage in covenant on behalf of the church of Christ that, (as a means for the calling and making manifest of some, the feeding and establishing of others of the members of that mystic body), a cause of truth should be established in Hounslow. And to this end, when the fulness of time was come, did, by the secret, mysterious, yet almighty operations of the Holy Spirit, influence the hearts of a few (personally unknown to each other at the time) to desire the establishment of a church upon New Testament order and government in this locality; and eventually by the same Divine influence brought those individuals together, inclined, and assisted them to carry into effect that which they desired.

Some who now are members of this church and congregation formerly worshipped with the people at Providence Chapel; but they being Independents, we could not, consistent with a good conscience, unite with them at their table: therefore it was resolved, with the Lord's help, a place should be opened upon Strict Baptist principles. Accordingly, on Lord's-day, June 10, 1849, nineteen persons met together in a shoemaker's shop, (gratuitously offered for the purpose) when Mr. Sædler preached to them. This continued for several Lord's-days—other ministers supplying

and our numbers increasing—when the enemy began to oppose by stirring up the landlord of the house to forbid preaching there. But the Lord appeared for our help, and we were enabled to hire a carpenter's shop, which was at once fitted for our reception; and on Lord's-day, July 1, five persons, members of other churches, gave to each other the right hand of fellowship, and were publicly formed into a gospel church by Mr. Gardner, and the following month five others were added to the number.

From that time the pulpit was supplied by various ministers, with occasional additions to the church, till the close of the year; when Mr. G. Atkins was invited to occupy the pulpit, which he did for about six months, the Lord prospering his ministrations, and five more were added to us.

After his removal by Providence, the pulpit was again supplied by itinerants; but few of whom being heard acceptably, the church lapsed into a discontented and lukewarm state. But the hearts of some were stirred to cry to the Lord that he would send us a man after his own heart, who, as an under-shepherd, should be instrumental in leading us into the green pastures of his word.

After (to us) a long time waiting, crying, and hoping, Mr. Wm. Bracher was recommended to us, who, after occupying the pulpit for several Lord's-days was, in April, 1852, invited by the unanimous consent of the church to preach to us for three months; at the expiration of which time he was invited for a further term of six months, and again for twelve months. After which, at a church meeting held Oct. 2, 1853, the church, with but one dissident, agreed to invite him to the pastorate.

Thus, dear brethren, we have endeavoured briefly to lay before you a few details of our connexion with our dear brother. That it was the Lord's doing we have no doubt from the signs which followed, as we have reasons to believe that he has been made instrumental in opening the eyes of some who were in nature's darkness, and in establishing others more firmly in the truth; and it is to his ministrations we owe, under the Divine blessing, the peace and prosperity we as a church enjoy. Seven have been lately added by baptism, and five from other churches, making our present number thirty-one.

In conclusion, we feel it is but justice to our brother that we should publicly express our admiration and gratitude for the disinterested manner in which he has fulfilled to the present time the arduous duties devolved upon him—the more so, as we know that he has made pecuniary sacrifices to serve us. Our poverty alone precluding us from making him that remuneration his services deserve. May the Lord reward him.

Mr. Bracher was then called upon to give some account of his Conversion to God, to which he replied somewhat as follows:

Dear Brother: I would preface my reply by remarking, that to the best of my knowledge, or as far as I can remember, in my early days, I had no one to instruct me in the ways of religion, nor did I ever attend a Sunday School. I had none to pray for me; yet I do hope that I am interested in the prayers of one who has said,—“I pray for them; I pray not for the world, but for them which thou hast given me.” It is seventeen years ago, I think, this month, I had been carrying on a bad course of things for some

time—I went out with two of my companions, about three days before the circumstances occurred to which I am about to relate. With them I got intoxicated, and in returning home conscience made sad havoc. On the evening of the third day, as we sat at tea, my eldest daughter make use of an oath. I turned to my wife, and said, “Did you hear that?—it ought not to be.” My wife replied, “You set the child the example!” I felt what I never felt before. My wife had often reproved me. I thought, Truly I am going to hell, and leading my children there too. I knew not what to do; I knew there was a God, and that was all. I said, I’ll reform; and away I went to work out my own salvation; but I knew not the way. The next Sabbath I went to chapel; but I could not understand what I heard. I read the Bible, but it was all new to me—and I said, I shall go to hell. I thought my sins were unpardonable. I tried to pray what an old woman had taught me; but when I said, “our Father,” it stuck in my throat; and I thought he would be my Judge. I went to hear a Wesleyan minister, named Aitkins, who made many and great conversions in his way. He set me to work, and hard to work I went; but the more I tried, the more distressing became my situation. In this state of mind I knew not what to do; and I well remember one evening falling down on a truss of straw, exclaiming, “Lord, some say one thing, and some another; oh God, shew me which is the way!” I went to hear Mr. Aitkins, and he preached from these words, “Hath no man hired you?” It was all Do, and live; and I felt, I can come here no more—this is not the way. After this I heard a Mr. Goodspeed, but got no profit; but one evening some one supplied for him. He preached from, “Unto you, therefore which believe he is precious.” Under this discourse my soul was lifted up; and I thought, Surely I am one that believes; and I went home with my heart full. But alas! I soon lost all my comfort; for my past conduct flew back upon me, and condemned me. I feared to go to sleep, lest I should wake up in hell. I was a complete burden to myself. In my distress I shut myself up, and fell upon my knees, attempting to pray, when these words were whispered into my soul; from whence they came I could not tell, “*I have blotted out thy sins.*” I jumped upon my feet, as though a voice had spoken to me, and from that time my burden was gone. I knew not what was the matter; and these words also came to my mind, “When the iniquity of Judah and Israel shall be sought for, it shall not be found.” I tried to make myself miserable, but could not. For fourteen days I enjoyed the presence of God, and had communion with him. Temporal matters now went bad with me; I was stripped of all I possessed, and plunged into circumstances of misery; and darkness, and trouble of soul ensued. It was at this time I heard Mr. Moyle, who opened unto me some of those things of which I was entirely ignorant. After a short time I lost my comforts—all was dark and miserable; I thought I was deceived, or an hypocrite, and determined in my own mind never to go to chapel any more, but to go where I was not known, and never name the name of Christ. With a sort of a last-time feeling I went, and Mr. Moyle preached from the words, “I will go in the strength of the Lord God, making mention of his righteousness, and of his

only.” Under this discourse the Lord again met with me, and I felt strengthened and established in the truth. In the autumn of that year, I was proposed as a member of the church; was baptised and admitted; and have cause to bless the Lord for sending me there.

Mr. Chislett then asked Mr. Bracher what were the reasons he had to believe that the Lord had sent him to preach the gospel. The following is the substance of Mr. B.’s reply.

I think, as near as I can recollect, that the first thought that arrested my mind on this matter (although I had then no thought of preaching the gospel) was, to speak to those companions in wickedness with whom I had associated previous to my conversion. It is somewhere about twelve years ago that I was walking the Strand, (at this time I was much favoured with precious thoughts on Scripture), when these words were applied to my mind, “The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me.” I tried to get rid of them; and said,—“That means the Lord Jesus Christ;” but something said, “*It is yourself.*” I used great arguments against it. This followed me for a year or more. I felt I had no aptness for speaking—no door of utterance. For three months my life was a burden to me. Thoughts were continually flowing into my mind, yet there was no passage for them outwards. I really felt my own incapacity, for I could not speak hardly twenty words on any subject connectedly. In deep distress of mind on this account, I fell upon my knees, and begged of the Lord to direct me; and these words appeared to come in answer, “Go, preach the gospel.” I argued as Moses did with the Lord; but as I argued against, so the Lord met me; yet there seemed no opening for me; and I must say, although I felt so much indisposed to become a preacher, yet there was at the bottom of my heart a desire to tell to sinners round

What a dear Saviour I had found.”

There was one member in the church who had an idea that I was destined for a preacher—yet I had named my feelings to but one individual. There was to be a prayer-meeting held in one of the friend’s houses; and I was invited to go and lead the meeting. I said, “No, there are elder brethren than I.” But he replied, “No, you must come and talk to us.” With much fear and trembling I went and spoke to the few assembled; and continued for two years to preach in this room, without any apparent good; yet I have since heard of a young woman whose eyes were opened there; and of some who were comforted. In this way my ministry began. A person heard me there who invited me to preach at Bedington Corner, where I went in heaviness, much cast down. I was also invited to go to Staines; and for the last five years I have only spent two Lord’s-days at home with my family. I have no wish to be idle; still have often said with David, “If he say, I have no delight in thee, behold, here I am—let him do to me what seemeth good to him.” If I have been wrong in preaching, I feel if it were the Lord’s will, I could set myself down as a humble hearer of the gospel; but still, I feel at this time, that as long as the Lord gives me a measure of strength, I shall continue to proclaim the gospel of Christ.

I have also preached at Hartley Row, and at various places in London, but no one seemed disposed to have me entirely. I did not like itinerating. I was in one place once a month for six

years; and there I have a daughter in the faith. I thought I should like to be over a few people where we might dwell in peace; and I believe the Lord directed me here. You have heard from the church how I came here. As far as my attempts at preaching are concerned, I have but one note—one sound, which is, that the gospel takes up polluted sinners from the world, and places them among the sons of glory.

Mr. Bracher then made a confession of his faith, and the doctrines he intended to advocate. The members of the church present, publicly ratified their choice of Mr. Bracher, and the pastor held up his hand in token of acceptance; and Messrs. Moyle and Coles gave to the pastor and church the right hand of fellowship. Mr. Chislett concluded the morning service with prayer.

In the afternoon Mr. Coles offered up the ordination prayer; and Mr. Moyle gave the charge to the pastor.

In the evening Mr. James Wells preached to the church and congregation.

Letters from the West of England.

No. III.

[WANT of room compels me to give but few notes from these parts in this number. Others are in store.—Ed.]

HOMEWARD-BOUND.

Tuesday, May 2nd.—Took my farewell of the friends at Plymouth last evening, and early this morning left my quiet lodging, and am now looking for Bath, where a solemn office awaits me—even that of preaching, what is called a funeral sermon for the late William Cromwell. For a moment, this morning, as I was being carried through the streets of Plymouth, not knowing what might lay before me—I said within myself, "*What a mercy it is that ministers die!*" and I feel that the rest which remaineth must be sweet indeed. A word or two about Plymouth before I quite pass from it. The people of God in those three towns, (I mean Devonport, Stonehouse, and Plymouth) are like a family of children bereft of their parents. If you go to Devonport, there are some of the spiritual children of such men as dear old John Wilkinson, Easterbrook, Cartwright, and others, who have been taken from them; and they feel and mourn their loss. If you come on to Stonehouse there are those who sat under Mr. Godden of the one part, and Mr. Webster of the other—and these are all gone; yea, I heard some speak of our old friend John Andrew Jones's ministry, when he was pastor of Ebenezer. When you mingle with the friends at Plymouth, not a few will speak gratefully of the good they received under the venerable Robert Hawker. (His church I visited last Saturday): Arthur Triggs, Gad Southall, Joseph Rudman, and other men who have stood here—have all left some sorrowing hearts, and they are looking about saying "*Who will the Lord send to feed us*

with the word of life!" Some few are settled down under Mr. Isbell; some under Mr. Bulteel; a large number, several hundreds are gathered together in Trinity, anxiously waiting for the Lord to send them a pastor after his own heart, ah, and for a thorough good man, whom God hath anointed to the work, and who could fearlessly open his own heart, faithfully enter into the deep and glorious mysteries of grace, and experimentally trace out the work and operation of the blessed Spirit in the hearts of the quickened travellers to Zion, for such a man there would be no small share of work. I believe if our precious Lord Jesus, and the Spirit of power, were to go with such a man into Trinity Chapel, Plymouth, he would reap a large harvest of living, longing, believing saints. These towns are not left without ministers of truth. No, God has his witnesses. In Plymouth there is Mr. Bulteel, with a chapel nearly as large as a castle; but half the place is empty: he is not the bold preacher, the decided man, the powerful exalter of Jesus Christ that he was in Oxford: perhaps he is as sound and as safe a minister of Christ as then, but the fire burneth not so bright, the life appears not so manifest, the power is not so great. How strange it seems to a novice like myself, that these good men, when they first come out of the church of England, they seem to be like blazing meteors, but after a little while, the brightness of the light waxeth dim, and they become like one of us. I can tell you where you will find two steady labourers in Gospel truth in these parts: the one is "father Rowlands" as they call him, the now-settled pastor of Ebenezer, Stonehouse, the other is "friend" Westlake, of Pembroke Street, Devonport; both these good men are quietly, honestly, and successfully working in corners of the field; and I hope "*the fire*" will "*go up and down among the living creatures*" as Ezekiel says; and then there will be a greater in-gathering still. I attended a meeting of father Rowland's, and I preached in his pulpit the last Sunday afternoon I was in these parts. I was glad to find him surrounded with some working men. I must notice the upper meeting in Devonport, John Wilkinson's place, where our brethren Brewer and Foord now labour. I shall not soon forget Plymouth. I entered the place in peace, I have been permitted to labour there in peace, and I leave it this morning with the answer of a good conscience both toward God and toward man. And now if the Lord will be my friend, to Bath I will proceed. C. W. B.

The Funeral Sermon preached for the late Mr. William Cromwell, has been published at the request of the friends for the benefit of the widow. It is entitled, "*The Joys and the Sorrows of a Pastor's Life.*" Your bookseller can procure it for you, it being published by Houlston and Stoneman, 65, Paternoster Row.

Reviews.

The Living and Dying Memorials of a Quiet Christian.

A LITTLE volume, entitled, "*The Field and the Garner*," has recently been published by Partridge and Oakey. It is compiled from the diary and correspondence of the late Mrs. S. K. Blund, of Cheshunt, Herts., by her husband. In glancing over the table of contents we were convinced that if the different chapters answered at all to these headings, it must be an interesting volume indeed; and, such we venture to say, it will prove to truly spiritual minds. Brother Bland and his late beloved wife were certainly a highly-favoured pair; their Christian sympathies were strong; their joys were many. How severe, then, must such a separation be "as death 'twixt them has made."

In a previous number we have noticed the departure of Mrs. Bland; still, the closing scene is so powerfully and beautifully delineated by the bereaved husband at the close of this volume, that we must lay it before the many of our readers who, perhaps, may never be able to obtain the book itself. Those who can purchase this little memoir will find it a suitable present for young Christians. Speaking of her last illness, the Cheshunt pastor says:

"On the morning of the day before her dissolution, a friend visited her, who had within a month previous parted with *her* partner, (a valued deacon of our church), and on her bidding farewell, she exclaimed, 'O, may I have so abundant an entrance as was granted to your dear husband?'"

"In the afternoon, a great struggle appeared to be going forward in her soul, as of a striving to give up the dear bonds of earth, and drop into a Saviour's arms. While, with peaceful thoughts she could follow the happy spirit of her sleeping babe, and calmly say, 'She is only gone a little while before her mother;' she could not but think of *those left behind*, and then, with all a mother's love the words broke forth, 'Oh, it is my ties,—it is my children.'

"Now, also, her cough, weakness, and obstruction of throat grew more distressing. After one of these paroxysms her mother observed to her, '*He* was a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. *His* face was marred more than any man, and his form more than the sons of men.' 'Yes,' she replied, 'I think of *that*,—did my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?' and then, laying her hands upon her own wasted body, continued—'I can tell all my homes.'—Psa. xxii. 17.

"When I returned home in the evening, I found all the painful symptoms aggravated, and constant perspirations wasting her little remnant of strength. I sat by her side for about two hours, wiping the moisture from her face, as it stood out in a thick cold shower, and, as *her* strength and my full heart allowed, holding sweet though mournful converse of the world to come. During this time she evidently *felt* her span of life contracting, but quietness and assurance possessed her soul. After some pause I heard her whisper the words, 'wings—wings,' then breathing heavily, she repeated the whole verse,

"Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be."

"The trembling emotion of my soul prevented my replying; but my mother sitting near took up the language, and went through the sweet hymn. Graciously did the dear sufferer unite in a whispered echo and fervent pressure of the hand, while her whole being seemed to stand expectant on the borders of *that* land.

"After leaving her into bed she rested a-while, and then, seeing the family seated around, she quietly said, 'They are waiting for you, dear.' Knowing her meaning, I inquired, 'Are you able to bear my reading?' To this she replied, 'Oh yes, a little.' I opened the book at the 14th chapter of John; but, without her knowing this, I asked if there was any particular portion she wished read. Panning a few moments, she looked at me with earnest meaning, and with wonderful sympathy replied, '*Let not your heart* be troubled.' It was her last word of Scripture exhortation. Oh! for divine help to obey and prove its value! I read the first fourteen verses of that chapter; and if ever Bible words appeared *good* words, it was in that solemn hour. I then knelt down and poured out the desires of my poor tossed soul before the Lord; feeling an unspeakable awe upon my mind. No-wise apprehending, however, her immediate dissolution, I now hid her good night, nor can I ever lose the memory of the quiet fervency of her '*good night, love*,' as she followed me with her eyes to the door. This was about midnight, and the next hour I spent in solitary musing and saddened thoughts, still relieved with the conviction that nothing was too hard for the Lord.

"Soon after four o'clock in the morning, I was awakened from a confused slumber, and was hurried into her room.

"Surely my heart alone knew its own bitterness as I gazed upon that precious form, speechless, and unconscious, breathing hardly and slowly.

"I rushed to her side, lifted her hand, called her by every endeared name; but, alas! no sign, no answer; only that heavy, struggling breath, growing more sluggish every moment.

"But I draw a veil over the incoherent wilderness of my surprised grief, at that fearful hour of trial. This fell upon me indeed, as a new calamity: that the *parting was come*, and must be in SILENCE. I sobbed aloud, and groaned in unspeakable anguish, 'Oh Lord, thy hand is heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into drought.'

"Recalling my thoughts, I remembered this was not giving glory to God, and again I poured out a prayer, 'Oh Lord, I would say, *Thy will be done*.'

"The struggle was now evidently drawing to a close, and at length the emancipated spirit quitted its tenement of clay. But the moment none could determine, so calmly did the earthly pilgrim pass away to the heavenly home.

"For a while nature had its way; I fell upon the bed and wept BITTERLY; but *grace—almighty grace*—prevailed; while a sweet consciousness of the presence of *one undying Friend*, hushed the tempest, and constrained me to cry aloud, 'The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away, and I will now say, blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

"The Lamb of God."

A SERMON bearing this title is before us. It was "preached at Zoar Chapel, Gravesend, on Lord's-day morning, March the 12th, by THOMAS STRINGER, minister of the gospel;" and has been published by request.

On reading it, the thought struck us,— "Our brother Thomas seems to be in a happy state of mind; his soul is evidently feeding on, and rejoicing in, the greatness, the richness, the fulness, and the preciousness of the person, the work, and the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ." As we read on, we fancied we could both see and hear this bold and noble minister rapidly detailing the mysteries and the mercies of a once crucified but now risen Redeemer. There is a cheerful effort in this discourse to carry up the minds of the Lord's people to the Prince of Peace that cannot fail of doing good. In speaking of the extent of the atonement, the preacher has manifested much clearness and decision. We heartily wish him God-speed, great growth in heavenly knowledge, and a long life of usefulness in the gospel vineyard.

Brief Notices.

NORTHAMPTON.—The anniversary of Providence Sabbath School, Northampton, was this year most pleasantly and profitably spent: and as such services are not too common among our people, I have sent this brief account, trusting it may be of interest and utility to others in the diligent and earnest furtherance of that holy and Scriptural occupation—teaching the statutes of the Lord and the word of salvation to the "generations to come."

On Lord's-day morning, April 16, the special services commenced by an early prayer meeting at 7 o'clock. About forty persons assembled, and the petitions for a blessing upon teachers and scholars, were most fervent.

After the usual morning service, the chapel was crowded with the schools and congregation. The hymns appointed were sung with spirit and tune by the children, who were then addressed by Mr. Bland from the words in Matt. xxi. 15—"Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Mr. Bland very clearly and simply spoke of the ancient promise of the coming Messiah—the people's waiting for the consolation of Israel—the ill-tempered, snarling Pharisees—the ordained and approved shout of the babes and sucklings, and the solemn reproof to the hinderers by Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

In the evening Mr. Bland preached to the parents and teachers; taking for a text the resolution of Asaph—Psalm lxxviii. 4—"We will not hide the words of thy mouth from their children; shewing to the generations to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and his wonderful works that he hath done." The wise and perfect plan of the Lord in making known his will, and the knowledge of himself by the instrumentality of those that know him; the united privilege and

duty of preaching and teaching by lip and life, to young and old, the Lord Jesus; the certain efficiency and truthfulness of this service, beneath the gracious dew of heaven; (the showers that water the earth), were ably and clearly proved by the preacher.

On Monday afternoon, the schools were again assembled; and after an examination, and an address by Mr. Bland, buns were distributed among the children. The teachers then took tea together, and with a short meeting of cheerful conference, and mutual counsel and encouragement, the services closed, leaving a sweet savour upon the minds of those engaged, of the preciousness of being unitedly employed in the work of so gracious and loving a Master. J. E. PERLIN.

LITTLE KEDDINGTON AGAIN.—Some of our readers will recollect we have before referred to this little garden of the Lord in an obscure corner on the borders of Essex. It has done our hearts good to read the following from honest John. The anniversary is fixed for June 15th. We hope there to have another happy day, and to see the courts of the Master's house, crowded with sinners waiting to hear the Saviour's voice. Our brother John says—

"In proof that the ordinance of believers' baptism (as set forth in the oracles of truth,) are not obsolete with the King of Zion, and that he will own and bless the same to the good of his people, on April the 3rd, (at the baptising here) the Lord was graciously pleased to seal instruction on the hearts of three persons, and they were constrained to say, 'we will go with you, seeing God is with you.' One brother was called under the ministry of our pastor seven years' since, when he was speaking in a neighbouring village; another, a sister, that has been a seeker of the Lord for thirty-three years, for the most part very sorrowful, but at last was constrained publicly to acknowledge her Lord and Master; the third, the husband of that good woman the account of whose triumphant death was given in the **EARTHEN VESSEL** for May, 1852, page 109. These humble souls, after giving a statement of the work of grace in their souls, were baptised on Lord's-day, May 7th, in the presence of a large assembly of people, who were attentive. Our pastor, (brother Powell,) spoke afterwards at the chapel, standing against the door, morning from Zech. x. 12; afternoon from Jer. xxxi. 17. It was a solemn and a happy day to pastor and people. May the Lord bless Zion at large with many such is the desire of your's in him,

Woodland Green. JNO. DILLISTONE.

HOLLOWAY.—The second anniversary of Mr. Charles Shipway's pastorate at John Street Chapel, Upper Holloway, was commemorated on Monday, May 15th. A happy and profitable Meeting—brethren Bowles, Chivers, Wells and Banks addressed the crowded Auditorium on given subjects. The little garden here is growing and looking well; and the statements made with reference to brother Shipway's usefulness, and the gradual progression of the cause were encouraging.

Death and Funeral of Mr. James Castleden,

LATE OF HAMPSTEAD.

THE demise of this venerable and highly-esteemed servant of the Lord took place, on Lord's-day morning, June 4th, 1854. No minister, throughout the whole of his career has commanded and maintained more esteem among the churches throughout this kingdom, than the late James Castleden. We have therefore gathered together the chief incidents connected with his life, death, and burial, and present them to our readers as a small tribute of respect to his memory.

James Castleden was born at Faversham, in Kent, in the year 1778. His parents were thorough-going church people of the old-fashioned sort; that is to say, they esteemed it to be their duty to go to church, and having gone to church and read their prayers they were contented. But young James Castleden had very early ideas of a God; and would often worship him in his way. One circumstance might here be named, which had much influence on his mind in after years. When he was quite a lad there lasted for some length of time, an intense drought, which caused considerable alarm throughout the country. He had heard that the Lord heard and answered prayer—and that the Lord would grant any thing asked for by a believing heart. So young James Castleden—attiring himself as near as he could like a clergyman, took the prayer-book in his hand, and most earnestly read the prayer for rain; and it rained that evening. He has often said that that childish act of his has many times encouraged him to ask the Lord for things he needed. In course of time he began to think more of religion; but it was not till he was about seventeen or eighteen years of age that he had any idea of his state as a sinner. He was then among the Wesleyans. They got him to pray; and thought he had abilities for preaching. He had when very young had some notion of preaching, and used to set up sticks for an audience, to whom he used to preach in his way. At last he did preach, and of course obtained a bad character for it. He did not continue long with the Wesleyans, but went among the Quakers, where he heard a female address the people from the words: "O that men were wise, and would consider these things;" something said at that time left an impression on James Castleden's mind, which time never effaced. In

process of time, some untoward circumstance occurred, which led him to feel very uncomfortable, and he left the Quaker's and his native town, where he carried on the business of a draper, and came to London. Here he went about to bear various ministrations, in particular Dr. Jenkins, and Mr. Huntington, under whom he was led to see more and more his state as a sinner. Eventually he united with the church at Walworth under the pastoral care of Dr. Jenkins. During his membership there, he married his late wife Elizabeth. Shortly afterwards he was visited with great darkness and distress of mind; and in this state, he was led to hear the late Samuel Eyles Pierce, under whose ministrations he profited much. He left Dr. Jenkin's church, and united here, where for nine years he honourably sustained the office of deacon. It was whilst here that he began to go out preaching—he was pressed to speak sometimes at home. He began preaching at Stanmore, to which place he continued to go more or less until he went to Hampstead. There he preached to a few people in a large room until the year 1818, when the present (Bethel) chapel was built on Hollybush Hill, and a church formed, the late Mr. John Stevens delivered to him a faithful and affectionate charge. From this it will be seen that he was thirty-six years pastor of the church here.

Concerning his last illness and death, but little can be said. In August, 1853, he was attacked with paralysis, which so impaired his mind and body, that he was unable to read his bible, or preach much afterwards; but so far as his strength would admit, assisted at communion, and at the prayer meetings—for he was not one of those men who say—"It's ONLY a prayer-meeting!" His mind at times appeared much impaired from the effects of the stroke; and Satan took advantage to distress his soul. Whilst labouring under one of these attacks, a friend said to him: "It shall be well with the righteous, in life and in death." The good old man replied, "It is well." A short time before his death, in the middle of the night, he said to the friend who was sitting up with him, "Can we not have a prayer-meeting?" His friend replied "Yes." He then read a portion of Scripture, and sung Mr. Castleden's favorite hymn, and the venerable old man delightfully took his part. A friend asked him, "Can you trust the Lord now?" With vehemence the dying man replied, "Oh, yes: He has cared for me more than seventy-six years;

and shall I be afraid to trust him now? I should think not!" He spake most blessedly while he was able, but could not do so for some little time previous to his death; yet even then he appeared to be engaged mentally in prayer to his God—until at about a quarter past 12 o'clock, on Sunday morning, the 4th of June, 1854, in peace, the happy spirit of James Castleden winged her flight to the realms of everlasting bliss.

THE FUNERAL

took place on Monday afternoon, the 12th June, when many of his old friends assembled at the little chapel to pay their last tribute of respect to the departed venerable pastor. Mr. Phillip Dickerson read a portion of Scripture, and in an affectionate and impressive manner addressed the throne of grace.

Mr. John Bloomfield, of Meard's Court, then addressed the people; of which the following is the substance.

I have been unexpectedly called upon by the respected officers of this church to give you an address on the solemnity and blessedness of the death of a man of God. I should very much have preferred being a hearer, seeing there are so many ministers here my seniors. Death to the servant of God is solemn and blessed—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." die in union to the Lord, in the favour, in the righteousness, and hope of the Lord. The good man dies in the embrace of Jesus, in the love of Jesus, in the arms of Jesus, and for Jesus, and to be with Jesus for ever. Death to the ungodly is fearfully terrific.—He is driven away in his wickedness. He dies unwillingly; and truly awful his death is! *He dies hopeless and Godless.* The good man has a home to go to. It is an infinite mercy to have a home in the presence and glory of God. The Christian thinks of home as he passes through the wilderness. He sings of it, and says, 'Home, sweet home! there is no place like home.' Hell will be the prison of the wicked, but it is not home. The prisoner is punished and confined in his fearful dungeon, but he never calls it his home. The Christian has a home, and it is a good home, a happy home, and a glorious eternal home. This world has been God's large schoolroom in which he instructs and prepares his children for their blessed home. The death of the man of God is absolute gain. Paul says, 'For me to die is gain; and if our religion be like Paul's, death will be gain to us. The man of God gains an everlasting emancipation from sin and every trouble. He gains better associations and a better state of things; he lives after death in the presence of the Redeemer; he reads God's character, covenant, and truth in the mirror of the glorified person of the Saviour; he enjoys perfect and uninterrupted intercourse and communion with God; he loses nothing but that which is an absolute loss and degradation to possess; and he possesses dignity, triumph, and dimless glory, and everlasting pleasure in a sinless and tearless world. I know good people are frequently in bondage respecting death—they tremble at death and eternity—but what is death! It is a dark-robed angel sent by God to open the prison doore and

to knock off the fetters of his saints. It is a dark-robed angel it is true; but it is God's servant or messenger after all to his people. It makes me think of going to Clifton some years since to see a good lady there. I went to the house and knocked at the door, and a fine black servant appeared: he quite startled me. And so are many ransomed sinners frightened at death, although he is nothing but a black servant who opens the door of our Father's celestial house. Our aged brother was prepared to die; although he might be dark at times, yet he died in the Lord; he fell asleep in Jesus; he triumphed through that precious blood he preached to others for many years. Death is a terrible extinguisher to the worldly man, it is a terrible dissolver of earthly ties, but the true Christian has a property which he will not lose by death. Real religion is a property that is heavenly, not loseable, and everlasting. It will take the good man to heaven, and the good man will take it to heaven. The speaker then closed his address by a piece from R. Blair's grave; and said Mr. Gittens, who knew intimately the departed would now address them.

Mr. GITTENS said: "A few words, dear friends, and but few. Allusion has been made to my intimacy with your late departed minister. It has been an intimacy of the closest character; and I have always considered him to be a man of God who demanded our Christian regards and respect. But I do not think this, or any other, a time to eulogise a creature. He had filthy rags, but they were taken away, and God has for ever wiped away all traces of them; and why should we say anything of them? But these occasions always speak loudly to all. To the hoary-headed it says, You soon must follow him. I am some years younger than our departed friend; but that time will very soon pass away. I sometimes seem astonished at the rapid way in which time flows on. I can look at seats now where those sat who now are gone for ever; and all you too must speedily follow. Life is uncertain—death is certain; and to the Christian this affords comfort: for though daily trials come, yet he has also daily divine aid and strength afforded. With the ungodly it is the opposite—all his supposed happiness is on earth; he seeks it here and there, but it is as a phantom: he tries for it, but it eludes his grasp; still, he tries hard for it, until at last he finds himself upon the verge of a fearful precipice—eternity. Oh, what an awful sound to the unbeliever! But to the child of God, how pleasant! An infidel writer has asserted that eternity, or the world beyond the present, is like a black curtain, through which no human ken can penetrate. Aye, true; but to the believer this black curtain is rendered transparent; and, by the aid of his Bible, he is led to anticipate the joys in reserve for him in the upper and brighter world. Well, then, we have lost a kind friend. I could have wished that his last days had been brighter days; but they were what God appointed them to be. There are very many we could not have spared so well as we could James Castleden. God had in a measure taken from him his

ability; and he has left behind him here no weeping wife and fatherless children.* So that we have nothing of this sort to weep about. And it being so, we cannot but rejoice that God has removed him from this world of misery and woe. We will therefore commend his body to his God, praying that we may all be enabled to end our days as honourably as he did.

Mr. WARN, of Endon, concluded the service in the chapel by prayer.

Mr. COOPER, of New End, read the hymns. The mortal remains of the deceased were then removed into the road, and was borne on the shoulders of four men; the pall being held by Messrs. Disney, Evans, Fenn, and Warn. Immediately behind the corpse, were twenty-seven males, attired in the sable habiliments of woe; amongst whom were many ministers of the gospel. Behind these walked in pairs a very great number of the friends and admirers of the deceased. The procession thus formed walked down Holly Bush Hill, through the High Street, (where many of the principal shops were closed, from respect to the departed), and onwards to the parish church of Hampstead, in the church yard of which lay deposited the remains of his dear wife. The procession was met at the church gates by the Rev. Thomas Ainger, the highly respected incumbent, who there commenced reading the burial service for the dead. The corpse was then taken into the church, when the incumbent, in a most solemn and truly impressive manner, read the very appropriate service as appointed by the Church of England. The corpse was then removed into the church yard, and lowered amidst the clods of the valley, "earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust; in sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life, through our Lord Jesus Christ." The procession then returned to the chapel, in the same order, when several took tea.

The venerable JOHN ANDREW JONES, the oldest friend of the late James Castleden, preached to the people in the evening.

The Funeral Sermon

was preached at Hampstead, by Mr. JOHN FOREMAN, on Lord's-day evening, June 18th, 1854. The little chapel was crowded in every corner; and not even standing room was attainable shortly after the commencement of the service.

Mr. Foreman introduced his discourse as follows. Christian Friends: our meeting together this evening has a simplicity about it; and I think a divine authority for it. We have not met together to say high mass to get our brother out of purgatory. We know of no such stuff and nonsense. We have not met to ask God to bestow any blessings on our departed brother; for we know well that he is beyond reach of the want of them; but we have met to contemplate and to celebrate those things which were so eminently displayed in the life and death of James Castleden. Some few years since, John Stevens,

James Castleden, and George Coombe, were three great public characters, known far and wide; and were found engaged in all the solemn and important services of the day; and to these for many years my heart was knit, knowing them to be sanctified servants of the living God. I was called upon to preach my brother George Coombe's funeral sermon; and also, in connection with my brother Murrell, dear John Stevens'; and now I am to preach James Castleden's. My first acquaintance with him was in the year 1822. I went fourteen miles to hear him and John Stevens, at the late Mr. Player's place, at Saffron Walden. He wished me to preach Jesus Christ, and not eulogise James Castleden. I have a long account here, given me to read, of his life and death; but I would not descend to the sick room, to find evidences of the genuineness of a man's Christianity—I say, I would not stoop to that. When a man has lived for so many years in open demonstration of the divine authenticity of his ministerial labours and Christian life, it would be a sort of a denial to it all to go down to the sick chamber to find evidences thereof.

Mr. Foreman here detailed some outline of Mr. Castleden's life, which we have embodied in our sketch at the commencement of this paper. The preacher then went on to say he could track the progress of these three friends (Messrs. Stevens, Coombe, and Castleden) over nearly every county in England. As regards Mr. Castleden, he was not an eloquent speaker; but there was a mellowness, a freshness, and a pithiness about his ministry. His words would drop with savour; and God attested it by bestowing his blessing upon it. They were three spreading trees; but are now cut down to blossom in another and purer sphere. They were three spiritual trumpeters—but they have now ceased to blow the trumpet here, and are gone to join the song above. They were three glorious messengers of peace here; but they have ceased to bear tidings to man, and are gone to enjoy the fruit of their labours. Mr. Foreman then took for his text 2 Chron. xxiv. 15, 16—

"Jehoiada waxed old, and was full of days when he died: an hundred and thirty years old was he when he died: and they buried him in the city of David, among the kings; because he had done good in Israel, both toward God and toward his house."

After some short introduction the preacher divided his text as follows:

1. The character. 2. The deeds. 3. The honour.

1. The character: Jehoiada. There were two Jehoiadas beside the one mentioned in the text. This Jehoiada was he who sat Joash upon the throne, and prevented the death of the wicked Othaliah, who conspired against the life of the seed royal. Joash feared the Lord so long as Jehoiada lived; but when he died Joash returned to his idolatry. Jehoiada had it in his heart, but Joash only in his head. Jehoiada was as the sun, while Joash was only as the wall, upon which the sun was reflected. Jehoiada died in honour. You will say, why apply this to our departed friend? Because one good man is as much as another. If we speak of one good man

* We are given to understand that his only living daughter is in Australia.

we speak of all. Jehoiada signifies, "the knowledge of the Lord;" from which we may adduce that it is one that knows the Lord. Now, my brethren, depend upon it there is a dignity set upon the soul that knows the Lord, that has no equal in earthly dignities. Is there any one that knew our departed brother—and has joined with him in prayer—that would dispute James Castleden's being a Jehoiada in his knowledge of the Lord and Saviour? This will account for a man's actions. Head knowledge is one thing; but the intuitive teaching of God the Holy Ghost is that whereby the heart is consecrated to his service. Scholastic advantages are good in their place; but unless the heart is made alive by God the Holy Ghost, they are of no use in the pulpit. God says, "I'll give thee a heart to know me." James Castleden had this. There has been some demur about singing a favourite hymn of his at the close of this service. I think it very suitable. I have often heard him close a service with it when we have been out together; and he would stand up in the pulpit, and heartily join the people in singing it. It is the 421st, Denham's Selection.

"The voice of free grace

Cries, Escape to the mountain," &c.

If he had not known the Lord, he would not have stood there so long. Let us then each ask ourselves, Do we know the Lord? Truth is the rule of God's word. I do not say James Castleden was a perfect man: far from it: but we take the predominant features of his life throughout, and judge thereby.

11. The deeds. "Because he had done good in Israel." I don't think there is a praying man but does good to Israel. James Castleden was a praying man. His prayers and preachings were the means of doing good in Israel. Though small, yet for a considerable time, a flourishing cause met in this place. He was the means of taking many a poor sinner by the hand, and shewing him the way to heaven by the cross of Christ. He would

"— point to his redeeming blood,
And say, Behold the way to God!"

A praying, hearing people, and a praying, preaching minister, are of incalculable benefit the one to the other. He was then of great use in Israel. Many were enlisted under the banner of Immanuel through his instrumentality. And you know when a recruiting party is seen going through a village with two or three recruits, there are various exclamations; and one says, There goes poor Bill So-and-so. Why, why did he want to go for a soldier? They ask him; and he replies that he could get no work; and it was for the want of a bit of bread; and so, when a man enlists into the regiment of our King Immanuel; there will be many crying out—Oh! what a pity he is turned a meetingger—I would rather anybody but him. Ask him what he enlisted for, and he'll tell you, for want of a bit of bread. All enlist for this.

Again: he had done good towards God and his house. You will say, why, how could he do good towards God? Why, by taking hold of God's strength, through the medium of the promises. I would just use a plain figure to illustrate this point. Suppose two or three, or half-a-dozen persons to be in a house together. One is a

mother, and her child is lying up-stairs. She first hears it cry; and rises to see what is the matter. Another of the party says, Oh, don't disturb yourself; sit still; it will leave off directly. Still she insists upon going. Why, you would turn that woman's brain if you stopped her. So prayer affects our God. The woman runs; she fears the child will be smothered. Ask her why she is so. She will answer, because it is my child, and I love it. God says, they are mine, and I love them. I myself generated them, and I love them. A praying man is a useful man towards God when he addresses him from necessity. Thus our departed brother did good towards Israel and God. Our brother some time since established mixed communion; and very many were sorry for it. Why he did so we cannot say. There were nine hundred and ninety-nine points on which we were agreed; and the other one only gave us surprise. When the late Samuel Eyles Pierce opened his church, James Castleden was the first and most violent opposer; and still, he did the same. It was, I think, a little piece of weakness on his part; but it was not much to his advantage, I think. But where is the man who is perfect? He was a Bible man; a Bible preaching man; and a Bible praying man; and the same power that made him what he was, can make you and me the same.

III. The honour. It is remarkable how the Scriptures take notice of the years of a man's existence. Our brother lived to be seventy-six years of age; thirty-six years of which were spent more especially as a stated minister in this place. I began my public ministry in March, 1816; so that I have been stated pastor rather longer than your deceased pastor. Our brother did exceed, and preach, too, beyond the usual course of years allotted to man. He lived to a good old age; and when so found in the ways of godliness, what an honour! Well, we have buried his body in the earth for the worms to devour, and the bones to crumble. But no matter; they will all be called for. They burnt Wickliffe's bones, and scattered the dust into the river at Lutterworth, in Leicestershire. Yet God knows where they are, and it must be gathered again. "Jehoiada waxed old, and was full of days when he died; and they buried him in the city of David among the kings." "The earth is the Lord's." Was it not an honour to see such a stream of affectionate brethren following our brother to the tomb? I think you must have thought it a nice and beautiful sight; and when you followed him, you followed a fellow-citizen. I reckon that to be the honour of burial, for the godly to follow their fellow to the grave. There it awaits the great day. "It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory; it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power; it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body." Then the great trump of God shall sound, and raise the body into a union with the soul. So shall it be with our departed. While it was buried under the sight of a few friends, it shall be raised with the hallelujah of angels. I say he was a Jehoiada, and did good in Israel. May God bless these few remarks, and quickly send you another under shepherd, and his name shall be praised.

The hymn mentioned by Mr. Foreman was sung at the conclusion of his sermon. We understand the part of the hymn which the departed minister most delighted in was the last four lines :

" We'll range the sweet banks
On the plains of the river,
And sing of salvation
For ever-and ever."

(From a Correspondent.)

Our aged and highly regarded Christian brother, Mr. James Castleden, many years pastor of the church of Christ at Hampstead, entered into his rest early on Lord's-day morning, June 4th. I cannot furnish such particulars, at this time, as I could wish; but—*his end was peace.* A most solemn service was held at his chapel on Monday afternoon, 12th instant; when brother Dickerson, of Alie Street, read, and engaged in prayer; and the brethren Bloomfield, of Meard's Court, Soho, and Gittens, of Somers Town, each delivered addresses of great, and most weighty importance; and brother Warn, of Endon, closed in prayer. The funeral procession was then formed, and our brother's remains borne—by members of the church—the pall held by his deacons, and followed by many brethren in the ministry, and a very long train of, no doubt, real mourners, slowly wended their way to the family grave in Hampstead Church Yard. In the evening service was again held in the chapel, when our brother, J. A. Jones, of Jireh, preached from John xi, 23—26: "Our brother," &c.

The following most striking, Scriptural letter, was written by our brother Richard Ware, pastor of the church at Potter's Bar.

My dear Brother Jones.—Providence has laid upon me the duty to inform you of the departure of the spirit of our old friend, James Castleden. It evidently has been tired of its habitation for some considerable time. The fact is, that the old house has been out of order, and getting worse and worse for some years; until, at last, it could stand no longer. The tenant has left, and the tottering building is *taken down.* I believe it is the intention of the Owner to *re-build* it some day; indeed, the *plan* is already made, and the *order* given. The *old* materials are to be used; the *site* of the erection is to be *changed*; but the *identity* of the old building is to be strictly preserved, yet without its original *defects* and *deformities.* The understanding is, that it is to be "*a glorious house, eternal in the heavens.*" I have learned that there is somewhere in existence an *old dead*—which the good old-fashioned folks used to call "*an everlasting covenant*"—which secures possession of the *new* house, with all its appurtenances and conveniences, to the *old* tenant. What James Castleden will say, when he gets into it, I cannot tell; but I shrewdly guess it will be something like this—"Worthy is the Lamb, that was slain," &c.

As his friends are ignorant as to the time when the *great Master* will require the *old materials* for its re-erection, they propose (D.V.) removing it out of the way, to a convenient spot in Hampstead Church Yard, on

Monday next, the 12th instant, at 3 o'clock p.m. The deacons of the church request me to say, that as you knew the *old building* and its *tenant so long*, they would like you to be a witness on the occasion. *Can you, and will you be there?* An early answer will oblige

Your's, fraternally, RICHARD WARE.

EPISTOLARY

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER II.

IN my last to you, I dwelt chiefly on the words, "God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John iii. 16. The subject contained in the latter part of this Scripture I will—the Lord enabling me—take up in some one or two of my future letters to you.

We have now to deal with the words, "God so loved the world." You will not forget the law of interpretation upon which we have set out—namely, that we must interpret both definite and indefinite phraseology by the subject to which it is joined, and to which it belongs. Guided by this rule, you will find—both in respect to definite and to indefinite phraseology, several other co-relative helps of confirmation; for if your primary interpretation be right, all the relations which the subject bears to other things, will accord with your primary interpretation.

So you will find here in the words, "God so loved the world;" for the word "world" in its meaning is in this Scripture limited; not only by the primary subject to which it belongs—namely, the love of God, but by other self-evident truths.

1st, *By the history of the ancient world.* Did not the Most High, in the deeps of his councils, suffer—and that for thousands of years—all nations to walk in their own way? Did he deal with all men as he did with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob? Did he call all others in the effectual way he did Abraham, Did he as much constitute Ishmael a child of promise as he did Isaac? Did he love Esau as he did Jacob? Did he take even *one* other nation from the midst of the nations? "Hath God assayed," saith Moses, Deut. iv. 34, "to go and take him a nation from the midst of another nation?" Hath God assayed—hath he attempted even so to do? Nor did he give the good land (see Deut. ix.) to the Israelites, because they were any better than other people; and if he drove out the heathen nations for their wickedness, he might quite as justly have kept out the Israelites for their wickedness. And does not one of that nation thus testify of the sovereignty of the mercy of the Lord unto them—"He sheweth his word unto Jacob, his statutes and his judgments unto Israel: he hath not dealt so with any nation; as for his judgments, they have not known them?" Psalm .cxlvii 19—21.

One of the most awful scenes that we can contemplate, is that of the millions who—before the coming of the Saviour—passed into eternity, without mercy, having no hope, and without God in the world; and what is it but

solemn mockery, self-delusion, and daring denial of God's most holy word, to pretend that these millions of the human race were included in the words, "God so loved the world." If they were loved, where is the least proof thereof? They were suffered to walk in their own way, and did as all others so left are sure to do. No mercy rolled in,

"Their downward course to stay;"

but, instead of the Lord quickening them by his Spirit, and pouring upon them the Spirit of grace and supplication—instead of this, he gave them up to vile affections. Can you, my good Theophilus, or can any man, with the fear of God before his eyes, reconcile such solemn judgments with making the words, "God so loved the world," to mean the whole human race? For where the love here spoken of is, it stands, thus, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore in lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Jeremiah xxxi. 3.

Upon what principle, then, can you understand the dealings of the Most High with the ancient world, but upon this, "he hath mercy upon whom he will have mercy; and whom he will he hardeneth?" There is no other principle in existence that can account for those dealings.

Why did not the prophets of old form themselves into a missionary society, and seek to convert the heathen nations? The answer is easy and plain; they knew that without the Lord, vain would be the help of man. The Lord was not pleased to send them to convert the heathen; therefore, knowing their attempts would be vain, they abstained from going. Yet there is now no class of men living who knew better than the holy prophets knew the vital, the infinite, the everlasting importance of the salvation of the soul. They well knew that no mere man could redeem his brother, or give to God a ransom for him; for the redemption of the soul is precious; precious in the price thereof, being the precious blood of Christ; precious in the value thereof; and precious in the endless effects thereof. Yet no attempts were made by God or man to convert these ancient heathen nations. Yet God loved them with all that love which is expressed in the gift of his dear Son. "Believest thou this now, Theophilus?" Can you believe that God loved them with an infinite and eternal love, yet left them to perish? What would be thought of a parent who, seeing a child working out its own destruction, and who at the same time had it in his power to prevent it, yet made not the least attempt so to do? Who would, who could, believe that the heart of that parent was full of love to that child? Yea, would not the very voice of common humanity cry everlasting shame upon such an one? And shall the holy the righteous, blessed God be made to appear thus—that he has given his own Son to be the end of the law for righteousness to the whole human race, leaving no law by which they can be condemned; yet the Lord himself, in the very face of his love to them, and in the very face of the atonement his own dear Son hath made for them, condemns them by that very law which Christ fulfilled for them, and from the curse of which he eternally redeemed them?

2nd. *The present state of the world.* Does not the gospel take a deeper hold in some nations than in others? Unbelief rejects the gospel; but while unbelief is the same in all, yet some, like the good ground, savingly receive the word; and it is the Lord himself that makes this difference: and so it is written, "The preparation of the heart in man, and the answer of the tongue is of the Lord." Proverbs xvi. 1. So then, while some men are unbelievers, some are believers; some live and die in faith; some live and die in unbelief: and unto them who believe the Holy Ghost puts this question, "*Who maketh thee to differ?*"

3rd. The day of days—the day of judgment—will shew the same truth, viz., that the words "God so loved the world," does not mean that he loved the whole human race. Those who shall be found on the Saviour's left hand were all in one shape or another, living and dying members of the man of sin; therefore always hated the truth, and so could not give even a cup of cold water to a disciple in true love to that disciple. A want of this love of the truth puts a negative upon all their good deeds.

It is said of these that they were cursed; but it is not once hinted that they were ever loved or blest.

Thus the farther we trace the several relations which these words "God so loved the world" bear to other objects, the more we are confirmed in our primary interpretation.

In short, the word "world" is often evidently used in a kind of anti-national sense; that the gospel of God was not to be confined to one nation, but was to be extended to all nations in the whole world, so that there should be, according to the promise of God to Abraham, that all the families or nations in the earth should be blessed in him; and so John in vision saw much people out of every kindred, tongue, and nation.

Indeed the people of God are the world in the substance thereof; all things are for their sakes; the world would be nothing in God's account without them; and it will cease to be when these pillars who bear it up are all taken away. They are God's own world; he loves them, blesses them, saves them, and shall for ever dwell with them. So believes

A LITTLE ONE.

JACOB

CHOSEN, CHASTENED, AND CROWNED.

(Continued from page 127.)

THE above three words are descriptive terms of the three states in which the church or family of God may be said to have an existence. "JACOB CHOSEN," points to our existence before time; "JACOB CHASTENED," is expressive of the nature and character of its existence IN TIME; "JACOB CROWNED," is a term that directs us, principally, to the triumphant and happy estate of the true Israel after they have done with the changing and perishing circumstances of time. It is with these distinctive ideas in view that I purpose to address a few words to my readers, being convinced that the Lord will ever bless every

pure effort that is made to simplify, to illustrate, and to contend for—THE ESSENTIAL TRUTHS of his holy gospel.

Three names are given unto the people of God in Old Testament writings—"JACOB," "JESHURUN," and "ISRAEL." These three names are descriptive (in some measure), of the three-fold effect of divine grace in the heart of a truly quickened vessel of mercy. When the soul is quickened, convinced of sin, laid under the sentence of death, exercised with sorrowful reflections and fearful forebodings—tossed to and fro, and driven hither and thither, without comfort, without rest, without peace, without any confidence of its interest in Jesus, or of its being saved by his blood and righteousness, *then, it is "JACOB."* When the Holy Ghost is pleased to reveal unto that poor wrestling Jacob, the way of life, the Person of Jesus, the great truths of the gospel, and the fulness, freeness, and suitability of a new-covenant salvation; so that a *hoping-desire; a soul-supporting-spirit-of-prayer; a uniting fellowship with the saints; and an obediencial conformity to the law of liberty,* is produced, realized, and manifested; *then, it is "JESHURUN."* And when, through the operation of a living faith—by the especial power of the Holy Ghost—peace through the blood of the Lamb, justification by the dear Redeemer's righteousness, and a holy freedom in, and a precious prevalence by prayer,—is obtained, so that the believer now can sing the twenty-third, and the twenty-seventh Psalms; and can now read the twelfth chapter of Isaiah for himself—I say, when the real, the divine experience of the soul comes to this pitch, *then, it is "ISRAEL."* Mark me, you poor, wavering, uneasy and unhappy soul—mind these two things—because you are not *Israel*, is no proof that you are not *Jacob*; and, if you really are a spiritual, pleading Jacob, you assuredly will be a prevailing Israel.

With these few words let us to our work—"JACOB CHOSEN."

"*Jacob Chosen.*"—When we come more fully into this deep part of heaven's revealed will, there are four plain questions which the Bible will answer.

I.—*Who is the Chooser?*

II.—*Who are the chosen?*

III.—*Unto what are they chosen?*

IV.—*How, and when are the chosen distinguished, and made manifest?*

These are the enquiries we desire fully to investigate and meet in our future papers. Previous to that we give a BRIEF OUTLINE OF JACOB'S HISTORY, and which will be found in the following quotation from (the work to which we last month referred,) *Joshua Watson's Lectures on Hosea xii.*; published by Batten; Simpkins and Marshall; and by Wertheim and Macintosh.

In the early part of his second lecture, Mr. Watson enters upon the nature and end of Jacob's discipline; (which will occupy our attention further on in this series;) and gives, as a kind of platform to work upon, the following epitome of Jacob's life. He says—

"The early days of Jacob are not recorded; you have his birth given in the twenty-fifth chapter of Genesis, in the year B.C. 1853, ac-

ording to date in the margin of our Bibles; as far before Christ's day as we are, my brethren, in this present year, 1853, after Christ. How interesting is this fact, the date seems to bring Jacob before us. The twenty-sixth chapter is occupied with Isaac and Rebecca in their trials, specially noticing their grief of mind at the ungodly marriage of Esau, their son; the chapter concluding thus, (verse 34.) "and Esau was forty years old when he took to wife Judith the daughter of Beeri, the Hittite, and Bashemath the daughter of Elon the Hittite: which was a grief of mind unto Isaac and Rebecca." The twenty-seventh chapter opens with the account of Jacob's sin, when he was of the same age. At the suggestion of Rebekah or rather Satan, his father being blind, and advanced in age, he practises the most cruel deceit on him to obtain the covenant blessing, by assuming the dress, and feigning the name of Esau, whereby he supplanted his brother. That the blessing would have been his, God had shewn by the extraordinary circumstances of his birth, and doubtless his mother was impressed with this belief, and looked on him as the first-born; but she and he would anticipate Providence; they become impatient and faithless, are alarmed at Isaac summoning Esau rather than Jacob to his bedside, not seeing that it was purposed as a trial of their faith; and that, as in the instance of Jacob in his old age when about to bless the sons of Joseph, in like manner blessed Ephraim instead of Manasseh, God could overrule the apparent hindrance; faithless, I say, they could not bear the trial; and therefore leagued together to practise a cruel deceit on the aged father and his son Esau, as given in this twenty-sixth chapter of Genesis.

"Oh, my brethren, learn from this to wait God's time in his providence with you; 'tarry thou the Lord's leisure;'—'wait, wait, I say, upon the Lord;' let not appearances alarm, let not reason terrify, let not delays lead to despair; if you have the promise, have by his Spirit been led to cling to the promise, have been praying over the promise, hold on still, STAMP DOWN DOUBT, and say, 'though he slay me, YET WILL I TRUST IN HIM.' This Jacob and Rebecca failed to do; and therefore, at the moment of their hesitation between fear and belief, satan rushed in, and they fell into sin.

"But naturally you will ask, 'how can God's holiness be reconciled with the favour he bore to Jacob?' 'Was he not a sinner in this deceit, and yet God chose him?' My brethren, is it not the wonder of heaven and earth that God should condescend to set his love on the children of men *at all!* Had he looked for holiness he had left this earth altogether to itself; for in its length and breadth there was 'none holy, no not one.' Jacob was man—man, just as he is to be found everywhere; the son of Isaac, who was the son of Abraham, who was the son of Terah, who was the son of Nahor, whose genealogy is traced to Adam, who sinned and fell. I admit that the wonder is, that God's heart should yearn towards the sons of men *at all!*; but it is not a wonder that if God looked down from heaven, he should have chosen Jacob. Could he have found a man without an evil

heart? Do you not see that sin must be put out of the question? God could not deal with or meet sin in his condescension to man; the Holy One cannot touch sin. It was said as if God had been moved to pity, and said, 'this earth has separated itself from me; I would do something for it; true they are sinners; I will, therefore, choose out the least sinner I can find.' Had he done this, sin would have come into the calculation, and God by the union would have sacrificed his own holiness; but he did not this: he saw *sin*, and saw *Jacob* as one of the sinners, as great a sinner as any; but before he had dealings with man he put away sin, blotted it out, by the blood of his own dear Son; and by that means could communicate with the sinner. Now the wonder is, not that Jacob, though chosen, was a sinner; the marvel would have been, had he not been one: admire, gaze on, the stupendous wonder, 'that God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them;' 'not imputing their trespasses *unto them*.' What did God with their sin, then? He imputed it; that is, laid it to the account of Christ, and so he put away sin; God views the sinner through the atmosphere of Christ; Christ is thrown around every believer, and so God looks on him as in Christ; this is the meaning of the expression, 'I in them, and they in me.'"

We dare not advance another step, or we should have to charge our author with error. We hope to proceed next month.

'WHERE IS YOUR FAITH?'

SKETCH OF A SERMON BY F. W. WILLIAMSON.

"Where is your faith?" Luke viii. 25.

THE master of a disciple has an undoubted right to ask a question; and by such means disciples are oftentimes taught the meaning of the teacher. Jesus, in proposing this question to his disciples, intended, I believe, to draw out their minds to the very important fact that their faith was in a right position: and although the common idea respecting this may be that Jesus meant to reproach his disciples, I dismiss such an idea at once from my preaching; although, of course, you must entertain your own ideas upon the subject. Faith is the gift of God; and without it, it is impossible to please God: consequently, with it, it is possible to please him. Jesus surely never meant to speak so derogatory of the gift of God as to insinuate it was idle; or to intimate that God gave man a spiritual gift which he might either use or let alone. No; this cannot be: for the result of that would be to let man be independent of God, but dependent upon his gifts; whereas God has said in his word that he works in his people to *will* and to *do* of his own good pleasure.

Without now discussing the nature or constitution of faith, let us remember that it is the gift of God which enables men to please him: and then let us observe the position of Jesus and the disciples. The disciples were where Jesus had taken them as he was going to cast out devils, or manifest himself to be a Saviour,

and yet where they could see signs of danger. Jesus, in his journey to prove himself a Saviour, was actually the safety of his disciples; but gave at that time no active evidence of it.

Faith, then, is in a good and right position, if (in circumstances answerable to those in which the disciples were,) it do as they did: if men's faith do not do so, depend upon it their's is not the faith of God's elect. To be in a like position with the disciples, (spiritually so,) it must be to be where Jesus has taken us, and where dangers can be seen. The waves and waves are something like the solemn threatenings of Jehovah's law, with the rapid flight of time hastening on eternity. All men may be in such a state as under the curse of the law; but that is very different to being taken across to the other side by Jesus, when the Lord by his word of life in the soul says, "Let us go over to the other side; there can be no possibility of destruction, seeing that Jesus is Master of the law:" yet there are times when no living interference of the Lord is made manifest, although he is there. I have said the faith of the disciples was manifested to be in a right position: and thus do we see it; for when dangers were apparent they feared: and with those whom Jesus instructs there is a solemn fear when they know the words of God, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die." With such fear God is well pleased; for that feeling is the gift of God—the anointing of the Spirit making such an one to know how frail he is.

Secondly. In this apparent time of danger their faith *hoped* in the Lord their Master. The faith of God's elect so works. Man's own faith can rest on anything—a broken law; creature ability; or even delude itself about the mercy of God; but living faith hopes on Jesus; which hope breaks out in a personal application to Jesus, "Master, Master, we perish!" God is well pleased with such hope; for the God of hope has so wrought it in the soul, and then says, "The hope of the righteous shall be granted him." For Jesus directs his people to ask what they will in his name.

Thirdly. Their faith *wondered* when they saw his power to save by his word; making it evident that they were astonished at his kindness towards them. Those who the faith of Jesus works in, continually wonder at the amazing grace and the mighty word of God; and with this feeling God is well pleased; for it is his wisdom in the soul taking knowledge of the salvation God hath wrought. Remember this, then, my dear brethren in our Master's cause;—your faith is in a right position, if in times of apparent danger your heart fears, and your only hope is in Jesus; and that when deliverance comes you recognise the mystery of the Saviour, you wonder and adore; and when the question is raised, Where is your faith? may you be led to see it was in the dear Saviour; that safe place for a believer's hope; and there may you prove what is that good, and perfect, and acceptable will of God; even that across the law and the rapid flight of time you should see satan dethroned, the sinner clothed, and happiness at the feet of Jesus.

Some of the Streams which make Glad the City of our God.

I LOVE a letter, or a sermon, or a book, or a hymn, or a good man's prayer, when it evidently gushes out of a heart washed in the precious blood of the Lamb,—warmed by a sense of Jehovah's everlasting love—and anointed by the sanctifying and solemnizing powers of the blessed Spirit of all truth. One Saturday night—sitting down to rest a bit, and to sigh out some of my sorrows—my eye fell upon the following letter: I read it with sweet feelings of soul profit. I give it to my readers. If they wish for more— they must tell me to give them "*Another Saturday Night.*" Ed.

DEAR E—, — May all spiritual blessings abound, and be multiplied upon your soul, through the saving knowledge of God, and Christ your precious Lord.

I have now been silent for a considerable time, and that for prudent reasons; though at the same time I have often found my earthen vessel full freighted with Gospel-treasure, which I was desirous of communicating to you: but as some of the dear brethren belonging to your feeble tribe, did not approve of my epistolary correspondence, I thought it most expedient to be dormant for a season. Through rich mercy, I find a tender conscience; therefore would not willingly grieve any of the dear children of God: I can say, that that sweet beatitude is much impressed upon my mind, namely, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

The golden fruit of peace I love,
Which springs from Jesus' heart above,
To keep his children one;
The more we feel of Jesus' love,
The gem of peace we shall approve,
That precious union-bond.

But you well know that all my epistolary letters were upon that precious Jesus, who is my life! my portion! salvation and glory! It is in him my soul would triumph from day to day! Jesus and his salvation! Jesus and his invaluable merits! Jesus and his boundless grace! Jesus and his transcendent love! These be my rapturous themes in preaching, writing, and in converse from day to day; for had I ten thousand thousand tongues, with the voices of the angelic choir, all would be too little to proclaim redeeming love! Well might the enraptured disciple, whom Jesus loved, usher in redeeming love with a "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God."

O, the ocean, ancient love
Of an unchanging God!
A giv'n Christ his love did prove,
Who seal'd that love with blood—

With blood! Ah! that is the balm of infinite value; a divine restorative for all poor serpent-bitten, sin-sick souls; a sovereign remedy for all soul-diseases! May it please our gracious Father to grant that you and I may prove its divine efficacy upon our souls! so that we may be helped to sing feelingly in our hearts, "Un-

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to him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God; to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen." Rev. i. 5, 6.

The fountain of a Saviour's blood
Was open'd for the sons of God,
To wash away their sin;
To wash their scarlet crimes away,
And bring them to eternal day,
Made free from ev'ry stain.

O precious fountain of my saviour's blood! and was it opened for me! for vile, wretched me! O my soul! feed on the melodious truth, the "fountain was opened for sin and uncleanness," Zech. xiii. 1. opened "in that day;" (O precious truth!) "in that day" when I saw myself "cast out in the open field, to the loathing of my person, polluted in my own blood and filthiness." O my soul! meditate upon those soul-reviving, soul-encouraging, and soul-delivering words, "and the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth from all sin:" hence I would observe, that he who is our house of mercy, our true sanctuary, hiding-place and pavilion, is our efficacious BETHSAIDA, in whose heart is that virtual pool; so that whosoever by faith steppeh down into the pool or fountain of CHRIST'S BLOOD, is made whole of whatsoever disease he had. May I not farther add, that the five porches were typical of the five wounds of the Saviour's body, in which all the poor, impotent, mourning, fearing, sickly, helpless folk, long to find, that he who was wounded for the transgressions of his children, is that glorious angel who troubles the foul water of the pool of sinner's hearts, and then enables them by faith to plunge into the pool of his own blood. I do not mean to open that sweet passage to which I refer, (John v.) but only few remarks by the way.

O mystic pool, which points to blood!
'Tis only that can do us good,
And ease our wounded hearts:
No shadowy type for us will do,
But blood that washes white as snow
Must bring us near to God.

However vile our hearts have been,
Tho' stain'd with all atrocious sin,
And inwardly unclean;
The blood of our redeeming God
Can stop the issue of our blood,
And cleanse us from our sin.

My soul's desire is, that you may be helped by precious faith to be living on a precious Christ, and that you may view him to be such a Saviour as you stand in need of, and that out of his infinite fulness you may "receive grace for grace," or rather grace upon grace. Through rich mercy at times I can say, to the glory of my Lord, that I am helped by faith to bring out of goodly Canaan some clusters of Eschol's delicious grapes. O how sweet is it to anticipate the sweets of heavenly Canaan,

that true "rest which remains for the people of God," Heb. iv. 9.

Rest! O balmy word of truth!

A rest there is for all the sons of God.

My dear E—, my humble wish and prayer is, that you may find more of the sweetness of a precious gospel, which is pregnant with heavenly mysteries, and that your soul may be filled with the breathings of the Holy Spirit; so will you sweetly sail in the ocean of JEHOVAH'S EVERLASTING! MATCHLESS! and BOUNDLESS LOVE! May you be as an olive tree flourishing in the house of your God! May the oil of gladness be in the cruse of your heart, and the generous fruits of Canaan your daily repast! then will you go on your way rejoicing.

You are much upon my heart and mind from day to day, for you are as dear unto me as if you were a part of my own charge; in short, all your dear people have a place in my affections, and I can feelingly pray for your prosperity in all things; even now, while writing, I feel meltings of heart towards you, and could bedew this present epistle with tears of love, mingled with tears of sorrow; but all

is well, since we are blessed in; and are for ever one in Jehovah Jesus! Therefore "whither thou goest I will go, and whither thou lodgest I will lodge:—Thy people shall be my people, and thy God shall be my God;—where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried;"—and as thy heart is as my heart, with whom I have had sweet counsel, let us go from strength to strength, till we appear before God in Zion, for our Lord will give grace and glory.

I cannot call in question friendship's fruit, Fruit proves your friendship as you bought the root;

The root must die, if ever friendship cease,
Our comfort's this, our friendship grows thro' grace:

It was not nature made our hearts as one,
But life infus'd from Christ the living Stone;
This wondrous knot of love none can untie,
The knot was tied from all eternity,
Behold yon seraph and cherubic choir
Th' mystery of this mystic love admire!
That sinful man friendship divine should prove,
Lov'd with a flame of pure, unchanging love!

I am, my dear E., inviolably yours,
C—K.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

A MOTHER IN ISRAEL:

THE LATE MRS. MARTHA FENNER.

WE have no delight in eulogising the creature; but when the excellent grace of God shines forth in the fruits of faith, in true and holy devotion of heart, in decision for truth and the glory of the Redeemer, and in a persevering but unostentatious course of well-doing to Zion; under such circumstances, we deem it an honour to record the goodness of our God to those whom we have known and highly esteemed in the fellowship of the gospel. Such an one was the late Mrs. Martha Fenner, the beloved wife of our friend and brother Mr. W. Fenner, the useful Secretary to the Society for Relieving Faithful Ministers of Christ in times of affliction and trial. We first give the following, which was read at the close of a discourse preached by way of improvement of her death.—

"Our departed sister Martha Fenner was the daughter of truly godly parents, who were many years members of the church assembling in Watling Street, Canterbury, in the Countess of Huntingdon's connexion. They have long since slept in Jesus. In their lifetime they were ornaments to the Christian profession—useful in their day and generation—were made rich partakers of divine grace, which enabled them to rise superior to the tribulations of the way—cast around them in the sphere in which they moved a rich savour of divine grace—were mutual helpers of each other in spiritual things—were naturally blessed with dispositions congenial to each other, so that our departed

sister has often said, "she never knew either to exchange an unkind word." Their name was Razell.

"Under such an example and prayers the Lord was pleased to meet with our sister very early in life. But it was in much bondage of soul that she travelled on for many years. The Lord had wrought much holy jealousy in her soul that she should be brought rightly into the ways of truth; and being of a retiring spirit, had to carry this load much upon herself. The set time of her deliverance was appointed.

"After her marriage she came to town to reside; and was led to hear those departed servants of the Lord, Mr. Irons, Mr. Wilks, Mr. Heap, and others. But it was under the ministry of Mr. Hughes, of Hackney, that the Lord was pleased to break in upon her soul. Mr. Hughes at and about this time waded to treat much of the disentangling of faith; and under some of these ministrations the word came, the bondage was dispersed, holy confidence given, happiness reigned, and such sweet and lasting unction communicated to the soul, that from that time she was enabled to exercise a hope that made her rejoice in the prospect of meeting her Lord. The enemy at times shot sorely at her; but in these times it drove her to the Lord and to his word, where she richly fed; and would often repeat in these times of attack, 'Who is he that is among you, that walketh in darkness and hath no light? Let him stay himself on his God.'

"Her holy and clean confidence arose from the Spirit's witness so often and sweetly given

to her. The word of God, so much perused by her, was blessed of the Lord, and proved food for her faith, which was greatly strengthened as she advanced in life; and of her experience it may be said to have been ever fresh and green. That she was a woman of many imperfections grace and her experience had led her well to know and deplore.

"She was a woman of peace, and consequently for peace. She would say, 'If they go, I go; if others plant their pillows with thorns, I cannot do it; I must live above these contentions: if contention and strife be food for their souls it is none for mine.' In this spirit of peace she lived, and in this spirit she died.

"A short time ago, in conversation with her sister Gage she said, talking of the death of Mrs. Banks, 'I little thought that dear Mrs. Banks would have borne a palm before me.'

"Of her end, it was sudden, laying only two weeks after the attack of paralysis. During the time one unbroken state of spiritual enjoyment was vouchsafed to her; but suffering so much of pain, she was unable to see many who called, and with whom she would gladly have conversed. The room had been left but a few minutes when it was found the spirit was just returning to God that gave it.

"It is somewhat singular that on the morning of the attack it was her birthday; and she had risen earlier than usual, and called into her room the three younger children, and she prayed with them, saying that the morning altar had been cast down, and she, by the help of God, would set it up again.

"About eleven o'clock the stroke, which was the instrument to bring down the tabernacle, came. It was with difficulty she could be got into the room adjoining; and when she came to she said, 'I came into the world crying, but I shall go out rejoicing.' She continued in very much pain in her head; and though she had had very severe afflictions before, she said this was worse than all. From this time she never lost her senses, but continued in one quiet state of peace and joy in God. The doctor said she was going on well, and we all thought so; and there did not appear in her own mind any fixed impression of going immediately home. So that there was no bidding farewell to those near and dear to her. She was much desirous of being left to herself; and on being left for about a quarter of an hour, she was found sweetly falling asleep without a groan, a struggle, or a sigh."

For the profit of spiritual minds, and elucidatory of her Christian character, we give one or two of her letters. The following was written on her rising from a severe affliction:

"My dear Mother: I promised if spared, in my last, I would write again this week, and I ought not to have deferred it until the last day, for I know you have been anxious to hear of my welfare, as I was so sadly when I wrote last; but I hope you will excuse my neglect. I know it will give you great pleasure to hear of the Lord's goodness unto me; he is not only raising me up again from affliction, but has

put a new song into my mouth, that I can bless his name with joyful lips, and declare this God is my God for ever and ever; and he shall be my guide even unto death. Oh, my dear mother, I went into this affliction in great darkness, but now my Lord has graciously dispersed the darkness, and I can say from experience, I am light in the Lord. I know my state calls for great watchfulness, for my enemy, 'the Devil, goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour,' the apostle tells us so; and our Lord exhorts us to watch and pray, lest we enter into temptation; and from experience, I know it is the only right position for a Christian to be found in; and it is often said by us, we are not our own keepers, and it is well for us we are not; yet I have found we are our own losers by so often neglecting our Lord's injunctions and invitations. He hath said, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' And oh! it is a blessed rest when he is our rest. I know my dear mother stands in need of an experience of this in her own soul daily; it will fit, and does fit us for all we have to encounter with. Well, my dear mother, let us encourage ourselves in God, and stir up ourselves to lay hold of his strength, for we shall need it more and more; for as the outward man is decaying, we want the new man to be renewed to bear us up under every difficulty, and that we may run with patience the race set before us. You will excuse me writing more at this time; if spared, I will write again shortly. In the meantime, I wish you may be blessed with much of our Lord's presence, and be employed in drawing water out of the wells of salvation. M. F."

A Faithful Reproof to a Fainting Minister of the Cross.

In 1852, we were called to endure severe trials from some who had professed friendship to us for the truth's sake. Under these afflicting dispensations we once gave utterance to our desponding feelings at a meeting for social prayer. The late Mrs. Fenner was present; and, keenly feeling our position, addressed the following faithful letter to us. It may be useful to many an afflicted servant of Christ.

Dear Sir.—Since I heard you speak at brother B.'s on Wednesday evening, you have been more than ever on my mind; and that with astonishment, too, that you should stand up and declare you were God's servant—that the cause at Crosby Row was God's—that he had opened the door for you—instrumentally you had gathered some of the Lord's sheep together—and they were such a sample you believed of spiritual people with you, as were rarely to be found;—and now, because the adversary, as a roaring lion, (which you say it is him), has arisen up against you, you are for running away from him; forgetting, I am sure, the exhortation of Peter, "Whom resist stedfastly in the faith." Remember, satan desired to have him, that he might sift him as wheat; and it is written, "blessed is the man that endureth temptation; for when he is tried, he shall receive a crown of life."

Let me entreat you to stand, not give your back to the enemy—not leave your fold to his malice, and for another under shepherd, lest you should be counted as an hireling, and not one who careth for the sheep, because the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep; and you would appear to your friends as one who preached to others, but was a castaway yourself. Think how the Lord delivered you, and put away sin when you had fallen, and hath kept you since in past temptations—and we trust he will yet deliver for his glory. But you must stand still, to see his salvation. Remember, God is your Judge, you said, in this matter. Then, He who is our Judge, is also our Lawgiver, and he is our King, and will save us. Now, as a Lawgiver, the Master says, “If they smite you on the one cheek, turn to them the other also; and he that taketh away your coat, let him take away your cloak also.” “Feed your enemy.” Take not away the bread by withholding the work, is my counsel; and I believe it is the Master’s will, that we may be the children of our Father who is in heaven. Remember your text a week or two back—“Finally, brethren, pray for us, that the word of God may have free course, run, and be glorified.” Let God’s word dwell in you richly, by standing in all his counsel. I address—as I believe you say you are—a persecuted man; and if you do well, and take it patiently, this is acceptable with God. Remember, having put your hand to the plough, looking back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven. I know you do not wish to go out of the gospel kingdom, but to extend your labour in it. Well, I say the desire is good; and the Lord grant you your desire, for his glory. But I do not think it is the time for you to leave your present post. God, you say, opened the door; then let God open another; and not you, by fainting in the meeting for the very thing you may have desired of him. He is a wonder-working God. I trust you will stay yourself upon him, commit your cause into his hand; and if you are walking in darkness, and have no light, and are obeying the voice of his servant, and fearing the Lord, trust in him. And I will remind you of brother Allnut’s remark, which did me good when I was in great trial; it was from your pulpit: “Remember, (he said), my Christian friends, there are no bridges for God’s children; they must go *through* the fire and *through* the waters.” But God’s promise is, he will be with them; and this must be enough for faith.

I must leave you and your’s with Him who orders all things after the counsel of his own will; and as a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without our heavenly Father’s knowledge, so he knows your standing and your trial. Let this suffice; and in patience possess ye your soul. With Christian love to you and our’s, in gospel bonds. M. F.

September 3rd.

[This letter was of great use; we were kept *enduring*, and *laboring*—until now another and a wider door is opened. O, that our God may empower us to stand in the glorious work of *rebuking sinners* and *feeding saints*.]

JOHN EPPS, OF BRABOURNE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—In behalf of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, and for the spiritual benefit of its many spiritual readers, I forward you the following copy of a letter, as sent to me by a dear brother in the vicinity of Brabourne, Kent; hoping, by the blessing of the Lord, its perusal will prove beneficial and soul-comforting. Your’s, W. SKELTON, S.S.

Naccolt, May 27, 1854.

Dear Brother in our all-glorious covenant Head.—I feel quite ashamed of myself for not writing to you before; I can assure you it is not for want of love to you. Oh, no, blessed be our dear Lord! I believe he has lit up that spiritual love in our hearts toward each other, that will never go out, either in time or eternity. O, my dear brother, how few there are in these parts that I can hold sweet communion with about a precious Christ. There is plenty of fleshly love and zeal—plenty of false fire—sparks of men’s own kindling, which give neither light nor heat to a true believer. Yes, there is plenty of free-will preaching now-a-days—extolling man’s works to the very heavens, inviting the whole world of dead sinners to come and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ for life and salvation. But what a mercy you and I have not so learned Christ! and I am fully persuaded that if he in his rich, free, sovereign, unmerited mercy, had not come to me, I never should have gone to him. O, no; I was running down the broad road to eternal destruction as fast as I could, when he, in rich mercy, was pleased to arrest me, and shew me, by his holy law, that I was lost, ruined, and undone to all intents and purposes; yes, he cut me up, root and branch, as regards any hope of saving myself, and I was led to see and feel that if heaven could be merited by one good thought, I had no power to think that good thought. I used to strive with all my might to get better, but instead of that I got worse and worse; for he opened up to me more and more of the depths of my wicked heart, till at last I was obliged to fall at his dear feet, sink or swim, and cry, “Lord, save me, or I perish.” And—blessings on his dear name!—he then shewed me that he had been stripping me of my rags, on purpose to clothe me with the beautiful garment of his righteousness; and O, how suitable did that garment become to my poor soul! why, it was just what I wanted; for it covered all my nakedness and deformity by sin. Ah, my dear brother, it is a garment without spot, wrinkle, or any such thing. I was thinking, one day, of what the Bible says about our Saviour’s garments when he was upon earth—it says, “It was woven from top to bottom, without seam;” and this seemed to show to me that his all-glorious robe of righteousness is complete, without one stitch of man’s doings to be put to it; for one stitch of man’s supposed merit would tarnish and spoil it. Ah, how lamentable a fact it is, that this glorious robe is so much trampled under foot now-a-days by the generality of professors, and man’s filthy rags praised up to the skies! The great mistake is, they clothe where there has been

no stripping, and heal where there has been no wounding. They never knew the plague of their wicked heart; they never had the fountain of the great drop of their own wickedness opened up to them, to be a stink in their nostrils; they cry, "Peace! peace!" but behold, it is a false peace. Yes, their way is all joy and happiness, because they have no onomics to fight against—no hard heart to mourn over—no doubts and fears to distress them; therefore, it is no wonder that I can only find here and there a traveller to Zion, with whom I can hold sweet communion about a precious Christ. But—bless the Lord!—there are a few shining lights in this dark part of the earth. Yes, a short time ago, when I seemed quite starved out in hearing, on account of there being nothing but free-will preached, instead of free-grace, the Lord was pleased to send one forth into the ministry of his glorious gospel, and he preached to a few hungry souls at Ashford, in a friend's house, and I believe the Lord has a work for him to do there; for he is pleased, oftentimes, to touch his tongue with a live coal; yes, he is blessedly enabled to exalt a precious Christ, and to debase the creature. I do find at times the preached word to drop on my parched soul as rain on the new-mown grass, which causes it to revive, and spring forth in praise and thanksgiving to my dear Saviour, who hath loved me, washed me in his precious blood, and gave himself for me. Ah, sometimes, when I think of his everlasting love to me—so vile, it melts my soul down in love and gratitude, and I love him because he first loved me. Yea, I love him because I cannot help loving him. When he appears to me the Chiefest among ten thousand, I can at times say with Solomon, "As the apple tree among the trees of the wood, so is my Beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." Yes, the fruit of our Redeemer's work is sweet, when with the eye of faith we can behold him spilling his precious blood for us; and sometimes, when I think of what a blessed inheritance my Saviour has purchased for me—an inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, how happy it makes me feel! Oh, I can then pity princes on their thrones. Yes, though I am now living in a very humble cottage, and sometimes have not two-pence to call my own, yet I am very rich, because I have an inheritance reserved in heaven for me, which I can never make off with, or spend. No—blessed be our dear Jesus!—there is an inexhaustible fulness in him. O, the heights and depths, lengths and breadths of his everlasting love! Here are mines we can never dig to the bottom of.

But, my dear brother, you must not conclude that I am always on the mount. O, no; far otherwise; for I have long winter seasons to pass through; sometimes I feel such a sink of sin bubbling up within, that I am obliged to exclaim, "Can over grace dwell here?" Ah, satan comes in with such a flood of temptations, such hard and rebellious thoughts about God, that I often wonder he does not

cut me down as a cumberer of the ground; and often fear that my spots are not the right spots; that I have not the marks of a real, living, believing child of God; for I get so carnal, so worldly-minded, so cold and indifferent, that I feel ready to give up the use of the means; but when I get into such state, the Lord sends some trouble upon me, by which he drives me to a throne of grace; and then when I go to him through their necessity, he is pleased to answer me; so that I get the blessing, and his dear name has all the glory. I wish to adore my God, and to praise him also, as a God of providence; for when I look back at the last three or four years wherein I have been married, it is wonderful how the Lord has provided for us; and particularly the past winter; for I have not known one week where my next week's work was to come from; and each week I have expected to be out of work; but I have found God to be a God, hearing and answering prayer; for when one door has been shut, he has been pleased to open another; and when I have been sworn at, and badly used, and turned off without any cause, then the Lord has enabled me, with the poet, soul-feelingly to say,

"When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same."

Yes, when the streams dry up, I am driven nearer to the Fountain; and I have proved this last winter, that all men's hearts are in the hand of the Lord, and that the gold and silver are his; for many times when I could not tell where my next job of work was to come from, I have been employed by men that I never thought of; and have had sometimes a day at one place, and two days at another; always expecting to be out of work, and yet constantly employed; so that my case has been very much like the widow's barrel of meal, and cruise of oil, almost gone, yet still holding out. Ah, our God is a wonder-working God; and I believe he is leading me in this peculiar path, on purpose to cause me to live more dependent on him. Yes, mine has been a rough, in and out path; for I have moved five times in less than four years; but I still believe it to be a right path; and I can testify, to the honour of my God, that he has never forsaken me. All fleshly props have failed, but my dear Lord has never failed of one thing that he has promised; all has come to pass. I wish I could see you face to face; then I would tell you a great deal about the mercies of my dear God towards unworthy me.

But I must close upon this subject. I am in possession of that sweet, soul-comforting, God-glorifying letter you wrote to our dear brother Epps. I understand you have been informed by some friend of the remarkable fact, that the same day he died, you wrote the said letter. The dear Lord has been pleased to take him from his kingdom of grace, to his kingdom of glory. I was much surprised to hear of his death; for I did not know of his again being ill. He had been very ill last summer, but had got better; I saw him at chapel a few weeks before his death, and little thought that

would be the last time I should see his face in this world. I should very much like to have seen him in his illness, if I had known of it. Father and I went to his funeral; and as I stood by the side of his grave, I both wept and rejoiced: I wept, to know that I should see his face no more in the flesh; but rejoiced, to know that he was gone home to take possession of his crown. Yes, he is now beyond the gun-shot of Satan; there are no enemies in all the land, where he is gone. He has no more sorrow, pain, or temptation to pass through. He now bathes his weary soul in seas of heavenly rest, and not a wave of trouble rolls across his peaceful breast. Ah, he now sees the King in his glory; he now swims in the ocean of God's everlasting love. Yes, his precious soul now drinks full draughts of that Fountain of which he had only a sip while here below; and he now unceasingly sings praises unto Him that loved him and gave himself for him. I thought, as I stood by the side of his grave, that he made but a poor, mean appearance, compared with the great and noble of this world; but what a grand difference now! for while they are left to perish in their sins, he, by free, sovereign grace, is raised to the heights of never-ending glory.

Well, my dear brother, I trust we can say, with one of old, "He cannot come to us, but we shall one day go to him." Mr. E. Allen sends his love to you; and he—with myself—wishes to know whether you would have any objection to the letter you sent to our late brother Epps, being inserted in the EARTHEN VESSEL; as we trust thereby it might be for the comfort and encouragement of some of Zion's travellers, and rebound to the glory of God.

Father, mother, and my dear wife, join with me in kind love to you, and your dear wife and family; and believe me to remain your unworthy brother in a precious Christ,

ALFRED REED.

THE LORD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS WITH
ANNA WELLS,

*Daughter of W. H. Wells, Minister of
Hephzibah Chapel, Mile End.*

ANNA WELLS, although brought up to, and always desirous of attending the means of grace, yet, up to within a few days of her death, had no knowledge of her personal interest in salvation by Jesus Christ.

Knowing this to be the case, I had for some time previous, during her protracted illness, been much and earnestly in prayer for her that the Lord would sanctify her afflictions to the saving of her soul; and being thus engaged, on Thursday, April 13th, the word of the Lord came very powerfully to me, "Her sins, which are many, are all forgiven her!" I said, Lord, didst thou speak this? is it thy voice—thy word? Immediately the word of the Lord came again to me, "I that speak in righteousness—mighty to save." I was immediately led by the Spirit to bless and praise the name of the Lord; and from that time I

never had an abiding doubt of her safety in Christ.

About four days before the Lord called her home, she called me to her bedside, and said, "Father, I shall not go into the country; I am too ill: I shall die. Oh, father! I should not mind leaving this world if I were prepared; but I am not fit to die;" and she burst into tears. I said, "My dear child, you must pray to the Lord to forgive you your sins." She said, "Father, I cannot pray; my heart is so hard; I do not know that I am a sinner; I am not convinced of sin; I am so dark; I have never been convinced of sin." I said, "My dear child, you know that you were born in sin, and that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners. Do pray that the Lord would pardon your sins, for Christ's sake." She said again, "Father, I cannot pray; I am so dark, I cannot feel my sins: my heart is so hard!" I said, "My dear, shall I pray for you?" She said, "Yes." I then prayed at her bedside, and left her for the night.

Our brother Long, feeling much pressed to visit her, came on Friday afternoon. He read to her the 51st Psalm, and pressed on her to pray to the Lord to shew her the meaning of it, and to give her to understand it; and after some suitable conversation with her, and prayer, he left her, with the Bible open at that Psalm. In that position I found her, when I came home on Friday evening. I said to her, "You have had Mr. Long to see you." She said, "Yes; and he read the 51st Psalm, and told me to pray to the Lord to shew me my sins." I said, "Well, my dear, and have you prayed?" She said, "I have tried to pray; but when I pray to the Lord to forgive my sins, something says,—You are only an hypocrite: what have you to do with the forgiveness of sins? Oh, I am afraid my shortness of breath will take me off before I know my sins are forgiven! I am so dark when I pray, it seems to me more like a parrot. Oh, if I should go off suddenly, before I know my sins are forgiven, I shall go to hell. I remember, four or five years ago, when I used to try to pray; but I left it all off. I am only an hypocrite." I said, "My dear, the Lord will manifest his pardoning love to you. He has assured me he will, in answer to prayer." She said, "I hope he will." I said, "He will; and take you to heaven." She said, "And there I shall see my dear mother, and grandpapa, and grandmamma; but above all, I shall see Jesus; and you, my dear father, will soon follow me; for your lamp is almost run out." I said, "My dear child, which would you sooner part with—your father, or Jesus?" She said, "I would sooner part with you, my dear father; because you cannot save me from hell; but Jesus can." I said, "My dear, were you not happy when you said these things just now?" She said, "Yes; but how soon these things go off! I begin to feel dark and miserable again." I said, "And I hope we shall see your sister Emily there too." She said, "I know we shall; for I have been praying for her; and I have no doubt the Lord will forgive her her sins;

but I am afraid I shall go off suddenly, without knowing my sins are forgiven." Oh, dear, what shall I do? Oh, Lord, have mercy upon me, for Christ's sake." I said, "My dear Anna, I know the Lord will make known to you the pardon of your sins." She said,—"I hope he will; I wish I could say so; I wish I could believe. If I could believe so, then I should not mind parting with you all, for I should soon see you all again, it would only be a little while. I shall never see my dear sister Maria again in the flesh, but I shall see her in heaven too." Then darkness began to come over her mind again; and she said, "But I am afraid I shall never know my sins are pardoned." I said, "Have you any righteousness of your own, or any good works on which you can rest?" She said,—"Oh, no; I never did any; when I keep on praying for pardon, I am afraid I shall weary God with my prayers. I seem as if I only prayed to God to pardon my sins, for Christ's sake, because I have been told to pray so." I then read to her that portion of the word of the Lord in Isaiah xl. 27—31; and again left her for the night.

On Saturday, at noon, I was sent for home to see her, as she appeared much worse; but before I arrived home, she had revived a little. I said to her, "Well, my dear Anna, how is your mind now?" She said, "Very comfortable; very happy: the Lord has relieved me; he has thought of me in my low estate. I thought it was to be in a more systematic way; I thought I must have deep convictions of sin before I could be happy; but I am made happy without so much conviction of sin. I shall be satisfied when I see his face in righteousness—when I see the light of his countenance." She continued,—"If I could but get hold of his blessed feet, I think I could hold him fast, and never let him go. I do not want to part with you all, but I shall soon see you all again. I feel impatient to be gone. Do pray for patience for me! I do not regret leaving this world." She then repeated,

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

"How different (she said) the hymns sound when you know the meaning of them—when you understand them. I shall praise his dear name for ever and ever." The last words she said, were to her sister, at six o'clock on Sabbath morning. She said, "I am so happy!" She then sank into an apparent state of insensibility; and about ten minutes to nine o'clock she quietly breathed out her soul into the hands of God, without a struggle or a groan, and fell asleep in Jesus on Sabbath morning, May 7th, 1854, in the 30th year of her age. WM. H. WELLS.

A CONSOLATORY

LETTER TO A BED-RIDDEN SAINT.

MY DEAR SISTER IN THE LORD.—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you; and not with you only, but with all them that love our Lord

Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. Everlasting consolation fill your soul from the Fountain of Israel. May you be exceedingly strengthened, by a faith's view of, and a felt acquaintance with an everlasting salvation, obtained for and secured unto you, by that precious and all-glorious Jesus, who hath loved you with an everlasting love, and therefore hath given you an everlasting life. Even as it is written, "*He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation.*" "For who is he that condemneth, seeing it is God that justifieth?" Yes, fully and freely justifieth the ungodly, believing in Jesus, whose precious, all-prevailing blood covers the mercy-seat, cleanses the sinner from his guilt, commands deliverance for his captives, clothes the soul anew,

And claims heaven as the seat of rest,

For all that love divine has blest.

And surely we know, that

This love abundantly confirms

The wav'ring faith of feeble worms;

O, 'tis an everlasting rock

For all the dear Redeemer's flock.

You have long been afflicted of the Lord; yet—blessed be his holy name!—have never been forsaken or forgotten of him; and though you have been bed-ridden these many years, yet how often has the dear Lover of your soul condescended to make your bed soft with his own tender hand, and your heart glad with his lovely, smiling face! And—adored be his all-triumphant name!—never has he looked in upon you, without leaving behind him some true tokens, sure signs, and precious proofs of the fulness of his heart's love towards you. Has not his kindness melted you down into very nothingness before his feet again and again, while he has marvellously and mercifully expounded and unfolded unto you the sacred Scriptures of truth concerning himself and the kingdom which he has prepared for all them that love him? Is he not your Teacher, your Leader, your Keeper, your Healer, your Helper, your Strength, your Saviour, your God? Then assuredly he shall be your everlasting Song, let satan say what he may to the contrary. Fear not, neither be dismayed; but have unshaken confidence in God—your covenant God in Christ. For,

Since Jesus is thine, thou hast a true Friend,
Whose goodness endures the same to the end;
Our comforts may vary, our frames may decline;

We cannot miscarry; our aid is divine.

Notwithstanding your privations are many and great, yet fret not, nor repine, but rather rejoice; knowing that your privileges are far exceeding more, and greater than all your privations. You are highly privileged, as a believer in Jesus, to read your name in the Lamb's book of life—to search the Scriptures for the hidden treasures therein contained—to meditate on the manifold mighty works of the Lord—to muse on the mercies of the Most High, which are new every morning, to shew that the Lord is faithful, and that all his promises are sure—to hear the welcome voice of the Lord, saying, Arise, my love, my fairest

one, and view what I for thee have done; to sit under the shadow of the Tree of life; to lie down in green pastures; to eat of the Redeemer's choicest fruits, which well the true believer suits; to drink of the wine of the kingdom, well seasoned with grace, for all the love-adopted race; who oft Jehovah's love can trace, beaming from Jesus' smiling face. Yea, you are greatly privileged

To talk with the sinner's Friend,
And tell him all you feel;
While he himself doth condescend
His secrets to reveal.

O how delightful is it—not only in the sanctuary—and in health, but in the cycled chamber, and on the bed of sickness, to be enabled, by the Spirit of the Lord, to have sweet fellowship with the Father of mercies, as our Father; and with the Son of his love, as our Saviour. Then we can join the poet, and sing,

“ To tell the Saviour all my wants,
How pleasing is the task!
Ner less, to praise him when he grants
Beyond what I can ask.”

Yes, my dear sister, the glorious Lord of heaven and earth is indeed able to do exceeding above all that we can either ask or think. And daily is he to be praised, inasmuch as he has not only purposed all things in himself, but performeth all things for us, thereby making his mighty power known, and his manifold promises increasingly precious unto us. The God with whom we have to do is able to forgive all iniquities, transgressions, and sins; to heal all sickness, diseases, and complaints; to cleanse the leprous soul from all defilement and impurity; to comfort all mourning spirits, and sorrowing hearts; to feed and satisfy the hungry with good things; to enrich the humble poor, and beautify the meek with salvation; to make beggars shine, with royal robes arrayed; to strengthen feeble worms to cope with fierce and furious lions; to quicken the dead into newness of life, seventy times seven a day; to raise the most glorious and imperishable monuments from dust and ashes; to make water flow from flinty rocks, “and the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and the desert to flourish as the garden of the Lord;” to make all grace to abound in the experience of them that have their pure minds exercised unto godliness; so that, while their tribulations abound, their consolations may much more abound; proving that Christ maketh his strength perfect in their weakness, thereby causing them to rejoice in tribulation, and to glory in their infirmities, knowing that “*Their light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. While we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.*”

I dearly love those precious gospel lines:

“ Let me but hear my Saviour say,
‘ Strength shall be equal to thy day;’
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Lending on all-sufficient grace.”

Thus may you, my dear sister in Christ Je-

sus, be assisted by almighty grace to cast all your cares upon Him that constantly careth for you, and commit into his hands the keeping of your immortal and redeemed soul; knowing that he has solemnly engaged to guide you with his counsel, and afterwards to receive you into glory everlasting. For remember, that when heart and strength shall altogether fail you, “ God will be the strength of your heart, and your portion for ever.” May you indeed be found of him in peace, “ *Looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.*”

“ Watching may you be found,
Standing on hallowed ground;
Listening to catch the sound
That makes your joys abound.”

“ Arise, my love, and come away
From earth to realms of endless day.”

To the special care and keeping of the triune Jehovah, the covenant God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, I commend you with unbounded and unbroken confidence in his faithfulness to finish what his wisdom and his love has begun in you and me, poor sinful worms. Peace be with thy spirit sleeping or waking. So prays thine in the Lord of life and love,

Chelsea. JOHN STENSON.

SOME ANCIENT LINES ABOUT
THE RESIDENCE OF PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell? I humbly crave,

Let me once know.

I sought thee in a secret cave,
And ask'd if Peace were there.

A hollow wind did seem to answer, No:
Go seek elsewhere.

I did; and going, did a rainbow note.

Surely, thought I,

This is the lace of Peace's coat,

I will search out the matter.

But while I look'd, the clouds immediately
Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A galliant flower—

The crown imperial. Sure, said I,

Peace at the root must dwell.

But when I digg'd, I saw a worm devour
What show'd so well.

At length I met a rever'nd good old man,
Whom when for Peace

I did demand, he thus began:

There was a Prince of old

At Salem dwelt, who liv'd with good increase
Of flock and fold.

He sweetly liv'd, yet sweetness did not save
His life from foes.

But after death out of his grave,

There sprang twelve stalks of wheat:

Which many wondering at, got some of those
To pluck and set.

It prosper'd strongly, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth.

For they that taste it do rehearse,

That virtue lies therein;

A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth,
By flight of sin.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you;

Make bread of it: and that repose

And peace, which everywhere

With so much earnestness you do pursue
Is only there.

The Sinim Prophecy: and the Cheering Prospect for effectually Planting the Gospel in China.

"Behold, these shall come from far; and lo, these from the north and the west; and these from the land of Sinim."—ISAIAH.

BUT very few have, to any purpose, disputed the almost certain fact, that "*the land of Sinim*," spoken of in the Old Testament, is those wide-spread, and exceedingly ancient dynasties, now known by the name of CHINA. According to the *order of Isaiah's prophecy*, the triumphs of divine truth in China will be a kind of climax—A GLORIOUS PRELIMINARY CONSUMMATION OF THE SAVIOUR'S CONQUESTS BY THE MINISTRY OF THE GOSPEL. What a multitude of sweet and delightful anticipations such a thought gives existence to in the breast of a hearty and sincere lover of the Person, the honors, the glories, the offices, the promises, and the kingdoms of our highly-exalted and most precious LORD JESUS CHRIST! But is such a thought a mere fancy—an empty vapour—a delusive dream? Or, is it a well-grounded, a positive, an undeniably Scripture-principle—is it a part of heaven's revealed plan—a large item in the covenant enactments which can no more fall to the ground than the eternal throne itself? We rejoice to believe it is part of heaven's holy decree, that the gospel shall be great, and do wonders in the land of Sinim—the vastly populated China. "The extreme importance"—says William Gillespie, in his work, published by Simpkin and Marshall, and entitled, "*The Land of Sinim; or, China and China Missions*;" "The extreme importance of the events now transpiring in China, urgently requires that the attention of the church of Christ should be turned to that quarter of the globe. A great moral as well as political revolution is now going on in that country." For ages China was shut against the gospel—but *it is now opening*; and a wide and effectual door it will prove to be. Now, the question is—with us, the solemn question is—WHO SHALL GO IN? "*Who shall come to the help of the Lord against the mighty?*" Do we not—we speak now upon our own responsibility—we speak now as Editor of this publication—and we ask, do we not circulate among gospel churches—do we not enter into the houses, and fall into the hands of thousands of Christians who firmly hold the doctrines, and stand fast by the ordinances of the New Testament—but, *who do little or nothing toward carrying the blessed gospel one inch beyond their own doors?* We know this question will give rise to feelings we wish never to kindle; but the fact is—WE BELIEVE THREE THINGS—and we will speak them. We believe the strict Baptist churches in this land—who love the old-fashioned gospel of Jesus Christ, never have, as yet, made any united effort for the spread of those truths which God has so richly revealed in their own souls. We believe there are no churches in all Christendom under such deep responsibilities to the great Head of the church, as are the strict, the spiritual,

the truth-loving Baptist churches of England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales; and we also believe that they do possess men, means, and material, for such an enterprise in exact accordance with the men, the means, and the material, which OUR MASTER had, when he his glorious gospel mission did begin. He had no Doctors of Divinity, nor spruce college lads, for his men; he had not the coffers of the national banking establishments, for his means. Nor have our churches many learned gentlemen, nor dandified academicians—but we have a large host of honest ploughmen, seedsmen, and vinedressers; of sturdy, deep-taught, handicraftsmen, and they only want, like Gideon's men, to be brought to the test, and to hear the sound of the heavenly trumpet—"*the sword of the Lord and of Gideon*," and they will go forth *in faith*—and their reward will be certain.*

From rich sources of information, we hope not only to interest, but to stir up the pure minds of thousands of our readers in subsequent numbers, and in "A CHINESE SUPPLEMENT." We can only now add the following small article, which was written before one line of this introductory paper on the Sinim prophecy was thought of.

A Practical Effort for more effectually carrying the Gospel into China.

THIS subject has been warmly pressed upon our attention by a most zealous, enlightened, and truly benevolent Christian gentleman, who is but little known in our churches, but whose heart beats powerfully with pure desires that the Strict Baptist churches on both sides of the Atlantic should become united in an effort, (under God's blessing and guidance,) to carry the great truths, and the holy ordinances of the New Testament into that mighty field (now so fairly opening)—China.

We are also furnished with much material likely to be both useful and interesting,—in introducing this subject to the notice not only of our readers, but of thousands, yea, of millions beside.

We have paused, we have reflected, we have long hoped, that the Lord our God would pour out his Spirit upon our churches; clothe them with spiritual power; comfort them with the rich consolations of his sovereign, saving grace; unite and bind them up together in the fellowship of Christ; and then make them instrumental in carrying the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God into some of those lands destined to receive the same,—but who, as yet, are sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death. Oh, what a heart-cheering change this would be! Instead of witnessing our churches sunk in poverty, afflicted by disensions, and groaning under darkness of mind, desertion of soul, and distress of almost

every kind—to see them rallying round the cross, living in the faith, contending earnestly for pure gospel principles and practices, and like Saul of Tarsus, with their eyes and hearts up to Jesus, crying out,—“*Lord, what wilt thou have us to do?*”

These few introductory lines may be treated with contempt, and ridiculed as resulting only in the flesh; but WHO CAN TELL?—*Who can tell?*—The little fire that has for years burned in us to see the *only* real practical followers of the Apostolic churches labouring like the Apostles—that fire still burns: it has often been all but quenched; but still it lives: and while we live, and while our God affords the

means, we shall never cease in our humble endeavour to stir up the churches to a solemn and practical sense of the responsibility which lays upon them of being instrumental in carrying, in planting, and in practically establishing THE GOSPEL OF GOD in many parts of the desert which a gracious Providence is opening up, and preparing for the same.

A supplementary number will be shortly issued on this subject: while in the consecutive numbers of this work, articles will be furnished detailing such FACTS, and suggesting such hints, as may, under God, lead many to consideration, and stimulate some to co-operation.

Our British Baptist Churches.

ORDINATION OF MR. I. ATKINSON.

On Wednesday, April 17, 1854, MR. ISRAEL ATKINSON was publicly ordained as pastor of the Baptist Church meeting at Ebenezer Chapel, Richmond-street, Brighton.

Morning Service.—Mr. Geo. Murrell, of St. Neot's, gave out the 132d Psalm; after which, Mr. Field, of Greenwich, read part of Eph. iv. Mr. Murrell, of St. Neot's, then gave out the second part of the 132d Psalm. Mr. Samuel Milner, of London, then stated the nature of a of a gospel church, basing his remarks on 1 Tim. iii. 15, “The house of God, which is the church of the living God, the pillar and ground of the truth.” Mr. Milner first stated that the church was a company of faithful men and women, united together for gospel purposes, on gospel principles. He said it was common on these occasions to give our reasons for dissent; but we take higher ground. We conceive the New Testament to be the standard and test of the truth, and the church that comes nearest to the pattern of the primitive church to be the church of Christ; and all others to be dissenters. He then spoke of the church in general, the church militant, and of a gospel church in a material form: its organization, its ordinances, and its discipline.

Mr. Milner then called upon one of the deacons to give some account of the leadings of Providence towards the church, and how they came to make choice of Mr. Atkinson as their pastor; when Mr. Gillman rose and made a statement, of which the following are the main features: Mr. Sedgwick was first sent by the great Head of the Church to preach the gospel in Brighton, in the year 1823; the Lord blessed his labours: and on the 21st of March, 1824, a church was formed on gospel principles, composed of eleven persons. Their number continued to increase, and on the 2nd of July, in the same year, Mr. Sedgwick was ordained pastor. He preached to crowded congregations on week-evenings, in the Cavendish Street rooms, and on the Lord's-day, in the large room at the Old Ship. The necessity of a more convenient place being felt, the erection of a chapel was determined on. The

ground on which the present chapel stands, was purchased, and the building erected; and on April 13, 1825, was opened for divine worship, when Mr. John Stevens, Mr. Sedgwick, and Mr. Henry Heap preached. From this time to 1853, the Lord continued to bless the word spoken, and though the church had many difficulties, there was upon the whole great cause for thankfulness, that peace and prosperity prevailed. But it pleased the Lord in the past year to intimate to their late pastor, by a disease which terminated his mortal career, that his work was done. He was laid aside from his blessed employ, and wrote himself to a brother minister in London, requesting him to obtain Mr. Atkinson as a supply. Mr. A. complied, and his labours, together with the assistance of other ministering brethren, greatly relieved the mind of their late dear pastor; but his disease gradually progressed, and on the 26th of March, 1853, his spirit took its flight to the realms of bliss. After his interment, the pulpit was supplied by Mr. A. and various others, until at a church meeting held June 20th, 1853, it was agreed that Mr. Atkinson should be invited to supply for three months; at the end of that time, a special meeting was called, and a second invitation for three months. On the 9th of January, 1854, at a special church meeting, a third invitation for three months was agreed upon, with a view to his becoming the pastor. His labours had been greatly blessed; many had felt the power of the word; and they had reason to hope that their past season of affliction would be succeeded by a time of joy, and gladness of heart, for they had perceived that the Lord was with them. Mr. Gillman appeared much affected in reading this statement, and many shed tears with him in remembrance of their late beloved pastor.

Mr. Milner then called upon those persons constituting the church, to hold up their right hands in token of their choice of Mr. A. as their pastor. While the members stood with their hands uplifted, Mr. M. expressed in a solemn manner, his hope that they might never regret the step they had taken, and that their hands might never be lifted up for the expulsion of

him they had just chosen. He then called upon Mr. Atkinson to hold up his hand in token that he accepted the charge.

Mr. Atkinson then gave a deeply interesting account of his former days. He was born at Cambridge in 1817, and was arrested by the Almighty while on his knees by the side of his dying father. His uncle went to prayer, and while he was pouring out his soul to God, the Lord was pleased to effect the change. He was baptised by Mr. Foreman in 1837. After stating his views of truth, the way the Lord had led him into the ministry, how the Lord had opened doors for him to preach the Word, and the leadings of Divine Providence towards him up to the present time—which occupied nearly an hour, and which deeply interested the church and congregation, Mr. Milner asked the ministers present to give Mr. A. the right hand of fellowship, and likewise the church, in the person of their deacon.

Mr. Foreman then affectionately addressed Mr. A. and Mr. Milner concluded by prayer.

Afternoon Service.—Mr. Milner gave out the 328th hymn—Rippon's Selection. Mr. Murrell read part of Acts xx., and prayed for the future prosperity of the minister and the people. Mr. Milner then gave out the 410th hymn. Mr. John Foreman then delivered the charge from 2 Tim. ii. 17, "Consider what I say; and the Lord give thee an understanding in all things." Mr. F. spoke of the use of all means within the compass of revelation. Ministers were servants of the most High, and Mr. A. had established his authority by the testimony he had given in the morning of his call to the ministry. He was a free gift to the people of God. The Lord was his Master, and He was a practical Master. Christ was his example in all patience, sympathy, and forbearance. The Lord finds the materials with which his servants are to work; they are not sent on the warfare at their own charges. After speaking of Mr. A. as a steward, sower, preacher, teacher, and shepherd, (all these characters, said Mr. F., were to be found in the Bible), he concluded his charge.

The first verse of the 415th hymn was then sung, and the afternoon service concluded by prayer. About 200 persons then sat down to tea in the school-room, and happiness seemed to prevail.

Evening Service.—Mr. Gillman gave out the 144th hymn, 2nd book—Watts. Mr. Foreman read Romans xii., part of Numbers vii., and Isaiah xlii. 12, and offered up prayer. Mr. Gillman then gave out the 403rd hymn—Rippon's Selection; and Mr. Murrell preached to the church from Heb. xiii. 7, "Remember them which have the rule over you." He exhorted the people to remember Mr. A., and to consider him as given in answer to their prayers; not to be idolized nor to be despised; to consider him as the man of their choice; to remember that his character was that of a ruler; to remember him in his trials and temptations; to remember him by living in unity, by constant attendance, and by liberality. After a most impressive sermon, the 411th hymn was

sung; and thus ended as solemn, yet delightful a service, as many present were ever privileged to attend. J. CLARK.

The Pastor Encouraged at Woburn Green, BUCKS.

I SEND a few lines to tell you of the Lord's abounding mercy to us in giving further addition as a church. We have had no addition before for three years; this has been no small trial to me, fearing my work was done; but I have been holpen with a little help from time to time—just enough to keep me from giving up altogether. The anxiety of my mind at times as to what course to pursue has been great: in the midst of it all there has been found in my heart an earnest cry unto the Lord to appear; and now I have to record his praise, for testimony has been given that the word has not fallen to the ground. What a faithful God our's is! but how faithless we often are! And for the encouragement of our brother Edwards, at Tunbridge Wells, I would just say that his piece in the February number was made useful, in the Lord's hand, of bringing one of the candidates to a decision in the matter. She read it the first time without any particular power; she read it a second time, and it appeared to arrest her; and she could not remove it from her mind. These words were brought to her mind, "Eat, O friends; yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." She could not think what those words could mean. Soon after followed these words, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you;" and "them that honour me I will honour." These following in succession, brought her to see plainly the path she was called to walk in. The Wednesday evening before she proposed herself for membership, I took these words for a text, "Now the just shall live by faith; but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him." This was to her a demonstration. I perceived in the March number some one was opposed to that piece being put in the Vessel. From whence did that opposition spring? It is evident it was from the flesh, for the Spirit of God would never work in the mind of one obedience to Christ's commands, and in another disobedience; "For he is the Spirit of truth, and he shall guide into all truth." I was very much pleased with the remarks you made to that individual. Go on, brother Edwards, and proclaim Jesus as only King in Zion, and that his laws are for the obedience of all that profess to be his followers: for how can they be followers of Christ, in the strict sense of the word, unless they obey this command of his. I know that there are some who say they are baptists, but yet they have never been baptised; why, they are like the man who said, "I go, sir," but went not. It does not consist in knowing who is right, but in DOING IT. I can sympathise with one who is seeking to know the Lord's will in the matter, and with those on whom the weight of it has not been laid; but those that know it to be right, and yet do not do it, or do not practise it, I cannot justify; but tell them what the Lord says in the matter: "He that knoweth his Lord's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes." We collected with the help of some kind friends from Chesham £4 13s. 10d.; making the whole on Tuesday and Sabbath day of the opening, £19 5s. 11d. These things, my brother, call for gratitude and thankfulness. Your fellow-labourer in the vineyard of the Lord, W. WILSON.

Bethel Chapel, Hungary Hill, Farnham. SURREY.

MR. EDITOR.—My heart rejoices that I have to inform you of the peace, unity, and prosperity of the cause of Christ at Bethel Chapel, Hungary Hill, under the pastoral care of Mr. Drake, who baptised on Lord's-day, March 26, 1854, ten believers in Christ, who gave a very satisfactory

statement before the church, of a work of grace within their hearts. It is very pleasing to see them in their latter days take up the cross and despise the shame: four of them were between sixty and seventy; three between fifty and sixty; and the other three between eighteen and twenty-four. It was a most delightful day to each of their souls: all of them could say it was the answer of a good conscience. The chapel was filled to excess; a great many could not enter; and solemnity was upon every face. Our minister addressed the congregation at the pool; the Lord filled his mouth with good matter, and the blessed Spirit filled our souls. We have much to bless the dear Lord for, because he has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. In last August, eight were added; and two more on Lord's-day, June 4, 1854. The Spirit of the Lord is working with the ministrations of our pastor, pulling down strongholds, building up his own glorious image in many a poor hard-hearted sinner, of whom the poor worm that writes is one. The little place had almost sunk into oblivion, yet not quite forsaken: about four years since there were only four members, and about fifteen used to attend; but now there are forty members, and the place is filled to excess. We can truly say, "The Lord has made darkness light, and crooked things straight." If the dear Lord still continue to increase us, we shall soon have to say, "Make room, for the place is too strait for us."

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

Your affectionate brother, T. JAMES.

Pastoral Jubilee Service.

MR. J. PEACOCK, the senior pastor of the baptist church, Spencer Place, Goswell Road, London, having completed the fiftieth year of his ministerial labours, a public service was held on Thursday, June 8, 1854, in the old baptist meeting, Rushden, Northamptonshire, the scene of his early pastoral labours. A large congregation was assembled on the occasion. The venerable minister, who was in excellent health delivered a very suitable and characteristic address from Joshua xxiii. 14. The devotional services were conducted by Messrs. Thos. Williams, of Sharnbrook, Beds.; Rowe, of Stevenage, Beds.; J. Dixon, of Eiseley, Beds.; and W. Kitchin, of Ringstead, Northamptonshire. After which about 250 members and friends took tea.

Rushden, Northamptonshire.

ON Thursday evening, June 8, 1854, the public recognition of Mr. G. Bailey, formerly of Haddenham, Isle of Ely, Cambridgeshire, as pastor of the Old Baptist Church, Rushden, Northamptonshire, took place; when an address to the pastor and people was delivered by Mr. J. Peacock, of London, (a former pastor of the church) from Gal. v. 13, "By love serve one another." The devotional services were conducted by Messrs. T. Baker, B.A., of Bristol College; T. Robinson, of Little Stangleton, Beds.; and J. Whitmore, the late pastor, now of Eynsford, Kent.

An Old Gospel, an Old Servant, and some Old Saints.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I feel persuaded you will favour me with putting the following in the VESSEL. I think such a thing does not often occur. I have eight members, and two constant attendants, whose age amounts to upwards of 790 years; among them is your brother in the Lord, who has nearly reached his 72nd year. I am an old man, preaching to old people, an old gospel; one I have believed for fifty years, and preached it near forty; its theme is sweeter than ever, because it just suits old sinners like us, who find, after so many years travelling in the good old way, that if any thing were left for us to do, by way of merit, we must be lost for ever; but being among the predestinated to life eternal, our hopes are bright,

for the celestial world. Hope 'ere long to be at our Father's table; quite as welcome as Abraham, Isaac, or Jacob; loved with the same love; bought with the same precious blood; taught by the same Spirit; and so glory in a trine God. Yours, truly,
Bexley Heath, Kent. J. WALLIS.

HORLEY.—On the borders of Surrey, about three or four miles from Red Hill, in a pretty rural district, is the village of Horley. No dissenting interest has ever had an existence in this place, until some twenty or thirty years since one Mr. Smith came from Charlwood, and preached in a house in this neighbourhood. He had done so for some time without any special benefit apparently attending his labours; when one evening a young man by the name of Miller was passing the house, heard the preacher's voice, was arrested, attracted, convicted, and truly converted to God and to the faith of the gospel. This young man became a true soldier of Jesus Christ, and is now a faithful minister of the cross. At first he opened his house for prayer; and then the Lord enabled his mouth to preach; and constrained and exceedingly neat chapel, where a Baptist Church has been formed, and where New Testament ordinances are observed. The seventh anniversary was held on Monday, June 12. Mr. James Wells was expected to preach morning and afternoon, and C. W. Banks in the evening. When the morning came, a note was received announcing the illness of Mr. Wells—he could not come. This was a great disappointment to a crowded congregation who had gathered round from long distances. When the service commenced no minister had arrived. Mr. Hatton, of Smallfield, came about half-past eleven, and was pressed into the pulpit. While the people were somewhat sad, the preacher read for his text, "The Lord is good, a Stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." The Lord made the discourse a blessing; and at the appointed time, the evening preacher came; and the day was closed in praising the Lord for his mercies. This is indeed a sweet little garden of nuts; but even here some weeds are found to grow.

KEDDINGTON, (near Haverhill).—We had a happy anniversary day on June 15th. It was our fourth annual meeting since the chapel was open; and we consider it one of the best days we have spent in this quiet corner of our native land. On the Wednesday evening previous we held a prayer-meeting. Our friend C. W. Banks gave us an address; there was a goodly number present; and the prayers of the brethren were fervent and powerful. Our little friend gave us two sermons on the anniversary day; and our beloved pastor, brother Powell, preached to us in the afternoon. As a church, we have still to praise our God for a good measure of unity, peace, and prosperity. Our chapel debt is becoming less; but the times press hard upon our means. We do hope to be favoured with the company of some of the Lord's people during the summer and autumn months: it is an encouragement to us to meet with those whose hearts are truly set on holy and heavenly things; and who live and love the truth as seen and found in the person, work, and gospel of our adored Lord.

READING, BREKS.—In Providence Chapel, London Street, on Monday, June 5, our annual sermons were preached by James Raynsford, and C. W. Banks. The friends from Bethel having now joined us, we had a good company, and a favoured season. It was a pleasing sight in the evening. When the sermon was over, our venerable brother Raynsford led his own daughter down into the pool and baptised her in the name of the Holy Three-in-One. When the dear old man stood beside the water addressing the people, and his believing child on his side, it was a sacred and a pleasing sight. We humbly hope to be favoured with many such blessed seasons; if it please the Lord to send us a devoted, faithful, and truth-telling servant in the ministry

NORWICH.—Dear brother Banks.—Thinking you would like to receive tidings from the East, I thought I would try and tell you something of our proceedings in the city of Norwich. About others I know very little, except brother Gowring, who labours at the other end of the city. I understand there is abundance of yea and nay preaching, and plenty of profession, such as it is; but ever having a dislike to mixing with the nations, cannot say that I know anything of the people, or the doctrine of the priests, except by report, which says they hate the distinguishing doctrines of grace.

The last Sabbath in October, 1853, I came to Orford Hill Chapel, by invitation to preach; and as I never learned but one gospel, so I preached it, with the ability God gave. Some said, if ever the Lord taught and helped a man to preach his truth, he did at that time. Others said it was borrowed; and others, it was high doctrine, they could not hear it—they were made so miserable by it. However, I have endeavoured to go on in my usual way, and do bless the Lord for his keeping power since I began to speak in his name, not suffering me to confer with flesh and blood, or knowingly to smooth or keep back any truth to please the creature. The day ended, they paid me my fare, and said they could not invite me for the next Sabbath, as they had no funds. During the week I received a note, wishing me to go two more Sabbaths. I went, and continued going without any idea of settling amongst them on my part, though it seems they had; and accordingly gave an invitation to the pastorate, which I ultimately accepted. On the 18th of April, 1854, we had public services. Brother Pooek, of Ipswich, preached in the afternoon with much acceptance. About 150 sat down to tea in the chapel; and in the evening addresses were delivered by brethren Pooek, Gowring, and Pegg. The friends said it was the most comfortable meeting they ever had, and hoped it would not be long before they had another. May 31st., we were favoured with a visit from our brother Wells, of London, who preached afternoon and evening. He appeared and expressed himself at home in his own soul. The friends were greatly satisfied—indeed, many heard with astonishment; but his discourse the following evening produced extraordinary excitement: on the whole, it has created no small stir in the city. I felt persuaded his visit would be attended with such results, something like Samson's foxes and firebrands in the standing corn of the Philistines. True, he drew his sword, and a Jerusalem one too; Yes! "he lifted up his voice and cried aloud, neither did he spare" to show what is truth, what the true living people are, and what the living ministry is; and though some of "the Halfway Men," as he called them, were not altogether pleased, there were some "Whole-way Men" who can say, and do say, it was nothing more than the truth. Since my settlement with the church, we have baptised twice, and will, (D.V.) baptise four next Sabbath evening, who have borne a sweet and simple testimony to the truth: indeed, it is many a long day since I heard so much of "the Blessed Spirit's work," as they expressed themselves. The numbers that will be added at our next ordinance, are sixteen. Considering the plight the people were in—numerically small, mixed sentiments, and principally poor; and

how the word preached was by some received with power, comforting, strengthening, and uniting them, while it scattered many others; and the almost daily testimonies of such who long have sought it: they say, "it suits me;" "I feel it;" "I hear with power;"—"I feel constrained to say, "Is not this thing of God?" Your's in Jesus,
ALBERT BROWN.
June, 1854.

Mount Zion Chapel, Chadwell Street, CLERKENWELL.

DEAR BROTHER.—I have great pleasure in informing all true lovers of Zion's peace and prosperity, that the Lord is still gradually opening up, and discovering to our admiring view, his great and gracious purposes, in bringing out, keeping together, leading on, and abundantly blessing us in providence and grace, as a church and people; so much so, that we have been constrained again and again feelingly to exclaim,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

His thoughts are very deep, and his ways passing out; and we are living witnesses that what his counsel determined, and his soul desireth, that his own glorious arm will perform, in spite of all opposition, and apparently insurmountable difficulties. On the evening of the 1st of June, at Mitchell Street, St. Luke's, our pastor baptised six believers, five of whom we have good reason to believe are seals to his own ministry, and souls whom the Lord has graciously given him for his hire. Our pastor preached a discourse upon the occasion from Acts ii. 41, 42. It was a solemn and sacred season to many. The above six friends, with four others, were added to the church on the following Lord's-day. On Lord's-day, June 11th, three sermons were preached for the benefit of the cause by our brethren Banks, Foreman, and our pastor, when we realized good collections; and the word delivered came with power. The heavens were opened, with mercies spiritual and temporal, and we closed the day by singing,

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

As it is now two years since our minister became our pastor, we commemorated his settlement on Tuesday following, by a public tea meeting, when about two hundred sat down to tea; and at half-past six the public meeting commenced. Our pastor in the chair, gave out the well-known hymn—Denham's Selection:

"Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake."

And our brother Cooper, of Hampstead, implored the divine blessing upon the meeting. After which, our pastor, in his opening address, detailed the most prominent circumstances connected with his coming to London; the blessing that had attended his labours during the two years of his pastorate; shewing that between seventy and eighty persons had been added to us; also, the necessity of obtaining a more commodious chapel. He gave a short outline of the Lord's providential leadings in opening up the way for the purchase of our present commodious place of worship, which is now comfortably filled with an attentive congregation; and said the object of the present meeting was two-fold: first, to commemorate his settlement; and secondly, to raise a sum of money to meet a present pressing demand. Another verse being sung, brother Stenson, of Carmel, Pimlico, was called upon to address the meeting. Having ascended the pulpit, our good brother proceeded to congratulate us on the peace and prosperity that had attended us; and took for the foundation of his remarks the words, "Encourage him." Shewing, in four particulars, how a minister of Christ is encouraged. 1st, By a stedfast

attendance upon the means of grace. 2ndly, By a solemn and unshaken adherence to the truth of God in all its bearings. 3dly, By a sincere affection one for another; and, 4thly, By a solid attachment to him. Our brother's remarks extended over three-quarters of an hour; but never was anything more weighty and important than the caution and counsel given. Long may his address be remembered. After another verse, our brother Smith, of Shoreditch, was called upon, who took for his ground, the love of God; and standing here, proceeded to encourage, caution, and edify us in a most spiritual and affectionate manner. Brother Chislett, of Walworth, then, taking for his ground the words, "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me," spoke of the object of praise, and what it is to praise him; and shewed that glorifying God is one of our greatest honours. After which, as time had run out, we sang,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"
and the multitude left, evidently feeling that the Lord had been with us. "The Lord has done great things for us." To him be all the glory.

GEORGE BURRELL.

The Second Anniversary of the Baptist Sunday School, Coggeshall.

BROTHER BANKS.—Knowing you like to hear, as well as to see, the prosperity and peace of Zion, and that you love to have your little barque freighted with good news, and of that which speaks well of your Master's name, I thought I must tell you of his goodness to us at our second anniversary of our little school, that the humble may hear thereof and be glad. Our pastor spoke from the words of Paul, "Let us not be weary in well-doing." He spoke by the Holy Ghost to the hearts of some of God's dear people, shewing what it is not to do well; and then again, what a blessedness there is in doing well. For the glory of the great eternal God, the poet says,

" 'Tis well, when on the mount
We feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When we the furnace prove."

We had a large congregation, and a good collection: we desire to bless our God for temporals as well as spirituals. On the Monday we gave the children a treat with tea, bread and butter, and plum-cake; and after the children's tea, we had a public tea for the friends. There were about 150 sat down to tea, making in all, including children, more than 200. Our school has, in two years, increased to the pleasing number of 68 children; we began with 12; last year we had 42; and now we number 68. It would have done your heart good to hear their sweet little voices sing that hymn out of Hawkins's book, beginning thus—

"There is a Friend, whose matchless love
Surpasses all beside;
'Tis Jesus Christ, the mighty God,
Who for his people died."

After tea some sweet pieces were sung, and Mr. Collis, our pastor, addressed the meeting. He spoke of the good of Sunday Schools; the way in which they should be conducted; the great good the Lord had been pleased to do by Sunday Schools. He spoke of his own case; it was there the dear Lord was pleased to make the first impressions on his mind. He then gave the teachers a very suitable address; spoke of the solemnity of the work, the necessity of cordiality amongst them, and shewing a good example to the children. The meeting was, in every sense, a good one.

LEE COMMON, on the 6th of June was favoured with the presence of the Master and several of his servants, who conducted the anniversary services. Among them were brethren Parsons, of Chesham; Skelton, of Tring; Bryant; C. W. Banks, and

others, all of whom seemed happy in their work: and our minister, Master Cartwright, is still threshing the mountains, and ploughing up some of the fallow ground. The Lord seems to have cut him out on purpose for us. He longs to see greater good resulting from his labours, which have been a blessing indeed.

Our Spiritual Wine-Press;

Or, a little Criticism, and a Corner for Correspondents.

OUR tables and files are full to overflowing with books and bundles of letters. We shall only attempt to squeeze out a few drops of spiced wine from these pomegranates which hang so thick upon our boughs; adding therewith any little needful criticism, or useful information, which we may meet with in our rambles, among the contributions of our kind friends. We shall bind ourselves to no order, or classified system; but just take the books and the letters one by one, until we have filled up our space, and can take no more.

The Bonmahon School re-print of Gill's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments, and "An Exposition on the Book of Solomon's Song," by the same author. Mr. Doudney, has rendered a noble service to the churches of Christ in the production of these seven splendid volumes. Criticism here is out of the question. On all hands Dr. Gill has long been acknowledged as an authority of great weight; and his commentaries on the Scriptures, of much benefit to sincere students, to faithful ministers, and to devout Christians. We are glad to find that a few complete copies of Dr. Gill's Commentary are still on hand, and may be had of Mr. William Hill Collingridge, at the City Press, in Long Lane, Smithfield. We rejoice to announce this; because we happen to know that some ministers and others—who did not subscribe—have laboured under the mistake that they could not possibly now obtain them. Four guineas sent to Mr. Collingridge will secure the safe arrival of the six royal octavos—containing the Commentary, and the handsome seventh-companion-volume, containing Gill's deeply-delightful Exposition on the Canticles. We must not draw from these flowing streams at present: we are waiting for an opportunity to give "THE BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE;" and then we shall more fully discover the immense value of Gill's writings to those persons who have no knowledge of the original languages, nor any time for research and enquiry in the expensive and rare writings of those giants whose minds were framed, and whose lives expressly devoted to the bringing up the hidden treasures of eternal truth.

The next is a little volume which has long been asking us to weigh up its contents: it is entitled, "*The Fall of Debir: a Religious, Moral, and Social Poem.*" By Henry Trays. This volume was published in Plymouth by R. Lidstone; and in London, by Houlston & Co.

It is a poem on "*the smiting of Kirjath-sopher*"—"the book of the city." There is an energy, a simplicity, and a beautiful illus-

tration both of the greatness of God, and the valor of truly godly men, that must commend the work to intelligent and reflecting minds. We hope Mr. Trays will be encouraged to pursue his labours; that his views of divine truth will increase in clearness, and in a necessary discrimination; that his own experience will be deepened, and that a ripeness in heavenly, in spiritual, and in saving knowledge, will more eminently appear in the future productions of his pen. The following lines from the Third Part of the volume, on

The Ancient Marriage Ceremony, when Othniel and Achsah were United,

are a fair sample of the cheerful, yet sacred, tone of our author's mind; and had he applied this interesting ceremony to a higher, a nobler, a more glorious and eternal union, it would have been exceedingly sweet to chaste and holy minds.

After "the Fall of Debir," and the conquest of Othniel, comes the fulfilment of the sacred promise—in the gift of Achsah—the union of this happy pair is thus described.

Who is this coming from the tent of Kenaz,
As a bridegroom adorned for his bride? It is
Othniel, the hero of Debir! beloved
Of Israel, whose cheerfulness and love
Give to him wings to flee to Caleb's tent,
To meet and cherish there, his beloved Achsah.—
Who is this coming from the tent of Caleb,
As a bride adorned for her bridegroom,
Surrounded by her female kindred friends,
Whose veil of modesty, and chastity
Is thrown loosely o'er her lightsome person?
It is Achsah, coming from her father's tent,
With graceful step, to go to the altar,
Where Othniel is waiting to receive her,
Accompanied with his male kindred friends.
There the Chief Priest comes to unite the pair,
In the bonds of holy matrimony.
Eleazar, in sacerdotal robes,
Then solemnly began his sacred task,
In the name of the Lord God Almighty.
Saying, "Beloved friends, we meet to join
Othniel and Achsah in marriage."—
Having read the marriage contract, he asked,
"Is it the earnest wish of this assembly,
That in this bond these shall united be?"
"It is our wish!" all readily exclaimed.
"For Othniel; does good Kenaz consent?"
"For Achsah; does good Caleb consent?"
Each cheerfully responded, "I do consent."
The priest then turned to Othniel and said
"Wilt thou have Achsah to be thy wedded wife?"
"I will."

The priest then turned to Achsah: "Wilt thou have
Othniel to be thy wedded husband?"
"I will."—Then Eleazar said, "This pair is
joined

Together in holy matrimony;
According to the ordinance of God.
Whom 'God has joined, let no man separate.'—
Ere we the altar leave, receive the word
Of exhortation good, O, Othniel,
And thou, O Achsah. God has wrought for you
Deliverances; made the people's hearts,
And yours, as one; united kindred souls,
In meekness, faith, philanthropy, and love,
With this marriage union; fixed you the Judge
Of his people Israel; and made your name,
A terror to idolatrous sin's slaves!
The law of marriage is beautiful in aim,
Impeding vice, and honouring to God,
Uniting us, in strongest social ties.
Is not the twain one thought, one flesh, one will,
In the ways which concern true happiness?
Is not this, what Israel should always be;

As one great social community?
How transcendently more beautiful
Will that marriage be at Sbiloh's advent!
Watch, till the bridegroom shall come to you,
To claim the nations of the world, His bride.
O! Othniel, thou art a shining light,
Set on a hill. Innumerable eyes
Are fixed on thee! Let virtue, holiness,
Justice, and mercy, shine in all your acts!
Your influence pervades all Israel's tribes.
The people rise, or fall, from ruler's deeds;
Your heads of families and humble sons,
Have all their influence, or great, or small,
Yielding to this responsibility:
You court domestic rest, a nation's good.
May you in joy or pain each other cherish,
And grow in happiness as years increase."
Then the priest said with cheerful heart and voice,
"We will this hymn of praise sing to our God,
Let now our hearts be joyful in the Lord!
Let us sing praises for deliverance,
Let harp and lute express our souls' desire.
May the presence of God be now with us!
Thou hast bestowed on us, O Lord, our God
Hebron's fair plains, a peaceful dwelling place—
A figure of the heavenly Paradise.
Do not the living streams of water, corn,
And fruits, and flocks, and herds, with gratitude
Impress our hearts? Does not the Ark of God,
Which dwells with us, inspire both heart, and
tongue,
With fire angelic? Israel redeemed,
Shall sing continually the song of Moses,
'The Lord hath triumphed gloriously,'
And planted us in the mountain of his
Inheritance, where he delights to dwell."
Othniel puts a ring on Achsah's finger,
Saying, "Behold thou art set apart to me,
With this ring, according to the laws
Of Moses and of Israel."

The Ordination Service of Mr. James Jay, at Grove Chapel, Cumberwell. The whole of the services connected with the ordination of Mr. Irons's successor, has been published in a six-penny pamphlet by James Paul: one of the most important portions of this work, is THE ACCOUNT WHICH MR. JAY GAVE OF HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY. As a brief outline of this appeared in the EARTHEN VESSEL for May, we only give a valuable sentence or two, in the hope that other pastors may be led to encourage young ministers, as Mr. Hughes evidently did. In the course of Mr. Jay's statement he said:

"As there were many young men like myself, whom the Lord had called by his grace, under the ministry of Mr. Hughes, oftentimes prayers were heard in the church that the dear Lord might be pleased to anoint some for the work of the ministry, and send them forth to preach the everlasting gospel. In the year 1833, our pastor called me, with three or four others, to meet him at his house, and there asked us if we ever had any leadings or drawings of soul to the ministry? To this question, I said for myself, no, never. For although the well-being of saints and sinners lie near to my heart, I had always looked upon the ministry as most sacred, and the responsibilities attending it most weighty, too—and woe be to that man who taketh upon himself that holy office uncalled and unsent of God. Beloved, I saw and felt these things then, but I see and feel them an hundred-fold more now. I, with others, was urged to make it a matter of solemn and special prayer to God; and, if ever I prayed for his mind and will to be made known, it was at this time; and the answer of God to me was, 'For ye shall not go out with haste, nor go by flight; for the Lord will go before you, and the God of Israel will be your reward.' Isaiah lii. 12. I told this to my pastor, and he said, that he with the church believed

that the Lord would eventually send me forth to labour in his vineyard.

"In the year 1834, at a church meeting, without speaking to me, Mr. Hughes proposed I should be called to stand before the church for two months, and dispense the word, that it might be more fully manifest what the Lord had to do by, or with such a sinner as me. To this the whole church, consisting of many members, agreed, and I was, much against my own will, constrained to yield. And for two months I spake publicly, full of conflicts and fears, among them in the chapel, and the branch places that were established for public worship. At the end of two months the church assembled, and all the members present, save five, felt persuaded that God had, in sovereign grace, called me to the work of the ministry. I then continued for several weeks speaking, wherever a door of utterance was given; and nothing would have induced me to go on, but the testimony of believers that the Lord was blessing my poor message to their souls."

God's Matchless Love to a Sinful World: Sermons by the late John Moore, of Northampton. These sermons were first printed in 1722;—Mr. J. A. Jones has issued a new and revised edition; to which he has appended some account of the author. The volume is one solid piece of good old-fashioned and safe gospel matter; specimens of which we hope to furnish next month.

A reference to many other works will be found on the wrapper of this month: we cannot find room for them inside.

From the heap of manuscript before us, we can only now select the following two poetic pieces:—

"TO DIE IS GAIN."

LINES

*Written as a Tribute of Respect to the
Memory of*

MISS ANNA WELLS,

*Who Died May 7th, 1854; and Sung at her
Funeral Sermon. Preached by Mr. JAMES*

*HAWES, May 14th, at Hephzibah Chapel,
Darling Place, Mile End.*

GREAT GOD! to thine all-sovereign sway

Most humbly we would bend,
Though thou hast borne, by death, away
A daughter—sister—friend.

And, though life's golden chain is snapp'd,
Though her *short* race is run,
She's now with holy bliss enwrap'd:
Her glory is begun.

Life's storm is hush'd! *Death's night* is o'er!
Heaven's light has pierc'd the gloom;
That short-liv'd blossom blooms once more
Beyond the wintry tomb.

Look through, by faith, the curtain's fold;
Hear her exulting sing,
Midst waving palms, and harps of gold,
Whilst bursting anthems ring.

Dry up those tears; hush, hush those sighs;
God laid the structure down;
He called her spirit to the skies,
To deck her Saviour's crown.

Oh God! when we shall close this life,
May we our sister meet,
Above this weary scene of strife,
Around thy mercy-seat.

CHARLES CHIPCHASE.

St. George's-in-the-East.

A Wounded Saint in Christ's Garden.

SOL. SONG, VI. 11.

HATH the Lord Jehovah planted
In this wilderness below
Gardens, both for use and beauty,
Fruitful trees, and fragrant, too!
Lowly shrubs, and lofty cedars,
Hyssop, camphire, aloes, myrrh,
While his gall'ries of abiding
Are of cedar, laid with fir?
Doth he oft his gardens visit,
Sending forth sweet gales of grace,
Blowing from the north, and making
Many from their sins awake!
Lo, he visits in the garden,
Where the nuts in clusters hang:
Poor, uncomely, oft despised,
Worthless in the eyes of man.
See! there's one! his eyes observe it,
At the end of yonder bough,
Trodden down among the branches—
Almost crushed. What will he do!
Hark! he calls the Gardener to him;
Asks him why such things are there,
In among the vines and fig trees,
'Mid the flowers of beauty rare:
See the Gardener seize it roughly:
Surely, 'tis not on the tree!
No! he'll cast it out! nor let it
In the garden ever be.
But the branch on which it hangeth,
Fast abides on yonder tree;
This the King in Zion knoweth;
This the Gardener doth not see.
Now he kindly looks upon it;
Tells the Gardener what to do;
"Raise it gently; ah! 'tis broken!
Bind it up; 'tis crushed, 'tis true;
Let it lean against that standard;
'Twill assist it for awhile:
My command is, spare, and tend it;
Yon rich clustering ones may smile."
Look! there's three now in the garden;
One is watering it with care;
One supporting, one is pruning,
That the branch fresh fruit may bear.
See the standard from it taken:
Crushed it now will surely be!
See! the sap is from it oozing!
There's no hope. 'Twas thus with me:
I too leaned upon a standard,
Strong and true, but sharp and rough,
Which, drawn from me, crushed and wounded,
Made my wounds all bleed afresh;
Told me that I loved not Jesus,
Though I loved his ways and word;
Said that cleaving to his people,
Was not cleaving to the Lord;
Told me that I ne'er was washed
In the spirit-cleansing flood;
Fleshly pride, and carnal falt'ring,
Was all that I could bring to God.
Thus, the linen girdle marred,
Was to me a dreadful soil,
Till the Lord to me appeared,
And on me did sweetly smile.
Then again the standard helped me;
But 'twas not to rest upon;
Only helped me on to Jesus,
There to rest, and there alone.
There was wine and oil to strengthen,
While the wounds were probed with care
Lest a fleshly, carnal spirit,
Should like gangrene there appear.
Thus, by binding, resting, hathing,
Broken bones united are;
And I hope to stand in Zion,
In His strength who thus did spare.
Thus he saveth her that halseth;
For his daughter findeth rest;
Leads his wanderers back to Zion;
Zion—home of endless rest.

S. MOORE.

The Beauties of the Bible ;

OR,

CHOICE COMMENTS ON THE CHARACTERS AND CHANGING CONDITIONS
OF NEW COVENANT CHILDREN.

Mr. Collingridge, of the City Press, having presented us with a complete copy of that noble work, Doudney's new edition of *Dr. Gill's Commentary on the Old and New Testaments*; which herculean task is perfected, and deserves the patronage and support of the whole church of God.—Mr. C. (we repeat) having presented us with a copy of the work, we shall not write a laboured, dry, and far-fetched review of the same. Certainly not! Who have we among reviewers now that will be foolish enough to expose his own weakness, in attempting to review Dr. Gill? It is very true we have some boy-preachers, and lads too, forsooth, who have started off as "*most wonderful men.*" And so they are in these days, when chaff is plentiful and good grain is scarce; but who have we?—we ask again—who will dare to write a critique on Gill? Bold as the assertion may be—yet we make it—there is not a man in the kingdom, that *knows himself*, and is *not inflated with pride*, that would venture on such a work. Away with the temporary twaddle and mere surface stuff of the present day. If there is one thing astonishes us more than another, it is the vast amount of *pride and presumption* which are so glaringly manifest in the brainless persons of the would-be preachers, editors and authors of the present generation. Surely enough, think we sometimes, THE GOSPEL is very sick indeed, and DIVINITY has scarcely any flesh upon her bones. Our venerable old friend John Andrew Jones, is so thoroughly convinced of this, that ever and anon he is searching out and bringing to light some long-lost-sight-of specimen of "*the kind of Gospel they used to have,*" when giants were in the Church; and when Zion's Watchmen wore wigs, indicating that they had something in their heads worth preserving. Some of our readers will be ready to say, "*Arise, physician, and heal thyself; for surely THE EARTHEN VESSEL is lean enough!*" To be sure it is; there is where we feel it. For the last ten years we have been seeking after the savoury, sound, and wholesome matter—that which has blood, and bones, and brains well brought out; but we cannot find it; the consequence has been, the VESSEL has sunk down to the condition of a mere recorder of *passing events.*

But to the point in hand, we purpose to dig as deep into *Gill's Commentary* as time and circumstances will admit—and to fetch out the choice, the beautiful, and the blessed portions therefrom, and give them to our

readers. By this means we hope to edify many a precious soul that could never read these volumes; and also be of some service in helping to clear off the copies yet on hand.

We commence with the following delightful exposition of

THE LORD'S TENDER MERCY TO EPHRAIM.

Commentary on Jeremiah the thirty-first chapter, the Doctor writes:

"I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself thus, &c. Not Ephraim in person; though, as he was a very affectionate and tender hearted man, as appears from 1 Chron. vii. 22; he is with like propriety introduced, as Rachel before; but Ephraim intends Israel, or the ten tribes, and even all the people of the Jews; and the prophecy seems to respect the conversion of them in the latter day, when they shall be in soul-trouble, and bemoan their sins, and their sinful and wretched estate, and especially their rejection of the Messiah: when they shall look on him whom they have pierced, and mourn, and be in bitterness, as one that mourns for his first-born, and which the Lord will take notice of and observe, Zech. xii. 10, 11; Hos. xiv. 8; and it may be applied to the case of every sensible sinner bemoaning their sinful nature; want of righteousness; impotence to all that is spiritually good; their violation of the righteous law of God; and the curse they are liable to on account of it; their many sins against a God of love, grace and mercy; and their ruined and undone state and condition by sin; all which the Lord takes notice of: *hearing I have heard*; which denotes the certainty of it, and with what attention he hears, yea, with what pleasure; it is the moan of his doves, of those who are like doves of the valley, every one mourning for his iniquity; he hears, so as he answers; and sympathizing with them, he sends comfort to them, and delivers them out of their troubles: *Thou hast chastised me and I was chastised*; this is the case bemoaned; not so much the chastening hand of God, as unaffectedness with it, and not being the better for it; the Lord has indeed, as if Ephraim should say, *chastised me, and I have been chastised by him, and that is all*; it has made no manner of impression upon me; I have not received correction, nor has it been of any use to me; and this he bemoaned; and this will be the case of the Jews when they are converted; they will then reflect upon all the corrections and chastisements of God under which they have been ever since the rejection of the Messiah, and still are; and yet are now stupid under them,

and take no notice of them, and are never the better for them; and thus they will lament when their eyes are opened: and so it is with particular persons at conversion; in their state of unregeneracy they have been chastened and corrected by the Lord, by one providence or another, by one disease and disorder or another, and they have not observed it; it has not wrought upon them, nor awakened them to a sense of danger; God has spoken once, and twice, in this rough way, and they have not perceived; he has stricken them, and they have not grieved; beaten them, and they felt it not; but now being made sensible, they bemoan their former stupidity and inattention, and wonder at the forbearance and goodness of God: as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke; or to draw the plough; as senseless and as stupid, yea, as thoughtless of danger, as that creature when led to the slaughter; as untaught, as the word signifies; as ignorant of divine and spiritual things; knowing nothing of Christ, or God in Christ, or of the way of salvation by him, and of the operations of his Spirit and grace; as unruly as that to bear the yoke of the law, or the yoke of Christ; and as impatient under the yoke of affliction, kicking, tossing, and flinging, like a wild bull in a net: all which give concern to an awakened mind, that now sees its need of conversion, and prays for it as follows: 'turn thou me, and I shall be turned;' which designs not a mere reformation of manners, or conversion to a doctrine or doctrines; nor a restoration after backslidings; nor a carrying on of the work of grace on the soul, and a daily renewing it; but the first work of conversion; which lies in a man's being turned from darkness to light, from the power of satan to God; is a turn of the heart, and not of the head and action only; of the will, affections, and bias of the mind; it is a turning of persons to the Lord Jesus Christ, to look to him for righteousness, life, and salvation; and in such senses will the Jews be turned in the latter day, 2 Cor. iii. 16; and this being prayed for, not only shews a sense of need of it, but of inability to work it; that it is not in the power of man to do it; that he is not active, but passive in it; that it is the Lord's work, and his only; and that when he does it, it is done effectually: 'for thou art the Lord my God,' the Lord, the mighty Jehovah, and therefore able to do it: my God, covenant-God, who has promised to do it; and by virtue of covenant grace will be the conversion of the Jews; and to which the conversion of every one is owing; or, 'for thou shalt be the Lord my God;' I will own, acknowledge, fear, serve, and glorify thee as such, being converted to thee.

"Surely after that I was turned I repented." &c. Ephraim's prayer was answered; as he prayed he might be turned, he was; and when he was turned, then he repented, not only of sin in general, but of such sins as he had been particularly guilty of; not only of the grosser actions of life, but of inward sins, secret lusts and corruptions; even of sins of holy things, leaving now different sentiments, affections, and conduct; and this is what is called evangelical repentance, and is from the grace of God; springs from love; flows from a sight of God and a view of Christ: is increased by the

discoveries of God's love, and is unto life and salvation; and this sort of repentance follows upon conversion: there must be first a true and real conversion before this evangelical repentance can take place: 'and after that I was instructed I smote upon my thigh;' as expressive of sorrow for sin after a godly sort; of indignation at it; and shame and confusion for it; and also of astonishment, at the mercy, forbearance, and long-suffering of God; and this humiliation follows upon spiritual instruction, which is previously necessary to it; 'after it was made known to me,' as the words may be rendered; what a sinful, guilty, impure, impotent, and unrighteous creature he was, after that he became acquainted with himself, and his wretched state and condition; when instructed either by the rod, or by the word, and by the Spirit of God, in the use of both, or either, when led into the knowledge of divine things—of the love and grace of God through Christ—of the person, offices, and glory of Christ—of the way of life and salvation by him—and of the doctrines of pardon, and righteousness, and acceptance through him; 'I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth;' in his conscience; the sins and follies of his youth being presented and set before him, and he convinced of them, was filled with shame and confusion at the remembrance of them; which is a common thing when a man was thoroughly awakened and converted, and is brought to true repentance and humiliation. So the Targum, 'because we have received the reproach of our sins, which were of old.'

"Is Ephraim my dear Son?" &c. Questions put in this form, in the Hebrew language, usually more vehemently deny; and then the sense must be, Ephraim is not my dear son: and agreeably to this all the following clauses must be interpreted, which seems quite contrary to the scope and design of the context, wherefore it seems better to render the words thus, is not Ephraim my dear son? Yes, he is; and so is every one that stands in the relation of children to the Lord, they are all of them his dear children, (Eph. v. 1.); his beloved ones, loved by him with an everlasting love; they are precious to him, as the word used signifies; they are dear to him as the apple of his eye; they are highly esteemed of by him; they are his jewels and peculiar treasure: how precious they are to him appears by his parting with his own most precious Son for their sakes; by sympathizing with them under all their afflictions; by providing so largely and liberally for them; by feeding them with the most delicious food; by clothing them with the robe of righteousness, and garments of salvation; by protecting them with a guard of angels, and preparing an incorruptible inheritance for them. 'Is he a pleasant child?' or 'is he not a child of delights?' verily he is; and so are all the children of God by adopting grace; they are pleasant to him for delights; they are little images of himself, in whom he is well-pleased; they are lovely and comely in his sight, through the perfect comeliness of Christ, that is put upon them; their speech is comely and pleasant to him; their prayer is his delight; and especially he loves to hear them

cry *Abba*, Father, though they do but lip it out; just as parents take pleasure in their children, which are images of themselves, and comely in their view, particularly when they begin to talk, and can just lip out their names. Moreover, as the little actions of children, though there may be a great deal of childishness in them, are pleasing to their parents, so are the acts of grace and duty well-pleasing to God; those of faith, hope, fear, and love, and the several duties of religion, though but imperfectly performed; and their nearness to him and communion with him, which he indulges them with, shows his delight in them—he kisses them with the kisses of his mouth—he dandles them on his knee, and comforts them, as one whom his mother comforts—he carries them in his bosom—he takes them by the hand and teaches them to go, and lays meat before them. ‘*For since I spake against him; in his word, and by his providences, by way of complaint, as a peevish, perverse, backsliding, and rebellious child; by way of threatening with the rod, in case of impenitence and obstinacy; by way of rebuke, though in love, for many misdemeanors and offences; and in a providential, though not in a judicial way; God has nothing against his children in a judicial way, all their sins being atoned for by Christ; but in a providential way he has many things against them for their correction and chastisement, at least which seem to be against them, though they all work together for their good.* However, as he here says, ‘*I do earnestly remember him still; or, in remembering I will or do remember him still; constantly as well as earnestly; God never forgets his children, though they and others may think he does; (see Isa. xlix. 14, 15, 16;)* he forgets their sins, but not their persons; he is ever mindful of his covenant with them, and remembers his promises to them; he remembers both his love to them, and their love to him; yea, he remembers their thoughts of him, their words concerning him, and their works done in his name and to his glory; his dear children are had in everlasting remembrance, and are never forgotten by him. ‘*Therefore my bowels are troubled for him;’* sound for him, or yearn toward him; so that he did not do what he threatened, or was seemingly about to do. The phrase is expressive of great relentings, strong compassion and melting pity in his heart, towards his Ephraim, his dear and delightful children; (see Hos. xi. 8, 9.) ‘*I will surely have mercy on him, saith the Lord;’* or shew mercy to him; as the Lord does to his children, by receiving them graciously upon their return; by manifesting and applying pardoning grace; by bestowing fresh mercies and favours on them; and by bringing them safe to eternal glory and happiness.”

Dr. Gill's Commentary is well adapted to instruct those who are seeking after truth; such of the Lord's children as are favoured with divine and unctuous teaching, may sometimes think the Doctor dry and prosy; but even these will find some precious morsels; at any rate we will try and find some for them.

We hope the following will not be without profit to many of our readers.

AN OLD TESTAMENT REFORMER AND HIS NOBLE STAFF.

“THE Beauties of the Bible” are not always apparent to the eye that glances hastily over the sacred page. Many of the greatest gems lay so hidden that none but deeply exercised souls, enlightened by the Eternal Spirit, will ever be able to discover them. There are other beauties, which the classic, with a spiritual and an industrious mind, may dig out of the original; and thereby realize, in some measure, the ancient promise made to Cyrus—“*I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places.*” I will endeavour to illustrate the latter position by a circumstance which recently came before me in the course of my ministry.

The church over whom the Lord has placed me, was called upon to choose out seven men, to walk before and work in the midst of them as deacons, overseers, or elders—for I hardly know which is the most acceptable term. On the same evening that the church's choice was to be made, it devolved upon me, first, to preach to them a short sermon. I had no intention of attempting to define the office; nor did I desire at all to refer to the circumstances. But on sitting down quietly in my study for a few moments to meditate and to pray, these little words came whispering into my then calm and waiting mind, “*and set them in their place;*” again and again in the secret workings of my mind the words were repeated, “*AND SET THEM IN THEIR PLACE.*” I began to think, whether these were Bible words, and where they could be found. Cruden was close at hand—I searched and found Nehemiah xiii. 11, to read like this, “*I contended with the rulers, and said, Why is the house of God forsaken? And I gathered them together, and set them in their place.*” How strikingly applicable to my case did Nehemiah's conduct and converse appear! That old, that truly ancient, that long honoured house of prayer*—which for a century and a half, or more, has been the birth-place and a Bethel to many thousands—was fast falling into decay. It was nearly deserted; and report said, and men of practical judgment said, it was not safe to meet in. The Lord, in his kind and gracious providence, called me, as a humble instrument, to gather together the gold and the silver of his willing saints, and entirely to renovate and re-establish this long-honoured Gospel Sanctuary. But many were opposed to so great and so good a work. However, it has been done, and in every sense I hope it has been well done; and on the day previous to the re-opening, I did secretly beseech the Lord to give me a word from himself with which to enter upon my new scene of labours, and these words were impressed upon my mind, “*SON, GO WORK TO-DAY IN MY VINEYARD.*” Never shall I for-

* Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street.

get the sight when I stood up in the pulpit—the crowds of anxious eyes, and the flood of happy feelings in the midst of which I plainly told the tale the Master gave to me.

And now, nearly one-hundred and fifty believing souls have come forward, and are united in the fellowship of the gospel, praying to be instrumentally useful in building again the once tottering walls of Zion.

The portion of scripture from which I was led to speak, was Nehemiah xiii. 13: "*They were counted faithful; and their office was to distribute unto their brethren.*"

From this portion of divine truth, and the context, you have another of "*THE BEAUTIES OF THE BIBLE*"—in the character of good Nehemiah, an *Old Testament Reformer, and his Noble Staff.*

Nehemiah may here be viewed as typical in the highest sense of our great Master, the LORD GOD of our salvation. In the centre of Nehemiah's name there seems to stand these words—"Of the Lord." Branching from this centre, in one direction, there is a stream of life-giving power, on which is written, "*Repentance.*" In another direction, there is another stream of heavenly light, with this sentence, "*Conduct,*" or "*Government.*" Nehemiah is a representation, then, of three essential things produced by the Gospel of Christ, wherever that Gospel stands in the omnipotent, new creating, life and light-imparting power of God. Wherever Jesus Christ comes in His holy gospel chariot, with the sword of the Spirit girt upon His thigh, there comes "*repentance,*"—a real turning of heart and life unto God—there comes "*consolation,*"—a solemn sense of sins forgiven and sonship sealed—and then comes a manifestation of Jehovah's "*conduct*" or government, as shadowed forth in the deeds and doings of Nehemiah. While Nehemiah was absent from Jerusalem, Tobiah crept into alliance with Eliashib the priest: the Levites lost their portions, and fled every man to his field; in fact, a corrupt state of things of a most unhappy character, was the consequence.

I understand that one of our own once promising young pastors has recently taken upon him to endeavor to throw down the Gospel ministry. He may lay it down in his own person, but it is an holy ordinance of Divine appointment and sanction, and it must stand until the dispensation comes to an end. And wherever it does stand in the power of God, it will accomplish a work similar to that which Nehemiah did when he returned from Babylon, and came again to Jerusalem. He was sore grieved at the fruits brought forth by that unholy alliance between Eliashib and Tobiah; and with holy determination he says, "*I cast forth all the household stuff of Tobiah out of the chamber.*" If I am not mistaken, many of our gospel ministers and gospel churches, too, have a very great deal too much of Tobiah's household stuff among

them in these days. But depend upon it out it must all go when the great Tirsaththa stands up with Urim and Thummim. Yes, indeed, when the glory of the Lord fills the house, then there shall be found no room for those heaps of rubbish that now almost choke the saints, and make them sickly, weak and poor.

Nehemiah not only turns out, but he brings in "*THE VESSELS OF THE HOUSE OF GOD, WITH THE MEAT-OFFERING AND THE FRANKINCENSE;*" "*How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him that bringeth good tidings!*" How delightful to behold an honoured servant of Christ, bringing in the vessels of mercy; laying Christ the meat-offering upon the gospel table; and the frankincense of praying hearts and praising souls ascending up to God! This, this is indeed the only position I covet on this earth—this is the only work I desire to be found in while I sojourn in this vale of tears; and if GOD the FATHER will be merciful unto me—if GOD the SON will cleanse, and uphold, and empty me—if GOD the HOLY GHOST will anoint, sanctify, instruct, and lead me; if, by the Gospel's mighty power (as an heaven-ordained instrument,) I may live to see sinners really brought to Jesus, and to the banqueting house—if I may live to exalt and extol the Great High Priest, the Holy Lamb of God—if I may be favoured to behold broken-hearted sinners crying for mercy, and loving-hearted saints praising a triune Jehovah; if these the richest of all honors may be conferred upon me, deep and everlasting cause shall I have to give glory to God in the highest and holiest strains. To return:

Nehemiah proceeds: as soon as he had accomplished his great reformation, and gathered together the Levites and the singers, immediately it is added—"then brought he all Judah the tithe of the corn, and the new wine, and the oil unto the storehouses as treasures." Hallelujah! Praise ye the Lord! Never think ye that the gospel will be starved to death; or be compelled to be turned out as a bankrupt. No, no, sirs. God will take a man to be his servant;—if God send a man to preach his gospel, that man will bring in some vessels; and the people will bring in the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and then shall he joy and gladness in that city where Jesus Christ, and a living gospel ministry, is found.

Again: Nehemiah proceeds—As soon as the vessels are brought in, the Levites and the singers gathered, he gravely and wisely says,—"And I made treasurers of the treasures," &c. It is of these treasurers the text speaks, and says, "*they were counted faithful; and their office was to minister to their brethren.*" These Old Testament treasurers, I take to be types of our New Testament deacons; and so for a moment, as Benjamin Keach would say—let us run the parallel.

Remember, I am looking at Nehemiah's four noble treasurers, as somewhat typical of what our New Testament deacons should be; and then, in the first place, how sweet to my mind is the definition which some give of the term *treasurers*; they tell me it may be expressly read, "*And I appointed nourishers over the storehouses:*" men, whose office it was to look well after the provision of the house, and to deal out that provision with all the wisdom, charity, and grace, which the Lord might bestow upon them. In the New Testament church, there is a four-fold provision to be looked after. First, good, sound, wholesome, gospel provision in the pulpit. Oh, what prayer, and earnest diligence, what discernment and decision, is necessary rightly and faithfully to preserve the pulpit from error, from defilement, from death! Think not the deacon's office a light one; especially when no well-tried, no clearly manifested, and truly useful PASTOR is presiding. I have the deepest sympathy which such holy and honourable men as, through grace divine, use the office of a deacon well: their labours are arduous—their trials are many; their sacrifices are great. Then there is suitable provision for the people, that accommodation be given them to worship the Lord, and to hear his word: provision for the pastor, and help for the poor. THE DEACON, the good man that holds his office, stands in the church, and looks four ways—to the pulpit, to see that THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST IS THERE: to the pews, to see that all needed accommodation and a righteous adjustment is there: to the pastor's home, to see that every temporal good is provided there: to the sick and the poor in Zion, to see that no lack of Christian charity is wanted there.

Let a man thus watch his ground, thus know his work, and thus hold his office, and he shall indeed purchase to himself a good degree, and much beldness in the midst of the saints.

But, consider this; the Holy Spirit gives us a blessed report of the four men Nehemiah ordained as treasurers: there is much that is powerfully expressive in their names—*"SHELEMIAH, the priest," "ZADOK, the scribe;" "PEDALAH,"* and *"HANAN."* I must be brief in commenting upon these names; but they are like four solid pillars, on which, as *instruments*, the whole welfare of Zion's external prosperity may be said to depend.

"SHELEMIAH," is rendered thus—*"God is my Perfection, my Happiness, my Peace."* This man, then, is a sound and a solid Trinitarian; a man of faith; and of some happy assurance of his interest in the grace of God. And this is essential to the useful standing of a man in any office in Zion. He looks, by faith, into the glorious attributes of Deity; into the ancient settlements of everlasting love; into the eternal purpose, and predesti-

nating arrangements, choice, gifts, and promises of a covenant God: and says, *"God is my Perfection."* He looks with the eye of faith into THE PERSON, the law-fulfilling, the sin-removing, the hell-defeating, the death-absorbing, the life-imparting work of THE SON OF GOD, and he says, *"He is my Happiness."* He considers the distinct personality, the co-equal and co-external work and office of the Holy Ghost, the Quickener of the souls of the ransomed, the Revealer of Christ, the Applier of precious blood and of precious promises; and thus believing in, and realising in some measure, the life, the power, and the pardoning grace of a Triune God, this *"Shelemiah,"* says, *"God is my Perfection, my Happiness, my Peace."* It is sweet to hold office in Zion, to labour among saints and sinners, when our calling and election, our redemption and glorification, are all made sure in the conscience by sovereign, saving grace.

The second is *"ZADOK,"* that is, *"one that is justified."* One that is strong in grace, and upright in walk and conversation. These are also of mighty importance in the character of a man who stands before the people as a leader and a friend.

The third is *"PEDALAH,"* which word is expressive of *"the redemption of God."* Or, one that brings back from captivity, and, instrumentally, restores poor wanderers to the fold. How good it is, to have men in office, who will search out, seek after, and bring back the wandering, the backsliding and the fallen heirs of grace! Poor saints oft get entangled; in their hearts they love the Lord, but in their ways they seem to deny him: follow them, good *Pedaliah*—speak faithfully, but not arrogantly, nor cruelly unto them, and rest not, until in purity, in penitence, and in peace, you have restored them to the bosom of the church. *"At their hand,"* (the margin says), "stood *HANAN, the son of Zaccur,*"—that is, *"one that shews mercy."* Sometimes, even the best of men get sharply tried with the many imperfections manifested in the members of the mystic body! How often do the poorest us of get proud and ungrateful! How frequently are deacons and ministers deceived, misled, and cruelly used! In the midst of these many I have sometimes felt I would never notice, never speak with, never again be kind to, such a one, and such a one. Oh, such unhappy feelings will arise; and like Peter, we are ready to draw the sword, and cut off the ear: but how nice, how necessary, how good, at such times, to have *"standing at our hand"* a sterling little *"HANAN,"* one that desires, that loves, and after all prompts us *"to shew mercy."*

Forgive me this lengthy paper. Ponder well these things; and if the Lord enable you who have to choose deacons, to find men of this description, happy indeed will you

bc. The Lord has given us some excellent brethren; but I must, for the present, close; hoping to find, by-and-by, some more of the "Beauties of the Bible." C. W. BANKS.

THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE SAINTS.

AN EPISTLE FROM

William Skelton, Baptist Minister of West End, Tring, to the late John Epps, of Brabourne.

MY MUCH ESTEEMED AND DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST JESUS, in whom, as our covenant Head, Almighty Surety, Divine Redeemer, glorified Mediator, all-prevailing Advocate, and incessant Intercessor, we have redemption through his blood, the full and final forgiveness of all sins past, present and to come, according to the riches of his grace. In resuming epistolary correspondence and communion with you, I cannot forbear to pronounce the Scriptural and apostolic salutation, which I would do, not in a mere formal or common-place way and manner, but prayerfully, and hopefully desirous in your behalf, that the said salutation may be felt in you and by you, to the joy and rejoicing of your soul, and for the glory of our God. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, then, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of the Father in truth and love. And what higher privilege, what more extensive blessedness, dear brother, can be our's, than this, to be interested in the grace, mercy, and peace of our God from everlasting, and to prove the divine flowings and superaboundings of such blessings and blessedness personally, individually, and consequently experimentally for ourselves, and in our own soul's feeling, in, through and by a precious Christ, in the life-giving, soul-delivering, heart-comforting power of the Holy Ghost, even as he is in his office-work as the great Glorifier of the Person of Jehovah-Jesus, takes of the things which are his, and reveals them unto us, and by his work and power in us brings us into a real participation in all our Christ is unto us, in all our Christ has done for us, in his law-fulfilling life, and bloody, justice-satisfying death, in his glorious resurrection from the dead, and triumphant ascension to his Father and our Father, and having purged our sins with his own blood, and being sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high? How sweet and how blessed, by the inward power and unctuous teachings of the Holy Ghost, to be brought into a real participation in all our Christ is performing and carrying on in the perpetuation and fulfilment of his intercessory work! in the midst of which, while being enthroned in highest bliss, he

"Looks like a Lamb that has been slain,
And wears the Priesthood still;"

And bearing our names upon his breast, he claims for us eternal rest.

Why, my dear brother John, without using a multiplicity of words and sentences, to come at or to bring out my soul's feeling in matters associated with our eternal blessedness and inexhaustible free grace patrimony, we are eternally beloved by our covenant Three-One Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; elected and blessed by God the Father with all spiritual blessings in

heavenly places or things, according as he hath chosen us in the Son of his love from before the foundation of the world, eternally adopted into sonship and heirship with him, according to his eternal, predestinating purpose, counsel, and will, we are eternally preserved and secured in the Person of God's dear Son, our everlasting covenant Head; freely, completely, fully, finally and eternally redeemed from the state wherein we were found by reason of our fall and death in our first natural father, who sinned; and in and by that redemption by blood, we are redeemed from the law of a covenant of works altogether, redeemed from its requirements as such, redeemed from its curse and condemnation, as the just wages of our transgressions and sins, redeemed from the world and from among the men of it, redeemed from the sins and iniquities in which once, in the days of our unregeneracy, we took delight, and wherein we at that time, took unholy pleasure and sinful delight—redeemed from the dominion and kingdom of satan, whose blinded yet willing slaves we once were; and inasmuch as we are passed from death (spiritual) unto life, (spiritual), by the quickening power and influence of the Divine Quickener—the Holy Ghost—our souls have been delivered—that is, redeemed from death; so that the language of David—Psalm lvi. 12, 13, is the language of our souls, according to the new man, which is renewed in knowledge, after the Image of Him that created him. Col. iii. 10—"Thy vows are upon me, O God: I will render praises unto thee, for thou hast delivered (redeemed) my soul from death." Will not thou deliver my feet from falling? Wilt thou not redeem me from all iniquity, that I may walk before God in the light of the living?

And finally, we shall be redeemed from the icy hand of mortal death and the power of the grave, inasmuch as the resurrection power of our most glorious Christ, who raised himself from the dead, is a glorious pledge and seal of our resurrection unto eternal life, and endless joys with him; for together with his dead body, (being risen), his dead men shall live; who, at the trumpet's glorious sound, shall awake and sing, although they may for ages past have dwelt in dust; for the earth shall cast out and disgorge or vomit forth its dead; for the hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation. And when we take the total sum of our blessedness—inasmuch as we are in Christ, and by eternal and vital union with him, One—and so interested in all he is as our Head, in all he has done for us as our Redeemer, and all he has to bestow in the kingdom of his providence, of his grace, and of his glory. May we soul-feelingly, thankfully, and adoringly rejoice in the prospect of being eternally glorified with him.

"And while eternal ages roll along,
For ever sing the Christ-exalting song
Of full redemption through His precious blood,
Who saved and brought us safely home to God."

And seeing these are the things which are reported unto us by the Holy Ghost in the glorious gospel of the blessed God, and the things which have been revealed unto and preached into our souls by the self-same Spirit—and these things

the angels desire to look into—may we not, while participating in them, vie with and challenge the whole host of them? and with deep, soul-felt humility, and adoring thanks, rejoice that while it is theirs to stand in acceptance before the throne of their Maker in a created holiness and righteousness, it is our's to stand in acceptance before our God in the holiness and righteousness of God—even as all the holiness and righteousness which is found in the Person of Immanuel, the God-Man Christ Jesus, is our's by virtue of our oneness with him, and the imputation of all he has unto our account? My brother, his all-glorious Person, his divine offices, his all-finished work, and his matchless adaptation to my necessitous position and circumstances, are still, through mighty grace, the glorious theme of my soul's joy and rejoicing; and I am still living to prove that all beside him is vanity, and barrenness, and death; and when led in any degree with my own depraved self, and, by the convincing light of the Holy Ghost, shewn but a little of the deep depths of the wickedness, depravity, and abominations which still abound in my flesh, I am constrained to cry out, Lord, I loathe it! I loathe it! I would not live (in this Mesekh) always. And when led by the blessed Spirit, by precious faith, into some comprehension of my perfect and complete standing in my glorious and precious Christ, my holy Head, and made to feel the sweet in-comings of his grace into my longing soul, it is then with the poet I feelingly sing,

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

The grace of my God toward me, and the glories and love of my Christ having been revealed unto and in me, by the power of the Holy Ghost, have spoiled me for all but heaven; being spoiled for the world, and the dying, perishing things of it; spoiled for the maxims—the flesh-pleasing maxims, manners and ways of the great horde of fashionable religionists in these days; spoiled from being captivated and carried away with the beguiling words, fleshly forms and boasts, talents and gifts of men; all these, in my soul's estimation, being accounted of nothing worth, and reckoned as tinkling brass and sounding cymbals: it is Jesus, as mine, my soul pants after: Christ as my Portion. My soul can only be satisfied with and for him. I do count all things but dung for the experimental knowledge of his super-excellency; as Christ Jesus my Lord has won my affections, and bound my soul fast unto him; finding that there are four things at least among the infinite number of things beside, which dwells in Him in whom all fulness dwells. His eternity is more than a match for all the changing, dying, perishing things associated with the life that now is; for he is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever. His perfection is more than a match for all my deformity, depravity, and pollution; for complete in him I always stood; and he has purged my sins with blood; his loving-kindness is more than a match for all my hard-heartedness; for he—the Son of God—hath loved me, and gave himself for me; and by it he at times breaks my hard heart; and his faithfulness is more than a

match for my unbelief; for he abideth faithful, though I in frame and feeling believe not; which four things—when opened up and revealed by Him who hath said, “ I will make a man more precious than the golden wedge of Ophir ” in my soul's feeling—make him to be feelingly, exceedingly precious unto me; and so it is, that when the eye of my faith is dim, and clouds of darkness intercept between my soul and him, and I exclaim, where are the visits of his face? How few and far between! Even then, though it be in the night season, I pant, for the light of his face—because he hath made himself so precious, so invaluable unto me; and my soul's desire and prayer in your soul's behalf is, that you may know more of him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable to his death; and in knowing him, and feeling him, and having communion and fellowship with him, may your immortal, redeemed, and regenerated soul abundantly rejoice in him; being swallowed up in his love toward you as displayed in his voluntary engagements, his suretyship acts, and his mediatorial work. And may the life of God in your soul be abundant, proving the truth and fulfilment of his own word, “ Because I live, ye shall live also.” And I trust, my dear brother, that the blessedness on the testimony in the which we have been enabled mutually and Christ-exaltingly to rejoice, is still maintained and kept alive in your soul without concession or curtail. “ I through the law (of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus) am dead to the law, (of a covenant of works) that I might live unto God. I am crucified with Christ: nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me. And the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me and gave himself for me. I do not frustrate the grace of God; for if righteousness come by the law, then Christ is dead in vain.” In which blessed words and testimony stands all my God-wrought religion; although the open, frank, and continual declaration of the same has given offence to the devil, has mortified my cursed pride, called forth the malice of Pharisees, brought upon me the cold look of many of the dear Lord's own family, who in their babyhood have ignorantly adjudged the same to be the ebullitions of what they have called a presumptuous faith; and on which account it has been mine to suffer loss, even as I have been called to endure the loss of their favour and support. Nevertheless, it is what my God has put into me; and I would not that he should alter his own work; but rather by his grace and Spirit to be blowing this sacred gospel sound as a trumpet-blower of my dearest Lord till I die here, and in the realms of ineffable bliss above resume the same sound and song in more exalted strains, finding the theme to be for ever new.

We mutually rejoiced together on being informed by your last letter of the good hand of our God toward you in matters relating to the state of the health of your body; and pray the dear Lord, if it be his dear will, to continue such a most remarkable display of his merciful kindness to you, as by your letter you describe; the Lord having been pleased once more to raise you up as from the gates of mortal death, restoring you greatly to health and strength, for which we bless the Lord with you, and magnify his holy name. No doubt, my dear brother John, you

have been tried every way; have experienced much, learned much, enjoyed much, endured much, slighted much, &c.; but as you have been made to find your God a very present help in your trouble, and him to be a God inditing, hearing, and answering prayer, you have been made to love him much, and have been much humbled under a deep-felt sense of his marvellous loving-kindness and tender mercies made known on your behalf.

Your reason for not writing to me as you would, expressed thus ———, is all a blank; when the oil is made to run, the soul will then be made to overflow. What! and are you yet so foolish and fearful relative to that matter—namely, the passing through the black waters of mortal death? Oh, my brother, in this thing I have to bang down my head with shame, while I count myself to be the greatest of all cowards in this solemn affair: the Lord in his own time and way—take this from both of us. Give our love for Christ's sake to Mr. and Mrs. Chittenden, Mrs. Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Mate, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and the dear old lady, if she be yet alive, dear Alfred Reed, and tell him to write, and all the people who were once the people of my charge. My dear wife and daughters, who are with me, join in Christian love to you; and hope you spent a soul-edifying season on visiting Sussex. We, through mercy, are well. Believe, me, my dear brother, your's most affectionately in Christ Jesus,

W. SKELTON, S. S.

West End, Tring, January 6, 1854.

THE

LAST OF DR. HAWKER'S CHILDREN.

In a gospel sense it would be a difficult task to find the *last* of the good doctor's children; but naturally considered, we believe his generation has passed off the stage of time. A correspondent of the *Gospel Magazine* says,

"The last, I believe, of DR. HAWKER'S children has been taken, we may say, in the twinkling of an eye, from earth to heaven. Dear Mrs. Ball is no longer a traveller upon this earth—her journey has ended—she has finished her course—her happy spirit is gone to have its crown of glory, while the mortal part remains to be consigned to the earthly habitation until the glorious resurrection, when it shall arise, with all the redeemed of her (and our) Lord and God, to be for ever with Him, with incorruptible bodies that can neither die nor sin. On Tuesday the 23rd she was at Charles Chapel. I saw her; she appeared very weak. I spent the evening with her at her house, and had the privilege of having much sweet conversation in Christian communion. I left her never to have that privilege and pleasure again. I thought her much altered in countenance, but did not anticipate her end being so near—yesterday afternoon, (Friday, 26,) I heard that she had not left her room after Tuesday, and had breathed her last at twelve mid-day. For her we cannot mourn; she has exchanged suffering and sorrow for everlasting joy; her spirit has departed to be with Christ which is far better, to whose all-sufficient sacrifice and merit she looked alone for acceptance. 'Blessed indeed are the dead who die in the Lord.'

E. S.

Plymouth, May 27, 1854.

TWO QUALIFICATIONS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

I. The person ought to be a Christian—a sincere believer in the Lord Jesus—looking alone to him for grace and salvation. He ought to be taught by the Spirit, live in the Spirit, and walk in the Spirit. His rule and guide ought to be the word of God, which must first be precious to his own soul. The motive which constrains him to work for the Lord, ought to be the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost given him—love to Jesus, and loving his Image in others. He ought to be living in the desire of Zion's welfare, and the salvation of sinners. The glory of God ought to lay near his heart:—this must be his aim, the end he has in view. Gift is not grace; although in many things grace will gift a man; but this ought to be more or less connected with the teaching of the Lord, and graces of the Spirit.

II. He ought to be so affected by God, and the things of God, that he be constrained to enter the work, not simply because it is a good work, and a work for the Lord, but because he be so acted upon by the Holy Ghost that he (although much exercised) cannot but follow this course, subjected to the Lord opening a door and hearts to receive the message.

The graces of the Spirit dwell more or less with every believer in Jesus; but he ought to be so peculiarly influenced by these graces, either with more weight, greater solemnity, or carried deeper into certain subjects—which is a matter of personal revelation—which other Christians, or some, may not be so frequently or with such power exercised with. He ought to be moved under the immediate influence of the Holy Ghost, thus prepared, and more or less fitted for it, separated to it, making the matter a personal call to this specific employment; as much as, and where God sees fit.

AN INQUIRY.

A believer in Jesus—manifestedly as such in the consciences of the church—evidently living in possession of things named in the first qualification, and who can, as in the presence of God, answer to be acting from the graces there mentioned, although such may not profess to be manifestedly called and evidently separated by God to the ministry, as in the case of Barnabas and Saul—Acts xiii. 2—and other honoured servants of God, to devote their time to the Christian ministry—would such a believer be out of place, if from necessity, and the nature of a case, he be called upon to attempt in humility and the fear of the Lord, to open up a portion of God's word? Or, would such an individual be justified in refraining from so doing, while his heart be thus inclined by God's grace and power, if in other respects he be capacitated so to do?

E. L.

Devizes, June 6, 1854.

A PEEP INTO CHINA—AND THE PROSPECTS OPENING BEFORE US

FOR MORE EFFECTUALLY PUBLISHING AND PLANTING

THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST IN THE LAND OF SINIM.

We have never had sufficient confidence in the existing societies for missionary work, fully to sympathise and co-operate with them. Nevertheless, we are compelled to notice two things. First, that the entrance of the gospel into any nation, has rarely been, *at first*, in its full perfection and power. And secondly, mixed, unsound, and even partially carnal, as much of England's missionary work has been, still—the *Word of God has been carried*—some portions of the Gospel of Christ have been preached—barbarism, and idolism have, in many instances, been driven to the winds—heathens have learned the way of salvation—and some have proved to be *brands plucked out of the fire*, by sovereign, invincible, saving grace.

We were requested, the other evening, at an anniversary meeting, to give some account of "*The Introduction of the Gospel into Britain.*" The request led to much research and reflection; and although the point may be disputed, yet authenticated records develop a vast amount of ignorance and imperfection in connection with the coming of the Gospel—*if Gospel that might be called* which Augustine brought—into our land.

Before we proceed to China, and to China matters, let us glance for one moment at the shrouded and entangled manner in which the message of mercy entered these shores.

Twelve hundred years since, Augustine, and forty other monks, came from Rome to convert the Anglo-Saxons to the Christian religion. We do not say the Gospel had never been preached in these lands *before*. No—there is a work in existence, entitled—"*The Lost Church Found.*" Could we obtain a copy of this work, we think we could adduce evidence of the existence of more pure Christianity *before* Augustine's mission, than was to be found with his promulgation of it. Passing that for the present, read the following in proof of the weakness and partial blindness of those who—as *history says*—first brought the light of life into our now much favoured isle.

"Augustine and his companions having passed through France, embarked for Britain, and were suffered to land in the Isle of Thanet, whence they sent messengers to Ethelbert, king of Kent, to inform him that they were come from Rome, and had brought with them the best tidings in the world,—the endless enjoyment of eternal life to those who received them. The territories of Ethelbert, were probably selected for the first efforts of these missionaries, because his queen Bertha, daughter of Cherebert, king of the Parisii, was a Christian; and by the articles of her marriage (as early as A. D. 570) had the free exercise of her

religion allowed her. She had also a French bishop of the name of Luidhard in her suite as chaplain, and had the use of the small church of St. Martin without the walls of Canterbury.

"Ethelbert ordered them, at first, to continue in the Isle of Thanet; but, some time after, came to them and invited them to an audience in the open air. He refused at the outset to abandon the gods of his fathers for a new and uncertain worship; but as their intention was benevolent, he allowed them to preach without molestation, and assigned them a residence in Canterbury, then called Dorobernia, which they entered in procession, singing hymns. Thorn says they took up their residence in a street which has been since called Stable-gate, in the parish of St. Alphage.

"These missionaries, who now applied themselves to the strict severity of monastic life, preached jointly in the church of St. Martin with the French Christians of Queen Bertha's suite. They were limited to this spot till the conversion of the king himself, after which they had license to preach in any part of his dominions; which Bede assures us extended (probably over tributary kingdoms) as far as the river Humber."

* * * * *

"Augustine having fixed his see at Canterbury, dedicated a church which had been built in earlier times by some Roman Christians to the honour of our Saviour; and king Ethelbert founded an abbey, dedicated to St. Peter and St. Paul, since called St. Augustine's.

"Being thus supported, Augustine now made an attempt to establish a uniformity of discipline and customs in the island; and, as a necessary step, to gain over the British, that is, the Welsh bishops, to his opinion. For this purpose a conference was held in Worcestershire, at a place since called Augustine's Oak, where the Archbishop endeavoured to persuade the British prelates to make one communion, and assist in preaching to the unconverted Saxons. But neither this nor a second conference was successful; and Augustine is said to have threatened the Britons with a terrible calamity as a punishment of their disobedience, which accordingly fell upon them in the shape of war, A. D. 613, after Augustine's death, when Ethelfrid, king of Northumberland, marched with an army to Caerleon, and when near twelve hundred monks of Bangor were put to the sword.

"In the year 604, Augustine consecrated two of his companions, Mellitus and Justus, the former to the see of London, the latter to that of Rochester. In the same year he died at Canterbury, May 26th, and was buried in the churchyard of the monastery which goes by his name, the cathedral being not then finished. But after the consecration of that church, his body was taken up and deposited in the north porch, where it lay till A. D. 1091, when it was

removed and placed in the church by Wido, Abbot of Canterbury.

Some of our readers are aware that we have in a previous number, made a few remarks on *the desire* now evidently existing, to see the true church of Christ really and actively aroused to an holy and Scriptural effort for throwing THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS into the immensely populated Chinese empire. We repeat—the substance, the end of the desire to which we have referred, is, instrumentally, to publish THE TRUTH—THE WHOLE TRUTH—and nothing short of Gospel truth, in the prophetic land of Sinim. Some good men unhesitatingly declare that no authority for missionary effort is to be found in the word of God. Such assertions only betray the weakness, the darkness, and the narrowness of the mind which gives forth expressions so false and unfounded. We let them pass. Our God has determined upon all the means to accomplish his great designs—and whether men go forth singly or doubly—whether they go without associated patronage or with,—matters nothing. They only go forth aright, as they are anointed by the Holy Spirit, and constrained by pure and powerful love to Christ, and a deep sympathy with immortal souls. Whoever the man may be that thus goes forth, if the Spirit of God has quickened, sanctified, and illuminated his mind—if the love of Christ has softened and moved his heart—if bowels of compassion yearn within him over precious, never-dying souls, and if the gospel of Christ be faithfully published by him—blessings must and will accompany the labours of such a man, whether he stands on European, Asiatic, or Australian shores. WHO CAN TELL?—who can dare to set a limit—to what God is about to do in China? We cannot hold back: we must speak: and in calling up the thoughts of our readers to a subject so directly connected with the development of our blest Immanuel's kingdom and glory, we desire to instruct and inform their minds; and thereby lead the way, ultimately, to move their hearts and hands toward the work which we hope to see, at least, begun, before we are altogether called from our increasingly interesting labours in the vineyard of the Lord.

Let us, then, take a peep at China. Do not be frightened, readers; we are not wishing to lead you through all the empty and tremendous vanities of that immense people. No: pithy portions of illustrative matter, and undeniable fact, will be laid before you; for which, we know, by and bye, you will thank us.

Mrs. Bridgman's "*Daughters of China*," a neat volume, published by William Collins, of Glasgow, is now before us, with other valuable works on China. We cannot go far, you know, in the monthly numbers of the EARTHEN VESSEL; but OUR CHINESE SUPPLEMENT is a rich, and an important addenda to this work; many thousand copies of which are to be circulated not only in England, but in every part of the globe.

"Why should the wonders God has wrought, Be lost in silence, or forgot?"

How strong, how spirit-stirring, are the following paragraphs taken from Mrs. Bridgman's "*Introduction*." She says:

"In China, as in other countries, woman's influence is immense. It is so in the family, and in the state, in morals, and in religion. But what God has ordained for the best and noblest of purposes, is in China exercised for evil, because the father of lies has here held almost undisputed dominion. From time immemorial the Chinese Empire has been his grand University, where the most captivating forms of idolatry have been devised and carried into practice.

"In such a state of religious society—where all is set in the wrong direction—nothing but the truth of God—through his blessing—can break up this dreadful incubus, overthrow idolatry, and bring the people to know, to love, and to serve Jehovah their Maker. The Bible can, and will do all this, as soon as it is given to the people, and they are taught to know, and led to obey it.

"But who shall teach the woman of China? The missionary—the ordained minister of the gospel, who goes forth to preach, cannot gain access to the daughters of the land. The usages of society debar these from the public assembly. Woman, in all ordinary cases, is secluded, and cannot come out to hear the preaching of the gospel.

"Shall woman, then, be there neglected? Can nothing be done to give to her the glorious gospel, and elevate her to her proper sphere?"

This electrifying little volume consists of twenty-six chapters full of interest. It commences with the following account of the embarkation of missionaries to China. An effort is to be made to send some *sound-hearted* men to read the Scriptures, and preach the Gospel in China. Perhaps an extract may stimulate a few of our young men who love Christ to throw themselves into his arms. Mrs. Bridgman opens the first chapter by saying:

"It was the last day of the week, the 14th of December, 1844, a cold and frosty morning, when a company of missionaries were to take their last adieu, and for months or more have a home upon the ocean's waste. The call from the land of Sinim had been heard and responded to; the echo had reverberated to the labourers upon that distant soil, 'We will come and help you;' and now, with the Captain of their salvation for their leader, and his great commission for their guide, it is believed that all that company rejoiced in the privilege of going forth; and in a strange, and as yet to them unknown language, to tell a Saviour's love to those who sit in the darkness of the shadow of death.

"But there were ties to be sundered by this step. There were fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and other kindred in that group. For a brief moment there was a giving up of hearts to each other, previous to separation; and then, for the gospel's sake, a giving up of friends, and home, and native land.

"Collected in the cabin, for the concluding services ere the steamer in tow left us, there were two who 'shone' in my heart's depths, that accompanied me to the ship,—a sister dear to whom I clung, and that venerated pastor whose 'praise is in all the churches.' With these my history was deeply interwoven; I felt that I had their approbation in going to China, to teach her daughters the way of sal-

vation. For years no sorrow or joy had been mine which they had not shared. Others there were whom I loved dearly and tenderly, and from whom I could not separate without a pang; but these two were associated with me in hours of affliction and bereavement, in the social circle, in the duties of the Sunday School, in the services of the sanctuary, nay, in all that makes life precious and responsible.

"The venerable pastor, whose head was whitened with the snows of seventy winters, stood in our midst. With a countenance always beaming with benevolence, and uplifted hands, he invoked the Divine protection and care; a hymn was sung; and then the grasping hand—the last farewell—and the steamer was plowing her way back to the city.

"After a voyage of one-hundred and thirty-one days, a good part occupied in the study of the Chinese language, we arrived at Hong Kong, April 24th. Our large company was hospitably entertained for some days by the different missionary families and that of the English chaplain in Victoria.

"Among the memoranda which I made on that visit are the following:—'Visited Dr. Parker's hospital last week. Seeing such a throng of human beings labouring under all sorts of diseases, I could not refrain my tears,—although thankful that they were under the skilful treatment of such a man as Dr. Parker, whose whole soul seems made up of benevolence. He has been very successful in removing the cataract from the eye. Some come here from a great distance perfectly blind; in a few days they return to their homes, laden with Christian books and with the blessing of sight. The largest tumours are removed, and all kinds of surgical operations performed without one cent of remuneration.

"We visited the "Ningpo Exchange," a large and massive structure, built in native style. Here were apartments devoted to business, to their meals, and to the worship of idols. Here was a splendid image of Buddha, with incense burning before him. There were large drums and gongs to call the people to worship, and to wake up the dumb idol. Before it was the soft cushion for the kneeling devotee, and everything about the image was gilded, carved, and shining.

"It seemed to me I could sympathise with Paul, "Who felt his spirit stirred within him when he beheld the city of Athens wholly given to idolatry." It is even so here, every shop has its idol, with candles and incense burning before it."

One word, by way of adjournment, must here suffice. Last year, the Jesuits sent one hundred missionaries to Hong Kong alone. This one circumstance, with other co-operating events, have stirred up the hearts of some God-fearing, grace-loving disciples of Jesus, who believe that "the set time to favour Zion" in those far-off and mighty empires, the land of Sinim, is come. See our Supplement, entitled, "A Voice from the Centre of England's City, on Behalf of China," &c.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST OF ENGLAND AND OTHER PARTS,

ON THE GRACE AND GLORY OF THE GOSPEL KINGDOM.

DURING the month I laboured in Plymouth, I spent most of my time in writing. I dearly love to write and speak of HIM who is "the Chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." Some bits of these writings have been put in type; and if my life is spared, I shall give them with others, as opportunities may arise.

Christ's Passion.

Plymouth, Saturday evening, April 15, 1854.—I feel ill in body, perplexed in my mind, not knowing what the Lord is about to do with me. As the church says so I feel, I think, a little, "My heart waketh"—that is, I certainly feel a loving desire to be found humble at his feet—sincere in his service—honest in his cause, and, withal, to be favored as David prayed—"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit." Should these mercies be denied me—what can I do, but walk in darkness, mourn in my soul, wait in prayer, and hope unto the end?

Let us try, by the Lord's good help, to fetch a little holy wisdom from those precious words in ACTS i. 3.

1. The sufferings of Christ are called "his passion."

2. The resurrection of Christ is proved—"he shewed himself alive after his passion."

3. His love and union to his dear disciples is manifest—"being seen of them forty days."

4. The nature of his conversation is declared—"he spake to them of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God."

1. Note, all Christ's sufferings are summed up in two words—"his passion." I will not attempt to dwell much on this word—but as only Luke useth it—I have been constrained to look at it a little. This word *passion* will bear several interpretations, throwing some little light on the character and end of the Redeemer's agony. *Passion* means an *internal earnestness*, an *excitement*, a *burning intensity of desire after some special object*. The words of our Lord himself will be the best commentary on this word *passion*. Take two or three sentences which fell from his own precious lips—see Luke xii. 50—"I have a baptism to be baptised with—and how am I straightened (or pained) until it be accomplished!" What baptism was that? It was that flood of agony which rolled in upon his soul—when David's prophetic words came true—"All thy waves and thy billows passed over me." There was intensity of pain and desire until it was come to an end. Oh, how much the Saviour's heart and soul was in the work which he had to do! So again, in Luke xxii. 15, "With desire, I have desired to eat this passover with you before I suffer." His holy mind went forth in inward yearnings toward every event which would bring about the great redemption of his people. It was indeed a *passion*. You mark how this was in him from the earliest of his earthly mission. When only twelve years of age, he stayed be-

hind his parents: they came on their journey: the hand of God must have been in that, or they could never have been so careless as to leave Jerusalem; and through a whole day's journey, and not be certain that Jesus was with them; but so it was; when they came to look for him, they could not find him—three days were they searching for him. At last they found him in the temple; "*sitting in the very midst of the doctors—hearing them, and asking them questions.*" His mother said, "*Son, why hast thou dealt thus with us?*" Now see his *passion*—his deep heart-felt consecration to the work—his entire absorption of mind in this matter which brought him down. He said, "*How is it ye sought me? Wist ye not, that I must be about my Father's business?*" What an answer! How early were all the powers of his soul in a flame to do his Father's will! So again, in after days, when Peter took Christ, and began to rebuke him, saying Christ should not suffer, the Saviour, in his zeal, turned round, and said, "*Get thee behind me, satan; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but those that be of men.*" The word *passion* is a compound: there are three distinct sentences expressive of the whole course of the dear Redeemer's life and work; from the commencement he seemed to say, *PASS—I—ON*. When Herod sought to destroy him—he *passed on* into Egypt. From Galilee he *passed on* to Jordan to be baptised of John; from Jordan to the wilderness to be tried and tempted of the devil; from thence throughout the coasts and countries he *passed on*, calling his disciples, preaching the word, and healing all manner of sicknesses; and he *passed on* from preaching to enduring reproaches; from reproaches to agonies in Gethsemane; from agonies in Gethsemane to death on Calvary; and from the grave to glory. He never stopped until he could say, "*It is finished.*" So in the gospel kingdom; he has been passing on. Persecution, blood-shed, martyrdom, the stake; the most cruel and powerful persecutions have come against Christ's gospel kingdom, and against his ministers and people; but the gospel goes on:

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes."

In the kingdom of grace in the soul, Christ says, "*PASS—I—ON.*" He gives life, faith, prayer, hope, pardon, fellowship, knowledge, meekness for glory, and an entrance into the heavenly kingdom.

"Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows and from sins."

II. *The proof of his resurrection.*—"HE SHEWED HIMSELF ALIVE AFTER HIS PASSION." The proof of his resurrection, and of his love to his disciples, is here expressed in a threefold manner:

1. *He shewed himself alive.*
2. *By many infallible proofs.*
3. *Being seen of them forty days.*

I have thought that the dealings of Christ with his disciples after his resurrection were so many kinds of first-fruits—expressive of his

way of dealing with all his church unto the end of time. There is a sort of holy contrast between what he began to do in his resurrection days in his own Person, and that which he has gone on to do by his Spirit, by his gospel, by his word, and by his grace since he ascended up into the heavens.

The Church Seeking and Finding Christ.

Plymouth, Friday, April 28, 1854.—After labouring in letter writing all day, I am now waiting for a message from my Lord. Cant. iii. 4 seems to suit. Consider, three uses the Bible is to us, in the hands of the Spirit.

1. It is a revelation of God, of Christ, of the Spirit's work, of the saints, and of their way to glory.

2. It is for instruction; shewing us how the Lord has dealt with his people, and how his people have carried themselves to him.

3. It is for confirmation; as, on such a text as this we may ask,

First, *Whose language is this?* It is Zion's—it is a true believer's.

Secondly, *What does it mean?* It means that living souls sometimes lose God's presence; or, that souls might be alive in grace, and yet be down low, on a bed of affliction, in weakness, or worn out with toil and temptation; it means that presently such souls will seek Christ, be they ever so weak, ever so dark, ever so low; and though they seek and cannot find, yet they may have strength to arise, and go about after him, until they find him.

Well, now, then, for confirmation—let us ask, Did I ever so seek Christ? Did I ever so run about after ministers, and among the saints, to find Christ? Yes; I have done so: then, surely I may hope I am one of his; and whether I can say all the rest or not, I shall say, *I found Him whom my soul loveth.*

First, I shall labour to shew that true virgin souls, real quickened vessels of mercy, do love Jesus Christ.

Secondly, that such souls are sometimes laid on beds of soul-sickness, heart-faintings, and in dark deserts, and much deep concern.

Thirdly, that sooner or later, such souls will seek, they will arise, they will run where Christ is preached, where saints assemble, and where ordinances are administered; and yet in all they may not, for a time, find him.

Fourthly, such praying, persevering souls will find him; but then what does that mean, *I found him?*

Fifthly, such, having found Christ, will bring him into the church, and labour to hold him fast.

1. Virgin souls love Christ. First, because they have heard a good report of him. How good and gracious, how merciful and compassionate, he is! Who can hear of his love to Peter, his compassion to the poor man who fell among thieves—his opening blind eyes, and a thousand other mercies, and not feel a little love to him? They love Christ, secondly, because they have been convinced of their need of him, and he is revealed in the gospel as the Friend of sinners.

They love Christ—thirdly—because they are made to love holiness, righteousness, peace, and pure happiness; and all this they see is found in Christ.

They love Christ—fourthly—because they have seen what mercy he has shewn to poor sinners whom they have known. I remember Samuel Foster, a rebellious sinner; Mrs. Fulforth, a self-righteous sinner; young Master Thorp, an afflicted sinner; his sister, a proud sinner. I saw them all brought to bow down and find mercy.

They love Christ—fifthly—because already he has made their hearts glad a little. In his house, in his gospel, in his word, in prayer, in fellowship with his people, they have felt a little of his sweet, holy, and heavenly mercy. But now, consider,

II. Such Christ-loving souls sometimes are found on beds of soul-sickness, and in dark deserts. Look at David in Psalm li.; and Heman in Psalm lxxxviii. Look at Jonah in the belly of hell; look at Paul in Romans vii.; look at poor me. Oh, what wretched days and nights have I had in years past and gone. These things arise sometimes from satan's hard temptations; sometimes from inbred corruptions; and sometimes from actual transgression.

III. Such will seek, and persevere in seeking. How is that? Because, they cannot have any peace without him. Because, the Spirit will draw them, and stir up their hearts to this seeking. Christ will not lose his own sheep, sink they ever so low.

IV. But now, when, and what it is to find him. "*It was but a little I passed from them.*" Sometimes, and most times, perhaps, Christ is found after all means have been tried, and seemed to fail. Jacob found him in Bethel; Saul found him on his way to Damascus; John found him in the Isle of Patmos; I found him (I hope) early one morning reading my Bible.

But, say you, *how know you you have found him?* By the removal of guilt and condemnation from my conscience. By the peace and joy I found. By the nearness with which I was favoured. By the desires I have to be like him and near him.

V. Such souls hold him by faith and prayer. Satan, unbelief, and the world, would separate us; but I cannot give up my hold. I brought him into my mother's house—the church—by a confession of my faith in him; by a willing obedience to his commands; by a practical manifestation of my love and attachment to him, and by wearing his Image.

In preaching from Solomon's Song, I certainly had a glorious time *in my own soul*. What the people had I know not; I was constrained to set my dear Master up above everything that is degrading; but I put his bride beside him. Oh, I know God can enable me to preach Christ when he gives me light and power.

COMFORTING WORDS TO A CHRISTIAN, ON THE LOSS OF HIS CHILD.

From those deeply spiritual volumes—"The Remains of Isaac Beeman," we have long wished to pluck a few pieces for the edification of our readers. The following is a small specimen:

Dear Isaac,—I received your afflicting letter of the loss of your dear Rhoda; you are fond of your children, as I always was of mine when they were young; and you have lost seven! When I lost mine of riper years, I remember this came to my mind at the time, "Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, who hath taught him?" and have found, whilst I was suffering the privation, my heart would, with great force at times, cry for submission under the strongest feelings of nature, that rebellion might not rise against his sovereign disposal. Your privations in the loss of your children are great; but oh! having some knowledge of God and of future things, under all these present privations of your children, what an infinite consolation it is (to such an one that knows God and his word) to believe, and to be sure, that God has so favoured so many of your offspring as to bring them into the kingdom of God, in which they are happy beyond all human conception. The insensible and ignorant of the world have no such enjoyment. These considerations in faith bring relief, where human nature can do nothing. It seems that the Lord, by these days of adversity, will call your thoughts to himself; and, though grievous are these trials to the flesh, yet we must conclude, from scripture, that to the godly they are profitable to the spirit, and are sanctified for the good of them that fear God. Let him that walketh in darkness, and hath no light, — not that he hath no light of knowledge or light of life, but that hath no light upon the present path into which he is brought, nor can at present see the end of the Lord therein;—let him still trust in the name of the Lord as gracious, and stay — rest his whole soul on his God. Jacob, for his Joseph, was brought to this; Job, also, in his long affliction, had no where else to go, but to trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God. David, in his trials, of which he had many, grace led him to take the same way. The widow, gathering two sticks, to eat and die, had not much light upon her path, till the Lord sent it by Elijah: nor the woman with her pot of oil. "Pour out your heart before him, ye people; God is a refuge for us." Where God has given grace, that grace he will try, as may be seen in Abraham, in Jacob, in David, and in many others that are mentioned in scripture.

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

God will have all his children fear him, believe in him, hope in him, love him above all; and, to exercise patience and submission in trouble, and to encourage such, he hath promised that his grace shall be sufficient, and

as their day their strength shall be: but we must acknowledge, as to this, our faith is often weak; but the throne of grace is ordained for us to obtain mercy, and grace to help in time of need.

Wonderful have been your trials in a few years, and wonderful has your strength communicated; and I cannot believe that God will ever leave you or forsake you; but it appears to keep his grace alive in your heart, and for this to be exercised on him, as others have been dealt with that he loves, so he will deal with us.

I was much tried before I spoke from the text in Isaiah 1.; but in His light we see light, and it is He alone that can turn the shadow of death into the morning. Your affectionate father,

ISAAC BEEMAN.

Cranbrook, October 18, 1836.

JOY FOR SORROW.

"And the days of our mourning shall be ended."

ALMOST all nations have put on mourning apparel at the death of their parents. And since sin, cursed sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and our first father Adam died; all the living family, quickened and made alive by the Spirit, are clothed in dark mourning apparel—this poor mortal flesh dyed black with sin, corruption and death, and we inwardly moan and make a noise, because our poor father Adam could leave us nothing in his corrupt will, but sin, corruption, and this black suit of mourning; which at best must become "filthy rags." "All our own righteousness is filthy rags,"—black rags. "I am black." And the law cannot make us white; for the more it blazes upon us in its justice, the blacker we appear in ourselves, "Black as the Arabian tents burnt with the sun; "Black as the tents of Kedar." Adam our poor father is dead; and the mourning apparel he left us, (the rags of this mortal flesh); have the plague in them. We mourn since his death; well knowing that we must soon die and follow him, into death, worms, and corruption. Thus all his survivors, made alive in their souls by the quickening Spirit, do mourn and "groan being burdened;" knowing that every step we take in this poor mortal flesh is downward to the grave, worms, and corruption. Moreover, as our poor father Adam had no good thing to leave, he left us worse than nothing, for he left us miserably in debt, sold for slaves, "Carnal, sold under sin." But the dead in sin know nothing of this matter; it is the quickened, living soul in "the body of this death," (the house in which is the plague,) that mourns and groans being burdened." But the Lord Jesus, God's first-born in human flesh, the heir of all things, came to read our heavenly Father's will to us, in which all things are left us, both present and to come, on the ground of his performing the conditions of the will; which caused him to moan, as a man of sorrows, all his days till his death, when he cried "It is finished," and he gave up the ghost. And "as a will is of force after men are dead;"—and he has paid all our debts, opened his Father's will, read it to the family, and shown us that all

things are ours, grace, "more grace;" while we are here, sufficient grace, even while we wear these rags of mourning apparel, (this mortal flesh,) and all the riches of glory to come. And soon we shall put off our mourning apparel; "put off this tabernacle," put off this mortal flesh, and put on immortality, in eternal life; and then "the days of our mourning will be ended. And we shall put off our sackcloth, dust, and ashes, and put on our beautiful wedding garments in reality; and "go down in the dance with them that make merry" at the supper of the Lamb. And then in robes of light and immortality, feast on love, and walk in heavenly fields by fountains of living water, with fair sister spirits in immortal glory; and then all tears shall be wiped from all faces; "The days of our mourning shall be ended, and their shall be no more death." W. GARBAED.

Leicester, June 14, 1854.

THE GARMENTS OF SALVATION.

"I will greatly rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation." Isaiah lxi. 10.
 Ur! oh my soul, up! and joy in the Lord;
 Sing of the Father, the Spirit, the word;
 Sing of his glory that sinners might hear;
 Sing how he's blest thee that saints might adore.
 Sing how he's graven thy name on his breast,
 How he's procur'd thee a glorified rest;
 Clothed thee richly, in garments so pure,
 Robes which the searching of God can endure.
 Beautiful garments! I long to appear
 Where are the thousands of Israel; and where
 Jesus my Saviour in raiment the same
 Sits on the white throne of God and the Lamb.
 Beautiful garments! they'll never decay;
 Ages take nought of their glory away:
 Pure as Jehovah! the gift of his love!
 Wove by the Lord for his fair one—his dove.
 Dazzling! immaculate! oh, 'tis most bright!
 Fairer than robes worn by seraphs in light!
 Garb of Emanuel! Vesture of God! [blood.
 Wash'd for the saints in their Bridegroom's rich
 Oft as I gaze—still as oft do I see
 More of thy goodness, O God, unto me;
 Glorious in grandeur! wondrous in cost!
 Oft have I pondered till reason's been lost.
 Who could the depths of his sufferings scan!
 Who trace the heights of his love to poor man!
 Nor mortal, nor highest archangel may know
 Jesu's affection—Immanuel's woe.
 What hath he suffered? my senses retire!
 What hath he suffered of vengeance and ire?
 Fiend of hell's regions will never endure
 Tortures like those which God's darling Son bore.
 Bore—and for me, a vile traitor, and base,
 That he might robe me in glory's fair dress;
 And that even I in his kingdom might reign
 Bride of the Lamb that for sinners was slain.
 Saviour! how can a vile sinner repay
 Love, which could give e'en thy life-blood away?
 While I'm on earth, Lord, it never can be.
 Heaven too will find me a debtor to thee.
 What though I reign as the queen of the place,
 Still shall I be, Lord, a debtor to grace;
 All I possess on earth or above
 Proves me a debtor to sovereign love.
 How shall I praise thee? All praise is too weak,
 Heaven finds no language thy praises to speak.
 Father, accept of the humble desire,
 Fill the fond heart with love's heavenly fire:
 Lord, I am thirsting thy glory to see;
 Speak but the word and I fly up to thee;
 Oh, give the crown, Lord, that lowest of all
 I at thy feet mid' the ransom'd may fall.
 [By the Author of "Closet Companion for the
 Daughters of Zion" Part 1 and 2; published by
 Houlston & Stoneman; & the Complete Edition 3s.]

A Poor Sinner Crying Out of the Belly of Hell.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—How various are the experiences of Zion's children! Yet, strictly speaking, it is but one way—Christ—and but one experience, which is love, blood, and power. All have to be brought here; and it is these grand essentials which must people heaven: but whilst all have been and ever will be brought by this living way, the path of some is much more darkened and rugged than others. I have thought the following short account of one of the Lord's tried ones might be useful to some of his children. The person of whom I write I became acquainted with through my eldest son marrying his youngest daughter, about nine years ago. His name was Thomas Woodcock. He had been a consistent and an honourable member of the Independent church of Bishop's-Stortford, Herts., for upwards of forty years; was much esteemed by all who knew him for his walk and conduct as a Christian; he was a peaceful saint.

As I became acquainted with him by occasionally going to see my son, I felt a union to him as one that knew it was a strait and thorny maze. He subsequently opened his mind more fully; he said one day to me, "I often think, friend Stace, I am not right after all; for when I tell any of the dear friends with whom I am connected my experience, they seem to be quite ignorant of the path I have to walk in. I seem alone, as a sparrow on the housetop; and Satan, or something, seems to say I cannot be right, or I should find some one or other that knew something of the path I have to walk in." With tears running down his furrowed cheeks, he said, "I beg the dear Lord to keep me, and hold me up." I endeavoured to shew him the path the Old Testament saints had to travel in, and the New Testament saints, and many in the present day; and when I told him in brief the temptations, traps, pits, and snares I had been called to experience; and the falls and recoveries, the darkness and the light, I had been in and been brought out of, the dear old saint wept aloud, and exclaimed, "I thought I was alone; but I find you have, at least, been passing through some of the trials I have. I thought I was by myself; but, dear friend, no one knows but the Lord and myself what wants boil out of this sinful heart. Oh, how I have to cry to the Lord to keep it down! Even when on my knees I feel such hosts of evil, wicked, sinful thoughts to rise out, that with Paul I cry out, 'the things that I would not, them I do,' or feel to wish to do. But can it be possible, that after all the tokens of his love and favour to my soul, I can be mistaken?" I said, "My friend, if you have been called out of nature's darkness into the marvellous light of the gospel, it is evident the work is of God; and whenever he begins a work of grace in a vessel of mercy, he will carry it on in spite of all opposition."

Last summer he appeared to be in a very low depending state of mind, and often used to exclaim, "I shall be lost after all, I am afraid;" and often used to say to my son, "Oh, Freddy, I wish I could see your Father! Tell him I want to see him."

Thus he continued some weeks in the dark; and this darkness he severely felt in his soul; so that those who attended him felt it to be awful to

hear him cry out of the low dungeon, "I'M LOST! I'M LOST! I'M LOST!" Thus he lay, without a ray of light or hope. "Pray, (he said), I cannot; he will not hear." His minister and friends seemed physicians of no value. His cry was to see me, as I knew the path he was in. At last, my son came up to request me to go down, to see if it would pacify him. After refusing, through indisposition, I at last consented; my son and his brother-in-law met me at the train. Being late, I did not go to see him that night. I asked his son, "How is your father?" He replied, "I just left him in a sleep;" and when he left us, my son said, "Father has *hung himself*; just at the time I started from your house this morning; but he is not dead."

He got up, as usual, by the assistance of his wife; and after he got down stairs he said to her, "I will go in the yard." After he had been out some time, she went out to look after him, and found him suspended by his clothes to a nail in the wall. The next morning I saw him; and I never shall forget his looks:—the very picture of despair! He exclaimed, "O, I'm lost! I'm lost!" I begged of him to be quiet, whilst I spoke; which he complied with. I endeavoured to bring before his mind the past experience he had mentioned at times, and the sweet love visits of his Saviour he had often experienced; but he cried out, "I have forgotten him; I have neglected him; I have forsook him; and now he has forsook me. I'm lost! I'm lost!" I begged him to be composed, whilst I spoke of his dear Redeemer's faithfulness and unchangeableness, and of his promise wherein he said, "I go away, but I will come again." And I seemed to have my tongue set at liberty, and my mind enlarged, in speaking from "I will come again."

After a long conversation, I read to him, and spent some time in prayer, and felt a solemn wrestling time with the Lord, and the dear old man cried out a hearty amen, and begged of me to continue praying for him, as he could not pray for himself; and asked, "Do you think he will come again?" I said, "As sure as the sun shines, he will: if I had a thousand souls, I could risk them all on his word of promise." He exclaimed, "O, I hope he will come again!" which I proved to him was prayer. When the time came to part, I thought he would not have left go my hand; and he cried out, "O, pray for me often!" I then left him. I afterwards wrote to him, to know how he was. He told his granddaughter (he could not write himself) to say he had found his resting-place in his dear Saviour; and I think, in the beginning of February, he fell asleep. His last words were, "Come, dear Lord! come!" His age was about 76. J. STACE.

A HAPPY PAIR AT GOSPEL OAK.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR.—From hearing read the dealings of the dear Lord towards his people through the EARTHEN VESSEL, I am led to believe it will prove a great blessing to the spiritual and temporal welfare of many. In hearing the experiences of some of the Lord's children, I feel encouraged to say a little respecting the

dealings of the dear Lord towards me, though it may be in a feeble way. I was born of poor parents in the year 1810, at Prittlewell, Essex. Having had but little learning, and no trade, I was given to a roving disposition (whilst young) to see fresh countries, which I did both by sea and by land. On one occasion I made up my mind to go to Liverpool; my money being spent before I got half through my journey, I was compelled to beg my bread, which proved a painful task. Coming through the county of Stafford in the year 1831, I endeavoured to get employment, which I did; and I continued for many years in a solitary state, having lost all my old companions, and having no desire to associate with new ones, I could take no delight in worldly amusements; my mind was seriously impressed on things respecting my future state, remembering many things that I had heard my father and Mr. Warren talk about. I have heard them many times speaking about that precious Jesus and that everlasting covenant which he hath made for his people. This filled me with deep anxiety to know what would become of my poor soul; which often used to cause me to wish that I had been like some poor dumb animal that had no soul to be saved or lost. In this state I continued for a length of time; till one day sitting at my dinner, talking to my fellow-workman a little of my experience, he told me he knew a man that would please me well. He directed me to the Baptist chapel, Wood Street, Bilston. On the following Sabbath, I went, and was directed into a seat; and whilst hearing the preacher speak of the goodness of God, my soul rejoiced within me; but I had no one in the world that I could open my mind to. I still kept going and coming. My employer perceived a change in me: he asked me what was the matter with me? I, being lost for language to express my feeling, he concluded that I must be beside myself; and I often questioned in my own mind whether it were so or not: but I found after, he being a Deist, was not able to judge my case.

Some little time after, at my dinner one day, I fell in company with a Methodist local preacher; falling into conversation with him, he understood that I attended the Baptist chapel, and began to ask me respecting the doctrines and creed the Baptists professed. This I was quite unprepared to answer; but on telling him a little of my experience, he told me their creed or profession. After leaving him, I could not see how those things could be; for I felt myself a poor, guilty, helpless sinner. This set my mind on a fresh study to know which was the right way for a poor sinner to fly for refuge. I made up my mind to go once more to chapel to get a little more information. The preacher spoke so sweetly upon the love of Christ, which caused me to rejoice and cry till my heart seemed almost too large for my body: and I could scarcely forbear crying out, "It's enough!" I had a long distance to go home to my lodgings; and going along meditating on the things I had heard, I went into some old building to pour out my gratitude to the dear Lord for the good things I had heard: I can truly say it was to me the beginning of good

days. For some time after I could go to bed rejoicing, and get up rejoicing; and my labour seemed sweet whilst meditating on the goodness of the Lord to me a poor sinner in a strange land. About a year after, I was added to the church through the ordinance of baptism.

As I found it necessary in my experience that man should not dwell alone, I prayed to the Lord that he would bless me with a suitable partner in life—one that loved and feared his holy name; and I trust I can say to the glory of his great name, he answered my request: and I think it would be well for all young people who wish for happiness in their future days to observe the same rule. I have cause to praise the Lord for all the comforts he has bestowed upon me: he has given us three sons, who have been a source of great comfort up to the present time.

Our greatest anxiety at the present time is that the Lord would provide us a faithful minister, as we are destitute of such a man. But amidst all these scenes, I know not how to express my gratitude to the dear Lord any other way than by showing sympathy to the poor, as I find several cases amongst our own people, and in the EARTHEN VESSEL; therefore I feel encouraged to do a little for them, as my ability will allow. I herewith send you a sovereign to divide amongst the four cases that in my view seem necessitous:—5s. for poor brother Panter; and 5s. for brother Chamberlain, of Stepney; and 5s. for the Faithful Gospel Minister's Relief Society; and 5s. towards the repairing of Unicorn Yard Baptist Chapel. Respecting the money matters you can say, "A Friend to the EARTHEN VESSEL." If you think my feeble experience would be of any service, you are at liberty to publish it. Your well-wisher,

Near Tipton, Staffordshire. T. JOHNSON.

"Thou shalt never Want a Friend."

CHEER up, brother, short 's the number
Of the days thou'lt tarry here;
And there's naught of earth can sunder
Us from him we love so dear.
He has said, through tribulation
We must strive and persevere:
But, he adds, for consolation,
"I am with thee, never fear!"

"I have trod the path before thee,
I have sprinkl'd it with blood,
I have lit it up with glory
Unto every child of God;
There's no evil can befall thee
All is guided by my hand;
Therefore, fear not when I call thee
To pass through th' desert land.

"Tis not all a desert dreary,
There are spots in memory's waste,
Where the sun has shone right cheerily,
Bidding us sweet pleasures taste;
Then press on ward still, though weary,
There is glory at the end;
And let this thought ever cheer thee,
Thou shalt never want a Friend." W. LINSK.

Our British Baptist Churches.

The Churches of Truth in Southwark and Bermondsey. No. 1.

MR. EDITOR—I'm a countryman; I went up to London a few days since; and having a little time to spare,—being heartily fond of good gospel preaching—and happening to see in THE EARTHEN VESSEL that there was a place, called "Unicorn Yard Baptist Chapel," in Tooley Street, I set out one Tuesday-evening for that place; but when I found it, the doors were closed; and I learned that the week-evening services were Monday and Thursday. This little disappointment led me to search and enquire after other places; and I found, to my astonishment, no less than ten or a dozen chapels, almost within a stone's throw of London Bridge, (as you Londoners sometimes say,) where the Gospel—or at any rate, some considerable portion of it—is preached; and as I enjoyed so rich a treat for about a fortnight, I seem to desire, Mr. Editor, to let dear Christian friends know what a clump of living preachers of Bible truth there is in that highly favoured part of the great and the busy metropolis.

In the first place, on that Tuesday evening, I was told that I could hear a good gospel sermon in Crosby Row Chapel, near to King Street, in the Borough; so off to that place I went; and sure enough there was a noble-looking fellow there in the pulpit, with a face as cheerful as a bright May-morning; he made me think of Zechariah's four carpenters;—I do not mean that his mission, like their's, was to scatter Judah; no, I found that his desire was to gather together the outcasts of Israel; to build up the walls of Jerusalem; to feed the church of God; and faithfully to preach the whole gospel of Christ. I was both pleased and edified, under his discourse; and as the gospel has been for so many years preached in Crosby Row, I hope it will be continued. But *who* this great and good preacher could be, I could not make out, until on retiring, I was told his name was Samuel Ward; and that he was united in gospel fellowship with our excellent brother James Wells, of the Surry Tabernacle. If this introductory note be acceptable, I shall follow it up by a few other notes descriptive of your London pastors and churches. I am, dear sir,

A SUFFOLK FARMER.

Ebenezer Chapel, Widcombe, Bath.

THE anniversary of this place was holden June 5, 1854. We are glad the chapel is not closed. The gospel has been fully preached there, and we long to see that noble pulpit occupied by a faithful champion; and the spacious house crowded with living, seeking, feeding souls. In the morning, Mr. Corbet took as a basis for his discourse, Hab. iii. 4., last clause, "And there was the hiding of his power." The substance of this glorious gospel sermon is in writing before us; but we dare not insert it on account of its length. Mr. Corbet, of Frome, is a preacher of patient penetration into

the deep and holy mysteries of God's grace; and trust his labours will be more extensively honoured. Mr. Pearce, in the afternoon, read his text in Prov. xxxi. 16., "She considereth a field, and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard." After a brief introduction we were led to consider, 1st., who was meant by "she;" the church. 2nd., what was said of her? she buyeth a field. 3rd., the work she was to be engaged in, "With the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard." Among many excellent things brother P. said, "1st, why is the church spoken of thus—'she?' In consequence of her fears; being conscious of her danger, having to contend with a deceitful heart, a delusive world, and awful Satanic influences. She is compared to a worm: the Lord says by his prophet, 'Fear not, thou worm Jacob, and ye men of Israel. I will help thee, saith the Lord and thy Redeemer, the Holy One of Israel.'" What consolation for you as a widowed church! though you are bereaved of your pastor, though you feel yourselves to be nothing more than crawling worms of the dust, yet the Majesty of Heaven says, "Fear not, I will help thee." Mr. Pearce gave us a beautiful description of the meek and fruitful character of the church of Christ; embodying a powerful testimony to the labours of her hands. Mr. Pearce in the evening most solemnly prayed for a blessing on us as a church, and on our late beloved pastor's bereaved widow, who justly merits our sympathy. I sometimes think our experience as a church is as Nehemiah says in his fourth chapter, "Also for us, as a guilty land and nation," that we as a church may dwell safely, while many are following the bables and vanities of this life. It is a mercy that we are in God's house; sometimes hearing him speak to us through his servants. The evening's text was from Psalm cxvii. 1, "Except the Lord build the house," &c. In this discourse Mr. Pearce entered first into the "city," and then into the "house;" and described the church under both these metaphors in an honest, and yet in an interesting manner. And then, as the ministers are spoken of in the text under the terms of "watchmen" and "labourers," he drew out their character and their work in good style. We were well instructed and made happy, bless the Lord for ever for such faithful ministers of the cross. On Monday, June 5th, 1854, was held the anniversary tea-meeting: we had a very comfortable company. After the tea, the public meeting commenced. It was proposed by brother Toogood, and seconded by brother Angle, that father Corbet take the chair. Mr. Pearce solemnly invoked a blessing on the service of the evening. In opening the meeting, Mr. Corbet said, "I would not say this branch of the church of Christ is in a state of widowhood, because the life of the church is in Christ. As regards your late pastor, Mr. W. Cromwell; if any have stones to throw, I have not: he is now with the spirits of just men made perfect." He then proposed a text for the evening's meditation, Psalm cxxiii. 1; and read a letter of thanks from Mrs. Cromwell to the church and congregation, which is as follows: "I, Martha Cromwell, widow of the late William Cromwell, formerly minister of this church and congregation, do, in the overflowsings of my heart's affection, return my grateful thanks to the members of this church and the congregation for their great kindness towards my dear departed husband in covering the expense of his funeral; a thing which it was not in my power to have done. Also, for the unbounded kindness of all my dear husband's friends since his decease, for their unwearied attentions in visiting and advising with me; and rendering me the pecuniary assistance which they have up to the present day. While my pulse shall

beat, I must ever remember you all; and if I have any interest at a throne of grace, I shall ever pray for your peace and prosperity in spirituals and temporals. Accept, friends, this poor acknowledgment of my gratitude, which comes from the heart of a poor destitute widow left to cope with a world unkind and full of changes." Mr. Pearce hoped the affection manifested toward our late pastor, and toward our dear sister his widow, may continue toward her. Mr. Huntley, sen., of Limpley Stoke, in addressing the meeting said, "If Jesus be our all, we shall experience, as did your dear pastor, that this is not our rest; it is polluted. Your pastor's work is done; he has no more trials, conflicts, or castings down; he will no more have to call for assistance of any one who may be near. No! his disembodied spirit is now rejoicing before the throne of God and the Lamb. The victory is won; no more warfare; no more conflict with the enemy, a deceitful heart, and a delusive world. No! no! the battle is fought, the victory is won! Worthy the Lamb. Many would be glad to see the downfall of this church; glad to see it driven as a partridge on the mountain. May you be often in prayer; esteem one another; seek each other's welfare; it will be the means of your strength. We are the younger brethren of our elder brother—the Lord Jesus Christ. He has triumphed over the enemy; he has entered into heaven as our glorious High Priest for ever, perfecting them that are sanctified." Mr. Huntley's address was full of excellent counsel. Our very much esteemed and venerable friend, Mr. Cox, of Stall St., addressed the meeting. He said, "I come before the friends with feelings of gratitude to God, the Giver of all our mercies. I cannot help feeling an interest in your welfare, having known each other a long time. Mr. Cromwell is now out of the gunshot of the devil; but we are left below: we are still in the enemy's land; but he is now receiving the reward of his labours: no more taunting reproaches, no more scornings nor rebuffs; he is now

"Far from a world of sin,
With God eternally shut in."

You are a very despised people: often have I had to contend for you. Though you are so despised, many souls will have to thank God that they ever heard Mr. Cromwell speak in his name. Put your trust in the Lord; cleave together; watch over each other; bring one another to the throne of grace. Deacons, be not severe, especially to the lambs; soothe, watch, and comfort; for a word spoken in season, behold, how good it is. May the Lord's blessing be upon you. Amen. Mr. Edwards, of Trowbridge, said, "In casting my eyes around, I cannot say I do feel much pleasure this evening; all that pleasure is driven away. While I cast my eyes to the pulpit it reminds me of the loss that will never be returned. Our departed brother had a noble mind in spiritual things. I remember the end of last year I had some conversation with him in his garden: his soul was deeply humbled by grace: I never saw many others in such a humble frame of mind; he seemed as if he could suffer anything and everything: I never saw a soul under such divine grace, giving a weeping testimony, then soaring to such heights; having a glorious insight into that portion of divine truth, 'In that day ye shall ask me nothing.' He was then laid low as a child; now he is exalted to need nothing. Could he now behold all that he was called to wade through, methinks he would cast a frown at the past, and shout 'Victory! victory through the blood of the Lamb!' I hope to cast my crown with him, having to rejoice in sovereign grace, that found my soul a hiding-place. Let us look to the Saviour who saved him. May we be enabled to sing,

'There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.'

After a hymn had been sung, our highly-respected

and beloved deacon and brother, Mr. Toogood, arose and said, "Our late pastor's life seemed somewhat like our blessed Lord's when he was making his triumphant entry into Jerusalem, they cried out, 'Hosanna to the Son of David;' but in a very short time they were heard to cry, 'Away with him: away with him. Crucify him.' They lifted him up between the heaven and the earth as fit for neither." So our brother drew a conclusion, believing after a similar manner many had dealt with Mr. Cromwell. At first they would have worshipped him; and at the last they would, had he been left to them, have condemned him altogether. But now he is where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest; casting his crown at the Saviour's feet, singing, "Worthy the Lamb." Mr. William Allen came to us on the Thursday evening, and we have much to be thankful for.

J. G. BENNETT.

Superintendent of Ebenezer Chapel Sabbath-school, Widcombe, Bath.

Zoar Chapel, East India Road,

POPLAR.

The first anniversary of the above place was held on Sunday, July 9, 1854, when three sermons were preached. That in the morning by our aged and honourable brother, John Andrew Jones; in the afternoon by our willing and useful brother, C. W. Banks; and in the evening by our good brother, C. Shipway. Each service was well attended; and the blessing of the Lord rested upon the testimony of each of his servants.

Also on the following Tuesday, the 11th, the first annual tea and public meeting was held. Brother Bowles presided. Brother Chislet, of Walworth, preached in the afternoon a sound and useful gospel sermon. In consequence of the great number of friends to tea, several were obliged to be accommodated outside the building. At half-past 6 the public meeting commenced; when the following lines composed by one of the friends were sung:

- "Time's ever-flowing stream, O Lord,
A year hath borne away;
Since first thy saints assembled here,
To hear, and praise, and pray.
- "Though faint and few our numbers were,
And feeble was our day;
Inereas'd and strengthen'd by thy grace,
We still hold on our way.
- "Here thou hast oft with living streams
Refresh'd thy little flock;
And fed them, by thy servant's hand,
With honey from the Rock.
- "We praise thee for thy mercies past,
And bumbly bog for more;
Assur'd our gracious God will ne'er
Despise his praying poor.
- "Then though our foes may vainly strive
To put our souls to shame,
We'll triumph in the Lord our God,
And bless his holy name."

Mr. Martin implored the Divine blessing; and the chairman announced the following subjects to be spoken to: "the Burning Bush;" "the Pillar of Cloud and Fire;" "the Waters of Marah;" "the Hidden Manna;" "the Smitten Rock;" and "the Brazen Serpent."

Mr. Walters then addressed the meeting. After which Mr. Felton, of Deptford, rose to take the first subject. After having handled it much to the edification of the crowded auditory, he said that he now had another subject, for which he should claim another quarter of an hour; and that subject related to his esteemed brother Bowles, the pastor of the church. He was entrusted, entirely unknown to his brother Bowles, to present to him from the church and friends meeting in this place, a small testimonial of their esteem and deep regard for him as their beloved pastor. Mr. F., after a very ap-

proprio speech, then said, "I shall now deliver the same to my brother, leaving him to divulge the matter and to make known the secret." Mr. B. then rose to receive the same; assuring the friends that he had not the slightest idea, neither had he the least intimation of any such circumstance happening. After cutting the string, and removing several papers, each bearing different inscriptions, a silver watch and ribbon were presented to view. Mr. B. said he could not receive this token of their esteem without feeling the deepest emotion. A piece of poetry which accompanied the watch was read by Mr. Chislett; and a letter from the church expressive of their increasing regard and prayer that their beloved pastor, whose labours God was abundantly blessing, might be continued unto them for many years to come.

Spirited and stirring addresses were then delivered by Messrs. Chislett, Jenner, Sindall, Banks, Chamberlain, and Messer. Brother Shipway concluded in prayer. The meeting then broke up. Many are constrained to say, "God hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Webb Street,

BERMONDSEY NEW ROAD.

THROUGH the goodness of our covenant God, we desire again to acknowledge his wonder-working hand, in blessing his own truth to his dear people. On Thursday evening, June 29th, our pastor, Mr. Chivers, baptised twelve believers; nine females and three males, who had witnessed before the church a good confession; some of which have been called from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, through the instrumentality of our minister. Others, that have been for years endeavouring to work out a righteousness for themselves, through sitting under blind guides, have had their steps, in the Lord's own time, directed here, where they were stripped of their self-righteousness, and brought as naked sinners to the feet of Christ; and some who have known the Lord for many years, but who have been walking in disobedience to his coming, being constrained by love, resolved to follow the Lord and his people, saying,

"Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you."

On Sunday, July 2nd, they were publicly received into full communion. Our pastor addressed each in a solemn, affectionate manner. The Lord's presence and blessing was felt and enjoyed. Thus we behold the Lord still maintaining his own cause in the in-gathering of his own blood-bought people. What a mercy it is in this day of profanity and profession, that the Lord knoweth them that are his! Precious truth! And he has also said, "All that the Father giveth me shall come unto me." What encouragement for his dear servants still to go on proclaiming to sinful, dying worms the precious truths of the everlasting gospel!

"Ye heralds, go; his truth proclaim;
And know no theme beside:
Go sound abroad the matchless fame
Of Jesus crucified."

May the Lord still go on to bless us with peace and prosperity, in our earnest prayer.

W. STRANGE.

New Baptist Cause at Brighton.

ON Friday, the 30th of June, a few people, formerly in connexion with the church under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Sedgwick, were formed into a distinct church of the same faith and order with the church from which they have just separated—and from which they obtained an honourable and respectful dismission for that purpose.

It is hoped this infant cause will rise and become a useful and influential body—in the midst of whom and by whom the standard of the cross will be

erected; and so they become a means in the hands and under the direction of the Holy Ghost, of extending the Redeemer's kingdom. The step has been taken and countenanced, it is hoped, from the purest of motives, and with the best of intentions. Let us, therefore, wish it "OON SÆKED." The brethren who took part in the services of the day were Messrs. Isaac, of Bond Street, Brighton; Wyard, of Soho, London; and Collyer, of Ivinghoe.

The above church and congregation meet for Divine worship in the Odd Fellows Room, near the Railway Station.

VALUABLE DIAMOND,

versus

INVALUABLE DIAMOND.

A LARGE DIAMOND—one of the largest diamonds known—was deposited on Tuesday, February 7th, 1854, at the Bank of England, by a London house, to whom it was consigned from Rio Janeiro. Its weight is 254 carats; and its estimated value, according to the scale, £280,000. It is said to be of the first water, and without a flaw; and was found by a Negro slave, who received his freedom as a reward.

By these facts, somewhat striking in several particulars, our mind has been involuntarily led to look at the striking adaptation to eternal vitalities. Christ is the Father's Diamond gift to the church, found in the great purposes and settlements of heaven. Predestinated for the release of the predestinated, and consequent salvation, he, the great Ransomer, in his Person, work, and righteousness, being without flaw, answers to law and justice. Law fulfilled! justice satisfied! each concur in the liberation of the worse than the Rio Janeiro slave. The Holy Spirit bears witness to the glorious reality; and now through the soul vibrates the animating truth,

"Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And, blest in Jesus, live."

And now the soul, favoured with such views of the dear Redeemer at first, vital fellowship with the Lamb, and all subsequent interviews to and from Jesus, exclaims, He is the Diamond of great price. How beautiful, and far more glittering to the soul's view and apprehension, than earthly pearls or diamonds! "Yea, he is altogether lovely." Cant. v. 16. — "The chiefest among ten thousand"—verso 10. No flaw in his work or righteousness; transparent with holiness; making his spouse "without spot and blemish;" "because as he is, (Christ), so are ye" (1 John iv. 17) "in him complete." Col. ii. 10. Completely justified! completely saved—completely. Holy, judicially, completely righteous, representatively; completely righteous regeneratively; and therefore saints come forth into the liberty of the sons of God;—"Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made them free." Gal. v. 1. In the freedom of free, eternal, unconditional election, grace and mercy, salvation without money (of free-will, Popish, Arminian, Arian and Socinian sophisms) and without price of creature works and deeds. Such stand as the

witnesses of and for God and his blessed gospel word. "By grace are ye saved;" (Eph. ii. 8;) while those who never felt by the Holy Spirit's teaching the galling slavery of satan, sin, and the world, cannot, do not rejoice in Christ the Liberator, who, as the Diamond of great price, has more efficacy in his blood and righteousness to liberate, than sin, law, death or hell to condemn; and as such the election know their Saviour, "rejoice in him, and put no confidence in the flesh;" yea, "in the Lord put I my trust," is the united language and deep-felt sentiment of each heaven-born vessel of mercy—not in self, in any or all of its supposed capabilities, either in whole or part, for salvation. No, no; "In the Lord our Righteousness;" and here, by hope and faith resting, the soul exclaims, "I will be joyful in my God, for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation; he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness." Isaiah lxi. 10. Now, now we behold more than ever the invaluable nature of the Diamond of great price, by which mediatorially and meritoriously is opened the kingdom of grace and gospel liberty, and finally, the kingdom of glory—liberation beyond the azure vaulted skies. Then fully the exiles, captives and slaves, shall, as the "ransomed of the Lord, return and come to Zion, with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away." Isa. xxxv. 10.

And now, my dear reader, how stands the case with thee? Dost thy soul desire to be found in Him, the great Redeemer, saying with the poet,

"I'll wrap me in his righteousness,
And plunge me in his blood?"

Then I know you join the poet, and also exclaim,

"When thou, my righteous Judge, shall come,
To fetch thy ransomed people home,
May I amongst them stand!
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?"

All hail! my brother!—my sister! No such cogitations unless thou wert a heaven-born, heaven-bound soul; and the Lord will most satisfactorily, in his own time,

"Assure thy conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear the witness with thy heart,
That thou art born of God."

But oh, my reader, if unacquainted with Christ, the Diamond or Pearl of great price in his invaluable blood and righteousness, living and dying without hope and trust in him, no liberation—held in life a captive and slave of sin and satan, "Die you must the death that never dies," and hear at last the awful denunciation, "Depart, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels." O, that the unconcerned reader of the EARTHEN VESSEL may be led to consider the interrogation, "Who shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" Some will. "These shall go away into everlasting

fire." Will you? Yes; without converting grace prevent. Think not to fortify yourself with, "If I am elected, I shall be saved, if not, I shall be lost:" such sentiments discover the destitution of the real knowledge of your awful state. You remind me of the mariner—asleep on the main top! How perilous his state! but infinitely more so yours. The elect are a praying, seeking, thirsting people; crying for pardon from sin felt; crying that mercy may be manifested; seeking for the salvation of the soul; thirsting to know the Son of God in the triumphs of his cross, and peace by blood revealed. Such are a blessed people, collectively and individually. But you answer not the characteristics of the election; you know somewhat of election, but only to fortify yourself in sin and error. You now are in league with satan; and so living and dying, to you in life—in death, and for ever, this is your portion, "Upon the wicked, he (the Lord) shall rain snares, fire and brimstone, and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup." Psalm xi. 6. "For the righteous Loveth righteousness: his countenance doth behold the upright." (Verse 7).

Hoping the Lord will comfort his own, and arouse the purchase of a Saviour's blood, my soul crieth unto God the Holy Spirit for his blessed power to accompany these few thoughts, to the divine glory.

JOSEPH FLORY.

Somersham, Huntingdonshire.

HINTS TO A YOUNG MAN TOUCHING THE MINISTRY.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have received your's of the 6th inst., and participate with you in your general views as therein expressed. But with reference to Messrs. B. N. and W. I can only say wait patiently the will of God and he will make the most mysterious matters plain to him that "*understandeth the loving-kindness of the Lord.*" I would have you reflect upon and remember what the dear Redeemer said to his disciples, when he sent them forth to preach, "*the gospel of the kingdom,*" "*nothing shall by any means hurt you:*" and the same he still saith to all the lovers of him name, "*nothing shall by any means hurt you,*" while doing the will of God from the heart, and depending on the word of his grace to keep you as the "*apple of his eye.*" All that the saints suffer in the service of God, for the sake of Christ, shall never hurt them, nay, contrariwise, for they feel themselves to be more honored than hurt by all the opposition raised against them; as witness David, Daniel, Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego, John, Stephen, Paul, and other favoured and faithful witnesses of Jehovah's truth and grace. For though Stephen suffered martyrdom in the sacred service of God, yet amidst the shower of harmless (though heavy) stones hurled at his heavenly-crowned head, he could have addressed his malignant murderers as the Apostle Paul did the Galatians, "*ye have not injured me at all.*" For the manifested glory of the Lord shone round about him, and the

salvation of God was secretly shewed unto him. Seeing his Saviour waiting to receive and welcome his ransomed spirit home to rest, he, with faith unshaken, peace unbroken, and love unweakened, peacefully prayed for his persecutors, and then calmly and confidently committed himself into the hands of his covenant God and Saviour.

O! for faith, that living, mighty, precious faith, (which is the gift of God,) to meet every messenger coming from whatever quarter they may—whether from the cold and cheerless regions of carnal reason; or the bleak and barren plains of blind unbelief; or the black sea of nature's corruption; or the back settlements of barbarity and cruelty, occupied by nominal professors and proud pharisees; or the low lands of fleshly frames and feelings; or the blazing and burning mountains of persecution; or the trackless territories of rebellion, in the antiquated castles of disquietude and despondency; or the fearful precipices of hellish temptation; or the dark and dreadful straits of poverty, with the words of Paul to the perplexed mariners, "*Sirs, I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me.*"

As regards the men whom God the Holy Ghost separates to preach the Gospel of Christ, I do most solemnly believe they must and do feel the burden and weight of the word of the Lord in and upon their own souls, whereby they are enabled, yea, compelled to speak feelingly of the solemn realities of the revealed and inspired word. I would just remark, that the men whom the Most High chooseth to make known his mind to and by, in ministerial, communicative matters, are made to *hear the bidding* of the word of the Lord; and also to *see the beauty—taste the bitterness—feel the burden—know the benediction—and bear the blessings* of the word of the Lord, which saith unto them, "*Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptised shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned; and, lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world. Amen.*"

Now having their high and unquestionable commission from their heavenly Lord and Master, they are charged to "*Go out into the lanes, and streets, and highways, and hedges:*" yes, the devil's highways and hedges, which are not the Lord's. If I mistake not the matter, (and I trust I have the mind of the Spirit,) it means, that in preaching the word of the Lord, the man of God must needs go out into the crowded, bustling, noisy streets of worldly-minded men's pursuits and practices—into the highways of open sin and transgression, of daring rebellion and disobedience, of awful blasphemy and persecution—and into the *thick set* hedges of carnal security, cold formality, or colder indifference, and cruel and cursed hypocrisy. These hedges are constantly swarmed with locust, caterpillars, spiders, gnats, &c.; but the stormy tempest (armed with heaven's vengeance against hell's vermin,) shall sweep away all the refuges of lies, and the resting-places of liars. With Watts may we daily and earnestly cry,

"Order my footsteps by thy word,
And make my heart sincere;
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear."

May the Lord, the eternal Spirit, daily enrich our hearts with the excellent knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, "*in whom we have redemption through his blood, even the forgiveness of sins.*" (Col. i. 14.) Read this very blessed portion of God's holy word, and prayerfully think of seven things: 1st, Our need of redemption, as shewn in the preceding verse; we were in the kingdom and under the power of darkness, until delivered by the pleasure of the Father. 2nd, The author of redemption, spoken of in the 13th verse as "*God's dear Son.*" 3rd, The ground of redemption, "*whom;*" yes, according as the Father has chosen the church in Christ, so the ground of redemption is marked out, shewed forth, secured well, and held good in the high courts of law, justice, and equity. 4th, The subjects of redemption, "*we;*" who are designated in the second verse "*the saints and faithful brethren in Christ,*" being so by the grace of God given unto us in him before the foundation of the world. 5th, The means of redemption, "*his blood;*" no this wisdom, not his riches, not his beauty, not his word, not his power, not his pity, but *his blood*, which flowed from his heart to fill the fountain of health. 6th, The evidence or proof of redemption, "*the forgiveness of sins,*" for

"If sin be pardoned I'm secure,
Death has no sting beside;
The law gave sin its damning pow'r,
But Christ my ransom died."

7th, The end and object of redemption. "that God might therein be glorified, and the heirs of salvation thereby be made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light," see verse 12. As you have taken upon you "to speak in the name of the Lord," may it be made clear to your conscience and evident to your own soul that your call thereunto is of God; then you will become more and more concerned so to fulfil your ministry, as to "commend yourself to every man's conscience in the sight of God." May your tremblings teach you more thoroughly the triumphs of him of whom you testify.

To the loving-kindness of the Lord I commend you, in sincerity and truth, and remain your's in hope,

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

Our Spiritual Wine-Press.

WE are favoured with communications, new works, &c., in abundance. There is evidently a zealous feeling among the professing people of God to be doing something in order to extend the truth, and to bear testimony to the exceeding riches of His grace. We shall again proceed to notice as many as we can, not with a view to criticise, but to squeeze out a few drops of spiritual consolation for the heirs of glory—wherever such truly consolatory matter, or matter calculated to edify—can be found

The first tract that presents itself to our notice is entitled, "*Why is God a Stranger in the Churches?*" A tract by SAMUEL EASTMAN, of Latimer Chapel, Mile End. (London: Ward & Co.) This is a Lecture based upon those remarkable words in Jeremiah xiv. 7, 8. "*O the Hope of Israel, the Saviour thereof in time of trouble, why shouldst thou be as a stranger in the land?*" &c. There may be a few small words in this powerful pamphlet which some might object to: but upon the whole, it is so wholesome, and its general tendency so good and necessary in those times, that we could gladly circulate it by thousands among our churches. In the hands of God it might do good. Of course there are *set times* wherein Jehovah doth especially work; there are also *certain persons by whom He doth work*, always to accomplish the great purposes of his everlasting covenant. A powerful illustration of this truth is found in

The Conversion of the Infidel Blacksmith,
as given on pages 23 and 24 of this little book.

Mr. Eastman is contending for individual obligation and responsibility:—*if*—we repeat, *if*—many such men as the Mr. K., (who is here introduced), could be found in our churches, we should more frequently see and hear of the manifest power of God in conversion. But all *genuine instrumentality*, as well as every instance of *genuine conversion*, is the special GIFT OF GOD. Oh, that these powerful instruments, and instances of genuine conversion, were a thousand-fold more frequent than they are!

The following is the fact as recorded by Mr. Eastman:

"In the time of a great revival in a Church and congregation, the pastor urged one of his brethren, an able, skilful lawyer, to go and converse with a scoffing infidel of their acquaintance. 'You know,' said he, 'that Mr. K. comprehends an able argument as well as any of us: now, can you not go over with him, the proofs on which the Christian system rests?' 'I have done that already,' said the lawyer, 'and he heard me through patiently, and then pounced upon my arguments like a tiger on his prey. Then he would return bitter reproaches, which made me dread to encounter him again.' One of the elders of the same Church had been also to visit the infidel, had met with a like reception, and had made similar objections to his pastor against visiting the infidel again. But on a subsequent evening he was led by the Spirit of God to wrestle before the throne, with most agonizing prayer, on that infidel's behalf. At intervals, he continued all night, presenting his case before God, and praying for his conversion, as a man would pray for a friend's life on the eve of his execution. Prayer was followed with corresponding effort, and not long afterwards, in a crowded church, Mr. K. stood up, a changed man, to relate his Christian experience! 'I am as a brand,' said he, 'plucked out of the burning.' The change in my views and feelings is astonishing to myself, and was brought about by the grace of God,

and that *unanswerable argument*. It was a cold morning in January, and I had just begun my labour at the anvil in my shop, when I looked out and saw elder B— approaching. As he drew near, I saw he was agitated; his look was full of earnestness; his eyes were bedewed with tears. He took me by the hand; his breast heaved with emotion, and with indescribable tenderness he said, 'Mr. K., I am greatly concerned for your salvation—greatly concerned for your salvation!' and he burst into tears. He often essayed to speak again, but not a word could he utter; and finding that he could say no more, he turned, walked out of the shop, and went slowly away.

"*Greatly concerned for my salvation,*' said I, audibly; and I stood and forgot to bring my hammer down! '*Greatly concerned for my salvation!*' Here is a new argument, thought I, for religion, which I never heard before; and I know not how to answer it. Had the elder reasoned with me, I could have confounded him; but here is no threadbare argument for the truth of religion. Religion must move the soul with benevolent, holy, mighty impulses, or this man would not feel as he does. '*Greatly concerned for my salvation!*' It rang through my ears like a thunder-clap in a clear sky. '*Greatly concerned ought I to be for my own salvation,*' said I. '*What must I do to be saved?*' I went into my house, and my poor pious wife, whom I had often ridiculed for her religion, exclaimed, '*Why what is the matter with you?*' '*Matter enough,*' said I, filled with agony! '*Matter enough!*' Elder B—has come two miles this cold morning, to tell me he is greatly concerned for my salvation. What shall I do? She advised me to go and see him. No sooner said than done; I mounted my horse and went after him. I found him alone in that same little room where he had spent the whole night in prayer for my poor soul. '*I am come,*' said I to him, '*to tell you, I am greatly concerned for my own salvation.*' '*Praised be God!*' said the elder; '*It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief;*' and he began at this Scripture, and preached unto me Jesus. On that same floor we knelt together and prayed; and did not separate that day till God had spoken peace to my soul. And here permit me to say, if you would read the heart of such a poor sinner as I, you must get your qualification where the good elder did his, in your closet, and on your knees.' That converted infidel long outlived the elder, and was the means of the conversion of many."

"*The Gospel Cottage Lecturer*" is a six-penny pamphlet, to be issued every alternate month, from Mr. Doudney's "*Donmahon Industrial Printing School.*" From the slight glance we have taken of this production, we feel authorised to announce it as bidding fair to be one of the most decidedly spiritual publications of our day. It opens with three or four lectures under the heading, "JESUS ONLY."

There are two features which stamp the writings of the *GOSPEL COTTAGE LECTURE* with the deepest value, and an importance of no small degree. The first is, the editor—(Mr. G. D. Doudney, the Incumbent of Charles Chapel, Plymouth), evidently writes under the influence of a personal and savoury experience of the deep things of God: secondly, he labours to comfort the living family by setting up the Lord Jesus in all the holy beauties, the divine perfections, and the new-covenant relationships which he bears for his people. Time nor space will not now admit of enlargement: we shall seek further acquaintance with this new literary friend: meanwhile, we give our readers one morsel. Writing on "THE KNOWLEDGE OF CHRIST," Mr. Doudney says,

"Who shall estimate the excellency of that knowledge, by which a poor, worthless sinner, is brought up out of all that he is in his own guilt and misery, and caused to sit down under the shadow of the Almighty; and there with the eye of that precious faith which worketh by love, fixed upon Jesus only—like Mary of old, who chose that good part—and with the heart filled with delight, freely to venture to call him, 'my Lord, and my God!' My Brother! my Husband! my Friend!

"Reason may, yea, must, object to the bold claim, and point to the disparity of the parties; yea, perhaps pronounce it presumption, to speak so freely of such relationships: but still, love and faith working together with such excellent knowledge, will overcome all opposition, and while the dear Comforter is 'bearing witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God,' the claim must be put in, and the boundless mercy rejoiced in, that he is my Lord. And we add, let the eye of faith and love once become fixed on the excellency, glory, and divine beauty of Christ; the world, the flesh, and the devil, may conspire together to draw away the affections from Christ, or set up an idol in his stead, but it shall prove utterly vain. The more faith discovers of the excellency of the knowledge of Christ, the firmer will love cleave to the prize. It must be so; or we must admit that this divine love which is wrought in the renewed heart is less powerful than creature love.

"What can be more monstrous than to treat the subject, as though the attracting power of Him, who is the 'chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely,' is less than that which is every day exercised upon us by those who by nature are dear to us?

"It may be inconvenient and annoying to some professors of religion to have this point pressed so closely. It will, however, be found at last, in spite of all objection, that mere natural zeal, which is ever more busy about the vineyards of others, than about one's own (vineyard, Song i. 6), [the Lord make all his dear children especially jealous upon this point], or mere doctrinal knowledge, revolving in a clear head, but accompanied by a cold, unloving heart, will prove a sadly delusive substitute for that faith which worketh by love. I know I shall be charged by many,

with constantly harping upon one chord. Be it so; my reply is this: let a condemned sinner—such as I have been—be brought down into the same low place, and continue there for many months together, even at the very gates of death—in expectation—naturally, and that from the workings of inward distress in the soul; with nothing short of hell's eternal torments before me, and with the verdict pronounced in the court of conscience, that God's justice in my eternal punishment could not be impeached. And then, let such an one have—as I have had—under the divine anointings of the Holy Spirit, Christ Jesus exhibited to faith, in all the glory of his Person, 'Immanuel God with us,' as crucified for me, suffering for my sins, the Just for the unjust, that he might bring me to God. I say, let any poor wretch who is 'ready to perish,' see Jesus thus: if he does not love him—if he does not adore him—if he does not henceforth delight to speak of him only—if henceforth he does not desire earnestly to live to the praise of that grace which has made him eternally accepted in this Beloved One, I have no sympathies in common with that man. But Paul knew him thus, and Paul loved him thus. It was such a glorious sight of Christ, which made John exclaim, (Rev. i. 17), 'When I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead.' Dead to what? Dead to himself, dead to the world, dead to the law, dead to sin. 'Ye are dead,' says Paul, 'and your life is hid with Christ in God.' It is this sight of 'Jesus only,' that kills the soul under a sense of overwhelming love. Therefore says the apostle again, if thus dead, and 'if we be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God. Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.' Now, we venture to affirm, that it was just such a process,—only in a ten thousand times enlarged degree,—as that which we have described as wrought in ourselves, by which Paul was brought to his conclusion, to 'harp upon one chord only.' 'For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.'

"*The Biblical Messenger and Quarterly Record.*" Edited by JOHN EDGAR BLOOMFIELD, minister of Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho.

Mr. Bloomfield has, within the last few years, become somewhat popular as a minister of the gospel. He is now desirous of rendering service to Zion in the character of an editor. The work is neatly got up; the editor's address is exceedingly brief; the contents exhibit an amount of attractive talent: but we have no doubt many improvements will be made as the work proceeds.

THREE QUESTIONS:

"Am I Welcome?" "What is Christ to me?"
"What am I to Him?"

OH, my dear reader, consider these questions. God Almighty help you to lay them much to heart—and may answers like the following be received by you. First—"Am I Welcome?"

While your poor soul is urging this query, may the answer come, "FOR YOU THERE IS ROOM." "What is Christ to me?" May the answer come, "I AM THY SALVATION." "What am I to Him?" May He look into thy poor soul and say, "Fear not: for I have redeemed thee: I have called thee by thy name: THOU ART MINE." If such the answers you receive, happy and holy will thy portion be, when death itself is dead. But, say you, from whence arose these questions? I found them in John Cummings' "URGENT QUESTIONS." This industrious and enterprising Scotch minister has commenced a series of two-penny tracts. Oh, John Cumming is a right busy fellow. He works hard with his pen; and amid the multitude of his productions, there are some good things to be found. The tract before us is headed—"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?" It is rather common-place—still, there is some good plain appeals made to men's consciences. This Scotch Doctor steers pretty clear of anything like *discrimination*. He speaks and writes as though men made themselves Christians, rather than plainly declaring it to be the sole work of the Eternal Spirit. The following closing paragraphs furnish a striking illustration of how Dr. Cumming deals with the Gospel—much of which is very good.

"But, you ask, 'Is it so easy to be saved—is salvation so accessible as this?' Salvation is, in one word, trustful submission to Christ as your Priest, your Sacrifice, your Prophet, your King; and that acceptance, that submission, is now or never. Every day that you reject the gospel, fits you for rejecting it more easily next day, till at last you are left to a hardened heart of unbelief. To show how easy and accessible that gospel is, hear what the Saviour says—'Whosoever is athirst, let him come unto me and drink.' But you answer, 'Ah, but I am not athirst.' Well, to meet your case he says, 'If any man will, let him come unto me.' But you answer,—'Ah, but I have not a willing heart.' Then he says,—'Him that cometh unto me,'—whether you be athirst, or whether you have a willing heart or not, 'I will in nowise cast out.' Let me remind you again of what that great man—one of the greatest men of his day—so frequently remarked; I mean Howels, of Long Acre: 'If you cannot go to Christ on feeling, go to Christ on principle.' That is to say, 'I do not feel my need of him, I do not feel my wants as I ought; but I am satisfied that he is the only Saviour—that I am the greatest of sinners; and therefore I go to him as I am, praying to him as he is, satisfied that 'him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.'" But you answer, 'Oh, but my past life stares me in the face; the leaves of memory, even in the dark, shine with the prints of past transgressions. Am I welcome?' The answer is,—'He is not willing that any should perish.' 'What,' you answer, 'any?' Not certainly persecutors and murderers; for Saul was converted, and became the apostle Paul. Not idolaters, drunkards, unclean persons; 'for,' says

Paul, writing to the Corinthians, 'such were some of you; but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified.' The least sin unforgiven destroys the soul; the greatest sin is not at this moment beyond the reach of the atoning efficacy of the blood of Christ Jesus.

"All God's providential dealings with you are just to bring you to think aright of Christ. The sorrow that breaks the heart till it almost bursts, the painful and keen bereavement that pierces the heart as with a spear, the bitter loss that lays you low in the dust, that grief which corrodes and gnaws the soul by its continual action, are all God's ministry bringing you into that low and lorn position in which you will ask yourself the question, 'What is Christ to me, and what am I to him?' And if you can be brought to accept him, to trust in him, to love him, to live for him, you will find Christianity is not a penance. The only thing one feels when one urges these things on the reader is, 'You are pressing upon me this religion; and the very fact that you so press it, proves that it must be a very painful and nauseous thing—something that human nature recoils from.' Do not retain that impression. I am only trying to dislodge from your mind misconceptions—errors; and to awaken within you a sense of your responsibility to God. Instead of being a nauseous thing, it is sweeter than honey from the honey-comb. Instead of finding life a penance after you have become a Christian, you will find it a pleasure. All its losses will be light, its trials will be smoothed, its heaviest burdens removed, and in life below you will taste the earnest of the sweet fruits that are to be gathered from the tree of life that grows above. And when life's long journey is finished, and the valley of the shadow of death opens out its dark and its lengthy vista, you will find that that valley has been trodden by holy feet before you—that he has left in its darkest place a joyous lamp; and when you have descended into its blackest depths, it will only be to begin the joyous ascent of the mount that brings you where *your* God is, because *Christ's* God; and where *your* Father is, because *Christ's* Father."

THE LORD THAT HEALETH THEE.

Lord, heal my soul, and bear my cry,
Let healing waters flow;
Or else my soul must droop, and die
In bitterness and woe.

Cheer up my fainting spirit, Lord;
Hasten that wish'd-for day
When I shall see thee in thy word,
My God, my Rock, my Stay.

Give me a little of that love
That sweetens every ill:
Its healing virtues from above,
Are from the living well.

When this sad scene is o'er and past,
My Father and my Peace,
Receive me in thy loving heart,
A sinner sav'd by grace.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

DEATH has indeed appeared in our midst in its *dreadful*, as well as in its most *delightful* characters. The cholera has again been suddenly removing a great multitude from the mansions, the busy streets, and the cottages of our land; among them not a few of the members of our churches have passed home to glory. As far as man is concerned, this is truly a changing, a dying, a sinful world:

"But there's a nobler rest above."

and into that rest, (since our last was published,) it has pleased the Lord to remove the deeply respected Pastor of Cave Adullam, Stepney, and other choice saints, as the following pages will shew. "It has been the custom, (says a venerable biographer,) of both ancient and latter times, to commend to posterity the eminent grace bestowed upon the saints who have departed. Famous are those panegyric orations made at the tombs of the Martyrs in the primitive times; when as their persecuting emperors, priding themselves in their lamentable deaths, have left no other noise behind them, than the loud and long-continued cries of spilling their innocent blood.

Memorable also are the funeral orations of the two Gregories, Nyssed and Nazianzen on Basil the great: and in latter times, Melancthon and Camerarius wrote the life of Martiu Luther; Junius the life of Ursine; Beza the life of Calvin; Antonius Faius the life of Beza; Josias Simler the life of Peter Martyr; and D. Humphrey the life of our most renowned Jewell. This manner of honouring the saints is warranted by God's own example, who (for ought is revealed to us,) took order for Moses burial, digged his grave, covered him with molds, and made for him that excellent funeral sermon expressed in the first chapter of Joshua; and that all-wise God, who sweetly disposeth of all things, thinks it needful thus to grace his own people, that he may hereby uphold their spirits amid those many pressures, scornes, reproaches, cruel mockings, and innumerable other temptations which befall them in this lower world."

Our Obituary this month occupies much more space than we know how to spare; but

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intelligence of the happy departure of the Lord's dear children, and especially of his own servants, is generally so illustrative of the faithfulness of God, and so encouraging to those of us who are, for a little while, left behind, that we do not think our readers will be displeased with us for collecting together the following valuable records. May the Lord, by these solemn dispensations, and by the out-pouring of his Spirit, stir up our churches, and give fresh energy to our pastors, that while we live, we may labour for his glory; and when we die, may David's happy experience be ours, as recorded in Psalm xxiii. 4, "Yea, though I walk," &c.

ANOTHER MINISTER GONE HOME.

THE LATE THOMAS BELGRAVE.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR BROTHER.—Grace, mercy, and peace be with you, &c. Your practice, I know, is to seize on any circumstance that may transpire, whose tendency may be of an instructive or informatory character, or otherwise, profitable to such of the family of God into whose hands the EARTHEN VESSEL may come.

I will, with your permission, for once become an imitator of this your practice; and for the information of your numerous readers, request the insertion of the following account of the late Mr. Thomas Belgrave, a brother beloved in the Lord, and for many years a preacher of the gospel of the grace of God, to numbers of those amongst whom the VESSEL is extensively circulated; and by very many of these he was held in the highest estimation; and no doubt all such will long cherish a fond remembrance of him; and I feel persuaded, that since it has pleased God to call him from the scene of action and useful labor — of conflict and trial on earth — to his heavenly inheritance, some short narrative of the solemn event cannot fail to be acceptable to those who, while here, knew and loved him. Your's truly, PETER CHAPLIN.

"'Tis to the praise of grace we speak,
Though of a dying saint we tell."

I have been told that "the rose of Sharon" emitted a fragrance so powerful, that even the clods of earth which lay beneath it became tinged with its odour. This may, or may not be true; but this we know to be true — that he who lives in the midst of sweet perfumes, cannot avoid carrying some of the fragrance about with him, go whither he will; so he who lives near to the "Rose of Sharon," and knows the name of Christ to be

as ointment poured forth, and lives in intimate communion with him, cannot fail to have his spirit deeply tinged with it. This spirit and temper formed, through grace, one of the leading characteristics of the late Thomas Belgrave, who, in conversation, was grave without sourness, pious without affectation, warm and zealous without enthusiasm, affectionate without fawning, free and open without ostentation, steady and firm in the great principles of Christianity, without bigotry.

He was the son of eminently pious parents, members of the church under the pastorate of the late Mr. Upton, of Blackfriars, and was in early life called to know and fear the Lord. His own account of his conversion was, That one day, while bathing, he got into deep water, and death appeared inevitable; but it was so, that he was rescued by a companion as he was sinking the third time. This interposition of an all-wise Providence, became the means of leading him to serious reflection upon those things which relate to an eternal world; and was God's method of calling him to a knowledge of himself.

It appears that some considerable period elapsed before he became united to any section of the one church. He was at length, however, led to do so, from the following circumstance—viz., being one Sabbath an observer of the administration of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and having along with him his son—a mere child, who, as they were returning home, interrogated his father concerning the signification of the above ordinance. Having received a reply, the child enquired further—Why do some partake, and others not? The reply was, Only good people partook of that ordinance. "But are you not good, father?" asked the child. "I hope I am," replied the father. "Then why do not you partake, father?" The father was led to consider; and afterwards joined himself to the church under the pastorate of the late Mr. Stoddart, of Mulberry Gardens Chapel. He soon became distinguished as a zealous and indefatigable servant of God; for wherever there was anything to be done, that was worth doing, there was he—especially in the Sabbath School.

He was now a member of an Independent Church; at the same time being persuaded that the ordinance of believers' baptism, by immersion, was of Divine institution. He sought the administration of that sacred rite at the hands of the before-named Mr. Upton, who consented to baptize him, on condition that should he ever leave the church under Mr. Stoddart, he would cast in his lot with the Baptists. This he promised to do, and so received the administration of that ordinance. He was true to his promise. It is now about twelve years since the writer of the foregoing particulars heard him narrate the same before the little church in Alie Street, (Mr. Dickerson's), with which church he continued till death; and both as minister and deacon, he lived in the affections of the people.

It is now about twenty years since he preached his first sermon in Mr. Stoddart's pulpit. It was from that text—Psa. cvii. 5—

"And he led them forth by the right way," &c. God owned his testimony, by giving him a seal of his approval in the conversion of one who remains to this day. Previous to his becoming a member of the church in Alie Street, he occasionally occupied that pulpit, and was at all times well received by that people. During a period of four years he preached the afternoon lecture in that place. As a minister, his style was methodical, but lively and attractive; and his sermons contained, not words only, but thoughts—thoughts about Jesus, and salvation for all who wanted it. When not engaged in preaching, he was to be found in the Sabbath School, or engaged in domiciliary visitation, amongst the sick or dying. Thus was he employed until within a few evenings of his decease.

A few days previous to his death he was poorly, but only took to his bed on Tuesday, the 25th instant, on which day he had an attack of diarrhœa; and on Thursday, the 27th, he was gathered to his fathers. Not many hours before his departure, he was visited by his pastor, to whom he observed, that he thought his work on earth was nearly completed; at the same time observing,—*"All is right."* He observed further to his pastor, "Should you feel disposed, after my decease, to say anything about me, let it be from those words, Phil. i. 21, 'For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.'" He knew their meaning, and said, that his sweetest moments had been while preaching the gospel of the grace of God; but on no occasion had his enjoyments been greater than on the last Sabbath but one previous to his death; on which day he supplied the pulpit at Seven Oaks, in Kent, (Mr. Shirley's), and now, in the prospect of death, he felt no desire, unless it were his Lord's will for him to continue to proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ—fully understanding the signification of the text, "For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain."

He was interred in the Tower Hamlets Cemetery, on Tuesday, the 22nd instant, and on the following Sabbath evening the above words formed the basis of a funeral discourse by Mr. Dickerson; after which, a short memoir of the departed was read, in which some of the above particulars were embodied. "Not plucked, but gathered by the hand of love,

As tender fruit, or fragrant lilies are;
Transplanted to the Paradise above,
To blossom in eternal glory there."

KENT.

THE LATE WILLIAM IRVING, OF WANTAGE, BERKS.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Knowing you are always willing to allow the dead to speak through your magazine, I therefore forward to you the following paper, which was written by our esteemed friend, Mr. William Irving, of Wantage, Berks. One well known to yourself, and to many others of our ministerial brethren, as the nursing father of the little Baptist Church in that town; one whose heart

was open, to welcome to his comfortable habitation, any ministering brother, who preached from a full heart, salvation by grace—but one who is now no more; who after a painful affliction of five months, which was borne with the greatest submission to his heavenly Father's will, left this world of sin and woe, for his prepared place in heaven, on Saturday, July 8th, 1854.

At the request of the Church, and family, I was written to, to preach a funeral sermon for our departed brother, in the little chapel at Wantage, which, on Lord's-day, July 30th, I tried to do—from the words of the Spirit, "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord," &c.

The following paper was found by Mrs. I. in a drawer with others that our brother wished might not be seen till, after his death—which will fully testify of his acquaintance with his own heart—of his experience of divine grace—of his knowledge of the way of salvation—and of his soundness in the faith once delivered to the saints.

If you can find room to insert the same, you will oblige yours in the same faith and hope of eternal salvation.

Leighton Buzzard, Aug. 12. J. WILKINS.

Our brother commences thus:

"Being kept at home through bodily indisposition, the God of my salvation was mercifully pleased in his all gracious and loving compassion, to the joy and rejoicing of my poor, distrusting heart most sweetly to enable me to call upon his holy name, and enjoy sweet and close communion with him, as Israel's only true and living God; and enabled me to feel fully satisfied of my interest in all the blessings of his covenant love. Oh, how my heart rejoiced; oh, how I felt and knew it was just, because he would love me, he would bless me, he would do me good—and not in any measure depending on my own deservings. Oh, no! I truly felt my worthlessness, my helplessness, my utter undeserving of his kind, forgiving love. Oh, how blessedly sweet to be under the power of God the Holy Ghost—to feel an unction from the Holy One—to feel deeply humbled on account of one's undeserving such sweet tokens of our kind and gracious Father's love; and yet to rejoice in that love, even with joy unspeakable and full of glory; to be enabled, sweetly and powerfully to exclaim, 'Who is he that condemneth? Christ hath died,' &c. And to feel one's whole heart sweetly drawn out in sympathy and love to the dear Redeemer; to think that *my* sins nailed him to the accursed tree; to know that for *my sake*, he endured the hidings of his heavenly Father's cheering, comforting, and peace speaking countenance. Oh, what were his sufferings in Gethsemane's garden! and on the tree, when he exclaimed, 'Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, *nevertheless*,' &c.; and, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' None can tell what he endured. Ho, who was so spotlessly pure, 'to be made sin for us, though he knew no sin!' and for what? 'that we might be made the righteousness of God in him!' Blessed, glorious truth for a poor,

helpless sinner! Oh, what matchless! what undeserving! what tender love! for one so vile as I feel, and ever feel myself to be when under the enlightening of God the Holy Ghost; then, and then only, can we feel the 'blessedness of that man whose sins are forgiven,' and the sovereignty and freedom of that love; oh yes, we feel it then, when our hearts are melted with love, and humbled on account of sin; then it is, we truly feel our entirely lost and undone condition; without a Saviour, without *that* Saviour who is manifestly and sweetly made known to our hearts, in all his preciousness and suitability. It is the Christ of the gospel which is *our* Christ. It is he who 'put away sin by the sacrifice of himself.' It is he who 'bore our sins in his own body on the tree.' And he only. Yes, we feel then, and then powerfully, and experimentally, and satisfactorily. Oh, my soul, adores the riches of that grace, which hath made known these all-glorious and soul-satisfying truths. That rich grace which snatched thee as a brand from the eternal burnings; which hath given, blessedly given to *thee* a good hope of eternal glory, after having done with all things here below. The blessedness of that hope now, the consummation of it in heaven, is all of grace. Oh, how truly does my soul know it this day; and blessed, for ever blessed, be his dear name, who gave me light to know—that 'tis not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth—but of God.' Oh, that I could ever live in the sweet enjoyment of it. How the soul longs after that sweet and all-glorious rest which remains for the people of God, when under the dewy influence of that Spirit, that kind and merciful Spirit, which leads me to perceive the things which make for my eternal peace, and to the enjoyment thereof. Oh, blessed day! when, seeing my dear Saviour as he is, I shall be like him. All praises to Father, Son, and Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen."

DEATH OF JOHN PADGETT,

A DEACON OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, WEST-BOURNE STREET, PIMLICO.

JOHN PADGETT was born, according to the pre-terminate will of the immutable Jehovah, in the first month of the year 1805. He was descended from truly God-fearing parents, who were attendants, if not members, at Blandford Street Chapel, under the excellent ministry of the late George Keeble. The deceased was from his youth up of strictly moral habits, and made considerable progress in formality and Phariseism. Some sixteen years ago he attended at Carmel, and after having felt the smiling, searching, and stripping power of Jehovah's law in his heart and conscience, divesting him of all his self-righteousness and self-importance, he was savingly led by the Holy Ghost, the glorious Testifier of Jesus, to see and know his personal interest and positive standing in the potent and precious work of Christ, his Redeemer, his Righteousness, his Rest, and his Rejoicing.

On the last Lord's-day in July, 1839, he, with two others, was baptised at Carmel, in the name of the ever-adorable and all mysterious Trinity,

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. For more than fourteen years he was one of the most silent, unobtrusive, and inoffensive members of the church, never connecting himself with any party that might arise to trouble or disturb the peace of the body.

During the years 1842-43, the church experienced much agitation and affliction; but our deceased brother observed, that the Lord stood by him, and softly said unto him, "*What is that to thee? Follow thou me?*"

On December 20th, 1853, he, with two other brethren, was chosen to fulfil the office of deacon—and when interrogated touching his willingness to accept and discharge the duties of the office, he replied, that it had been whispered in his heart all the day, "Occupy till I come." His departure from the weary wilderness of toil and trial, took place (remarkable coincidence!) on the evening of the last Lord's-day in July, 1854—being exactly fifteen years, to the day, since he was baptised. He was looking forward to the fifteenth anniversary of his membership, with pleasing anticipations, and had been speaking thereof for several weeks past. Although he had held the office of deacon but seven months, yet, he had so greatly endeared himself to the whole church, by reason of his devotedness, earnestness, and zeal for the cause of God, as well as by his spirituality and godly affection, that his removal has been felt as a heavy stroke indeed. His unassumedness of character and deportment, commended him to all that knew him. He had in general enjoyed a good state of health, and was favored with a good measure of strength, being in the constant habit of walking much, in order to give instruction in drawing. He was by profession an artist; and though he did not reach to celebrity and fame, he was above mediocrity. I saw him, dear fellow, a few hours before his death. I asked him how matters stood with him. He said, "I am hid in the Rock, and am safe." He was then *in articulis mortis*, yet neither he nor his wife was conscious thereof. He was the youngest of the family of six.

He was interred in the Brompton Cemetery, on Saturday morning, August 5th, when I endeavored to shew the friends present the two-fold view of death, as given in the memorable words of Paul and Bildad. The former saith, "*The last enemy that shall be destroyed, is death.*" (1 Cor. xv. 2). And Bildad saith, "*The confidence of the wicked shall bring him to the king of terrors.*" (Job xviii. 14). We therefrom noticed, that death as an evil, or an enemy, appears in the character of a deceiver—a divider—a devourer—and a destroyer; and that death is more especially the king of terrors to the faithless, the false-hearted, the formalist, and the Pharisee.

Our brother Nichols, Editor of *Zion's Trumpet*, and brother-in-law of the deceased, addressed a few appropriate remarks to the spectators at the grave, and then closed by prayer to Israel's covenant-keeping Jehovah.

On Lord's-day evening, August 13th, I preached a funeral sermon to a crowded congregation at Carmel, from Exodus ix. 15—"And thou shalt be cut off from the earth." Being extremely ill throughout the day, I was unable to do more than call the attention of the audience to the following important points.

1. That the drawn line of death's movements upon the face of the earth, is according to heaven's determined decree.

2. That decision marks the discharge of all the dread functions of death.

3. The distinction made and maintained between the righteous and the wicked, the just and the unjust in life, at death, and for ever. We then made a few remarks upon the text, and shewed it to be a personal, powerful, and plain declaration, demanding and deserving our constant consideration.

May the Lord the Spirit make his quickening influences and saving operations known more abundantly in all the churches of Immanuel, is the prayer of your's in him,

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

THE LATE WILLIAM ALLEN,

PASTOR OF CAVE ADULLAM, STEPNEY.

HIS LIFE — HIS DEATH — FUNERAL, ETC.

FOR some dozen years or more, we were favoured to walk in a steady, and a happy course of fellowship with the recently departed, and very highly esteemed pastor of "*the Cave*," at Stepney; and to us he was a faithful, a useful, an unchanging friend and brother in the Lord. We must, therefore, be permitted to raise up in our EARTHEN VESSEL a small tablet in grateful remembrance of one whose loss we shall feel as long as we continue in this vale of tears.

WILLIAM ALLEN'S Life has, for some years, been before the churches of truth. Many thousands have read that book, and multitudes have heard him preach the gospel of God's grace. We shall, therefore, only

briefly notice his origin and early days; and after just glancing at one or two parts of his ministerial life, come to the closing scenes. The following are his own words with reference to his early days:

My father was strictly an honest, sober, industrious mechanic, and one that feared God; but my mother, for some time after marriage, was a professor, but not in possession of the grace of God. They had two-and-twenty children, of which I was the third. They lived in Birmingham; and in the year 1788, I was brought forth into this ungodly world. About this time, as I learned from them, my mother felt the power of grace in her heart, and from affliction of body and mind, she was unable to attend to my comforts. I was therefore placed

under the care of my grandmother, a woman highly favoured of God, and lived in the sweet enjoyment of communion with God. When I came to the age of two years, my grandmother was taken for death; but many times (being aware that her end was near) she would say, "When I am gone, take this child, and nurse it for God, for he will be a minister of God's truth." And I believe my parents did all they could, by care, attention, watchfulness, and chastisement, to keep me from sin; and, from an infant, I was carried under the sound of a preached gospel, and as I came to understanding, had a good example set before me; so that I was taught to reverence the Sabbath. And many times when I had been doing things contrary to my father's direction, fear came over me—so much so, that in the night frequently I have covered myself up in the bedclothes, fearing the devil would have me before morning. But as soon as the light appeared my fears wore off.

As William Allen grew up in life, he went fearfully astray; we have long and painful narratives of the dark paths he walked in, in the work to which we have referred. But William Allen was a vessel of mercy; consequently, when the time to stop him in his sinful career arrived, his sorrows, and his sufferings, were neither few nor small.

The manner of God's first dealing with him are thus described:

I went out one Sabbath morning with another young man and my dog, to hunt rabbits, and on my return, about two miles from home, the firmament gathered blackness that appeared to me like midnight. A thought entered my soul—if this were the day of judgment, how should I meet the Judge? The words followed like thunder in my poor soul—"Prepare to meet thy God." This was the first time I felt any powerful arrest for sin, and a powerful arrest indeed it was; for my cheeks shewed paleness—my eyes bespoke horror—my limbs trembled under me—my tongue failed in motion—and I stood like a condemned criminal at the bar of God and my own conscience. The young man that was with me was struck with my looks, and said, "Allen, what is the matter with you?" I could make no reply, for my tongue, that was before always roady to blaspheme the name of God, and pour contempt upon his dear followers, seemed now to cleave to the burden that lay upon my conscience. So I walked home, about two miles, in silent horror of mind. When I came home, my countenance bespoke the horror of my mind—my eyes burst forth into tears of sorrow. I went into a private place to pray, but it was to me as though the very pit of hell was laid open before me.

For the first time, I took hold of a Testament, which my father gave me before I left home: I was directed to those words, "Watch, therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of Man cometh." This sunk deep into my poor distressed mind, and seemed to deepen my sorrow and wound my soul exceedingly; for to watch I knew not how, and it was brought to my mind it was too late to ask for or expect more.

Nothing appeared before me but the judgment and fiery indignation of God to devour the adversary; for I knew I had been an enemy to God and his people; so I dared not pray for some time, fearing my prayers were an abomination to the Lord, and he should say to me as he did to the five foolish virgins, "I never knew you;" but recollecting I had heard the preacher say, "Jesus Christ came to save the chief of sinners, and whosoever will, let him come," I was a little encouraged, and having retired into a secret place, I fell down on my knees before God, but could only groan out the feelings of my mind before him, and arose with my burden as heavy as before. I went to the house of God—where I had (in a previous fit of wickedness) prayed for the minister to be struck dead—trembling between hope and fear; as I entered the door my former wishes and awful prayers came into my mind, and I feared the judgment of God would fall upon me if I entered the chapel, and I stood in great horror: at last I entered into a dark lobby in one corner, where I knew no one could see me or know me. The minister began to preach; and I am sure no limner in the world could have drawn a more correct likeness than he did of my character: in short, the whole sermon seemed to me, and about me; for he even mentioned the dog that I had with me when the Lord met with me in the open field. This led me to consider my awful state as a sinner. I was condemned and brought in guilty before God by all the preacher said. He spoke of the freeness, fullness and sufficiency of the grace of God to poor sensible sinners; but it appeared too free for so vile a wretch as me. I thought punishment must be my doom, and the Lord had suffered me to hear that sermon that I might see before he cut me down, he would be just in sending me to hell. In this state I went on for some length of time: I had no hope, yet I cried for mercy. My prayer frequently was made up of the following words—

"Mercy, good Lord, is all I ask;
Lord, let thy mercy come."

His deliverance from law and terrors, is thus beautifully expressed:

In this awful state of mind I went to hear a stranger preach, and God knows he was a stranger; he said we should, in the day of judgment, have to give an account for every sermon we had heard, and how we had improved it. This fully settled my mind never to hear another sermon, for I knew I had got enough already to give account of. I then made, in the course of the week, a solemn vow I would never enter a place of worship any more; yet, when Sunday morning came, I could not keep away; so I thought I would go that once, but would never go again. In this awful state of mind I went to the house of God, not expecting anything but condemnation. I entered the chapel with a heavy heart, and my head hanging down with guilt, and my heart appeared as hard as a stone. Mr. Bennett took his text from Jer. xxxi. 3, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love,

therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." As soon as he had taken his text, (oh, I shall never forget it: although the devil has a thousand times since then told me it was a delusion), the word *thee* had such an effect upon my mind, and came with such power to my soul, it broke my rebellious heart; my eyes flowed with tears, not of sorrow, but of sweet joy and peace; my poor afflicted conscience lost its burden; I saw by faith *my dear Lord* bleeding on the tree, and I could say it was for crimes that I had done he groaned and bled. My sin, which just before was like a mountain, all now vanished away—my guilt all removed—my poor heavy and trembling heart danced for joy.

After God had delivered my soul, I thought I could have left the world, and all that was in it, and fled to that precious Friend that saved from hell. I saw that all the precious promises which before I could not take to myself, were now mine; I could say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am his." Yes, like Thomas, "My Lord and my God." Yes, heaven, for I felt it; happiness, for I enjoyed it; and glory, for I felt sure of it; and wanted to die, that I might enjoy its fulness and blessedness. I cannot say what I felt, for it was joy unspeakable. Such was the joy I felt, I could not help talking about it; such was my love to my dear Lord Jesus, and the souls of others, and I wanted to bring them to taste of the sweetness, and receive that pardoning love which I enjoyed, for it was to me heaven begun below; and, as I believed I should enjoy a heaven above, my desire was to take all the world with me too. But I found afterwards, through the mercy of God, he was a Sovereign, and distributed his blessings at his own will and pleasure. Yet all things seemed new to me; I was like a man in a new world.

From this period our brother's pathway, both in providence and in grace, was of that mixed and trying character which the greater part of the Lord's people are called to wade through. William Allen's ministry was adapted to meet the deeply tried members of the believing family, because he had himself, for a series of years, been in temptations and trials of every sort and kind; yet "*out of them all the Lord has delivered him*;" he could, therefore, sing of mercy and judgment; he could find out the tempted and afflicted saint, let that tried and afflicted saint be sunk ever so low, or enveloped in a cloud dark as midnight itself. We do not believe for one moment that William Huntington's *Bank of Faith* presents a more manifold and positive development of God's amazing goodness to a poor sinful man, than does William Allen's Auto-biography of the way in which he had travelled through this valley of Baca.

A review of his life, we find so valuable, that we purpose, next month, to occupy a few pages in carefully collating the principle events of his life. At once then, we come to

HIS LAST DAYS.

Frequently, during the last twelvemonth,

when we have been at meetings with him, we have heard it remarked, "*how rapidly our brother Allen seems to be breaking up.*" But his journey to Plymouth, his labours and exercises there, appeared to hasten his end. He came back weakened, and unable to fill the pulpit with any degree of comfort. His medical man advised his removal to Erith; and there, after a few days gradual sinking, he quietly fell asleep in the arms of his faithful Lord and Master. We have been in conversation with Mr. Sindal, who was much with our departed brother; his last days were decidedly peaceful and serene: and (although he could not speak much for some hours before breathing his last, yet) it appeared evident that his communion with his covenant God, and his anticipations of a glorified and heavenly state, were blessed indeed. Of these things we also hope to say more in a future number.

He breathed his last at a quarter past 3, o'clock, in the afternoon of Wednesday, the 16th of August, 1854, at Erith, in Kent, in the 67th year of his age.

THE INTERMENT

Of the mortal remains of Mr. Wm. Allen took place on Friday, the 24th of August. It having been understood by many that the body would be carried into the "Cave" at 2 o'clock, a great multitude had assembled at that hour in and around the chapel, to witness the solemn spectacle.

At a quarter to 3, the corpse, followed by the widow and children, with other friends of the deceased, was brought into the chapel, and passing down the aisle, the coffin, containing the cold remains of the late beloved pastor, was placed on tressells in front of the pulpit, surmounted by a lid of feathers.

The solemn service commenced by singing a hymn; after which Mr. J. A. Jones read part of 2 Cor. v., and offered up prayer.

A portion of Dr. Watts' beautiful hymn, commencing,

"Why do we mourn departed friends," having been sung,

Mr. John Foreman ascended the pulpit, and addressed the numerous auditory. The following extracts are taken from Mr. F.'s oration.

Death is a solemn ordinance of God; but however solemn it may and does appear, yet we cannot rightly profess the religion of Jesus, unless we conclude that death does no injury to the child of God; and if it did, who would not be injured by it—when such a glorious issue awaits those who are the called of God? But if dying were an injury, then unhappily, all the people of God would be injured, for "it is appointed unto all men once to die." Our brother Allen has ceased to do all the work God had appointed for him below—the Lord has fulfilled his promise in him, to support him in life and in death—and his ransomed spirit has now fled to dwell for ever in the loving embraces of the dear Emanuel. Death is God's stato chariot, sent to take His royal heirs, to their eternal

mansions. Death to the ungodly is like the criminal's carriage, an ugly, black-looking vehicle, guarded by police. Sinner! you will have to die; and such is the gloomy lot that awaits you, if grace prevent not. But to the Christian death comes as a kind of ambassador sent to conduct the soul as a royal princess to the car which shall convey her to the chamber of her heavenly bridegroom. The apostle Paul anticipating this event, said (2 Timothy iv. 6,) "The time of my departure is at hand." He counted it as nothing extraordinary; but only as a circumstance occurring in the common course of things. To the man of God it is but going from a world of sin, care and sorrow, to another of everlasting joy and bliss. Was our brother William Allen a man of God? Was he not? Some may perhaps be ready to say, But you and he were not always friends. True, but we never disagreed on the great principles of truth. Some little circumstances caused a severance for awhile, and circumstances brought us together again. I always looked upon William Allen as an honest and faithful servant of Jesus Christ—he was not one of those shuffling sort of men—one thing to-day, and another to-morrow; no; he lived, loved, and walked in the truth; and by God's grace, was enabled to maintain an honourable position to the last. Like other men, no doubt he had his infirmities. And so had David; yet we find that all David's faults are hid; and of him the Lord saith, "He walked before me with a perfect heart." William Allen was neither ashamed nor tired of the gospel of Christ; and why was he not tired? Because he enjoyed the mercies of the ministry that he preached. If a man have the ministry only in his mouth, and not the mercies of it in his heart, he'll soon shuffle about, and get tired of it; but I believe it will be seen that our brother Allen has left many, very many testimonies behind of his usefulness in the ministry—living epistles who will be known and read of all men. I heard my esteemed friend, Mr. Elven, relate some time since the very great benefit he had received under the ministry of our deceased brother, and more recently at the ordination of our brother Winslow, I heard the same testimony given to the great use God had made of Mr. Allen's ministry to his soul; and when I hear one and another get up and bear witness to God's work through his instrumentality, I am led to say that he was not only a man of God, but that he was God's man. But you will say that he was only the instrument which God employed—well, I say it is our duty to honor the means which God employs to bless to us; yet give God the praise. I was glad to hear that our departed brother in his last days enjoyed and rejoiced in the truths he had so long professed to love. You have come to follow his cold remains to their last home. He needs none of your prayers now, and tho' devil can do him no harm. We have met to acknowledge the goodness of God to him during life, and to thank him for the fulfilment of his gracious promise to be with his dear children when passing tho' the ford of Jordan. This event teaches us, that "here we have no continuing

city." Death is spoken of as a sleep—and what weary and tired labourer has any objection to lie down to sleep at the close of his day's toil? So the Christian, having borne the heat and burden of the day, lays down his tentement of clay, and falls to sleep in Jesus. Happy thought! Death is also called "*a change*." Job said, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my *change* come." He calls it waiting—this does not look like complaining—he rather wishes for it. It is not a change from good to bad, but a change from worse to better. Our brother Allen had but a sickly frame, and he had not a few toils and troubles to go through in this life. Depend on it, the man of God can never make a bed of roses of this world. No. Whenever God fits a man for himself, he always unfits him for any thing else. William Allen is gone where he always wished to be. He was not his own master. God appointed him to the ministry, and measured out to him his work, and his labour—how much and how long. This work he has accomplished, and his Master called, "Come home." I do not think that he would, if he could, have stopped longer here to be loitering about when his work was done. I humbly pray that God may sanctify this solemn event to the good of your souls, and that you may be still enabled to maintain the truth in this place.

Mr. Foreman concluded the service in the chapel with prayer.

The funeral procession was then re-formed outside the Chapel: Mr. Wells and Mr. Foreman preceded the corpse, carried by six men, the pall borne by the deacons of the place, and followed by the family and some three or four hundred persons, amongst whom we observed many ministering brethren. The procession thus formed walked to the Tower Hamlets Cemetery, a distance of about a mile and a half from the Chapel, where the mortal remains of the dearly respected and highly esteemed William Allen, were deposited.

The coffin having been lowered into the grave, Mr. Foreman again addressed the people for a short time; after which, Mr. James Wells delivered a very brief address, of which the following is an outline:

Of course many reflections arise in the mind upon occasions like the present. And while, on the behalf of our departed brother there are sure grounds for rejoicing, on our part it is not so. It is here that we must deeply feel the importance of that great question—"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" None know anything of this vitally but such as have been brought crying for pardon at the footstool of mercy. Staying short of this the sinner is lost. Such was the real character of our departed brother, by the proclamation of which he deceived none, though he undecieved many; and now he has entered into his rest, and drinks in full draughts of bliss. While we know that he is far better off, we cannot but lament the loss of so valuable man as William Allen. It is a loss to the Church. You know not at Cave Adullam what you have lost yet. Should you

tail in obtaining an ambassador to dispense unto you in like manner, and with like power, the word of life, you will soon begin to cry out "where is the ministry we have been used to hear?" It is also a loss nationally. Men may despise such men of God—but they are the salt of the earth—the strength of Victoria's throne—and the support of the nation; and God would not care to save the land were not such to be found in her. Under these circumstances it behoves us to be found standing fast together in united prayer, that his mantle may fall upon some Elisha who shall follow in his footsteps. He was one who was kept in the truth, and honorably maintained it to the last; and therefore we are compelled to exclaim: "a great man of God hath fallen in Israel!" And there seems but few springing up in the place of those who are departed. May we never be left to tarnish the gospel we have professed; and then our end will be like his. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Mr. Wells then dismissed the congregation with prayer.

The Funeral Sermon was preached by Mr. James Wells, in Brunswick Chapel, Mile End Road, (kindly lent for the occasion,) on Lord's-day, August 27th, concerning which we shall perhaps give some particulars next month.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR. W. ALLEN.

"Howl, fir tree, for the cedar is fallen."
—Zech. ii. 2.

LISTEN, O earth, Jehovah calls
Another champion home to God;
A watchman who on Zion's walls
Salvation preach'd by Jesu's blood.

ALLEN is gone! he's welcom'd home,
By twice ten-thousand saints above;
Each kindred spirit whispers, "Come,
"And bask with us in Jesu's love."

Faithful to death, Oh love divine!
The crown of life adorns his brow;
Allen with Christ doth sit and reign
On his high throne of glory now.

Finish'd his course, he roams on high,
Suff'ring and sin alike have ceas'd;
His glorious Bridgroom call'd him nigh;
Allen in Jesu's arms doth rest.

Sweet sounds his harp of heav'nly tune,
Its golden strings his fingers ply;
Already hath his voice begun
To chant angelic melody.

That voice which oft has cheer'd us here,
With sounds of Jesu's lovely name;
Pours forth its Hallelujah's there,
In praise to God, the Lord, the Lamb.

Shepherd of Israel, let thy love
Feed thy dear sheep which Allen fed;
'Twas thy sweet voice call'd him above;
Let thy kind Spirit send them bread.

Children, your Father knows your case;
Knows your distress, your ev'ry want;
He who call'd Allen to his place,
He will your expectations grant.

He will provide a mouth to feed
Your souls with manna from above;
Sent down through Christ your living Head,
And sweeten'd by the Father's love.

AUTHOR OF "CLOSET COMPANION."

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

"*The Life of Henry Martin*," is a small volume from "*Taylor's Repository*," at Clapham Rise. We love ministerial biography when it is proved that the minister himself was a *living minister of Christ's gospel*. About such men, there is always something peculiar and distinct—their life, their labours, their undying love to truth, and to immortal souls, will be sure to give evidence that they are neither dumb dogs, hirelings, nor painted or white-washed sepulchres.

This life of Henry Martyn contains some striking features of a man who, in heart and life, was devoted to the cause of GOD. Henry Martyn left his home, and obtained a commission from the East India Company, to go as chaplain and missionary. He laboured in India until death closed his mortal career. This little volume is full of pithy matter. The annexed quotation contains a portrait of Martyn, and a proof of his usefulness.

"The following narrative or confession of a Persian christian—a convert to Mr. Martyn's labours—will be read with interest.

"In the year 1223 (of the Hegira) there came to this city an Englishman, who taught the religion of Christ with a holdness hitherto unparalleled in Persia, in the midst of much scorn and ill-treatment from our Mollahs, as well as the rabble. He was a beardless youth, and evidently enfeebled by disease. He dwelt among us for many a year. I was then a decided enemy to infidels, as the christians are termed by the followers of Mahomet; and I visited this teacher of the despised sect, with the declared object of treating him with scorn, and exposing his doctrines to contempt. Although I persevered for some time in this behaviour toward him, I found that every interview not only increased my respect for the individual, but diminished my confidence in the faith in which I was educated. His extremo forbearance toward the violence of his opponents, the calm and yet convincing manner in which he exposed the fallacies and sophistries by which he was assailed (for he spoke Persian excellently), gradually inclined me to listen to his arguments, to inquire dispassionately into the subject of them, and finally to read a tract which he had written in reply to a defence of Islamism by our chief Mollahs. Need I detain you longer? The result of my examination was a conviction that the young disputant was right. Shame, or rather fear, withheld me from avowing this opinion. I even avoided the society of the Christian teacher, though he remained in the city so long. Just before he quitted Shiráz, I could not refrain from paying him a farewell visit. Our conversation—the memory of it will never fade from the tablet of my mind—sealed my conversion. He gave me a book—it has ever been my constant companion—the study of it has formed my most delightful occupation—its contents have often consoled me.' Upon this he put into my hands a copy of the New Testament in Persian. On one of the blank leaves was written—'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.'

The Beauties of the Bible.

THE CHURCH CRYING OUT FOR THE PRESENCE OF JESUS.

AMONG "*The Beauties of the Bible*," are those chaste and holy heart-breathings after communion with the Great Captain of our salvation, which the real living Spouse of Christ has ever been the subject of. In perusing that rich volume which Mr. Collingridge, of the City Press, has recently published, entitled, "*An Exposition of Solomon's Song, &c.*," by Dr. JOHN GILL, "we were much profited by reading the following pithy comments on a portion of the fifth section of the Canticles. The true believer in Jesus—the ardent lover of Christ—is seeking for Him whom her soul loveth. She cannot find Him: but she meets with some others who profess attachment to Christ. To them she gives a solemn charge: "*I charge you, O daughters of Jerusalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye*

"TELL HIM I AM SICK OF LOVE."

The venerable Doctor in dilating upon this beautiful part of the Church's experience, has entered very deeply and correctly into certain parts of a true believers' experience, which, we trust, will be useful to many. He notices—

I.—The person to whom she gives this charge, "*the daughters of Jerusalem*;" by whom we are to understand the prophets, as the Targum does; though these were proper persons for the church to make application to in her present condition; but having been so evilly treated by the watchmen and keepers of the walls, she had but little encouragement to go to them; nor are angels here meant, as some think; though they are "*ministering spirits, sent to the heirs of salvation*," and are often useful to the saints on many accounts; yet it does not seem to be their business, nor are they capable of assisting and relieving souls in such a case as this of the church's; nor are "*saints departed*" meant, as some popish interpreters imagine: as if the church desired their prayers for her, who are incapable of giving her any assistance; but by them we are to understand saints here on earth, the friends and companions of the church, which belong to that Jerusalem which "*is free, and is the mother of us all*;" these were "*fellow-citizens with the saints, and of the household of God*;" perhaps you were young converts, as has been observed in other places of this Song; and it is certain, that they were believers of the weaker sort; their knowledge of Christ was but small, though they had a great respect for the church, and a desire of seeking Christ with her, (v. 9, and vi. 1.) The church now making application to these persons, in her disconsolate condition, shews, 1.—Her humility: that she is willing to be assisted by mean christians or weak believers, who were much inferior to her

in faith and knowledge; it is the nature of grace, and the tendency of such trying dispensations as these, in which the church was, to make and keep souls humble; the more grace they have, the more humble they will be; the greatest believer reckoned himself the "*least of saints, and the chief of sinners*," and is willing to be instructed and admonished by the meanest saint; see Psalm clxi. 5; and is glad of the prayers and assistance of weak believers, when in distress. 2.—Her resolution to use all means to find her beloved, as Job did, chap xxiii. 8, 9; she will leave no stone unturned, nor let slip any opportunity, where there was any probability or possibility of finding him; she had sought him; in public ordinances, but with no success; nay, had met with ill-treatment from church officers; yet she is not discouraged, but is resolved to persist in her search of him; she had spread her case before Christ in prayer, and could get no answer; and now she betakes herself to the company of private christians, that by conference with them, and through their prayers for her, she might be brought to the enjoyment of what she was seeking after. 3.—That communion and conversation with saints is a very proper method to be taken by believers in such cases; conversing together about the things of God, is very acceptable and well-pleasing to him; it is said, Mal. iii. 16, of the saints, who "*spake often one to another*," that the Lord hearkened and heard, listened as it were unto it, and took such notice of it, that "*a book of remembrance was written before him*" for them; he did, as it were, take notes and minutes of what they said and thought, and laid them up; as we should spread our cases before God; so it is very proper, and often very useful, to spread our case before one another; and therefore there should not be a "*for-saking the assembling of ourselves together, as the manner of some is*;" but so much the more should we assemble together, as our various wants and cases require. 4.—That when souls are in distress, it is their duty and interest to make application to others; they should not only pray for themselves, which should be done in the first place, but they should also desire the prayers of others for them: for "*the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much*;" and it is no disgrace nor dishonor for a person superior in office, gifts, and graces to others, to desire their assistance by their prayers for him at the throne of grace; instances of this we have, not only in the church here, but in that great man of God, an instance of grace, the Apostle Paul, who frequently desired the prayers of meaner saints for him; see Eph. vi. 19; 2 Thess. iii. 1, 2. 3.—That it is the duty of saints to be assisting to each other in their distresses, as much as in thorn lies; by singing the praises of God together, by praying one

with and for another, and by conferring with each other about divine things, and so building up one another on their most holy faith: there ought to be a sympathizing spirit in the saints; they should "bear one another's burdens," and should mutually help each other; they should "weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice." But,

II.—Let us consider the charge itself, which is given to them by her; and that is to tell her beloved, when they found him, that she was sick of love. This does not suppose that he was ignorant or unmindful of her present state; he heard her, though he would not answer; he knew that she was enquiring after him, and what hardships she underwent in doing it; and also, how much her soul was filled with love to him, and longed for the enjoyment of him: though he would not immediately shew himself, intending a little longer to chastise her for her former carriage to him; but the word shews the ardency of her love to Christ, and that she would have them declare this to him, in their prayers for her, which she thought might be a means to induce him to manifest himself to her; as also they shew what familiarity souls may use at the throne of grace, what freedom they may take with Christ, when they come into his presence, "tell him that I am sick of love." They may tell him their own cases and the cases of others, as one friend may tell another, or as a child may tell its father; they may go with boldness to him, and spread their own and others' cases before him, without fear of being chided or upbraided by him; and indeed it is their duty to bear upon their minds, at the throne of grace, not only their own cases, and the cases of the church in general, as the apostle Paul frequently did; but also the cases of particular persons, whom they know to be in distress; therefore, Christ taught his disciples to pray after this manner, "Our Father," &c., and "Forgive us our debts," &c., to shew that they should be concerned for others in prayer, as well as for themselves. The words in the Hebrew text may be rendered thus, "What shall ye, or should ye tell him?" as if she should say, Do not tell him the blows and wounds that I have received from the watchmen! nor desire him to revenge the injuries and affronts they have given me, I freely forgive them; nor am I so much concerned at the sufferings that I undergo, as I am for the loss of him: "What shall ye tell him?" Tell him that which lies most upon my heart, under which I shall sink and die, if he does not relieve me: "tell him that I am sick of love." Again, What shall ye tell him? Tell him that which will be the most acceptable and agreeable to him; tell him I love him, so, that I cannot live without him: she knew that he valued her love, and that his heart would be ravished with it, from what he had said, chap. iv. 9, 10; and therefore would have this told him. Again, "What shall ye tell him?" What shall I say to you to tell him? I have a great many things to tell him of; but I will not overburden your memories, but I will give you my mind in a few words, in the most concise manner, "tell him that I am sick of love;" and when I meet with him myself, I will tell

him all my mind; but for the present, only tell him this. But let us a little more particularly consider the matter of this charge, or what the church would have the daughters of Jerusalem tell Christ, when they found him; which is, that she was "sick of love."

And it will be proper to enquire,

1st. The causes of this sickness; which sometimes are 1. A want of the views of pardoning grace under a sense of sin, which perhaps was the case of the church here; she had sinned against Christ, in neglecting to arise and open to him; and she was now sensible of it, but wanted the manifestations of pardon; and was therefore in a languishing and fainting condition on the account of it; and it is only this which will cure this sickness: "The inhabitant shall not say I am sick." Why so? "The people that dwell therein shall be forgiven their iniquity;" that is, they shall have the manifestations of pardoning grace to their souls, which shall cure them of their sickness and maladies: which was what the church here wanted. 2. The absence of Christ is sometimes the cause of this sickness; and this also was the church's case: Christ had "withdrawn himself from her, and was gone," as in verse 6; and though she had diligently sought him, yet she could not find him, nor hear anything of him; and this brought this sickness upon her. 3. An eager longing after Christ's presence, and the discoveries of his love, are another cause of it: when a soul has sought Christ a long time in ordinances, and cannot find him; has lived in the hope and expectation of enjoying his presence time after time; and yet is still at a loss for him, then comes this sickness upon it; for, as Solomon says, Prov. xiii. 12, "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." 4. Sometimes the large discoveries of love which believers have cause a sickness, which may be called a love-sickness; and this is what the church speaks of in chap. ii. 5, "stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love." She had been with Christ in his wine-cellar or banquetting house, and had as much of his love let into her soul as she could hold, nay, more; she was overpowered with it; "his banner over" her had been love. But this was not the church's case here: her sickness here arises rather from the aforesaid causes, and chiefly from a want of that love which she had such large discoveries of there.

2ndly. It may not be amiss to consider the nature and properties of this sickness. And, 1. It is not a sickness unto death; none ever died of this sickness; Christ will never suffer any to die with love for him: for he "loves them that love him," and will cause them "to inherit substance;" to enjoy himself, the substance of all felicity; and to inherit eternal glory, which is the better and the "more enduring substance;" where they shall have sweet and uninterrupted communion with him. Yet, 2. It is a very sore and painful sickness; like Hezekiah's, it is a pining one; and oftentimes wastes the body, as well as affects the mind. The Septuagint renders it, "for I am wounded with love;" which gave her a great deal of pain and uneasiness, for "love is as strong as death." 3. It is an im-

medicable sickness without the enjoyment of Christ, the object loved; bodily physicians cannot cure it; these are in this case, like Job's physicians, of no value; merry companions are of no service to remove it; the enjoyment of another beloved will not do; the language of a soul in such a case, is, None but Christ; none but Christ; give me Christ, or I die; I cannot live without him; this sickness can only be cured by the object loved, and this infallibly cures; for "as hope deferred maketh the heart sick, so when the desire cometh it is a tree of life."

3rdly. We may consider the evidences of this love-sickness, or how it manifests itself. and 1. There is in souls that labour under it a violent pulsation and panting of the heart after Christ, even "as the heart panteth after the water-brooks;" they are restless and uneasy without him; their thoughts are continually running upon him; the desire of their souls, night and day, "is to his name, and to the remembrance of him." 2. They are prodigiously jealous of him and his love; and this is exceedingly afflicting to them, for "jealousy is as cruel as the grave;" they are exceedingly afraid that he does not love them, or that he loves others better than them. 3. They are very active and diligent, careful and industrious to gain his love; they use all the methods and stratagems they can devise; are bold and resolute, are not discouraged at any difficulties, but are willing to run all risks for the enjoyment. 4. They love to hear his name mentioned, and especially to be spoken well of; his name to them is "as ointment poured forth," exceeding grateful; it attracts their love, "therefore do the virgins love" him; they love his ways, his ordinances and his doctrines, and cannot bear to hear them spoken against; they love to look upon and converse with his people, because they are like him, and bear a resemblance to him.

NAPHTALI, AND HIS POSSESSION. DEUT. xxxiii. 23.

MOSES, on giving up his command to his successor, expressed his wishes on behalf of the people he had led from Egypt, and pronounced blessings on them by their tribes. "And of Naphtali he said, O Naphtali, satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord, possess thou the west and the south." Here is,

I. Character described in the import of the name — *Naphtali*: "wrestling," or, "my wrestlings."

All believers are wrestlers; like Jacob, they are brought to it from necessity, and that is their warrant to approach. God's promise to them makes them bold. I do not wonder at Jacob's boldness when he said, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me;" for he had received a promise from the Lord twenty years before that, at Bethel—when he said, "I am with thee, and will keep thee, and will bring thee again; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of." Gen. xxviii. 16. He was therefore in possession of the promise, and was in circum-

stances to need its fulfilment. When God speaks the promise to the heart, the man can plead it; and he cannot forget it—it makes such an impression. Many such promises are repeated by friends and preachers, but they cannot apply them; therefore they do not make the impression, nor can the soul derive comfort from them. The Lord himself must be proved the Comforter. "I even I, am he that comforteth you." And such wrestlers as these, obtain the blessing, too, and have the testimony that they are prevailing Israelites. The Lord will remind them of their origin, and they must confess it; for said he, "What is thy name?" "Jacob," said he; that is, *Deceiver, and Supplanter*; he deceived his father, and supplanted his brother; and though he obtained the blessing the Lord had ordained for him, yet he was punished for his deceptions, and went halting all his days; for, like his brother David, the sword did not depart from his house. Nevertheless, he shall not always be called Jacob; for "Israel shall thy name be;" that is, *Prevailer*. He prevailed with God, and with man. This was the result of his wrestling; and all God's Jacobs shall prevail; for Jesus "ever lives to make intercession for them;" and they shall have a new name, too; for this is the name she shall be called, "The Lord our Righteousness." Jeremiah xxxiii. 16.

Thus these wrestlers are men of 1st, *Prayer*. There is no prayer in the soul till God's Spirit breathes life within; then it is discovered by the Lord when men cannot observe it, in sighs of Hannah, groans of David, chatterings of Isaiah, and the petitions of a Publican. The fine forms, and glowing oratory of a Pharisee, is unheeded by Him who looks at the heart.

They are, 2ndly, men of *patience*—not much patience in nature; but when a man is quickened by grace, he is to be tried; and then when brought into circumstances in which God's honour is involved, the Spirit supplies him with patience necessary for the occasion—no more, no less; for he that believeth shall not make haste to bring to maturity anything before its time, it is unbelief that does that—not faith; we have plenty of unbelieving impatience, but we are not to extol it; we speak of the properties of the Spirit which distinguish us as wrestlers; not as fainters, waxing valiant in flight.

3rdly, They are men of *perseverance*. Yes, they that endure to the end shall be saved; and these wrestlers, having life within, shall endure; however weak and worthless they may appear in themselves, they shall come off more than conquerors; for not a hoof shall be left behind. "For he that hath, to him shall be given." "He that hath spiritual life, to him shall be given eternal life." He that hath grace, shall have glory. He that hath faith, shall have sight. He that hath hope, shall have fruition. He that hath the earnest, shall have the inheritance incorruptible; but he that hath not faith, hope and mercy, shall lose that which he hath: his natural life, his earthly friends, his worldly joys, and all that his heart is fixed on here. The wrestlers,

therefore, are men of prayer, patience, perseverance and prosperity; for they have the true riches.

II. Their experience described—"Satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord."

They are satisfied with the Lord's favours conferred upon them in his discriminating, sovereign mercy; knowing they deserve nothing but condemnation and banishment; therefore how well pleased are they, when God's favour in Christ is made known to them by the Spirit! Then are they satisfied with,

1st. The Father's love to them: loving them in Christ, irrespective of their sin or holiness; good works or bad works; strength or weakness; but loving them for his own glory.

2ndly, The Son's redemption for them; by which their sins are pardoned, their debts paid, their souls saved, and peace enjoyed within. He bore their sins, till he atoned for them at Calvary, and dropped them in the tomb; and now in his palace, and on his throne, he makes intercession as their everlasting High Priest; no more to endure shame, and spitting from the spiteful jaw, or ridicule from the barbarous Roman; his hands no longer marked with the reed, or his brow pierced with a thorny diadem; but his hands now swing the golden censer before the throne, with the prayers of the wrestlers, and they are perfumed with his merit; whilst his brow is adorned with a diadem of mediatorial triumph; the jewels set therein being the halt, blind, maimed and outcast ones; such as Saul, Magdalene and Zaccheus, and all who have been brought to his footstool, where mercy abounds to the chief of sinners. Thus the Victor's hands are laden with rewards, and his head crowned with many crowns.

3rdly, They are satisfied with the Spirit's work in them; the blessed Spirit making known their sonship, union and safety. Thus a new relationship is sustained, new objects loved, and new prospects opened up to view; and having this work of grace going on within, they are "satisfied with favour, and full with the blessing of the Lord." If he is a poor man, the Lord's blessing makes him rich; if he is a weak man, the Lord's blessing makes him strong; if he is a miserable sinner, the Lord's blessing makes him happy; and if he is empty, then the Lord's blessing makes him a Naphthali, full with the blessing of the Lord.

III. The blessing pronounced by Moses—"Possess thou the west and the south." Warmth and fruitfulness—not the biting north, nor the blighting east; and though we are often too far north in ourselves, yet in our right mind our wish is to be journeying towards the south, like Abraham; possess the west and south, I believe, is Naphthali's portion. Capernaum was in the south; it signifies, *field of repentance*—a part of a wrestler's portion; Christ is exalted to give him repentance; he always feels his sinfulness, and proneness to evil, and repentance is always his portion. And then *Kedesh*, a City of Refuge, was in the inheritance of Naphthali also.

Kedesh signifies holiness; therefore whilst he feels his lack of personal holiness to entitle

him to heaven, he is reminded of that city of *Kedesh*, of holiness, which is Christ. In him the Father is well pleased; and in him he views Naphthali, and says he is well pleased with him, for he is in *Kedesh*, in Christ.

Naphthali's portion was in the province of Galilee, famous for fruitful plains, where corn grow in great abundance; therefore the praying, patient, persevering Naphthali has a goodly portion; he possesses *repentance unto life, holiness for heaven, and bread to sustain him on the road*. No wonder he is satisfied with God's favour, and unhappy when he does not realise his presence. ELIAS GRIFFITHS.

Wellington, Aug. 4, 1854.

SOLOMON'S THRONE, THE QUEEN OF SHEBA, AND THE SIX STEPS.

"And there were six steps to the throne."

—2 Chron. x. 18.

[DEAR SIR.—One evening a short time since, as I was about to retire to rest after the business of the day, being much cast down, and groaning in myself, because of felt barrenness of soul, I secretly asked the Lord to cause his face to shine upon me, and give me a message to his people for the following Sabbath Day. Seeing a Bible lying upon the dressing table, I opened it, hoping and praying that the Lord would direct me. My eyes caught these words, "And there were six steps to the throne." My attention was arrested; light shone upon the sacred page; the text was opened up to me; and I can say, my meditations thereon were sweet. The dear Lord gave me liberty in speaking upon those words; his people said they were blessed to them; and now I feel constrained to write down a few of my thoughts upon them. If you think they are calculated to be useful to any of the little flock, please insert them in your VESSEL, and thus oblige, Your's in the bonds of the everlasting covenant, BENJAMIN DAVIES.]

KING Solomon was one who delighted to honor God; therefore the Lord highly honored him. We find that one of his first public acts as king of Israel, was to offer a thousand burnt offerings upon the brazen altar before the Lord; and this act was well-pleasing to God, as we shall see by what follows; not because it was merely an act of worship, or of obedience, but because the Lord had put the desire into his heart to serve him; and this act was the produce of the seed which the Lord himself had sown. Thus the dear Lord works all his works in his saints, and then gives them the commendation for working; saying, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant;" giving them all the benefit, whilst they ascribe to him all the glory. In that night did God appear unto Solomon, and said unto him, "Ask what I shall give thee." What an amazing privilege this! And yet, great as it is, it belongs to all the covenant children of our God, from the strongest to the weakest and most feeble. (John xiv. 13). Solomon asked of the Lord wisdom, that he might be enabled to govern the people in a righteous manner. This the Lord gave him; and also riches, wealth, and honour, such as no king ever had before or after him.

The fame of Solomon soon spread far and wide; and among others who heard of his greatness, was the queen of Sheba, who came to Jerusalem to prove him with hard questions.

In this queen of Sheba, we see a type of the children of God; like her, they are inhabitants of a far country; but when, by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, they are brought to know themselves, then they come (being led by the Spirit) to Jesus, our spiritual Solomon, and prove him with hard questions; not questions in philosophy, but questions of vital importance, such as these—Am I one of thy children? Hast thou borne *my sins*? Am I a vessel of mercy? Shall I endure to the end, and receive the crown of life? These questions they might have often asked before, but none could give them answers that would satisfy them, or upon which they could rest; but now they bring these hard questions to Jesus, and commune with him of *all* that is in their hearts; he perfectly satisfies them, and reveals to them the mysteries of his kingdom, making their hearts to burn within them, and their lips to shew forth his praise. Then, like the queen of Sheba, they say of him, "The one half was not told me, for thou exceedest the fame that I heard;" and I am sure it is utterly impossible for any minister of Christ, be he ever so learned or eloquent, to set him forth in all his greatness and beauty; for "he is the Chiefest among ten thousand; yea, he is altogether lovely." But what was it that called forth these expressions from the queen of Sheba? In the 3rd and 4th verses we are told—

1st. It was the wisdom of Solomon. Jesus Christ is not only a wise King, but he is Wisdom itself. His wisdom is shewn in the glorious and perfect scheme of salvation; also, in his varied dealings with his children as they pass through the wilderness; and although now they are in heaviness because of the darkness of the path, yet his wisdom is such in guiding them, that at the end they will joyfully sing,

"My Jesus hath done all things well."

2nd. The house that he had built. When we look at the building of mercy—the temple of our God—surely we see enough to call forth our wonder and our praise. See its Foundation—"Jesus Christ himself being the Chief Corner Stone;" a tried and a precious Stone—a sure and firm Foundation for the building to stand upon. See the materials. Look at them in the quarry of nature, without beauty, and without form; but they are taken by the great Master Builder, all the roughness and unsightliness of depravity is taken from them, and then, as beautiful and lively stones, they are built up a spiritual house.

3rd. The meat of his table. The apostle tells us, that meat belongeth unto them that are of full age; but in the banquetting house of our precious Christ, there is not only meat for the strong, but milk for the babes; yea, there is food suitable for all the living family, in all the varied stages of their experience; and their Jehovah-Jireh does not grudge them what he sets before them, but willingly invites them to the feast; yea, "sweetly forces them in," saying, "Eat, O friends; drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved."

4th. The sitting of his servants; the attendance of his ministers and his cup-bearers.

When we see one who was a willing slave and vassal of satan sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind, it fills us with wonder: when we see the way his ministers are made instrumentally to minister to the wants of the saints, it fills us with love; but when we see the cupbearers, sent by the King, bringing the overflowing cup of mercy to such undeserving sinners as we are, then we are filled with astonishment and praise.

5th. Their apparel. What is the apparel of the saints of God? Not the filthy garments of their own righteousness, but the glorious and beautiful garment of the Saviour's imputed righteousness; clothed in this they are without spot or blemish, and the desire of all of them is, Lord, clothe me in thy robe; they will not reject it, or say it is not necessary, or scriptural, for they feel it to be necessary, they feel it to be scriptural, and rejoice to know that such a glorious robe is provided for poor, naked and miserable sinners.

6th. His ascent, by which he went up into the house of the Lord. Which may figure forth the finished work of redemption, which is as so many steps by which the Captain of our salvation ascends up to the house of the Lord.

Among other things which the queen of Sheba saw, was doubtless the king's throne, of which I have now to speak; and as Solomon was a type of Christ, even so his throne is a type of Christ's throne. First, It was a throne of ivory; indicating the purity and durability of his government. Secondly, It was overlaid with pure gold; representing his Divine excellency, his preciousness, and incorruptibility. Thirdly, There were stays on each side of the sitting-place, which may denote that the purposes and power of Jehovah will ever be the support and stay of Jesus, when set as King upon the holy hill of Zion. Fourthly, There were lions standing upon each side of the steps, and upon each side of the sitting-place; which denotes that King Jesus, who is the Lion of the tribe of Judah, will ever defend and maintain his position as King in Zion. Fifth, There were six steps to the throne. King Jesus has a three-fold throne, to each of which we may say there are six steps. 1st, His throne which he sets up in the hearts of his people. 2ndly, The throne of grace. 3rdly, The throne of judgment.

Now, first we notice the throne which he sets up in the hearts of his people; the six steps to which are, 1st, Election; 2nd, Redemption; 3rd, Conviction; 4th, Regeneration; 5th, Justification; 6th, Adoption. I will explain what I mean. Before Jesus Christ can set up his throne in our hearts, and reign there as God supreme, he must, 1st, elect us, and choose us for himself; 2nd, redeem us to himself; 3rd, he must convince us of sin; 4th, regenerate us, and make us new creatures in Christ Jesus; 5th, justify and make us holy; 6th, adopt us into his family, and give us the spirit of adoption, "whereby we cry, Abba, Father." Then, and not till then, will his throne be established, and he will sit down there, and reign as King.

1st. Election. Some will tell us that this is

not the first step, but rather, our free-will acceptance of Christ; but as this is not according to the word of God, or my own experience, it is a doctrine I never do, and hope never shall advocate. What is free-will? Depend upon it, it is merely a phantom, which never had an existence in this world, except in the heated imaginations of those who boast of it, and who make the exercise of it their trust, thinking they can come to Christ when they please. Then, if free-will never existed, it cannot be the first step to the throne, but rather the eternal choice of Jehovah; as it is written,—“According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world.” Eph. i. 4. If this portion were the only one in support of this truth, it would be sufficient; but the word of God is full of the doctrine, and facts proving it, from beginning to end. Moreover, the experience of the saints prove it; for in every case we see that if he had not chosen them, they would never have chosen him.

2nd. Redemption. All the children of God having sinned, were under the curse of the law, and were the prisoners of justice; therefore, the next step Jesus took in ascending to his throne in their hearts was to redeem them from the curse of the law by being made a curse for them; and now his commission is to open the prison doors, and to set at liberty them that are bound. For, as the apostle says, “We are not redeemed with corruptible things, as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.”

3rd. Conviction. The children of God naturally are not only sinners, but are dead in sin, and do not know or feel their need of a Saviour. Therefore, the next step Jesus takes is to convince them of these things, which is indeed the work of God; for no man can possibly convince his fellow-man. The preacher may set forth his awful state with all the force and eloquence he is master of; but it is of no avail. The man still remains unconscious and dead until the Holy Ghost raises him into life, shows him his state, and puts the cry into his mouth, “What must I do to be saved?” Now many of the children of God are in this state for a great length of time; and are sometimes led to conclude that there is no mercy for them, their sins are so great. To such I would say, Do not despair; for if you feel yourselves to be sinners it is because the Lord has convinced you: and he never convinces any, so as to make them cry for mercy, but those whom he has chosen, redeemed, and will eventually save with an everlasting salvation. Remember, the vision of mercy is yet for an appointed time; and though it tarry, wait for it, because it will surely come, and will not tarry one moment longer than the appointed time of God. And as Jesus appointed a mountain upon which he would meet his disciples after his resurrection, (Matt xxviii. 16,) even so he has appointed a time, and a place, and the means, by which he will manifest himself to you, and speak peace to your soul. The only difference is, he told them where he would meet them. This he has kept a secret from you; but he will guide your feet to the spot, will meet you there himself,

and like the disciples, you will be glad when you have seen the Lord.

4th. Regeneration. As the King of Holiness will not dwell in an unclean temple, therefore he enters his people, and cleanses them from all their pollution by the application of his own most precious blood. This is indeed a great change; and is called a deliverance from the powers of darkness, and a translation into the kingdom of his dear Son. Those who have experienced this change have new desires, new thoughts, new objects of affection; yea, “old things are passed away, and behold all things are become new.”

5th. Justification. All the Lord's people were, by sin, under condemnation; but by the death and works of Christ they are justified from all things. The moment that work was finished and complete, then they stood virtually justified before God; when the blood of the atonement is applied to their hearts, then they are justified experimentally; and when by their works wrought in them by God they shew themselves to be on the Lord's side, then they are justified before men.

6th. Adoption. Well might the apostle in an holy ecstasy of joy exclaim, “Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God.”—see what we were! but now adopted into the family, have the family name, the family garments, the family likeness, the family physician, yea, all the privileges of the family, and at last the family possessions.

These six steps King Jesus takes; and having taken them, he sits down upon his throne as a triumphant conqueror to guide his people in all their journeyings, to rule them in love, and as Captain of their salvation to fight their battles for them. And are we to suppose that the prince of this world will ever dethrone him? Verily not: for he is stronger than all his enemies, and will for ever reign.

II. We have to notice the throne of grace and its six steps; but as I fear I have already taken up too much of your space, I will not enlarge, but simply state the six steps and pass on. It is a precious truth that our Jesus is exalted upon the throne of grace to give repentance unto Israel, and the remission of sins. But before he could ascend that throne, and sit down to dispense his favours to his people, he must take the following six steps:—1st, must enter into a covenant engagement with his Father on his people's behalf; 2nd, must take upon himself our nature, and become bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh; 3rd, must bear our sins; 4th, must be led captive by death; 5th, must arise from the tomb; 6th, must ascend into heaven. These six steps, dear believer, he has taken, and is now seated upon the throne of his grace, inviting his people nigh, that they may tell him their wants, and have them all supplied. Then no longer take your case to men, but take them to Jesus, who has every blessing in store that his people can possibly want.

III. The throne of judgment. Upon this great white throne King Jesus will at last be seen, when in the clouds of heaven he appears to judge the quick and the dead. This throne

has six steps:—1, authority; 2, power; 3, knowledge; 4, wisdom; 5, justice; 6, holiness. These six steps Christ will ascend. He has authority from the Father; he has power in himself to cause all mankind to stand before his bar, and to carry out his own sentence; he has knowledge to know the sheep and the goats, also the actions of all men; he has wisdom to judge aright; justice to judge righteously; and holiness, so that none can charge him with sin. In conclusion, let me ask all who may read this—Are you prepared to meet the Lord in the air?

Thus, dear sir, I have sent you a few thoughts; and have put them in as few words as I could. May the blessing of our God accompany them; and may your *Vessel* long be kept aloft to carry the good news to the little isles and ends of the earth. B. DAVIES.

Britannia Pl., Little Hill St., Birmingham.

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.

To the little Church of Jesus Christ meeting for the Worship of God at Bethlehem Chapel, Sharnbrook, Beds.

FELLOW PILGRIMS.—The Scriptures abound with recorded instances of the condition of ancient saints, and how the forbearance and tender mercy of God was made conspicuous amongst them. And though but little has been preserved, and that by miracle, it is a sample of the whole, and harmonizes with the state of the militant church in all ages. Sighs and songs, trials and triumphs, conflicts and conquests, marked the track of their experience, and so it does the saints of God now.

The *past* of God's dealing forms a foot-hold for faith in *present* trial to ask,

“And will he relinquish at last,
A sinner so signally loved?”

The present song of deliverance may have hardly died away, before the troubles of the future begin to open. Shall we not sing because of this? Why, the tones of that song, now long sung, are not entirely forgotten; and, like the sound of distant music, falls with softness into the heart; and we say, while silently we wait, “Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him.”

The *past* of my own little history is often to me a source of pleasing thought, as I am led to trace it in connexion with the “good hand of my God upon me,” managing all the perverse and crooked paths, which in early life I was suffered to tread—by natural disposition, ready for the reception and the performance of the very worst of mental and practical wrongs. And why not—with ruthless haste and daring impiety—was I not suffered fully to develop these wrongs, like the thousands around me, and driven hurriedly to the abodes of death—eternal death? Ah, mercy—rich mercy! the tone falls sweet upon my ear; yea, more, with softer power upon my heart, until I feel that I should be acting an ungrateful part where I not to

“—tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found.”

It was the gracious discovery of this saving power of God to one who deserved his out-poured

anger, rather than the *felt possession* of pardoning mercy, and salvation grace, that forced my swelling heart to find vent in bearing testimony to truth. I sought it not by choice; I could gladly in silence have listened to other lips, and in quiet received salvation truth, with which, under the ministry of the Holy Spirit, my soul was often gladdened, until I should have immortal powers to unite with the happy millions around the throne. But I believe my God and Father had willed it otherwise; and I can from my heart bless his name that he opened a way, unthought of by me, in bringing me from a ministry, the truthfulness of which I loved, but the tyranny of which my soul hated. The true gospel yoke will never gale the spirits of those who wear it; but a pulpit yoke may soon do so; and if those upon whom it is imposed do not wear it quietly, the pulpit soon rings with a noisy declamation of character, or a want of soundness in the faith; so that the neck must be howled to wear it, or grace must be given faithfully to resist it; and then, the lowest serf of a tyrant Czar will have a condition perhaps, of the two, the most desirable.

Thus the *past*—of my entrance amongst you, as the work and finger of God in his providence, I can trace; and my few years abode with you was not in vain. The good and gracious lighting down of the arm of the Lord, and the felt enjoyment of his presence, was happily afforded us. Brethren, a survey of the *past* presents to each of us an abundant cause for humility and praise; and the language of dear Newton may be appropriately used—

“His love in time past forbids us to think
He'll leave us at last in trouble to sink.”

The *present*!—ah, what can we say of it? Sometimes, perhaps, we may be ready to say of the *past*, It was better then than now. But we do not well to encourage ourselves in this. It is—it must be well with the godly. Former comforts and bygone revelations of God's favours, are sometimes by the enemy, and our own hearts, apparently magnified; so that present favours may be lost sight of, and God be dishonoured, by ungrateful reflections. We see this in the case of God's ancient Israel, as recorded in the 11th chapter of Numbers. The Lord help us to trace out *present* “tokens of good,” that we may honour our God in the use of them. For myself I must say of the Lord's mercies, “They are new every morning;” and Divine faithfulness is graven upon every one of them. Does he afflict in any form, or in every form? It is in “very faithfulness.” Does he hide his face, so that I cannot behold him? I know it is in “very faithfulness;” and I would prayerfully ask, why he does so. Ah, I often find the meritorious cause is in myself; while his Fatherly intention is to humble my soul before him, minister a little profit to others, and endear himself; for “he does not willingly afflict.” Does he suffer judgment to fall upon the wicked? It is in *equity* and *righteousness*. Does he suffer trial to come into the lot of his people? It is in *lovingkindness* and *mercy*.

Do you ask, how it is with me as to present personal favours? I would with humility answer, It was never better; health of body, and home comforts, my God and Father still gives me; and I would bless his name, and enjoy them. Friendly

and ministerial favours have been granted since I have been in this locality; many of the Lord's honoured servants have visited me, and preached the glad word of salvation in our little Zion. A new school-room has been built, and is weekly occupied by upwards of a hundred children; and alterations in the chapel and yard have been made at a cost of nearly £100; upwards of £50 has been collected, and I hope the remainder will not stand as a debt long.

On the first Lord's-day in April I was called to baptize four—one of them an old man in his 76th year; who, though he had had a saving knowledge of the truth of God for nearly forty years, yet a something had prevented him from being baptised, until the Lord made use of my testimony, constraining him to obedience. He communed with us twice at the Lord's table, and after a few days' illness, his ransomed spirit was called home. I could have wished those who have the fear of God in their hearts, and yet are disobedient to his commands, had heard that good old man in a dying hour express his deep regret for *past neglect*, and his gratitude to God for stirring him up to obedience. He said to me, "I can now die with a clear conscience, and bless God that the day I was baptised was the happiest of my long life." He died very soon afterwards, in the expressed triumphs of salvation-grace. The last utterance I heard, was—"Blessed be God." I have reason to believe God has begun the work of grace in the hearts of some; but I must leave that for further development. I would rather speak of those in whom the work is *finished*. The less we say of living saints, the better; it often serves to puff up the heart with pride, and proves a source of after sorrow.

Two more of the members of the church have been gathered home. The one, an old lady, who had been a lover of God, and a willing helper in the cause of God, for more than fifty years, whose heart and hand were always ready to minister of her little store to the needy, while she had it; and the Lord indeed honoured her *last* as well as her *first* days. I know not that I ever saw the triumphs of faith in affliction, and in a dying hour, more strong. Heaven seemed really possessed by the soul, before the frail body was given to death. Another, of whom I knew but little—but have reason to hope she was known of the Lord—who suffered the arrow of death to strike her; and immediately her eyes were closed, her ears were deaf, her tongue was silent, her whole frame was paralysed—her spirit gone. "Be ye also ready," &c. Luke xii. 40.

Brethren, what is your testimony concerning the present? Your "salvation is nearer now than when you first believed." Do you feel it nearer to your hearts? Do you long with spiritual desire to be with Christ in heaven, which is even better than it is for Christ to be with you here on earth? Do you find him your joy here? You shall find him so there. Knowledge of, and conformity to Christ, is what the Christian, actuated by the heaven-inspiring grace of life, must seek. Creeds, and names, with the peculiarities of men, may be sought after and embraced, but these will prove a sorry substitute for vital religion in a dying hour. The toy-boat, with reed-like mast, paper sails, silken cable, and tin-foil anchor, lodged in the puddle formed by the pass-

ing shower, may amuse the child of time, but it would not do to venture upon in the deep ocean, where "land recedes, and stormy billows roar." So will it be with all profession, short of living hopes, and living faith in the Lord Jesus. The storms of death, the yawning gulph of the vast and boundless deep of eternity, will prove the hopes of thousands to be delusive. The Lord help us, friends, to look well to our immortal cargo, that it be not entrusted to the ship *Profession*; for her showy colors and painted figure-head of the Christian, will do but little for safety when the storms of death come on. May we seek out, amongst the crowds who press the shores of time, for the Captain of salvation; for he alone is "able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy." There is not a wave but he can still; not a storm but he can quell. We may rest assured, friends, of all good in the future; for "no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly." Do clouds appear in the future, and fears begin to rise? Three things—yea, four—your Captain has provided for safety; seek with prayerful hearts to use them. The compass, or rudder, which is the Word of God; look well to that as your guide; the more it is understood, the better you will be able to avoid the dangers you may meet. The anchor, which is the grace of hope. See that it rests *not* in creature ability or inability. Many, I fear, rest upon the latter as well as the former. I know it is a Bible truth, that "without me ye can do nothing." But Christ did not say this to form a cradle for sloth to indulge in, but to prove the vital union between himself and his church; and upon which living faith might act, and draw supplies of needful strength. Hope lays hold of the mediation work of Christ, which remains "firm to the end." Heb. iii. 6. While the strong cable, love, by the hand of faith, is entwined around the "two immutable things;" (the promise and the fulfilment); and by the Holy Spirit's Divine anointing, looks into the face of God, through the Personal mediation of Christ, and pleads, "Thou saidst thou would do me good." Thus the soul is kept steady, waiting for the troubled waves to be still, and the trade winds of heaven to blow, so that spiritual commerce may be successfully carried on.

Thus, friends, we do well to leave the future to our God;—it is wisely concealed. There is enough in the *present* often to sink us; and,—blessed be God!—there has been enough to sustain us too. "Ah, we shall soon be dying." Can we contemplate the change, and say, "We would not live always," "Having a desire to depart and be with Christ?" If so, the *past* with us has indeed been *mercy*, the *present* *grace*, and the *future* must be *glory*. D. АНВУ.

Whittlesea, August 5, 1854.

"The redemption and restoration of the earth upon which we live, to be the scene of the triumph of Emmanuel, at the day of the restitution of all things, throws a flood of light upon the national judgments of the present day, and is the key which explains the whole range of history. This, then, ceases to be one mighty maze, without purpose or plan, but all such events are then seen to be but *steps*, bringing in his future glory."—ROWLANDSON.

Our British Baptist Churches.

ORDINATION OF MR. WILLIAM WINSLOW, AT RICHMOND.

THE public Ordination of Mr. William Winslow to the pastoral office over the church assembling in Rehoboth Meeting, Kew Foot Lane, Richmond, took place on Monday, the 7th of August.

Morning Service.—A hymn having been sung, Mr. W. Bracher, of Hounslow, read a portion of Scripture, and offered up prayer.

Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, in a pleasing address, stated the nature and constitution of a New Testament or Gospel Church.

Mr. Wells then proceeded to ask the usual questions, first calling upon one of the deacons to state the leadings of Divine Providence, which induced them to call Mr. Winslow to the pastorate of that church: in reply to which Mr. Weedon read the following statement:

“DEAR FRIENDS. — Our late brother Wild, being a member of the church at Old Brentford, and living at Richmond, felt desirous of establishing a cause of truth in Richmond. Under these impressions he endeavoured to obtain a piece of ground where he might build a chapel; and after several fruitless attempts, he succeeded in purchasing the premises on which the present chapel stands; and therefore he called the name of the place Rehoboth—having found room. After the chapel was completed, it was opened for Divine worship on what is called Good Friday, April 17, 1829. After this the church was supplied by various ministers, until December 17; when a meeting was held for the formation of a church; and after Mr. Foreman had engaged in prayer, and Mr. Coombs opened the nature of a gospel church, James and Elizabeth Wild, and James Martin, gave each other the right hand of fellowship; after which five more were added to them, and Mr. Foreman administered to them the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, and in the evening Mr. Frances gave an exhortation to the church from Ephesians v. 2.

“After this the church was supplied by various ministers, until the year 1831; when the late Mr. Page being about to leave his people, he was invited to come and supply, which he did on Lord's-day, June 26th. After the morning service the church was detained; and it was agreed that Mr. Page should be invited to supply for three months, which he accepted; and commenced his labours on Lord's-day, August 14th; and after another invitation for six months, he was invited to take the pastoral office, which he accepted. Mr. Page commenced his labours, as pastor, in May, 1832. During his ministrations, which continued over thirteen years, many were added to the church; so that our number was near seventy; but in the summer of 1845, a number of our brethren and sisters living in Kingston and its neighbourhood, feeling the great inconvenience of roaming so great a distance, felt desirous of forming themselves into a church, and erecting a place of worship at Kingston; and after stating their intention to the church, our pastor, Mr. Page, believing it to

be the Lord's voice to him that his work amongst us was completed, sent the church notice to leave in three months, to the great regret of those that remained; he being highly esteemed for his works' sake; his manner of exalting the Lord Jesus Christ, and his many pastoral gifts and graces, will never be forgotten by many.

“After Mr. Page left, many more of the members of the church left; so that the church was brought down very low; but through the kindness of Mr. Banks, and other ministering brethren, we were supplied with men of truth until the year 1848; when, through one of the congregation, Mr. Marks was invited to supply for us once a month; which he continued to do for some time; and his ministry proving acceptable, it was agreed to invite him to supply for six months.

“Before the expiration of that time, on September 13, 1849, the church agreed to invite Mr. Marks to take the pastoral office; and on October 7th of the same year, he returned an answer, accepting the office, in which he continued until the year 1851; and although his ministry was blest to many, and several were added to the church, during his labours amongst us, he thought his labours almost in vain in Richmond; and after many pressing invitations from the church at Cambridge, he determined to bring the matter before the church; which was accordingly detained after the ordinance of the Lord's Supper had been administered on the first Lord's-day in June, 1851; and Mr. Marks communicated to us the resolution he had come to, and the reason of it; and gave us three months' notice; at the end of which he left.

“We were again supplied by different ministers until June, 1853; when, on the 12th of that month, we, being without a supply, applied to Mr. Banks; who, meeting with Mr. Winslow, asked him to go. Mr. Winslow, being at liberty, agreed to come; and after hearing him that day, a desire was felt by many to hear him again. He was accordingly again invited to supply, which he did on Lord's-days, June 26, and July 3; after which, the church agreed to invite him for three months, to which he assented; and commenced the first Lord's-day in August.

“During the first three months our brother Winslow was with us, he administered the ordinance of baptism to one of our brethren, and a friend from Staines, on September 2nd; the sermon he preached on the occasion being blessed to one, who afterwards acknowledged it before the church. Our brother's ministry continuing to be acceptable, he was again invited for three months, and again for six months; and on February 26th, in the present year, six were added to the church by baptism, and three from other churches; some of them the fruit of his labours, and all professing to have been benefited by his ministry. The word preached continuing to be blessed during the last six months, the church—(not only believing that the Lord had sent our brother into the ministry, but that he had es-

pecially sent him amongst us, by the effects which followed his ministrations)—at our church meeting, on the 4th of June, it was agreed that our brother Winslow be invited to take the pastoral office; which, after due consideration, he agreed to accept."

Mr. Wells then called on Mr. Winslow, to state how the Lord called him from darkness to light: to which he replied as follows:

No doubt most of you have come this day expecting to hear something extraordinary; if so, I fear you will be disappointed. I feel that I need this morning "A Psalm to bring to remembrance." I thought during the past week only, that I had no religion at all; and I said to myself, "Here's a pretty state of things! what shall I say to the people? It is likely that many will come to criticise, while others will sit in judgment." But all this I must leave. I was born on the 2nd of May, 1825; and at a very early age I was impressed with peculiar feelings. At the age of four years I had those feelings which I cannot yet account for. I might have got them from what I heard other people say—but I certainly had a fearful dread of hell, and consequently, a desire to go to heaven. When about seven or eight years of age, I was revisited with these feelings to a very great extent, and was exceedingly horrified by dreams and visions in the night. But I do not think that all this was any more than duty feelings. At the age of thirteen I removed from Trowbridge, in Wiltshire, where I was then living, to London, where I had full scope for all that my wicked and depraved nature desired—and all my early feelings were entirely removed. At the age of fifteen the Lord appeared to have given me up, (though, bless his name! not entirely), and he suffered me to have my fill of sin. I was at that time learning the trade of a smith. The people with whom I lived were ungodly people; and on one occasion, when I spent the Sabbath with them, (to my shame be it spoken!) my conduct was so shameful, that even these ungodly people told me of it; and it made me ashamed ever to see them again. I left my place, and engaged myself at another, where the men were—if possible—even more ungodly than myself; who were entire strangers to all about heaven, or anything appertaining thereto; and here I continued a course even more wicked than before—indeed, to such lengths did I go, that I stand before you now, as a monument of God's sparing mercy; for had he dealt with me according to my transgression, he would have cut me off, and sent me to perdition long ago. In the year 1843, there came into the neighbourhood where I resided, a number of the sect known as Ranters; and it was agreed between two or three of my companions and myself, that we would go to their place of worship and have what we termed a "lark." And I went determined to disturb them; but when I entered the place, a sort of awe crept over me; I felt fettered and bound; and I have often thought of the woman's invitation when I retired from that place. She said, "Come again—come again. Who can tell? God may make you a minister of the unsearchable

riches of Christ." Just about this time, a young man, one of my wicked companions, was laid upon a bed of sickness; and in about five weeks the Lord removed him, with curses and oaths in his mouth; and although I was present, yet I went from there to a public house to fulfil an engagement I had made. About three weeks or a month after this, the Lord laid me down on a bed of sickness; and all my former terrors revisited me; but what was the matter with me I could not tell. I thought I should like to know how to pray, and I asked my mother if she had a prayer-book. She looked, but could not find one; my mother asked me if I wanted one. I carelessly replied, "O, no, no." But such were the horrors I was the subject of, that I felt sure the place on which I lay would open and let me into hell; and in this state I lay some time. When alone, I crawled out of bed and got a Bible that lay in the room, and I attempted to read something therein. I begged of the Lord to raise me up again; telling him, that if he would but raise me up, I would reform my way of living. In this state I lay some time, when it pleased the Lord to raise me up, and I again went to work. I determined to do well, and went to the Arminians for advice. They told me I was not to sin, and never to swear; and I vowed that I would not do so. One day, however, a man came into our shop, and I broke out as bad as ever with a volley of oaths. Instead of keeping my vows, I day after day broke them over and over again. One Friday night, my body was covered all over with spots. I went home, and I said, "I cannot go to work any more;" and the words, "Thou shalt die," sounded as a peal of thunder through my soul. Well, I thought, this serves me just as I deserve. I cannot blame God. All my past vows came up against me, and there was nothing but "a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation." One day, whilst lying in this state, I thought that every breath would be my last. A day or two subsequent to this, I got hold of a book of Bunyan's, called, "Come and Welcome." In that book the author exactly met my case, and pointed out my situation and feelings. Yet how God could be just and yet the Justifier of the ungodly, I could not understand. In two or three days I got well again; and for some time the words came issuing from my lips, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" I went back to the Arminian folk for advice. On one occasion I related to one of them all that I had experienced; and he told me to kneel down with him, and he would pray for me. He did so; and I said to myself, "Well, if I am saved, it will be by a way I have not yet heard of." They told me I must not sin. I said,

"The more I strove against its power,
I sinned and stumbled but the more."

They said, Give your heart to God. I asked, How? Believe. In this way they continued tantalising me, until they gave me up as incurable. About that time I got hold of the *Gospel Standard*, where, in the experiences of various Christians related there, I saw my own feelings pourtrayed. I was shortly afterwards

requested to go and hear Mr. William Allen, at the Cave Adullam. I went, but he did not seem to do me any good. I went again, and he took for his text Isaiah li. 7, "Thy God reigneth." Yes, I thought, he does reign, as a Judge, to judge me. As he proceeded with his discourse, he described every feeling I had been the subject of for months. He told me of all my broken vows; in short, he told me all the circumstances connected with my life, and of my coming to that place, in such a way that I imagined some one had told him, though I knew that not a soul beside myself knew so fully as he had detailed them. In conclusion, Mr. Allen said, "If there is any poor sinner here such as I have described, to you belongs the promise, 'I have loved thee with an everlasting love,'" &c. My heart was broken, and my burden was gone; and I did say in my heart, "Where thou goest I will go," &c. I determined to see him, and tell him all about it; for I felt that I could fall down and kiss the feet of the dear man; but when I got to him I could say nothing to him. I have heard some people talk of these feelings lasting two or three years; but they quickly left me, and satan was permitted to harass me sorely; so that I was obliged to put my hand to my mouth, that I should not blaspheme God's holy name, then I well understood that hymn of Hart's, commencing—

"How strange is the course,
That the Christian must steer," &c.

I had no more of these sweet manifestations for some time. But I had another trial. I had heard many people talk of the sin-atoning and sanctifying blood of the Lord Jesus Christ; but I could not see that I knew anything of the Son. One morning early I took up my Bible and read the 8th of John, when these words struck me, "No man can come unto me except the Father draw him." I believed the Father had drawn me, and I then saw that all was right.

Mr. Wells then asked Mr. Winslow briefly to state how he had been led to speak in the Lord's name.

Mr. Winslow replied: I have every reason to believe that I was deeply exercised for the ministry long before I knew anything of it. The first feeling of this sort that I had was upon one occasion, when Mr. Allen was laid up. The Lord had made him very useful to me; and I retired into a stable to pray the Lord that he would restore him; when a feeling took possession of my soul, to which I gave utterance in the following words: "Lord, take me, and do make some service of me." The first time I understood the nature of this feeling was on hearing Mr. Hale preach, when the prayer escaped my soul, "Let me preach thy word." The whole of the good man's sermon was occupied in detailing his call to the ministry. These feelings would sometimes leave me, and then return with redoubled force. For some time the words ran in my mind, "The love of Christ constraineth us." I often wished that I could rid myself of the feeling; for it often unfitted me for my daily occupation. Just about this time a friend

came to me and said, "I want to ask you a question: Will you answer me?" I promised to do so. He asked, "Are you exercised about the ministry? Because, when you came before the church at the Cave, I and another brother said we thought God intended you for the ministry." I told him I was. Things remained so for a short time, when again the feeling returned with greater force. Indeed I could neither work by day, or sleep by night; and when I arose in the morning I felt as though I had received a severe flogging over night, occasioned by the exercise of soul I was the subject of. At last I said, "Lord, if it be thy will that I should minister in thy name, make it manifest; if otherwise, remove the feeling." About this time some of the friends held prayer meetings, at which I attended, and sometimes read a chapter, and made a few remarks. One day I was met by a ministering brother now present, who began speaking of his exercises in the ministry; and I told him some of my feelings with reference thereto. He asked me how I should feel were an invitation sent me to preach anywhere? I told him I did not know. Shortly afterwards I received a letter to say I *must* go to preach at a certain place, on a day named. My heart seemed drawn out to the Lord in prayer; and I felt it my duty to obey the summons. The worst of it was the letter came three weeks before I was wanted, and how I lived that three weeks I don't know. At the time appointed I went and preached from those words, "Blessed are the eyes that see the things that ye see." Afterwards I received a second invitation to preach at another place, and I got for a text these words—"Ye are not redeemed with silver and gold," &c. I thought I would preach a fine sermon, and went with that feeling. I read the chapter, and got on nicely in prayer. The second hymn was sung. I got up and read my text; when immediately such a gloom came over my mind, that I cannot describe. Some of the people went out; (being ill, which I was not then aware of) and in a few minutes my mouth was closed. I thought, now it's made plain enough I am not sent to preach. I wished the minister to come up and preach, but he would not. When I went down he told me that this would do me more good than twenty lessons at either Oxford or Cambridge. This so upset me, that I think, if it had not been for God's preventing mercy, I should have destroyed myself. I had an engagement to preach at another place, and I thought I could not honorably get off it. A man came to me and said, "Did you not preach at So-and-so?" "Yes—and I'll preach no more." And I told my wife to burn any letters that might come, wanting me, and not let me see them. At that time these words were applied to my soul, "The mountains shall remove, and the hills depart," &c. With these words I determined upon closing up my short ministry. I went—and just as I read my text, Mr. Allen entered the chapel. I felt as though I could not preach before him. Mr. Allen observed my feelings, and when I had concluded, said, "I feel sure our brother has been shackled with the fear of man to-night. I can recol-

lect the time when the sight of a white handkerchief would embarrass me." Then turning himself to me he said, "In the name of the Lord, my brother, go on; for it has been savory meat to-night, and my soul has felt it." The same night a friend met me in the lobby of the chapel, and said, "Will you go to preach at Staines?" I felt constrained to say, I would try; and the words, "Let the inhabitants of the Rock sing," &c., presented themselves to my mind, and I enjoyed sweet meditation upon them both before and during my journey to Staines to preach. When I got there I lost my text. Now, I thought, I am in a pretty mess. This is the first time, and it will be the last here. But just at this moment the words returned to me, and I enjoyed much liberty of soul in speaking therefrom; and unless I am much deceived the Lord did make use of that sermon to some poor souls. I continued to go there for fifteen months, until circumstances occurred which induced me to write them, saying I must discontinue preaching there after the 12th of June; but they sent me word they should not want me on that day. On the Friday evening previous to the 5th of June, I went to hear Mr. Banks preach at Mile End. After he had done preaching, he called me to him, and asked me if I knew any one that could go to preach at Richmond on the Sunday following. I told him I did not; but that I should be at home myself. He asked me to go, and I promised to do so. When I had given my consent to go these words came to me with force: "This is the Lord's doing." I came here accordingly: I thought the people looked black; but they invited me again and again; and hitherto I believe the Lord has made it plain it has been his doings, by giving testimony to the word of his grace, opening the eyes of some, and I hope comforting the hearts of others.

Mr. Winslow then made a short confession of his faith; the church publicly ratified the call, and Mr. Winslow his acceptance; after which, Mr. Wells closed the morning service with prayer.

In the afternoon, Mr. Thomas Chivers read a portion of Scripture, and offered up prayer on behalf of the newly-ordained pastor.

Mr. John Foreman delivered an admirable charge to Mr. Winslow. In introducing his subject, Mr. F. said:

Christian Friends—my dear Christian brother: It is no doubt a great disappointment that our esteemed friend, Mr. Allen could not be here, in consequence of illness. However, the Lord knows why and wherefore it is; and since such is the case, you have requested me to occupy his place, and though a disappointment may be felt, yet our God can make that up. With regard to the right of attending to this ordinance, I have no hesitation at all. Some are so very spiritual, that they do not want to attend to this matter; and I have known some such *spiritual* men who could not get any public brother to attend their ordination. It is a spiritual union, honorably and publicly declared. A statement is given with reference to the choice, why made and accepted. With regard to the ideas of one or

more pastors in a church, I can only say that there are now-a-days many little nonsensical quibbles about nothing. But people forget the different circumstances in which the Apostles were placed, to those in which the church now stands. The places where they assembled were very far apart; and they had not such comfortable chapels as we have. They met a few in one place, and a few in another, as circumstances would permit. Their numbers were very great—in one instance we read of 5000—and therefore could not all commune at one time. But as often as a few met together—there the apostles met with and brake bread to them; and it is probable that some of them did not commune more than once in three or six months. We are not so situated now; therefore, a certain order has been established among us, and I see no reason why that order should be disturbed.

Mr. Foreman then read for his text Exodus xxix. 1, 2, 3: "Take one young bullock, and two rams without blemish, and unleavened bread, and cakes unleavened, tempered with oil, and wafers unleavened anointed with oil: of wheat flour shalt thou make them. And thou shalt put them into one basket, and bring them in the basket, with the bullock and the two rams." From these words Mr. Foreman addressed Mr. Winslow at some length. We have not space to give sufficient of this charge to do justice to the preacher.

In the evening, Mr. Chivers preached to the church and congregation from 1 Peter v. 10; and may he for many years be spared to preach and prove the same.

Chelmondiston.

THE old chapel in this village was a wooden building; being originally built for a place of worship. It had undergone various alterations and additions, and still required a large sum to repair it; it was too small, and very inconvenient for the increasing congregation and neighbourhood; and this being the only Baptist or Independent cause within six miles, the church has long felt the necessity of providing greater accommodation, and resolved, depending upon the Divine blessing, to considerably enlarge as well as repair it. In attempting to do so, they found it absolutely necessary to rebuild, in order to make a substantial and commodious chapel, capable of seating two hundred more persons. It was opened on the 3rd of August, when sermons were preached by the brethren Collins, of Grundisburgh, Cooper, of Wattisham, and Pook, of Ipswich. The services were continued on the following Lord's-day, when the pastor, brother Carpenter, late of Eye, preached in the morning and afternoon; the spacious chapel was well filled; and brother Pook preached in the evening. The services were concluded with a tea and thanksgiving meeting on Monday evening, at which brother Reynold, of March, Camba., gave a brief history of the rise and progress of this interesting cause, from the time of his itinerating in the village and neighbourhood thirty-six years ago. Addresses were delivered on the occasion by other ministering brethren, and the meeting was closed about

ten o'clock. The structure and style of the new chapel filled the friends universally with surprise, admiration and gratitude, and reflected great credit upon the builder, our brother Hunt—one of their denizens—in erecting such an edifice at a cost not exceeding £300. About one half of this sum the people will raise, or have raised; and they hope that the friends of the Redeemer will enable them to discharge the debt they have incurred in building this house for God's glory, and the good of souls.

Baptist Chapel, Wooton, Beds.

On Sunday, August 6th, I had the pleasure of immersing four believers, in the worthy and all-prevailing name of Jesus, two of whom were man and wife, and formerly Wesleyans. I believe the work of God is steadily progressing amongst us; and, hated as we are by the Conforming tribe, have every reason to bless the sacred name of Jesus, who has "opened a great door, and effectual," in the face of many adversaries.

August 17th, 1854. T. SMITH.

CONFESSIONS OF, AND COMMUNICATIONS FROM,

The Prisoners of Hope.

No. I.

[We are frequently favoured with private spiritual correspondence, containing the earnest breathings, the honest confessions, and the simple acknowledgements of those precious heaven-born children, who are never known beyond their own circle. We have often thought that the publication of extracts from our little garden of herbs, might be spiritually healthful and useful to many of our readers; and as no names would be given no offence could be taken by the writers themselves. We hope to find this plan productive of good. Take the following as one sample.—Ed.]

MY DEAR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND—Your last words to me were, "I shall be glad to hear." I will now endeavour to comply with that request; and many times have I attempted to write a line to you—but, alas! the subject, (I know you wished to hear, and I so earnestly desired to send you,) remains exactly the same as when I conversed with you. Nor can I perceive for several years past, that I have made any advance in the divine life; and yet afraid (after all my conflicts, unbelief, and misery,) to say I have no part or lot in the matter. That the fear of the Lord is put within my heart, and that God has blessed me with a tender conscience, I really should be afraid to deny; I must believe that the fear of the Lord and a tender conscience always go together in their actings and operations within. My trials, exercises, doubts, fears, gloominess, sinkings, fearful forebodings, and how death in its various forms tries me, I will not trouble you with. How I love the real ministers of truth! (not those who run without being sent of God;) and uprightness in the life and conversation; with what earnestness I go, and go again, to hear what God the Lord will say through his servants to suit my case, I need not enlarge on, as I told you as much as I could in our short interview. Many of your subjects I have reason to be truly thankful I ever heard, the first, "*Last of all he was seen of me also,*" my soul was as a water-

ed garden; my feelings and thoughts you put into words, much better than I could myself. The subject and prayer on the morning of the fast day I shall never forget while memory lasts, &c. Indeed, every sermon you preached I heard, and deeply did I regret to hear the last: for truly I can say, I was astonished for the word was with power. I feel assured you will not receive this as flattery for that I de-test. After you left, how deeply did I deplore the loss of our dear departed and revered pastor, Mr. Rudman; but he's

"Far from a world of grief and sin,
With God eternally shut in."

Ten thousand thanks to you for your recommendation of Mr. P. he gave me many a lift, raised up my drooping spirit, and made my face to shine.

Mr. A. was so low at times I lost the words, which deprived me of the connection of a sentence, and you may well judge how painful that is to a poor soul like me, who is anxious to receive every word. May the Lord God of heaven prosper, bless, and direct you in all things, is the earnest prayer of a poor, tried weakling,

* * * * *

EPISTOLARY

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER III.

Now, my good Theophilus, having noticed the meaning of the word *world*, as it pertains to the love of God, we now have to notice the meaning of this same word as it pertains to the *atonement*. But before entering upon the same, it will be as well to have a few words upon the *importance* of the matter we have in hand; for you know it is very common for people to say, "*O, never mind about doctrine. Holiness of heart and life is everything. We do not trouble ourselves about creeds.*"

And why do men thus speak? Is it not because their religion stands more with *men* than with *God*? Is it not because their religion is taught by man, and not by the Lord? And that it lies not between them and God, but, like the Pharisees of old, and like the apocalyptic beast, they do their works and wonders in the *sight of men*, and so delude themselves with the notion that they can have holiness of heart and life acceptable to God, apart from the true and wholesome doctrines of the gospel—whereas all who are born of God are born of an incorruptible seed, by the *word of God*, which liveth and abideth for ever. (1 Peter i. 23). "Now, ye are clean," saith the Saviour "through the word that I have spoken unto you."

The doctrines that hold us, and that we hold, are either false or true. Can falsehood produce *true* holiness of heart or life? If *new* covenant truth be not rooted in the soul; if they speak not according to this law of life and certainty, then it is because there is no true light in them. He whose experience does not make him poor, wretched, miserable, helpless, vile, empty, and worthless enough to keep him from displacing any one new covenant truth, is prepared to displace the whole

and in so doing he will at last displace himself, as the Jews of old did when they despised the testimony of Christ; they soon lost both their place and nation, and themselves too; for they died in their sins.

By my words I am to be justified or to be condemned: the Pharisee was by his words condemned; the Publican by his words was justified.

The work of God is *perfect*: nothing can be added to it, nor anything taken from it; if, therefore, I am in love with false doctrine, whether I know it or not, I am on my way to the *burning lake*—the inheritance of the father of lies, and all who are one with him.

Now, if I profess the Saviour's name, and thus have a name in the book of life, and profess to have a part or portion in the holy city of God, and *seem* to be written among the living, yet add something of my own to the word and work of God, then the plagues written in that book will surely come upon me; and if I take away his sovereignty, his electing grace, and the perfect freedom of his Gospel, then every *seeming* part will be taken away from the book of life, and out of the holy city. (Rev. xxii. 18, 19.) And yet men trifle with doctrine, and think anything will do, if it has in it what they call holiness of heart and life. But it is written, "But in vain they do worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men." Matt. xv. 9.

Is it, then, of no importance, whether we are led by truth or falsehood? Is it of no consequence, whether we wrest the Scriptures to our own destruction, or whether we receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save our souls? Is it of no moment, whether we receive the *truth* in the love of it, or whether we make God a *liar*? Is it a question of no weight, whether we receive *rightly* the record God hath given of his Son, or whether we resist the Holy Ghost in the testimony of his word? Is there nothing valuable at stake in this matter? Is the destiny of the soul of small import? Is its meekness for heaven a trifling work? Is it the work of man, or of God? Is it not the work of God to raise the dead? He it is that forms his people for himself; and therefore it is that they shew forth his praise.

Now, before entering again upon the word *world*, here is yet another point which I wish my good Theophilus *particularly* to notice; and it is this. The *connection* in which the promise, "All thy children shall be taught of God," stands. Look first at Isaiah liv. 13; then read that chapter down carefully; and then ask whether, if these be the truths which God himself teaches his children, are they not truths that stand directly opposed to free-will and *low* Calvinism? Look, in that chapter, at the heavenly union—thy Maker is thy Husband. Then look at the mercy and the majesty of an eternal covenant. Then look at the magnificence of the holy city—"I will lay thy stones with fair colours," &c. Then look at the sure and final defeat of all their foes—"No weapon formed against them can prosper." Yet blind and presumptuous man dares to set these truths at naught, "such men do err, not

knowing the Scriptures, nor the power of God."

But look also at the 6th chapter of John, verse 45th, and then look at the spirit and doctrine of the same. First, you have here multitudes who professed to be his disciples, who yet followed him; not from recognizing anything *supernatural* about him; they entered not into the *miraculous* part of the matter, but did eat, and were filled, and that was enough; but they professing to be disciples, must be put to the *test*, therefore; as though he should say, If you are my disciples, you must labor not for the meat that *perisheth*, as your *religion*; but for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life, which the Son of Man shall *give* unto you; for him hath God the Father sealed. All those who are taught of God are taught to labor by faith, and prayer, and hope, and love, for the meat that endureth to everlasting life.

You will thus see that it was not on the ground of any *ability* in them to labor for the bread of life, but on the ground of their professed discipleship that they were thus exhorted. He—the Saviour—well knew what they were, but then he was determined to make them manifest, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed; and so in the end it proved. His very first answer he gave them to the question, "What shall we do, that we may work the works of God?" was, "This is the work of God, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." Now, look at the kind of truth with which this was followed up.

First, "the bread of God, of which, if a man eat, he shall live for ever." And they said, "Evermore *give us this bread*." Now, this seems to look well; but, no sooner did he shew that he was the Bread of Life, and that all that the Father had given him should come to him, that none of such should be east out, and that of all the Father had given him he should lose nothing, but raise it up at the last day; that every one that seeth him and believeth on him should have everlasting life, and be raised up at the last day—no sooner had he said these things, than they murmured at him, of the *way* in which he shewed he was the Bread of Life.

And how did he meet their murmuring? Was it by softening down the truth he had before advanced? Verily, no: it was not; for he said, "Murmur not among yourselves;" there is no fear of your receiving these *dreadful* doctrines; it is not in your power to do so; "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, neither can he truly know them;" therefore you need not murmur; for no man can come into this order of things, except God the Father draw him; "and I *will* raise him up at the last day." Now, then, if it be the work of God to bring a soul into these truths, then God himself will be responsible for the consequence; therefore, he who blames us for receiving and abiding by these truths, blames our Maker for bringing us so to do. And so it is, that he who in these matters reproacheth us, reproacheth the Saviour, as also he who sent him.

Now, which alternative must take place, *so*

it seems one or the other must take place? Either he must give up, or soften down God's truth, or loose the approbation of a very great multitude of (so called) disciples; which of these alternatives does he chose? Does he not go on to shew that it is by the sacrifice of himself—that it is by his blood, that we have everlasting life? That as the Israelites were supported and sustained in a desert land by the manna, so the true christian is supported by daily supplies, which are by Christ Jesus; and that as the land of Canaan was made fruitful by the blessing of the Lord from the mercy-seat in the temple, so the land of gospel truth yields her strength by Christ Jesus; he it is that ripens and sweetens, and gives fulness to the promises. His blood is the blood of the everlasting covenant, which has, and does, and will, cheer the hearts of thousands of poor prisoners of hope. His sacrifice hath put away sin; now, to believe, to receive, to know, these truths in the endearing power of them; to be upheld, and encouraged, and nourished in our hope in his mercy, and in our love to his name, this is to find that his flesh, his sacrifice, is meat indeed, and his blood is drink indeed; this is that fare that proportions our strength to our day, and will give us the final victory. But these truths are neither the meat nor the drink of mere professors; however *sincere* they may be in their profession, they cannot receive these testimonies: how many go back who have seemed to receive them, and walk no more in them; but he *knoweth whom he hath chosen*. All who are taught of God will receive these truths.

Again then, I say, look at the truth which both in the Old and New Testament stands in connection with the promise of being taught of God. I hope these remarks in this letter will help us to enter more clearly upon the meaning of the word *world* connected with the atonement, in our next.

A LITTLE ONE.

LETTER FROM MR. JOHN TURNER,
MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—Though I have delayed to answer your letter so long, I have not forgotten you. Grace, mercy and peace be with you, and with all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in England. A friend lent me a few numbers of the *VESSEL*, the other day, and in one I found the notice of Mr. Crocker's death. I send you £5 for the widow—which I am glad to forward, from a respect to her departed husband. Though we did not walk together, yet I always felt assured he—Mr. C.—was taught of the Lord; and as far as ability was given, he set forth the Person and offices of Christ. There were many other things besides these which savored of Christ in our departed brother's ministry, now and then, which all know, who have the grace of discernment in spiritual things. I mention this only in love, and for the purpose of stirring up both my own mind, and the minds of the servants of the Lord Jesus Christ who are still in the vineyard. What is there besides Christ worth

the attention of the Lord's people? What else can benefit them? What else can soothe the troubled conscience, or give the weary rest? What else can settle, build up, or establish those who have already believed, through grace? And what else can keep under the body, and bring it into subjection? What else can furnish the servant of God with a fit subject, either for private meditation, or public service? Here I must not be mistaken! I do not mean the bare name or sound of Christ. No! thousands believe on bare names and titles, and so did I once; but now I find, and for years I have found so much in Christ by the development of his Holy Spirit, that I can fully say—experimentally,

“He is just what his names express;
T' enrich my soul, his saints to bless,
Just, as the Scripture saith:
Jesus! that name how sweet it sounds!
With glory full, with life abounds,
When him I view by faith.”

The great theme of my soul's delight is CHRIST, his complex character, his covenant relationship, his offices, Person, worth and work, he is the glorious Subject of my ministry, and the Foundation of all my hope and rejoicing. In him I find sympathy in all my perplexities, trials and temptations; from him I draw supplies for all the needs and requirements of the journey. By his Spirit the Comforter I am put in mind of what I require, and instructed how to apply for the necessary aid; then at another time, by the same blessed Spirit, I am favored with some precious exhibition of what Christ is to me, and has for me; while I enjoy at the same moment a pouring forth from his great fulness of consolation, joy and peace; so that in my experience the word is fulfilled often, “Or ever I was aware, my soul made me like the chariots of Amindib.” It is the power of Christ, revealed in the development and elucidation of his titles and character, that alone gives my soul delight. Therefore I long to see the people of my charge in the enjoyment of the same comforts and delights that I individually enjoy. And since the desire by the Holy Spirit's teaching is never disappointed, I am in the expectation of the fulfilment of the promise—“My word shall not return unto me void; it shall accomplish that which I please,” &c. Already the Holy Spirit's blessing is recognised in our midst; some are wounded; some are bound up; some eyes opened; and deaf ears are unstopped; and some delivered from bondage, and brought into the glorious liberty of the children of God, to participate in the choice things stored in Christ, and bequeathed by the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ to the blood-bought family, flowing through the God-Man Mediator, by the power of the Holy Ghost. It is a great favor to know Christ so as to enjoy him and to delight in him; to find him all I can need or desire; to prove him always the same; to find the power of his grace, by the ministration of his Holy Spirit, bringing to my mind and remembrance the words of eternal life, and causing my soul to joy in God through our Lord Jesus

Christ, by whom I have received, and do receive, the atonement. Oh, the unspeakable bliss of pardon through blood! What peace the revelation of this truth brings to my mind—"As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us." Yes! the annihilation of sin is one of the grand secrets that belong to those who fear the Lord: and the secret is divulged at the appointed time to the blood-washed and redeemed soul. In some cases the grand development of this wonderful subject is reserved for the sick or dying bed; in other cases, at different periods of the career through this life. "Our God is a Sovereign, and worketh all things after the counsel of his own will."

Your's in the bonds of truth,
Melbourne, May 15, 1854. JNO. TURNER.

IMPROMPTU ON

THE DEATH OF THAT AGED SAINT,
MR. PUTLEY, OF NORWOOD.

ANOTHER saint to glory gone,
Ready and glad to go!
Ah! when my pilgrimage is done,
May I be ready too!

Cheerful, with open arms, to say,
"Good news! my time is come!
Let me take wing, and fly away
To my eternal home!"

O, for such readiness as this,
Would God but grant to me,
To leave this world, and enter bliss,
To all eternity!

ETERNITY.

Eternity awaits us all,
The good, the bad, the great, the small;
It is an end without an end,
With demons vile, or God a Friend.

Mount Zion, W. HOUSE.
Nelson Place, City Road.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON THE
DEATH OF A WILTSHIRE MAIDEN.

MARY is gone, her happy spirit's fled,
To dwell on high with Christ her living head,
This world of sin and woe behind she's left,
And in yon blessed mansion's gone to rest.
Mansions prepared for all who love the Lord,
And such that do and keep his holy word;
At twelve years' old the Lord taught her to see
Her sinfulness and her depravity.

She saw that she the downward way had trod,
And sinn'd against a just and holy God:
Though I am young, my body will decay,
Like leaves in autumn, which soon fades away.

Her earnest cry was to the living God,
"Are my sins cancell'd by th' Redeemer's blood,
Without this seal, how piercing is the thought,
I, through eternity, must be shut out."

Thus, for six years, she waited for the Lord,
And not in vain, for he at last appear'd;
The Lord in his rich mercy bless'd her soul
With peace and love, so that she felt quite
whole.

Her life was hid with Christ, God's well lov'd
Son;

To appear like him her soul was fix'd upon;
His presence she enjoy'd, and long'd to go
To live, and reign, with Jesus far from woe.

He was her shield, and he her great reward;
Her Father, Friend, her portion, and her God.
By faith she saw those glorious realms of bliss,
Where angel-spirits sing where Jesus is.

"I have no wave," she said, "the billow's gone.
"The whisper of yon throng is 'Sister, come!'
"Jesus, receive my spirit, (was her cry),
"In that blest home, thy presence to enjoy."

September the fifteenth, her dying day;
Her spirit soar'd aloft, and left her clay:
Jehovah granting her her last request—
Eased her pain, and took her to his rest.

In him she liv'd, and mov'd, in him she died
Without a struggle, scarcely had she sigh'd—
"How kind my heavenly Father is," she saith,
Then fell asleep in the cold arms of death.

Her face it shone when death did on her feed,
Her strength appear'd renew'd in very deed;
Death, like a porter, open'd to her the gate,
To meet that throng who bow at Jesus' feet.

Thousands of saints assembl'd, will exclaim,
"Salvation to our God, and to the Lamb."
Cloth'd in white robes, palms in their hands
they bear,
Denoting victory in every war.

She died victoriously—she won the crown—
Her end was peace! she's now before the throne;
With songs sublime, unspeakable to us, [curse.
She sings his praise, who sav'd her from the
Our loss, indeed, is her eternal gain,
Nor would we wish her back to us again;
And O may we, who still are left behind,
Feel that support in death which she did find.
That when the Lord shall send the midnight
cry,

With oil and lamp may we soar to the sky;
And may we, with our last expiring breath,
Give praise to him who saves from second death.

Yea, when this world shall pass away on fire,
May we, in heaven, the song of grace raise
higher;

And echo through a long eternity, [we.
His praise who saves such worthless worms as
For ever, praise and glory shall redound,
To him that sits and reigns upon the throne;
Ascribe ye honour, glory, strength, and power,
Unto the Lamb for ever, ever more.

Trowbridge.

M. A. B.

CHINA.—It is utterly impossible for us, this month, to insert any article on China, either of our own, or of those forwarded to us. We have worked as hard as ever—but we have not had the time; the VESSEL has not the needed space. Such of our readers, however, who feel interested in the subject, will do well to read the pamphlet just published by Mr. Paul, entitled, "A Voice from British and Scottish Laymen, asking for One Thousand Missionaries to China," &c. Some most worthy Christian laymen are stirring us up to this great effort, and although we are sadly deficient, still, we hope some good will result herefrom. We must WATCH, as well as PRAY; and be PATIENT, as well as PERSISTENT. Oh, how will it make us rejoice, if the Lord will manifest his approval of a work so unexpectedly hung into our hands!

Mercy and Judgment.

THE CHOLERA—THE HARVEST—THE DAY OF HUMILIATION AND THANKSGIVING.

“That thy beloved may be delivered, save with thy right hand, and hear me.”—Psalm lx. 4.

SINCE we issued our last, we have almost sensibly walked on the confines of an eternal world. The scenes around us have been of the most solemn character. We could not walk the streets but we saw the doctors driving hither and thither—hearses, mourning coaches, and funeral processions, at almost every turn; and the unhappy tidings constantly coming of one and another suddenly removed from this world of sorrow and of sin. These are indeed heart-aching days for the fallen sons of men; our faces have turned pale; our spirits have trembled; and more than ever, by night and by day, have we felt the immense value of an interest in the redemption of that dear Redeemer, who is His people's life, His people's all. In the midst of these distressing scenes, and hoping that we are instrumentally of some little use in Zion still, we feel it a mercy that we yet are spared to live for, more deeply to love, and more faithfully to serve our glorious and gracious High Priest. We also desire publicly to acknowledge the great goodness of our Heavenly Father in sparing so many of his dear and faithful servants. Oh, we have feared, knowing how much the ministers of Christ are called upon to move among the dying and the dead, we have feared lest many of them might fall. But, blessed be his holy name, they yet are spared; and with all the powers of our souls, we would cry, “*Good Lord, spare thy servants—thy ministers still preserve.*” Some idea of the rapid progress which this disease has made in our metropolis may be formed from the following statistical account:

“The population of London exceeds 2,362,236; and in the week ending Saturday, September 9th, 3,143 persons died, or 2,156 more than have on an average died in the corresponding week of former years. But in the week ending September 8, 1849, when cholera raged, 3,183 persons died; so, allowing for increase of population, the rate of mortality for the week is lower than the rate of 1849, 2,050 persons—namely, 954 males, 1,096 females—614 children under fifteen years of age; 1,128 men and women of fifteen and under sixty; and 287 old people, have died of cholera; 276 persons have died of diarrhoea. The deaths from cholera in the last nine weeks have been—5, 26, 133, 339, 644, 729, 847, 1,287, 2,050; and in the aggregate, 6,120 persons have lost their lives by the disease.”

This is mortality to a fearful extent! Six thousand taken from among the inhabitants of this vast city in about nine weeks; and perhaps, humanly speaking, the most part of
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them have been driven away in their wickedness. We speak from the testimony of some who have had much experience in this calamity, when we say, nothing definite as to actual cause or cure can be attained. A good authority says:

“We deliberately avow our conviction, then, that even up to the present time, with respect to cholera, nothing certain is known of either its cause or its cure. Much that has been affirmed on either side, we regard as largely a mass of assumptions. Hitherto, everything is unsettled; even the point of contagion is as much a matter of controversy as it was in 1832; and, then, as to ‘premonitory symptoms,’ the medical theory is, that there is always premonition in the shape of looseness; and that, if taken in time, few would fall. Now, in the teeth of this theory, cases innumerable are reported in which there was no premonition. We ourselves know of one, in which the state of the body was the very reverse of relaxed, amounting almost to constipation, until the time that vomiting and purging began; and a few hours carried the subject of it into eternity. A well attested fact has come before us of a provincial locality, in which, before the scourge broke out, one of the medical residents was very brave, daring it to come thither, and boasting that he possessed the means which would work its speedy extinction. It came, and, among the first victims, seized himself! His specific was a delusion; he swallowed it, and died! The other medical men, appalled by the example, having less courage, but more caution, fled, leaving the people to their fate! Sewers, cesspools, ditches, stagnant waters, filthy streets, and confined habitations, are as old as earth, and the men who dwell upon it; but cholera is a thing of yesterday,—a thing that has to do with the air far more than with the earth. At present, it has been attested, in some parts of the country, so empsoned is the atmosphere, that sparrows and small birds have dropped dead on the ground, just as they did in the case of the plague. Such is the foe which has humbled the pride of France, mowing down a multitude of her bravest men, and so enfeebling a large portion of the remainder, that it has been—as it ought to have been—a subject of solemn consideration, whether, with troops so broken, it was expedient to offer battle to the enemy.”

Since writing the above, we have been laid down in weakness by a slight attack of this most prevalent and painful disease: under these circumstances the following exceedingly solemn and truthful epistle came to hand. We dare not withhold it: so profitable has it been to us, we can but hope the Lord's blessing will attend its perusal.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Would you say in your October number of *EARTHEN VESSEL* that, owing to the much sickness, and many funerals I have had to attend, together with preaching here and there, I have not had time to get ready for the press, the manuscript of the Funeral Sermon of the late William Allen; but hope now to be able in a few days to have it ready for publishing. Truly, these are solemn times! Many, I fear, have been driven away in their wickedness; dying in their sins; and if we differ from such, who maketh us to differ?

Many of the Lord's own people have been taken away by this present pestilence: but they died in the Lord. This is that dwelling, nigh which no plague can come. Here it is that no evil can befall them: they die in his love—what can harm them here? They die in his name—his name to them, living and dying, is a strong tower. They die in oneness with that atonement which hath put away all sin: they die in that life by the which death is swallowed up in victory: they die in submission to the righteousness of faith; having from their very hearts renounced all their own righteousness: they die in all the security of an immutable covenant: they die, to live an infinitely and everlastingly better life than this world can afford.

How different this from dying in our sins! To die in our sins is to die where the wrath of God is—where the powers of darkness are—where tribulation, anguish and blackness are, and that for ever. Truly, there is a great gulph fixed between the two. All who love the Saviour, and the truth as it is in Jesus, die in *faith*. Whatever doctrines may attend the departing hours of some of the Lord's people, they die in the *belief* of the truth; and “he that *believeth* hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation.” “He that *believeth shall be saved*.” Many a believer dies in much darkness of soul, and will be met as he enters the peaceful realms of bliss, with “O, thou of little faith! wherefore didst thou doubt?” Yours sincerely, J. WELLS.

6, St. George's Place,
North Brixton, Sept. 16, 1854.

The Pastor of Cranmer Court Chapel, Clapham.—Among the multitudes whom the cholera has removed from us, we regret to announce the departure of T. S. M. Jenner, of Clapham; a man that has, for many years, and in many parts of this kingdom, preached the gospel of Christ. He has left a widow, several children, and a little flock, to shed a silent tear over the loss they have sustained. We quote the following from a letter just received.

“Dear Brother: You no doubt have heard of the very sudden departure of our brother Jenner, who fell asleep at one o'clock, a.m., on the 12th September. I was requested to supply for him on the 10th, he having gone to Red Hill to preach the gospel—which I did, and heard that he left in good health. I was to have spent an hour with him on last evening, after the service; but I received a note, requesting me to supply his people, as he had

gone to his rest. You may judge my feelings, last evening, when standing in the spot where I had expected to hear him speak from: thus, ‘in the midst of life we are in death.’ How should these things make us hold all with a loose hand, and be careful for nothing, but ‘by prayer and supplication make our request to our God!’ How these things call upon us to be faithful in our ministry; and work while it is called to-day. I was with the widow last evening; the Lord hath in much mercy supported her mind, in midst of deep trials; for only on the 11th she laid in the grave a dear little boy of two years old. Her case calls for the helping hand of the churches around.

“Sept. 13.

J. RAYMENT.”

MR. JOSIAH DENHAM.—This most benevolent Christian man—(the eldest son of the late David Denham, once the esteemed and useful pastor of Unicorn Yard Chapel) has also been suddenly taken from us by Cholera, at 35 years of age. He was a kind friend to the poor, a decided lover of Gospel truth, and a most affectionate husband and father. In a few hours he was laid prostrate in the arms of death. His end was peace. Just before his departure, he said—(as though the precincts of the heavenly world were open to his view) “*Open the pearl-gates, and let me through.*” In Nun Head Cemetery we laid his remains until the resurrection morning.

While our country and our churches have been thus visited, and humbled under a solemn sense of the uncertainty of our existence here; the Lord has most mercifully put forth his hand in abundantly crowning the earth with his goodness, as expressed in the subjoined note.

“The darker features of the Divine dealings whereby the present time is marked, pestilence and war, appear to us to make the duty of national thanksgiving for the blessing of an abundant harvest the more peculiar and imperative. Fervent ought to be our gratitude to that God who blends mercy with chastisement, and who shews amid the clouds of judgment the rainbow of his covenanted mercies. He has not forgotten his people, nor yet, in spite of our accumulated sins, wholly turned away his countenance in displeasure. Great is the material blessing which he has bestowed upon us in increasing the supplies of food at this especial juncture, for if to the drain upon the national resources caused by war, and to the individual suffering produced by pestilence and death, had been added a time of scarcity, dark indeed would have been the prospects of the coming winter. No one can have witnessed the gathering in of the present harvest, and have been insensible to the signs of gladness of which nature seems to be full. So it was that the Psalmist expressed his gratitude, ‘Thou crownest the year with thy goodness, and thy paths drop fatness; they drop upon the pastures of the wilderness, and the little hills rejoice on every side. The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn, they shout for joy,

they also sing.' To this jubilee of nature it surely befits a Christian people to add the public ascription of a reasonable and adoring praise. But beyond the material blessing thus vouchsafed, may we not trace in this mercy the comforting assurance of God's unchanged good-will towards this land and people? He chastens that we may be reminded of our sins; He blesses that we may be assured of his willingness to forgive them. If it be undoubtedly true that transgression catches a deeper guilt from the very privileges of the transgressor,—as Chorazin and Bethsaida now brought down to hell, and Jerusalem, still widowed and captive, witness to us,—dark indeed is the catalogue of our national sin, and heinous beyond utterance our guilt. Not a few persons regarding the dark spots that stain our Christianity, have been disposed to think that the God of our fathers was about to leave us, and to write Ichabod on all our greatness. But every mercy of the Divine hand has a voice to speak, and a message to give, it is one of comfort and hopeful confidence in God's continued protection that we may gather from every fruitful field and every joyous harvest song that sounds across our land. We trust that a day of especial thanksgiving will soon be appointed. There is much cause of thankfulness in the unanimous feeling which has been expressed upon this subject, and it is now the duty of those who preside over us, to provide for it a proper time of public utterance."

Great debility prevented our pursuing this subject. The Lord humble us, as a nation, at his feet; and still make precious amongst us his gospel. Amen.

EPISTOLARY

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER IV.

I NOW, after shewing in my last, the main drift of divine teaching as set forth in Isaiah liv. and in John vi.—I now proceed to shew—that, on the one hand, language in relation to the atonement universal in *sound* is limited in *sense*, and meaning; and on the other hand, that there are modes of speech *limited in sound* but *universal in sense*.

It is remarkable that the very scripture apparently the most powerful on the side of universal redemption is limited not only by its theme but by its *connection*; I here refer to 1 John ii. verse the 2nd. "He is the propitiation for our sins, and not for ours only, but for the sins of the whole world."

Here we see the words "whole world" do not mean the whole human race, for the Jews are not included here in the words "*whole world*;" he is the propitiation not for our sins only, so then here are *our* sins and the sins of the whole world beside: thus, clearly shewing, the words "*whole world*" mean all the *Gentile* nations. But does it, at the same time, mean all the *individual persons* of those nations? I trow not. It was promised to Abraham, "That in him and in his seed should all the nations of the earth be blessed." And John, in vision, "Saw a people *out of all* nations,

and kindreds and tongues." Here (Rev. vii.) we have our *Maker's own* explanation of the word's "*whole world*," "*all men*," "*every man*;" but men are not content with *divine* explanations, they prefer human conceits.

The Saviour's own explanations of the Old Testament were despised by the Pharisees of old; and so offended were they at his saying his "Sheep should never perish," and that "No man *could* come to him *except* it were *given* him from *above*;" this was such an offence that they never forgave him; and, therefore, crucified him, and so hoping to get rid of him.

But, let us give scope to the words in the mere sound thereof; and if the consequences which follow upon so taking the words cannot be sustained, then we may,—yea, we must,—infer that we have come the wrong road.

"He is the propitiation for the sins of the whole world; he gave himself a ransom for all."

Now, Theophilus, just look at this one rule: viz.—*that if what is written concerning those for whom Christ died be not fulfilled in every individual case*, then the interpretation which makes the words *whole world* and *all men* mean the whole human race *falls to the ground*.

Now, upon this point there are *two* things perfectly clear. 1st, That what is said concerning the effect of the atonement is fulfilled in some. 2nd, That it is *not* fulfilled in others. Now, how is this, if the redeemed of the Lord are to return? And (without if, but or may) it declares not only that the redeemed shall return, but that they shall reach Zion in safety, and that *everlasting* joy shall be unto them; and that sorrow and sighing shall flee away. If this be true, how is it so many are left behind? And if he laid down his life for the sheep—and it is said, and the Scripture cannot be broken, that his sheep shall hear his voice, and that *HE must bring* them, and give unto them eternal life—if this be true, and God is true, how is it that so many are left to the hardness of their hearts, and do neither hear the voice of his truth, nor follow him, but perish in their own corruption? What! an Almighty Saviour lay down his life for the whole human race—take sole management of them as *their good* Shepherd, and yet suffer sin and satan to take such numbers from him? What sort of an account would such a Shepherd have to give at the last? Would it not be a most *unaccountable* account—viz., that he has gathered up some with his arm, and carried them in his bosom, but *could not* manage the rest? Yet that same Person who *could not* manage to *save* them, will manage to banish them from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power. Thus this man, even this *God-man*, began to build, but was *not able* to finish—was not able, with ten thousand, to go against him that came against him with twenty thousand, but must send an embassy of peace, lest sin and satan should rend those from him which he had saved. If this were the Immanuel of the Bible, his name to a poor, ruined, self-condemned, helpless sinner, would be "a delusion, a snare, and mockery." But those who are taught of God know better things of his name—his name is *all* their

trust." His name is a *strong* tower; the righteous—the man justified by faith—runneth into it, and is *safe*.

Now, my good Theophilus, as what is said concerning those for whom Christ died is not true of the whole human race, we must seek the meaning of the words, *whole world*, and *all men*, in another direction. And that to you is now, I trust, a very easy matter, seeing the Lord God Almighty himself has explained it by his servant John—Rev. vii. 9; and he who is not content with the explanation of Rev. vii. 9, would not be persuaded, though one rose from the dead.

But let us upon this, as upon a former part of our subject, look a little at *correlative* proof, that the words *whole world*, and *all men*, are *synecdochical*—that is a figure of speech in which the whole seems to be mentioned, but a part only is meant. "We know we are of God, and the *whole world* lieth in wickedness." Here the *whole world* means that part of the human race, sleeping in the scorpion folds of the wicked one. 1 John v. 19.

"Satan, which deceiveth the *whole world*." Here, the *whole world* means only those who are governed by satanic delusion; and truly, "their name is legion, for they are *many*."

"*All the world* wondered after the beast." Here, *all the world* means all those, who in one form or another, wonder after the man of sin, here called a *beast*—meaning a *wild* beast—because the whole body of error is repugnant to God, and to God's house, and because all its admirers are *strangers* to the truth as it is in Jesus. Now, in all these Scriptures, the words *world*, and *whole world*, are limited in their meaning, even our enemies themselves being judges.

But on the other hand, we have modes of speech *limited in sound*, but universal in sense.—"As by one man's disobedience *many* were made sinners." Now, here the word *many* must be explained by the *subject* to which it belongs. The fall of man is the subject to which it belongs. Now, we know that the whole human race are involved in the fall of Adam. But the word *many*, in the next clause, is joined to a different *subject*, therefore has a *different meaning*. "By the obedience of one, shall *many* be made righteous." Now, here again are two points clear: First, that *all the human race* are sinners. Secondly, that *only some* are made righteous. And thus the same word has a different meaning, according to the subject to which it is joined. "*Many* of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, some to shame, and everlasting contempt." Dan. xii. 2. Now, we well know that there will be a resurrection of *all* that sleep in the dust of the earth, yet it here says, "*many* of them." Thus again, it is the subject to which it is joined that rules, or ought to rule, the interpretation. Let us be careful not to wrest the Scriptures, nor pervert the words of the Most High.

But, "he tasted death for *every man*." Heb. ii. 9. Note here, that the Greek word *hyper*, here translated *for*, usually means *above*, and *beyond*; and so he tasted death *above* and *beyond* every man. No man ever

tasted death as he did; he so tasted death as to swallow up death in victory. This no man but the Man Christ Jesus ever did, or ever could do. Not that we need this rendering in order to give us the meaning of the words, "every man," as the next verse shews who the "every man" is, for they are in the next verse called *sons*, for "it became him in bringing many sons to glory." Here, then, the many sons are the every man, and the every man for whom he tasted death are the many sons. We thus have the Holy Spirit's own explanation of the every man—he was on *their behalf* made *perfect* through suffering, and hereby he hath perfected them and that for ever.

No doubt the magicians will continue to throw down their rods, but I hope to bring Aaron's rod to them again next month, upon matters more closely connected with regeneration, unless Theophilus be weary of the feeble attempt for good of

London,

A LITTLE ONE.

Sep. 18, 1854.

GOOD ADVICE TO GOD'S MINISTERS.

Copy of a Letter written to Cornelius Winter.

BY JOHN BEERRIDGE.

DEAR SIR.—Pray frequently, and wait quietly, and the Lord will make your way plain. Jesus trains up all his servants to waiting; and if you are called to the ministry, he will exercise your soul beforehand with sharp conflicts. Joseph must be cast first into a pit by his own brethren, then into a prison by his master, before he rules the kingdom; and David must be hunted like a flea upon the mountains, before he gets the sceptre. How can you tell what others feel, unless you have felt the same yourself? How can you sympathise with a prisoner, unless your own feet have been fast in the stocks? How can you comfort those who are cast down, unless you have been often at your wit's end? Expect nothing but conflicts day after day, to humble you, and prove you, and teach you to speak a word in season to one that is weary. This is indeed the high road to the kingdom for all; yet a minister's path is not only narrow and stoney, like others, but covered also with bushes and brakes; and if you labor to remove them with your own hands, they will quickly tear your flesh, and fill your fingers with thorns. Let your Master remove them at your request—and remember, it is always his work, as it is ever his delight, to clear our way, and lead us on till sin and death are trodden down.

Undertake nothing without first seeking direction from the Lord; and when anything offers that is plausible and inviting, beg of God to disappoint you, if it be not according to his mind. You cannot safely rely on your own judgment, after God has told you, "He that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." This advice relates to all important changes in life. Go nowhere, settle nowhere, marry nowhere, without frequent usage of this prayer.

I find your heart is yet looking towards America; this inclines me to think God will

some time send you thro. In the meantime, be thankful you have a pulpit in England to preach Jesus Christ in, and health to preach him. Be not in a hurry to go, lest you go without your passport, and then you go on a fool's errand. Do not wish to be *anywhere* but *where you are*, nor *anything* but *what you are*. It is want of communion with God that makes our thoughts run a-gadding. Daily beseech the Lord to make your way plain, then leave it to him to direct your steps. Wish not to do good in America next summer—but to do good in England every day you continue here. I am your's, &c.,

JOHN BERRIDGE.

[Mr. Winter added, "O, that I had never swerved from the good advice of this truly apostolical man!"]

A BRIEF OUTLINE OF THE GOODNESS & MERCY OF GOD, AS WITNESSED BY HIS PARENTS TO
JOSHUA TYDEMAN,

Aged 15 years and 9 months; who died at Chelmsford, Essex, July 3rd, 1853.

THE first evidence of any thing like a work of divine grace upon his soul appeared to us, his parents, about five weeks before his death; when, as he had now been ill a month with that fatal disease, enlargement of the heart, we were lying awake in the same room, we heard him at midnight exclaim, "Oh, Father, oh heavenly Father, be with me; thou hast promised me thou wouldst be with me, in sorrow, in affliction, and in distress. Oh Lord, do hear me!" We were then led under the melting power of God's grace, to weep for him, believing, as we did, that God had heard and was answering our prayers, which had incessantly been offered up day and night. His mother then said to him, "my dear boy, are you sure that the Lord has promised you that he will be with you in sorrow, in affliction and distress?" He replied, "Yes." He was then asked whether he had been constrained to pray to God; his reply was, "no one knows what has been going on in my soul." His Father then told him he was glad to hear him confess himself a sinner, and that he was looking to the right source. He replied,

"None but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good;"

and broke out singing these words,

"And now thou in thy kingdom art,
Dear Lord remember me;"

this he sang with great emphasis; he then turned and looked at us, and said, "the Lord be with you for ever and ever, Amen." He appeared to think himself going, and the doctor had told us he did not expect to see him alive the next morning; but after sitting up, leaning against his bed chair, (as he could not lie down) after about two or three hours hard labouring for breath, he again broke out singing,

"Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Saviour die?"

when he was again obliged to cease for want

of breath; after which he said, "those words are sweet to me—but I cannot talk now."

About the middle of the next day, his father went to his bed side, and seeing he had a book in his hand, he said to him, "what book is that I see in your hand?" He said, "It is a hymn book." I asked him what he wanted to find? He replied "it is not in there, or I cannot find it if it is; it has been on my mind all the morning, it is,

'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand.'

I then found it for him, and left it with him, he being too exhausted to read it. Afterwards I said to him, "well, my dear boy, how long have you felt yourself a sinner in the sight of God?" He replied, "ever since Mr. Dearsley preached his first sermon, during the last three months he came to Chelmsford." I asked him if he could tell me the words; he said, "no; unless they were these, 'Lord, remember me;'" These were the words, for said he, "these words accompanied my convictions, and were often sent up from my heart to the Lord; but since my illness these words (I have looked for them, but cannot find them,) have been frequently with me, as though some one spoke to me, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'" I told him they were in the 11th chapter of Matthew and the 28th verse; I then found them and shewed them to him, he said, "they are precious words; and do you think I shall go to him? I feel that I have laboured in sin, and now I am labouring in affliction, and I hope, I labour in prayer." I replied, "Well, my dear boy, if Jesus has spoken these words to you, he will most assuredly take you to be with him for ever." He exclaimed, "Aye, and then he will give me rest; he hath said,

'The righteous shall hold on his way;'

and, 'because I live ye shall live also;'" besides many other passages of scripture and sweet hymns, which seemed precious to his soul.

But now we have to relate a more particular display of the power of God to a poor dying boy. About a month before his decease, feeling, as he thought himself, fast going, he requested that all his brothers and sisters should be detained after dinner, as he wished to speak to them altogether; he then requested to be allowed to sit in a chair; and, with his head leaning forward upon another chair back, with a pillow to lean his stomach upon, for the ease of his breathing, (a sight, I think, neither parents, brothers, or sisters can ever forget,) he spoke thus—"My dear brothers and sisters, whom I really love, I am now a poor dying boy; a few weeks back I thought myself a strong, hearty, healthy youth, and so have many others stronger than me; I hear poor Thomas Hill and his wife are both dying, he was a very strong young man; but our strength is nothing when the Lord bloweth upon it. Let me tell you that I never knew the value and kindness of our dear par'n's until my affliction; you have two dear affectionate parents, be kind to them; soon I must leave you

all, for these words have come unto me, 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' He then said to his brother James, "I speak to you especially, let me beg of you not to go so much into the water; and I beg of you all not to drink to much cold water, for that has helped to injure me. Well, I have laboured with you in sin and in vanity, and I am now labouring in pain for breath, I do not know how to talk to you;" and turning to his father he said, "Dear father, do you tell them what I mean." His father replied, "No, my dear, I would rather they should wait and hear your own testimony, if your breath will allow you to speak your own feelings." He then said to them, "I believe you all love me, and I know I love you all, and I hope you will never forget me; assured I am that there are two amongst you that never will." His father, fearing this would appear partial, said to him, "Who are the two?" He replied, "you and dear mother." This drew forth tears of affection, which so affected him that he cried out, "Pray don't weep for me, you will break my poor heart." He then requested his father to read a piece of paper on which he had disposed of what few worldly things he possessed, to his brothers and sisters, and kissing them all, feeling himself exhausted, bid them farewell.

However, it was not his heavenly Father's will to take him just then. The day following, he said, "Dear father, I hope you know the Lord." His father replied, "I hope I do." He then, in the language of the Poet, and with great emphasis said,

"Go on to seek to know the Lord,
And practice what you know."

This admonition cut his father to the quick.

From this time his affliction and weakness increased very much, and but little conversation; but great evidence to be observed that his conversation was in heaven. On the morning of his decease, being Sunday morning, he desired his father would stop at home, and not go to the prayer meeting, as was his custom, or if he did go, he would leave some one with him that could help him off his bed; his father replied, "I shall not leave you;" and although so weak and so near his time, he evinced great thankfulness. About half-past ten o'clock, he requested to be taken out of bed, but we feared he would sink under it, so deferred it till eleven o'clock, during which last half-hour he exclaimed, "Come!—Come!" His father said, "I am here;" but he continued, "Come, Lord, and bid me come, and I will follow thee." He was now too far gone to be questioned, but again requested to be set in his chair, when in about eight minutes his soul departed; and there can be no doubt ascended up to a brighter and far better world of abode.

During his illness he had expressed a wish that Mr. Dearsley should bury him, who consented to do so; and on Thursday, July 7th, 1853, he was buried at the Cemetery, New London Road, Chelmsford; on which occasion Mr. D. spoke to the survivors around the grave, with great affection, faithfulness, and honest simplicity; shewing them what sin had done, what sin was still doing, and what sin would

do, unless sovereign, matchless love and grace interpose; and having made some humbling remarks of God's goodness to the deceased, and a word of encouragement to the surviving members of the family; he then spoke of God condescending to make use of such a poor, unworthy instrument as himself, and of giving Joshua as a seal to his ministry, and all unknown to any but God and his own soul, until a short period before his departure.

In the evening, the congregation usually meeting in Ebenezer Chapel, met with the bereaved family, when Mr. D. preached from Rom. xi. 33, "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God; how unsearchable are his judgments, and his way past finding out." It was a season long to be remembered.

Oh, that our last end may be like his. So prays the bereaved parents,

W. & A. TYDEMAN.

CONFESSIONS OF, AND COMMUNICATIONS FROM,

The Prisoners of Hope.

No. II.

TO ONE WHO MOURNS AN APPARENTLY
ABSENT GOD.

MY DEAR SISTER IN COVENANT BONDS.—I feel somewhat drawn, this morning, in my affections towards you: indeed, you have been much on my mind since I last saw you. I was glad to hear on Saturday that you were returned in safety to your home—and I trust refreshed in spirit, as well as in body, by the little change—and that you are now inhaling the sweet air of Him who breathes peace, and there must ensue a blessed calm; and though you may not be at present realizing it, remember he says, "I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice." "And though now, (says Peter), ye are in heaviness through manifold temptations, it is that the trial of your faith, being more precious than gold, may be joined to praise and honor at the appearing of Jesus Christ." Ah, my dear sister, we little know how much we need, to meeten us for the inheritance of the saints in light. Let us consider Him, the great Captain of our salvation, was made perfect through suffering. And though he were a Son, yet learned he obedience by the things which he suffered.

I am no stranger to the path you have been travelling of late, and can therefore sympathise with you—"It is a path no culture's eye hath seen." But the bride of Jesus is often seen there, that she may have fellowship with her suffering Lord. O, how precious his appearing after a long absence! "Behold, he cometh leaping over the mountains, skipping over the hills." He hideth himself, it is true, behind the wall, but he is looking on—not one grain of the precious metal shall be lost; but you "shall come forth like gold seven times purified." You are, my dear sister, taking deep root downwards, that you may bear fruit upwards; and even now Jesus is drinking of the "spiced wine of his own pomegranate." Even your poor sighs and groans, pressed out of a heart contrite and broken, panting after him, who seems to have

gone a long journey, and forgets to write to his beloved one, or like the poor woman who "cried after him, and he answered her not a word," but faith prevailed, and he said unto her, "O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt,"—and so will he say unto my beloved sister, as sure as his name is Jehovah Jesus, and will not upbraid you; for he knows you cannot lift yourself out of this pit. May he strengthen your faith, and enable you to say, "I will trust, and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength, he also is become my salvation." Then shall you "with joy draw water out of the wells of salvation." So prays your's, in the sinner's Friend,
A. B.

A VISIT TO THE BIRTH-PLACE OF JOHN BUNYAN

DEAR WIFE.—I here send you a few of my perambulations and musings; if the Lord should make them as sweet to you as they were heart-melting to me, I shall be glad for your sake as for my own.

I went Monday last to Edworth, Beds., where dear Agnes Beaumont lived; I saw, as far as could be at this distant day ascertained, the site, if not a portion, of the old house where Beaumont lived, and of the old barn where Agnes lay that night her father turned her out; but, without a question, I saw the path over the fields which the dear girl ran, without shoes in the snow, to call her brother-in-law on the night her poor father died.

O! it is a sweet rural place! sacred to contemplation; I feel it beyond the limits of empty dissipation, noise, peacock parade, and gaudy show. The God of the past, was to me the God of the present; Agnes' God then is my God now; can language rise to an higher key? Ah, the words are not so great as my inmost soul feels the mighty mystery which the words comprehend. "My God."

I wandered over the fields, to me, in an unknown way; for I had left the high-road, and being exceedingly hot, sat down under the shadow of a spreading elm; I had the delight of the shade, but not the sweet of the fruit; I was weary in body, lonely without, and solemn within; and I cried "God be merciful to me a sinner." After I had rested, I rose up and pursued the footway, wondering where it might lead me; but after a little time, to my surprise, Biggleswade rose up to my view in the distance, and I found I had saved more than a mile by this route which I had taken at a peradventure.

On Tuesday I went to Everton, and saw the tomb of that dear man of God, John Berridge. I saw his pulpit—that very place where his voice used to be heard proclaiming salvation to all who felt themselves lost. I gazed upon the spot with mingled feelings of love and regret. Looking upon the vicarage, and then upon the pulpit, I said, who and what is he that supplants the place of my dear departed friend? And a voice on my right hand said, "Ah, Sir, things at Everton are turned upside down; this Church used to be filled from all quarters with attentive hearers on the Sunday, and the people would fall down under the power of the word like rotten sheep: now

there is but few people attend. Excuse, Sir, the plain figure of the rotten sheep falling; we are nothing but a plain people of a country village." "Plainness my good man is the glory of spiritual integrity, and the essence of gospel simplicity," was my reply to the poor dear man who had spoken to me.

The church and village of Everton stands upon an eminence, from which you have a varied prospect, composed of hill and dale woodland, towers and villages, presenting themselves in almost an endless variety. The pleasing scenery was grateful to the eye; but that which to me would have put a sweetness into all I had in this survey, was lacking. "Here" said I, "for a space of time, crowds of immortal souls reside in mortal bodies, and compose those communities; live to make provision for the flesh—to fulfil its lusts—then launch into the infinity of eternity—are lost! Oh! solemn thought; for ever lost! Gloomy reality! O! desperate condition! And this I fear is the portion of the far greater part of all the now inhabitants of yonder towns and sequestered hamlets; marked by a kind of vaunting, bullying tower or spire, that rears its head among and above the waving trees. I sicken at the thought and turn away.

I then retraced my steps towards my temporary home, and in my musings, said, "Ah! where I am going might be my last abode on earth; I may never again recognize those voices in prayer and praise, that mine used at times with pleasing feelings to commingle; Lord, here I am, do with me as thou shalt please; I am poor and sinful, yet to thyself, myself, I give; O, accept the gift, and all is well, come life or death.

On Wednesday, I went to Elstow; and if ever my soul was impressed with a powerful, overcoming sense of the sovereignty of Jehovah, it was at Elstow. My heart swelled, bosom heaved, eye pried, finger pointed, and my tongue whispered, "This is the old tower where that prodigy of grace, in his unregeneracy, used to ring, curse, swear, drink, laugh, and sport. Here is the doorway in which he used to stand, when legal terrors made him fear the bell would fall, and send him into the presence of his incensed Judge. Ah! this is the tower from which he, like the stricken hart, was compelled to flee, lest, falling upon him, it should avenge the quarrel his sins had provoked."

And was it in this lowly dwelling, Bunyan, that grace-conquered and adorned rebel, first drew his vital breath? Obscure indeed! but yet it was, and is, a human dwelling, and not a place where horned oxen fed. Call it not, then my soul, neither mean nor base, seeing a vessel of honour, within that narrow space, once sported in his thoughtless infancy; one through whom the streams of heaven-born truth were predestinated to flow in all the pure, endearing, and varied forms of refulgent loveliness and suitability, to make poor unworthy I, say in years gone by, "I will hope again, for who can tell."

But yonder, I am told, is Bunyan's Lane; and there, though weary, I will go and gaze. But why, I ask, is this called Bunyan's Lane? Alas! none can tell me; and this will leave

me room to think. Perhaps here it was the man of God used to retire from the gaze of men, and when bowed down beneath the load of guilt, pour out his sorrows before the Lord. O! could these giant trees bear witness—had they tongues to tell my listening ears the heaven-recorded tale of how many heart-felt groans or soul-ravishing aspirations have in this lonely lane pierced you concave firmament, and found a passage to the ear and heart of Him, whose hand alone can wipe the suppliant's tears, and on the thirsty water pour! O! once favoured Elstow! Where is thy Bunyan? Ah! where is Bunyan's God—the God of sovereign grace? Here in this all seems to me an awful blank. And is there none that bears his name? O, no; that's past, nor can I find a single soul partakes his spirit. Let me, then, musing, trace my way to Bedford, and look upon the site of his twelve year's den, where, herded as a felon, secured by bolts and bars, the Lord enlarged his heart, and guided his pen, to write such things that pride in many had—since his day made them strive to imitate, and aim to rival, but left him to their own disgrace triumphant on the field.

Here, on this river's brink, stood Bunyan's college. Here divinity he was made to write, and study; and write to cheer and charm the souls of ransomed sinners to the end of time. Turning away in silent musings, as the evening shades prevail, I found what still, in ostentation, men dare to call, "John Bunyan's Chapel." Alas! alas! the sight but only disappoints mine eyes, and pains my heart. Farewell! thou worldly-glorious building! a disgrace to him whose name thou vauntest on thy front! O! ye carnal men! If that dear man of God was now alive, would you let him occupy that pulpit? Rather, would you not cast him out with scorn? You would, although for selfish ends you have used his name, and collected thousands to erect this splendid building, from which the spiritual man must turn away, because it wears the image of the beast. From your loving husband,

July 27th, 1854.

J. CORBET.

THE WOORBURN GREEN ANNIVERSARY.

FEW WORDS TO MR. MASON, OF KNOWL HILL.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, AND FELLOW-LABORER IN THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.—I am quite certain there is nothing moving in Zion but what deeply excites your attention. I will therefore give you one word descriptive of the day we spent at Wooburn Green, when we felt so disappointed in not seeing you; more especially as I had a word which may be as useful to you, as it was solidly consoling to me. Some of the parsons smile at the way in which I get, and the use I make of my texts; I can bear that, because I do know that the word of the Lord is good and useful unto me.

On the morning of Thursday, the 7th September, while endeavoring to seek the Lord, David's words came into my mind, "*I shall be anointed with fresh oil.*" I was encouraged; for, although we may go on for a length of time with a comfortable degree of liberty, yet if we are not now and then favored with a fresh anointing, if the word is not broken up

and brought into the mind with an illuminating power, that both sanctifies and establishes—if a little *manna* does not mysteriously fall upon the soul, stirring up all its regenerated powers, and calling them forth to search into the deep mysteries of the gospel—if seasons of mercy, if mornings of spiritual light and refreshing like this did not occasionally break in upon us, we should become barren indeed.

After attending a little to EARTHEN VESSEL matters, I left home, and proceeded on my way by the Great Western Railway: I had not travelled far, before the anointing came; by the gentle breathing into my soul of the words of good old Naomi unto that Moabitish damsel, Ruth, when she said, "Blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off his kindness to the living and the dead," &c. The short sentence—THE LORD HATH NOT LEFT OFF HIS KINDNESS—carried me backward; and was productive of much profitable reflection upon the past, the present, and the future.

In contemplation, on I went, and reached the Green in safety, and in time to hear our happy and useful brother, John Foreman, preach the afternoon discourse; which was a most substantial testimony from Paul's words.

I shall not be going too far, when I assure you that we had the substance of the whole Bible, of the everlasting covenant, of the church's progression, and of the Christian's experience, in that one sermon. It was a body of divinity of no mean order; and I would give you some of our brother John's happy illustrations, only time and space is wanting. Certainly, whenever the church loses the Paddington pastor, she will lose, not only a faithful witness, but one that is favored so to preach the gospel, as to edify, and inform the mind. A goodly company had come together from High Wycombe, Marlow, Staines, Chesham, and other parts; and when I saw their very pretty new chapel, situate in the most aristocratic part of the Green, and such a company of friends gathered together, I could but rejoice. The pastor, William Wilson, is not without seals of usefulness in this place. He has not labored in vain; and we all should be thankful to see the cords made longer yet, and the stakes more strong. The Lord hasten it in his time.

Let me here observe, the Wooburn Green friends were compelled to build; their old little chapel was taken from them. Now they have built, they must pay for their building; and something like £200 is wanted. As the Great Western runs you close to the chapel, as the Green is a beautifully retired and rural spot, I hope many will visit this little Bethel, and give them a helping hand.

In the evening we had a full house; I had a full heart; I hope the people had a full gospel. Dear brother, I am still your's, in the gospel,
C. W. B.

OVER.—Brother Banks: Of the great goodness of Jehovah, I have been permitted to baptize William, the fourth of my children; one in 1840, a second in 1842, a third in 1849, and the fourth, August 10, 1854, with three others, to unite with the people under my charge. Yours truly,
September 12, 1854. ROBERT ABBOTT.

P.S. My two daughters the dear Lord has since taken home to glory.

Sorrow and Salvation.

OUTLINES OF THREE DISCOURSES PREACHED AT BETHESDA CHAPEL,
IPSWICH, BY MR. T. POOCK, ON JULY 9th, 1854.

“I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself 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. Surely after that I was turned, I repented ; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh ; I was ashamed, yea even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth. 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.

—Jeremiah xxxi. 18—20.

THIS blessed chapter is particularly memorable to my soul, the good Lord having applied the 3rd verse with such power to my almost distracted mind thirty-eight years ago, that I can never read, think, or preach from any part of it, without remembering that deliverance I then so visibly received from my Lord ;—indeed, I find every sentence a sermon throughout this important chapter, when the Holy Spirit is pleased to open and apply it to my heart with his moving and melting influence ; and do count at your leisure the number of “*Thus saith the Lord*” in it, which you will find amounts to twenty-one, if I mistake not ; confirming the promises, precepts, injunctions, and instructions it contains ; shewing the loving heart of our God in covenant to his people, his hatred to sin, his determination to bring Ephraim from it, and the manner of accomplishing it.

Passing by the literal application of my text to the ten tribes, or to the whole of Israel, or the Jewish nation in general—not that I wish to destroy such application by any means—yet I believe Scripture implies more than is expressed, thereby proving the necessity of looking to and praying for the teachings of the Holy Ghost, that we may rightly understand the mind and will of God in Christ by the Word of truth, feeling the witness of the Spirit in our own souls. I decidedly conclude my text is suitable to every child of God who feels himself described, and his experience set forth in it. “I have surely heard Ephraim bemoaning himself 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. Surely after that I was turned I repented ; and after that I was instructed, I smote upon my thigh : I was ashamed, yea, even confounded, because I did bear the reproach of my youth. 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.”

In the first place, I see Ephraim’s conviction, contrition, repentance, prayer, faith and hope.

Secondly, His humility, acknowledgment, shame, confusion and guilt.

Thirdly, The Lord’s knowledge of Ephraim, his interrogations, his earnest remembrance of him, his concern for him, his determination to deal mercifully with him.

First, *Ephraim’s conviction.* Dr. Dodd,

just before he was hung, looked very seriously on his afflicted friends, and said, “All speculation ceases here.” So every poor convicted sinner, when cut in the heart by the convicting power of the Holy Spirit, is made to feel sin is sin, and to tremble and quake, and fear before a holy and just God on account of it. The spirituality of the holy law convicts, confounds and condemns him ; he feels guilty everywhere and every way ; he can do nothing, he can say nothing for himself ; he can promise nothing for the future ; convinced he is he deserves hell ; he owns the goodness of that very law that condemns his sin, and him as a sinner, and all his work now is in bemoaning himself.

Secondly, *Contrition* accompanies conviction—no contrition, no conviction. I am speaking of God working in the soul ; for I well know contrition for sin is his work. The law makes me tremble, but grace makes me contrite ; in the law I see absolute justice without mercy, but in the work of my sweet Jesus I see the law obeyed, satisfied, hushed, honoured and magnified ; in the law I dimly see, through smoke, sin to be dangerous and destructive ; in the precious blood of Jesus I feel sin my greatest enemy ; and in the sprinkling of that blood on my soul, I behold more than law could ever reveal or accomplish ; I feel what none but God could produce—a holy contrition on account of my sins of heart, lip and life.

Thirdly, *Repentance.* I mean gospel repentance ; not that repentance which is said to be man’s duty ; nor that repentance, nor that faith, which are said and looked upon as conditions of the covenant—but that faith and repentance which are blessings in the covenant, and which our exalted Lord gives to the poor, convicted, contrite, bemoaning sinner. (See Acts v. 31). And the apostles and brethren in Judca concluded it was God’s grant. (Acts xi. 18). As it then was, so it now is ; a deal of mistake, I fear, is the result of mixing natural repentance with evangelical repentance. I believe many a child of God that really is blessed with it, fears he has it not ; while many a hypocrite concludes he has repented, and that is enough for him. What is the difference between Ephraim’s and Cain’s ? Ephraim says,—“After I was turned, I repented.” He does not say, I turned, and after I repented. Cain was never turned, never convicted, never contrite, never repented ; so he tells the Lord,—“My punishment is greater than I can bear.” Gen. iv. 13. Natural Judas repents himself,

which ended without contrition, and in self murder; (Matt. xxvii. 3—5); contrite David says, "Against thee, and thee only have I sinned." Psa. li. Ephraim smote his thigh, and the poor Publican his breast; (Luke xviii. 13); both were penitents, filled with self hatred, and repented before God; and if I mistake not, evangelical repentance, produced by the good Lord, consists in a change of both heart and life, and is felt within, and soon without.

Fourthly, *Prayer*. Now it is, and never till now, does the sinner pray. He is a contrite petitioner. "Turn thou me," is the desire of his heart. He means what he asks: his soul is bowed down within him; he is sick of his own way; he is really in want; he is coming to himself; (Luke xv. 17); he is sorry for his sin; (Psa. xxxviii. 18); he does not hide his iniquity, but confesses his transgressions unto the Lord; (Psa. xxxii. 5); mercy he wants, for mercy he prays. (Psa. li. 1). And I am fixed in my own mind the Holy Ghost brings his people this way. Look for proof into the 9th verse, "They shall come with weeping, and with supplications will I lead them." Do not imagine, my friends, you pray best when your prayers are most pleasing to you. Ephraim's tears are pleasant to his God; Ephraim's groans are dearer to our Lord than Gabriel's songs. (Psa. lxi. 31—33). The good Lord make and keep us right here; for it is to be feared a prayerless profession is a dangerous profession. I would rather go to heaven weeping and supplicating every step of the way till I get there, than to gallop lightly over a prayerless path, and fall into hell. "The wicked call not on the Lord." Psa. xiv. 4. But, "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." Matt. v. 4.

Fifthly, *Faith* is always connected with godly sorrow; for where the good Spirit of God produces the spirit of prayer, he also imparts a living faith in the finished work of the sinner's Friend. He convicts, to comfort; he humbles, to exalt; he wounds to heal; he empties, to fill; he kills, to make alive. (1 Sam. ii. 4, 5). This sentence of death in self, is coupled with a trust in God, who raiseth the dead. (2 Cor. i. 9). Ephraim praying, is Ephraim believing; and though not rejoicing, his faith looks upward, his Lord whispers inward, "They shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors, and he shall send them a Saviour, and a great one, and he shall deliver them." Isa. xix. 20. His faith gathers that the Lord giveth; his heart waxes warm, gazing on Calvary's blood; he feels some liberty, a secret enquiring ascends to the great Object his faith is clinging to with a

"Lord, in thy house I roared there's room,
And venturing hard, behold, I come;
But is there—tell me, can there be
Among thy children room for me?"

And as sure as his faith tastes of Immanuel's blood, so sure is that faith to thrive. Thus he prays and believes, and believes and prays, and finds it written, "For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found." Psa. xxxii. 6. This produces

Sixthly, *Hope*; but not in himself, nor yet in his conviction, contrition, repentance, prayers, or his faith; these are evidences, but not proofs; these need support and supply. Ephraim so finds it—is led to conclude from them if God had meant to kill him, he would not have shewn him such things; (Judges xiii. 23); he believes it to be the Lord's work in him, and grows in his hope that "he who hath begun a good work in him, will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Phil. i. 6.

Humility is associated; for nothing humbles a sinner more than the hope he has in the Lord Jesus having loved him and given himself for him; in fact, he cannot feel low enough in himself, while he sees his Lord so gracious, so merciful to so vile a wretch as he feels himself to be. He says, "My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me; thus I recall to my mind, therefore have I hope." Sam. iii. 20, 21.

Acknowledgment is his free enough. "My Lord, my Lord, (says he), thou hast not dealt with me after my sins, nor rewarded me according to my iniquities." Nor will he be backward to say so before good men, or bad men; indeed, he is glad to acknowledge the goodness of his Lord, to get a little ease, that his dear Redeemer may get all the glory; he cannot rest without doing and saying,

"I'll carve his name on every bark,
And o'ery wounded tree
Shall bear some mystic mark
That Jesus died for me."

Shame, confusion and guilt have not lost their existence in his thoughts, although his faith lays hold upon the blood of atonement, and his hope is fixed upon the righteousness of his loving Lord; for the more he is favored to enjoy, the more hateful is he in his own sight; guilt removed is not forgotten, and confusion covers him, because he is not more thankful.

The Lord's knowledge of Ephraim is clearly stated in the 18th verse; for God had both seen him and heard him. Where does our Lord see Ephraim, but in the Lord Jesus? and for whose sake does he hear the poor sinner, but for the sake of our great Daysman and Intercessor? Was it not so, my friends, I must have been given up, I am quite certain, long ago. I am speaking what I know, and testifying that which I have seen, through his great grace to me, a great sinner. My soul can say, "His gentleness hath made me great." Psa. xviii. 31.

"Lo, such I come, and at thy feet
Receive thy mercy free;
O love untold! my soul repeat,
Why me, O Lord—why me?"

Our gracious Father asks, "Is Ephraim my dear son?—is he a pleasant child?" Who can answer? Ephraim must be silent; angels stand amazed; devils dare not reply; the law is quiet; the world is dead; the elder brethren are confounded; the Lord alone can answer himself. Remove the italics, (our translators allow it), and God declares these Ephraims to be both dear and pleasant to him; he loved them, gave his Son for them. (John iii. 16).

Jesus loved them, gave himself for them, (Eph. v. 1, 25), obeyed for them, died for them, intercedes for them, and represents them every one. The Holy Spirit loves them, regenerates them, dwells in them, restores them, revives them, (Rom. xv. 30), and seals them. God remembers them with the favour he bears to his children, and visits them with his salvation, (Psa. cvi. 30), forgets and forgives their manifold sins, furnishes them kindly with fatherly supplies, earnestly desiring them, everlastingly loving them. Concerned he is to do them good now, and concerned he is for their everlasting benefit. Angels are to serve them, devils are not to touch them, the earth is not to hurt them; his good providence protects them, and heaven is to house them: death may frighten them, but death is conquered for them. Determined is Ephraim's God to deal mercifully with him, though Ephraim determined to destroy himself; God's mercy opposes his misery, God's love, his hatred, God's compassion, his rebellion, God's faithfulness, his backsliding, God's grace, his fears. His rod speaks against his folly, the rock hides him from deserved wrath. Frowns on the face of an injured Father is no proof of hatred in his grieved heart; he may speak, and does speak against our sins, but earnestly he so remembers us, as to declare his bowels are troubled for Ephraim. O, how language labors to speak the love of our God. I do not read God troubled, but pleased to bruise Jesus. But in this passage God seems in trouble for his naughty, backsliding, prodigal Ephraim.

May my Ephraim brethren, feel this manifestly, as I have done, and sure I am, conquered they will be, low will they bow, and loud will they sing,

"O love, how high thy glories swell!

How great, immutable and free!

Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,

Are swallowed up, O love, in thee.

"Lov'd when a wretch defiled with sin,

At war with heaven, in league with hell,

A slave to every lust obscene,

Who, living, lived but to rebel.

"Believer, here thy comfort stands;

From first to last salvation's free:

And everlasting love demands

An everlasting song from thee."

THE RIGHTEOUS ACTS OF GOD,

AND

THE NOISE OF ARCHERS.

An outline of a Sermon preached at Well-
ingborough, Sabbath Evening, Aug. 20, 1854,

By E. GRIFFITHS.

"They that are delivered from the noise of archers in the places of drawing water, there shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord, even the righteous acts toward the inhabitants of his villages in Israel: then shall the people of the Lord go down to the gates." Judges v. 11.

THERE is much noise in the present day, about learned preaching, and the doing and dying of mortals. Cold theology may be logically discussed, to amuse the fancies and feed the imagination of intellectual professors,

whilst the souls of the living family are neglected, and nothing placed before them on which they can feed. The good Shepherd, however, is ever mindful of his sheep, and has given commandment concerning them. He has said to satan, "Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further." He has reproved kings for their sakes, saying,—"Touch not mine anointed, and do my prophets no harm." And he has said unto his servants, "Speak, yet that ride on white asses—ye that sit in judgment, and walk by the way." Let us, therefore, attend to the words of the text, and attempt an illustration.

I. The righteous acts rehearsed.

The Lord's acts in *providence*, are righteous, whatever men may say, or however much satan may stir up our old nature to repine and rebel, on account of the seeming partiality and injustice of his proceedings. Has he taken away the desire of your eyes? It is to endear to you that Friend, that sticketh closer than a brother. Has he taken away your parents? It is to make known his character more fully as the Father of the fatherless. Has he taken away your property, and caused your riches to take to themselves wings? It is to open up the *true* riches, and shew that by faith you are rich, being united to the Lord of the whole earth; and having a union to him, you possess all things. But I look at his righteous acts in *grace*, and exhibit,

1st, His righteous and *electing* love act. The Father loved you in his Son from before the foundation of the world, and chose you to love him, serve him, seek him, and live to his praise, and *in* his presence for ever and ever; and it is a righteous act.

2ndly, His righteous, *redeeming* love acts. The *redeeming* act is in union with the choosing act; as many as were loved were redeemed; no more, no less. Christ became responsible for *all* the Father gave him, and he died for them, and rose again for their justification; and now in heaven he lives, and with authority he pleads for them, saying,— "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given me, be with me where I am."

3rdly, His righteous, *regenerating* love act. The regenerating act passes on those who have been redeemed; in due time they are brought in; they must be washed in the fountain, brought to the footstool, where grace abounds to the chief of sinners. The Holy Spirit consecrates all for whom Jesus died. The leper of old was sprinkled with *blood* first, and anointed with *oil* afterwards. (Leviticus xiv. 14, 25, 28).

II. The Rehearsers: Who are they? Those delivered from the noise of archers. Now, the archers are three, that I shall briefly notice.

1st, *Satan*. When a sinner is awakened, and begins to flee, O how satan, his old master, terrifies him! such a noise he causes in his heart! When the sinner seeks the water of salvation at the places of drawing water, namely, at the *throne* of grace, at the *word* of life, or in *public* means, satan the chief archer makes his appearance, and tries to frighten him off, so that the man is obliged to say,

"I would, but cannot sing;
I would, but cannot pray;
For satan meets me when I come,
And frights my soul away."

But what mercy is experienced by him! Presently, the Lord whom he seeks suddenly appears in his temple, and to satan says, "Loose him, and let him go." And the Lord by his power delivers him from the snare, and the noise of *this* archer in the places of drawing water.

2ndly, Archer *Moses*. Moses with his claims meets the sinner, saying, "Pay me what thou owest." "Yes, I will; but have patience with me, and I will pay the uttermost farthing." The noise of this legal archer is distressing, and all our efforts are unavailing. We strive, and strive in vain, to rid ourselves of this noise, until Jesus comes with his righteousness, and says to Moses for us, "I have wrought out righteousness for *him*—I have paid *his* debts; loose him, and let him go." Thus the Lord, by his righteousness revealed to us, delivers us from the noise of this archer, in the place of drawing water.

3rdly, Archer *Conscience*. You who are quickened know how tender conscience is; it will be heard; it accuses when nobody else can; it follows us closely, and speaks often and loud; and it is only when Jesus sprinkles blood on it, that we are delivered from this archer's noise. But we shall not get rid of the archers entirely, until we lay down the body in the grave, and get possession of our inheritance; then neither satan, nor law, nor conscience will trouble us; "for there the glorious Lord shall be a place of broad rivers and streams, in which shall go no galley with oars, nor gallant ship pass that way;" nothing to ruffle the smooth and placid stream. These are the *rehearsers* of God's righteous acts; and I therefore think that men who have not had an experience of deliverance from these things, are not fit to preach the gospel to others; men *under* the law, in bondage and darkness, expressing their doubts about their own salvation, cannot be qualified guides for the blind and lame folk.

III. The *people* interested in these righteous acts. Not the inhabitants of Moab, Babylon and Egypt, but the inhabitants of *His* villages in *Israel*. In studying my map of the land of Israel, (the Bible), I find three or four villages in that land, which I shall just notice, to illustrate my text.

1st, *Bethel*. The word signifies, "House of God." Jacob christened this village—Genesis xxviii. 19—but he christened it with *oil*, not *water*; (18th verse); God met him there, and gave him a promise which made such an impression on his heart, that he never forgot it; it remained with him all his life. When God speaks to a soul, it is a nail in a sure place; and the soul brought into *Bethel*, never forgets the Bethel visit; and his desire is to dwell in the house of the Lord for *ever*. Such a soul dwells in *Christ*, and God dwells in *Christ*: thus the sinner is dwelling in the secret place of the Most High; (Psa. xci. 1; John xvii. 21); and covered with his feathers, he need fear no evil, for no evil nor pestilence

will ever come near their dwelling, to injure it, or separate him; such an inhabitant shall be satisfied with long life, and see the salvation of God.

2ndly, The village of *Bethlehem*; which signifies, "The House of Bread." Yes, living souls dwell in the "House of Bread." "Their bread shall be given, and their water shall be sure;" and they shall never perish. Christ is their Bread, the Staff of Life which sustains them; they have had a taste of the heavenly Bread, and they can no longer feed on husks; they hunger for the Bread of Ashur, which is fat, and long for royal dainties. The manna in the wilderness was adapted to the taste of all the Israelites, whether young or old, weak or strong; so Christ, in his various characters, is adapted to the taste of all spiritual people, whether they be weak or strong in the faith, young or old in the Divine life. His righteous acts, therefore, are *for* and towards the inhabitants of Bethlehem.

3rdly, The village of *Bethphage*; which means, "The House of Early Figs." I have eaten the early green fig in its native land, and it is a sweet and nutritious fruit. Those who are in Christ live beneath their own Vine and Fig Tree, and partake of the fruit thereof, which is sweet unto their taste. The poor people on the continent, live principally on a bit of bread and a bunch of grapes, and a few figs; so the Lord's poor are satisfied if they are favoured with a little bread of life, and a few figs and grapes from the land of promise. From this village also the Lord sent for his colt, on which never man sat, to ride into Jerusalem. He sent for him and broke him in, and trimmed him in his own way; so he sends for messengers when he wants them, and trains them for himself. We often hear about men being sent to college, to be man-made preachers; but I think the best preachers are those who are sent for by Jesus from *Bethphage*, and are taught by the Holy Spirit—receiving their sermons at his throne, and having their hearts warmed with a live coal from the altar above; they will not have patience to read musty manuscripts, but will be supplied with thoughts that breathe, and words that burn; and their tongues constituted the "Pen of a ready writer," (the Holy Spirit,) who shall write on the hearts of the hearers living truths, to the praise of His great name who lived, and died, and rose again for them.

4thly, The village of *Bethany*; which means, "The House of affliction, and grace, and song." The Lord's people are poor and afflicted, but he gives them grace according to their day; and shoes of iron and brass he puts on them. In *these* they travel to heaven, and never miss the road with these on. They are not free-will shoes, but sovereign-grace shoes: namely, "I will be their God, and they shall be my people." When afflictions are accompanied with grace, a submission and cheerful spirit will be possessed, and hymns of praise presented to the Lord. The Lord loved Martha, and Mary, and Lazarus, and they made him a supper at their house in *Bethany*; and the Lord is very often discovered in the house of affliction, where some Lazarus has

been raised from the dead, and oftentimes Mary is found listening to his words, while Martha is busy in her department, serving the Lord. In Bothany we have an illustration of *faith, love, and obedience.*

IV. Briefly conclude with the result.—“Then shall the people of the Lord go down to the gates.” This signifies,

1st, *Possession.* If a besieging army obtain possession of the gates of the city, or citadel, then the city is their's. So God told Abraham that his seed should possess the gates of their enemies. (Gen. xxii. 17).

2ndly, *Prayer.* “Ask, and ye shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened.” When a man feels interested in all these righteous acts, he cannot help visiting Gen. xxvii. 17.

3rdly, *Praise;* that is another gate the people will go to. (Psa. civ. 4).

4thly, *Perseverance.* “He that endureth to the end shall be saved.” And as the great Breaker is come up before them, they have broken up, and shall persevere unto the end, and go through the gate, when an abundant entrance shall be ministered unto them. Thus shall they obtain the victory, though death and hell obstruct the way.

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**THE BELIEVERS' RIGHT TO,  
AND  
KNOWLEDGE OF, SALVATION.**  
*A Sketch of a Sermon*

BY J. E. BLOOMFIELD.

“But ye have received an unction from the Holy One; and ye know all things.”—1 John ii. 20.

1st.—THE description of character. How are we to come at the character of a tried child of God? John here very nicely tells us, I think, they are those who keep his commandments, which are the ordinances of the Lord's house, and love to the Lord's people; John says, “we know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.” There never was a time when there was no love, and there never will be, for “God is love;” love to the Lord's people is an evidence of life within; it is true there are many crooked sticks in the world we cannot love so well as others, yet as they bear the superscription of the Saviour we are compelled to love them. Then, “he that loveth is born of God, and he that is born of God cannot commit sin;” that is, he cannot deny the Father, nor the Son, nor the invincible operations of the Holy Spirit; that is what I think is meant by this passage, because our daily experience tells us, we are daily and hourly committing sin, and shall continue to sin while in the flesh. Now those who do not deny the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, are those who have right to the Tree of Life; they have a four-fold right: (1) Mediatorily, through Christ as the only mediator; (2) Relatively, being one with Christ; (3) Promissory, having the promise of eternal life; (4) Evidentially, their love to their Saviour constrains them to keep his commands.

2nd.—The unction. Which I understand to mean, the anointing of the Holy Spirit.

We find, under the old dispensation, the priest could not offer till they had been anointed and consecrated for that office; Moses was commanded to anoint Aaron, “then shalt thou take the anointing oil and pour it upon his head, and anoint him, Exodus xxix. 7; it also denotes life, just so with the poor sinner, he knows nothing of the priestly offices of the Son of God till he is made partaker of life within, and has had his eyes anointed by the Holy Spirit; sometimes their eyes have been anointed under a sermon, he has said there seemed a newness and freshness in such a passage of scripture I never saw before, they are old truths, yet there is a glory in them I never discovered before; O how happy we feel when this is the case, our faces have been like Moses of old, when he came down from the mountain, it is said, “he wist not that the skin of his face shone while he talked with them;” there have been times our faces have shone and we try to hide it, though it is very stupid of us to try to do so; we are like Peter, he thought he would talk differently, but he could not deceive them; its just the same with us, when we are made happy, our countenances very soon tells tales, we cannot look downcast when we are under the influence of the Holy Spirit, and when once the Holy Spirit takes his residence in our hearts he is there for ever. Now the Israelites were all to be washed in the Brazen sea, which denotes the atonement which all Christians are interested in. You ask me what I mean by Christians? those who belong to Christ Jesus; and why was he called Jesus? because he saves his people from their sins? True, there are many who call themselves Christians and are not; there were five foolish virgins and five wise, they were all asleep when the Bridegroom came; this I think a true figure of the visible church; when the Saviour comes the second time without sin unto salvation; he will come at a time when he is least expected, then the professor will be anxious to do as the foolish virgins, borrow of the wise; but he will have to prove to his utter dismay, the wise has none to spare. The christian who has lived for years in sweet fellowship with God, has no more than he wants—his dress fits him complete, it is not any too large; and those who have oil in their lamps will be the only persons who will meet the Saviour.

3rd.—The knowledge here spoken of. We must not take this exactly as it stands, for we know but very little, our knowledge is very small, compared with “just men made perfect;” we know but very little of heaven now to what we shall know; our knowledge is very small compared to the knowledge of angels; the knowledge here spoken of means we shall know all things necessary to salvation: 1, we shall know a little of ourselves as sinners before God; 2, we shall know a little of the Saviour's ability; 3, we shall know a little of the emptiness of all things here, and that there is no solid happiness out of Christ; 4, we shall know a little of the dignity of Christ's person; 5, we shall know a little of the glory that awaits us above; we shall know a little of ourselves; I do not intend to set up a standard, this is where I think many good and

gracious men have erred and committed a great sin, I may have done it myself, that is in limiting the Holy One of Israel; many are at the cross, and they cannot tell you how they came there; well, never mind so long as they are there; some are not shaken over the regions of despair like others, they have a gradual leaving from earthly things and they see in Christ's person a fullness that meets their emptiness. You ask some where they are living, they will tell you in the slough of despond, while another is living on the fullness of the Saviour, his deeds, triumphs and promises; that is a very nice and happy place to live depend upon it; ours may be a very rough and thorny path, yet it is a right one, and by and bye we shall say so too; we often say we should like to see the end of our trials, and the way the Lord is leading us; depend upon it our path is right, only our difficulty is, we cannot see to the end; but it will end well when once we are brought into union with Christ, and our hearts are made the temple of the Holy Ghost; my soul for yours, we shall be safe now and for ever, and made everlastingly happy.

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 A LOOK INTO THE LAND OF SINIM;
 OR, THE
GOSPEL IN THE CHINESE EMPIRE.

[OUR attention has of late, been called to China. It is evident the way is being opened, for planting the Gospel in this immensely populated portion of the habitable globe. In "THE EARTHEN VESSEL"—and in a pamphlet recently issued, entitled "*a Voice from British and Scottish Laymen*," a few introductory notes, on this subject have been laid before portions of the Christian family. We cannot abandon the subject, although as yet we cannot launch out into the deep; we can only look at things in the distance. From Mrs. Bridgman's volume published by William Collins, entitled "*The Daughters of China*," the following remarks on the Education, Dress and Domestic Character of the Chinese Ladies, will be interesting; and help to prepare the minds of our readers for further information. Mrs. B. says:—]

"Female Education in China, is still in its incipient state of progress. Though all true Christians will readily admit that it is the steady and holy influence of the Gospel that has given her, in enlightened countries, her true position in society—the position which the great Creator designed she should occupy; yet but few have begun to realize what woman is without the Gospel.

The Chinese lady, in the better classes, is not without attractions; she is generally bland and courteous in her manners; her toilet is often arranged with taste and beauty; though her decorations are usually profuse and gaudy. Her dress is well adapted to the season. In the heat of summer, her attire is simply grass-cloth; as the weather becomes cool, this is exchanged for silk and other richly embroidered materials.

The whole Chinese system of ethics requires females to be so secluded that their opportu-

nities of intercourse with other foreign ladies are few; when they do meet them, however, their address is singularly confiding and affectionate, and they enter into conversation with sprightliness and vivacity. But what do they talk about? Your age, the number of your children, your ornaments, the style of your dress, and your *large feet*!

Examine the countenance of the Chinese; the features are regular; and though there are peculiarities which mark the race, such as the obliquity of the eyes, flat nose, tawny skin, and when uneducated a certain inane expression common to both sexes; yet when the Chinese lady is favoured with an interchange of sympathies with one of her own sex from another country, there is light in her eye and joy in her heart; it is not the flash of a bright and highly cultivated intellect,—for, alas! she is not considered worth the pains, time and money, of being taught to read; but the women of China have souls, and there are deep fountains there, sending out, as far as their situation admits, streams of maternal and sisterly affection. And there are fountains of evil too, and the courses that issue from them are broad and deep. Ungovernable temper often spreads discord in the domestic circle, and the strong folds of idolatrous superstition bind her tender offspring by an oath of perpetual fidelity to the altars of false deities.

My marriage, which took place June 28th. 1845—though it did not change my purpose of being useful to Chinese girls, did, for the time being, affect a change in my destination. In August of that same year, I found myself of a household composed chiefly of Chinese who daily joined us in morning and evening worship, but the way was not yet opened for me to get access to females; prejudices were still strong against foreigners, and I must wait awhile for an open door.

In the absence of Mr. Williams, who was on a visit to the United States, Dr. Bridgman besides preaching the Gospel wherever he could get an audience, in the street, in the Hospital, or in our own dwelling, had charge of the printing-press, and I acceded to his request to devote a part of every evening to the instruction of the Chinese lads in the printing-office. There were also some Chinese acquaintances who joined them. This arrangement was productive of a reciprocal benefit.

Having as yet a very limited knowledge of the Chinese language, which was my daily study, of necessity, English was at first and in part the medium of communication; yet by this means I added to my little stock of Chinese words and phrases which I always needed at command. Of this class of pupils, there was one young man whose name was Sze Ping, who with great docility and perseverance applied himself to study. As he advanced in the knowledge of English phrases I gained a corresponding advantage in Chinese. As we were unable to understand each other, it was interesting to draw his attention to religious truth. To the doctrines of the cross, he invariably tendered the listening ear. He continued to come, as opportunity was allowed him, until we left Canton for Shanghai, which

was nearly two years. We have since had the pleasure of hearing that he has professed his faith in Christ, having afterwards been more fully instructed by other missionaries, and by the faithful evangelist, Liang Afah.

The care of my family, the instruction of this class, and the study of Chinese, gave me full occupation during my first two summers beneath a tropical sun. In regard to the study of the language it may not be inappropriate in this place to say a few words, and to exhibit some conclusions drawn from observation and experience.

It is to be apprehended that not a few who have a desire for missionary life, are hindered from going to China from an idea, which seems to prevail very much in America, that the difficulties of acquiring the Chinese language are insurmountable. Should not the Christian, who feels an inward call to "Go teach all nations," beware of heeding suggestions which may come from the father of lies, or a spirit of sluggishness in his own breast? The number of spoken dialects is very numerous, and some knowledge of the local phrasology is certainly indispensable. The means of acquiring this are very simple; *mingle with the people; hear them talk; and learn as the little child does.* Indeed we must follow our Saviour's direction, and "become as little children," in order to get access to the Chinese mind.

To habits of daily intercourse, it is thought by some who have been long in the field, should be added a few hours study on the written character. This exercise, if it is not too long at one time, is pleasant, and will afford a variety of occupation.

The Saviour's example is a safe one; he went daily among the common people and sympathized with them in their joys and sorrows. A knowledge of everyday life, in China, enables one to acquire the art of adaptation among them with more success, and this is necessary to "win them to Christ."

Let none, then, be discouraged. A cheerful temperament, a mind disciplined either by education or intercourse with society, one who understands the "trap to catch a sunbeam," and who has a knowledge of common things as well as of the higher branches of education, and who possesses an ordinary share of perseverance, can go to China and aid in the glorious work of reclaiming her millions from the thralldom of sin and Satan. There are difficulties to be encountered, obstacles in the way, but they can be overcome. This is one sure way. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me;" therefore, let not "Satan hinder you." An individual once remarked to me, in conversation, "that she did not believe the Chinese could ever be converted." I do not hesitate to say that such an one made a mistake in going to China; but if some who have neither youth nor quickness of parts on their side; but with some knowledge of the world; themselves and, (what is still more valuable,) an experience of what the precious Gospel is to their own souls, can go and acquire enough of that difficult language to say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved," let not others

be hindered that are panting for usefulness. There are such in that distant field, and they are happy in their work, and would not exchange their situation, if they could, as long as health continues, for an abiding sojourn in their own happy land, the region of high intellectual culture, of light and knowledge.

There will be some, I trust, who read these lines that will be anxiously inquiring, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to?" If the way is opened, let not the great enemy "hinder you" from going to China. Three hundred and sixty or four hundred millions of her sons and daughters are waiting to receive the Gospel. Who will claim the privilege of imparting this blessing to them? 'Tis true it is a dark land, it is very far away, the dangers of the sea are to be encountered. The manners and customs of the people are entirely different from our own; they are a people of a strange and difficult language. Deeply enveloped have they been in the folds of superstition and heathenism till a thick darkness has gathered over them, whose influence may be felt even by the Christian missionary. It is a land without a Sabbath. Many are the days devoted to expensive processions in honour of their gods; but no Sabbath stillness reigns in those walled cities, nor throughout the length and breadth of the land. But Creation has a voice in China as well as in America. The sun shines as brightly o'er her hills and dales; the birds sing as sweetly in her groves; the clouds sail as beautifully through the ethereal blue; the moon does not withdraw her shining, and the Christian can look up and say, "My Father made them all." Now the heathen Chinese heeds not this voice in nature; he is besotted, low, sensual, wedded to his idols, grovelling in the dust. The foreign missionary's home is often his sanctuary. Though all around him is dark, he has "light in his dwelling." He has an altar in his God, the only God of heaven and earth—his Bethel, which the "angel of the covenant overshadowed." And though sometimes "cast down through manifold temptations" and discouragements, yet the promises are sure. His Lord knows it all; and strengthening himself in God, he believes that the ends of the earth shall see his salvation, and counts it his highest privilege to labour and wear out and die in the service of his Lord and Master Jesus Christ.

DR. CUMMING'S THEOLOGY EXAMINED.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Having read in the *EARTHEN VESSEL* for August an extract from Dr. Cumming's pamphlet, entitled, "*What think ye of Christ?*" I feel disposed to make a few remarks by way of animadversion thereon; and as the extract has appeared in the *VESSEL*, I shall also beg a place there for the insertion of the remarks intended to be offered.

What Dr. Cummings may be in the covenant of grace, or as a Christian, or as a minister of the gospel, I will not presume to say; but if we are to prove the soundness of the divinity of professed ministers of the gospel by the Scriptures, I cannot forbear thinking that an impartial reference of the Dr.'s Divinity to that only Standard, will show that, however grand and sublime the

eloquence and moral suasion may be in the judgment of human reason, as displayed by Dr. Cumming in pressing upon the attention of sinners the importance of "Coming to Christ," yet it will be found that he has done so to the perversion of truth, and by implication to the tacit denial of the doctrine of the absolute impotency of sinners in matters of a spiritual nature, as they relate to the salvation of the soul; and if my assumption be right, it follows that, however great his zeal, however great his earnestness and assiduity in writing or preaching, his very industry is to a degree injurious; and though he may write and speak much truth,—nor would I presume to say that he is not a useful man,—yet, surely, it is decidedly wrong to connive at his errors, or to speak lightly of them, because he does advance truth in part. Poison may be mixed up with food that is very nutritious, but if it be received, it will, notwithstanding the goodness of the food, prove hurtful. So error, if it be mixed up with truth, will be received with more avidity than if it were offered alone. But though the truth received be good, yet will its effects be nullified with the error mixed up with it.

But I will now proceed to shew in what manner the Dr. has, in my judgment, perverted the truth. The first part of the extract which I shall notice, is, speaking of the acceptance of salvation by sinners, the Dr. says,—“And that acceptance, that submission, is now, or never,” &c. What are we to infer by such language, but that salvation is offered to sinners indiscriminately, and that they are supposed to possess the will and power to accept it? But if they do not possess this will and power while in an unregenerate state, how is it that the Dr. is justified in putting the subject before them in such a way, so that they are led to believe they have this will and power? The plain summing up of the Dr., if his words mean anything, is this: Here is salvation, and I, as a minister of the gospel, offer it to you for your acceptance. It depends on you whether you will exercise your will in such a beneficial way to yourself, so as to take what I offer you. If you will not do so this day, you will not be so likely to do so to-morrow. If this is not tacitly setting aside the absolute necessity of the Spirit's almighty and invincible influences in making the sinner willing in the day of God's power, I know not what is.

But the Dr. proceeds, and says further, “To shew how easy and accessible that gospel is, hear what the Saviour saith, ‘Whosoever is athirst, let him come unto me and drink.’ But you answer, Ah, but I am not athirst. Well, to meet your case, he says, ‘If any man will, let him come unto me.’ But you answer, Ah, but I have not a willing heart. Then he says, ‘Him that cometh unto me,’ whether you be athirst, or whether you have a willing heart or not.” I wonder whether the Dr. remembered that portion of Holy Writ when he was writing those words, “Whether you be athirst, or whether you have a willing heart or not,”—viz., “If any man add unto the words of this Book, God shall add unto him the plagues written in this Book.” Surely, he might have left the words of the Saviour as they were uttered by him, without making such a senseless, as well as unscriptural addition to them. Is it reasonable, that a man

will seek after that which he esteems not? Is it reasonable that a man will seek after that he feels no need of, and that he counts valueless?

But further on the Dr. quotes Howel, of Long Acre, and tells us he said, “If you cannot go to Christ on feeling, go to Christ on principle.” Now, how is it possible to go to Christ on principle, and yet not have the will to do so? I confess myself ignorant. Where such a principle is, that induces a sinner to go to Christ, I am sure there must be the will. Yea, I believe it would puzzle any philosopher to prove the existence of such a principle without the will being joined as a part of that principle, or being so connected therewith that they are inseparable. Such persons as the Dr. invites, I verily believe, would be the very personification of the characters described as those who “Draw nigh to God with their lip, and honoured him with their tongue, while their hearts were far from him.” Are not those whom the Dr. invites—who are neither thirsty, nor of a willing heart, something like them? But this Doctor has doubtless read that “It is the Spirit that quickeneth; the flesh profiteth nothing;” and that it is “not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy;” and that “though many are called, few are chosen;” and that “the Son quickeneth whomsoever he will;” that “faith is the gift of God;” that “all men have not faith;” that “without faith, it is impossible to please God;” that “no man cometh unto me (Christ) except the Father draw him.” Yea, the Dr. knows, if he knows himself, that it is the Spirit who worketh in the Lord's people both the will and the power, and that it is he who quickens from a death in sin; he who draws the quickened sinner to Christ, and he who enables the sinner to trust in Christ; in a word, that it is he who begins the good work, carries it on, and performs it unto the day of Christ.

Let, therefore, ministers sound an alarm to those who are dead; let them point to the Lamb of God, when addressing broken-hearted sinners, as the One who was slain for them; let them bid welcome to the Fountain those who are thirsty; let them encourage those who are willing to come, and leave the work in the hands of the Spirit to bless their endeavors.

DAVID PRZO.

Claxton, Aug. 18, 1854.

HEAVENLY HEIRSHIP.

Heirs of God, with Christ joint heirs,
Let us bid farewell to fears;
Heaven eternal, boundless stores,
Wealth unspeakable is ours.

Heirs of God, who captives were,
Ransomed now with blood they are;
Younger brethren, now they share
Christ, the elder brother's care.

Heirs of God! 'tis his own gift,
And may well our spirits lift.
Why, then, grovel here on earth,
And forget our noble birth?

Heirs of God! O, happy men!
Stars and suns decay, but then,
Undecaying thrones are theirs;
To everlasting portions, heirs.

Heirs of God! can this be true?
Beams of glory meet our view,
Bright with splendour; how they shine
On our heritage divine!

THE RECOGNITION SERVICES OF MR. TIDDY,

AS PASTOR OF MANSION HOUSE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

We wish to devote a small portion of our space this month in noticing one or two works of some interest to the churches of Christ in our day. The first we come to, is a pamphlet published by James Paul, recording the services of

THE RECOGNITION OF MR. TIDDY, the present Pastor of Mansion House Chapel, Camberwell.

What amazing changes the removal by death of a long-standing minister produces! Nevertheless, there is one thing that consoles us—these changes often result in opening more doors for the Gospel, and in instrumentally spreading abroad the glad tidings of salvation. The pulpit in Grove Chapel, Camberwell, became vacant by the decease of the late Mr. Joseph Irons. What has been the consequence? A division has taken place—one section of the people have called Mr. Jay, from Birmingham, and continue to worship at the Grove. Another section of the people have removed to the Mansion House Chapel, and have called Mr. Tiddy from Brussels. Both sections have the minister of their own choice; and it is not unlikely, that two flourishing causes will become established. But the question is often put with much emphasis—“WHO and WHAT is MR. TIDDY?” From a careful perusal of these Ordination Services, we are encouraged to hope that Mr. Tiddy is a man of God, a minister of Christ, and, that he will prove to be a useful pastor over that portion of the church which a gracious Providence has placed him.

On Tuesday, the 2nd of May, 1854, the Recognition of Mr. Tiddy took place; there was a mixture of Baptists and Independents—whether there was a mixture of anything besides we cannot say; but all seems to have been conducted in a kind spirit, and a great deal of good Gospel truth was advanced. Messrs John Poynder and J. W. Gittens, of Camden-town, opened the services, and the venerable Frederick Silver preached the Sermon from the words, “*Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.*” In speaking of the Lord’s presence with his people, Mr. Silver said:

“The Lord is with his disciples always when they are engaged in his service; and they find his service to be perfect freedom. The late rector of Llangan, Mr. David Jones, whose memory is yet dear to many persons living, who were called by divine grace, or were refreshed under his ministry, was one greatly honoured with the Lord’s gracious presence: he was instant in season and out of season; for he preached the Gospel in all places whither he went, in open fields, and by the way side! When the then Bishop of Llandaff accused him of preaching in unconsecrated places, he

assured the bishop he was mistaken; for his Lord was faithful to his promise, and was always with him, and consecrated the place with his gracious presence. And in proof thereof, our Lord said to his disciples, ‘Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.’ You will observe, the Lord does not say that he will come, but he says ‘there am I;’ he is waiting for them, to fulfil his promise of watering his vineyard, by the renewings of his Holy Spirit which he sheds abundantly upon them.”

In the evening, Mr. Thomas Bayfield, of Chelsea, presided; and Mr. Hooper, one of the deacons, read a statement descriptive of those leadings of Divine Providence which brought Mr. Tiddy amongst them. From that statement we quote a sentence or two. After some prefatory remarks, Mr. Hooper said:

“The congregation now assembling for Divine worship in Mansion House Chapel, Camberwell, consist principally of such as formerly attended, either as members, communicants, or seatholders in Grove Chapel, under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Joseph Irons, some of whom had been brought to a knowledge of the truth under his ministry; and others established in the faith, delivered from legal bondage, had their doubts and fears removed, and their knowledge of Divine things increased. Many had sat under his ministry for periods varying from ten to twenty years and upwards, and some from the very commencement of it in Camberwell. We hold his memory dear to us on account of the explicitness of his doctrinal statements, and the peculiar savour and unction which accompanied his ministrations; and we trust that we shall not depart from the truths which he inculcated, believing them to be of God.

“After his death the pulpit was supplied by various ministers, who, in the judgment of the deacons, preached the same doctrines, and were likely to be acceptable to the people. They had each their peculiar gifts—we believe them to have been men of truth, but we did not think that any of them possessed the suitable qualifications in all respects for becoming our pastor. Many prayers were offered to the Head of the Church that he would direct our choice, and send us a pastor after his own heart.

“In the autumn of 1852, Mr. Tiddy, then a resident at Brussels, as agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, was invited by the deacons to supply the pulpit for a month. This invitation was sent to him through the late Mr. Pope, whose dying testimony was, that he considered Mr. Tiddy to be a fit person for the pastorate, and strongly recomended the church to choose him. Mr. Tiddy accepted the invitation, and first preached at Grove Chapel, the last Sunday in October, 1852. While his preaching was acceptable to many, and they beheld in him a suitable successor to Mr. Irons there were others who took a prejudice against him, and in consequence of an expression used in

one of his first discourses, they charged him with introducing Socinian doctrine. Although from the whole drift and tenor of his discourse he showed that he had no such meaning as they attached to the expression, he felt it right on the next Lord's day to enter into a fuller explanation of his meaning, and he then perfectly satisfied all unprejudiced persons, that his doctrines were sound, and in accordance with those which Mr. Irons held."

Subsequently Mr. Tiddy's friends left the Grove; and hence his settlement among them in Mansion House Chapel. There is great clearness in the statement delivered by Mr. Hooper; and much caution appears to have been exercised both by Mr. Tiddy, and the friends with whom he finally settled.

Mr. Tiddy's account of his Conversion and Call to the Ministry is quite of the usual character. Our readers will be pleased to peruse the following paragraphs:

"At the early age of nine years, I lost my father, and was then taken by two pious aunts and sent to school in Truro.

"At the age of fifteen, I took a situation in a merchant's office, where I remained until I was twenty-three. During that period I had formed the acquaintance of several young men, all of whom, with the exception of two, were cut off in their youth. This striking dispensation, as stroke after stroke brought down a companion from my side, awakened certain fears in my breast. The death of the last one, who was a cousin, made a very deep impression on my mind. To quiet my conscience, as often as it was smitten, I would take to the reading of my Bible and to prayer; but when my fears subsided, step by step, I went again into the world; neglected my Bible, and ceased to pray.

"I was exceedingly fond of the theatre, and used to frequent it most diligently. One evening a feeling came over me, which I thought was the approach of death. I rushed to the door, little expecting to reach it; however, I succeeded, and when in the open air I recovered; but then came the upbraidings of a wicked heart. What a coward! What weakness! It was merely the heat of the room! and I returned to sit the play out! I did not feel quite at liberty to go again for some time; but one night, a favourite piece being announced for the second part, I thought I would compromise matters with my conscience, and go in at half price. I had not been long in the theatre before a similar feeling again came over me. My conscience, with all the rapidity of thought, said, you neglected a former warning, will you escape a second? will you not fall from this pit into the bottomless one? With desperation I made to the door and happily escaped. I never went to the theatre but once afterwards; which was in London, when I first visited this city. * * * *

"In December following, I heard, accidentally, according to man's language, that my sister-in-law was about to join a Baptist Church. I went to her, and in rather a jeering tone, asked whether such was the case. Carelessly, and I may say, with almost a mocking

heart, I entered her room; but God did not suffer me to come out as I went in. A change in all my feelings had taken place during the hour I sat silently listening to her tale. With a broken spirit I returned to my own house; a week passed on; during which I was tormented with every fear that could possibly find place in the soul. I dreaded the thought of again returning to a state of indifference, which had been so frequently my case. The following Sabbath was the first time I ever entered the house of God with a prayer. I felt persuaded a message would be delivered to my heavy heart, but when the text was announced, I felt disappointed. I thought nothing could be drawn from such a Scripture, to bear on my case. To my great comfort, however, the sermon suited it exactly. I opened my mind to my sister-in-law, who directed me to Christ; and I cast myself at his footstool, determined, if I perished, to perish there. I was for sometime in doubt as to the sincerity of my repentance, but one portion of God's word rested powerfully on my mind—'The bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench.' I was fully persuaded that if it were a work of God the Spirit, he would perfect it. In this state of mind I was invited by my former employers, (for I had quitted their service to go into business,) to visit Belgium again. I consented, and whilst there, in a Roman Catholic country, the sphere of my, then, future labours, I was brought into the liberty of the gospel. One day I suffered severely from fear that I had been deceiving myself; so much so, that although I bowed the knee several times before a throne of grace, I was obliged each time to rise without being able to pray. At last, I was led to ask, who has made this difference? Was it Satan who had convinced me of sin, and made me hate it? or was it my own heart? Impossible, was the answer; 'A kingdom divided against itself cannot stand;' then the truth flashed on my mind, that it could be none other than the Spirit of God, 'for he alone can convince of sin.' Immediately on coming to this conclusion, these words were applied most powerfully to my soul—'As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God; and, if children, then heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ.' I shall never forget the joy I felt at that moment. I was as firmly persuaded as I am now, that all was finished, and I was complete in Christ. I had left England in sorrow and bitterness, but I returned rejoicing in the Lord.

"On the first Sunday in May, 1834, exactly twenty years ago, I was received as a member of the Independent Church, at Truro, then under the pastoral care of Rev. W. Moore. Such, my friends, is a rapid sketch of my history up to the time of my conversion to the Lord.

We were much struck with one fact in the life of Mr. Tiddy: as an agent for the Bible Society, he had been instrumental in disseminating 900,000 copies of the Scriptures. This was certainly an important work—and we should hope that so marvellous a diffusion

of the precious word of God must be attended with much good to precious souls. To be the honoured instrument of putting 900,000 copies of God's word into the hands of poor sinful man, must, we think, under God, be productive of deep humility, and great thankfulness, in the mind of the Mansion House Pastor. How we seem to wish that that good man had been favoured to read Matthew iii. 15, as some have done; then, indeed, would he have more perfectly taught and observed the commands of our glorious HEAD, our redeeming JESUS, our sovereign KING.

Mr. Tiddy is not a novice; he is not one "newly come" either to the faith, or to the ministry. In the course of his address he said:

"In September 1835, I quitted Truro for Brussels, to fulfil my one year's engagement; but remained there eighteen years and a-half! much prospered and blessed by the Lord in my labours; having succeeded in disseminating 900,000 copies of the Scriptures in Belgium, Holland and Germany.

"The Lord's-day before leaving Truro, I was publicly set apart by Mr. Moore, for the work on which I was entering.

"When I reached Brussels, I found but few persons there who loved the Lord. There was a French place of worship to which I went, but the doctrines preached were Arminian. Circumstances occurred which drove several persons to seek another minister. * * *

For twelve years past I have been regularly engaged in the ministry; and to my Master's praise I can say, to the profit of many souls. For several years before I left Brussels, I had a strong impression on my mind, that God the Holy Ghost was preparing me for another sphere of labour, and one more directly and exclusively ministerial. * * *

"In the providence of God, a gentleman and his family from London, came to reside in Brussels; and not finding the gospel there in the Church of England, of which they were members, they came to my room, and continued to do so until they quitted the country. His wife, who had much enjoyed our services, asked me where she should go in London to hear the same truths. As she was about to settle in Camberwell, I recommended her to hear Mr. Irons. The family took seats in Grove Chapel, and attended his ministry up to the time of his death. The gentleman meeting with Mr. Hooper, introduced my name to him, as being a suitable supply for the pulpit. In July, 1852, I received a communication from Mr. Pope, one of the deacons at the Grove, Mr. Hooper, also then a deacon of the same church, having spoken to him about me. Mr. Pope invited me to occupy the pulpit for one month as a candidate for the pastorate. The month of September was assigned me; that month I could not leave Brussels, but consented to do so in October. Mr. Pope's reply was, that the Chapel would be closed for repairs in October; but that November was free for me. I came to the Grove on the last Lord's-day in October, and preached five Sundays.

"The invitation to preach in Grove Chapel Pulpit was to me most unexpected and extraordinary. For several years previously, my mind had been constantly occupied about that Chapel, and when I visited England, I always went to hear Mr. Irons. One of my friends, who attended his ministry, used, in the days of my youth, to give me an account of his sermons. At that time I knew nothing of the truth, but when I had learned to value it, I at once sought out the preacher under whose ministry my beloved friend had so much profited. Ever afterwards I considered it a great privilege to sit, when in London, under Mr. Irons. For two or three years before his death, hearing that his health was declining, my prayers used constantly to ascend to God, that he would not take away the Elijah before an Elisha was prepared, nor remove the Paul before a Timothy was raised up. Oftentimes have I awoke in the night and found Grove Chapel in my thoughts. The day I heard of Mr. Irons' death, was one of great distress to my soul; so much so, that I was totally unfitted for work, and was obliged to supplicate the Lord to remove the disquietude and give me my usual calm and confidence. I had not the faintest prospect or thought then, of ever ascending Grove Chapel pulpit. I believe the last time I heard Mr. Irons, noticing the failure of his strength, I asked a friend now present, who would take Mr. Irons' place, when he was gone? 'We know of none,' was the answer. 'You had better make haste and prepare to come over.' I did not consider this as serious, and replied much in the same tone! 'Well, if ever I get an opportunity of being a candidate, I will go into the pulpit.' I believe those words had considerable influence in deciding me to accept of the deacon's invitation to supply for a month."

On coming to a "*declaration of his ecclesiastical and doctrinal views,*" Mr. Tiddy assumed a very bold and independent position. He did not "*ask*" his "*esteemed colleagues in the ministry to endorse any of his views—nor to identify themselves with his statements;*" he was determined not to keep back, through the fear of man, one iota of what he believed to be truth; and as far as main and essential principles are concerned, Gill, Toplady, nor Joseph Irons himself, could not be sounder than Mr. Tiddy avows himself to be; but his rejection of baptism by immersion, is very illustrative of the mode in which many men become the leaders of certain parties in the professing church; in fact, all the way through his declaration there is too strong a tinge of the great *I*. We would not, we do not dispute the vitality of Mr. Tiddy's faith—as far as the great doctrines of the Gospel are concerned; but we do not like the idea of his having to pass through a course of reading of sound authors, in order to his being sound; nor do we much love such sentences as these—"I am *Pedobaptist*: but not without much consideration and study of the subject, with earnest prayer for divine

teaching: *my mind not being made up on the point*—this kind of language in connection with such matters as are of divine origin, and can only be savingly and certainly known by the special revelations and teachings of the blessed Spirit, we never can cordially receive: *“my mind not being made up on the point when I joined the church twenty years ago, I did so with a reserve.”*—What?—a sinner raised from the dead—a poor, guilty, helpless, condemned bankrupt, coming into the church of Christ with *“a reserve?”* With a sort of pick and choose profession? With a dictatorial spirit, *I will have this, but I will not have that; and as for the third, my mind not being made up, I shall reserve my opinion, and tarry in my practice UNTIL I see what others have said; and which is the most popular pathway through the religious world.* Yes, thus Mr. Tiddy proceeds, *“When I joined the church twenty years ago, I did so with a reserve, that I would be baptised by immersion should I see immersion to be scriptural. I studied the subject, and arrived at a contrary conclusion.”* We wonder where Mr. Tiddy studied this subject? Did he go to Jordan, and there study? Did he calmly, prayerfully—with a mind unprejudiced, with a heart deeply humbled, with a spirit *willing to be led into all truth*—did he thus well weigh that testimony of the Holy Ghost, *“And Jesus, when he was baptised, WENT UP STRAIGHTWAY OUT OF THE WATER: and, lo, the heavens were opened unto Him,”* &c., &c. Did Mr. Tiddy study *“the great commission”* which Christ gave unto his own immediate disciples, as recorded in Matthew xxviii. 19, 20; and did Mr. T. then study the great *pattern-preacher* which our Lord Jesus Christ made himself, in the person of Saul of Tarsus, as recorded in 9th & 22d chapters of the Acts? We ask, with authority, did Mr. Tiddy study in these solemn places; and, did he *from* hence, draw his conclusion. No, never. We can never believe that the Holy Ghost led Mr. Tiddy to such a conclusion as the one he says he arrived at. We could sooner believe that the Vicar of Frome was his teacher; and that the Puseyite dogmas were the standard of his practice, instead of the plain words of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Tiddy is in error, and all who are led by him, in this matter. Therefore, the Lord permitting, we dare not spare him; they may fawn over him that can do so—in the things of God, we hope we cannot play the traitor's part; and how Dr. Steane could hear and silently pass them by we cannot tell. How glad should we have been, to have found Mr. Tiddy informing his friends *how, when, and where, the LORD JESUS CHRIST* was truly revealed and made savingly known unto him; against Mr. Tiddy, as a minister, or as a christian, we have none but the best of feelings; but the New Testament ordinance of baptism by immersion is too solemn an

article of our faith to allow us to be silent; but the fact is, when a man comes to stand up before the church and the world, and to tell us how the Lord made him a minister, we certainly do watch such a man rather closely; and knowing what a multitude of hirelings, and self-elected, and self-constituted, parsons the church is now burdened with—we can only be satisfied with that testimony which carries with it the undeniable power of a Triune Jehovah—God the Father's special choice—in calling out and setting apart—God the Son redeeming and pardoning by precious blood—and God the Holy Ghost anointing and leading into all truth:—where the witness of these things is not brought forth in heaven's purely original, and self-evident way of demonstration, we cannot help the fear rising, that *“one thing is lacking.”* When Mr. Tiddy tells us, that he made baptism by immersion *“the subject of much consideration, accompanied with earnest prayer for Divine teaching;”* that he kept his mind from being made up—and that ultimately he arrived at the conclusion, that *“immersion is not the mode of New Testament baptism;”* and when he further says—*“I believe that baptism is the seal of the believing parents' faith, and is therefore to be administered only to such children as are presented by a believing father, or a believing mother,”* we are staggered, surprised, afflicted, and distressed; and with the apostle we can but exclaim, surely, *“blindness in part hath indeed happened unto Israel.”*

In Archibald Maclean's preface to his *Defence*, &c., writing on this very subject, he says:

“The Independents are the most inconsistent of any set of people upon this matter. They admit that the people of the new covenant are distinguished from those of the old, by their having God's law written in their hearts; and all of them knowing the Lord from the least unto the greatest; that the subjects of Christ's kingdom are distinguished from the world by their being of the truth, and hearing his voice; that the spiritual seed are distinguished from the fleshly, by their being born of the Spirit by the incorruptible seed of the word; and that this distinction is only visible to us in the profession of their faith. But whenever they attempt to establish infant baptism, they disregard, and some of them even condemn, such distinctions, and every visible evidence of them, as self-righteous, and resolve the whole into this single question, ‘Are they born of believing parents?’ And though our Lord and his disciples absolutely deny that such birth can distinguish the true children of God, as it did the typical, (John iii. 6, 6; Rom. ix. 6–8; 2 Cor. v. 16, 17), yet all this goes for nothing; they still insist, that their being the natural seed of believers sufficiently marks them out as the children of God, truly holy, and members of the kingdom of heaven. Thus they chime in with the National Church upon the

grent radical point of her *Judaized Christianity*, and, in their baptism, hold a most intimate fellowship with her. Perhaps it may be said that they make amends for this, and keep up their separation from the world, by refusing their children church communion till they profess the faith; but this is only adding one inconsistency to another; and implies, either that they do not believe the principles upon which they baptise them, or that the visible members of Christ's true body are unfit to be members of those societies which represent that body; than which nothing can be more absurd."

Having thus freely spoken our mind, we leave Mr. Tiddy in the hands of the Lord; and we will pray and hope, too, that he may yet be led to see—and decidedly to maintain—*baptism by immersion*, even as Christ, his apostles, and all in the early churches did. Let no man say that we put more importance upon baptism than belongs to it. We always endeavor to keep this matter in its proper place—that is, *between*—the word of God entering the heart of a sinner so as to produce conviction, conversion, and a living faith in Jesus—and that same sinner's being united to the visible church of God. We believe this is the right place for baptism; and from hence it will never be entirely removed while the gospel dispensation continues.

In the free and faithful publication of the gospel of Christ, and in the hope that the Lord may lead Mr. Tiddy more fully into all truth, we sincerely wish him God-speed.

THE CAUSE OF TRUTH AT READING IN FORMER DAYS:

SAMUEL EYLES PIERCE, JAMES CASTLEDEN,
AND JOHN ANDREW JONES.

On the table, when we reached home the other evening, we found among a handful of letters—the following from the venerable pastor of "Jireh Meeting," and two copies of that most seasonable and pleasing little volume, entitled, "*A Memoir of Mr. James Castleden, &c., compiled principally from a Manuscript written by himself: with a selection from his invaluable and most precious Letters. By his oldest ministerial brother, J. A. JONES, of Jireh Meeting, London.*" (Published by J. Paul, and to be had of the Editor, 50, Murray Street, City Road; price 1s.) Before we say one word about the book itself, we must give the accompanying note. The writer says—

"Dear brother: Please accept of a couple of copies of Castleden's Memoirs, with my kindest regards. I think you will find it to be interesting; and, looking at the state of our churches, and especially our ministers, 'a word in season.' I leave London on Friday, to spend two Lord's days at Manchester. 'Tis a long journey for me at my advanced age (75); but I have some excellent friends there, to whom my labours in past years have been made a blessing; and I am going to see them, and to 'Preach Christ' to them for *the last time*.

"Desiring for you, dear brother, every covenant blessing, I remain, your's in the Lord,
"JNO. A. JONES."

We publish this note because, in the first place, Mr. Jones speaks of this memoir as "*a word in season*" to churches and ministers; and such it certainly is. Among many solemn words which the preface contains, we have the following weighty paragraphs. Referring to the state of the churches, Mr. Jones says:

"In the energetic language, and luminous statement of the late Mr. John Stevens, I fully agree.—'The face of the times is extraordinary. Religion is running wild, like the unpruned vine. The outer-court is everywhere enlarging; but I fear few of the multitude ever enter within the veil. While the rudiments of Christianity are spreading, pernicious heresies are also disseminating. The doctrines of grace, which alone can bring right knowledge to sinful man, are shuffled out of doors, and scriptural discipline is assailed on all sides by a host of crucifiers. The world and the church are becoming *one common field*; and the fences ordained by our Lord, and maintained by our forefathers in His name, are destined to destruction: and—*general benevolence to man*, is hastening to occupy their place.'

"Perhaps the reader may now begin to enquire 'Why this sort of preface?' My reply is very plain and simple: I have given a memoir of a very aged minister, one sound in the truth all his days. I am also myself of a longer standing in the ministry than our late brother Castleden. 'James' is gone home; and the time draws nigh that 'Andrew' also must die. And as old shepherds are being removed home, I feel most anxious that not only gracious men, but also men richly endowed by the Holy Spirit, with gifts qualifying them for the all-important work of the Gospel ministry, may be raised up, 'and go up into the gaps, and make up the hedge for the house of Israel, to stand in the battle in the day of the Lord:' that so the young prophets may not be like 'the foxes in the desert.'"

We have inserted the letter also, because its closing sentence so powerfully impressed our mind. This old Gospel veteran, at the age of seventy-five, undertakes a journey of two hundred and twenty miles; and with all the calmness possible, says: "*I am going to see them, and to preach CHRIST to them FOR THE LAST TIME!*" Ah! and we have trembled of late, lest in the midst of so much disease and death, it should speedily be "*the last time*" with many of God's dear servants. But—as yet they are spared. Thanks to the God of all our mercies—thanks to Jesus Christ, and the eternal Spirit too. Amen.

Almost everybody knows what a peculiar talent Mr. J. A. Jones has for collating and condensing manuscripts. We need not therefore, say one word by way of commendation on the "*Memoir of James Castleden.*" It will be read with much interest by the citizens of Zion; inasmuch as it chronicles many events which we, that have known and loved good men, delight to have brought to remembrance. Take one sample: in a kind of brief history of

the early days of James Castleden, Mr. Jones says :—

“We have an account in his Dialogue, of his becoming united to the people under the ministry of Mr. S. E. Pierce, by whom he was most blessedly led into more enlarged views of the person and work of Christ, and of his all-complete and everlastingly finished work; which laid as it were a glorious foundation for all his after ministerial labours. If ever that great man of God, had under him an apt scholar, and one who might be said to live and die ‘a Pierceite,’ it was James Castleden. In this church he was called to the office of deacon, along with another most blessed man of God, the late Mr. William Hore, whose memory also to me is most precious. The Lord was on this wise preparing him for the work he had appointed him. He held the office of deacon for nine years. And as Mr. Pierce usually spent some months annually in the West of England, the church was anxious for him to preach to them during the absence of their pastor. But after seeking direction of the Lord, his high regard for Mr. Pierce’s ministry, and a deep sense of his inability to supply his pulpit, led him to decline their invitation, though he was frequently engaged in preaching to some little clusters of God-fearing souls in the country. At that time he was in business as a linen-draper in St. Martin’s-court, St. Martin’s-lane. And it was about this time that ‘Andrew’ first became acquainted with his late beloved brother ‘James.’ I had been directed by the Lord, on September 26th, 1813, in a very remarkable manner, to Hartley Row, in Hampshire, and an embargo was laid upon me to continue with that people, as their pastor, upwards of five years. I was, at that time, *thirsting after Divine truth*, and a more enlarged acquaintance with ‘Christ and him crucified.’ I used occasionally to visit Reading. There were two causes there, maintaining the precious, undiluted gospel; one of them worshipping in Minster-street, under the late Mr. Samuel Parrott, an Independent minister; and the other at Silver-street, under my late brother William Weller, a Baptist. To both these causes I very frequently went, to speak in my Master’s name; who made my humble labors there a blessing to many souls. There lived at Reading an *old disciple*, named Mr. Thomas Maclean, where I used to lodge. He had been a hearer of Dr. Gill, and Mr. Joseph Hart. He gave me Mr. S. E. Pierce’s blessed volume, entitled, ‘*Growth in Grace.*’ It was to me, a present far beyond gold or rubies. The soul-establishment I obtained in its repeated perusal, I can by no means describe. These things led to an enquiry concerning Mr. James Castleden his deacon, and who then used to come and preach occasionally to those two causes at Reading. It resulted in my inviting him to come and see me, and preach for me at Hartley-row. This occasioned his first letter to me, dated May 16th, 1815, and which is now within a few months of forty years ago. I had labored more than two years in the ministry of the word at Hartley-row, and had received two several and distinct invitations from the church, to

become their pastor, and which I felt obliged to decline, because of the great and sore opposition I had met with from some half-dozen of the members, who had erected a standard, and prescribed a certain mode of preaching what they called the gospel, but what I could not adopt. My grand aim was to proclaim ‘Christ all in all,’ but they wanted something else. I met with great opposition from them, and most unchristian treatment. They used to read their favorite books in their pews, and hand them over from one to the other, while I was preaching, with other studied insults. This caused my mind to be considerably depressed. My dear brother Castleden wrote me a letter of encouragement: and the Lord so blessed it as to cheer my heart, and prevent me deserting my post, and running away from my work.”

SHORT NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

WE have received a handsome volume of 436 pages, printed in a bold type, and entitled—“*Sermons designed for the Sick Room, Family Reading, and Village Worship.*” By Jabez Burns, D.D., Minister of New Church Street Chapel, Edgeware Road. It is published by Houlston and Stoneman. We cannot this month further notice the work; but we purpose, if our good Master continue us in his service here, duly to read, and faithfully to report. Beside the above, we have received three neat volumes; the first, bears this inscription—“*Outlines of Truth: in a series of Allegorical and Plain Reflections, on Forty-nine Moral and Spiritual Subjects,*” &c. By J. Mendham. London: Houlston and Stoneman. In a plain, and wholesome style, Mr. Mendham has illustrated, and contended for, many most weighty matters, which we hope in a future number to prove to our readers, by a much more enlarged notice: we trust Mr. Mendham’s labors will prove a blessing to many—his object is good; his motive is pure; his work is well done. The Lord reward him! pray we. The second volume carries the following striking front page: “*John Fenry, the Pilgrim Martyr, 1559-1593.*” By John Waddington. London: W. & F. G. Cash. This is a pretty book, containing an enchanting narrative of the life, labours, and martyrdom of a man of God, who was taken to heaven near two hundred and fifty years since. Mr. Waddington has rendered good service to the best of all causes in the production of this volume. We tender him our best thanks. Some day, we do anticipate a real literary treat from the careful perusal of this volume; and our readers shall participate in the same, the Lord permitting. The third volume is Mr. Hawkins’s Memorial of the late J. F. Rudman. As this book is published for the spiritual good of Zion’s servants—for the encouragement of her saints—and for the temporal aid of the bereaved widow, and her fatherless son, we recommend all who can afford it, to send direct to Mrs. Rudman, in Drake Street, Plymouth, for as many copies as they can circulate. A word or two more upon this compilation of a minister’s life another day.

NOTICES FROM THE CHURCHES.

GOOD NEWS FROM HALESWORTH! THE GOSPEL IN A THURSDAY!—The Baptist cause in this place has been favored with some reviving since our brother, W. J. Gooding, has been laboring here. No doubt that good news from Halesworth will be received with pleasure by those who wish well to Zion; as we have often felt it good to hear of any signs of prosperity in our sister churches. We know, through grace, there are others like-minded, and will rejoice with us who do rejoice. Immediately on our brother's entering upon his engagement, he commenced a regular system of village preaching; and as soon as weather permitted, he held open air services every Lord's-day evening, as well as during the week. On these occasions we have had most encouraging meetings; several times it seemed as if "the whole village came out to hear him." In this way eight or nine stations have been regularly visited. The result is, our own place is quite filled with attentive hearers, and some few have been awakened to attend to the things that belong to their everlasting peace. One sister has been baptised, as the first fruit of his ministry here; others are evidently on the verge of casting in their lot with us. In consequence of discontinuing our Sunday evening services in the villages during the winter, the brethren here have hired the theatre, intending (D.V.) holding their evening services in that place. We have always felt the approach to our chapel a great inconvenience on a dark night, and almost precludes the probability of expecting any who are not our regular attendants. The theatre is much more convenient for the townsfolk, and many there are who neglect altogether attending public worship. We earnestly hope to see some who would not, through prejudice or otherwise, enter a chapel, and who do not attend church. We were greatly rejoiced at seeing so large an attendance on Lord's-day evening, September 10th, when the place was first opened for the worship of God. Our brother Gooding preached to a crowded house; he took for his text, "In the name of our God, we will set up our banners." Psalm xx. 5. During the whole service we observed the greatest attention, and saw perhaps hundreds who have never been at the chapel, and probably never would. By this step we hope to lead many under the sound of the word. As our God works by means, we think it right to use every effort to bring men under the gospel sound; and we humbly hope that God would deign to bless the work of our hands, that this and that man may say, "We were born there." J. BEDWELL.

UCKFIELD.—Dear Brother: I thank you for your prompt reply to my last, respecting William Mills, who professed to be pastor of a Baptist Church in Wiltshire. His object in visiting us was to obtain money to aid in purchasing the freehold of the chapel in which they met. The Roman Catholics were trying to get the place away from them. From all I can gather, there is too much reason to believe, I fear, we have been imposed upon in this matter; but, after all, he is the best proposer that ever I met with, if there is such. He preached twice for us, and the Lord blessed his evening discourse to the bringing out of one young man from nature's darkness to the enjoyment of spiritual light. On Lord's-day, July 23rd, two believers in the Lord Jesus Christ followed their Lord and Master through the baptismal stream. One, an aged female, who had been halting between two opinions fifteen years, but now, at the advanced age of 72 years, enabled to surmount her fears, and publicly, boldly, and joyfully, in the presence of nearly 600 people, to put on Christ Jesus. The other, an artillery serjeant, whom the Lord met with in the little sanctuary, where a few, very few despised ones, met in this town. He was sent here to obtain recruits, but has himself been recruited. May he be a good soldier of Jesus Christ, and we with him will ascribe all the glory, through Zion's King, to the Triune Jehovah, whose grace

is magnified in the salvation of the vilest of the vile. The above is inserted that our friends scattered abroad, who feel an interest in this little cause here, may be informed of the good hand of our God upon us, especially Jonathan M——, of Birmingham, and J. P——k, of Southampton. September 15, 1854. J. G. WRATTEN.

BEXLEY HEATH.—Baptist Chapel, Bexley Heath, Kent. On Tuesday, September 12th, the friends met to celebrate their annual harvest home. The subject for contemplation was "a public thanksgiving to God, for a bountiful harvest, and a continuation of his goodness in giving fine weather to gather in the same." At 3 o'clock, brother Chislett, of Walworth, delivered an animating discourse from Psalm civ. 34, "My meditation of him shall be sweet." First, He called our attention to a Triune God, in essence One, in Persons Three; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. As, 1st, The God who built the universe, upholds and governs, and keeps in perfect harmony and order all things connected with the vast fabric of nature. 2ndly, A God of providence, minutely providing for all his creatures, both man and beast—all seek their meat from God. 3rdly, As a God of grace, to choose, to save, to redeem, to sanctify and glorify all his elect family; and closed by shewing this was the Christian's blessed employment, under the teaching and warming influence of the Spirit of God, to meditate upon God, and that our meditation upon him shall be sweet. At 5 o'clock, about eighty sat down to tea, on the voluntary principle, to which, I am happy to say, they affectionately responded. All seemed satisfied, and the profits arising from the tea amounted to £1 12s. 1d. At half-past 6 the public meeting commenced with that well known hymn,

"To praise the ever-bounteous Lord,"

94th, Denham's Selection, after which, brother Welsh, of Foot's Cray, implored the Divine blessing. The following brethren then addressed the meeting. Messrs. Pierce, Nunn, Jenkins, Hoskins, Welsh, Chislett, and each of them, though diversified in talent and method, or manner, kept close to the subject—thanksgiving to God—shewing that God is good, supremely good; good when he gives, and good when he denies.

"E'en crosses, at his sovereign will,

Are blessings in disguise."

And thus we spent a happy day, and hope to spend a happier still, in the happy world above, when all the redeemed shall meet together to praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, for ever and ever.

J. WALLIS, Pastor.

HAYLE, CORNWALL.—Dear Brother Banks: You will be pleased to hear that we have been favored recently at Ebenezer, with the rich and savoury influences of the eternal Spirit. On the 30th ultimo, I was permitted to baptise six brethren at Ebenezer, several of whom have been recently brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus. They were all added to the church the following Lord's-day. One of the candidates was a son of the late brother Smithers, the pastor of Squirries Street Chapel, Bethnal Green. One had been an Independent upwards of forty years. I baptised his good wife a short time since. Before I left home for Cornwall, three more applied for baptism, and two others, who had been baptised, for fellowship with our church. Since I have been here, my elder, Mr. George Delve, writes me, "There are several more wishing to join the church on your return." You will see, therefore, my dear friend and brother, that "I do not labour altogether in vain." The new chapel at Hayle, being in a sufficiently forward state to have services in it, I preached twice on Lord's-day, the 3rd September, to full congregations; in the evening some had to retire, not being able to find room. We had Episcopalian, Wesleyans, Bryanians, &c., among the throng. The following Monday evening, I preached again to an excellent congregation. On Wednesday, the 6th instant, we had a tea meet-

ing; upwards of two hundred persons sat down. After ten, the chapel was filled, and a delightful public meeting was held. Brother Lugg, who supplies the place, delivered an address, and I spoke more than an hour on several important points, especially urging upon them the importance of Strict Communion principles. To-morrow, (n.v.), I shall preach twice in the chapel, and the following Lord's-day at Camborne, where I formed a Strict Baptist Church during my first visit to the county as a stated minister. Brother William Shakerly, a brother beloved, ministers to the little band there the word of life. I have delivered lectures here, and at Penzance, besides preaching twice at Camborne. You are aware I came here for rest, and to recruit my wasted energies by the balmy sea breezes; but were I to accept every invitation, I should want rest more on my return, than I did when I left home. Hoping to be permitted to see you on the 9th of October at the annual meeting of the Society for the Relief of Faithful Gospel Ministers, and praying that you and my London friends generally, may be mercifully spared successfully to toil in the cause of truth and righteousness, I am, as ever, affectionately, your's,
T. J. MESSEZ.

September 9, 1854.

HORSHAM, SUSSEX.—Our pastor, Mr. E. Mote, baptised, on Lord's-day, July 30, 1854, three believers in Jesus, who gave a satisfactory statement before the church of the work of God upon their souls; and fully did they realise the truth of the poet's words,

"Through floods or flames, if Jesus leads,
I'll follow where he goes;"
"Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you." THOMAS HILL.

THE LATE JOSIAH DENHAM.

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

DEAR SIR.—Doubtless many of your readers have heard of the sudden death of our late beloved brother, Josiah E. Denham, the eldest son of the late David Denham, of Unicorn Yard, which melancholy event took place on Friday morning, the 1st Sept., at his residence at Camberwell. His death will be deplored by many, more particularly by the poor, who were of the household of faith, to whom he gave of his means as the Lord had prospered him. Truly may we say, in the language of Mr. Spurgeon at the grave, "that a Josiah has died indeed." He was a man that did not want the world to know what he did; but many of the Lord's poor children can testify that he was indeed an instrument in his hands of making their hearts glad, and paving their path here below with mercies that they might not have received in other quarters.

His mortal remains were interred at Nunhead Cemetery, on the 6th instant, followed by his sons, brothers, friends, and those connected with him in business. It was the desire of his widow that he should lay alongside of his father, at Bunhill Fields; but this would not be allowed, in consequence of the ground being entirely closed for interments. On arrival at the Cemetery, Mr. Branch, of Church Street, Blackfriars, gave out the 1028th hymn, in Denham's Selection; after which, Mr. Chislett, of East Street, addressed the throne of grace, commending to the Great Head of the Church the widow, children and members of the family with which our brother was connected. Mr. Banks, of Unicorn Yard, then made a few appropriate remarks respecting the de-

parted, which were well suited for the occasion.

It was then our mournful duty to convey to its last resting-place the remains of one of those quiet spirits whom "the King in his glory delighteth to honor." At the grave Mr. Spurgeon, of New Park Street, (under whose ministry the deceased had greatly profited), delivered a few remarks, the substance of which we subjoin. And are, dear Sir, your's truly,
E. AND T. DENHAM.

Dover Place, Old Kent Road.

Substance of the Address at the Grave, by

MR. SPURGEON.

SLEEP on, my brother! sleep on!—for so he giveth his beloved sleep. Though thy bed be dark and cold, thou shalt not be alone, for thy dust is guarded by angels. Though thou art covered by the earth, thou shalt hear the trump of the archangel; thou shalt throw aside thy cerements, and in an incorruptible body, thou shalt awake from thy long sleep. O, my friends, let us die with him; for to the believer death is the consummation of life; it is the close of the conflict; the sheathing of the sword. Sleep on—my brother! sleep on! the battle is fought, and thy work is done.

But dost thou sleep? Dost thy spirit slumber? Nay! nay! thy body sleeps, but thou art far away from that cold clay. Methinks I hear thy voice beyond yon clear sky. Methought I heard thee! Yea, thou art there, my brother—thou art there! Thy voice comes down to me like sweet music. I hear thee say, "I have washed my robe, and made it white in the blood of the Lamb."

O, can I weep for thee? Dare I wish thee to return? No, thou glorified one! I shall come to thee; but I cannot wish thee back again. Yet I must weep for thee; as of old the weeping Jeremiah penned the Lamentations over a slain Josiah, so would I mourn over thee, my brother. My brother! a Josiah indeed! Could benevolence have kept thee alive, thou hadst not died. Could religion have warded off the death shaft, thou wouldest not lie there. But these avail not to avert the hour of death. With all thy loveliness and kindness, thou wast a mortal, and mortals must die. O, tenderly beloved of thy wife! she could not save thee from the tomb. Nor can the mingled tears of sons, and brethren, and friends, restore thy form to life. But the word of the Omnipotent shall do it. The voice of Jesus shall arouse thy sleeping body. As a sinner thou hast died, but accepted in the Beloved thou shalt live.

O, thou hast no righteousness of thy own; but thou hast an infinitely better one. He who loved thee with an everlasting love, has clothed thee in a spotless robe of righteousness, and through his merits thou art received within the pearly gates. Farewell, my brother, till the resurrection morning!

Now, my fellow-mourners, I have much to mitigate your woe; much to cause you joy; the dark cloud has a silver lining: "Ye sorrow not as those without hope." Follow the track which he pursued, the footsteps of Jesus, and may you, an unbroken circle, meet around the throne.

The Daily Morning Sacrifice.

"AS THY DAYS, SO SHALL THY STRENGTH BE."

THIS valuable promise, as written in Deut. xxxiii. 25, was most comfortably verified in my experience on Lord's-day, Oct. 8th. I have been for some time reduced to great debility—arising from an attack of what is called Cholera—and in a variety of ways it has deeply afflicted me; but on the three first Lord's-days of this trying period, I was constrained to go up to the Lord's house, and was enabled to speak a little in his name. On the day above named, I had spoken in the morning, and was expected to go again in the evening, but I had my fears that I could go no more. I found I could not confine my mind to study, and was compelled, therefore, to leave myself and my labours all in the hands of the Lord. A friend from the country had written me a kind letter; in the middle of this letter the following scripture was quoted, in reference to my affliction—"He hath not despised, nor abhorred, the affliction of the afflicted; neither hath he hid his face from him; but when he cried unto him, he heard." Psalm xxii. 24. These words fell with comfort into my mind when I read them; and for days they afforded me a little spiritual reviving; before going up to the sanctuary on the 8th of October, these words so rested on my mind, that I was encouraged to hope the Lord would once more favour me with holy liberty, and pure heavenly light, to publish a little of his great salvation: and, truly, I can most solemnly declare that the good Spirit of my Lord appeared to be *in me as a well of water, springing up*—and giving me, and many of the dear friends, a blessed refreshing from the presence of our precious High Priest. I have but one desire with reference to this happy circumstance—and that is, to give my readers, a few words on the TITLE, or inscription given to this 22nd Psalm; it is written thus—"To the Chief Musician upon *Ajeleth Shahar*." There are four distinct interpretations given of this

AJELETH SHAHAR;

every one of which, when viewed as illustrative of the gracious, the glorious, and the all-essential characters and offices of the dear Saviour—THE SINNER'S FRIEND—are to my poor soul most precious indeed. What means this *Ajeleth Shahar*? say you. I answer, it means (as the learned tell us,) that JESUS CHRIST is, on the behalf of all who savingly believe in Him, "*the daily morning Sacrifice*"—"the *Morning Star*"—"the *Morning Help*"—"the *Hiind of the Morning*." All this, in the highest sense, is God's well-beloved Son unto every ransomed and regenerated soul. Yes!—as I lift up my poor head from this

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chamber of affliction—I say, were I permitted to stand upon an eminence where I could reach the ears of thousands of my fellow-sinners, this double confession should be the theme of my tongue—I would say, "*I have my daily sins* ; but in the Lamb of God, I have a daily morning sacrifice; and while, on the one hand, I silently mourn over sin of every kind, and of every degree; yet, by precious faith—I sometimes view this daily morning sacrifice—and then with all the power that grace imparts—my soul cries out

"Rock of ages, shelter me.
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin, THE DOUBLE CURE—
Cleanso me from its guilt and power."

I would, confess, too, that I have my nights of darkness—seasons of heavy gloom, and mental sorrow—but a sweet "*Morning Star*" has the dear Saviour been to me, I hope, many, and many a time. In this affliction, I was one night laying in much distress of mind—I deeply feared I had offended the Lord—and that He was angry with me—was going forth in judgment against me—when these words came to the gentle relief of my troubled soul—"All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth;" and, then came the poet's words:

"With heaven and earth at His command,
He waits to answer prayer:"

My heart went out in solemn prayer—and I hope not in vain. In many ways He has been my help—and every morn I need Him still. He is, indeed, my friends, the trembling sinner's "*morning help*"—and over every dark mountain, and hill of difficulty, this glorious Saviour—as "*the hind of the morning*"—flies to succour and comfort—sooner or later—all who look for Redemption in Him. I must not write any more now; but the following comment on the title of the twenty-second Psalm, by Dr. John Gill, will, I hope, be cheering and pleasant to the pure minds of many of the Lord's ransomed children.

"The only thing observable in the title of this Psalm is the sense of the words *Ajeleth Shahar*, left untranslated: which according to some of the Jewish interpreters, is the name of a musical instrument; to which our version inclines; and a learned Jew says it is the instrument which the mourning women used on account of distress which was sudden, not knowing till it came, as a man does not think of the morning till he sees it. *Ajeleth* with

him has the signification of mourning, as *Eli* in Joel i. 8; and *Shahar*, as in Isa. xlvii. 11; and Hos. x. 15; are used in the Misnah for a mourning woman; and with others it is the beginning of a song to the tune of which the Psalm was set; but I rather think the words express the subject-matter of the Psalm, and that they may be rendered *concerning Ajeleth Shahar*; which signify, either according to the Chaldee paraphrase, *the daily morning-sacrifice*; or, as some Jewish writers observe, *the morning star*; or, according to the Septuagint, *the morning-help*, or rather *the morning-hind*; or *hind of the morning*; but who should be designed hereby is the question. The Jews would have any rather than the Messiah; some say Esther, who so seasonably and readily appeared for the Jews in distress, and was the means of their deliverance: but there is not one word in the Psalm that agrees with her; and there are some things which were manifestly spoken of a man, and not a woman, ver. 8, 24; others say David, when he fled from Saul, or, as others, from Absalom; but the disjoining the bones of this person, the piercing his hands and his feet, parting his garments, and casting lots on his vesture, mentioned in ver. 14, 16, 18, were never fulfilled in him. Others would have the congregation of Israel in captivity intended; but it is plain that a single person is spoken of throughout; and he is manifestly distinguished from others, from his brethren, from the congregation, from the seed of Jacob and Israel, ver. 22, 23; and, indeed, no other than the Messiah can be meant; and of this there ought to be no doubt with Christians, when ver. 1, is compared with Matt. xxvii. 46; ver. 8. with Matt. xxvii. 43, ver. 88, with Matt. xxvii. 35; ver. 22, with Heb. ii. 12: and the Jews themselves sometimes say, that by *Ajeleth Shahar* is meant the Shechinah, or the Divine Majesty; and in what way soever these words are rendered, they agree with Christ: he is the antitype of the *daily morning sacrifice*; the Lamb of God, who continually takes away the sin of the world, and very fitly is he so called in the title of the Psalm, which speaks so much of his sufferings and death, which are a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of his people; he is the bright and *morning-star*, Rev. xxii. 16; the day-spring from on high, the Sun of righteousness, and light of the world: he had *morning-help* in his very infancy, when his life was sought for by Herod; and had early and seasonable help and assistance in the acceptable time, and in the day of salvation; and early in the morning was he raised from the dead, and had glory given him: but as the words are better rendered *the morning-hind*, this suits with Christ, who is frequently compared to a roe, or a young hart, Cant. ii. 9, 17, and viii. 14; and he may be compared to a *hind*, for its loveliness to its mate and young, Prov. v. 19: the love of Christ to his church and people being very strong and affectionate, and passing knowledge; and also for its loveliness and goodness, Gen. xlix. 21; Christ being amiable and lovely, and fairer than the children of men; likewise for its gentleness and harmlessness, Christ being meek, and lowly, holy and harmless;

and for its antipathy to serpents, there being an enmity between Christ, the seed of the woman, and the serpent and his seed; for its being hunted by dogs, as Christ was by Herod, by the Scribes and Pharisees, by Judas, and the band of soldiers; see ver. 16, of this Psalm; for its being fit for food, Deut. xiv. 5; and as it is said to be the fitter for being hunted, Christ's flesh being meat indeed; and the more suitable to faith, as being sacrificed for us; and for its long life it is said to have. Christ, though once dead being alive again, and living for evermore; to which may be added its great swiftness, expressive of the readiness of Christ to comply with his Father's proposals and do his will; to come into this world in the fulness of time, and set about the work he came to do; to deliver up himself into the hands of his enemies, and lay down his life for his people; and of his haste to help them in distress, and visit them with his gracious presence, and to appear a second time to them unto salvation. He may be called the hind of *the morning*, looking lovely and beautiful as the morning, and swift and cheerful as the hind when it rises from its rest, and runs its course; or because of his being hunted in the morning of his infancy by Herod; or because it was early in the morning the chief priests consulted to take away his life; and as early also, he rose from the dead, when God made his feet like hinds' feet and set him on his high places, Psalm xviii. 33. The ancient Christian writers generally understood it of Christ wholly. Justin Martyr says, the whole Psalm is spoken of Christ; and Tertullian observes that it contains the whole passion, or all the sufferings of Christ. The late Mons. Fourmont, the elder professor of the Oriental languages in the University of Paris, has a very singular notion, that this Psalm was written by Jeremiah, when he was drawn up from the dungeon, and is a history of his life and sufferings, in which he was a type of Christ.

EPISTOLARY

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER V.

WE now come to the vital matter of regeneration, and the invitations of the word of God:—"Ye must be born again." In this lies the root of all real religion, for no man, except he be born again, can rightly "see the kingdom of God;" nor unless "born of water and of the Spirit" can he enter the kingdom of God.

The water here will mean the *word of God*; called water because of its *cleansing* quality and power; and so it is written, "now ye are clean through the word that I have spoken unto you." (John xv. 3.) Again, "he loved the church and gave himself for it; that he might sanctify and cleanse it with the *washing of water, by the word*; and present it to himself a glorious church, not having spot or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish" (Eph. v. 26—27. Again: "Being born again, not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible, by the *word of God*, which liveth and abideth for

ever." 1 Pet. i. 23. Again: "Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy hath he saved us by the washing of regeneration, and the renewing of the Holy Ghost." Titus iii. 5. Again: "The dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and live." John v. 25.

Here then you will see that, that which is in one place called "*water*" is in another place called the "*word*." You will notice also, that the word and the Holy Spirit, are in this washing of regeneration, one. This is to show, that the word can minister no life without the Holy Spirit; for "the flesh profiteth nothing; it is the Spirit that quickeneth." And on the other hand, that the Holy Spirit works by the *word*. The word is both the rule and the means by which he works. And thus, to be born of *water* and of the Spirit, is to be born by the living, quickening, cleansing power of the Word: "Except a man be (so) born again he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven."

As to what men call Baptismal regeneration, let it not once be named by you, as becometh a christian; seeing it does *not* become a christian to make regeneration to consist in anything but the quickening power of the living God; everything short of this is simply fatal delusion; the work is entirely of God: "of his own will begat he us." And, again, "according to his abundant mercy he hath begotten us again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ; and he quickeneth whom he will."

I will, presently, lay before you the reasons that no man, except born of water and of the Spirit, can either here, or hereafter, enter into the kingdom of heaven. But before so doing, we must have a few words more upon this 3rd chapter of John; likewise, a quotation or two upon this "root of the matter," from the Old Testament.

Now, in this 3rd of John, we have, first, a distinction made between our natural and spiritual birth, "That which is born of the flesh, is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit." In the one we are conceived in sin, in the other we are born of an *incorruptible* seed; in the one we are shapen in iniquity, in the other we are created in Christ Jesus; in the one we cannot please God, for, "they that are in the flesh cannot please God," in the other we receive the record God hath given of his Son, and so glorify God; in the one we are alienated from the life of God, through the ignorance that is in us, in the other we have eternal life; in the one we have nothing that is good, in the other we have nothing that is not good; the one is natural, earthly, sensual, devilish; the other supernatural, heavenly, holy, and divine; being made partakers of the divine nature.

Again: we have in this 3rd of John the uncontrollable sovereignty of the Holy Spirit—"The wind bloweth where it listeth;" so much for human help in bringing an immortal soul into eternal life; "who then hath ascended up into heaven, or descended?" No man except the Son of man. "Who hath gathered the wind in his fist?" "with whom is the residuo of the spirit; with man or with God?" "Who hath bound the waters in a garment?" No one

but he who hath said, unto the sea of iniquity, "hitherto shalt thou come;" (namely to *Calvary's cross*), "but no farther;" "*here* shall thy proud waves be staid." And "who hath established all the ends of the earth?" the fragments, the remnants, the outcasts of Israel?—who hath fixed, and settled them in their inheritance? "where the lines are fallen to them in pleasant places? and where they have a goodly heritage? What is his name? or, what is his Son's name, if thou canst tell?" (Prov. xxx. 4.) These are things which no man but the Godman ever did, or ever can do; how true it is that "vain is the help of man." For after all that men may say, or do, the wind still bloweth where it listeth, tarrying not for man nor waiting for the sons of men.

"But thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

He who is born of God does not at *first* know whence it cometh, and whither it goeth; the word of God has a sound with him it never had before, and there is too, something piercing about it, it is the *north* wind of the Holy Spirit in his cutting convictions; the threatenings of God roar in the conscience; everything very wintery, blasting, and desolating; all fleshly excellencies fade and come to nought; he finds that "All flesh is as grass, and all the goodness thereof as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth, because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it." He shivers, in despair; as for his life, he is ready to say of the Lord, "He easteth forth his ice like morsels, who can stand before his cold?" (Psalm cxlvii. 17.) When a sinner thus hears the sound of the word as a rough wind, he would creep and cling to anything for shelter, and for warmth and hope; he thus hearing and feeling the north wind, he does not yet know anything of the south wind, he runs to some humanly devised religion, and thus is running to a dunghill, and trying to get sustenance where there is nothing but the serpent's meat, namely, *dust*. He knows not what all this means; why he should be so miserable, he hardly knows; he feels that his iniquities, like the wind, have carried him away from God; and the rough wind of God's wrath, he fears, will carry him away into destruction. He is full of tossings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day; and tossed about he must be, untill he becomes poor and needy enough for the pearl of great price,—poor and needy enough for the *unsearchable* riches of Christ, and made to submit to his righteousness, and acknowledge "that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth;" for he has done both, and seems as far, or farther off, than ever; and therefore, it must be entirely of God, who alone can truly shew mercy, when the time shall come for the *south* wind to arise. Now he will begin to understand Job xxxvii. 16, 17. "Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds?" Yes, he will begin to see the bright light that shineth betwixt, and to know that the clouds of "dejection" have been so ordered, as to overshadow, and make him fear as he entered these thick wintery clouds of guilt and horror, and is hereby pre-

pared to hear the Lord God of Israel saying unto him, "I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sin; return unto me, for I have redeemed thee." Isaiah xlv. 22. He shall thus know something of the "balancings of the clouds," that when balanced against the redemption of Christ, and the abundant mercy of God, they shall vanish away like smoke, and while

"Around his brow, these awful clouds were spread,

Eternal sunshine settles on his head."

Dost thou, then, my good Theophilus, know the "balancings of the clouds"—the wondrous works of him, who is perfect in knowledge, how thy garments are warm, when he *quieteth* the earth by the *south* wind? I am persuaded that none of these things are hidden from thee.

Truly, it is the south wind of the Gospel, under the genial rays of the Sun of righteousness, that quiets the earth—the *new* earth or land of promise. "The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come;" the garments of salvation beautify and dignify, and are warm and durable clothing. And now comes, "quietness and assurance for ever." Such an one is raised up out of the dust, and lifted up from the dunghill, and made to inherit the throne of glory. And now, while the heavenly wind bloweth where it listeth, he knows now, whence it comes, and whither it goeth; he knows now, that it comes from God, and leads to God. It is that heavenly trade wind, always blowing in the right direction, and is constant as the sun. Carried always by this wind, they are not to be moved by every cross wind of false doctrine, but to keep in the right course, and right latitude, until they come to their desired haven.

Now, what he, who is born of God, was to himself, he now, in one sense, becomes to others; he knows whence cometh this heavenly sound, and whither it goeth, but *others do not know*; they hear the sound thereof, in the testimony which such an one bears, but they cannot tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth. Some will say, he is beside himself; others will say, *how* knoweth this man these things, having never learned? And as they hear the sound of his testimony, and not understanding it, they will, in order to *hide* their own ignorance of the matter—for of course they will not like to *confess* their ignorance, and will therefore seek to *hide* it—they will say unto such an one, thou wast altogether born in sin, and dost thou teach *us*? and they will, (if they can) cast him out as a very dangerous sort of man. Yea, they will be quite shocked, (at least, pretend to be) at the testimony borne by a man who is born of God; and, if need be, will even suborn men to say, "This man censeth not to speak blasphemous words against this holy place, and the law." Acts vi. 13.

They hear the sound, "but cannot tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth." But, nevertheless, they who are born of God, cannot but speak the things which they have *seen* and heard. Acts iv. 20. They have seen an end of all perfection in the flesh—that vain is the

help of man; that the commandment of God is exceeding broad; that none but Immanuel's wings could cover the same. They have seen that we must be born again; they have seen that this is the work of God, and that he does it *sovereignly*, quickening whom *he will*—the wind blowing where it listeth; and that he, who is born of God, is brought into the order of the kingdom of God; into the order of the Saviour's eternal priesthood; into the order of an immovable covenant sealed thereby; into the order of an indestructible and immovable kingdom; and that, in contrast to, and defiance of, all the devices of men. For they are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man; but of the will and power of God.

In my next, I hope to shew the *reasons* none can enter the kingdom but such as are born of God.

A LITTLE ONE.

London, October 20, 1854.

CRYING TO GOD OUT OF DEEP WATERS.

"Let not the waterflood overflow me; neither let the deep swallow me up; and let not the pit shut her mouth upon me."—Psalm lxix. 15.

SOLEMN position, when the believer is constrained, by circumstances through which, in the Lord's providence, he is brought to adopt this as the language of his earnest supplicatory prayer before the Lord! and yet, how many of his dear family have been, and many are, at the present time, following in the footsteps of Him who only could say, "*All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.*" Psalm xlii. 7.

This was frequently the language of David. Although highly favoured by the most High, and although at times privileged, as it were, to ascend to the summit of divine enjoyment, and to sing in triumph and joy, "Jehovah is my Light and my Salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life: of whom shall I be afraid?" Yet, if we trace his footsteps, how transitory those happy seasons! how short their duration! Presently wave after wave comes rolling in; the waters of tribulation find out the favourite of heaven, and down he comes in his feelings and circumstances, until we find him pleading, "Let not the waterflood overflow me, neither let the deep swallow me up," &c.

And as with the Glorious Head of Zion, and with the dear Member of his Mystic body referred to, even so, more or less, it is with all who are brought savingly to believe in his name; and I doubt if there is any real coming as a lost sinner for his precious salvation, without being brought to feel something of the waterflood, and waves of trouble, sorrow, and in some cases anguish, spoken of in the word.

I know that some of His dear family are drawn with cords of love, and are early brought to read their title clear; but we cannot suppose they are entirely ignorant of the curses of a broken law denounced against sin. When Sinai comes with fearful demand,—“pay me

what *Thou* owest;" or, "The soul that sinneth it shall die."—I say, when this is laid upon the *Conscience*, what a water-flood is here! and here is no loop-hole to creep through; the soul is bankrupt—nothing to pay; fearing eternal imprisonment. No wonder if he is brought to cry out feelingly, earnestly, and experimentally,

"God of my life, to *Thee* I call;
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
While the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail."

But let us rejoice! So sure as this is the case, so sure does a bright ray of light and hope dawn from the heavenly horizon, which shall shine brighter and brighter until the perfect day of deliverance comes; and like the apostle, he shall triumphantly meet the requirements of the Law, by sinking into nothing in self, and taking refuge alone in Him who is the "End of the Law for righteousness to every one that believeth." (See Romans x. 4). And then we shall not be surprised if we find him upon the mount of Divine enjoyment, as David was. (See Psalm xxxii. 6, 7.

But, although thus favoured and blessed, yet it often happens that this sun of enjoyment, shines but for a short time; the believer has to come down from the mountain—not from his standing in Christ; for that, blessed be God! is everlastingly secure—but in his soul's feeling and comfort; other waves and water-floods come rolling in; and should the Divine presence be for a time withdrawn, we find him, David-like, crying out, "I sink in deep waters," &c., lxi. 1, 2.

The next water-flood I would notice, is one that every believer is brought sooner or later to be acquainted with by sad experience of soul before God; I allude to the rising floods of imbred corruptions in his own heart.

Enlightened in his mind by the Spirit of God, when he leads the soul by experience into the chambers of imagery, and comes with the gauge and the probe what floods of vile corruptions appear! Enough, indeed, to overflow the soul, or swallow it up, was it not for secret sustaining grace. No wonder poor Mr. Hart, *having been* here, sings, but in *sad* and *mournful* strains,

"None less than God's eternal Son,
Can move such loads of sin;
The water from his side *must* run,
To wash the dungeon clean."

But God has a sweet promise for a soul in such a case as this; and in his time it shall be his own in enjoyment. (See Ezekiel xxxvi. 25—28).

But I had almost forgotten your space is limited; I will therefore leave the remaining part of the subject until another opportunity. In the meantime, I pray God to abundantly bless you, in pointing out to sinners both the disease and the glorious remedy. So prays, yours in Christ,
BRADLEY.

The *choice* must begin somewhere, and the Lord Jesus has told us *where*, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you."

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT, TO THE
MEMORY OF WALTER WHITE,
Late of Leeds.

DIED, at Leeds, on the 13th of September, 1864, WALTER WHITE, a subject of deep trials whilst passing through this wilderness, yet one that always loved to be in close communion with God; his delight was to meditate on the Covenant of God, made with a poor sinful worm and ratified with blood. Often have I heard the true disciples of Jesus (for there are some of the precious and hidden sons and daughters of Zion at Leeds), exclaim how they have been delighted when he has been called upon to engage in prayer. He was born in the same year as our brother Allen, of the Cave, viz., May 16th, 1788; and having died the same year seems rather remarkable. During his early days, I know but little of his history. At the age of twelve or thirteen years he went to sea; was shipwrecked twice; the last time of which was during the war with France, and on that Coast he was wrecked and taken prisoner, where he was kept eight years and a half; from the 14th to the 25th, he was marching through the country, and on the latter day, with nothing the whole day but a crust of dry bread and a little snow, (and with very little apparel,) which he picked off the ground as he marched into Valenciennes Prison; during the time he and his companions were there, they used to meet of a Sabbath to worship God in the Prison; and there the Lord met him, (like the Jailor of old,) as one of the brethren were engaged in prayer; he addressed the Lord Jehovah as the Omnipresent God, which was blessed to his soul; and the language of his heart was, "*Is God really here in Prison?*" and many times have they had sweet communion with God, whilst surrounded with high walls, bolts, and bars. After he returned to England, he sought a place where he could be fed with living bread; and was led to join the church in Carter Lane, Southwark, then under the care of Dr. Rippon; and was baptized by him about the year 1814; and was firm in the faith to the last; he was removed in the order of Divine Providence to Leeds, about 1833, where he joined the church at South Parade, and spent the remainder of his days. On the week preceding his death, the Lord impressed upon my mind that I should go to Leeds, and spend a day or two with him; which I little thought would be the last time I should see him, though I know I should never spend any length of time with him. On the Wednesday preceding his death, in a most affectionate manner, he said, "Good bye, think of me when it shall be well with thee;" and on the night of his death, I prayed for him, having a sweetness and nearness to my Father and my God, when his happy spirit had taken its flight to the haven of rest. Truly we mourn our loss; but our loss is his gain. In haste, dear brother in the Lord,

GIBBON WHITE.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE
DEATH OF LAWRENCE R. SMITH,

Aged ten years ;

WHO DIED OCTOBER 3, 1854.

THE family circle of which the subject of these remarks formed a part, consisted of the parents and four children, Lawrence being the youngest son. His disposition was very affectionate, and remarkable taciturn; nor does it appear that he had ever manifested any sense of the importance of vital religion; he was constant in his attendance at the Sunday School, and frequently went with his parents to the Surrey Tabernacle; but on no occasion did he make any remark which could lead to the idea that any serious impression had been made upon his mind. Naturally reserved upon all topics, he seemed particularly so upon matters of religion; and although his parents frequently mentioned this subject, and constantly presented their children at the footstool of mercy, the idea that a work of grace was begun in his heart never for a moment entered their minds. His constitution was remarkably robust, and until within a month of his decease, he appeared to enjoy uninterrupted health. From that time, however, he became weaker, and lost much of that bloom of health by which he was distinguished in the family; still no apprehensions were entertained of any fatal termination, until a few days before his death. He had not himself the least idea of his danger; and it was only on the morning preceeding his dissolution that any one around him thought for a moment that "the time of his departure was at hand." During the night he for the first time suffered considerable pain; but towards the morning it was entirely gone; a medical man had however been sent for at an early hour, and when he arrived, he at once pronounced the case to be hopeless, adding his conviction, that a few hours would terminate his earthly career. This intelligence, rather abruptly communicated, was truly overwhelming. His parents at first could scarcely credit the fact; and when they fully realized it, their anguish was almost insupportable. To lose a beloved child, they feel most deeply; but that he should be cut off thus suddenly, and without hope—this filled their soul with bitterness. For a time they were afraid to speak to their dying boy about the solemn concerns of eternity, lest their worst fears should be confirmed, and he should prove, as they fully expected, altogether ignorant of the way of salvation. With a bleeding heart his mother stood at his bedside, when he asked her, "what she was crying for." She said, "my dear Lorry, you are very ill, and the doctor does not think you will live long; but it is not this so much that makes me cry, though it will be hard to part with you; I am thinking what will become of your precious soul. Its true you are very young, but still you are a sinner, and nothing but the blood of Jesus can wash away your sins—will you try and pray?" He answered, "I cannot." "Well then (responded his mother,) I will try

and pray for you; will you pray too?" He seemed much pleased, and said, "Oh! that I will." His mother engaged with him in prayer, and especially pleaded the case of the dying thief, as a ground of hope, that even now at the eleventh hour, mercy might interpose and snatch her child from the jaws of destruction, and that he might leave some testimony behind, that the Lord had answered her request. He uttered not a word at the conclusion of his mother's prayer; and she remained for a quarter of an hour by his side in earnest but silent supplications. While wrestling with the Lord in secret, she heard him say "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." A pause of astonishment ensued, and presently he spoke again; all was breathless attention, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and I will give them rest; abide in me and I in you." Language cannot describe the transition of feeling which all present experienced; it was a ray of light darting across the gloom of midnight; a beam of hope from the verge of despair. We gathered around his couch; we watched and waited, hardly knowing whether our ears had deceived us, and wondering if it were possible, after all, that "out of the mouth of babes and sucklings the Lord could again perfect praise."

For the sake of giving the exact words that were uttered, I will put the questions and answers that ensued, precisely as they transpired, and were recorded at the time:—

Question.—"Do you know what is meant by the *rest* mentioned?"

Answer.—"Oh! yes! to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."

From this time, he seemed, as in a moment, to emerge from a child into a man; his former bashfulness entirely forsook him, and his tone and manner were altogether changed.

Q.—"Are you aware that you are dying?"

A.—"Yes; I am sure I shall not live long."

Q.—"Are you not afraid to die?"

A.—"To die!—NO!—For I shall soon be in glory."

Q.—"Yes; but there's another place beside heaven, where some people will go when they die."

A.—"But I shall not go there; I trust in the Lord Jesus Christ; and I hope when I die, I shall go and live with him."

Q.—"Do you feel you are a sinner?"

A.—"Yes, and if it had not been for the grace of God, I should have sunk into hell."

Q.—"When did you feel you were a sinner?"

A.—"Oh don't think I have not thought of these things; I've thought of them for more than three months."

Q.—"But what led you to think so?"

A.—"I don't know! but when I was at play about three months ago, I felt I was a sinner."

Q.—"And have you any hope of mercy now?"

A.—"The Lord Jesus Christ has pardoned my sins."

Q.—"Why do you think so?"

A.—"If I could have found any one else

that could have done so, I should have gone to them; *but I could not.*"

Q.—"You feel then, that you are forgiven?"

A.—"I not only feel so; *I am sure of it.* Oh, how I bless God that I was born in this country!"

Q.—"Poor boy," said a friend, taking his hand.

A.—"I am *rich!* I am rich!"

Q.—"If ever I prayed for anything in my life, it was that the Lord would have mercy upon my boy.

A.—"And he has heard your prayers, ma."

Q.—"Do you wish to die?"

A.—"Not for a day, or so; I want to see all my christian friends; I don't want to see any others."

Q.—"Whom shall I send for?"

A.—*He mentioned several*; all of whom were summoned and speedily attended; amongst others his Sunday School Teacher, and Mr. Wells.

Q.—"Do you wish to see Mr. Wells?"

A.—"Yes, none of them are too powerful for me now."

Q.—"But why do you particularly wish to see Mr. Wells?"

A.—"Because I shall then feel more confident."

He now requested that every one in the house should be called into the room to pray with him; his wish being complied with.

Q.—"Now, who shall pray for you?"

A.—"Oh, my father."

Q.—"What shall he pray for?"

A.—"He knows very well what to pray for."

Q.—"You have often heard him pray; have his prayers ever impressed you?"

A.—"Yes—many times—they have been both impressive and precious to me."

After prayer had been offered on his behalf, his elder brother approached his bedside; he threw his arms immediately around his neck and looking at him steadfastly, he paused for a moment, and then said to him, "Edward, are you prepared to die?" When he had received an answer in the negative, he proceeded, "If you should live another week, do you think you should then be prepared to die? Oh, Edward, depend upon it, it is a solemn thing to die." Nor would he suffer his brother to remove from his embrace till he gave him a solemn promise that he also would seek the Lord Jesus Christ. His little sisters now approached him, but motioning with his hand for them to retire, he said, "no, I cannot talk with these, they cannot understand me." Presently, however, as if reproaching himself, he took the eldest by the hand, saying, "I hope I shall see you in heaven; Edward must teach you the way. He was reminded of his brother's inability to give spiritual instruction; he replied, "yes but God can give him power to teach you." He now expressed a wish to speak with his father. On his coming he said, "pa, I want you to talk to me about glory." After doing so, they conversed together:

Q.—"Do you really think you are going to heaven?"

A.—"Yes; I am quite sure of it."

Q.—"But do you know the way to heaven?"

A.—"I fully believe in the Lord Jesus Christ."

Q.—"Do you love Jesus Christ?"

A.—"I love the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength."

Q.—"You think then, that you are safe?"

A.—"*I am confident* that I am safe, and am going to be with Jesus."

Q.—"Your little brother has been there some years; and the angels, I trust, are waiting to receive your spirit."

A.—"What a mercy that Satan's angels are not here to take me away."

The weakness of the dying child was now rapidly increasing, and for some time he remained silent; at length he said, "Pa, have you a pen and ink?—I want to leave six commandments for Edward." He was requested to repeat them, which he did, as follows: "Keep your hands from picking and stealing. Remember the Sabbath day. Honor thy father and thy mother. Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain. Thou shalt not commit adultery."

He could remember no further, but requested his name might be put underneath these. Life was now ebbing apace; his voice began to fail;—he felt a difficulty of utterance, and excused his silence, by saying, "I must save a little breath for the afternoon," (alluding to the expected visit of Mr. Wells, who almost immediately entered the room;) when he perceived his approach, his eyes sparkled with joy, he welcomed him with elevated pleasure, and with a placid smile, raising himself as well as he was able, in order to speak with him. Mr. Wells conversed with him for some time concerning the state of his soul,—the solemnities of a dying hour, and a judgment to come; and during this period, he clearly expressed his deep convictions of sin; the necessity he felt of being clothed in the righteousness, and washed in the blood of Jesus; and, again, with marked emphasis, reiterated his unclouded assurance of perfect safety, making it manifest to all present, that though his language was that, of a child, his experience was evidently the work of the Holy Spirit; and such as many a veteran saint would envy.

Finding that nature was nearly exhausted, Mr. Wells engaged for some time in prayer, or rather in thanksgiving, for what he had witnessed; and on taking his departure, expressed his full persuasion that none but a Divine Teacher could possibly have imparted such instruction; and congratulating his parents on the high honor the Lord has conferred upon them, in thus making the son an "heir of salvation."

The shadows of death now rapidly became deeper and deeper; and it became evident that the closing scene was near at hand. Yet the sufferer remained perfectly calm and conscious. His voice had nearly failed him; and though he often endeavored to make known his feelings, he was seldom successful. At one time, his eyes appeared fixing upon some object, which completely absorbed his attention. On making the enquiry, what he was gazing at? He smiled, and said, "I see a river—"

but the remainder of the sentence was inaudible.

During the few hours that elapsed before his departure, he was almost constantly engaged in prayer; having his hands clasped, and his eyes directed upwards. When spoken to, he would reply by a movement of the head; and when asked if he was happy, a sweet smile played over his palid countenance. Utterance was almost gone; yet he was heard to say, "Amazing grace!" "What a refuge!" And his last words were, "It is finished!"

We sat watching the sufferer for some hours. No reply could be obtained. The eyes became fixed; the respiration difficult and rapid; it was a solemn occasion. By degrees he seemed to breathe more and more gently. We gathered closer to his couch; his countenance was as calm as ever; but the peculiar pallor of dissolution gradually overspread his features—and he was gone. The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl was broken, the dust had returned to the dust, and the spirit had ascended unto God who gave it.

MR. ROBERTS, THE AMERICAN BAPTIST MISSIONARY TO CHINA.

WE are not prepared to announce J. J. Roberts as a man of sound gospel principles, but we are enabled to set his character, his zeal in the cause of Christ, and the good work commenced by him, as an instrument in the hands of God, in such a light as must we think, move many a believing heart with sympathies of the deepest and purest kind.

A somewhat protracted illness has unnerved us, and prevents us from entering at present, into the subject of China. But from out of the dust of weakness, where we have laid, we would cry with all our might, that the loud and long-lasting signs of the times which we have witnessed—and which still have an existence—may, by the grace and Spirit of our God, be the means of awakening in our individual breasts, and in our united churches, a holy boldness and a practical going forth, for the extension of gospel truth.

From the mass of papers before and around us, we can only give the first part of a review of the pamphlet recently published by James Paul, and entitled "*A Voice from British and Scottish Laymen, asking for one thousand Missionaries for China.*"

Our Correspondent says, "The hearts of tens of thousands of zealous christians in this and other lands, have of late been moved with desires for the enlightenment and spiritual benefit of the millions of souls inhabiting the Chinese dominions; while prophecy evidently declares, that the gospel of the grace of God shall sound powerfully throughout the wide domains of this now upheaving empire. These things give to this interesting pamphlet a happy welcome at this time. The insurrection in China, displays an ample opening, by which the pent up waters of Christianity may be poured forth in a copious stream, to overflow and enrich the spacious land of Sinim, which, dried and parched up by ages of pagan darkness, seems now in the fulness of time, prepared to suck in the life-giving moisture. It has been manifest, from the beginning of this

amazing movement, that it was of a religious character; the leader himself, being the convert of an American Lay Missionary—and here we must give some little account of his history, as the noble and professed object of this pamphlet, is the advocating of a lay agency for this empire.

THE LEADER OF THE CHINESE REVOLUTIONISTS AND HIS CHAPLAIN.

We give the following as it appears in the "*California Courier*," which states that "the honour of having trained and disciplined the chief, who set in motion the ball of revolution in China, belongs to J. J. Roberts, late a planter on the banks of the Mississippi. Religious zeal led him to China, and Tea-pan-wang was for a long time his pupil, and on becoming acquainted with the principles of Christianity, as well as the international relations, which existed between the various Christian and civilised states of the world, Tea-pan-wang became impressed that it was his duty to destroy Paganism and to establish Christianity among the people, and to overthrow the venerable walls of China, as well as to open that country to the world. So strong were his convictions, and so anxious was he to accomplish these results, that he did not stay in Canton long enough to connect himself with the church under Mr. Roberts, but quietly left the city with a few friends, some tracts, and portions of the Old and New Testament, to commence the work of revolution in the interior. Neither Mr. Roberts, nor any of his friends knew where he had gone, until they heard of his movements several hundred miles from that city. He shewed himself not only a great teacher, but a great leader, and soon had around him a body of enthusiastic devotees, numbering 10,000. The Tartar Emperor, on learning this fact, ordered an army to march to the camp of the insurgents, with the view of putting them all to death. The two armies met, and after a hard contest, the Emperor's troops were defeated. This was the beginning of the revolution; and now more than two-thirds of China have been conquered, and that country may be said to be under a new civil administration. Tea-pan-wang has recently written a letter to the Rev. Mr. Roberts, in which he invites him to the camp of the insurgents as their teacher and chaplain. In this letter, he alludes to their former acquaintance, and to the deep impression which still remained on his mind from the religious instruction he had received from him. He says nearly all the provinces have come under his control; that myriads of men assemble morning and evening for worship, and to observe the ten holy commandments. But he confesses, with apparent regret, that few of them are deeply versed in the doctrines of the gospel. He therefore urges Mr. Roberts to come to his camp, which invitation has been accepted, and Mr. Roberts is now travelling as chaplain to the revolutionists. Mr. Roberts is an original, and we may say, a remarkable man, a native of North Carolina. We knew him in our boyhood, before he left for that great theatre on which he is now acting so distinguished a part. On making a profession of religion in Mississippi, where he was a large planter, he suddenly emancipated his slaves, leased out his plantation, and offered himself to the American Baptist Mission, to go to China. He was so little known to the board, that they declined to receive him. Nothing daunted, he started to China on his own account, and he has acted untrammelled by committees, &c."

With such a history—aye, and a lay history too, we were cheered with astonishing delight, and would say—"Shades of the illustrious dead of our churches, now impel us to action."

Thus zealously writes our correspondent: and much more has he written, than we can find room for this month. The pamphlet referred to, is full of stirring facts; and we hope it will do good.

A CRITICAL ENQUIRY INTO THE VITALITY OF DR. CUMMING'S CHRISTIANITY.

A LETTER TO MR. PEGG, OF CLAXTON, IN REPLY TO HIS LETTER ON DR. CUMMING'S DOCTRINE.

(See page 235, Vol. X.)

FRIEND PEGG.—In this month's EARTHEN VESSEL, I see that you have made some tart and smart remarks on the sayings and writings of Doctor Cumming. Now I believe that Mr. Cumming is a clever, intelligent, learned man. But from what I have seen of his writings, and heard of his lecturings, I really could not come to any satisfactory conclusion in my own mind that he is at the present a spiritual man, or one that is born of the Spirit. I wish to write and speak charitably, neither would I judge the man, with regard to his eternal standing before God; that must be left to the Great Searcher of all hearts. But He that is spiritual judgeth all things; and I really believe (so far as my little judgment goes in Divine things) that you are scripturally correct in your remarks on his writings. I have heard the man applauded much, and lifted up high on the tongues and opinions of many truth professors; but I have generally been dumb to their applauses, or said little or nothing; for as the saying is, "least said is soonest mended;" but indeed I have thought the more, and have been almost compelled to speak out quite loud, when I have heard the breath of men spent in exalting him; and have had thoughts of giving some remarks in writing. But now, as you have written much of that which I should have written, it is not worth while going over your ground. But I must confess I was somewhat gratified in reading your observations, in which you have truthfully shewn his Arminian errors.

A man may be naturally clever, intellectual and wise, and separate himself, by good sense, from the profane, the vulgar, and the illiterate, and yet not "have the Spirit." A man may be lifted up to preach before royalty, members of both houses of parliament, and the nobility; a man may be lifted up by wealth, place, honor and preferment; a man may be lifted up with a little human learning, intellectuality and knowledge; for the apostle saith, "knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth;" a man may be lifted by popularity, and the applause of men; and if he is a man of what is called chaste and good language, a good memory, learning, and respectable connections, fine voice, and eloquent language, he may be lifted up into a pulpit in fine robes, and be admired by polite people, fashionable ladies and gentlemen, and young maidens, until his own spirit be lifted up very high, and he very high in his own opinion, self-righteousness, and even self-deception. For mark the searching, solemn words of the holy Scriptures, as given by the Holy Ghost—"Behold! his soul, which is lifted up, is not upright in him: but the just shall live by his faith." Hab. ii. 4.

Then, if a man is not upright, he is wrong; for we know from the holy Word of God, that "there is none upright among men."

Micah vii. 2.—That is, among natural, unregenerate men.

I have heard of a young preacher, who was about to be settled as pastor over a church, and some of the politer sort among them made this sort of enquiry: Where was he educated? at what college or academy? has he been respectably brought up? An experimental old lady who had received her education in the saint's school, said, "Never mind about how he has been brought up; let us know whether he has been brought down." A man may rise high in public opinion, literature, and in the favor of men, even to admiration as a writer and pulpit; but unless he has been brought down right first, by the weight and power of God's holy law in his conscience against sin, that worketh wrath, despair, and death, and raised by the power of the Holy Ghost, through faith unto the life, love, truth and righteousness of Christ, his soul is not upright within him; he is *up-wrong*. However he may appear upright among men, he is not upright in the sight of God. The upright, means the righteous; and righteousness means right things towards God and man; and if a man contend with his heart and soul for error, and wrong things, contrary to the words and Spirit of God, how can his soul be upright in him, or before God? He must be *up-wrong* in some things, however high he soars. As the good woman said, a man must first be brought down—right down—before he is raised up by the Spirit, grace and power of God, and made upright in heart and soul, and before God. If Dr. Cumming, in the fear of God, would give a reason of "the hope that is in him, with meekness and fear," to those who meekly ask it of him, and shew how he was brought down to say with Job, "Behold, I am vile: rottenness entered into my bones, and trembling into my belly;" as the prophet of God did; and then how he was raised up by the Spirit, grace and mercy of God, unto the love, truth, life and righteousness of Christ, he would appear an upright man, in the eyes of the upright in heart; and then they could "give him the right hand of fellowship." If he would shew how he was killed by the law, and made alive by the Spirit in the gospel—how he was wounded and how he was healed, and how Christ Jesus (as the apostle saith) was revealed in him, we should think him upright, and not *up-wrong*; and with gladness and rejoicing receive his testimony; but we cannot receive his Arminian confusion. It is Babel-building, and Babylon signifies confusion.

It is true he has manifested great zeal against Popery, that spawn of hell; and made much noise in his lecturings and writings against the Pope, and Popery without. So far we agree with him, and can go with him hand-in-hand. But what are all these lectures

and lecturings against outward Popery, while Popery is hidden (may-be, undiscovered) by them within? For it is certain that the essence and inward principle of Popery is *free-will, and human merit: creature-will, and creature-power*, are the two rotten pillars of Popery, concealed in the building; and while Dr. Cumming zealously, with much applause, fights Popery without, he has it snugly concealed within; and when his out-works are removed, we see, by his own shewing, that his own main citadel within is *creature free-will, and creature power*, which is the essence of Popery within.

Again: If I am rightly informed, Dr. Cumming is of the Kirk of Scotland. Why should John Knox, and their reformers from Popery, so zealously resist the prelacy and English Prayer Book, and Dr. Cumming make, publish and sell a large volume of ready made prayers — and Mr. Fletcher another large volume of prayers? All this appears to shew that there are Popish Dissenters. The Papists have their prayer-books, the Episcopalians their prayer-books, and now Dr. Cumming has sent out for the Dissenters a huge volume of prayers, for all those that have money to buy prayers; but a man may have a waggon-load of book prayers, and read them over from morning till night, as monks, friars and nuns do, and yet not pray at all; only he may think he has done his duty, and so satisfied himself; but without the Spirit, there is not one breath of prayer, nor the spirit of grace or supplication.

Surely a man must think himself a wonderful prayer maker and manufacturer, to send out a large volume of ready-made prayers for others. This looks like the works of supererogation, or attempting to do the work of the Holy Ghost, who is the only Mover and Inditer of true and spiritual prayer in the soul that prays. As the apostle saith, "I will pray with the Spirit, and I will pray with the understanding." And again: "The Spirit itself shall make intercession for the saints, according to the will of God." And if the Holy Ghost draws up the petition, if only in a few "groanings which cannot be uttered," and sign it, and set his seal to it, the poor soul will be sure in the end to succeed. But if mere formalists, go to the all-seeing, heart-searching God, with other mens' fine-worded petitions, when they do not really feel the need of that which the written petition expresses, nor desire in their hearts even that which they ask for; let the petition be drawn up with ever such humiliating, correct, and well-arranged words, God, who seeth and searcheth the heart, pays no regard to it, if it be written, signed and sealed, either by Doctor Cumming, or Doctor Fletcher, if the signature and seal of the Holy Ghost is not there. All this you, friend Pegg, justly remark, is but teaching unhumiliated men, to "draw near to God with their lips, while their hearts are far from Him." It is a very solemn thought, but really, it looks like organizing men in hypocrisy.

It would be well for Mr. Cumming to read John Bunyan's defence of his faith, before the judges or magistrates of Bedford; and hear his

answers to them concerning the prayer book, or book prayers, when they laid him in prison there for preaching the gospel of Christ. May the Lord teach Mr. Cumming to pray with his spirit and with understanding; and then I am sure his poor soul would often groan within himself, and he would hardly know what to utter before God, and often find it hard labour in his spirit, to groan out a prayer to God, by reason of darkness, sin, and the oppression of satan, rather than briskly writing out hundreds of well-arranged, dead book prayers for others. His prayer then would often be a short one like the poor publican's, "God be merciful to me a sinner;" rather than writing a volume of prayers for pharisees, and selling them, as papists sell pardons and indulgences; and many weak, ignorant people, read them, and think it praying; but true prayer is from the heart. All poor, sin-plagued, self-condemned, satan-oppressed sinners, must pray for themselves, and do pray, with many inward groanings to God; for the Spirit that quickens the soul, and convicts of sin, does not finally leave that poor soul, but will help the poor weak soul to pray, and put right thoughts, and words in the soul; for it is the Holy Spirit in the quickened soul, that helps the infirmities, timidity, and weakness of the soul, with sighs, groans, and cries. The Spirit itself, in the fainting soul, helps it to pray; and Jude says it is "praying in the Holy Ghost." Therefore, the worst, and vilest of sinners, need not despair, if they feel the need of God's mercy, and have a will and desire to ask of God mercy, and pardon of their sins, through the Person, love, work, blood and righteousness of Christ.

May the Lord lead, teach, and guide Mr. Cumming into all truth, as it is in Christ Jesus, that he may minister grace unto the hearers, rather than attempt by unsound, and world-pleasing expressions, to gather a multitude after him, and feed their pride and vanity with confusion. Till then, he must bear with those who reprove him; for the apostle Paul saith "rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith."

A WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.
Leicester, Oct. 7, 1854.

HELP FOR A POOR WORM.

I WAS walking, a little time ago, under the tall and massive walls of our county jail, where I often walk (as I live near it) for a little meditation in quiet solitude, and there I espied a poor worm, as I supposed, on its journey home to its house, or hole in the ground; and I saw the poor, feeble little creature laboring hard to get on its way; but as I drew nearer to the little creature, I perceived that it was retarded on its journey, and so molested on its way, that it could not get on—at least, but at a very slow pace; for as I drew near I perceived that it had a formidable and tormenting enemy insulting it; and such an enemy as I supposed was attempting to kill, destroy and devour the poor worm. It was a large, long, black beetle, that had fastened its mouth on the tail of the poor worm, which not only retarded its

progress, but, as I perceived, was biting, vexing and pinching the little worm; for I perceived that the poor little creature was in both fear and agony; for it sometimes coiled itself up, as I supposed, to shake off its enemy; but it never once—while I looked on—attempted to fight with its antagonist, but stretched itself out again at full length, and made vigorous efforts to proceed on its journey. But with all its efforts, it could not disentangle itself from its black enemy, which had fastened on its tail with so firm a gripe, though it made many efforts to do so, and to proceed on its way.

Well, I stood and looked on, as long as I had patience to do so, until I felt some indignation rise up in me against this black, molesting murderer; for I perceived that murder was his intention, and then to devour the poor worm; so I stepped up, and said, "Poor worm, I will help thee." So I took my walking stick, and pushed blacky off the poor worm. The worm seemed very pleased, stretched itself out again at full length, and began to make good progress again on its journey home over the hard stones of the pavement. But blacky was not contented; after a little deliberation, he took a kind of rainbow circuit, and was soon down upon the poor worm, and fastened on him again. Well, thought I, poor worm, you have an unwearied, indefatigable and determined enemy to contend with. "Poor worm, I will help thee," said I again. So I again beat old blacky off, though he seemed quite in a rage, as if determined to pursue again; but I rather think that I wounded him a little in the last attack; so, after sulking a little while, and wiping his paws, he wheeled home to his den among some rubbish, and the poor worm hastened on his way home to his hole, and escaped the jaws of the devourer.

I stood still awhile, to reflect upon what I had seen. O, thought I, this poor worm is me, and that black, ugly devourer is like the devil, who has often fastened upon me, as I am crawling through this world over rough stones of difficulties, through mud and mire of my own filthiness, and numerous enemies without that would devour me. I have been many years crawling through this vile world, but, like the poor worm, I get on but slowly, make but little ground, and have found many enemies and hindrances in the way. But as I trust there is still life in me—and Divine life, too—I make some little advances towards my home, and am pretty sure to find my hole in the ground, and from thence be transformed, and "raised up at the last day." For this worm that I saw was one of those kind of worms that lie in a state of torpor in its mausoleum all the winter, and is transformed in the spring, with gilded wings; and when raised up at the last day, I expect to be transformed, at the spring resurrection, to shine most gloriously in the everlasting, holy sunbeams of glory, and "be like the angels, which can never die any more."

But as this poor worm had some distance to go before it found its hole, and arrived at home, and had many dangers to encounter,

and enemies to contend with, so, like this poor worm, I have passed through many troubles, dangers and enemies; but know not what I may meet with still in the way. Worms, in the eyes of many, are very insignificant, loathsome things. I have been hated and despised by many, crushed, bruised and stamped upon by the proud, prancing crowd, who hold their heads up so high in self-esteem, and are so puffed up with wind, pride, fashion, dress, self-sufficiency and self-righteousness, and other paltry perishables of this world, that they tread on poor worms as most contemptible things. Beside this, old Mr. Blacky—old Mr. Satan—from his dark den, like this ugly black beetle, has often attacked me in my way home; though, like this poor, harmless worm, I wish to keep on my way, not meddling with nor insulting any one, if they do not meddle with me. But I have found it "impossible but that offences will come," if I would not willingly offend anyone; and this old blacky is so subtle and wily, that he is often down upon me before I am aware of him; and many times he has fastened upon me, biting me, worrying me and tormenting me, and so fastened upon me, that with all my strength and efforts, I have not been able to shake him off; and sometimes thought that he would devour me. Like the poor worm, I have struggled, coiled up, and writhed on the ground, but could not extricate myself; yea, more—I have cried, bellowed and roared for hours, with streaming tears, through anguish and distress, but could not help myself, nor find any in the world to help me. Poor worms! do you know anything of this? But O, my dear friends, as I helped that poor worm in distress, so my Lord has helped me many, many times. Had I time, and space here, I would shew you my Lord is "mighty to save." I know it by experience. He says, "Fear not, worm Jacob; I will help thee." O, bless the Lord! he has helped me again and again, when no arm but his own could save. His arm was made bare; the arm of the Lord, or the power of the Lord. With his rod, stock and stem of Jesse, he has beat old black satan off me; and when he has wheeled round again, to fasten upon me, he has beat him off again many times, and bruised him, and will shortly bruise satan under our feet, and send him down to his own den to rise no more. But he will say, "Fear not, worm Jacob, I will help thee." Help thee against all thine enemies—help thee through all, and help thee home at last.

But still, like this poor worm, I am struggling on at a very slow pace, but I hope guided in the right direction; and as "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," I hope to be helped on my way—after passing through hosts of enemies, and all these polluted things, to find my rest at home; for it is not only the polluted things that I have to pass through, but I myself, after the flesh, am polluted itself; and however men and professors may hate me, and the sight of me, they have not hated me so much as I have hated my own life, and loathed myself, "because of my iniquities." But they never can kill one

of Jacob's worms; though they may kill the body, they cannot kill the soul; because the Lord saith, "Fear not, worm Jacob, I will help thee." Help thee through all, help thee in death, and help thee out of thy grave, and "raise thee up at the last day." These worms, like some grubs, may turn sick, and apparently die; but at the resurrection spring, they will burst their crust, and fly like angels in the holy sunbeams of glory, and never "die any more." Christ, though an Holy One, said in the Psalms, "I am a worm, and no man; a reproach of men, and despised of the people." Yet he died for our sins, and rose again in a glorious body, and we shall be like him at the resurrection day.

But there are other worms, that delight in filth and corruption, and who live in sin, and on sin; and though they are said to "perish in their own corruption," those wicked worms die in the image of the wicked one; and as they lived in that which they loved here—filth and sin—so they will rise in it, and rise in the image of the wicked one, and live a never-dying life in death, "where the worm dieth not."

But, "fear not, worm Jacob;" you that feel your weakness, and loathe your vile nature here, and daily mourn inwardly, striving and struggling against sin, which makes you hate your own life—fear not, the God of Jacob saith, "I will help thee." You shall soon drop your vile body into the grave, and leave all your filth and corruption there, and never be plagued with it any more. And, weak worm, though your vile body will be sown in weakness, it shall be raised in power; and you shall thresh the mountains, and the wind shall carry them away, and no more place be found for them at the last day. But Christ, of the seed of Jacob, is gone before, "to prepare a place for you;" mansions, and "houses not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And then you shall have a body like unto his glorious body, and sing gloriously in your own glorious houses for ever, without any fear of notice to quit, or of your house falling into decay.

"A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength, my righteousness,
My Jesus, and my All."
Leicester, Sept. 26, 1854. W. GARBAED.

AN ENCOURAGING

WORD TO AN AFFLICTED MINISTER.

DEAR SIR.—It is with feelings of deepest soul-pleasure I address these few lines to you, to speak of the special mercy of God's goodness and grace to my never-dying soul, under the gospel preached by you as an instrument, in the booth of Ivy Cottage, Ockham, Ripley, on August 16, 1854. As it was a day of special blessing to my distressed soul, so, to his honor, praise and glory I desire alone to record it.

On the morning of the 16th of August I rose up under a great weight of darkness upon my soul, and under peculiar trials and afflictions of body; and my soul felt much in the dark about going to the anniversary, as everything seemed to go against me in body, soul and cir-

cumstances. But cry unto the Lord my soul did, that he would appear; but my soul still remained in darkness. But I was still kept crying unto the Lord, as there was such a heavy weight of darkness on my soul. It was indeed heavy work to get ready to go; for I thought, as I had such a heavy weight of darkness on my soul about going, perhaps it was the will of God I should not go. So I went very reluctantly to get ready; for I began to feel sure I should not go, as the Lord did not in any way answer my cry, and I felt I could not go, unless he did appear in some way. But as I was getting ready, the Lord did appear, and grant me such nearness of access unto himself in the matter, that he had heard my cry, and that it should be a day of special blessing to my soul. This greatly encouraged me to go; all darkness was removed, and in the faith of a special blessing to come, from the ever-blessed God, to my soul that day, I most cheerfully went. But all real faith shall be tried; so I firmly believe, and so I experienced it that day; for when we got there, and found no ministers were come, gloomy things gathered within my soul, and darkness set in upon me as before, and satan and unbelief followed; therefore was my soul thrown into great confusion. Then death entered in my soul apace; and as our dear pastor spoke, and the Lord did not attend the word spoken by him to my soul, "Ah," says satan, "this day will prove a special curse to you, instead of a special blessing, after all." These things sunk my soul like lead in the mighty deep; but when I heard you were come, then did my soul revive, with a little hope that this day might yet be crowned with a special blessing to my soul, and to his eternal praise; and so it was; for truly, the breaking forth of his love was sweet to my soul. In the afternoon and evening, but more especially in the afternoon, just as you gave out the precious portion as your text, how precious did it come, with the unction of the Holy One, to remove all sin, and to heal all diseases. Just as you were giving out the words as your text—Ezekiel xxxvi. 10, 11—a dear sister whispered softly in my ear, and spoke out of the warmth of her heart that that was the portion you spoke from at Guildford when her soul was set at liberty; and my heart responded, and said, I trust it will be the one under which the Lord will speak to my soul too; and how graciously did the Lord witness with the words that you spoke, to your soul and to my soul. And here was proved the trial of our faith is more precious than gold, though it be tried by fire; though the trial be indeed close and searching, yet it shall come forth to honor, glory and praise, in all his dear elect. Not one of them shall perish, says our Almighty Redeemer; for they were all given to him; nor shall any one pluck them out of his hand. O, what a favour did I feel it to be, that the Lord was in our midst on that day! that the word spoken has been made precious to me up to this hour and moment while I write. May the same eternal and blessed Spirit witness with the word wherever you may be called to go to preach

the gospel. May he witness with it to broken sinners' hearts; may he stand by you in every deep, mysterious path of tribulation, and whisper those sweet words, "Behold, I am for you." May you be enabled to cry out of the deep unto him, and may he hear and answer, to the joy and rejoicing of your soul. O, how precious is the loving-kindness of the Lord to my never-dying and immortal soul! Truly, my soul would render unto him everlasting and unceasing praises, who delivereth my soul out of every deep which satan and sin has plunged me into; who, out of these deeps, has quickened me to cry unto him: therefore would I desire, with all the power of my soul, to extol him; for truly, his redeeming power has been great towards me; for truly, no poor soul could be raised up out of a deeper pit of sin, guilt and misery, than myself, by the atoning blood of a precious, everlasting Redeemer. Truly, he has redeemed my soul from the very lowest hell. And O, may he lead us, and keep us, and guide us every step in this mysterious pathway through which we have to pass to eternal glory. E. KILLICK.

[How cheering to a down-cast soul are tidings like the above. O, that we might thus again be helped, and honored, too; and that for many years!—Brother Allnutt's anniversary was indeed a solemn day.]

REGENERATION.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR BROTHER,—I have lately read the following remarks, written some years ago, by the excellent Samuel Eyles Pierce, with interest; thinking it may be profitable to some of your many readers, I enclose them for the November VESSEL. J. CHISLETT.

"Regeneration is a new creation: the mind is the subject of it. Adam is the root of generation. Christ is the root of regeneration. If we had not been in Adam by creation, we had never been produced by generation. Such as were not in Christ by eternal election, will never be manifested to have being in Christ by regeneration. Adam was the head of the natural world. Christ is the Head of the spiritual world. We cannot enter into his world but by a new birth. We must be born into it. As when we are born naturally, we have then all the faculties, senses, and members, we ever shall have, and are thereby fitted for living in this world; so the soul born again hath every sense, faculty, and affection of the new man it ever will have. It is thereby fitted and qualified for living in Christ's world. Like as Adam, when created and brought into existence in our world, had every faculty and affection, temper and disposition, suited to every creature, object, and subject, which the Lord God had made in this world; so a man in Christ, created anew in Christ Jesus, is brought into Christ's world with every grace contained in his new birth, whereby he is exactly fitted to take into his mind, enjoy in his heart, and embrace in his affections the Lord Jesus Christ, as His Head—his Redeemer—his Lord—his Righteousness—his

Sacrifice—his Glory—his All. Now, without a new, or supernatural birth, he could not know Christ; he could not enjoy Christ; he could not have communion with Christ; he could not have his heart and affections set on Christ. The new creation is suited to all in Christ; and Christ is suited to every faculty, sense, and perception of the new creature. The new birth is a new nature created in the mind, which never existed in it before. It is conveyed by the Spirit of God; He is the author of it. Hence it is called after his name, 'Spirit.' 'That which is born of the Spirit is spirit.' It is contrary to every desire and propensity of the old man; there is no sin in it. Hence the apostle says, '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.'

Regeneration is an act wrought instantaneously in us; we are altogether passive; it is an immutable act. Our meetness for heaven is contained in it; it is an act once for all; it is altogether perfect and divine; it admits of no degrees; it is one and the same in all who are the subjects of it; such are in a state of life. There can be no motion without life; and the first act of the Spirit of God upon the mind, is to quicken it with spiritual life. The Holy Ghost is the breath of all spiritual life; he as the spirit of life enters into a dead sinner, quickens him, and communicates to him life everlasting."

A FEW REASONS ASSIGNED FOR BELIEVING AND REJOICING IN THE FACT OF ISRAEL'S FUTURE RESTORATION.

1.—"There are many passages which predict the restoration of *all the tribes*—of Israel, as well as of Judah—and the union of the whole in one nation in their own land. At the return from Babylon, it was but a few Jews, properly so called, who were restored. The ten tribes have never returned; and the vast majority even of the Jews remained in the places where they had been carried captives. All predictions, therefore, of a *universal* restoration, must yet remain to be fulfilled."

2.—"One passage at least, Isa. xi. 11, speaks of a 'second' restoration of Israel. This could not be the return from Babylon, which was but the *first* restoration. What other has there been since that time? Must not then the *second* restoration be one yet to come?"

3.—"When miraculous events are foretold in connection with Israel's restoration, it must be a future one that is treated of. No such events attended the return from Babylon."

4.—"Where it is declared that the nation shall be *converted* as well as *restored*, there can be no question, that the restoration is a future one. Were the Jews converted at the return from Babylon?"

5.—"Many passages declare, that after the nation of Israel is restored, they shall not fall any more into sin, or see any more trouble. Can these passages apply to the return from Babylon? Fear not their great, their crowning sin—and have not their heaviest calamities been subsequent to that event?"

6.—"When the restoration of Israel is de-

clared to be connected with the utter and final overthrow of those who have hated them, and trodden them down, it must be a yet future restoration which is foretold. No such overthrow of all their enemies was connected with the return of the Jews from Babylon."

7.—"The prophecies of Israel's restoration were written after the return from Babylon, and cannot be in any way construed to refer to that event. Such are the predictions of Zechariah and Haggai; and such also are those contained in the New Testament."

8.—"Those predictions of Israel's return, which connect it with the coming of Christ, must refer to a yet future restoration."

9.—"Where Israel's restoration is associated in prophecy with the introduction of millennial blessedness, it must be obvious to all, that it is a future restoration which is foretold. The Millennium did not commence with the return from Babylon; alas, it has never commenced even to this day."

10.—Christ is foretold by Simeon, "a light to lighten the Gentiles, and then the glory of Israel;" I am led, therefore, to trace the order, connections, and distinctions of the sacred writers. "What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." And what is positively declared distinct, succeeding in order, let no man amalgamate.

J. CHISLETT.

GOOD WORDS

FROM WILLIAM BIDDER, OF LONDON,
TO ISAAC COMFORT, OF YEOVIL.

DEAR BROTHER.—Many thanks for your kind note; it breathes affection, and an intuitive knowledge of our most gracious Lord God, Jesus Christ, who is the

"Brightest, sweetest, fairest one
That eyes have seen, or angels known."

To know him, is life eternal, and to trust him, is entire safety, and to hold communion with him, is heaven upon earth; all else is vapour, smoke, trash, and unsubstantial stuff, mere tinsel, a show but no substance; a sound, but mere emptiness—fading, vanishing with the using, dying, and passing away. "Touch not! taste not! handle not!"

Have you not proved all this, and more, to be true—that this poor dunghill world is all mere disappointment, composed of, and this is all it comprises, "Vanity and vexation of spirit;" from losses, crosses, troubles, and trials, from various quarters, and of various colours: all these combined are scarce enough to squeeze out from us at times, "I LOATH IT, I would not live away," &c. Such earth-bound hearts have we, and such corrupt nature, we are indeed bad enough with all our troubles, what baseness should we discover had we none, though I grumble at times and find fault, yet do I know that it is all right, cannot be better; (John xvi. 33;) have done then with finding fault; but every fool will be meddling, and just such fools are we. Bless his name for ever! O, what hath he borne with from me, and is still! "I am more brutish than any man;" and am learning somewhat of the meaning of Eccles. iii. 18; how get you on

here? I confess, I am a dunce; slow progress, indeed; yet I get on a little, and it is but a little:

"Are these the trials we expect,
Is this the lot of God's elect?"

Yes, I believe it is; well, the bitter makes the sweet the sweeter; and mistake as much as we may, our Lord makes none; wisdom is justified of all her children, and Jehovah's salvation is a measureless deep—altogether infinite, or damned we should be—no mistake about it; nor is it of any use to mince the matter; therefore we say, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed." But the blood of the covenant is infinitely efficacious; more meritorious than sin is de-meritorious; and his consummate, all-perfect righteousness, justifies the ungodly, and that from all things. Come, cheer up! *all's well!* let us have a song:

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

"The garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness;" the Lord's song in a strange land; the first and last notes, *everlasting, immutable love*, without beginning or end; you can fill up the middle yourself; but don't forget the key note. I dare say you will say, a pretty sort of a letter indeed! a pretty sort of a fellow I am writing, too! Things should be all of a piece, you know. I know my customer, and if I must send you no more of such wares, you can only tell me so; though you cannot complain of the cost; if it is worth nothing, it costs nothing, you know.

I am glad to hear you are still going on comfortable in my once old Bethel; to all who know me there tender my best love to them; greet the saints by name. Pray for me always.

Affectionately your's in him,
22, Sutherland Square, W. BIDDER.

SOME mistaken men harp upon the word *all*; surely that man is little acquainted with Scripture, who knows not that all, in many parts of Scripture, cannot mean every individual of our race. It is Christ's all, which is intended—ALL HIS SHEEP. Christ says, "I lay down my life for the sheep—the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep." In the great day, this glorious Shepherd will not gather the "goats," but the sheep, around him. He is their Shepherd and Surety; their persons he represented—their sins he bore in his body on the tree. His glorious deity and blessed humanity remained untainted—my Redeemer's body saw no corruption! Their sins he bore by imputation—received all the punishment due to them. He died, and by his death fully accomplished their redemption. There, on the blessed cross, he finished transgressions, made an end of sin, broke the dragon's head, marred the works of darkness, made captives of principalities and powers. There, he stooped to conquer; there, he pleased the Father, magnified the law, satisfied Divine justice, met every perfection in the Deity, and secured by his most precious blood, the complete salvation of his elect. Here, grace abounds—here mercy streams, and love flows—here, the poor sinner has eternal peace, pardon, justification, grace and glory.

TOIL ON EARTH, TRIUMPH IN HEAVEN,

Lines, occasioned by the Death of

THE LATE MR. ABBOTT, OF LAMBETH.

Written by His Daughter.

[At the time of this dear man's departure, we were favored with a valuable epistle from his beloved widow, descriptive of his end. That letter is mislaid; we hope to find it, and give it insertion. In the meantime, the following lines, by one of his beloved children, will be read with interest.]

A SAINT beloved of God,
A sinner saved by thy grace,
And wash'd in Jesus blood,
Beholds him face to face:
In glory there to dwell,
To all eternity;
Saved from the brink of hell,
From all temptations free.
A pilgrim here on earth,
He walked by faith with God,
And earnestly did search
The Word—the living Word.
Blessed with a praying heart,
Poured out his soul to him;
He knew, though but in part,
Then veil was then between.
A mourner here below,
And sometimes sorely tried
By painful means, but O!
Did in his Lord confide.
With daily crosses he,
While in this world of care,
Till Jesus set him free,
Did he with patience bear.
But now, released from all
Which made him feel perplexed;
Through sorrows great and small,
By which he was oppressed;
In glory with the saints,
The blood-washed ransomed throng,
And Jesus in the midst,
Has joined the lasting song,
Which they will ever sing
Throughout eternity,
Unto their Lord and King:
"Not us, but unto Thee
Be all the glory given;
It was on earth our theme,
'Tis all our theme in heaven.
We'll bless his precious name.
Worthy thou art alone,
And thou shalt have the praise;
For hell had been our doom,
But thou our souls didst raise
From death, sin and the grave,
And by redemption free,
Our sinful souls didst save,
To be eternally
With Jesus on his throne,
To love admire, adore,
And praise the great Three-One,
And sigh and sin no more."
O, could we view him there,
Our tears would all be dried!
We mourn his absence here,
And weep because he died.
"Complete in him," he said,
"Complete in him," and then
Said on his dying bed,
"Amen, amen, amen."
He often here would say
His body was corrupt;
Poor tenement of clay!
But Jesus was his hope.
Willing he did resign
His breath unto his God;
Said he must not repine,
But kiss his Father's rod.
He then did sweetly sing,
Then sweetly fell asleep
In Jesus, who did bring
Him to his mercy-seat.

K. A.

THE PERFECTION OF LOVE.

PART I.

"Surely, he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." Isaiah liii. 4.

'Tis the Saviour! look upon him,
Writhing 'neath the anguish great,
His warm life-blood oozing from him,
Downward rolls the bloody sweat!
Love's perfection;
Bore it for poor sinners sake.
See him of his friends forsaken,
All have fled from Jesus now;
Still his love remains unshaken,
Naught can work its overthrow:
Love's perfection,
Dauntless bears the weight of woe.
Judas, with his friends, surround him,
Hails! then gives the traitor's kiss!
Now their murderous hands have bound him;
What! and is it come to this?
Love's perfection,
Sold and bound to buy my bliss!
Now the Lord of life's accused,
'Raign'd before a vile tribune;
Look, my soul, thy God's abused,
Still he spake not with his tongue!
Love's perfection
Meekly bears each cruel wrong.
Now with whips my Lord is beaten,
Till his flesh in sunder break;
Ah, my soul, thy sin's the weapon,
Christ is scourg'd, and for thy sake;
Ob, what goodness!
Which can pardon crimes so great!
Now they mock with robe of purple,
Bended knee, and fragile reed,
Him who sits on heaven's circle,
Rousing nations from the dead;
Glorious honours
Crowning his exalted head.
Dreadful sight! a crown of torture
Bathes in blood Love's sinless brow;
Glorious sight! the patient martyr,
Soars th' exalted Saviour now;
Sons of glory
At his feet adoring bow.
Through Jerusalem's streets they lead him,
Vilest monsters on his gaze;
Now the highest heavens receive him,
Gabriel hastes to sing his praise!
Angels crown him,
Ancient of eternal days.
AUTHOR OF THE "CLOSET COMPANION."

"Be still, and know that I am God."

"Be still, and know that I am God,"
Has oft allayed my fears;
Has been the cordial in my cup,
Through this dark vale of tears.

"Be still, and know that I am God,"
Calms me when trials are a-rite;
Sheds Hope's bright ray, that ever cheers
My dark—my chequered life.

"Be still, and know that I am God!"
Peace to my spirit send:
When death claims kindred with my frame,
Be thou my surest Friend.

Then, Saviour, grant thy Spirit may
Approve thy chastening rod;
Resigned, may say, "This is the way;
"Be still—this is thy God."

Our British Baptist Churches.

BROSELEY JUBILEE.

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the rivers side, as the lign-aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters."

BROSELEY, in Shropshire, has been heard of by every reader. Its burning well is spoken of in all Cyclopedias; and accounts of natural wonders. Admirers of the Virginian weed know of its existence by the excellence of its pipes, which have a world-wide celebrity. Its beds of coal and ironstone furnished employment to thousands, through a long period. Here large guns were formerly cast and bored for the government, and here the Earl of Dundonald erected a huge apparatus for extracting tar from coal, for which he held a patent. Broseley is divided from Madeley by the river Severn, which is spanned by the first iron bridge ever made. The scenery around is rich in landscape beauty, and the geological strata are not less interesting to the man of science. A manufactory of porcelain, not inferior to the china of Dresden and Sevres finds pleasant occupation for the ingenuous youth of both sexes, and inferior pottery is made at several works, both for home and foreign markets. But it is not for its natural properties, or its skilled productions, that Broseley claims a niche in the VESSEL; but because our God has favoured it with gospel blessings, and recorded his name there, on tables more lasting than brass or marble. (Heb. viii. 10.) Partly from tradition, and partly from written documents, we obtain the following particulars.

There was a Society of baptised believers in Broseley more than a hundred years ago, and it was known as a place of resort for those who loved the gospel, some of whom came from distant points to enjoy the ordinances of Zion. Worshippers came thither from the neighbourhood of Ludlow, the Clew hills, Wellington and Shifnal. Hunger-bitten, world-despised Satan-harrassed, but God-loved, blood-redeemed guests, came ten or fifteen miles to the Master's banquetting house; and though travel-stained, wet and weary, thought little of a journey so amply rewarded by the gracious smiles and rich bounty of their adorable Saviour. We are often asked, now-a-days, to sympathize with poor over done christians, who are obliged to walk a whole half mile to chapel, and who reach the place when the service is far advanced, quite fatigued, as might be expected. They are not so imprudent as to make the attempt if the weather is not tolerably fine, but when they do get there, how distressingly delicate their appetites! Perhaps they affect a contempt for college-made parsons, but if the servant in waiting has not been pretty well schooled, our velvet-cared friends cannot touch a bit of the food he places on the table. If he blunders in his grammar, if his pronunciation is not in agreement with the rules of Sheridan or Walker, if

he is not genteel in his person, and very polite in his manners, why, he has no business in the ministry, though the Lord sent him, and has provided him with indubitable credentials of a heavenly commission. The late John Abernethy traced almost all the diseases of his patients to the stomach, which he said was injured by cramming, often with too rich condiments, by sloth, and by foolish thinking. It is certain there is a sad amount of moral dyspepsia in the church at the present time,—what is the cause? An old lady, herself not strong, had a long walk to chapel at Broseley, from which she was seldom absent, used to say she believed the walk was the means of prolonging her life. The early annals of Christ's flock at Broseley contain a variety of incident; inconveniences endured, dangers from fogs, land floods, and roads resembling the slough of despond, none or all of which could deter the earnest, devoted disciples of our self-denying Master, from coming to keep holy-day together, and to obtain mercy and find grace to help in the time of need. Where a church is at peace, the members united, the word blessed, and Christ precious, there is a little heaven on earth; angels must admire the scene, and devils must envy and hate as only devils can. "Rejoice with trembling" is a wholesome, though oft forgotten counsel. After a long season of spiritual prosperity, the enemy succeeded in sowing tares among the wheat, and men, who had been admitted into the fold, and even into the pulpit, on plausible professions of truthfulness, cunningly introduced another gospel, which is not another, (Gal. i. 7.) but a mixture of yea and nay, in which it were hard to distinguish whether Christ or Moses should have the pre-eminence. For a time this work of treachery went on in the dark; error was cautiously *insinuated*, not boldly declared. Hypocrites were fed, and the poor of the household were starved, and yet only a few could detect the cause. How many little bands of simple-hearted christians have been 'robbed and spoiled' in a similar manner! Bastard Calvinism resembles popery, in its intriguing policy. It coos and fondles where it may not roar and bite, but let it obtain the ascendancy, and then see how much charity it hath for the high folks, as it designates the faithful in the land.

The biographer of Mr. Fletcher, *the pious Fletcher*, is his title in the Arminian calendars, who was vicar of the adjoining parish of Madeley, claims some credit for the vicar, for that he, at a private palaver, so convinced his baptist brother of the danger of preaching free grace, to the total exclusion of free will, that he was considered by his more rigid hearers, to be unsound ever after. Tradition tells a different tale, and denies that the Madeley vicar could make an Arminian of a man who was an Arminian before. Wherever it came from, the leaven was in the meal, discontent increased, old fashioned doctrines were

cautiously alluded to, or wholly left out; and old Adam was coaxed or threatened in the most approved style of foundry inveiglement. By and by reserve was cast off; it was plainly stated that *it is* "of him that willeth," notwithstanding Paul's assertion to the contrary, and the preacher wound up his peroration with the school-book warning to idle boys,

"He that will not when he may,
When he will he shall have nay."

Forbearance could be no longer a virtue. One of the church rose up in his seat and said "Friends, we have been served out with milk and water plentifully, with scarcely enough of the one to colour the other, but our minister effects no disguise now; he gives us water, out and out water, and that not of the purest kind. The Holy Ghost is not in his creed. Jehovah is only a candidate, and man's will is the supreme arbiter in this world and the world to come. Can you follow such a leader? I cannot, and God helping me I will have no more of his trash." Many agreed with the objector, others stood for the pulpit, and after much argument and not a little unamiable strife, a separation was resolved on, and finally a new chapel was built in a field called Birch-meadow, which was opened for the worship of the Trinity in Unity on the 21st August 1803; when Mr. John Sharp, of Bristol, preached from 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20. From that time to the present, the truth of the gospel has been maintained there, and though the greater part of those who set up the banner, have fallen asleep, others have been raised in their places, who have contended for the faith once delivered to the saints, and would sanction no ministry not embracing "the whole counsel of God." And some choicest christians have lived and died there, men and women who loved the habitation of the Lord's house, and the place where his honour dwelleth. Precious testimonies too, they left behind them, by which though dead, they yet speak. One who had been baptized at seventeen years of age by John Macgowan, as he lay dying, sweetly discoursed of Jesus, his love, blood and beauty; and a young maiden standing by said, "Ah! John, I wish I may die like you, and go to the same place." "Why, do you think I am going to heaven, Martha?" "Yes, John, I am sure of it." "Then here are two assurances, for you are sure of it, and blessed be my God, I am sure of it, and have had the witness of it in my heart these sixty years. Mine are the sure mercies of David. I know that my Redeemer liveth, for he is with me now. Underneath me are the everlasting arms.

We two are so joined,
He cannot live in glory,
And leave me behind."

In the year 1814, a Sunday School was begun at the Birch-meadow Chapel, an institution which the Lord has greatly honoured, as might be more fully reported in another paper. At the close of each ten years of its existence, a decennial Jubilee has been held, when the children have had a treat, and suitable services have been held. The chapel being fifty years old, and the school forty, it was wished to hold a sort of Jubilee for both. On Sunday evening, August 25th, a sermon

was preached in which a retrospect of the past was taken, text, Zech. i. 5., "Your fathers, where are they?" On Monday the children had tea, and heard an address, in which was related a number of incidents connected with the early history of the school. On Tuesday near one hundred and fifty friends took tea together, when several speeches were made, in the course of which the origin of the cause, and its progress, were briefly stated. On the whole, we may say it was a good time, and we cannot but wish that the little flock may strive and increase, that they "may suck and be satisfied with the breasts of Zion's consolation; milk out, and be delighted with the abundance of her glory." A VISITOR.

A RURAL BISHOP, AND HIS DIOCESE, AT
EGERTON FORSTALL, KENT.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I forward the enclosed at the request of friends whom it more immediately concerns; they expected to see it appear long before; but on account of my protracted and solemn domestic calamity, it has been laid aside, with many other things. If you can reserve a corner in next month's VESSEL for these lines, do. I should not like the friends to suppose I am forgetful of my promise.

My troubles are enlarged, and very bitter indeed is the cup presented by my God and Father; for my poor wife, whom I had home, and calculated on her society, has relapsed worse in mind, and is taken back to the Asylum; but, "though my house be not so with God, (as I could wish), yet he hath made with me (or on my behalf) an everlasting covenant, ordered in ALL things, and sure. This is all my salvation, and all my desire."

Your's, in the vale of tears, CORNELIUS SLIM.
Oct. 17, 1854.

EGERTON is a rural district, near the Weald of Kent. In the wildest part of the parish stands a plain, commodious Baptist chapel, where good old Richard Hughes has long laboured, with patient perseverance and pleasing success. This veteran—who has held the gospel plough near forty years—travels to this spot every week from the Isle of Sheppy—a distance of more than twenty-four miles—and back again on the Monday, to resume his occupation for the support of his family; his poor wife being afflicted with unsound mind. What a humbling lesson this reads to the pride and discontent of our ease-loving parsons, when they cannot get just what they wish! to think of a poor brother, now in his 69th year, trudging on foot near fifty miles a week, to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ!

For the last five years the writer has been called to preach the anniversary sermons on Good Friday; when collections are made for the use of the pastor. The congregations have always been encouraging and numerous; but *last* Good Friday the gathering was more numerous than ever; great numbers who could not gain admittance listened around the building while the services were conducted. In the morning brother Brooks—the supply of Zion Chapel, Sheerness—preached a seasonable discourse from Rom. iv. 25; brother Slim, of Maidstone, followed it up in the

afternoon in a discourse from Heb. ix. 28. In the evening, after a substantial tea, at which nearly 200 sat down, a public tea meeting was held; the subject for discussion, "*Samson's Riddle*;" when the assembly was addressed by Messrs. Tyler, of Eastchurch; Drake, of Milton; Locoek, of Lenham; and the brethren Brooks and Slim, who really spoke out of the fullness of their hearts, and seemed to do their best to exalt the mighty Redeemer, who on Calvary overcame death, and him who had the power of death—that is, the devil. Old Bishop Hughes presided, and dropped many pithy remarks in the course of the evening; very many could say, "Lord, it is good to be here;" and many *did* say, it was a *Good Friday* to them.

It is now about a century since the gospel was first introduced into Egerton, by the instrumentality of a few God-fearing people, who have long been gathered to their fathers; but there are yet a few aged pilgrims who remember meeting in different private houses, to hear the joyful sound proclaimed by various ministers.

After some time, a chapel was erected, and the pulpit regularly supplied; but there was as yet no church formed, nor ordinances administered. About thirty years ago the chapel was burnt down, and the present one soon after was built, vested in trust for the use of the Particular Baptist brethren. Andrew Smith, of Rye, and W. Lewis, of Chatham, preached at the opening services, when a church was formed on Strict Communion principles.

Some time after, Mr. Paget was chosen to minister to them in holy things, and was ordained the first pastor over them. Subsequently, brother Payne—late of Bessel's Green—preached among them for a considerable time; and then a succession of supplies occupied the pulpit, until some twelve or fourteen years ago, our brother Hughes was sent down, who has ministered to them ever since; neither has he run in vain, nor labored in vain in the Lord; the Master has greatly honored the testimony of his servant, in gathering the outcasts of Israel to the fold, in feeding, instructing, nourishing and establishing the household of faith. Many have felt a Divine power attend the truth he proclaims, and have put on Christ in baptism, and are now united with the church, who will be his crown of rejoicing another day.

Amid the low and languishing condition of Zion generally, this is really a pleasing exception; a fertile little spot refreshed, beautified, and watered by the dew of Hermon, and rain from the celestial hills, while many churches around are drooping and sterile. Yet here is no excellency of speech, no splendid talents, shining eloquence, or human learning; but Almighty power attends this plain, straightforward exhibition of gospel truth. "It pleased God by the foolishness of preaching, (not foolish preaching, certainly; but the simple proclamation of Christ crucified), to save them that believe;" and whenever a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord shall be experienced in our churches, the

power, savour and vitality of the Holy Spirit's influence will be more eagerly and prayerfully sought after, and relied on more than gifts—yea, more than the mere letter itself. Where truth is preached, and minister or people rest there, they stop short of real good; the Holy Ghost is grieved, and God is wronged of his due, who *only* can make the truth effectual. It is when the Lord works *with* his servants that the word is confirmed with signs following. "Not by human might—not by creature power, but by *my Spirit*, saith the Lord of Hosts." CORNELIUS SLIM.

THE PUBLIC

RECOGNITION OF MR. J. CARTWRIGHT,

WITH AN INTERESTING ACCOUNT OF THE FALL, AND RISING AGAIN, OF THE BAPTIST CAUSE AT LEE COMMON.

THE public ordination of Mr. Joseph Cartwright, to the pastoral office over the church, assembling in the Baptist Chapel, at Lee Common, Bucks, took place on Tuesday, October 3rd, 1854; on which occasion, it was announced that brother Banks, of London, brother Parsons, of Chesham, and brother Skelton, of Tring, would officiate in the services: but on the arrival of very many from Tring, Chesham, Aston Hills, Spere, and surrounding villages, it became a matter of deep regret and disappointment to all, that our beloved brother Banks was prevented, by bodily affliction, from being present; and we found poor Cartwright,—whose mind and heart had been set upon his being present, to have taken the most prominent part in the service—as having had no rest in his spirit, because he found not his brother Banks, on the preceding evening, at Missenden, as he expected. There was no time to be lost, as our brother's letter, announcing his illness, did not come to hand until the congregation had begun to assemble in the chapel, and therefore, it was arranged that the services of the day should be, by the Lord's help, conducted as follows:

Brother Moulder, of Tring, as clerk, commenced by giving out a suitable hymn for the occasion, and throughout the day, his service was duly appreciated; brother Skelton read a portion of the word, and sought the Lord's presence and blessing by prayer; after which, brother Parsons, in a very able and scriptural manner, stated the nature and constitution of a Gospel Church, taking for the basis of his statement, the words—"My Church," Matt. xvi. 18; and in so doing, by the help of the Lord, we trust Christ was glorified, and the people spiritually edified—as it was scripturally shewn, who the church was, what the church was, and to whom the church belongs.

After some friends, forming a most social party, had taken dinner together with the pastor, at his hospitable dwelling—the afternoon service commenced, the chapel being crowded with attentive hearers. A hymn having been sung, brother Biddin, of Speen, read the word, and approached the throne of grace with thanksgiving and prayer; brother Skelton proceeded to ask the usual questions—in the first place, calling upon one of

the deacons to state—What were the circumstances in which the church at Lee Common were found previous to our brother Cartwright's being among them? What were the leadings of divine providence, whereby they were induced to call our brother Cartwright to minister in holy things among them, and to take the pastorate of that church? And, withal, to state what had been the effects produced by the blessing of the Lord among them, since he had been their minister? In reply to which, our brother Bug made an encouraging declaration—in substance, thus: Dear friends, the church and cause of the Lord Jesus Christ at Lee Common, had been suffered to sink down so low as, that by reason thereof, and for some considerable period, it seemed as though it must dwindle even into non-existence; as on many occasions, we have met together in the vestry for public worship, and the number present has not exceeded a dozen; and being destitute of a stated ministry, it was very frequently said, "The cause cannot stand." Yet, I trust, the Lord was pleased to lay it upon my heart, that as long as three continued to meet together here in the name of the Lord, for his worship, it should be mine, by the help of the Lord, to assemble with them, and still to keep the doors open; and many have been the ardent prayers of our hearts, that the Lord would appear for the raising up again of his cause here, which had been in such low estate [And here the dear man, in all the humble, heart-felt joy, and gladness of his soul's feeling, arising from what he that day witnessed at Lee Common, proceeded to exhort and to stimulate those whom he recognised as deacons of churches present, withal charging them, in the execution of their official duties, still to be at their posts, whatever may be the gloomy aspect and circumstances wherewith they may be surrounded; and although the cry—"It cannot stand; the cause must cease to exist," by reason of numbers declining, and no apparent signs of cheering success is seen—may ring in their ears, and oftentimes, sorrowfully affect their hearts, yet to be found looking where, he trusted and believed he had been made to look, even unto the Lord; and patiently to wait as he had been enabled to do, and prayerfully to watch the hand of the Lord in all things, and surely the Lord would appear for them, as he had done in behalf of Leo Common; and after apologising for the digression, he proceeded to state, that] in the midst of such low circumstances, it pleased the Lord, in his providence, to send our brother Cartwright into the neighbourhood, in the way of attending to his temporal business, from Markyate-street; he being a purchaser of trees and wood; and being here, he was induced to attend with us, among the few who were met here for worship; and under these circumstances, he was invited to speak in the Lord's name among us, and the Lord having been pleased to own and bless his labours to the gathering together again his dear people—who had been scattered during the time of our low position—and the congregation gradually increasing, the church were unanimously led to call upon him to take the pastoral office among them; since which, he having accepted

the same, the Lord has been pleased to add, and to continue to add, unto our number as a church, and greatly to increase the number of the congregation. And therefore, under these encouraging circumstances, for the which, we ever desire to render thanks to our God, who hath remembered us in our low estate, and granted us increase, and love, peace, and unanimity together—we desire that our choice of our brother Cartwright, as our pastor, shall this day be thus publicly declared and recognised.

And after a few remarks made by our brother Skelton, occasioned by the interesting and encouraging statement thus given, wherein he greeted us as a church in the name of the Lord, he called upon our brother Cartwright, to state the dealings of God with his soul, in the matter of calling him by his grace and Spirit, from spiritual death unto life, and from darkness to light. To which he replied in substance thus:

As it had been the case with most of the Lord's children, so it was his to confess, that he had lived in his youthful days a very wicked and profligate life, and had many a time spurned the counsel, and treated with contempt and indifference the advice and rebukes of a dear mother, whom he believed was a God-fearing and gracious woman. But in the midst of such a heedless course the Lord laid him down upon a bed of affliction; and in the midst of great affliction solemnly convicted his soul of sin, and made him acquainted with his lost and ruined state as a sinner; and as with the condemnatory sentence of the law of God in his conscience he remained for some time, until that blessed portion of the Word was sent by the Lord, in the hand of the Holy Ghost, with a divine and delivering power unto him, "*The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin;*" and by that portion, through the power of the Holy Ghost which accompanied it, his soul was delivered from condemnation, and the curse of the law, which he has felt in his conscience; and through the good hand of the Lord, his God, he trusted he was made to feel the blessedness of an interest in that free grace salvation, provided in and wrought out by the Lord Jesus Christ, for, and in behalf of the remnant, according to the election of grace; was made to walk in the ordinance of believers' baptism, and was taken into membership with the church of Christ at Speen.

Brother Skelton then called upon brother Cartwright to state what he considered his call to the work of the ministry. To which he replied:

I felt in my heart a great desire to be useful, and was found engaged in Sabbath-school teaching; and would here advise all who may be present to be in readiness to be so engaged. And whilst being found sitting under the ministry of my respected pastor—brother Biddin, of Speen, who is here present to-day—it fell out that I was called upon to speak before the church at Speen, for the purpose of their judging concerning my aptitude for preaching—when it was adjudged by them that the Lord had designed me for usefulness; and

consequently, with their consent and approbation, I was allowed to speak in the Lord's name, wherever he might be pleased to open a door; and at various places, from that time, I have continued to be engaged in that work; though meeting with opposition from certain parties, who used all their endeavors to persuade and prevent me from the same; and when it pleased the Lord to lay me by, through an accident which befel me—on account of which I was in the Infirmary for some time—it was said the Lord was shewing me in this matter that it was not his will that I should preach. Nevertheless, the Lord has still continued to open doors for me in his work, and given me reason to hope his blessing and sanction has attended my poor labors in his vineyard, until, as our dear brother has related, it pleased him to direct my feet, in his providence, among this people at Lee Common, who have been led, as you have heard, to call upon me to take the pastoral charge of them, as a Particular Baptist Church, holding strict communion principles; the which, having accepted, still I have told them, and now tell them again, that should they have itching ears, being desirous that another man should hold the said office among them, they have only to make known their wish, and I shall hold myself in readiness to stand aside, that their desire in such case may be realised; counting it a disgrace to any man to continue in such office, anywhere, or among any people, contrary to their desire; or to be found among a people where the cause, instead of increasing, is seen to decrease; and for my own part, I would rather be found gathering manure on this Common, than be found continuing to hold the office to which the church here has called, chosen appointed me, without having and continuing to have, visible signs of the Lord's blessing being afforded.

Brother Skelton then desired our brother Cartwright to state what were the doctrines he was desirous to preach and promulgate among this people? In reply to which, he gave a brief statement in detail of the articles of his faith, which were in strict accordance with those held by churches of the Particular Baptist denomination; and brother Skelton, after hearing the above three-fold statement, remarked, that for his own part, he considered every one present, being called by the grace of God, must be perfectly satisfied; yea, would and must desire to rejoice with him, for what the Lord had done for him in the matter of his call by grace, and conversion to God; and, referring to the statement of his call to the ministry, said:

You, my brother, have stated unto us your having been very desirous to be useful; and if a man desire the office of a bishop, through the inward movings or motions of the Holy Ghost, it is a good thing; but in the discharge of my conscience, I must declare it is my inward and firm persuasion, that if it pleased the Lord to call an old woman at the age of ninety-nine, she would feel desirous to be useful in the conversion of her neighbours, or those who were around her, inasmuch as such a desire stands associated with the very work

of grace, wherever it is found, where there is no special call to the work of the ministry. Still, my dear brother, I would not—neither do I—make this remark, thereby to lay any bonds upon you, or to bring you, as it were, to my standard or bar; for this is a matter standing between God and your own soul; and there I leave it. And now I call upon the members of this church, who are in this assembly, to signify and declare their heartfelt choice of our brother, Joseph Cartwright, as their pastor, by holding up each his or her right hand, and thereby publicly recognising him as such.

The same being done, and our brother Bug declaring the show to be wholly unanimous, brother Skelton desired him, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and in behalf of this Christian church, among whom the Lord had made him a deacon, and our brother Joseph Cartwright, its pastor, to give him the right hand of fellowship as such; and on this being done, the hearts of the little flock, with its pastor and deacon, seemed to beat with joy, and their eyes to beam with delight, as all present appeared to respond to their feelings, as with a hearty amen.

Brother Skelton then proceeded to give a charge to the pastor, from the words, "Take care of the church of God." 1 Tim. iii. 6. Wherein, after describing by the context the necessary qualifications of a Christian pastor, or bishop—which terms were synonymous—he gave some weighty advice, counsel, charge and direction unto our brother Cartwright in reference to the position and official standing he held among that church; which may the Lord give him grace, wisdom and ability to attend to. In the course of which he exhorted, counselled, charged, directed and encouraged him to consider himself in such office and capacity as the father of a family, the shepherd of a flock, and as a captain of a company; and as such, to take care of those who, under God, had committed themselves to his charge, in the solemn, yet pleasing office he sustained among them, and in matters connected with his ministry, which was that by which their souls were to be fed from time to time. He would not say to him as has been said on such occasions as the present, "Beg, borrow or steal from any man's books, any way or anyhow, so as you get matter for the pulpit;" whilst he would recommend him to read every good book which might be conducive to his own spiritual instruction and edification; and in such case he would not be obliged, neither would he feel disposed to eat his morsel thus obtained, alone; but he would solemnly charge him to preach the preaching the Lord bade him, and gave unto him; and although it may be his to deal it out, not as in a lordly dish, still, let it be his own, as waters which he himself had drank of; and never to be found studying to preach, so as to please the mere caprice of the people. In plain terms, if the Lord gave him to realize the freedom and liberty of the gospel, always to preach it; though the people may be apt to say, "Ah, he preaches over our head." But never mind that, brother! sow your seed from your hand-basket, and look above for the

crop. And furthermore, if your poor soul should be in bondage, tell the people of it; and not in the midst of felt bondage be attempting to preach soul-felt liberty; for in either case you will not be found honest. But, "take care of the church of God;" be always affectionately disposed toward them; wrestle at the throne of grace for them; get your texts and sermons for them, as it were, on your knees before God. Although you may, after the labors of the week, have to obtain the word after you come here in this pulpit, preach the everlasting gospel unto them in all its blessed fullness; and in so doing—according to the grace and ability the dear Lord shall minister to you from his fullness, in the fresh supplies of his Spirit—feed them with what the Lord gives you, and be in readiness to weep with those of them who weep, and to rejoice with those of them who rejoice; and may the Lord himself bless your labors of love, while taking care of the church of God at Lec Common, whom he hath thus committed to your charge.

In the evening service, our brother Cartwright read and prayed, and our brother Parsons preached to the church; and in so doing, gave them some able advice, wise counsel, sound instruction, timely caution, and sweet exhortation, from the words, "And we beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you; and to esteem them very highly in love for their works' sake. And be at peace among yourselves." 1 Thess. v. 12, 13. In matters connected with the above ordination, it was rather remarkable, that neither of the three ministers appointed to officiate on the occasion, had never been themselves publicly ordained; yet this proved to be no obstacle in the way, as to the said services. A happy day was spent, and we trust God glorified, and his people edified. Praying that our dear brother Banks may be speedily restored to his wonted strength and work,

Your's truly,
OCT. 20, 1854.

ANTEZER.

BETHEL CHAPEL, TROWBRIDGE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I was at Bethel, Trowbridge, on the 8th instant; and it was, to me, one of the sweetest days I have been favoured with since my recovery. My subject through the day was, "But I obtained mercy." And I have reason to believe it was a refreshing time to some of the people; for I heard one saying to another, "Well, I can say, I have obtained mercy."

In little Bethel, there is an opening for a man equipped and taught by the Holy Ghost, who feels the life and power of the exhortation, "Let your moderation be known unto all men."

If my brother will, or *can*, allow me room in the VESSEL, I will tell him what kind of a man the dear souls want at Bethel. They do not want a man with creature, or book-learned doctrines, however square those doctrines might be with the letter; nor one that

judges himself capable of correcting and improving the supposed blunders of our present translation, with bustle, noise, and loquacity; but one that has, in truth, painfully and pleasantly learned all that he preaches, either in the furnace or on the heights of Zion; one that has gone upon his feet through the valley of the shadow of death, and can describe the mystery of the "rod and staff" comforting him; one that has been long tossed upon the waves of tribulation, and not only been brought to the end of his wits, but the end of all creature helps and all creature faith's prospects of being swallowed up, yet, to the wonder of himself, and all who have known him, when visible help failed him then, was the Lord's arm made bare for him, and the song has been made as much his own as if he had composed it, "*The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters; yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.*"—One that in his own daily exercises can go before the weak, sorrowful, and trembling soul, comforting others that need comfort with the same comfort wherewith he has been in tribulation comforted of God;—one that can distinguish the old man from the new, and expose the old man's craft, workings, and mimicry of the new man; can give a clear, and decisive, description of the work, leading, teaching, and witnessings of God the Spirit. Such a man will find circumcised ears, and opened hearts, at Bethel to receive and welcome his message, I am confident.

But, my dear brother may ask, What are the prospects *providentially* at Bethel? Prospects, I would answer, are, to my view, encouraging. In no town in the county of Wilts, is there such a spirit for hearing as in Trowbridge, nor so many manifested sons and daughters of the professed Jerusalem. The church and congregation at Bethel is not large; but if a man was there who preached and lived the truths he preached, there must be an addition. There are some dear praying souls, whom I know, and love, and very sure I am, that a spiritual minister, who sought and minded the glory of the Lord and not the wool of the sheep, would soon find himself at home among the people. It is true, they will not be able to support a man wholly without a little exertion on his own part distinct from his ministerial work; but Trowbridge is a populous town, and any man in health may procure by industry, a little income, either by a school, or some other light employment.

Let it not be said, as it hath been said, "But Mr. Warburton is at Trowbridge, and it is wrong to oppose him in his old age." This is fleshly talk; I do not think Mr. Warburton counts himself, or wishes to be counted, a popo, the universal bishop, or vicar; nor does, or can he, claim Trowbridge as his exclusive diocese; nor that he can do another man's appointed work, any more than another man can do his work; therefore, let not his advocates insult him, and invalidate his principles, by such childish objections. Some people, by their absurd opposition to others, give the enemy

room to say that our ulterior aim is filthy lucre; and if worldly advantages are the things sought, then let Bethel and Bethesda be shut and Zion only be left open; but if gathering, edifying, and comforting the elect of God, is the one only and all-engrossing object of our pursuit, as it ought to be, then let every nook and corner, room, and convenient place, which the Lord in his providence may give access unto, be occupied by spiritually experimental men in publishing the "Everlasting gospel;" and I, for one, if the only one, will rejoice. and wish such men good speed in the name of the Lord.

THOMAS CORDET.

Frome, October 10th, 1854.

OPENING OF
THE TABERNACLE, HASTINGS.

ON Wednesday morning, October the 18th, the day fixed for opening our new chapel, a few friends met at nine o'clock in the vestry for prayer. I believe the Lord was present to bless; and the Sun of Righteousness, which shone upon the after services of the day, arose at this early meeting with healing in his wings. At eleven o'clock a numerous company were assembling; and representatives from many hills of God's *one Zion* cheered the hearts of his people.

The service being opened by singing, Mr. Abrahams read the 55th Psalm; and I think I can never forget with what power the 22nd verse fell upon my soul—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved. My little vessel was full to the brim; and I thought I had never seen such beauties before in that text. After prayer, in which much power was felt, by minister and people, Mr. Abrahams preached a sweet and suitable sermon from the words in 2 Chron. vi. 40. The power of God rested on this discourse, not easily to be forgotten by many. After the close of this service, the friends, chiefly from the country, repaired to the dining room of the Royal Oak, where a very bountiful table had been spread by the voluntary offerings of a warm-hearted and liberal people; and the guests bidden on gospel terms—viz., "without money and without price." Isaiah li. 1. About one hundred were present. That this plan was duly appreciated, and worthy of imitation by other bodies, was manifested, by equally voluntary and liberal collections.

In the afternoon service, portions of the Word were read; and a short discourse delivered from Psalm xxxvi. 7, 8. After which, about 120 took tea together, which had also been gratuitously provided.

The evening service offered an opportunity to many who were unable to attend on the former services; and an excellent congregation was present, to listen to a well-timed and profitable discourse, by Mr. Wallinger—"Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers; to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." Acts xx. 28. The Sun that arose

with healing in the morning, shone brightly through the day—still gave his glorious light. Of us it may be said with truth, we had joy and gladness, a feast, and a good day—yea, that we had light and gladness, and joy and honor—"the Lord of hosts being with us." The people also brought for free-will offerings to the Lord "gold, silver and brass, blue, purple, scarlet, fine linen, and gonts' hair, with other precious things for the Tabernacle." Exodus xxv. 1, 9. So that on this day, by comparatively a small people, £42 Gs. 2d. was collected, and £22 10s. 10d. sent by friends at a distance; making the sum of £64 16s. 2d. Added to this, £6 14s. 9d., on Lord's-day, making a total of £71 10s. 11d.

I must add briefly, that my esteemed brother, Mr. Tatham, preached morning and afternoon, on Lord's-day, two instructive and profitable discourses, the concluding services being conducted by the pastor. A short discourse was delivered in the evening to a numerous and attentive congregation from the words, "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee: the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of my sanctuary; and I will make the place of my feet glorious," &c. Isaiah xxx. 13, 14. After which, a brief statement of God's gracious dealings with us during the building, was made, and which I must, for brevity's sake, here suppress; promising (D.V.) to lay before God's people, as soon as possible, a full statement of funds received, &c., together with some peculiar incidents, and special interpositions of a Divine Providence, from the first meeting held for the building of this chapel, to the completion of the work. I will only add, that it is with deep and unfeigned gratitude to God, and to his people, I am permitted the honor of erecting a house for God, for truth, and for his people. Your's in the gospel,
C. PAVEY.

Hastings, Oct. 23, 1854.

SOHO SUNDAY SCHOOL.—On Tuesday, Oct. 10th, the fifteenth annual meeting of the friends of the Sabbath Schools was held at Soho Chapel, Oxford Street. At the tea, a goodly number sat down; when the public meeting commenced, Mr. G. Wyard, the chairman, after singing and prayer, called upon one of the friends to read the report of the proceedings during the past year, in which was detailed a series of events both interesting and encouraging to all true friends of the Sabbath School. It appears that the number of the scholars have been gradually progressing; the attendance and behaviour have been very good; and although some of the children have left the school, yet the teachers have had the gratification of seeing many of them becoming useful members of society, and some of them are now members of the church, who, by their walk and conversation, have proved that the labours of the teachers have not been in vain in the Lord. The adoption of the report having been moved by Mr. Aildis, and seconded by Mr. Meeres, was received unanimously: another hymn being sung, the following brethren addressed the meeting:—Mr. Bloomfield, upon the requisite qualifications for a

teacher. Mr. Milner, upon the teacher's work. Mr. Gittons, upon the teacher's encouragements and discouragements. Mr. Bowes, upon the faithful teacher's reward. The speeches, although comparatively short, were cheerful, encouraging, and instructive. There can be no question but that meetings of this kind tend to encourage the teachers and friends to prosecute their work of faith and labour of love with increased energy, "knowing that in due time they shall reap, if they faint not."

CARMEL CHAPEL, WOOLWICH.—On Lord's-day morning, September 24th, 1854, the ordinance of believer's baptism was administered by our esteemed brother Hanks, of Manchester, to ten disciples, four males and six females, who were, with two persons from distant churches, received into communion on the evening of the same day. It was truly a solemn and happy day to many of the Lord's family, and an encouraging one to the church generally. It is now six years since this cause was opened by about six individuals, and nearly five years since the formation of the church, composed of twenty-two persons. We have to record with gratitude the goodness of the Lord unto us; though our beginning was small, he has owned and blessed the feeble effort to maintain the glorious gospel of the ever blessed God in this locality, and has made his Word "the power of God unto salvation" to many souls. Since our formation sixty-one members have been added unto the church; so that, in looking at our short career, our little Carmel has been a fruitful vineyard, one that the Lord has cared for, and constantly watered. We are, through the mercy of the Lord, enjoying the unity of the Spirit and the sweet bond of peace, and are constrained to unite in the language of the Psalmist and exclaim, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." We also take the present opportunity of acknowledging the kindness of the Lord's ministers, both of town and country, in the willingness they have always manifested in serving us, and trust their own souls have often been watered whilst they have been instrumental in watering others. Our prayer is, that the Lord may still abundantly bless Zion's provision and satisfy her poor with bread; that he may clothe her priests with salvation, and that her saints may shout aloud for joy.

MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, HILL STREET.—On Lord's-day, September 24th, 1854, brother Foreman baptised seven disciples of the Lord Jesus Christ; who having been convinced of their lost condition as sinners, their utter helplessness as regards salvation, and the sufficiency and suitability of the Lord Jesus as a Saviour of lost sinners: and being further taught "that to obey is better than sacrifice," they thus publicly testified both their faith and obedience. Text Ps. cxix. 174. Showing and proving, that a longer after salvation, is one that delights in the law of God: and only satisfy such, that the salvation they long for is theirs, they are ready and willing to obey all the laws of the King of Zion, in any and every way, through water or fire. W. H.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT WELLINGBOROUGH.—Dear Brother,—I have engaged to supply at Wellingborough for twelve months, commencing on Sabbath Oct. 1st, 1854. The people are making a stir to improve the old chapel a little; they have widened the road to it, and are lighting the chapel with gas—not, however, with the view of eclipsing the light of gospel truth—that I hope will continue to shine bright: I cannot consent to an adulteration thereof! and the people are plain and honest, they do not require it. I go to them with David's weapons of war, a sling and five smooth stones; I do not know how to wear Saul's armour, nor use his weapons. The sword of philosophy, the spear of eloquence, the shield of carnal reason, and the coat of mail, of self-righteousness, do not fit me. The darts of satan, and the arrows of the Almighty, would speedily penetrate, go through, and burn them up. Therefore the people and me at present seem very well met; nevertheless I may be on the march at the end of the *twelvemonth*. Do not be afraid, however, that as they have widened the path to the chapel, they have also widened the road to the church. No, that is as it always was; the path to that remains narrow, and few there be that find it, because the *gates* defend it. There is the gate of regeneration, that is *sheep gate*, and only sheep go through it. Eliashub (the God of conversion) rose up and built it (Neh. iii. 1.) and his brethren, the priests, help him in defending it. Then there is *fish gate*, where they are examined, the good fish is preserved, but the unclean fish being prohibited, the Hebrew fishers discard them: eels, oysters, and crabs being among the prohibited. we cannot find a place for them. Eels dwell in mud; oysters I cannot open; and crabs, who waddle one-sided, cannot walk straight, or in paths of righteousness and truth. Then there is *old gate*, the good old fashioned divinity of the Bible, we wish to discover in them: the new fashioned systems of John Wesley and Andrew Fuller will not do for us. Then there is *water gate*, and here many boggle; they long stand shivering on the brink and fear to launch away; the consequence is, that if they do pass sheep gate, fish gate, and old gate, and yet not being able to get through water gate, they are obliged to stand still in *prison gate*: so that the path to the church is not an inch wider. Yours in the Beloved,

ELIAS GRIFFITHS.

BETHESDA CHAPEL, TROWBRIDGE.—Our brother John Webster, in a cheerful note, dated Oct. 19th, says:—"We had our second anniversary of my settlement on Lord's-day and Tuesday evening, when there was a good company to tea; although the weather was unfavourable, yet about 400 sat down; after which there was a public meeting, W. Fowler, Esq., presided; excellent addresses were delivered; the collections were liberal. The report read of the state of the church was—Baptised, 19; restored to communion, 7; received by letter, 13; increase 39. Died in the Lord, 7; dismissed, 1; excluded, 2. Total of members, 187; Sunday school, 150; teachers, 50 (two sets). Our evening attendance 600

average; the morning and afternoon well attended. Thus poor Bethesda has been blessed with two years of peace and a gradual increase, so that our noble chapel begins to look respectable; but our Debt (£350) is a burden felt, which, with the poverty of the members, is not likely soon to be removed; but you say, dear brother, "Jehovah-Jireh." Well, we erect our Ebenezer, and trust for the future."

TROWBRIDGE.—A correspondent from Trowbridge, says, of our dear old friend, John Warburton,—"he fails very much; but preaches most blessedly:—his son John has been labouring in his father's pulpit, with much acceptance, and has baptised several." Here is a three-fold cause for sincere praise to Zion's Covenant head—First—for the great use the Lord has been pleased to make of his venerable servant, John Warburton, for so many years, in Trowbridge, and other parts of England. John Warburton, as a man, may have his weak parts—*Where is the man who has not?*—but, as a minister of Christ, he has been, by grace, kept faithful; as a Christian, he has been mercifully preserved: as a pastor, and preacher, he has been a blessing to multitudes: Secondly, that the Lord should so marvellously call, by saving grace, the younger John—and thirdly, that the Spirit of all truth should qualify and send him forth into the ministry; and therein make use of him;—surely, for all these things, our souls should praise the Lord. Very soon—and the father will be called to rest; may the son, under divine anointing, fill up the father's place, and feed the Church of God for very many years to come.

MALMESBURY.—Perhaps no man living has been more favoured with preserving grace, nor honoured, as an instrument in the hand of God, in the ingathering and feeding of precious souls, than has the good old Baptist pastor of Malmesbury. Though exceedingly brief, yet how pleasing the following note:—"Malmesbury, Wilts.—Eleven persons were baptised in the river Avon, on Sunday, the 15th of October, and united to the Baptist church in the aforesaid town, over which Mr. Martin has presided; as pastor forty-three years."

THANKSGIVING MEETING, BETHEL CHAPEL, HUNGARY HILL. On Monday, September the 2nd, we assembled together to bless the Lord for his goodness. Our dear brother Coles was there with us to offer up his thanks unto the Lord. In the evening that dear man of God spake to us; he spoke not the word of man, but of God, with power and with demonstration of the Spirit; if ever the Lord did make his presence known to his people, truly he did then; for we could say with good old Jacob of old, "It was the house of God, and the very gate of heaven." O, how sweet it is to sit down beneath the shadows, and to find the precious and delicious fruits of the blessed gospel sweet to our taste! Our brother Coles spoke from the first seven verses of the 103rd Psalm, in a way that we never heard any before him; the Lord was pleased to lead his mind blessedly to unfold the sacred Word, and the Holy Ghost was

pleased to open our hearts to receive it; most sweetly did we feel the preciousness of its power.

T. DRAKE.

PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, ISLINGTON.—Mr. Editor: In calling the attention of your readers to our fifth anniversary, on Lord's-day, November 10, will you allow us to give them a brief sketch of our history—so that when they come to see us, they may know something of our pedigree? For although we have now a commodious house to entertain them in, yet the road which has led to it has been a rugged one, and sometimes so dark we have been ready to conclude we should see the light no more. "His ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as our thoughts." We first met in a room in Church Street, with our friend and brother, Mr. Flack, at our head, proclaiming the glorious gospel of the grace of God. His removal, to take the oversight of a church in the country, caused an invitation to be given to Mr. Glaskin, (our pastor,) which led to a church being formed in November, 1850, in Windsor Street, to which place the little band had then removed. At Windsor Street we were not allowed to remain long; we then journeyed to Parkfield Street; here we halted for a short season only; and again we journeyed to the Tabernacle, which, to use our esteemed friend Mr. Foreman's language, was "a curious kind of place." Here our stay was a little more protracted; and thence we journeyed to Providence Chapel. By these changes we have had no less than four removals in three years. Under these circumstances it could not be expected we should meet with much prosperity. Notwithstanding these events, the word has been, and is still being blessed. The number of our members has arisen from 8 to 60; and our congregation averages from 350 to 400.

H. HALL.

HALSTEAD, ESSEX.—Dear Brother: I send a few lines to inform you of the Lord's dealings with us, a little flock meeting together in our little Bethel, in the Royal Oak Yard. The Lord has indeed met with us, and blessed us there. Our anniversary was on Lord's-day, July 30th, when that dear man of God, Mr. James Nunn, of London, preached three sermons; the morning from Isaiah xxvi. 9; the afternoon, 1 Cor. iii., and part of 22nd and 23rd verses. 1st, He proved how Christ is God's; 2nd, How we are Christ's; 3dly, How all things are our's. In the evening, from Jer. xxxi. 12. 1st, They shall come; 2ndly, What they come for; 3rdly, He proved how the soul shall be as a watered garden, and they shall not sorrow any more at all." It was evident the Lord brought his servant amongst us; our collections far exceeded our expectations; we can truly say, "The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad." We spent another happy day on the 6th of August, when privileged to meet at the water-side. My mind was filled with fear; but while our dear pastor was speaking of the Person and work of Jesus, my fears fled away. After a hymn, and a few words of prayer, we descended into the water. Our dear pastor felt a happy freedom, with the presence of his Master in the work. There are more seeking ones amongst us; we hope soon to see them walking in the same steps. In the afternoon we surrounded the table of our Lord; it was a solemn and refreshing time to our souls. If you think this worth a corner in the Vessel, you will greatly oblige your's truly,

A LITTLE ONE.

[We rejoice to know that Henry Bartolomew, the sharply-tryed pastor of the Baptist Church at Halstead, is still maintained in usefulness & peace.]

The Departure of 1854; the Coming of 1855.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON

THE CHOLERA—THE CONFLICT OF NATIONS—THE CHURCH OF CHRIST—THE GOSPEL.

EIGHTEEN-HUNDRED AND FIFTY-FOUR has, indeed, been an eventful year—"at home there has been death; abroad the sword be-reaveeth." Surely it becometh us, who are yet spared, to lay these things to heart; and in the strength of the Lord, to examine ourselves, and to examine our position, and with all diligence, and singleness of eye, to use the little talent we possess in extolling the Prince of Peace, exhibiting the truth, exhorting the saints, and exposing the falsehoods and flatteries of the great enemy of souls. In sentiments like the following would we urge on the souls of the ransomed, until on heaven's bright plains we meet to part no more:

Saints, for whom the Saviour bled,
In your Captain's footsteps tread—
Follow Jesus, and be led

On to victory!

See your foemen take the ground,
While the signal trumpet sound,
Hear his accents from around,
Cheering Melody!—

"Christian soldier, on with me;
Soon your enemies must flee,
Yon reward before you see

Sparkling from on high!

Boldly take the glorious field,
You may fall, but must not yield;
You shall write upon your shield
'Victory' tho' you die."

By the ransom which he gave,
By his triumphs o'er the grave,
Trust his mighty power to save;
Firm and faithful be.

And when death's dark form is nigh,
When the tear-drop dims his eye,
You shall in the parting sigh
Grasp the victory.

In closing up the tenth volume of this work, we desire to render thanks unfeignedly to the God of all our mercies, for having thus far permitted us to be employed in an humble effort to promulgate the truth—to edify the church—and to encourage the seeking seed of Jacob in their path of tribulation and sorrow. Having ourselves been brought down—at least, in anticipation—near to the grave; and standing now in weakness, sometimes in fear, and much trembling, we are more than ever

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impressed with a deep sense of the solemn responsibility that rests upon us of laying ourselves out fully and faithfully in the holy service of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

The events which have transpired around us during the past year—the awful slaughter now going on in the East—the gathering of the dark clouds in the distance—all these things have surely a voice to Christian men that cannot, must not, be disregarded.

Let us spend a few moments, dear reader, in a little reflection upon matters connected with our present and our future condition. We would be glad to aid your meditations by a few words:

First, *On the Consequences of the Cholera.*

Second, *On the Present Conflict of Nations.*

Third, *On the true Character of the Church of Christ.*

Lastly, *On the Position to be maintained by the Gospel Ministry.*

I.—*The Cholera, and its results.* A great authority says, "*the Cholera has killed throughout our land, at least, TEN THOUSAND.* But few, perhaps, of our readers, have ever witnessed the awful desolation which this dark agent produces when he comes clothed with his deadly power. We will furnish them with material for thought, and with matter for deep humiliation before God.

"In a pamphlet published by the curate of St. Luke's, in the parish of St. James, we have some striking, and evidently faithful, sketches of the scenes which took place in the parish at the time of the cholera visitation: 'If a person were to start from the western end of Broad Street, and, after traversing its whole length on the south side, from west to east, to return as far as the brewery, and then, going down Hopkin's Street and up New Street, to end by walking through Pulteney Court, he would pass successively forty-five houses, of which only six escaped without a death during the recent outburst of cholera in that neighbourhood. The pestilence did not settle down upon the district by slow degrees: it enveloped the inhabitants at once in its full horrors. Of the deaths nearly all took place in the first fortnight; and at least 139 in the first four days. With scarce an exception, the people stood by one another in the season of peril and

perplexity with unflinching and admirable courage. Panic there was none; but it was a trying time—all the more trying by reason of the uncertainty that prevailed at first as to the area of the pestilence and its probable duration. The morning of Friday, the 1st September, was a day long to be remembered in this neighbourhood. The first intimation which the writer received of the sad incidents of the night, came in the form of a summons to the death-bed of one with whom he had cheerfully conversed at a late hour on the preceding evening. A patient, gentle widow, she was an object of special interest to all who knew her. Many a pitying glance was cast that morning upon her little children as they moved about scarce conscious of what was happening. What was to become of them? What has become of them? They have found an asylum, but it is in their mother's grave. A fearful tragedy was enacting in that one small house, when eight of its twenty inmates died in quick succession before the night of the 4th September. And one there was, who will be remembered by the survivors as one of God's own heroines, a truly Christian woman, who watched day and night at the bedside of the dying, and by her calm and quiet demeanor sustained the spirits of the living, till she herself fell the eighth victim to the disease. The writer will not soon forget how, on the 5th or 6th evening of the month, he found the remnant gathered together in one room, in a state of anxiety and suspense concerning one of their number, who complained of feeling sick and ill, and how their countenances lighted up with a gleam of satisfaction when he confidently assured them that the disease was subsiding, and its virulence abated, and that sickness was no longer the certain forerunner of death.' What can be more touching than this tale of domestic suffering? 'The writer well remembers one that he witnessed. It was on a ground-floor, where three rooms communicated with each other. In the centre lay an interesting girl, just recovering from collapse, feebly inquiring for her mother and sister. None dared to whisper that right or left lay a coffin in either room. Worn out by the fatigue of two harassing days and a sleepless night, either dozing or too broken-hearted to speak, sat the father by the corpse of his wife. Two grown-up sons were alternately nursing their sister, and conversing with a friend and neighbour, who had come to cheer their drooping spirits. The sequel to this sad narrative is fraught with far too much of melancholy interest to be passed over in silence. The poor girl seemed for a time to progress favorably, and it was deeply touching to see how the prospect of her recovery engrossed her father's thoughts. If she were but spared to him, he frequently said, he could be content to live. But his own turn came to be laid low, and he was removed up-stairs, there to be tenderly nursed by his sister-in-law and his sons. Meanwhile, his daughter died of the consecutive fever. For a few days, her death was kept from his knowledge, and he appeared to be slowly recovering, till one afternoon he somehow became acquainted with the truth, cast one look of anguish upon all present, turned his head on his pillow, and was dead before night. His sister-in-law, one of her children, and the friend whose midnight visit to the family was just now mentioned, all

breathed their last about the same time.' Highly though we admire the brave and generous women who have gone out to nurse our sick and wounded soldiers at Scutari, not one of them is entitled to more love and admiration than the modest heroine of the following tale:—'A woman was watching by the bed—the death-bed, she imagined, of a kind and affectionate husband. Her children were with her, already orphans in her sight. She had passed one long night of sleepless anxiety; another was before her—the shades of evening fast closing upon the silent group—when a gentle tap summoned her to the door to welcome the sympathising countenance of a stranger. 'Your husband is ill, said this unknown friend, 'and you sat up last night with him. I will sit by him to-night. Hush! (motioning to discourage the expressions of gratitude that were forthcoming), we must not disturb him; and then she proceeded at once to the bedside to nurse the sick man as only a woman—and not every woman—can. It is notorious that for this disease, by far the best remedy is an indefatigable and skilful nurse; and so we may believe that, under the blessing of God, this kind, good woman had much to do with the favorable turn taken by her patient in the course of the night. 'There, he is better now,' she said in the morning; 'I think you will be able to manage,' and then withdrew as quietly as she came. Two or three times afterwards she presented herself at the door, but only to ask after the object of her tender care and solicitude, and immediately to retire.'"

We might fill pages with records of this kind. But we have a higher object in view. What are the *results*? The cause of this dire disease is a mystery. We do know somewhat of its nature, its mode of visit, its tendencies, its favourite haunts, but of its origin we are utterly ignorant. What it is which appears to travel from one locality to another, what infinitesimal portion of miasm it is which thus strikes with death one individual after another, we know not. The Homœopathist asks, What is the Cholera, poison? Its weight, its quantity? Define you this? Never! An unseen, yea, invisible something strikes as it were the victim—he falls—he grows pale and cold—his countenance changes—he vomits—he is purged—he is cramped—he turns blue, and dies. What is it? Where is the poison seated? Nowhere—veritably, nowhere: not more than in him, who in a thunder-storm, receives through his body (which is a conducting medium,) the power which strikes him lifeless; nor more than him who is struck by a meridian sun, and dies of '*coup de soleil*.'

No poison's there, nor substance seen—
But death in life.

The poison! How apt we are to attribute action to matter—ponderable matter. In the patient suffering under Cholera, we view the effects: the system has received a shock, and the effects persist until interfered with, or arrested by other means.

But we come to results. Families have been bereaved, and plunged into great distress. Benevolent Christians! be you up and doing—let your character be seen in that extraordinary chapter, the twenty-ninth of Job—let your conduct answer to that therein detailed—“*I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish, came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was a father to the poor; and THE CAUSE THAT I KNEW NOT I SEARCHED OUT.*” Some of you are laying up largely for your heirs; we beseech you that have *time* and *means* at command, to “*consider the poor.*” Look into your neighborhoods—and real cases of distress you shall find. Carry them the word of God. Pour out for them your prayers at the feet of God—sympathise with them, and help them; and it shall be for thy good.

We must pass on. We are no commentators, no dry essayists. We look around; we listen to the voice that speaks in Providence, and in the movements of Nations—we speak a word by the way, and onward again with our work.

II.—*The Conflict; the awful outbreak of Nations.* We write not critically, nor politically. We read facts, and labour to learn useful lessons therefrom. Here are facts of a fearful character indeed:

“The sanguinary battle of the *Alma* has been fought. A dreadful conflagration has occurred at Newcastle. The steamer *Arctic* has been lost! A single sentence may record these events, but what pen can describe them? The allied army landed on the shores of the Crimea on the 14th of September, and on the 20th engaged in mortal conflict with the Russian forces, who had taken up a most important position on the heights of the *Alma*, not far from Sebastopol. There were 47,000 Russians, it is said, on the field; but only 28,000 of the allied troops were actually engaged in the sanguinary contest.

The Russians were so confident of the superiority of their position, that Prince Menshikoff wrote to the Czar that they could keep the allied army back at least for three weeks; but in three hours they were dislodged from it, and the tri-colour waved over it. But humanity shudders, and christianity weeps and veils her face

at the record of these three hours. Ten thousand men fell on that battle-field! Above 2000 of our soldiers were killed and wounded. Between 1400 and 1500 of our French allies; 6000 Russians; and of Turks it is not said how many. One of the surgeons who attended the wounded said that the field was like an *abattoir*! It was, indeed, a place of dreadful slaughter; and it has made many a Bochim throughout our peaceful land. Thousands of weeping friends still refuse to be comforted, because their sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, are no more! “O that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!”

“At Gateshead, Newcastle-on-Tyne, a fire broke out in a stocking factory, which proved very destructive both of life and property. It was very singular that it was just about the time when the cannonading commenced before Sebastopol, that this conflagration happened. The fire spread, and invested a warehouse, in which there was a vast quantity of combustible materials, and, some say, tons of gunpowder: and in course of time it exploded with a most tremendous noise, which was heard eleven miles off, and shook the whole town. Houses fell, burying many in their ruins; the high level bridge trembled like a wire—the water of the river was moved as if lashed by a violent storm—the window-shutters were strewn on the pavements—the inhabitants were brought out in consternation in their night-dresses, many of them to perish in the flames. The newspapers record that a young man left a ball when he heard the news, and ran to the scene of the conflagration. The one hour he was moving in a scene of nocturnal gaiety, the next he was consumed by the flames! Ah, how many may take a warning from this!

“Six days after the battle of the *Alma* was fought, the *Arctic*, from Liverpool, was run down by a French vessel near New York, and upwards of 300 were drowned. The cholera has killed about 10,000 throughout our land! Have these calamitous events no meaning? Ah, surely they call to us with trumpet-voice. May many hear, and unto God be turned!”

We have always had some fearful misgivings as to the purity of our country's movement in this great, this dreadful commotion; and feel convinced there is much painful truth in the following sentences contained in John Bright's letter to Absalom Watkins. He says—

“At this moment England is engaged in a murderous warfare with Russia, although the Russian Government accepted her own terms of peace, and has been willing to accept them in the sense of England's own interpretation of them ever since they were offered; and, at the same time, England is allied with Turkey, whose Government rejected the award of England, and who entered into the war in opposition to the advice of England.”

And what is the bitter cost of all this?—

“War in the north and south of Europe, threatening to involve every country in Europe.

Many, perhaps fifty millions sterling, in the course of expenditure by this country alone, to be raised from the taxes of a people whose extrication from ignorance and poverty can only be hoped for from the continuance of peace. The disturbance of trade throughout the world, the derangement of monetary affairs, and difficulties and ruin to thousands of families. *Another year of high prices of food, notwithstanding a full harvest in England, chiefly because war interferes with imports, and we have declared our principal foreign food-growers to be our enemies.* The loss of human life to an enormous extent. Many thousands of our own countrymen have already perished of pestilence and in the field; and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of English families will be plunged into sorrow, as a part of the penalty to be paid. When the time comes for the 'inquisition for blood,' who shall answer for these things?

We are closing 1854 with gloomy prospects indeed. As a nation we are "*walking in darkness, and have no light*" as to what is coming upon us; provisions and taxation dreadfully high; commerce almost paralyzed; our soldiers and our sailors slaughtered; our families bereaved, and plunged into the bitterest anguish and distress. In such a state of things where shall the christian look? Where can he hide? On what can his hope of a better state of things be placed? We know of no safe retreat but that described in the forty-sixth Psalm; and how unutterably grand—how divinely comforting is the language of a living faith, as therein recorded, "GOD IS OUR REFUGE AND STRENGTH; A VERY PRESENT HELP IN TROUBLE." He it is who "*maketh wars to cease, even unto the ends of the earth.*" At the birth of Christ, there was a general peace on the earth, though it did not last long: and in the latter day, when the PRINCE OF PEACE shall take unto himself his great power, and stretch his golden sceptre over the nations of the earth, then shall not the people learn war any more. Until then, there are three things for the christian's direction and consolation. First, the Lord to his Zion says, "*Be still, and know that I am God.*" Not, as Kimsbi says, "that the christian is to be like a stock or a stone; unconcerned at the commotions that are in the earth: or unaffected with the judgments of God." No—but to be still and free from fretfulness and unbelieving fears; to be patient and resigned; knowing, secondly, that his glorious Lord will be exalted among the heathen; He will be exalted in the earth; for, thirdly, whatever may come

to pass, still the "*Lord of Hosts is with his people; the God of Jacob is their refuge.*" These thoughts make our hearts to rejoice; they afford a solid ground of comfort; and lead us to exclaim, "*therefore will not we fear.*"

There is, notwithstanding, a PRACTICAL POSITION to be occupied by the churches of Jesus Christ, in such portentous times as these. That position, we rejoice to find, is being recognised by some portions of professing Christendom, as the following announcement indicates:

"The war with Russia.—The committee of the Evangelical Alliance affectionately and earnestly invite their Fellow Members, and Christians generally of all Denominations, to Two Meetings for special humiliation and united prayer, in relation to the above subject, which will be held N.Y. at Free Mason's Hall, on Tuesday Nov. 23, 1854; one in the Forenoon, at 11; another in the Evening, at half-past 6. By order of the Committee.

This is pleasant to our anxious spirits. Let come what may, when we can approach the mercy seat, we feel it must be well. Let all our churches assemble, and unite for special prayer, that God would make this Russian slaughter to cease, and peace again to be found in all our borders. John Owen, speaking of the prayer of Habakkuk, says,

"The prophet having had visions from God, and pre-discoveries of many approaching judgments, in the first and second chapters, in this, by faithful prayer, sets himself to obtain a sure footing and quietabode in those nation-destroying storms.

"'A prayer of Habakkuk the prophet;' that is the title of it. And an excellent prayer it is,—full of arguments to strengthen faith,—acknowledgments of God's sovereignty, power, and righteous judgments,—with resolutions to a contented, joyful, rolling upon him under all dispensations.

"*Prayer is the believer's constant, sure retreat in an evil time, in a time of trouble.*

"It is the righteous man's wings to the 'name of the Lord,' which is his 'strong tower,'—Prov. xviii. 10,—a Christian soldier's sure reserve in the day of battle: if all other forces be overthrown, here he will abide by it,—no power under heaven can prevail upon him to give one step backward. Hence that title of Psa. cii.—'A prayer of the afflicted, when he is overwhelmed.' 'Tis the overwhelmed man's refuge and employment; when 'he swooneth with anguish,' (as in the original), this fetches him to life again. So also—Psa. lxi. 2, 3. In our greatest distresses let neither unbelief nor self-conceivances jostle us out of this way to the Rock of our salvation.

"*Prophets' discoveries of fearful judgments must be attended with fervent prayers.*

"That messenger hath done but half his business who delivers his errand, but returns not an answer. He that brings God's message of *threats* unto his people, must return his people's message of *entreaties* unto him. Some think they have fairly discharged their duty when they have revealed the will of God to man, without laboring to reveal the condition and desires of man unto God. He that is more frequent in the pulpit to his people than he is in his closet for his people, is but a sorry watchman. Moses did not so—Exod. xxxii. 31—neither did Samuel so—1 Sam. xii. 23;—neither was it the guise of Jeremiah in his days—chap. xiv. 17. If the beginning of the prophecy be, (as it is), 'The burden of Habakkuk'—the close will be, (as it is), 'The prayer of Habakkuk.' Where there is a burden upon the people, there must be a prayer for the people. Woe to them who have denounced desolations, and not poured out supplications! Such men delight in the evil which the prophet puts far from him—Jer. xvii. 16—'I have not desired the woful day, (O Lord), thou knowest.'"

We have run into subjects which require much more space than we can command:—the connection that evidently exists between some parts of prophecy and events now transpiring on some parts of the earth, opens a large field for reflection and comment: but it is left to abler hands, and for future numbers.

As we stand on the margin of the year now rapidly closing up, and for a moment, endeavour to look forward,—three questions arise. First—what is the present condition of the Church of Christ? Secondly, what is the Position of the Gospel Ministry? Thirdly, If spared, in what way can we best evince our love to our gracious covenant God, and most efficiently employ our little talent which the Master has entrusted to us? Questions to us of no mean import. Oh, Holy Ghost, Eternal Spirit, help us, for Christ sake, to answer them—not merely in print, but in practice, to the glory of thy great name.

The Condition and Character of the Church of Christ. THE CHURCH OF CHRIST! Where is it to be found? It is to be found mixed up with a large body of nominal, amalgamating, world-pleasing profession. The true CHURCH OF CHRIST is composed of all those who are quickened into life by God the Holy Ghost; who have laid under the heavy sentence of a broken law: who have fled for refuge to the gracious Lamb of God, who have received into their very hearts and souls, the precious truths of the everlasting gospel; and who are waging war

with sin, satan, the world, and the flesh, every day they live. As regards the CONDITION of the Church at present, we shall not far mistake if we say, she is almost at a *stand-still*; the two features which principally distinguish her, are these—a *sorrowful looking*, and an *internal labouring*, after certain blessings which to believers are promised, and without which they can find no rest. A living faith has fixed the eye of the living Church upon what the Scriptures call "FULLNESS." There is the fulness of the Godhead bodily: there is the fulness of grace in Christ: there is a forward period called "*the dispensation of the fulness of time.*" A living writer says:—

"Indeed it may be said, that all things converge towards this dispensation of the fulness of times; like many lines towards one point. The present condition of everything terminates when the future dispensation commences, the change will be universal.

"I see around me the suffering church, and I trace it as a suffering church in all the New Testament. But if I ask, How long will this condition of the church continue? I find Scripture answers, Until the dispensation of the fulness of times.

"I know that satan is unbound; I know that he is abroad in the earth, entangling everything—the church and the world, flesh and spirit; blending all things good and bad so cleverly together, that none but God can teach how to unravel them. Thus satan is now perplexing and deceiving souls. But I know that this also is until an appointed season. I know that satan shall be bound when Christ comes: he shall be bruised under our feet shortly. Thus I see that satan also has a set time,—a time running on to the very same point, even to the dispensation of the fulness of times.

"All these things, which we now know as existing and progressing around us, will run on as they now are until the coming of Christ, who will gather them all up, and alter the relation of them all to himself."

What then should be the Position of the Gospel Ministry?—A firm, an unflinching countenance for every revealed principle, and every written precept, is one part; discriminating between the works of the flesh, and the essential work of the Spirit, is another part; and a labouring to comfort and encourage poor Zion, by as noble a development of the glorious Person and complete Redemption work of Christ, as we can possibly make, is a third part; a seeking by every scriptural means, the solid peace and prosperity of Jerusalem, is a fourth part. There are other features; but, brethren, may we look well to

these; and if one more point in the true ministry of the gospel might be named, it is an effort to raise up the thoughts of the church more fully to the *present* and the *future* glory of Immanuel, our beloved Christ, our glorious King. There is truth in this quotation:

"Christ found refuge on the throne of God when rejected and cast out from the earth. And there in patient mercy he sits—permitting the throne of iniquity to be raised by man. But HE will come forth—and the pride of man shall be laid low in that day.

"He will come! And what will he first do? Can you tell? Think of Jesus, and think of all at that time on the earth, and can you not tell what he will first do? It will be that which the love of his own heart has so long yearned for. Long has he yearned to claim, and deliver, and fully bless his own—to make manifest his Father's love for them by glorifying them together with himself. And therefore the first thing Jesus will do, will be to raise and change his saints. This will be done in the twinkling of an eye—the instant consequence of his appearing. Wherever throughout the whole earth there is one who has touched the hem of his garment by faith, there will that one be instantly changed into the likeness of Jesus. Thus will the living saints be changed. And the dead saints will arise also. The graves will open—and wherever a saint has died and been laid in dust, there also will a glorified saint arise!

"This marvellous event is before us—this scene of indescribable glory is nigh at hand. Think what a scene this will be! The Lord and his angels above in glory; from the earth glorified saints arising, and caught up in clouds to meet him in the air! This is the sight that will burst suddenly upon the astonished world—for when they shall say, peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, and they shall not escape. But the saints shall be made like him, and they shall be with him on that day. He will not inflict any of the judgments he comes to administer—nor stand upon Mount Olivet—nor tread the wine press of wrath—until all his saints are with him. They must be glorified together. When this has taken place the Lord will utterly cast down the throne of iniquity, and bring in the reign of righteousness and blessing."

Finally.—*How can we most efficiently use the little talent entrusted to us?* This is a question every faithful servant of Christ, and every real Christian, may find profitable to consider; and truly happy should we be to know that such consideration had produced, under God, a more active and energetic course of action among our churches. These are certainly not times when Christians should be either lukewarm or lazy. No; no. Large fields are opening for the diffusion of pure gospel principles, and for the exercise of benevolence and charity. Every section of the intelligent portion of the people are at work advocating their own pe-

culiar views: and shall we (we mean the whole family of true believers in our Lord Jesus Christ) who have on our side everything that is eternal; everything that is vital; everything that is profitable; shall we, who have a salvation originating in, and secured to us by, an everlasting covenant,—a salvation procured by an all-sufficient, atoning sacrifice,—a salvation wrought in us by the Third Glorious Person in the ever-blessed Trinity, THE HOLY GHOST, THE COMFORTER; a salvation written out, and read to us again, and again, and again, in a glorious gospel; a salvation that will preserve us in all the perishing scenes of this life; that will support us in the mysterious Sunderings of a dying hour, and introduce us to all the imperishable beauties, and inconceivable blessings of the heavenly kingdom—shall we tie our hearts and our hands to time-things, or sink down into a stoical indifference? God forbid! Knowing the time—that now it is high time to awake out of sleep—knowing that the night is far spent, that the day is at hand; knowing that now is our salvation nearer than when we believed—may we have grace given us to cast off the works of darkness, to put on the armour of light; and in everything to seek to glorify the God of all our mercies.

Help us, brethren, still to spread abroad the rich testimonies of a free-grace salvation! Our labors are great—our trials are many—but our faithful Friend is JEHOVAH JIREH still. C. W. B.

EPISTOLARY

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER VI.

In my last I set before you the testimony of God concerning being *born again*, together with some of the experiences connected therewith, as well as the sovereignty of the Holy Spirit manifested therein.

In this letter, I shall show, first, that this being *born from above*, is as much a doctrine of the Old as of the New Testament, and secondly fulfil my promise, to shew the *reasons*, that in order to enter the kingdom of heaven we must be born again.

Now, in order to shew regeneration to be a doctrine of the Old Testament, we set out upon this one proposition, *that without faith it is impossible to please God.* Heb. xi. 6.

Now just look back again at the 3rd of John, and you will see that the believing spoken of in the after parts of that chapter must originate in the regenerating power of God, spoken of in the first part of that chapter; saith the Saviour, (John xi. 26,) "Whosoever *lieth*, and believeth in me, shall never die. Believest thou this? I know that thou believest." What, then, was the faith of Abel? was it of God, or of men? Did it originate in the wisdom of men, or in the power of God? Did his faith bring him into the kingdom of God, or did it not? Is righteousness, *divine* righteous-

ness, the first feature of the kingdom of God *vitally*, or is it not? Rom. xiv. 17. Did Abel know, and was he made righteous by the righteousness of Christ, or was he not? Heb. xi. 4. Did the Holy Spirit of God shew to Abel the meaning of his sacrifice being accepted, or did he not? Had Abel any testimony *direct* from heaven that he was righteous, or had he not?

Is it not written, that it is impossible for those sacrifices to take away sin? Heb. x. 4. And also, that those sacrifices could not make the comers thereunto perfect? (ix. 9.) and yet Abel obtained witness that he was righteous. Abel thus saw and entered into the kingdom of God; he knew the King and Mediator of that kingdom. He saw the promised seed. This is that which Cain did not see. Cain was not born of God; therefore did not enter into the kingdom of God.

"If the natural man receiveth not the things of the spirit of God, neither can he know them," and yet Abel did both know and receive the things of the spirit of God; then Abel was not merely a natural man but a *spiritual* man—having by a spiritual and living faith spiritual and eternal life. I will not at present trouble you with what is said of Cain, as this will more properly belong to the subject of a future letter.

Enoch, the seventh from Adam, was a regenerated man: he walked with God, and therefore must have been where God *could* be walked with. And this could have been nowhere but in newness of life. "In the beginning was the WORD; and the WORD was with God, and the WORD was God. In him was life, and the life was the light of men." This DIVINE WORD was and is that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us.

Now, this manifestation of the blessed God in the new covenant, is in direct contrast to the law, which is the ministration of death. It must therefore have been by the blood of the *new* covenant that Enoch walked with God. (Zech. ix. 11.) And so it was not by the works of the law, but by the faith of Christ, that he both walked with God, and was translated to that kingdom of glory, for which regeneration had fitted him.

Let us now, to avoid multiplying examples unnecessarily, take Abraham. He was called of God, and saw the day of Christ, and rejoiced;—"he saw it, and was glad." Now, if Abraham was the father of the faithful, and if they that be of faith are blessed with faithful Abraham—and if this state of things be by the law of faith—and which law is the law of life—"for he that believeth hath everlasting life"—and if the law of faith be the law of love, and the law of liberty, and of final salvation—which it certainly is; for true faith loves what it believes—and if the Son make us by faith in him free, then are we free indeed, and the end of our faith is the salvation of our soul. Then Abraham, as the father of the faithful, had all these, and was therefore a spiritual man; and to whom was clearly revealed the new covenant of God in Christ Jesus, and that in all the stability of its sworn

order and form. As he could swear by no greater, he swore by himself.

Taking, then, the above as examples of the *essential* character of all Old Testament believers, it follows, that regeneration by the Spirit and power of God, was a truth known to them, and experienced by them.

The *language*, also, of the Old Testament, and its *figurative* representations, are as strong as in the New Testament. Hence, in the Old as well as in the New Testament, it is called being born. "They shall come, and shall declare his righteousness unto a people that shall be born, that he hath done this." Psa. xxii. 31. Here, being born of God is inseparably connected with the revelation to the soul of eternal righteousness; that righteousness being brought in by all that suffering of the Saviour spoken of in the preceding part of the Psalm.

Again: It is placed in close connection with that Zion where the Lord hath commanded his blessing—even life for evermore. "And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her. And the Highest himself shall establish her." Psa. lxxxvii. 5. Here the two testimonies, "life for evermore," and "the Highest himself shall establish her," sort well together; so that Old Testament believers knew the truth, not of regeneration only, but also of that everlasting life and final settlement in the promised rest, inseparably one therewith.

Again: It is very beautifully united with that solemn sense of destitution to which every one must be brought, in order rightly to appreciate the gospel. It is such, and such only, that can truly praise the Lord for the gospel; and so saith the Word—"He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer. This shall be written for the (*spiritual*) generation to come; and the people which shall be *created* (in Christ Jesus) shall praise the Lord." Psa. cii. 17, 18.

Now, in answer to this, the New Testament says—"Ye are a *chosen* generation—a royal priesthood—a holy nation—a peculiar people; that ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." 1 Peter ii. 9. The light spoken of by the apostle, is contained in the preceding part of the verse—namely, eternal election: "Ye are a chosen generation;" oneness with the Great High Priest of our profession—Christ Jesus; "a royal priesthood;" the sanctification that is by him; a holy nation; the everlasting distinction from others, which is by him; "a peculiar people;" and these are the praises they are to shew forth. And so in Psalm cii.; the praise wherewith they are to praise the Lord is to go on to that eternity spoken of at the close of the Psalm—"Thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end: tho' (spiritual) children of thy (ministering) servants shall *continue*, and their seed shall be established before thee."

Again: It is called a *formation*: "This people have I formed for myself: they shall shew forth my praise." Isa. xliii. 21. The people thus formed for God are, in the preceding verse, thus described: "The beasts of

the field shall honor me: the dragons and the owls, because I give waters in the wilderness, and rivers in the desert, to give drink to my people—my *chosen*." Here we have, in substance, the same as in Acts 10th, where the apostle Peter saw the Gentiles as wild beasts, fowls of the air, and creeping things; and yet in eternal election they stood sanctified and ordained to eternal life. And so here, in Isaiah, they are in their unregenerate state as wild beasts, dragons and owls. But then they are, saith the Word, *my chosen*. And of this chosen people it is said, "I have formed them for myself: they shall shew forth my praise."

Here, then, we have, first, their state by nature—beasts of the field, dragons and owls. Secondly, the promise concerning them—"They shall honor me." Thirdly, when they are to honor him—it is to be when the waters of life shall reach them in this their wilderness and desert state. The waters of life are to be in the wilderness, and the rivers thereof in the desert. Fourthly, we have their relationship to God and their election—my people, my chosen. Fifthly, we have the reason of their honoring the Lord—"This people have I formed for myself." Never, had he not thus formed them, would they have thus honored him. If they truly honor him, it is because they are born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. Sixthly, we have their final prospects and final employment—"They shall shew forth my praise." You see these same things set forth in the very first verse of this 43rd of Isaiah.

Now bring the 100th Psalm into company with what I have here said, and you will at once be convinced of their complete agreement one with the other. "Know ye that the Lord he is God, it is *He* that made us, (anew,) and not we ourselves; we are his people, and the sheep of his pasture."

Now then, what is the work for which we are thus fitted? and what are the advantages of this new state of things? The answer to both these questions is given in this same 100th Psalm, "Enter into his gates with thanksgiving; be thankful unto him, and bless his holy name," for these three reasons—first, because he is good; second, because his mercy is everlasting; third, because his truth endureth to all generations. It will not be needful here to notice Ezekiel 37th; where, while the New Testament represents us as dead in trespasses and in sins, we are here in this 37th of Ezekiel, represented as dry bones, needing a resurrection; let then these few examples suffice for the present to shew that regeneration is as much a truth of the Old Testament as it is of the New Testament; a truth as much known to Old Testament saints as it is to New Testament believers.

It is a truth of which the chief priests and rulers of old were ignorant: but does it follow, that because Nicodemus was utterly unacquainted therewith, that therefore such men as Simeon or Zecharias knew nothing thereof? Are there not many in our own *enlightened* age who profess to be teachers in Israel, and

to whom the new birth is altogether a strange thing? These men do not (Nicodemus like) find the doctrine in the Old Testament; and what is said of it in the New Testament they either deny, or most fatally pervert. And so they themselves being deluded, they delude others *unintentionally* with the same delusion wherewith they themselves are deluded. Now what was true in the days of Nicodemus always was true; it was true then and always will be true; it is a truth essential to the salvation of every one—no one can be saved without it: "*Ye must be born again.*"

The kingdom of heaven *dispensationally* is one thing, the kingdom of heaven *vitality* is another thing; into the kingdom of heaven in its external thousands enter who are not born of God—these are the *tares* who are to be gathered into bundles and cast into everlasting fire; from such the kingdom of heaven has suffered violence, and such have taken the *external* kingdom by force; namely, by acts of Parliament, by the sword, and by popish laws and persecutions, and have deprived the people of the Most High of this kingdom in its *external*. But they could touch neither the *internal*, nor the *eternal*; for in its vitality and eternity, it is beyond the reach even of angels; for "even unto angels hath he not put in subjection the world to come, whereof we speak."

Thus, my good Theophilus will see that it is not into the kingdom of heaven externally that they cannot enter unless born again; but into the kingdom of heaven *vitality* and *eternally* that no man except born again can enter, and that for the following reasons: first, because of that *heart work* essential to the right knowledge of God. And having shewn that regeneration is a doctrine of the Old as well as of the New Testament, I shall enjoy the *whole* range of the Holy Scriptures to prove and establish the truth as it is in Jesus.

But we are again at the end of the space allotted us for this month, and therefore leave for another letter the remaining part of this important subject.

We have, at present, held our correspondence after a quiet sort of manner: and we have even a kind word from a "Little One's Friend," on the November wrapper, as well as a good word from the good Editor of the *VESSEL*; and we hope these friends, and some few more, will go with us when we come to treat of "*preaching to sinners*, invitations, exhortations, precepts," &c.

But as a great man in other matters has said "you must not expect too much," seeing I am but

A LITTLE ONE.

London, Nov. 22, 1854.

"In-dwelling sin cannot be exterminated or eradicated from the body of the militant believer. This is the privilege of the angels and the just made perfect only. This tainted materialism must first be taken down, because death will paralyze its grasp. But by the power of the new-creature this hated inmate is resisted and kept down. — Major Rowlandson.

The Pastors of our Churches; the Preachers of our Day.

A BRIEF AND IMPARTIAL

REVIEW OF MR. SPURGEON'S MINISTRY.

[As we have nearly come to the close of another year, we are striking out a new line of mental labour—it is a glance at Ministers as they are. It is not an easy task: but then, we go to this work with a two-fold determination—first, knowing that there is some good thing in all good men, we will try to find out, and to shew, how that good thing is developed in different ways in different men. Secondly, knowing that there are imperfections in all men, we are determined, by help divine, to have no hand in exhibiting them: “We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth.”]

MR. C. H. SPURGEON is the present pastor of New Park Street Chapel, in the borough of Southwark. He is a young man of very considerable ministerial talent, and his labours have been amazingly successful in raising up the before drooping cause at Park Street to a state of prosperity almost unequalled. We know of no Baptist minister in all the metropolis—(with the exception of our highly-favoured and long-tried brother James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle,)—who has such crowded auditories and continued overflowing congregations, as Mr. Spurgeon has. But, then, very solemn questions arise—“WHAT IS HE DOING?”—“WHOSE SERVANT IS HE?”—“*What proof does he give, that,—instrumentally,—his is a heart-searching, a Christ exalting, a truth-unfolding, a sinner-converting, a church-feeding, a soul-saving ministry?*”—This is the point at issue with many whom we know—a point which we should rejoice to see clearly settled—in the best sense—and demonstrated beyond a doubt in the confidence of all the true churches of Christ in Christendom. In introducing this subject to the notice of our readers, we have no object in view, further than a desire to furnish all the material which has been thrown into our hands—a careful and discriminating examination of which may, to some extent, be edifying and profitable. At the moment of writing, the following note came to hand. It expresses the silent conviction of a large multitude of Gospel hearers at this moment; and we therefore give it *verbatim*.

“Dear Mr. Editor,—I went last night to hear Mr. Spurgeon at Park Street—and after much squeezing got into a seat. It appeared to me that a very great number, after ineffectual attempts to gain ingress, went away again, without being able to hear him. He preached from these words:—“He shall see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.” And much to my satisfaction, he delivered a short, pithy, and, to me, powerful discourse; giving us an epitome of the grand and fundamental doctrines of the Bible; powerfully proving, under the head concerning Christ’s

satisfaction, that if but one of his elect body, the church, could possibly be missing at last, he could not be satisfied.

“God has wonderfully gifted this stripling, he has a powerful voice, an easy and abundant flow of matter. In fact, from the impression I was under, upon the whole, I could not help concluding, that this young man is destined of the Lord, to be a very useful and laborious servant of Christ. He speaks as one having authority, and not as do the Scribes and Pharisees of our day. There are some of my friends, who regard his youth as an obstacle to their well receiving him; but surely, God is able to work by means of a David or a Timothy, as effectually, as by more aged and experienced instruments; and a very few years time will remove this objection. To all appearance, however, a course of very great usefulness is laid out for this youthful champion; and if he does somewhat closely, (but not too closely,) insist upon fruits corresponding with a profession of the gospel, we must not call this legality, when we know him to be sound in the main; indeed, I think this is what the acknowledged ministers of truth, in our time, have long neglected to enforce.

“Wishing you every success in the proclamation of pure truth, I am dear sir, yours truly,
JOHN.”

We wish our present remarks to be considered merely *introductory*, not *conclusive*; but seeing that the minds of so many are aroused to *enquiry* as to what may be considered the *real position* of this young Samuel in the *professing* church, we are disposed to search the records now before us—and from thence fetch out all the evidence we can find expressive of a real work of grace in the soul—and a Divine call to publish the tidings of salvation, the mysteries of the cross, and the work of the Holy Spirit, in the hearts of the living in Jerusalem.

Before we extract any sentence as uttered by Mr. Spurgeon himself—let us deliberately consider one question—“*Does the Bible, the Word of God,—(the only test and standard by which everything connected with salvation matters must be tried),—*

demand, or call for, any special or particular qualification to prove that the Great Head of the Church has himself sent such and such a man into the work of the ministry?"

The Scriptures most certainly do insist upon the existence of some qualifications essential to such a work. It is absolutely and essentially necessary that a minister of the gospel should have a deep, and an increasing *knowledge of himself*, as a fallen, ruined, helpless, and miserable sinner in the sight of a holy God. [We cannot here give Scripture confirmation: that may come another time.] Also, it is essential that such a man have an internal knowledge of God, as teaching and chastening a sinner out of His holy law—for "*every one that hath heard and learned of the FATHER, cometh unto CHRIST:*" and only such. If a man, therefore, has not been instructed, convicted, humbled, and emptied, under Divine chastisement, he has never truly come to Jesus Christ; consequently he can never trace out the *way of life*—he can never cast up the high way—he can never really help the poor law-condemned sinner to HOPE IN THE LORD—nor can he confirm the faint and feeble saint in the hour of sharp temptation. Furthermore, a knowledge of CHRIST in his Person, work, and offices:—in his delivering power; in his pardoning and peace-speaking blood; in his prevalent intercession; and in his ultimate gathering together of all things in himself, is as absolutely necessary in the experience of a minister of the gospel, as the rising of the natural sun is essential to the making our natural day. Some men in the ministry are always gloomy; tending to melancholy; obscure; full of awful threatenings; and encouraging unbelief, despondency, and dreadful fears. *But why is this?*—Simply, because, as yet, the Sun of Righteousness has not arisen in their souls with healing and life-giving power; and whether such men have any Divine authority for standing in the ministry at all, is a very serious question. Another branch of knowledge essential to the ministry, is that of THE PERSON AND WORK OF THE HOLY GHOST. Without this, there is no living breath in the ministry: it may be eloquent; it may be theoretically instructive; it may be beautifully attractive to the natural, the moral, and the inquiring mind: it may burn with a vehement *circumstantial* zeal; it may be influential in producing external reformation; but, unless the Eternal Spirit be known, acknowledged, and honored, there will be no breath; no holy unction; no glorious discoveries of the mysteries of grace; no laying sinners down in the dust of self-abasement; no raising saints up into sweet communion; no bringing the prisoners out of prison, and letting them into the banquetting house. Let the ministry—in a natural, or in an

acquired sense, be what it may—if by that ministry God himself give not the command—"Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain;"—unless this essential blessing be there, we believe there can be NO GENUINE CONVERSION OF SINNERS TO GOD—no building up the saints in their most holy faith. Where there is a sanctified and well-balanced knowledge of satan's devices, and of the perpetual warfare between the old and the new Adam—between the flesh and the spirit—in the experience of every quickened believer—the ministry will be increasingly valuable, and very highly prized by those whose path-way lays through the deeply trying waters of temptation, tribulation, conflict, and anxious care.

The foregoing briefly described elements are as essential to the discovery of a man's Divine call to the ministry, as the beating of the pulse, the circulation of the blood, and the reception of nourishment, is essential to man's natural existence. But for the full development of these elements, *time*, and other things, are requisite. "*Who*"—that is wise, prudent, and fearful of rash conclusions—"Who, hath despised the day of small things?" How fully these vital evidences of a divinely authorised ministry are found in the present pastor of New Park Street, the following testimonies may help our discerning readers to judge. Unlike many of the faithful servants of Christ, he was *not* left to run, for a course of years, into the *open* paths of *practical iniquity* and transgression. We have good reason to hope that in very early life the Lord laid his hand upon him for good; put holy fear into his heart, and quickened his soul with life, spiritual and divine. We have been in company and in converse with those who have known the subject of these remarks from his earliest days; what evidence we give, therefore, may be relied on.

Mr. C. H. Spurgeon is the son of Mr. J. Spurgeon, an Independent minister, at Tollesbury, in Essex; and the grandson of the venerable J. Spurgeon, of Stambourne, in the same county. Long before he was fifteen years of age, it is a known fact, that he suffered intense agonies of mind, with reference to the possibility of his soul's salvation. We should be glad to read or hear his own version of those days and nights of secret grief, of mental anguish, and of earnest crying to God, through which he passed in those early days. What an unspeakable mercy, to be thus early brought down with a contrite spirit to the mercy-seat! Plucked as a brand from the burning; and *preserved!* We cannot but be thankful to the God of all grace, for such displays of Divine sovereignty. What a contrast—between the parentage, uprising, conversion, and call of William Huntington,

William Gadsby, John Warburton, John Foreman, James Wells, and others, and that of C. H. Spurgeon! Yet—who will dare to say—that the latter is not as much of God, as are all the former?—Mr. C. H. Spurgeon was brought to know the Lord for himself under a powerful sermon preached from these words, (when he was only fifteen years of age,)—“*Look unto me, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth.*” About one year and a half from this period, he was baptised at Isleham, in Cambridgeshire; and commenced preaching the gospel as far as it was revealed and opened unto him; and very many seals did the Lord give him even at the outset; some of whom remain in the visible church as witnesses of the power of God even through the feeble instrumentality of a stripling so newly come to the faith. He was chosen pastor of the Baptist Church at Waterbeach, when only seventeen years of age; and continued there until his removal to Southwark, in the early part of the present year.

We are disposed to believe there is some truth in the statement of a correspondent—he says—“*I believe Mr. Spurgeon is as great a lover of free-grace and of real Calvinism, as any man; but the bigotry of some, who cannot hear the truth unless expressed in certain phrases, seems to put him out of heart; and keeps him walking almost in a separate path. All the moderates,*” (adds our correspondent,) “are ready to bite their tongues for rage, at, what they call Mr. Spurgeon's *hyperism.*” Poor creatures! We have but one desire for them, and that is, that the Lord himself may break their hearts by the powerful application of Divine truth—cause them to know what it is to be driven to the very ends of the earth; to sink, as Jonah did, into the belly of hell; from thence to look with the eye of a living faith unto the Mediator, with “God be merciful to me, a sinner;” and when sovereign mercy has really delivered, pardoned, and established them on the only solid foundation, as loud as any they will cry—“*Salvation is OF THE LORD.*”

In a sermon of Mr. Spurgeon's—entitled “*A View of God's Glory,*”—we have the *Sovereignty of God* declared in a bold and becoming spirit. After a striking illustration of the *Goodness of God*, he says—

“I can say no more concerning God's goodness. But this is not all that Moses saw. If you look to the words which follow my text, you will see that God said—‘I will make all my goodness pass before thee,’ but there was something more. No one attribute of God sets God out to perfection; there must always be another. He said—‘I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy.’ There is another attribute of God. There is his sovereignty. God's goodness without his sovereignty does not completely set forth his nature. I think

of the man, who when he was dying, called me to see him: he said, ‘I am going to heaven.’ ‘Well,’ I replied, ‘what makes you think you are going there, for you never thought of it before?’ Said he, ‘God is good.’ ‘Yes,’ I answered, ‘but God is just.’ ‘No,’ said he, ‘God is merciful and good.’ Now that poor creature was dying, and being lost for ever, for he had not a right conception of God. He had only one idea of God: that God is good; but that is not enough. If you only see one attribute, you only have half a God. God is good, and he is a sovereign, and doeth what he pleases, and though good to all, in the sense of benevolence, he is not obliged to be good to any. ‘I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and show mercy on whom I will show mercy.’ Do not you be alarmed, my friends, because I am going to preach about sovereignty. I know some people, when they hear about sovereignty, say,—‘Oh, we are going to have some terrible high doctrine.’ Well; if it is in the Bible, that is enough for you. Is not that all you want to know? If God says—‘I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy,’ it is not for you to say it is high doctrine. Who told you it is high doctrine? It is good doctrine. What right have you to call one doctrine high and one low? Would you like me to have a Bible with ‘H’ against high, and ‘L’ against low, so that I could leave the high doctrine out, and please you? My bible has no mark of that kind; it says—‘I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious.’ There is divine sovereignty. I believe some are afraid to say anything about this great doctrine, lest they should offend some of their people; but, my friends, it is true, and you shall hear it. God is a sovereign. He was a sovereign ere he made this world. He lived alone, and this was in his mind, Shall I make anything, or shall I not? I have a right to make creatures, or not to make any. He resolved that he would fashion a world. When he made it, he had a right to form the world in what shape and size he pleased; and he had a right, if he chose, to leave the globe untenanted by a single creature. When he had resolved to make man, he had a right to make him whatever kind of creature he liked. If he wished to make him a worm or a serpent, he had a right to do it. When he made him, he had a right to put any command on him that he pleased; and God had a right to say to Adam, ‘Thou shalt not touch that forbidden tree. And when Adam offended, God had a right to punish him, and all the race for ever in the bottomless pit. God is so far sovereign, that he has a right, if he likes, to save any one in this chapel, or to crush all who are here. He has a right to take us all to heaven, if he pleases, or to destroy us. He has a right to do just as he pleases with us. We are as much in his hands, as prisoners in the hands of her Majesty, when they are condemned for a capital offence against the law of the land; yea, as much as clay in the hands of the potter. This is what he asserted, when he said—‘I will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and I will shew mercy on whom I will shew mercy.’ This stirs up your carnal pride, does it not? Men want to be somebody. They do not like to lie down

before God, and have it preached to them that God can do just as he wills with them. Ah! you may hate it, but it is what the scripture tells us. Surely it is self-evident that God may do as he will with his own. We all like to do what we will with our own property. God has said, that if you go to his throne, he will hear you; but he has a right not to do it, if he likes. He has a right to do just as he pleases. If he choose to let you go on in the error of your ways, that is his right; and if he says, as he does—'Come unto me all ye that are weary, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' it is his right to do so. That is the high and awful doctrine of DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY."

Instead of fighting shy of Mr. Spurgeon—or of being ready to bite our tongues with rage—when we read such sentiments as the following, our souls are ready to jump for joy, to find a young Timothy like him so unflinching—and at the same time so fully alive to the real wants of the churches of Christ in these days. We know it is not very pleasant to go into the pulpit, and see half the pews empty—and then to be told afterward, the people are gone—some to the Surrey Tabernacle, and others to New Park Street. No; no; this is not pleasant to a proud heart; but, if it be so—and if at either of those places the people get better food than we can give them, we must say—"the will of the Lord be done." Come, brethren, read the following paragraph; and, then, if you can, pray that our God may keep this young minister faithful even unto death. In the same sermon to which we have referred, he said—

"Put the two together—goodness and sovereignty—and you see God's glory. If you take sovereignty alone, you will not understand God. Some people only have an idea of God's sovereignty, and not of his goodness, such are usually gloomy, harsh, and ill-humoured. You must put the two together; that God is good, and that God is a sovereign. You must speak of sovereign grace. God is not grace alone, he is sovereign grace. He is not sovereign alone, but he is graciously sovereign. That is the best idea of God. When Moses said—'I beseech thee, show me thy glory,' God made him see that he was glorious, and that his glory was his sovereign goodness. Surely, beloved, we cannot be wrong in loving the doctrine of free, unmerited, distinguishing grace, when we see it thus mentioned as the brightest jewel in the crown of our covenant God. Do not be afraid of election and sovereignty. The time is come when our ministers must tell us more about them, or if not our souls will be so lean and starved that we shall mutiny for the bread of life. Oh, may God send us more thorough gospel men who will preach sovereign grace as the glory of the gospel."

There may be—we were going to say, there must of necessity be—yea, we may safely say, there is—in Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, but very little of what we are

accustomed to call deep, *experimental preaching*: while, on the other hand, there are frequent bursts of zealous, exhortatory, and urgent expression, which might be considered indicative of a legal and Arminian bias of mind. Nevertheless, there is a wholesome vein running through the whole of it; which constrains us to hope that, to a large class of persons, it will be a great blessing. The following paragraphs, gathered out rather hastily, will, we think, bear us out.

In the course of his sermon on the harvest, he said—

"Every Christian is a sower sent into the world to sow good seed, and to sow good seed only. I do not say that Christian men never sow any other seed than good seed. Sometimes, in unguarded moments, they take garlic into their hands instead of wheat; and we may sow tares instead of corn. Christians sometimes make mistakes, and God sometimes suffers his people to fall, so that they sow sins; but the Christian never reaps his sins; Christ reaps them for him. He often has to have a decoction made of the bitter leaves of sin, but he never reaps the fruit of it. Christ has borne the punishment. Yet bear in mind, my brethren, if you and I sin against God, God will take our sin and he will get an essence from it that will be bitter to our taste: though he does not make us eat the fruits, yet still he will make us grieve and sorrow over our crimes. But the Christian, as I have said, should be employed in sowing good seed, and as such he shall have a glorious harvest. In some sense or other the Christian must be sowing seed. If God calls him to the ministry, he is a seed sower; if God calls him to the Sabbath School, he is a seed sower; whatever his office, he is a sower of seed. Here I stand, Sabbath after Sabbath, and on week days too, and sow seed broadcast all over this immense field; I cannot tell where my seed goes. Some are like barren ground, and they object to the seed that I sow. Let them—I have no objection that any man should do so. I am only responsible to God, whose servant I am. There are others, and my seed falls upon them and brings forth a little fruit, but by and by when the sun is up, because of persecution, they wither away and they die. But I hope there are many here, who are like the good ground that God has prepared, and when I scatter the seed abroad it falls on good ground and brings forth fruit to an abundant harvest. Ah! the minister has a joyful harvest, even in this world, when he sees souls converted. I have had a harvest time when I have led the sheep down to the washing of Baptism, when I have seen God's people coming out from the mass of the world, and telling what the Lord has done for their souls—when God's children are edified and built up it is worth living for, and worth dying ten thousand deaths for to be the means of saving one soul. What a joyful harvest it is when God gives us converted ones by tens and hundreds, and 'adds to his church abundantly such as shall be saved.' Now I am like a farmer just at this season of

the year. I have got a good deal of wheat down, and I want to get it into the barn, for fear the rain comes and spoils it. I believe I have got a great many here, good pious Christian persons, but they will persist in standing out in the field. I want to get them into the barns. They are good people, but they do not like to make a profession and join the church. I want to get them into my Master's granary, and to see Christians added to the church. I see some holding down their heads and saying, he means me. So I do. You ought before this to have joined Christ's church; and unless you are fit to be gathered into Christ's little garner here on earth, you have no right to anticipate being gathered into that great garner which is in heaven."

Again—in the following paragraphs—there are weighty and powerful truths thrown out in so striking a manner, as are calculated, under God, to alarm, to arrest, to convince, and to constrain, many a careless professor! Yea, we can never believe that such a ministry will fail—it must do good. Let giddy and careless professors read this:—

"The worst harvest will be that of those who sin against the church of Christ. I would not that a man should sin against his body; I would not that a man should sin against his estate; I would not that a man should sin against his fellows; but most of all, I would not have him touch Christ's church. He that touches one of God's people, touches the apple of his eye. When I have read of some people finding fault with the servants of the Lord, I have thought within myself, I would not do so. It is the greatest insult to a man to speak ill of his children. You speak ill of God's children, and you will be rewarded for it in everlasting punishment. There is not a single one of God's family that God does not love, and if you touch one of them, he will have vengeance on you. Nothing puts a man on his mettle like touching his children; and if you touch God's church, you will have the direst vengeance of all. The hottest flames of hell are for those who touch God's children. Go on, sinner, laugh at religion if thou pleasest; but know that it is the blackest of sin in all the catalogue of crime. God will forgive anything sooner than that; and though that is not unpardonable, yet if unrepented of, it will meet the greatest punishment. God cannot bear that his elect should be touched, and if you do so, it is the greatest crime you can commit."

The last discourse of Mr. Spurgeon's which we notice in this introductory paper, is by far the best of any we have yet seen of his—it embraces two vital and valuable portions of a living ministry—THE TESTIMONY OF CHRIST; and THE CHRISTIAN'S INWROUGHT EVIDENCE OF THE TRUTH OF THAT TESTIMONY. Beyond all question, there are, in this discourse,—(entitled "*Confirming the Witnesses of Christ*,"—(published by James Paul,))—some substantial fruits, flowing from a mind that has been

led to think deeply, and to enter solemnly, into the hidden mysteries of the Person, the passion, the work, the victories, and the kingdom of our inexpressibly glorious Mediator—the Lord Jesus Christ. Ob, there is something so supernatural and soul-enchanting in the Holy Spirit's revelation of Jesus in the conscience of a heaven-born soul, and in the unctuous testimony which that soul will bear to the honor of his dear name, that always awakens in us a sense of gratitude to God, and of real sympathy to the person thus honored, and helped to know and to rejoice in "the glories of the Lamb." Prudence lays a constraint on us here, or we could much enlarge. May God the Holy Ghost pour down on the head and heart of this his young servant, and upon all our fellow-labourers in the gospel kingdom, such a measure of holy light, and sanctifying love—as shall produce unity of heart and effort in seeking the glory of God, and the good of souls;—then—and not till then—can it manifestly go well with Zion.

Passing by much that is powerfully telling in this discourse, we come to notice the preacher's description of the *Character of that Witness*, or testimony, which Christ bore. He first shews, that "Christ witnessed directly from himself; and that is one thing in which he is superior to all the rest of the prophets; and other holy men who testified to the truth."

"When Christ spake, he always spake directly from himself. All the rest only spake that which they had received from God. They had to tarry till the winged cherub brought the live coal, they had to gird on the Ephod and the curious girdle with its Urim and Thummim, they must stand listening till the voice saith—'Son of man I have a message for thee.' They were but instruments blown by the breath of God, and giving sounds only at his pleasure; but Christ was a fountain of living water, he opened his mouth and the truth gushed forth, and it all came directly from himself. In this, as a faithful witness, he was superior to every other."

Secondly, he shews Christ's testimony was uniform.

"We cannot say that of any other. Look at Noah, he was a very good testifier to the truth, except once, when he was intoxicated; he was a sorry testifier to the truth then. David was a testifier to the truth, but he sinned against God, and put Uriah to death. * * The same might be said of Isaac; and if you go through the whole list of holy men, you will find some fault in them; and we shall be obliged to say, they were very good testifiers, certainly, but their testimony is not uniform. There is a plague spot which sin has left upon them all; there was something to shew that man is nothing but an earthen vessel after all. But Christ's testimony was uniform. There never was a time when he contradicted himself; there never was an instance in which it

could be said, 'what you have said, you now contradict.'

After shewing that Christ's testimony was perfect, and final, he comes to the confirmation of the testimony of Christ in the believer's own experience. And here we are a little disappointed. We had hoped the preacher would have freely and fully given us the benefit of his own experience in the reception, and in the realisation of THE TRUTH as it is in Christ. This, however, he has hardly touched. It may be he is keeping this back for a special occasion; but we will venture to beseech of him never to withhold his own daily experience of God's grace—nor his spiritual exercises under faith's trials. We do not wish any minister to be everlastingly preaching about himself; but a testimony hot and honest from the ever-bubbling breast of an exercised child of God, is of more value to God's living family than all the fine-woven essays, and theoretical dissertations which the brain of man can produce. Oh, thou valiant little pastor of Park Street! for Christ's sake, and for the sake of poor tried and tempted souls, we pray thee, hold not back a full and faithful declaration of God's gracious dealings with thine own soul. Go—brother—go, in David's path, and cry out—*"Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will tell thee what he has done FOR MY SOUL."*

Having gone thus far, we must not leave our readers to suppose that the preacher said nothing from himself. No; by reading the following sentences, (with which we close up this first paper, and that very abruptly, too, having to take a journey in the Master's cause), some pleasing testimony from the preacher's own heart will be found. Our readers must understand the following are not entire extracts—they are sentences selected; but they are his own words; and more of them we hope to give another day; for, if we live, we have not done with Mr. Spurgeon yet. The following, however, forms an interesting close to this hasty notice. He said—

"Oh, beloved, that is the best confirmation of gospel truth, which every Christian carries about within him. I love 'Butler's Analogy'; it is a very powerful book. I love 'Paley's Evidences'; but I never need them myself, for my own use. I do not want any proof that the Bible is true. Why? Because it is confirmed in me. There is a witness which dwells in me, which makes me bid defiance to all infidelity, so that I can say—

"Should all the forms that men devise,
Assault my soul with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanities and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart."

I do not care to read books opposing the Bible; I never want to wade through mire for the sake of washing myself afterwards. When I am asked to read an heretical book I think of good John Newton. Dr. Taylor, of Norwich, said to him, 'Have you read my "Key to the

Romans?'" 'I have turned it over,' said Newton. 'You have turned it over!' said the Doctor; 'and is this the treatment a book must meet with which has cost me so many years' hard study? You ought to have read it carefully, and weighed deliberately what comes forward on so serious a subject.' 'Hold,' said Newton, 'you have cut me out full employment for a life as long as Methuselah's. My life is too short to be spent in reading contradictions of my religion. If the first page tells me the man is undermining truths, it is enough for me. If I find the first mouthful of a joint tainted, I do not want to eat it through to be convinced I ought to send it away.' Having the truth confirmed in us, we can laugh all arguments to scorn; we are plated in a sheet of mail when we have the witness within us of God's truth. All the men in this world cannot make us alter one single iota of what God has written within us. Ah, brethren and sisters, we want to have the truth confirmed in us. Let me tell you a few things that will do this. First, the very fact of our conversion tends to confirm us in the truth. Oh, says the Christian, do not tell me there is no power in religion, for I have felt it. I was thoughtless like others; I laughed religion to scorn, and those who attended to it; my language was, let us eat, drink, and enjoy the sunshine of life; but now through Christ Jesus I find the Bible a honeycomb, which hardly needs to be pressed to let the drops of honey run out; it is so sweet and precious to my taste that I wish I could sit down and feast on my Bible for ever. What has made this alteration? That is how the Christian reasons. He says, there must be a power in grace, otherwise I never should be so changed as I am; there must be truth in the Christian religion, otherwise this change never would have come over me."

[Ah, dear brother, but the Christian has another side to his experience; and from that you might have read a leaf or two.]

"Some men have ridiculed religion and its followers, and yet Divine grace has been so mighty, that those very men have become converted and felt the new birth. Such men cannot be argued out of the true religion. You may stand and talk to them from dewy morn to setting eve, but you can never get them to believe that there is not truth in God's word. They have the truth confirmed in them.

"Then, again, another thing confirms the Christian in the truth, and that is, when God answers his prayers. I think that this is one of the strongest confirmations of truth, when we find God hears us. Now I speak to you on this point of things which I have tasted and handled. The wicked man will not believe this; he will say, Ah, go and tell those who know no better. I say, I have proved the power of prayer a hundred times, because I have gone to God, and asked him for mercies, and have had them. Ah, say some, it is only just in the common course of providence. 'Common course of providence!' It is a blessed course of providence. If you had been in my position you would not have

said that; I have seen it just as if God had rent the heavens, and put his hand out and said—'There, my child, is the mercy.' It has come so plainly out of the way, that I could not call it a common course of providence. Sometimes I have been depressed and downcast, and even out of heart at coming to stand before this multitude; and I have said, 'What shall I do? I could fly anywhere rather than come here any more. I have asked God to bless me, and send me words to say; and then I have felt filled to the brim, so that I could come before this congregation or any other. Is that a common course of providence? It is a special providence—a special answer to prayer. And there be some here who can turn to the pages of their diary, and see there God's hand plainly interposing—we can say to the infidel, begone! the truth is confirmed in us; and so confirmed, that nothing can drive us out of it.'

"You have had the truth confirmed in you, my dear friends, when you have found great support in times of affliction and tribulation. Some of you have passed through trouble, for we can never expect a congregation which is free from it. Some of you have been tried and have been brought very low. And cannot you say with David, 'I was brought low, and the Lord helped me?' Can you not think how well you bore that last trouble? When you lost that child you thought that you could not bear it so well as you did; but you said, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' Many of you have loved ones under the sod; your mother, father, husband, or wife. You thought your heart would break when you lost your parents; but is not the promise true—'If thy father or mother forsake thee, the Lord will take thee up?' He told thee, woman, that he would be a Father to thy children; and hast thou not found it so? Canst thou not say, 'Not one good thing has failed of all the Lord has promised? That is the best confirmation of the truth of God. Sometimes persons come to me in the vestry, and they want me to confirm the truth outside of them. I cannot do that; I want them to have the truth confirmed in them. They say, 'How do you know the Bible is true?' 'Oh,' I say, 'I never have to ask such a question as that now, because it is confirmed in me.' The Bishop has confirmed me—I mean the Bishop of souls; for I never was confirmed by any other; and so confirmed me in the truth, that no one can confirm me out of it.'

An intelligent, and rather charitable correspondent, says he has discovered very much in the sermons we have just noticed, "that fall with an ill grace from the" lips of a mere youth. It may be so; many a good man has repented both of his manner, and of some of his matter, when more advanced in life. If there were no marks of imperfection to be seen in friend Spurgeon, he would be a rare exception indeed. Should his life be spared, and his soul's experience of Divine things be deepened, we believe that when many of us are silent in the grave, he will be found of great use in the church of Jesus Christ.

JOHN NEWTON'S CONVERSION, CHRISTIAN CHARACTER AND DEATH

"*Puritan Tracts.*"—(London: Houlston and Stoneman;—Leicester: J. Chapman Browne.) The first of a new series of pamphlets, under the above title, gives us an outline of the life of good John Newton. We know not who the editor may be:—but we like the spirit and the manner in which he has commenced his work;—the motto in the front of the first page—and one or two paragraphs in the body of the work, knit our heart to the compiler, be he whom he may. We quote them; thereby giving our readers proof that the "*Puritan Tracts*" are in such hands as will ensure a godly contention for vital, and essential principles. How delightful to a longing soul are words like the following:—

"There is no deliverance from the guilt and burden of sin, but by the death and blood of Jesus Christ."—BUNYAN.

"Oh, how unlike the complex works of man, Heaven's easy, artless, unnumbered plan! No meretricious graces to beguile,
No clustering ornaments to clog the pile;
From ostentation, as from weakness free,
It stands like the cerulian arch we see,
Majestic in its own simplicity;
Inscribed above the portal, from afar
Conspicuous as the brightness of a star,
Legible only by the light they give. [*Live.*]
Stand the soul-quickening words—*Believe and*

In the introductory part of the work, the editor says—

"We live in a day of great profession and little practice. It behoveth every man to prove his own work. It will be tried by fire. Think not, dear reader, that because you may be a member of a religious community, a regular attendant on the ordinances and means of grace, and the possessor of a fair moral reputation,—that these things, though good and commendable as the workings and fruits of faith, will avail anything towards your justification in the sight of a holy God. If you have not Jesus Christ for your friend, and advocate, and redeemer, you can never come before God and his throne of grace with acceptance. Test your experience by that laid down in the Bible. Examine your evidences, and if found genuine, press on for more. Throw all and everything overboard but Jesus Christ, if you would weather the storms of life's tempestuous ocean. May this be your desire, — a desire implanted in the heart by none but the Holy Spirit, and of such a nature that you never can rest satisfied until you see its accomplishment, — that you may see Jesus, and him crucified for you."

As a further illustration of the spirit with which these *Puritan Tracts* are commenced, we give the following account of John Newton's Conversion to God, and his Departure for Glory. He says—

"It was from the deck of a foundering vessel

that the first desire I had breathed for mercy for many years, arose to God. A last effort having been made to save the ship, I said, almost without meaning, 'If this will not do, the Lord have mercy upon us.' I was instantly struck with my own words, and as Jchu said once, 'What hast thou to do with peace?' so it directly occurred, 'What mercy can there be for me?' The 10th of March is a day ever to be remembered by me. On that day the Lord sent from on high, and delivered me out of deep waters. I reviewed my past life, and thought that there never was nor could be such a sinner as myself, and I concluded that my sins were too great to be forgiven. The scriptures seemed wholly set against me. With fear and impatience, I waited to receive my inevitable doom. After a time, however, there arose a gleam of hope. I saw in the gospel scheme of salvation at least a 'peradventure,' and gradually my fears were lessened, and my hopes increased. By little and little, the Lord was pleased to discover to me the things that accompany salvation." In speaking of the way in which the Lord is pleased to deal with his children, and of the path along which he leads them, when delivering them from the powers of darkness, and the bondage of Satan's kingdom, Mr. Newton remarks, "All believers walk by the same rule, and mind the same things: the word of God is their compass; Jesus is both their polar star, and their sun of righteousness; their hearts and faces are all set Zion-ward. Thus far they are as one body, animated by one spirit; yet their experience, formed upon these common principles, is far from being uniform. Though all are exercised, yet some pass through the voyage of life much more smoothly than others. But he 'who walketh upon the wings of the wind, and measures the waters in the hollow of his hand,' will not suffer any of those of whom he hath once taken charge, to perish in the storms, though for a season, perhaps, they are ready to give up all hopes."

In the year 1764, Mr. Newton was ordained a minister of the Church of England, by Dr. Green, Bishop of Lincoln. He held the curacy of Olney for sixteen years; and was then presented to the living of St. Mary Woolnoth, in London, of which church, he remained the loved, respected, and faithful pastor until his death. A short quotation from a letter he addressed to a student in divinity may serve to show the motives which influenced him in the discharge of his sacred functions. "The converse I have with my people, usually suggests what I am to preach to them. At first, my chief solicitude used to be, what I should find to say: I hope it is now, rather, that I may not speak in vain. For the Lord hath sent me here, not to acquire the character of a ready speaker, but to win souls to Christ, and to edify his people."

Mr. Newton died on Monday, the 21st of December, 1807, in the eighty-third year of his age. He did not place much importance upon the particular frame of mind, or degree of devout feeling, indicated at death. "Tell me," he was accustomed to say, "not how the man died, but how he lived." "I have comfort from the word: — it is a great thing to die; and

when flesh and heart fail, to have God for the strength of our heart, and our portion for ever I know in whom I have believed." — "More light, more love, more liberty. Hereafter, I hope, when I shut my eyes on the things of time, I shall open them in a better world. What a thing it is to live under the shadow of the wings of the Almighty!" — were amongst his dying expressions. His last words were, "I am satisfied with the Lord's will."

The Lord of his rich mercy grant, that we may live the life, and die the death of the righteous, and that our last end may be like his.

For simplicity, solemnity, and faithfulness, the "*Puritan Tracts*" bid fair to be useful in our days.

LOOKING UNTO GOD.

WHEN tempted by Satan, and covered with grief,
To Jesus alone, we can look for relief;
He only, can save us, he only redeem,
The soul that has faith to cast all upon him.

When passing through trouble, affliction and woe,
'Tis only his grace can our doubts overthrow;
And the smile of our God must sweetly appear,
Ere our faith can be strong, or our hope can be clear.

Yet this faith is oft shrouded, this hope soon grows dim,
And our foe treads us down, if forsaken by him.
Then lifeless we lie, faithless, hopeless we are,
For no good can betide us, when God is afar.

Then sinner, before you can banish all fear,
You must know that your gracious Redeemer is near,—
Ere your hands can be loosened, your banner unfurld,
Your face towards Zion, your back to the world.

When the last dreadful conflict with death is begun,
Our light then expiring, and setting our sun;
Shall that sun set in darkness, and sink us to hell?
No, God shall still help us, and all will be well.

When the trumpet proclaims, in its thundering blast,
The awful approach of the First and the Last;
From the north to the south, and from pole unto pole— [roll,

Throughout the creation—the summons shall
"Come forth!" From the grave, from the seal, [come;
from the tomb, [come;
To appear at the judgment of God do they
While calmly, serenely, the saints now ascend
To partake of that pleasure which never shall end.

Their harps they now strike, and their palms they now wave.

They give praise to the Christ, who came down us to save;

While the song of the ransom'd, for ever they sing—

Of the grace and the love of their crucified King,
Sheffield.

J. A. DEAN.

THE MARVELLOUS CONVERSION OF AN OLD SINNER

BEING,

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF RICHARD BOYT, WHO FOUND MERCY IN HIS NINETY-THIRD YEAR.

DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST AND HIS GOSPEL.—Having read with rejoicing the record in the EARTHEN VESSEL, of the grace of God in gathering home three precious lambs of Jesus' flock in the days of youth—namely, Anna Wells, Joshua Tydeman, and Lawrence J. Smith—I have felt moved to send you a few words concerning one, whose age stands in most beautiful contrast with their youthfulness. Shewing, how our God will have his trophies, not only from all ranks, but from *all ages* of mankind. If the Lord incline you to give it a place in the magazine for December, I shall be glad. I have for many months wished to publish it. There are some living who know its truth, and will be pleased to see it printed. I am your's in unfeigned love,

T. TAYLOR BEDMAN, Jun.

Bingwood, Hants.

“How can a man be born when he is old?” So enquired Nicodemus. But we will ask, “Is anything too hard for the Lord?” He has a chosen people; and they shall be brought to him, not only in his own way, but also in his own time—whether it be at ten years old, or at ninety. “If it be marvellous in the eyes of the remnant of this people in these days, should it also be marvellous in mine eyes? saith the Lord of hosts.” Zech. viii. 6. “That which I have seen, declare I unto you; and I pray it may be a comfort to some mourning, fearing Zion-seekers.

RICHARD BOYT was, I believe, a native of Sturminster Marshall, Dorset—at least, there he lived. He was a labouring man, an old man, a dark man, an illiterate man;—if I remember rightly—hardly able to read. He was a sinner, though he *would not know it*. But that was no new thing on earth before God.

In the autumn of 1851, being at that time *ninety-two years and six months old, and in good health*, he went to live with his son, at Canford Bottom, near Wimborne, Dorset. Poor, worthless I, having at the same time removed to Wimborne, did, in November, 1851, commence Thursday-evening preaching in the house of his son, who was a member of the Baptist church in Wimborne. When the old man heard that I was going to preach there, he said he should go to bed; he did not want to hear preaching. But by much persuasion, he at last consented to hear me the first time. As the Lord helped me, I spake to the people from, “We declare unto you glad tidings,” &c.; setting before them God's great love to sinners, in that, having given his beloved Son to die for sins, he had raised him from the dead, an almighty, ever-living Saviour for all who feel their need of him; and what glad tidings these were to all who *knew* that they were sinners.

Before the meeting was over, the old man wept like a child; for the Holy Spirit had *called the truth fast in his heart; and (as far*

as any living knew) for the first time in his ninety-two years and a half, he did feel that he was a poor, guilty sinner, needing pardon and salvation; and that Jesus was able to save him.

When the people were gone out, I conversed with him a little, and the tears ran down his face, as I endeavoured to tell him more of Jesus, and of his mercy to the broken-hearted sinner who came to him. He seemed overwhelmed as he confessed how he had lived all his days without God, and without any care for his own soul. His son asked if he wished he had gone to bed? But he said, No; he hoped they would meet there again; for he wanted to hear more about Jesus, and to *know that there was forgiveness for such an old sinner as himself*. And for some days he was in great distress at times, for fear it was too late for him to find mercy. I continued preaching once a week; and if no one else heard to profit, *he did*. As one alive from the dead he heard, with a soul full of attention and weeping. His son and myself rejoiced to see how anxious he was to hear of Jesus, and how humbled he was under the sense of his own sinfulness.

From that time there seemed but two things before him — that he was a guilty sinner, deserving no mercy; and that Christ was his only hope of salvation. If ever sinner knew what it was bitterly to mourn over sin, that old man did: and if ever penitent knew what it was to hang wholly and only on the finished work of Christ, truly so did he. His iniquities were made manifest, and he took the shame of them to himself; repentance was given, and he repented in dust and ashes; the spirit of supplication was poured out, and he came with weeping to the mercy seat; Christ was revealed, and he cast himself altogether on Christ. This genuine truth was shewn in him:

“Other refuge, have I none,—
Hangs my helpless soul on thee.”

Blessed be God he found Christ, and in him a precious Saviour. Though I have read the end of old believers, and though I have talked with saints of long experience, yet never did I meet with one so simply and entirely rested, built, and living on Christ; so utterly cut off from self and self's ways, as was this dear old man in his last days.

Ninety-two years and six months, he had lived a heathen — dark as midnight — never known to have one hour's anxiety about his own state — never known to pray one prayer for mercy. His son had often tried to reach his heart in conversation — for his son was a man of prayer, and his bowels yearned towards his grey headed parent. But all that he could ever get from him was, “I do the best I can; I dare say that it's all right; I shall get on as well as others.” But no sooner had the son brought home to him that precious truth, that

Jesus is a precious Saviour for perishing sinners, than old things manifestly passed away,—all things became new. That heart which, for four-score years and twelve, had hardened itself against God, was broken down in a day. That stubborn will, which, all those years, had ruled in strength his whole life, was subdued by the Almighty love of God. He was converted; he became as a little child; and as such, in meekness he received the kingdom of God.

I frequently proved him, with enquiries about his hope; and whether he could do anything towards saving himself? But his firm, open-hearted reply always was; "What can I do? If there was anything for me to do, I am sure I must be lost; for I am nothing but a poor, old, guilty sinner. But Christ has done it all for me. He is my Saviour; all my hope is in him, and all I can do, is to look to him." Most heartily did he ascribe it to the grace of God, and to the Holy Spirit, that he was led to seek mercy at last; and said, "that if God had not loved him, if God had not worked in his heart, if God had let him alone, he should have died as he had lived—without repentance, without pardon.

Every day seemed a year added to his spiritual life. Every day he seemed to cleave closer to Christ: for with him, the Son was making a short work on the earth. His time was spent in spiritual conversation, or in hearing the scriptures read, or in private prayer. Often in the night, his son and daughter-in-law could hear him pouring out his soul to God. It was as if he knew that his end was near.

And truly, it was not far off. At the close of December, 1851, about seven weeks after hearing the "glad tidings," he was removed to Sturminster Marshall, (because the parish would not keep him at Canford Bottom, and his son was very poor). At Sturminster, he had no opportunity of hearing the Gospel preached, nor the voices of the saints in prayer. He left Canford Bottom quite broken hearted to think how desolate he would be,—but God had provided some better thing for him. Before January, 1852, was quite past, he gathered up his feet; and his sinless spirit, leaving her old tenement of clay to be rebuilt by the hand of Jesus, rose to the mansions of bliss, for which he had believed in Jesus. Some spiritual persons, (among them, two of his own sons,) who visited him a day or two before he died, were filled with wonder and rejoicing at the power and grace of God displayed in him. They saw, and confessed, as I do this day, "This is the Lord's doing, it is marvellous in our eyes." Thus died in the simplicity of faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, RICHARD BOYT, who, in his *ninety-third* year, found pardon and peace, through the blood of the Lamb. The remembrance of him is still fresh in the hearts of some who knew him in his last days; with them, my soul shall say, — Let the Lord go forth in the chariot of his love, and make many such trophies, whether ten years old, or ninety; till all his chosen meet around his throne, to sing, "Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood; and hath made us kings and priests unto our God; unto him, be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen, and Amen!"

DEEP

THINGS BROUGHT OUT OF DARKNESS.

I HAVE to complain and say with the poor old prophet, "Woe is me, that my mother hath borne a man of strife." All because he dared not to prophecy as other prophets did; so they persecuted him, and cursed him. Those prophets that persecuted Jeremiah sought only their own gain, and the applause of the people; and so do all those men now who are not sent of God, and are destitute of the Spirit. They may preach doctrinal truths, which they may steal from their neighbour, or from the letter of the word, &c.; but they will not preach against errors, by which they are profited in worldly things. "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward" in this life—praise and pay from men.

As for me, I feel myself not worthy of any praise from men. "Praise the Lord, and pay thy vows unto the Most High." I would not seek praise of men. I often hate to hear my own name mentioned by others; and to be called "Reverend," is an offence to me. When I was youthful, and merry in the world, men praised me for many things; and my youthful companions eagerly sought after my company; but when I was cut down by the sword of justice, killed by the holy law of God, and raised again by the Spirit of life into newness of life in Christ, to feel his love, and behold his glory, I soon began to preach the same to my fellow mortals; and, like a weak child, I thought they would be delighted with these things. But O, my sad mistake and disappointment! Few cared to hear anything about my glory in Christ. Some laughed, mocked, and derided me as a crazy man; and since that time, in every place where I have been preaching the life, love and glory of Christ, I have been persecuted in every place, either directly or indirectly; and as my adorable Lord and Redeemer was most fiercely persecuted, by chief priests and pharisees, because he preached against hypocrisy and false gain, so in truth I have met with more persecution from professors of religion, than from all the jolly, merry, non-professing ungodlies.

But for the last few years, open, and outward persecution has in some measure ceased; and perhaps some begin to think me too hard to make any impression on; and so their bombardings have slackened; and perhaps they do not think me worth powder and shot, now I am growing old. Nevertheless, the old adversary is very restless, because I sometimes speak against some of his filth and trash, left within the outer walls of our visible city on earth; so that he has endeavored to undermine me in my own house, and blow me up with gunpowder. But, "bless the Lord, O my soul! he is still my Strong Tower, and Place of Defence: I shall not be greatly moved." Nevertheless, I often have despatches sent to me, to frighten me, the same as they try to frighten children, by saying "the old Poga-man is coming!" Those despatches are *anonymous letters*, that I frequently receive; some small rather high

—as if they came from a fox's den; others smell of gunpowder and brimstone, as if they came from the dark cave; but some others appear to be sent to comfort me in my affliction, and smell rather sweet—as if they came from the valley where the rose of Sharon blossoms, and sweet spices grow. Still, I am not fond of anonymous letters of any kind; I had rather they would append their names, whoever send them.

And now, it would be too intrusive to cram all I receive into an EARTHEN VESSEL; it might do it an injury. I will here give the substance of two which recently came in nearly at one time. For, as my anonymous communicants give me no opportunity of replying to them, or making my defence, nor of answering them through the post, I hope I shall be granted the privilege of speaking into an EARTHEN VESSEL, which may send its echoes into their domiciles, and let them know I am still alive, and in my watch tower, to see what cometh. The following is the substance of two late despatches, without names.

“Reverend Mr. Garrard.—I am surprised and astonished that you can venture to state from your pulpit that the Almighty God hath said certain things which you mention to your hearers from time to time, which are nowhere mentioned in the blessed Word—conversations and announcements, of which no one has any knowledge but yourself. Reverend Mr. Garrard, the Papists themselves never dare go so far as you do. They say that certain angels and saints have said this and that; but they never have been so bold and daring as to put words into the mouth of the eternal Jehovah. Have you forgotten the tremendous word—Rev. xxii. 18—‘If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book.’ Reverend Mr. Garrard, your sermons are divided into two parts: one part consists in abuse of church ministers; so that you are mocking God's work in God's people, and blaspheming against the Holy Ghost in his people here. Then follows conversations and sayings which you invent, respecting the Almighty. Reverend Mr. Garrard, remember the solemn woes pronounced for such doings—Ez. xiii. 3—‘Woe to the foolish prophets that follow their own spirits, and have seen nothing. But thus saith the Lord of hosts: Hearken not unto the words of these prophets, that prophecy unto you: they make you vain,’ &c. Reverend Mr. Garrard, one day you will know better: I pray it may be in time: these things will not do for a dying hour. I shall attend your preaching, and you will hear again. Reverend Mr. Garrard,

“A WELL-WISHER TO YOUR SOUL.”

But now, how can this poor angry man be sincere, or consistent in his prayer? For, if a man hath committed “the great transgression,” “the sin unto death,” his awful doom is irrevocably sealed. John saith,—“There is a sin unto death: I do not say that you pray for it; but we know that whosoever is born of God, doth not sin—viz., not that sin against the Holy Ghost”—the sin unto eternal death. But he that is begotten of

God, keepeth himself, and the wicked one toucheth him not. Now, Jesus is the only Begotten of the Father, and he kept himself from sin. Satan had nothing in him—therefore could not touch him, to destroy the Divine life in him; neither can he touch, to destroy, that eternal life, in the souls of those who are quickened and born of the eternal Spirit—created anew, and preserved in Christ Jesus; because “their life is hid with Christ in God;” in the Divine Godhead itself; “and that eternal life that was with the Father, was manifested unto us,” and is in the happy souls born of God. Therefore, it seems a very loose and vague expression, to pray that I may be in time; because eternal life in Christ had no beginning in his Divine nature; and he says that he gives eternal life unto his sheep; and that they shall never perish, nor any man pluck them out of his or his Father's hand.

And as for the charge that this poor man brings against me, that I have “stated certain things” in my pulpit, which are nowhere stated in the Word of God, such a charge would not be heard in any honorable court among men; because, here I am charged with certain things, and these certain things are not named; neither does this witness against me give his name. Therefore, any honest jury would say, “No bill; it is only a slander; turn the man out of the court.”

Therefore, to charge me with blasphemy for speaking occasionally against some Popish errors, when I am expounding the Scriptures—(which are very severe against them)—is not so much like blasphemy, in my opinion, as this poor man's angry anonymous letter. But if the writer will come face to face, I will tell him how I was convinced of sin, how I was wounded, and how I was healed; how I was killed, and how I was made alive; how I received the Holy Ghost, and how I received Christ Jesus the Lord in my heart—the hope of glory; how I was called by grace, and how I was called to preach the gospel; and if he be an honest, God-fearing man, or a minister, (I believe he is a minister), it will be only fair and honest for him to give me some account of himself, his experience, and what he knows of these things.

As for my blasphemy against the Holy Ghost in church ministers, this is quite false. For we that have received the Spirit of truth, “can do nothing against the truth,” but rather for the truth. And the Holy Spirit of truth, in those that are born of the Spirit, never bears witness against himself, nor against the truth in others; but rather against sin and error, either in men of high degree or low degree; and against sin in our own vile nature. The Lord forbid that I should speak against the truth of the gospel, or against any faithful ministers of the gospel. I love all ministers of truth, and the truth in them; but if some men or ministers imitate Popish errors, contrary to the Word of God, and contend for them, because worldly interest and “provision for the flesh” stand in the way,—it is the error that I speak against, “because no lie is of the truth;” and not against men's precious souls; not the Spirit of God that may be found in them, but rather

against errors, prevarications, and dissimulations. For when even Peter dissembled, "Paul (nobly) withstood him to the face." I do no more.

Now, I would seriously advise this poor man to send me another letter, and subscribe his name, and plainly state the "certain things" which he says I have stated, contrary to the Holy Scriptures; and I humbly and solemnly tell him, that if I am convinced of my error, that I will confess it to him, and in public assembly; and I trust be sorry for my sin, and thank him for pointing it out to me; for I am no infallible Pope, to anathematize him; though—poor man!—he has taken upon himself the Pope's office, to anathematize me. But we are commanded "to bless, and curse not;" and, bless the poor man! I will not curse him, nor do him any harm; though I perceive that he wrote his letter in a taunting and angry mode, and in his own spirit, by his sneeringly calling me "Reverend, Reverend, Reverend,"—a title I take not to myself, nor wish to give it to others. And as for him saying that he should attend my preaching, was only to cover himself under a cloak more obscurely; for not many Reverend clergymen will enter my old chapel, to hear my clumsy preaching. But the Lord knows my heart, that I am not angry with the poor, misguided man; but rather pity his weakness. May the Lord instruct him, bless him, and save his poor soul eternally!

Though, indeed, I must think that the poor man is very rash, to charge me with blasphemy, for occasionally speaking against Popish errors, as I attempt to expound the Scriptures. I know that some will say,— "When we are at Rome, we must do as the people do at Rome." A woman may say,— "Cannot I be a good, virtuous, and honest servant in a b——, and be justified in living there, if the situation is very lucrative?" It might be possible; but we should say, she is in rather a suspicious situation, and her honesty and virtue would be suspected. So some may say, "Cannot I be an honest and good servant, and preach the truth, though I conform to some Popish errors?" I should say, Friend, you are in rather a suspicious situation; and though it may be possible that you might preach some truth, yet, if you protested against the errors and iniquity practised there, you might lose both your situation and your high wages. For, if the woman is a virtuous and honest servant in a b——, she dare not to open her mouth against the errors and iniquities of the place; no more than some persons, who preach some truth, dare open their mouth against some errors which they have sworn to; and if some unregenerate, ungodly men, are daring and bold enough to swear that they are moved by the Holy Ghost to preach the gospel, when it is manifest they are rather moved by their own spirit of pride, idleness, and covetousness,—which looks most like blasphemy, think you? and which is the greatest sin—to testify against these things—or to conform to them for gain? Come, be honest! And are some men daring enough to take infants in their arms, and tell the Almighty that they then

"yield him hearty thanks" for regenerating the infant through their sprinkling it—when multitudes prove the contrary in their life and death? I should say, this looks more like attempting to put "words into the mouth of the eternal Jehovah," and then taking them out again; and say, "the Lord saith, when he hath not said."

Again: If some men can take the oath against what is called *Simony*, which points all ways against buying and selling livings, and then openly buy and sell Church livings by auction, and publish them in the newspapers—which do you think looks most like blasphemy and presumption—protesting against these things, or practising them with impunity? And which do you think will be the best for a dying hour? Many ministers have lamented in their dying hour that they have not been honest enough; but none of the martyrs ever regretted speaking against God-dishonouring, Popish errors.

I am fearful that I shall be too tedious; but must give the other letter, that came in nearly at the same time:—

"Esteemed Friend.—You perhaps may be surprised at receiving these few lines; but I cannot help telling you how inexpressibly thankful I feel that the blessed Lord has led you, of late, more fully to speak of the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the all-sufficiency of his atoning blood, which alone is able to administer comfort to the poor tempest-tossed child of God. I know it is the only antidote, both in soul troubles and temporal trials also. For in soul troubles, what can render us any comfort but Jesus? And in temporal trials, also, what comfort is there, only that which runs through that pure channel? Poor, sensible sinners, that are led to see, that in and of themselves they are nothing but sin and misery, yet in Christ they are comely, through the comeliness that he hath put upon them—will they not love to hear him preached? Yes; and the dear child of God, who can only 'see men as trees walking,' what can clear their misty sight but Jesus? And those that are afraid to speak of him, lest they should be thought hypocrites, and presumptuous, what can strengthen them but Jesus? And those that are extremely tried, and like poor peevish Jonah, in the whale's belly all the week, what can bring them forth but Jesus? May the Lord enable you more and more to preach Jesus, and see the effects following to poor, guilty man, through his atoning blood, is the sincere prayer of your unworthy servant."

The former letter did not oppress my soul in the least; and the latter did not puff me up; though, indeed, I received some little comfort from both. From the former, to believe that I was persecuted for truth and righteousness' sake; and from the latter, to believe that I do not altogether labour in vain; and I now feel, more than ever I did, a great thirst for the conversion of souls to Christ, and their deliverance from error; and pray, God that my latter days may be more devoted to his service, and spent more to his glory, in winning souls to Christ. Verily so. Amen.

WILLIAM GARRARD.

Leicester, Nov. 3 1854.

THE MANIFOLD

MYSTERY OF MERCY MANIFESTED.

MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST.—The Rock of ages,—the Redeemer of Israel,—the Representative of the righteous in the royal courts above,—the Refuge of the destitute,—the Righteousness of the guilty, made to tremble before him, yet, taught to trust in him alone,—the Rest of weary pilgrims “travelling to their Father’s home,”—and the Rejoicing of all that know and love him,—knowing these things experimentally, we cannot refrain from acknowledging the truthfulness and blessedness of the apostle’s testimony, “God, who is rich in mercy.” For be it remembered that Jehovah, the glorious Creator of all that being hath,—sin only excepted,—is rich in thought,—in mind,—in pleasure,—in purpose,—in plan,—in power,—in wisdom,—in knowledge,—in understanding,—in love,—in truth,—in grace, and in mercy. Infinitely and inconceivably rich; as in glory, so in grace, and as in might, so in mercy, is the Lord our God. Unspeakably glorious are the works of mercy,—the whisperings of mercy,—and the witnessings of mercy. Mercy works marvellously in the soul,—mysteriously in secret,—and mightily in the sanctuary. Mercy is not only known in her manifold works, but by her melodious whisperings; for when the storm is raging, she secretly whispers, “It is I,”—when sorrows rise, she softly whispers, “Peace, be still,”—and when sighs and supplications reach the eternal throne, she sweetly whispers, “Fear not, I am with thee.” And while the believer in Jesus searches the sacred Scriptures, mercy silently witnesseth within him, to assure his heart of the truth of all God’s testimonies, and of his individual interest in all Jehovah’s yea and amen promises, whereby his soul is happily warned “with love to God.” And while his solemn songs of grateful praise ascend “to God on high,” mercy witnesseth that they are accepted as the “thank-offerings of righteousness.” And, moreover, while his steadfastness in Christ is made manifest, mercy witnesseth heaven’s high approval thereof. May the mercy of the Lord, which is from everlasting to everlasting, make us meet for “*the inheritance of the saints in light.*” Notwithstanding the vast and awful amount of daring opposition manifested against the gospel of the ever-blessed God, we cannot but rejoice, that the truth as it is Jesus, shall eventually triumph over all its adversaries, and cause its glory to be seen in the heart-felt experience of “*all the election of grace.*” The aged and Spirit-led Simeon, who not only “*waited for the consolation of Israel,*” but, saw the salvation of God with exceeding joy, solemnly spoke of the Saviour as “a sign” that should be spoken against, that the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed. And verily the prophecy of Simeon hath been amazingly fulfilled, inasmuch as the thoughts of many have been revealed, disclosed, declared, and made known by Christ Jesus, our Lord. For by his ancient appointment as Head and Husband, Surety

and Substitute,—Saviour and Strength,—Peace and Portion of the church, Jehovah’s thoughts of love have been revealed;—yea, by his birth at Bethlehem,—by his crucifixion on Calvary,—by his death determined and decreed, for the destruction of sin, and the deliverance of sinners,—by his enthronement in the highest heavens, and in the humbled hearts of all the chosen, contrite seed,—by his fulness which filleth all in all,—and by his glorious greatness as Prince of peace, and Prince of praises too,—the grace thoughts of God, the admiring and adoring thoughts of angels, the dark designing thoughts of devils, the unclean thoughts of the ungodly, the wrathful thoughts of the wicked, the holy and hidden thoughts of the humble, the peaceful thoughts of the pure in heart, and the secret thoughts of sinners saved by grace, have been made manifest. Yes, sinners saved by rich and sovereign grace, rejoice in that the thoughts of the Lord are made known by the glorious triumphs of Christ over all the guilt-gathered and sin-strengthened troops of darkness and destruction. Truly, Christ crucified is the greatest wonder of heaven, of earth, and hell. Considering what stands connected with the crucifixion of Christ, we may well exclaim,—

“Great God of wonders! all thy ways
Are matchless, wondrous and Divine;
But the fair glories of thy grace
More wondrous, and unrivall’d shine.
Who is a pard’ning God like thee?
Or, who has grace so rich and free?”

Paul, writing to Timothy, his son in the faith, declares himself to have been “*a pattern of the long-suffering of God*,” hence we may justly and profitably look at him as one of the blood-bought trophies of Immanuel’s conquest; and in so doing we shall perceive—the Lord being our Teacher—that he was a grace-arrested and a grace-distinguished sinner;—

“For thus the eternal counsel ran:
Almighty grace! arrest that man!”

And, at the word Divine he was arrested as a wanderer from the Lord, as a debtor deep in debt, seeking to evade his pursuing creditors, and as a criminal offender against the inexorable, uncompromising law. He was a grace-moved sinner, moved to cry, moved with fear, moved by faith, from sin to flee, and to life’s fountain moved to flee;—he was a grace-taught sinner in the school of Christ, being made wise at the feet of wisdom, mercy, and truth, unto salvation, which he freely obtained, “*without money and without price.*” or in other words, without works or worthiness,—he was a grace-justified sinner, being honorably acquitted from all law charges; therefore, his person being accepted, his plea was approved, “It is Christ that died.”

Moreover, he was a grace-filled vessel of mercy, and thereof he certified to the saints at Rome, saying, “*I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth,*”—he was a grace-governed son, subject, and

servant of the Lord Jesus, who had delivered him from the government, dominion and thralldom of satan's kingdom; he was a grace-honored witness for the gospel and glory of Christ, whom he preached with unbounded assurance, undaunted boldness, unshaken confidence, unwavering decision, and undenyng zeal;—and he was also a grace-kept wonder among the numerous enemies of the cross and crown of his adorable Redeemer.

I am glad that you are made to sympathise with the suffering servants of the Son of God. How cheering and comforting to the cast down ministers of Jesus Christ is the consideration, that God is neither forgetful nor unmindful of their work of faith, their labor of love, their travail of soul, their patience of hope, their bondage, darkness, and heaviness of spirit, their temptations in the flesh, their afflictions in the gospel, their anxieties in the church, their sorrows in secret, and their oft misgivings touching their own state and standing in Christ. * *

I am thankful that the Lord has mercifully taught you his truth, shewed you his salvation, filled you with his fear, and kept you walking in wisdom's ways, which are pleasantness and peace. May the God of all grace crown your gatherings together for his worship, with the glory of his presence, as the Father of lights, and Fount of love. Remember me affectionately to the partner of your sorrows and joys; and when faith and love are in full exercise, bear me in your remembrance before the throne, where Jesus makes his glories known. And believe me to be your soul's well-wisher in Him,

Chelsea.

JOHN STENSON.

A SHARP ATTACK,
AND
A SWEET DELIVERANCE.

MY DEAR PARENTS.—It is gloomy November, and I feel this afternoon as I often do—as gloomy, and as dull as the weather. When Jesus hides his face, and grace is not in sweet act and exercise, everything to me wears a gloomy aspect here below. This world is a blank—all things are *fading, changing, and passing away*—there is nothing *solid, substantial, or soul-satisfying here*; but much on the contrary to *annoy, distress and perplex*. In a word, I live, daily to learn more and more the fact, “*that it is polluted.*” Yes; and what is worse, I am polluted throughout; a lump of sin, and a mass of corruption; and what I see in the world, and feel in myself, makes me daily sigh and groan. Thus it is we learn by experience the promise true—“In the world ye shall have tribulation.” But how sweet and blessed to the tried, tempest-tossed, sin-plagued and satan-harassed child of God, sometimes to realise the bright side of the promise, “In me ye shall have peace.” But we must be driven out of every other refuge, before we shall truly prize “the Refuge for the oppressed.” O, blessed be God! I can say, I trust he is not only a *Refuge*, and the *only Refuge*, but he is *my Refuge*; and from a

felt necessity he is dear; so that I can address him in the language of Mrs. Steele,

“ Dear Refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise,
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.”

He is not only a Refuge, he is a *Friend*; the “*Friend*, that sticketh closer than a brother.” But that is not enough. I hope it is my blessed privilege to take a higher standing; sometimes feelingly so; and sing, “This is *my Beloved*, and *my Friend*; he is a rich Friend, a kind Friend, a faithful Friend, a sympathising Friend, and an *almighty*, and *unchangeable Friend*.”

“ When most we need his helping hand,
This Friend is always near.”

I am persuaded we learn a great deal more of the suitability and preciousness of Christ in a *rough path*, than we do in the smooth. Job *learnt much, and lost much*, in the furnace of affliction; he learnt *how vile and weak he was*, and how *gracious to support, faithful to sustain*, and *almighty to deliver*, his covenant God was; and he lost nothing but his dress and his tin; his self-sufficiency and self-righteousness was burnt up in the fire; but he *himself* came out as gold. Job and Jonah, David and Jeremiah, are my best companions. I see they have been in deep places; and if it was not for God's precious Word, and the path described there, I should certainly conclude something strange had happened unto me. The Lord gives me such a daily sense of my innate depravity, of the fountain of impurity within, coupled with the allurement of the world, and strong and continued temptations of the wicked one, that were it not for the *everlasting love, powerful, meritorious blood, and efficacious grace* of the eternal, Three-in-One Jehovah, I should certainly be overcome, break out into open sin, and be carried away as with a flash. But—blessed be God!—I have reason to sing with Watts,

“ Almighty mercy guards my life,
And bounds his raging power.”

Jesus knows how to sympathise with the tempted soul, and how to deliver him. I had a proof of this last Lord's-day, in the evening. Mr. H. spoke in the morning from that most consoling portion, “Fear not, Abraham; I am thy shield, and exceeding great reward.” He described the field of conflict; the warfare within; and spoke most precious of Christ as the believer's invincible Shield; so that my soul was much encouraged; I could say feelingly, “*He is precious.*” But in the evening I had to prove him; for I was never so sharply attacked by the enemy before as I was then. As soon as I sat down in the house of God, such darkness and gloom came over my mind, attended with such hardness and rebellion of feeling, that I could do nothing but sigh, and inwardly groan. The enemy presented to my view all the dark parts of my life—suggested to my mind that I had begun wrong—I had deceived myself, and the people of God; that I had better there and then give up my office and membership; for I was only

adding sin to sin—mocking God; that I should prove an awful apostate; and that my lamp would go out in obscure darkness, and everlasting perdition be my portion. The text Mr. H. was speaking from was, "Is there anything too hard for the Lord?" Yes; said the devil in my soul—there is; he will never save a reprobate: your heart is too hard for the Lord. One remark seemed for a time to encourage, and lift up my soul, and make the enemy draw back; it was *this*,—"Floods of innate depravity may rise, and roll over the spark of Divine grace within, but can never destroy it." Hope sprang up in my soul, that the spark was there; but again enveloped in gloom, down I sank. Only those who know what it is, can possibly enter into my feelings; sing, I could not, my soul sunk within me. In this state, I went home, with sin and Satan raging in my breast; I sat down to have a bit of supper, after which, I generally read and pray; but the enemy pursued me closer—"Don't attempt to pray with such feelings;" "the prayer of the wicked is an abomination." I at first felt ready to comply with the wicked one; when these words came to my relief: "Yet will I look again." This led me to think of poor Jonah crying out of the belly of hell. I was enabled to take up the weapon of all prayer, and never did I experience the preciousness of Jesus as a shield from the enemy as I did then:

"This precious promise broke the snare,
And made the fiend to fly"—

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with every temptation make a way for your escape, that ye may be able to bear it." O, this precious Jesus stands at the right hand of the poor, to save him from the judges of his soul. He did indeed make the storm a calm, for his rebukes soon make the tempter flee. O the blessed change! one hour as it were under the foot of the enemy, with all the comforts of my spiritual life smitten down to the ground, the next with the foot of faith and hope treading down the foe, triumphing in the imparted strength and grace of the great deliverer. Three things by experience, I bless the Lord, I proved by this trial—(1) my own entire weakness; (2) the devil to be a liar; and (3) the faith, fulness, sympathy, and succour of my glorious shield;

"He knows what sore temptations mean."
That daring and malicious foe ventured to attack, in open encounter, the great Son of God himself:

"Say, could the tempter try
To shake a tree so sound, so green?
Good God! defend the dry."

Very sweet this hymn of Hart's has been to me, especially the last verse—

"But here's our point of rest,
Though hard the battle seem—
Our Captain stood the fiery test,
And we shall stand through him."

That he may be our glorious Shield and Sun
all the desert through, to the happy shore
where fierce and foul temptations can never
reach us, is the prayer of your affectionate
on,
GEORGE.

ENCOURAGEMENT

FOR THE SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

"We wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." Eph. xii. 6.

Nor against flesh and blood,
But 'gainst the powers of air,
The dark and subtle fiends
That tempt us to despair;
These are the foes that came to fight,
And challenge every child of light.

Rulers of darkness dare
To fright each new born soul;
But, trembling one, look up!
Jehovah can control,
And chain these lions, tho' they roar;
The victory's thine, believe! adore!

The fight, the fight is good,
And tho' thy reason fail,
Imagination reel,
Thy foes shall not prevail;
The promise stands "Who trusts in me,
Shall even more than conqueror be."

Thy Lord, oh, tempted soul,
Was by the Spirit led,
Temptations to endure,
And was by angels fed.
He stood the fire, he conquer'd all,
Nor will he suffer thee to fall.

Tho' heaven and earth may pass,
With all their countless host;
Immutable remains
The word in which we boast:
Oh, Satan, prove that word untrue,
And we'll give credence then to you.

"Ye shall not be ashamed,
Tho' endless ages roll,
I'll ever be the same
To thee, oh, trusting soul;
I spann'd the skies, I form'd the flood,
And I'll remember thee for good."

When as a mighty flood,
The enemy comes in;
I'll send thee succour down,
I will withhold from sin:
And tho' he tempt thee to deceive,
His lies ye never shall believe.

We wrestle Lord, and pray
'Gainst stern, terrific foes;
Reason will not avail
To soothe our bitter woes;
Oh, send us help, thy captives free,
Or call us home to rest with thee.

Nay, nay, methinks a voice
Is heard—"Go on, endure,
And weep, and wrestle on,
Make your election sure.
The worldling here at ease may be,
But life's a battle field to thee."

Fight the good fight of faith,
And grasp eternal life;
"My kingdom must be won
By agonizing strife;
Oh soldiers of my cross, be bold,
O'ercome, and seize a crown of gold."

Some only call me Lord,
And they too live at ease;
The dark, infernal powers
Seldom molest, or tease;
And tho' they scorn my trembling saints,
I have an ear for their complaints.

Endure but to the end,
Tho' tribulation press,
In glory, soon I'll come,
My little ones to bless,
And wipe their weary, weeping eyes.
And they shall triumph in the skies.

Pinner. A. E. LEX.

THE HOUR OF THE SON OF GOD.

MARK XIV. 41.

THE hour is come, the hour predicted long,
The theme, the substance of prophetic song,
Inspired hards beheld it, and foretold,
Messiah, by a traitor should be sold.

The hour is come, behold the ruffian band
Await the signal from the traitor's hand,
A kiss, the vaunted pledge of friendship dear,
At length becomes the poison-pointed spear.

The hour is come, the suff'ring Saviour see
Sweat drops of blood in sad Gethsemane;
How great his anguish, grief knew no control—
Like melted wax he poured forth his soul.

The hour is come, oh, let it pass away,
This bitter cup remove, my Father! pray;
Yet not my will, let thine alone be done,
Oh, strike the dreadful blow, spare not thy son.

The hour is come, my Father gives the cup,
Shall I refuse to drink the dregs quite up!
Oh no, my God, 't was for this hour I came,
And now, O Father, glorify thy name.

The hour is come, the scriptures are fulfill'd,
The sacrificial Lamb must now be kill'd;
Justice unsheaths her sword, to drink the blood
Of the pure, spotless, holy Lamb of God.

The hour is come, behold him on the cross,
Hear the soul-piercing cries of sore remorse,
My God! my God! thou hast forsaken me,
Thy floods o'erwhelm, thy face I cannot see.

The hour is come! The dreadful deed is done!
Too dreadful to be witness'd by the sun,
His blushing is veil'd, his light witheld,
And Satan and his court, in triumph yell'd.

The hour is come, the op'ning graves proclaim
Their consternation, at this deed of shame;
The whole earth quakes, the Temple rends its veil,
All nature is convuls'd, its powers fail.

The hour is come; lo, Satan undecieved,
Lets fall the laurel he so late achieved;
The monster's head receives a dreadful blow,
The rising Saviour tramples on his foe.

The hour is come, the grave cannot detain,
The rising conqueror mounts earth's hostile plain,
To chosen witnesses, himself he shews,
Holds to their view the scars receiv'd from foes.

The hour is come, behold the chosen few
Are come together, the last scene to view;
The ascending Saviour mounts the hills of light,
The clouds enrobe him, and he's out of sight.

Mount Zion.

JOHN CURTIS.

THE PERFECTION OF LOVE.

PART II.

"Who was delivered for our offences, and was raised again for our justification." Rom. iv. 25.

Love's perfection! O believer
Its sure progress onward view;
Gaze, then flee thy lusts for ever;
Offer up thine Isaac, too.
What! not willing!
Love gives e'en it's life for you.

Yes, on Calvary's awful summit,
Jesus hangs, of God accused!
Heav'n's white throne now bears him on it,
Angels wait his grand behest.

Rebel nations,
'Neath his wrath's to pieces dash'd.

Love now droops his head with suffering,
Ah! he welters in his blood!
Hark! the sons of light arc ut't'ring
Hallelujahs to their God.
Worlds unnumbered
Wait the great Jehovah's nod.

Now the nauseous drink they offer—
Far less bitter than his soul:
Jesus thirsts, but not for water;
Thirsts to ransom man from hell.
Love's perfection
I, too, thirst its acts to tell.

Love now speaks! my soul, oh listen
Even God smiles at the sound!
Sin is finished! man's transgression
Never, never can be found.
Love hath drowned it!
Tell it all the isles around.

All redemption's work's completed!
Hell's strong anchor-hold is gone;
E'en it's wily king's defeated,
Love hath all his schemes o'erthrown.
Love's perfection!
Who can tell what it it hath done?

Am I now by sin o'ertaken?
Sink I in temptation's flood?
Love, in heav'n's high courts stands pleading,
"Cloth'd in vesture dipp'd in blood."
Love's perfection
Pleads, and gains its suit with God.

KING OF KINGS, is grav'd upon it,
Speaking loud of victories won;
LORD OF LORDS, is also on it,
Shewing he is God alone.
Love's perfection
Died, yet fills th' eternal throne.

Love now reigns in regal glory;
"Christ (my Saviour) dies no more;"
Countless myriads shout him worthy,
Countless myriads bow t' adore.
O sweet Jesus!
Call, ere long, my spirit there.
AUTHOR OF THE "CLOSET COMPANION."

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. LUCKIN,

Minister of Woodbridge Chapel, Clerkenwell,

BY ONE OF HIS MEMBERS.

Go, highly-favored herald of the cross!
Go forth in Jesus' name, and still proclaim
The glorious news of rich, free, sovereign grace,
Nor fear to suffer shame, reproach or loss.

No sordid motive prompts thy lips to tell
Of love Divine, unmerited and free;
Of Him, who came with ruined man to dwell,
Of Him who died upon Mount Calvary's tree.

Oh, may the Spirit often lead thy mind
To contemplate the beauties of thy Lord!
In sweet communion may'th' thou daily find
That peace which God hath promised in his Word.

And when that promise, "I will meet with thee,
From off the mercy-seat"—shall be fulfilled,
May some petition, breathed by thee for me,
Avail with Christ, who says, "Ask what thou wilt."

If prayer can reach the Majesty on high,
(And well I know that Jesus answers prayer),
I'll pray that God may bless thy ministry,
And make immortal souls thy anxious care.

And when the tempter, with his fiery dart,
Would try to force thee from the Saviour's side,
Remember, Jesus bears thee on his heart,
The hand that holds thee is "THE CRUCIFIED."

That hand shall guide thee safe, and bring thee
through
This wilderness, to Canaan's blissful road;
Heaven's glories soon shall burst upon thy view,
And thou adore a Triune God.

J.

DR. CUMMING

ON THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT, AND ON
SPIRITUAL WORSHIP.*(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)*

DEAR SIR.—Two of your correspondents have recently passed some severe strictures upon Dr. Cumming's ministerial labours and theology.

From the tenor and general bearing of your correspondent's letter, David Pegg, of Claxton, I am persuaded that ignorance alone of Dr. Cumming's Theological Works has caused him to write so unfairly; but that your anonymous correspondent should have trespassed so far in violation of christian courtsey and civility, I am surprised, especially as he has chosen the very questionable signature of "A Watchman on the Walls." Critiques are excellent when founded upon truth; but when written solely for the purpose of finding fault, they become a pest, and in religious matters, "worketh not the righteousness of God;" and although Dr. Cumming may not be able to please every individual, his theology and christian consistency will, I am quite sure, when faithfully examined, bear a comparison with many.

Query.—Is the "Watchman on the Walls" the same individual who, under the signature "B," made some very absurd remarks upon Dr. Cumming's "Expository Readings," in a monthly periodical called *The Baptist Magazine*? If he is the same person, Dr. Cumming has a few words for him in his preface to his "Readings on Luke."

Upon David Pegg's strictures however allow me to say, I wish he had noticed that upon the cover of Dr. Cumming's pamphlet, entitled, "What think ye of Christ?" there are the following lines: "These questions are personal, practical, and pointed; they are designed to suggest trains of inquiry in which every human being has a deep interest, and to indicate answers of peace." Now, I can hardly conceive from this, that the Doctor intended those questions to be substitutes for thought. This being so, why all this expression of feeling? Dr. Cumming in one of his works called "The Comforter; or, Thoughts on the Influence of the Holy Spirit," endorses to an extent, even David Pegg's theology; for if the latter will be kind enough to turn to pages 76-7, he will find the following: "None can convince the heart of sin but the Holy Ghost; the preacher may carry the judgment, some providential stroke may impress the feelings; but the Holy Spirit alone can impress the heart with that deep and indelible sense which in John xvi. 8—11, is declared to be one of his great functions, and on which is laid the foundation of the hopes and the salvation of all that believe." Again—(pp. 155-56.) of the minister, the Dr. writes, "So in the Christian system, there is a province where man, (the minister) can do much, and there is a province above that where Christ, his Master, must do all, or nothing can be done effectually. * * * I believe that the great secret of the innumerable errors of the day is, that we have not made a strict line of demarcation between what man, the minister,

can do, and ought to do, and what the Lord the Spirit alone can, and will, do, when and how he pleases." And then, after an elaborate treatise on the Holy Spirit as a Remembrancer, &c., concludes at page 160 thus, "Let all our theology be comprehended in this, no justifying righteousness except in Christ; no regenerative power but in the Holy Spirit; no church upon earth, the way to heaven, but Christ alone; the Bible without a clasp; the throne of grace with infinite welcome; heaven with all its glory not bestowed, or won, by might or power, but by the Holy Ghost." Not very bad theology, friend Pegg, is it?

"Watchman on the Walls" complains that the Dr. has written a "Guide to Family Devotion." I have not as yet seen that collection, but having by me a small volume called, "Dr. Cumming's Manual of Family Prayer," I beg to quote the Doctor's preface: "The following forms are not meant to supersede extemporaneous prayer, still less that worship which is in spirit. It is not the mode of praying that is the chief thing, far more important is the man that prays. A spiritual man will worship in spirit and truth through a form; and a natural man will pray in the letter without a form; the Spirit of God alone can enable any man to pray." The Dr. then takes the Lord's prayer as the model of those submitted to the public. I should like to make quotations, but fear to tax your columns too much; suffice it however to say, that the Doctor's idea of true prayer is as beautifully defined by the late James Montgomery, in his verses commencing,

"Prayer is the soul's sincere desire," &c.

doubtless, well known to your correspondents, and repeatedly quoted by the Dr. in his sermons, &c. (vide Lectures on Daniel, pp. 298-99; Readings on Mark, p. 175, &c.) And considering that many individuals have a very erroneous notion as to what true prayer consists of; that many think that true prayer consists in the use of fine phrases, beautiful idioms, rich similes, and fine eloquence; I think instead of charging Dr. Cumming with publishing prayers with the same intent as those having the imprimatur and reimprimatur of the ecclesiastical authority of the holy see, we ought to feel obliged to the Dr. for striving, as a minister of the gospel, to lead people's minds from such Romish dogmas to adopt the model set us by our Lord. Query—Did not John the Baptist teach his disciples how to pray? Luke xi. 1.

To David Pegg and the "Watchman on the Walls," I will only add, that if there exists with them a slight distinction in the visible church to which they belong, to that in which Dr. Cumming labours, that all distinction at the judgment morn will be abolished, and as the Dr. beautifully has it in his "Lectures for the Times," (p. 337,) "Attendant angels will enquire, 'what are these, and whence came they?' And the answer, in reference to those who are about to enter the kingdom of glory, will not be, these are worshippers from St. Paul's, these are worshippers from St. George's, these are from the English, and those from the Scotch church, these are from Surrey Chapel; these are dissenters, those are churchmen: but

the response that will come from the Judge upon the throne, and from the redeemed myriads around him, will be simply this, 'these are they that have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, therefore are they before the throne.' This I presume is scriptural. (Rev. vii. 14, 15.)

Commercial Road, CHARLES ELLIS.
Lambeth.

P.S.—I beg it to be distinctly understood Dr. Cumming has no knowledge that I have presumed to speak a word on his behalf; the Dr., (it is well known,) is quite able to defend his own theology and character. I merely write facts as I find them.

A FEW

WORDS ON BEHALF OF DR. CUMMING.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Will you allow a friend to say a few words upon the "Watchman's" "Critical Enquiry into the Vitality of Dr. Cumming's Christianity?"

Amidst much that is good and truthful in the "Watchman's" remarks, I conceive there is a want of discernment, and "love, which thinketh no evil."

Those remarks affect the Dr. upon three points—his *Christianity*, his *ministry*, and his *high position*. A word upon each.

Friend Pegg, in his remarks, does not invalidate the Dr.'s Christianity—only exposes his perversions of truth. But the "Watchman" goes a few steps farther, and assails his uprightness before God; for, notwithstanding the "Watchman's" desire to speak and write charitably, he does write uncharitably. He does not believe the Dr. is a regenerate man. Well, if he is not, he must be "dead in trespasses and sins," and at enmity with God, equally with Cardinal Wiseman, his great antagonist.

Now, I conceive this is that rash judgment our Lord censures in Matt. vii. 1, 2. To point out the defects of a man's theology, or manner of preaching, is one thing; but to insinuate that the man has never been converted, and is not a gracious character, is another and a different thing altogether. This, sir, is the great evil among writers and preachers of the present day. Read, for instance, the angry contentions of some of our leading men of late—such as Messrs. Tryon, Philpot, Osbourn, and others. Each cashiers the others from the gospel vineyard, either as graceless characters, or dead letter men, under a covenant of works.

I do not believe, Mr. Editor, you have any sympathy with such persons, or such practices. At best, it is but unhallowed warfare, and a waste of time and talent, which might be better employed against our common enemies. It is more than probable the Dr. could give a Scriptural reason of the hope that is within him, if he were asked in a courteous manner; and as for his preaching, I would say, every man has his proper gift of God, and his allotted sphere of usefulness. Dr. Cumming may not be employed upon the walls of Zion, after the manner and method of

the Leicester "Watchman;" and yet he may be a true, loyal subject of the King of kings; and if you forbid him, *positively or negatively*, expressly or by implication, you are only doing the very thing you wrote against awhile ago, in the VESSEL.

Some of God's ministers are raised to a high position in the world, to defend the outworks of Christianity; amongst whom I would hope the Dr. is one. He may not have raised himself, but have been exalted by the very same Providence that lowers others; and we read, "*A man's gifts make room for him, and set him before great men.*" And could you follow the Dr. into his study, and his closet, you perhaps would find him, with all his honors, as low in the dust of self-abasement as any of those who differ from him upon some controverted points of doctrine.

In conclusion, I add, there are many adversaries assailing the Christian faith, and trying to undermine the walls of Zion. Let her watchmen direct their energies against them, instead of pulling off each others' armour, and exposing each other to the gaze of an ignorant world. I say this with the kindest motives, both to friend Pegg, and my old friend, the "Watchman on the Walls of Zion;" wishing you all real prosperity.

Wooton, Nov. 8, 1854.

T. SMITH.

A WORD FOR THE WATCHMAN.

DEAR BROTHER.—In friendliness I would ask—Has the good "Watchman," think you, served the cause of God and truth, by his gratuitous remarks upon the character and Christian standing of Dr. Cumming? He professes to be charitable; yet he tells us he "really could not come to any satisfactory conclusion in his own mind that he (Dr. Cumming) is at the present a spiritual man, or one that is born of the Spirit." Perhaps the "Watchman's" vision may be somewhat impaired by the bleak winds, or the dazzling rays of the sun, to which he may have been exposed; if so, he may not be able to discern a friend from a foe.

The "Watchman" tells us, "a man may be lifted up to preach before royalty, &c., and after all he may be *up-wrong*." So, indeed, a man may have the name of "A Watchman upon the Walls," and yet be ill qualified for the post his name assumes.

Your "Watchman," then, flies to an "experimental old lady," and uses her spectacles to aid in the wonderful discovery as to the fact of Dr. Cumming being a spiritual man. And after all, this "old lady's" recorded *indifference* concerning how a man is "brought up," does not agree with an "experimental saint" of old; for he could review his being "brought up" with true and solemn gladness. (Psa. xl. 2).

May we not conclude—especially when the cannon roars, the glitter of the bayonet is seen, and the clash of the sword is heard—that a man filling so important a station as "Watchman on the Walls," would have other and better information to give, than

the twaddle of an "old lady," or to spend his time in some more useful employ, than a *play of words* about a "blackey beetle and a crawling worm." The cry was made of old by the spiritual watchman, "Arise, ye princes, and anoint the shield." And again—for "Zion's sake" he could not hold his peace; and could not our "Watchman" do something, by the help of the Lord, in leading on the princes and the sons of our beloved Zion, otherwise than in battling with a "beetle" behind the walls of Leicester gaol, or in attempting to give judgment in a case, when, by his own shewing, he is without evidence? Does he not remember the reproof given to an enquirer of old, "What is that to thee? Follow thou me?"

Beloved Editor: I write not to anger my good brother; but I write from sorrow of heart, that he should spend his time in such profitless enquiries, which only disappoint your readers, who are looking monthly for something to instruct them, and, under God, to enlarge their spiritual acquaintances with salvation truth.

I would affectionately request the good "Watchman" to give his thoughts upon Isaiah ix. 5. And I pray the Holy Ghost to lead him into the mystery and meaning thereof, that it may really help in advancing the interest of the many readers of your VESSEL. I remain, dear brother, your's,

Whittlesea, Nov., 1854.

D. ASHBY.

THE CHRISTIAN; THE HUSBAND; AND THE FATHER;

OR,

THE PILGRIM-MARTYR'S LAST LETTER
TO HIS WIFE.

WE have before referred to a volume recently issued by Messrs Cash, of Bishopsgate, and compiled by John Waddington, entitled, "*John Penry, the Pilgrim Martyr.*" It is a book of extraordinary interest, illustrating the zeal, the enthusiasm, the boldness, the sufferings, and the triumphs of those holy men, who have been heaven's pioneers, in making way for the Gospel of Christ in different quarters of the globe. There is a manifold benefit derived from reading works of this description; and we render no mean service to the christian public by drawing their attention to the choicest portions of our Theological, Biographical, and Evangelical Literature. We shall not criticise any portion of the volume before us at the present time; but simply give the following letter from Penry, written to his wife just before his martyrdom. Sketches of his life and labours will come in future numbers.

On p. 127 Mr. Waddington says, "On the sixth of April, 1593, he wrote a letter, embodying the sentiments of the christian, the husband, and the father, which cannot be regarded with indifference by any who retain

the slightest moral or natural sensibility. It surely needs no graces of modern diction to lure the reader on to the perusal of the document we here subjoin."

"TO MY BELOVED WIFE, HELLENOR PENRY, partaker with me in this life of the sufferings of the Gospel of the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, and resting with me in undoubted hope of that glory which shall be revealed. All strength and comfort, with all other spiritual graces, be multiplied through Jesus Christ my Lord.

"I see my blood laid for (my beloved), so my days and testimony drawing to an end (for ought I know,) and, therefore, I think it my duty to leave behind me this testimony of my love to so dear a sister, and so loving a wife, in the Lord, as you have been to me.

"First, then, I beseech you, stand fast in the truth which you and I profess at this present in much outward discouragement and danger. Let nothing draw you to be subject to antichrist, in any of his ordinances. Let your soul and your body be far from those assemblies which yield either known or secret submission unto the ordinances of the 'beast'—that is to receive his 'mark,' either in the right hand or in the forehead—as the Spirit of God saith, for this are you forbidden to do, and that under pain of God's eternal wrath.

"Again, my beloved, continue a member of that holy society, whereof you and I am; where the Lord in his ordinances reigneth; for here, and in all such assemblies, the Lord dwelleth by the presence and power of his Spirit. Here he is a mighty protector and a defence, ready at hand; and his ordinances, you know, he hath commanded to be greatly observed.

"Our souls are to rejoice in those ways more than in all substance and treasure, and the loving-kindness of the eternal is for ever towards them and their seed, that remember his ordinances to do them. Whereas all those are accursed that err from his statutes and diminish from the obedience they owe unto his majesty.

"I pray you mark these past places with all such like in the word, against all those that make it a light matter, either not to walk in the ways of our God, or to be subject to small corruptions as they count them, and be armed with the power of the word against all such lying delusions. In conclusion, my dear wife and sister, look not at any earthly thing; consecrate yourself wholly both soul and body—husband, children, and whatsoever you have, unto the Lord your God. Let them not be dearer unto you than God's service and worship. Know it to be an unspeakable preferment for you, that he vouchsafeth to take either yourself, or any of your's, to suffer afflictions with him and his gospel here upon earth. I am persuaded that you have undergone the profession of the truth upon

the condition set down by our Saviour Jesus Christ—that is, to hate all in respect to the Gospel. Fear not the want of outward things. He careth for you. The Lord is my God and your's, and the God of our seed. I know, if you and our poor children, continue, that you shall see a blessed reward in this life for those small and weak sufferings of ours for the interest and right of Christ Jesus; for I am assured that the Lord will give a breathing time of comfortable rest unto his poor church in this life.

“In the mean time, wait patiently the Lord's leisure. He is not forgetful of you and your's, especially of his poor church. He cannot deny himself, and the truth of his promises you know. Be much and often in prayer, night and day in the reading and meditation of his word; and you shall find that he will grant you your heart's desire according to his own pleasure and will. Pray with your poor family and children morning and evening, as you do. Instruct them and your maid in the ways of God, so that no day pass over your head wherein you have not taught them (especially her) some one principle of the truth.

“Think the time greatly gained, as I have often told you, that is spent in the word of the Lord. Amongst other places of the word, wherein I would have you be conversant in regard of these times, I pray you read the 37th Psalm, Isaiah 60; and 61, 62, 63; Matt. 20; Exodus 22, 22 verse; Job 24 to 27. Mark every day what portion you make unto. The Lord grant that you may have either strength and comfort of your faith, or continuance of patience in expecting and waiting for his mercy; and be not weary in attending at his footstool, because in due time shall we receive if we faint not. For yet a very little while, and he that shall come will come, and will not tarry. Above all things, pray that he would restore beauty unto the church, and overthrow the religion of the Roman antichrist in every part thereof. Observe your own special infirmities and wants, and be earnest with the Lord that he would do them away, and consume them by the power of his Spirit. Remember me also, and my brethren in bonds, that the Lord would assist us with the strength and comfort of his Spirit, to keep a good conscience, and to bear a glorious testimony unto the end. Yea, be not void of hope, but I may be restored again unto you by your prayers, and therefore also be earnest with him for my deliverance.

“If the Lord shall end my days in this testimony, as blessed be his name howsoever it may be, I am ready and content with his good pleasure. Keep yourself, my good Helen, here with this poor church. You may make all good refuge and stay here as any widow else, for your outward

estate. Though you could not — yet I know that you had rather dwell under the wings of the God of Israel in poverty, with godly Ruth, than to possess kingdoms in the land of Moab; and what shift soever you make, keep our poor children with you, that you may bring them up yourself in the instruction and information of the Lord. I leave you and them, indeed, nothing in this life, but the blessing of my God; and his blessed promises, made unto me, a poor wretched sinner, that my seed, my habitation and family, should be blessed and happy upon the earth; and this, my sister, I doubt not shall be found an ample portion both for you and them; though you know that in hunger often, in cold often, in poverty and nakedness, we must make account to profess the gospel in this life. Teach them even now, I beseech you, in their youth, that lessou indeed which was the last that I taught them in word; that is, if they will reign with Christ, they must suffer with him. Teach them not to look for great things in this life, but every day to make account that they are to yield up their lives, and whatsoever they have, for the truth. While their affections are yet green, let them have instruction out of the word, and corrections meet for them. Yet you know, that parents must not be bitter unto their children; especially smite not the elder wench over hard, because you know the least word will restrain her. When they are capable of any hardy labor, I know you will not let them be idle. Let them learn, both to read, and also to work. Howsoever it be with them in your care—or under the hands of others—I, their father, do here charge them, when they come to years of discretion, as they will answer at that great day of judgment, that they join themselves with the true profession and church of Christ, wherein now I go before them—the which charge of mine, that they now keep, I beseech you, my good wife, to put them often in mind of the same. (Jer. xxv. 2—8). And what a blessing will ensue unto them if they keep it—as also what a judgment will follow if they neglect it—and withal, be careful, in case you should not be able to keep them all with you, that they are brought up with some of the church—with bread and water—rather than to be clad in gold with any, how forward soever they seem to please, that yield obedience to antichristian ordinances. I know, my good Helen, that the burden which I lay upon thee of four infants, whereof the oldest is not four years old, will not seem in any way burdensome unto thee. Yea, thou shalt find that God will be a Father to the fatherless, and a stay unto the widow. If, my dear sister, you are married again after my days, choose, that first, he, with whom you marry, be of the same holy faith and profession with you. Look not so much to

wealth or estimation in the world, yet rather choose many blessings than one, if you may—but only respect the fear of God and the meetness of the party. Thus—having hitherto disburdened myself of my duty towards you, and care over you and our poor children in some part—to come unto myself. I am, I thank God, of great comfort in him, though under great trials of my weakness—not for fear of any flesh, I thank my God, but in consideration of my wants, rebellious disobedience and unthankfulness towards his Majesty. But in regard of men, and in respect of the cause of my God wherein I stand, I fear not any power or strength of man whatsoever; and I am, this hour, most willing to lay down my life for the word of my testimony, and I trust shall be unto the end.

“And if I be offered upon this sacrifice, I pray thee, my good Helen, that all the dispersed papers which I have written in this cause, and are yet out of the enemies' hands, may be published unto the world after my death, together with the letters which I have written in the same cause, that are of any moment; though they be imperfect, yet the enemies' mouths will be stopped by that means, and no small light given unto the cause.

“There are some of them among our brother Mr. Smith's papers. The rest, you shall know where they are. Take the direction of the church in this. If the Lord shall grant me life, myself will accomplish my purpose this way by his grace. To draw to an end, salute the whole church for me, especially those in bonds, and be you all much and heartily saluted. Let none of them be dismayed; the Lord will send a glorious issue unto Zion's troubles. Yet, you must all be prepared for sufferings, I see likelihood. Let not those which are abroad miss to frequent their holy meetings. Salute my mother, and your's, in Wales; my brethren, sisters, and kindred there.

“My God knoweth, yea, yourself know, how earnestly and often I have desired that the Lord would vouchsafe my service in the gospel amongst them, to the saving of their souls, for evermore unto him. Salute your parents and mine, and our kindred in Northamptonshire; with my poor kinsman, Jenkin Jones, and Mr. Davidd also, though I had not thought that any outward respect would have made him to withdraw his shoulders from the Lord's ways; but the Lord will draw him forward in his good time. Salute all our's in Scotland, upon the borders, and every way northward—especially Mr. Fuel, always dear unto me. Christ Jesus bless thee and you all, my beloved, even for ever and ever. Let it not be known unto any, save unto the party who shall read this unto you, that I have written at all as yet. I got

means, this day, to write this much, whereof no creature living knoweth. This 6th of the fourth month of April, 1593. In great haste, with many tears, and yet in a great spiritual comfort of my soul, your husband, for a season, and your beloved brother for evermore,

JOHN PERRY,

“An unworthy witness of Christ's testament against the abominations of the Roman Antichrist and his followers—sure of the victory by the blood of the Lamb.”

ADAM THE FIRST, AND ADAM THE SECOND,

OR, CHRIST AND THE CHURCH ONE BODY.

DEAR SIR.—There are many of the Lord's children much perplexed and distressed respecting their state, under the workings of sin and temptation. Although they may have sat under the sound of the gospel for years, yet many of them secretly are at times wondering how it is God can be just, and at the same time justify the sinner. I have been thinking, a few plain observations on the two head-ships, if the good Lord should grant his blessing, might be a means of setting some of their minds at liberty—Adam the First, and Adam the Second.

We begin with Adam, the natural head in the garden, first, because of the order of time. All the natural seed of Adam broke the law, and sinned in him; but this could no otherwise be, than as they were considered in the loins of him who was their first federal head at the time of his fall; by which means the offence of Adam was not only imputed to all mankind, but was their own actual deed in the full extent of its guilt; inasmuch as it was impossible the head should sin without the members; nor could the members sin in Adam without being considered as one with him, and as having union with him, though personally brought into existence one by one, and at different periods from the beginning of the world to the end of it. Upon this truth the Scripture doctrine of original sin must stand or fall.

In the very same manner as all Adam's natural seed were considered as united to him, and as having sinned in him when he apostatized from God, were all the spiritual seed of Christ—the second Adam—considered as ONE WITH HIM; and as united to him; yea, as very members of his body, when he paid perfect obedience to that law which the first Adam had broken. In this union with Christ, the Old Testament saints had their parts, even before righteousness was absolutely wrought out; but they could have had no benefit from any work of Christ before his incarnation, had they not, in the eternal covenant, been considered as members of his body mystical, and whose very flesh and

blood, as the seed of believing Abraham, should in time, by virtue of that covenant, be made part of the human nature of Christ; who, being very God, manifest in the flesh, it was not possible that the covenant made with him should fail, as it did with the first Adam; and if it could not fail on the part of Christ—the Head—it cannot fail on the part of any of his members, seeing that their standing depends upon his standing; and therefore all his acts in Scripture are looked upon as their acts; as absolutely so as if they had personally performed them; and in truth they did so, even more than virtually and representatively; for they actually fulfilled the whole moral law in Christ, as much as they sinned and broke it in Adam:—and Christ, and they, are so entirely one, that they suffered with him, were crucified with him, are dead with him, buried with him, risen with him, are sat down in the heavenly places with him. Although these were all the personal acts of Christ, yet the whole body of the elect performed them in him, their common Head, by virtue of that covenant relationship given to them before the world was made. It is absurd in the extreme to suppose that they could have performed these acts in Christ—their Head—without being one with him, and without having union with him; though the interest they have in him (like a river which runs underground, and afterwards appears to view), is not made known to them till they believe. Thus the streams of grace, though they flow from the source and fountain of free, pure and eternal love, are hidden even from the elect themselves, till they burst forth in torrents of mercy and loving-kindness at the time of effectual calling. "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee."

In this view of things, redemption does not appear to be that thing of yesterday which some people would make it; just as if it were an after-thought of God, in consequence of the fall, in order to remedy the mischief which sin had unfortunately occasioned. Such little ideas are far below the greatness of the Eternal mind, with which nothing can be future or contingent; nor can he, without too near an approach to blasphemy, affirm that He who is Wisdom itself, and who ordereth all things after the counsel of his own will, can have his plans defeated, his designs frustrated, and rendered abortive; yea, and himself disappointed by weak, finite, ignorant beings, which his own hands have made.

Again: By this view of things, it appears to demonstration, that the number of the elect is so definite and certain, that it can neither be increased nor diminished; for if Christ and his church are one—if all the seed of grace were chosen in and with Christ their

Head, the persons of those who were so chosen must have been given by the Father to the Son, in the eternal covenant of peace; and it would be equally as absurd to suppose that any others were taken in afterwards, as that any one of those for whom the redemption-price was paid, could finally be lost. They were then viewed by the blessed Trinity in unity, as parts of Christ's Body; and as soon might Christ himself be torn from heaven, as any one member of his holy Body be plucked from the Head: or as soon might an additional limb be added to the perfect humanity, as any one soul become a member of Christ, who was not chosen in him from eternity. It is impossible for us to draw any middle line between absolute predestination and man's merit. "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!"

"What wondrous love—what mysteries
In this appointment shine!
My breaches of the law are his,
And his obedience mine!"

Dalston.

SAMUEL TOOKE.

Our British Baptist Churches.

[INTERESTING and faithful records of the origin and progress of Baptist Churches, for this department of our work, will be thankfully received:—also, reports of new causes, ordinations, &c., &c.]

BAPTISING IN THE RIVER AVON.

DEAR BROTHER.—I forward you a short account of the last baptising connected with *Ebenezer Chapel, Widcombe, Bath*. Six seals to the late William Cromwell's ministry came forward on Lord's-day, August 27th, 1864, and were publicly baptized at the accustomed spot, in the river Avon, when hundreds of persons presented themselves as spectators. The morning was beautiful, and the order that prevailed was unusual.

"What hath God wrought? might Israel say,
When Jordan rolled its tide away,
And gave a passage to their bands,
Safely to march across its sands.

"What hath God wrought? O blissful theme!
Are we redeemed, and called by him?
Shall we be led the desert through,
And safe arrive at glory, too?"

Yes, my brother; we shall all arrive safe; for the eternal Jehovah has said, "I will gather them from all places whither they have been driven in the dark and cloudy day." Yea,

"Though painful at present,
'Twill cease before long;
And then, O how pleasant
The conqueror's song!"

About eight o'clock in the morning we

arrived at the water-side; the solemn service commenced by singing,

"How great—how solemn is the work
Which we attend to-day!
Now, for a holy, solemn frame,
O God, to thee we pray."

Mr. Dool (a deacon of Southwick, and a good gospel preacher, too) very solemnly implored the Divine blessing Mr. Pearce, of Hilperton Marsh, then gave a suitable address to the audience from the question, "*What mean ye by this ordinance?*" After singing, Mr. Huntley, of Limpley Stoke, descending into the water, solemnly addressed the spectators on the occasion, and then baptised four females and two males, in the name of the sacred Three—Father, Son and Holy Ghost. In the morning, at chapel, Mr. Pearce preached from Acts viii. 12—"But when they believed," &c. The preacher gave us an excellent sermon.

In the afternoon, brother Doel implored the Divine blessing and presence; and after singing, Mr. Huntley said, "The circumstances under which we are met this afternoon are solemn and important, when we consider that our lives are but as a thread; it is soon snapped asunder; and when the end comes, it is either endless life or woe. I now fill the place of one (our late beloved pastor, Mr. W. Cromwell) who is passed away into that world where nothing can hurt him; he is now enjoying an eternal repast. He used to say, when he got to heaven,

"That loudest of the crowd he'd sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With shouts of sovereign grace."

Sovereign grace was the theme of his soul. Were it possible for him to behold us met this afternoon on this solemn occasion, and us to hear him tell out the feelings of his happy spirit, methinks we should hear him praising and exalting Jehovah in the utmost. He addressed the candidates, and then to the members he said, "I have found it good to meet with you. Jesus still lives. I know you feel the loss of your pastor deeply. Jesus lives. The Lord has done great things for you, whereof we are glad. We are willing to help."

[I wish this was the feeling of all ministers toward us, instead of trying to crush us; but "the Lord knoweth them that are his; and no good thing shall he withhold from them that walk uprightly."—J. G. Bennett.]

"Let your conduct be as becometh the gospel of Christ; it will strengthen you. The Lord is faithful; he has owned his word by bringing in souls from the rubbish of the fall, as seals to your late pastor's ministry:—there are others that will come in the Lord's time. Bear with each others' infirmity: dwell in peace: and the God of peace will strengthen you."

After the usual questions to candidates, they received the right hand of fellowship, with solemn admonitions; partook with us the emblems of the body and blood of Christ; and after they had sung a hymn, went out.

The evening serving service commenced by singing, "On Jordan's," &c. Mr. Huntley,

senior, offered up a very solemn and soul-cheering supplication to the Majesty of heaven, through the merits and mediation of our glorious Advocate, the Lord Jesus Christ; and then preached from 1 Phil. 6—"Being confident of this very thing," &c. He noticed five particulars:—

I. The work—viz., Grace.

II. Notice the quality of it—A good work.

III. It is a work begun.

IV. The confidence.

V. The day of Jesus Christ.

Mr. Huntley's discourse was appropriate and truly useful; and we may say this was a high and holy day with the Lord's spiritual Israel at Ebenezer Chapel, Widcombe, Bath.

J. G. BENNET.

[We thank brother Bennett for the reports of the sermons, but could not find room for them. It must be cheering indeed to see the fruits of Mr. Cromwell's ministry springing up after his departure. We believe his labors have been more signally useful than was known in his day. We hope the church will hold on in peace and comfortable union; and that the dear Lord will send them another powerful preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ.—Ed.]

Baptist Chapel, Bedmont, Abbot's Langley, HERTS.

DEAR BROTHER in covenant love, grace to you and peace. Knowing you are always glad to record the prosperity of the cause of Christ I thought you would be glad to hear of our cause at Bedmont, since we were first formed into a church on February 28th last. Previous to the formation of the church, some of my friends used to speak to me upon the subject at times, but I had some reasons for not attending to it. I asked the Lord about the matter, and this is the answer I used to receive "He that honoreth me I will honor, and he that despiseth me shall be lightly esteemed." I laboured among them about four years, and I had baptised five in the time; who, with myself, formed the church at the commencement. On Lord's-day, July 2nd, we received three into membership with us; two of them the Lord had made me the instrument of bringing out of the Christ-despising system of arminianism. On the 27th of August I baptised three females, that the Lord had blest his message to as delivered by me, they were received on Lord's-day September 3rd. October 1st, we received another into the church that the Lord had enabled me to lend a helping hand to bring out of the snares of arminianism. November 5th, we received two more into the church; one I baptised on Lord's-day October 26th, and the other was from the arminians. We are very comfortable together, and I am happy to say the dear Lord is among us, here I see his promises fulfilled, "He that honoreth me I will honor." I laboured for four years, and the Lord gave me five sheep for my hire; and in the space of about nine months, he has added nine more to us, and I have one candidate for baptism now, and there are several others that are anxious, sincere hearers, that I have a good hope of through grace; they

are baptists in principle but not in practice; and I think these are the worst sort of baptists, for they never can hear comfortably. Notwithstanding our seasons of prosperity, we have our seasons of trials; for some that used to be hearers with us have since discontinued their attendance; this used to try me at times, and the enemy used to tell me it was my insufficiency as a preacher and my inability for the work; but, bless the dear name of the Lord, when I have been under these exercises of mind and just making up my mind to leave off, the Lord has brought in one or two as seals to my ministry, and so he has kept encouraging me from time to time.

Nov. 20th, 1854.

H. HUTCHINSON.

GARNER BAPTIST CHAPEL, CLAPHAM.

ON Wednesday-evening, Nov. 1st, 1854, three believers in Jesus followed their Redeemer through the watery grave; being (by brother Elven,) buried with him by baptism, (Rom. vi. 4,) and believing that they were "dead," (verses 7, 8) they were considered proper subjects for burial. And they could sing—

"With thee into the watery tomb,
Lord, 'tis our glory to descend;
'Tis wondrous grace that gives us room,
To lie interred with such a friend.
"Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new."

One of the three was the first fruits of Mr. Elven's ministry at Clapham; and one of the first grains of wheat gathered into the Garner by regenerating grace. And a more striking proof of the new birth seldom comes before our churches. If there is joy in heaven among the angels of God, over one sinner that repenteth, there was connected with her repentance and conversion. Her testimony was cheering and encouraging, especially to the founder, under God, as well as those connected with Garner, because God seemed to honour the very name of Garner, by causing that portion of scripture, from whence its name was taken, to be the means of her being brought to know the Lord. On Lord's-day evening, March 21, 1852, Mr. Elven preached from Matthew iii. 12: "Whose fan is in his hand, and he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into his garner; but he will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire." From that time and from that text, she dates her regeneration: and it is evident that by the will of God she was born here—"not of corruptible seed, but of incorruptible; by the word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever."

The second one was a daughter of Mr. Banks's *Bermondsey Pilgrim*, (Styles,) who, one Lord's-day morning, being deprived of going to the house of God, took her Bible, and read Rom. viii.; verse 5 convinced her of her lost state as a sinner before God. She remained under deep convictions till

May, 1853, when Providence directed her steps to Clapham, and to Garner, where she was set at liberty under the ministry of brother Elven. She lost her burden—was enabled to trust in the merits of Jesus, and to rejoice in his great salvation.

The other had been hovering round the watery grave, ever since now Garner was built; she was convicted of her sinfulness under the ministry of Mr. Burrows, in the establishment; she became the subject of very deep convictions, and greatly harassed by Satan—so much so, that those who neither knew her disease, nor a remedy for it, thought she was out of her mind, and treated her accordingly. But God, who is sovereign and gracious, who wounds, heals, and understands every case, in his own time, applied the "balm of Gilead," cured her sin-wounded soul, broke her bonds, and put her into gospel liberty. She had been greatly blessed under the word at Garner, which caused her soul to magnify the Lord, and her spirit to rejoice in God, her Saviour.

They found that in keeping Christ's commands, there is great reward. These three, and three from other churches, were added to the grains of wheat in Garner, Lord's-day evening, November 5, 1854; making twenty added since the formation of the church, August 14, 1853.

Thus "God will work; and who shall let or hinder?" But where God works, Satan will roar and oppose, and employ his agents throwing his fiery darts in the front of the battle; but the shield of faith will quench his fiery darts; he is chained. God will his own intentions complete; and we pray that his will may be done, and sing with Denham, the following, which may be encouraging to some reader of the VESSEL:

"No foe can annoy, or friend give a smile,
Unless he permit, or constrain;
Thou' Satan may tempt, and false brethren revile,
My God will his purpose explain.
Since God is my refuge, I must persevere,
My cause, I commit to his care;
Nor will I the the tongue of the slanderer fear,
But give myself wholly to prayer.
False charges against me, tho' painful to bear,
In truth may be boldly withstood;
But since they afford me fresh matter for prayer,
I know they are working for good." W.O.

HORSHAM.—Peace and prosperity is still found at Rehoboth Chapel, Horsham, Sussex. Our pastor Mr. E. Mote baptised seven believers in Jesus on the 29th of October last, who all gave a satisfactory statement that the Lord has begun a work of grace upon their souls: They were all added to the church the Lord's-day following. The Lord is blessing the labours of our dear pastor amongst us whose subject and object is Christ all and in all in matters of redemption and salvation.

THOMAS HILL.