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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL;

AND

Christian Record & Review,

FOR

1857.

VOLUME XIII.

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1857.

THE EARTHEN VESSEL,

AND

Christian Record.

THE GROUNDS OF OUR HOPE, AND THE CHARACTER OF OUR WORK.

THE EDITOR'S ADDRESS TO HIS READERS.

TWELVE years have rolled away since first "THE EARTHEN VESSEL" appeared in the world. Its appearance and pretensions were of the humblest character—it simply aimed to give expression to the faith and feelings of such as are "asking their way to Zion, with their faces thitherward;" and to many souls of this description it has been rendered useful. As the same heart and hand that began it is permitted still to conduct it, it is hoped that its usefulness may in nowise diminish; but whether its influence shall increase or decrease is known only to that God in whom alone we desire to confide, and whom we wish faithfully to serve until our journey comes to its end. True thankfulness to Him doth well become us, seeing we have been continued in the service so long; and being almost daily in receipt of letters from different parts of the kingdom, from America, the Colonies, the Indies, and other shores, informing us of the spiritual benefit derived from the perusal of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL," we thank God, and take courage; and although it hath not pleased Him to make our circumstantial way either pleasant or prosperous; although our sorrows have been great, our fears many and mighty, and our difficulties almost insurmountable, still we have proved his faithfulness in the fulfilment of every word upon which our faith has been helped to rely. The Word of God has not been bound, although in anything beside his Word and his service, we seldom know what freedom is.

In Psalm cxix. David says, "*Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path;*" so, in measure, we have found the Word of God to throw a light upon

our path; and either as an *Illuminator*, as a *Corrector*, or as a *Comforter*, the Word has been to us a faithful friend. We were called out of darkness into a seeking state of soul by the powerful application of that Word: "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead; and CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT." Strength was imparted; we fell prostrate at the Saviour's feet; but from spiritual death we were raised, and HE has been our light and our salvation from that day to this. The gates of Gospel freedom were opened to us by two sermons, preached at two different times, by two directly different men, from the words of Paul: "*Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.*" In the first sermon there was a revelation of the grace and glory of the Mediator's person and work; in the second discourse there was a blessed declaration of "THE GOOD WORK," which Christ begins in the souls of all the elect by the power of the Holy Ghost, and a happy confirmation that that work was begun in us. This was a time never to be forgotten. Our authority for becoming united unto the visible Church of Christ was derived from the speaking home to the heart Christ's own words to John the Baptist: "Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness;" and being afterwards positively commanded by the elders of the church to go forth and speak in the Lord's name, we went out with the words of James: "Hearken, my beloved brethren, hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?" The substance of that text has been the theme of our ministry

between twenty and thirty years. That glorious bunch of promises in the three last verses of the ninety-first Psalm have been partly verified: we wait until every word shall be complete, and—

“Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
We'll sing his power to save.”

We have thus given “a reason of the hope” that is in us, with meekness and reverence (see marg. 1 Pet. iii. 15), and firmly do we believe it to be a hope that will not make us ashamed in that day when God alone shall be our judge, and the petty pre-eminences assumed by mortal men will have passed away for ever.

During the past year, this publication, and all we had beside, was sold out of our hand, and we considered it gone for ever; and no small tempest has lain upon us for many months. A kind Providence, however, has so ordered it that we have been compelled to re-purchase this “EARTHEN VESSEL” at the cost of 250*L.*, which sum is to be paid, if possible, out of the monthly proceeds of its sale, if its sales be sufficient; but if not—and no other way is opened up—it must go from us altogether.

We have thus briefly laid open our spiritual and our temporal position; and in the unshaken persuasion that God, even our God, has wrought by this work, and put honour upon it, believing also that it is destined to be of much more extensive good to Zion, we are determined (in the given strength of Israel's triune Jehovah) to go forth in the face of all persecution, opposition, and mistaken views of our aim and effort; and in all places where power and Providence unite to open the way, to preach THE TRUTH, and to circulate this work even to the darkest and most remote corners of our own and other lands. The united and untiring co-operation of all who are friendly to this issue will be absolutely necessary. The church and the world is fast filling with publications. Almost every section of professing Christendom is in a state of high excitement, of division and tumult. There is not one of Zion's walls, but the enemy is trying to throw it down. There is not one of her foundations, but men are directly or indirectly labouring to tear them up, and cast them away. The Church herself is almost fallen fast asleep; and not a few of her ministers have sunk into a barren system of cold formality and lifeless dissertation, while floods of iniquity and streams of blasphemy are being poured forth, to the

destruction of heaps upon heaps in the Valley of Dry Bones.

These are the times in which our lot is cast, and in the midst of which we are called to labour; and most feelingly, like Nehemiah, we cry, “Now, *therefore*, O God, *strengthen our hands*. Think upon us, O our God, for good.” And with Moses we cry, “Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast afflicted us. Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it.”

We simply ask, in conclusion, that this our brief Address may be read in chapels, in cottages, and in all places where our friends have opportunity of doing so, and consider that good may thereby be done. As regards the character of our work, we only say we hope to go on with our labour, which we consider lays under the six following heads. Instrumentally we hope—

First.—To open the book of Gospel mysteries, and thus unfold a little of the boundless mercies of the everlasting covenant.

Secondly.—To open the book of the poor sinner's heart, and to set forth, in a measure, the conflict which is found therein, when life, and faith, and hope do enter.

Thirdly.—To open the book of Providence, and review the dealings of God with his servants and saints, while, on their pilgrimage, they pass to Canaan's happy home.

Fourthly.—To open the book of the Church's history, in that which is past, as well as in that which is present, carefully and charitably to consider her palaces, that we may testify of her unto the generation following.

Fifthly.—To plead the cause of God's poor and afflicted children, which He has always said He would leave in the midst of Zion; and in this small branch of our work, no little mercy has been bestowed upon us. Oft have we made the sorrowful heart to be glad; and hope to do so again in instances out of number.

Lastly.—To furnish all the information relative to the Church's public meetings and movements, as may tend to aid her in the great work she hath upon her hands.

To carry out this manifold amount of labour, we need the continued and persevering help of every one who has faith in

our position. To all such real friends we say: Place in your study a boldly-written paper, with these words on it, "Send your communications to 'THE EARTHEN VESSEL' by the 15th, or not later than the 20th of every month." And direct it to your faithful and devoted servant in the Gospel, CHARLES WATERS BANKS, 2, Eldon Place, Upper Grange Road, Bermondsey, London.

Dec. 18, 1856.

. An influential ministering brother has suggested the propriety of forming a Committee, for the purpose of giving strength and for facilitating the circulation of this periodical. Pastors of churches and honourable members holding the truth are eligible both to unite with the Home Committee and also to form Provincial Branches. Communications will be thankfully received.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXVIII.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS.—I hope the Song of Songs still has a place in your heart; but deep and many will be your trials to make you know that song which none can learn but them that are redeemed from among men. This Song of Songs begins in the soul by the manifestations to it of Divine favour. "Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth; for thy love is better than wine." Thus you know that wherever sin and wrath have made wounds, there the love of Jesus shows effectually its sympathies, its interests, and its delights. Wrath is no more. What does my good Theophilus say to this? Are you brought to see the *completeness* there is of contrast between Law and Gospel?—that in the one there is nothing but wrath, in the other nothing but love; so that the change of state from wrath eternal to love everlasting is in greatness unspeakable. Now, if you are with Him in that love, and are not angry with Him because He loves unto the end, and because there is no separation from his love, and because its immutability is demonstrated and sealed by his atoning death—if, with these features of his love, you are not angry with Him, then you have on your side his own testimony that "Blessed is he whosever shall not be offended in me;" and if not offended, then you are pleased, and will seek the tokens of his love with—let Him "kiss me with the kisses of his

mouth;" for not the literal purest blood of the grape can cheer us as his love can cheer us. His love thinketh no evil of us, nor ever thinks it does too much for us; and if you have in your heart an abiding place for the *testimony* of his love, then, if his love be not yet manifested, it surely will be; for if the *law* of love be thus written in your heart, then by that law you will dwell for ever in his love. Its language is, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem."

What, then, will be the path in which this love will constrain you to walk? It will be a path of increasing divine endearments; every relation of his name will be as a fragrant medicine poured forth. "Because of the savour of thy good ointments, thy name is as ointment poured forth. Therefore the virgins (the hidden ones) love thee." You will, therefore, walk in his name; and this name will, in all ways, meet everything in all ways for you. It meets the holiness, and justice, and law of God for you; it has met the curse of the law for you; it has met sin and death for you; it meets every one of your needs; and will continue with you and bring you to all that Jesus Himself is come to; for you are to be like Him and with Him, and so continue for ever, for his name shall endure for ever. You need no other name under heaven, nor in heaven, but the name of Jesus.

Now, in this next, this fourth verse of the Song of Songs, we have a distinction between the staid experience of the established Christian and the glowing delight of the little one just brought into the liberty of the Gospel—the one, conscious of his weakness, and of the heavy hindrances hanging about him, and of the many experiences into which he gets—the waters of temptation and tribulation, like a flood, around him, sighs, "*Draw me;*" but the little ones not yet come into these depths, being already brought near, and their feet, made like hinds' feet, being thus free, they can run. "We will run after thee. *We* can run through troops, and leap over walls. We can tread the world beneath our feet. We can run, and not be weary."

Then comes in the older Christian, just with a quiet sort of testimony; but hardly allowed to speak among these noisy little ones, but does just get a word in edgewise. "The King—and where the word of a king is, there is power—the King hath

brought me into his chambers." This is a good solid testimony; but not half glowing and flourishing enough for the little ones. "We will be glad, and rejoice in Thee! We will remember thy love more than wine! The upright love Thee!" Almost calling in question the reality of the love of the steady and established Christian. The upright love Thee! Yes, it is a truth that the upright love Him, and these little children playing in the streets of Jerusalem, while the old fathers, with the staff of promise in their hand for very age, are just standing up under the city walls of salvation, and sunning themselves a little,—these little ones, I say, do not love the Lord so much as they think they do, and whereas these fathers in the faith love the Lord more than these little ones, perhaps, will give them credit for.

It would, perhaps, be difficult to decide which these little ones are most in love with, the truth itself, or their own comforts. Whereas the true fathers in the faith have undergone a weaning from the breasts of consolation, and the great feast of the Gospel is substituted for the mere sensible comforts of the Gospel, and so they are brought to live by and upon the fullness of the Saviour, the immutability of the counsel of God, and the strong meat of an everlasting covenant, even the sure mercies of David, their hearts are fixed; the truth itself, God Himself, are the objects of their hope, their decision, their supreme affection. The truth enters into their understanding. There is stable judgment in their goings; their comforts come and go; but the truth abides with them, while their confidence in the truth is very great. "Though he slay me," says one, "yet will I trust in Him." "Though an host should encamp against me," says another, "my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident." In what would he be confident, but in that which he had just described (Psa. xxvii. 1): "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?" But this is a state of things we little ones have yet to learn; for when our comforts are taken away we grow peevish, and, like Jonah, think we do well to be angry even unto death; but even this is one step towards a further knowledge of our own hearts, and towards a demonstration of the faithfulness of the Lord, and a proof of how much con-

fidence can be put in the flesh. But we shall meet with these little ones again, if we should be favoured to go on with this Song of Songs, which is Solomon's.

As, then, you are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb, you will walk in those paths which shall bring you thereto. Let me, then, in closing this letter, go on in that path a little further, where we have a twofold unmixed contrast. "I am black, but comely as the tents of Kedar, as the curtains of Solomon."

"Black." Here we have sin—black with sin; death—black with death and wrath. Are we, therefore, meet for any work? "Behold," saith the prophet (Ezek. xv. 4), "it is cast into the fire for fuel; the fire devoureth both the ends of it, and the midst thereof is burned." Is it meet for any work? Thus are we in the first Adam blackened by sin and death, and consumed by the righteous wrath of God, being by nature children of wrath even as others.

Black! alas, it is not mere skin-deep blackness, not mere personal blackness,—it is a blackness of person which stands connected with the blackness of darkness for ever.

And, what creature-power can alter any one of these four—sin, death, wrath, hell? Sin will be sin still; the deed is done; all have sinned; all are throughout corrupted. Death—who can stay its hand, or say unto it, What doest thou?

Wrath—who can hold its winds in his fists? Who can bind its waters in a garment? Who can meet its devouring fire? Who can drive away its impenetrable clouds? and who can grasp and neutralize the thunderbolts of Heaven? I am black! and here, but for the mercy of our God, we must stop,—and that for ever; but, blessings for ever on the Lamb, it is also written, we are comely,—yes, in oneness with Jesus, in sacred relationship to, Him we are comely, free from sin, free from death, free from wrath, free from the bottomless pit.

And this blackness and this comeliness are contrary one to the other; and especially are the qualities of each as they dwell in us contrary one to the other. So that the blackness forming a large part of ourselves, we do still love (after the flesh) darkness rather than light, because its deeds are evil, and every kind of sin is perfectly natural to us. But then we have our comely as well as our uncomely parts. The comely, certainly, is stronger than the

uncomely, so that our knowledge of Jesus prevails over our natural ignorance of Him, our love to Him prevails over our nature-enmity against Him; and our decision for Him prevails over all the capriciousness of the flesh against Him. Faith cleaves unto Him, and that by the power of God; if this give way, we are gone, and are turned into infidels; therefore, knowing we stand by faith, we desire not to be high-minded, but to take heed lest we fall. Shall we not then still seek grace whereby to stand fast in the comeliness of Him in whom is all our completeness before God?

And I am sure, my good Theophilus, you must be delighted with that testimony which shows that in that oneness with the Saviour we are reckoned not according to our first Adam-self, but according to the second Adam-self; so that in this oneness with Jesus we can never die. Our *real* self, therefore, is in that comeliness we have in Jesus,—this is our real, substantial, permanent self; the other, the old Adam-self, was crucified, and must die, and pass away, and be no more; and so far does the apostle carry this idea of our *real* self, consisting of what we are by regeneration and in Christ, that he says of that which is so perfectly natural to us after the flesh, that "It is no more I, but sin that dwelleth in me."

Most excellent Theophilus, what a sweet hope hast thou!—in a Father's love, in a Saviour's work, in the Holy Spirit's mighty power, and in the sure testimony of eternal truth. So lives

A LITTLE ONE.

THE BIBLE:

A REVIEW OF DR. CUMMING'S ARGUMENT AGAINST ITS REVISION.

A PAMPHLET of some sixty pages has recently appeared, entitled "Bible Revision and Translation; an Argument for holding fast what we have. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., F.R.S.E., Minister of the National Scottish Church, Crown Court, Covent Garden." It is published by Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co., and is sold for eighteen-pence.

Dr. Cumming has been one of the most successful theological writers of the present times, never failing to furnish some valuable literary and biblical evidence on every popular topic; and although, when "weighed in the balance," many of his productions and conclusions have cer-

tainly been found "wanting," still his labours have procured for him a high standing as an author, a minister, and a lecturer in defence of the broad principles of our Protestant faith. For such services we highly esteem him; and feel prepared to give to any of his works, when forwarded to us, the very careful attention they certainly deserve. No enterprise of modern date has been received with greater jealousy than has the scheme for revising and new translating the Holy Scriptures; and could our readers fully understand the origin, the design, and the fearful consequences of this project, they would, we are persuaded, prayerfully unite with us in resisting any hasty or unwholesome step that might lead to an undertaking so likely to be perilous and destructive to the highest interests of the coming generations.

In contemplating a re-translation of our Bible, there are four things on which we fix our eyes with great amazement and deep concern. In the first place, *who are the persons so anxiously seeking to give us a new Bible?* For the most part, they are persons who are opposed to the foundation principles of the Gospel. They are men who want to cast out of the Bible the Divine sovereignty of God; the eternal deity and godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ; the great doctrines of redemption by an atoning sacrifice; and justification by the imputed and implanted righteousness of the second glorious Person in the ever-blessed Trinity—men who deny the distinct and co-equal personality and essential efficacy of the Holy Spirit; and who dare to affirm that such books as Solomon's Song, &c., ought never to have been in the Bible at all—men who are evidently at heart opposed to, and ignorant of, the spiritual beauty, the hidden life, and the vitalizing powers of that religion which Paul says is "according to the faith of God's elect, and the acknowledging of the truth which is after godliness," creating a "hope of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began." Give these men, then, the power to revise and to re-translate the Scriptures, and down will fall the testimonial pillars of THE TRUTH as it is in Jesus, and a temporary eclipse of the great Gospel luminary must be the inevitable result. The Romish Church has for centuries been biding up and holding back the Scriptures; but our modern Aithophels will suck out their life-blood, and leave us nothing but a death-like code of ancient history, of

polished moral essays, and of apostolical biographies. Ministers, men, and matrons of every Christian caste; fathers, fellow immortals, teachers, and tutors of every grade! we earnestly beseech you to "HOLD FAST WHAT WE HAVE."

On this head Dr. Cumming has had ample proof, and we think he might have been much more pungent and faithful than he has been. Speaking of some of the proposed alterations to be made in our translation, he refers to one published by Sharpe, and says:—

"I lament to be constrained to add that, having read the little book which Mr. Sharpe has published, and which he was kind enough to send me, I trace most distinctly, whether intentionally or not, a Socinian bias. For instance, in John i. 3—'All things were made by him;' the 'him' referring to the Word spoken of in the first verse, Sharpe renders, 'All things were made by it.' If you were to ask him what *Word* means, I daresay he would be puzzled; but it is so obviously the appellative of our blessed Lord, that I am amazed at the ingenuity of the attempt to escape the conclusion that Christ is God by saying 'it' instead of 'him.' In Rom. ix. 5, we read—'Christ is over all, God blessed for ever.' He translates it, 'He that is God over all be blessed for ever.' But this alteration is not correct; the Greek will not bear his rendering. The obvious translation is, 'God over all, that is Jesus Christ 'blessed for ever.'"

This is one of many which Dr. Cumming mentions of proposed alterations. Who cannot plainly see that it is an attempt—a wicked and false attempt—to eclipse the glories of Christ's person, and to take the crown from his head? This is Satan's work; and against it we must not cease both to fight and to pray.

Secondly, in contemplating a new translation, we ask, What is the character of the one we have so long possessed and enjoyed? It is a plain, a powerful, and all-sufficient revelation of the mind and will of the Almighty; and although defects and imperfections may here and there be discovered, it is, upon the whole, one of the greatest means ever used by the great Head of the Church for the calling in and building up of his own long-loved people. Let our modern Uzzahs beware how they touch this sacred ark.

The Times, in commenting on this new scheme, expresses itself most nobly as regards the sacred character of the best of

all our earthly treasures—the Book of Books. It says—

"Our translation of the Bible is interwoven now with our history, and mingles with our glory as a nation; it is part and parcel of the English language; it is sanctified by the associations of childhood, by the traditions of family life, and by the thoughts and comments of the learned, the wise, and the holy of past generations; it forms the basis of religious hope and consolation on which all communions among us rest, guiding daily life, soothing sickness, and inspiring the bed of death; its texts run like chimes in the ear of every religious Englishman; they haunt his chamber, they meet his steps, and they follow him into the busy office and crowded mart. What can our new translators give us in exchange for so priceless a gift, transmitted to us from the age of the Reformation?"

Ah! what, indeed? Beyond all dispute, there is no man nor set of men in this busy and much-divided age of the Church that can be trusted with a work of such magnitude and weight. This is the conclusion that the more sage and sober of men have come to. We believe it is just.

Thirdly, what has not this present translation been the means of accomplishing? and what have been the tests by which it has been tried? It has been the instrument, in the hands of the Spirit, of converting tens of thousands of the most rebellious of men, and of comforting the saints of God in all the sufferings and sorrows through which they have been called to pass. Reasoners, scoffers, persecutors, and unbelievers of all sizes and shapes have fought hard to drive it from the earth, but it has lived and laboured on in its most glorious mission. The ripest scholars and the most profound and piercing minds have spent their best days in exploring those deeps of infinite wisdom contained in these sacred oracles, and from them they have drawn out heavenly food for the nourishment and consolation of millions of spiritual minds. Our translation has served the Church through the greatest part, and perhaps the most trying part, of her existence on earth. We need not fear but that God can finish what He has so well begun and so long continued. "*The gates of hell shall not prevail*" against this "*most sure word of prophecy*."

"*A most sure word of prophecy*" it may well be termed. Dr. Cumming has taken the pains to examine a host of amendments

and alterations which certain very critical gentlemen have proposed to make in our translation. This was no easy task for Mr. Cumming. He has furnished us with most powerful arguments to induce us to "*hold fast what we have*," and we hope God will help his Church and his faithful ministers on earth to resist with all their might any attempt to break this choice and sacred casket.

Lastly, let this one most solemn fact be considered, and a dreadful fact it is. It is this—hardly one in ten of our professed Gospel ministers either heartily believe or ever preach the great principal doctrines of divine and distinguishing grace which the Bible contains. For the most part, the pretended preachers of the Gospel are quite prepared to abridge, to annul, to blink, to blind, and to mutilate THE BOOK, wherein our charter is contained, our covenant is written, and our comforts are declared. Oh! let us not silently look on while an attempt is made to violently stop the progress of Heaven's eternal Word!

By these few words, we hope to awaken sleepy hearts, and to prepare thinking minds for a further investigation into this great subject in future numbers of the EARTHEN VESSEL. C. W. B.

THE COUNTESS AND THE COALHEAVER.

A CONTRAST AND A REVIEW.

(Continued from page 275, vol. xii.)

WE briefly introduced, last month, our intention of fully reviewing, and making extracts from, the unusually remarkable lives of Selina, the Countess of Huntingdon, and William Huntington, who surnamed himself "the Coal-heaver," "sinner saved," &c., &c., terms somewhat descriptive of his origin, his character, his privileges, his usefulness, &c., &c.

In doing this, we have at least a three-fold object in view.

In the first place, both the Countess and the venerable William Huntington have both of them, under God, been very useful to us in a spiritual point of view. Gratitude, therefore, prompts us to erect a small literary monument expressive of our regard for their memory.

Secondly.—The lives of these two God-honoured personages furnish as clear a manifestation of the exercise of Divine Sovereignty, as perhaps any two characters that ever did business (or occupied a pro-

minent position) in the Church of God upon earth.

Thirdly.—There is so much excellent and permanently interesting matter connected with the progress through life of these two eminent saints, that we wish to give the richest portions to our children; and to the generations following. It is quite true the works of William Huntington are published in handsome editions and in cheap separate volumes. The life of the Countess is also to be had; but we write and labour for "*the poor*"—the greater portion of our readers are persons who can read but little; and that little must come to them very cheaply. We wish to create in the minds of this useful and extensive branch of society a greater thirst for reading such works as THE EARTHEN VESSEL; and, therefore, we will (D.V.) give them some papers which we hope will please, profit, and instruct them in the truth and in the faithfulness of the God of all our mercies.

This month we only furnish the entrance of these pattern saints into the world. The one is the offspring of parents of high and lofty standing—the other of meaner birth—the one is born in a palace, the other in a peasant's cot. The one is very early awakened to a deep sense of her fallen and sinful condition, and drawn to the Mercy seat by a secret and constraining power; the other grows up in darkness and sin; and when arrested, and powerfully wrought upon by the Spirit of God, is the subject of temptations and trials, of sorrows and struggles of heart and of life, known but to very few. Take, then, these portraits of the "Vessels of Mercy," and reflect a little upon the wide differences which appear in some things, in their rising up in, and passing through, the kingdom of grace! We think some of the weakest believers, whose beginnings have been but small, as well as the more stout and sturdy men, in whom the grace of God has had tremendous obstacles to overcome,—both classes (as well as some who come between the two) may derive soul comfort from the exhibition which we from time to time may give.

THE BIRTH OF THE COUNTESS

is described as follows:—

Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, was descended from the ancient and honourable house of Shirley, which was as distinguished for the purity of its genealogy, traceable to the time of Edward the Confessor, as for the piety which adorned its most celebrated

members. Her grandfather, Sir Robert Shirley, was created Viscount Tamworth and Earl Ferrars in 1711, by reason of his grandfather's marriage with the youngest daughter of Robert Devereux, the unfortunate Earl of Essex and the favourite of Queen Elizabeth. He married twice, and had a family of twenty-seven children. His second son, the father of Lady Huntingdon, was born June 22nd, 1677, and named Washington Shirley after his mother, the daughter and heiress of Lawrence Washington, Esq., of Carenden, Wiltshire. He succeeded to his father's titles in 1717; and was highly beloved for the integrity of his conduct, the benevolence of his disposition, the affability of his manners, and the impartiality of his judgment. He married Mary, the eldest daughter of Sir Richard Levinge, a distinguished ornament of the English bar; by whom he had three daughters; Elizabeth, afterwards Lady E. Nightingale, to whom the celebrated monument in Westminster Abbey was erected; Selina, Countess of Huntingdon; and Mary, Viscountess Kilmorey.

Lady Selina Shirley, the second daughter of Washington Shirley, was born at Stanton Harold, for many years the seat of the Shirley family, on the 24th of August, 1707. The mansion was most delightfully situated in a fine park of one hundred and fifty acres, which was well wooded, and diversified by hill and dale. It stood midway between the ancient town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Donnington Park, the residence of the Earl of Huntingdon; and was rendered conspicuous by the massive structure of the edifice, and the noble apartments it contained. The grounds were laid out with great taste and care; a spacious lake of ornamental water gave increased beauty to the sweeping lawn, and reflected on its surface a handsome stone bridge which was thrown across it. Adjoining the house was the church or chapel, which consisted of a nave, aisles, chancel, and tower; and within it are some monuments with long inscriptions, which commemorate the names, titles, and characters of the members of the Shirley family there interred. This was the spot which witnessed the development of the body and mind of Lady Selina.

She inherited the talents and benevolent disposition of her father, and from a very early age manifested great seriousness of mind. When she was nine years old, she saw the corpse of a young person about her own age carried to its last resting-place. She followed it to the grave, and listened to the impressive service read over the body. Her mind was deeply affected with the thought of a future world; her heart was filled with sad and painful feelings; the tears rolled down her little cheeks; and she fervently prayed that, when God should be pleased to take her away, He would deliver her from all her fears, and give her a happy departure. The influence of that event was long after felt. She often retired to the lonely church-yard to visit the grave, and to revive the thoughts and feelings she had at first experienced. These feelings were still further deepened by the death of her grandfather, December 25, 1717,

which naturally cast a gloom over the family circle. Her sensitive mind was keenly affected by every little trouble; and she frequently entered into a closet, where she could remain unobserved, and unburdened her heart in earnest prayer to God. Though in her early years she had no clear views of the distinctive doctrines of the Gospel, she felt great relief in prayer; and rejoiced in being able to make known her requests to the Lord. She sought divine direction in all that she did; and as she grew up to womanhood, she earnestly prayed that she might marry into a serious family, where she would be preserved from the temptations peculiar to her station.

Here we shall leave the Countess; and call upon "the coal-heaver" to relate to us something of his origin and uprising in this world, where, for many years, as a minister and as an author, he was made so abundantly useful. The Countess patronized her ministers—built her chapels—planted her "connection"—and endowed her "Cheshunt" training schools; and hereby did much good, we must believe. William Huntington was instrumental also in calling out ministers, building chapels, and in furnishing, by his writing, as complete a library of experimental godliness, as Dr. Gill has done of doctrinal and practical divinity. We purpose, in this series of papers, to notice specially the chief of Mr. Huntington's Timothies and Tituses. We happen to have known some, if not most of them. Mr. Vinal, of Lewes, is now, we believe, the only one left. They were a singular class of men; but a godly and highly-honoured race. We cannot rank among these Mr. Greenfield, of Sussex; nor Mr. George Abrahams, of London; although both of them esteem it no small honour in being considered "Huntingtonian ministers." Mr. Greenfield, and Mr. Abrahams, Thomas Beeman, and a few others, we purpose to notice faithfully and fully, and shall gladly receive any valuable communications touching the history of the Huntingtonian family. But, now with a brief introduction of the leader himself, we must close this second paper. Mr. Huntington says:—

I was born in the Weald of Kent, as is related in the sequel of this narrative. My father was a day-labouring man, who worked for seven or eight shillings in the winter, and in the summer for nine shillings per week, which is but a small pittance to keep a family. My mother bore eleven children, of which number I am the tenth; and our eternal High Priest hath condescended to take me as a tithing of the family, Isa. vi. 13; Luke xvii. 17. And my prayer and desire is, that He would condescend to take more of us; for I

cannot find out that there have been any conversions discovered in the family, from age to age, except him who is my reputed father.

Of the eleven children, five died young; and there are six yet living, five daughters and myself, who am the only son and heir. My parents being very poor, and receiving no support from the parish, we children fared very hard; and indeed seldom knew what it was to have a belly full of victuals above once in the week, which was on the Sabbath-day, when we were allowed to know what a bit of meat was. But it often happened that *rent*, or some other debt, was to be discharged, and on such accounts no meat could be procured. These barren sabbaths were mourning days indeed to us young ones; but to our sorrow they frequently came. Suffering with *hunger*, *cold*, and almost *nakedness*, so embittered my life in my childhood, that I have often wished secretly that I had been a brute, for then I could have filled my belly in the fields.

My friends put me to school to an old man and woman of the name of Boyce, where I learned my alphabet, and to spell a little in a Primer; and so on to spelling in the New Testament; and at last to read a little. And here I remember to have heard my mistress reprove me for something wrong, telling me that God Almighty took notice of children's sins. This stuck to my conscience a great while; and who this God Almighty could be I could not conjecture; and how He could know my sins without asking my mother I could not conceive. At that time there was a person named Godfrey, an exciseman in the town, a man of a stern and hard-favoured countenance, whom I took notice of for having a stick covered with figures, and an ink-bottle hanging at the button-hole of his coat. I imagined that man to be employed by God Almighty to take notice, and keep an account, of children's sins; and once I got into the market-house, and watched him very narrowly, and found that he was always in a hurry by his walking so fast; and I thought he had need to hurry, as he must have a deal to do to find out all the sins of children. I watched him out of one shop into another all about the town; and from that time eyed him as a most formidable being, and the greatest enemy I had in all the world, and would shun him if possible; but, if he happened to meet me unawares in turning a corner, you might have struck me down with a feather; I hung down my head, bowed and scraped till I could get out of his sight, and then I fled when none but conscience pursued. This man was a terror to me a long time, and has caused me to say many prayers.

(To be continued.)

THE CHURCH DRAWN TO CHRIST.

A SERMON

Preached at Salein Chapel, on Sunday morning, October 5th, 1856, by Mr. John Bloomfield, from Solomon's Song, first chapter, part of fourth verse—
"Draw me, we will run after thee."

A SHORT time since I was asked to speak

from these words, but I rather fear those who made the request are not now present. Be that as it may, the words were much on my mind yesterday, so I will endeavour to make a few remarks on them, hoping the Master will be with me. The Song of Solomon is a part of Scripture which has been useful to many in days past, but it is a dark book to those that are not taught of the Spirit; it is dark to those that are dark. How many have laughed at the solemn contents of this book; but blessed indeed would it be for them if they could understand and were interested in the truths therein set forth. In this book the union of Christ and his church is told out in the most beautiful manner, and in it the truth of God is made more plain to the believer; but we must know something of the love of Christ in our hearts before we can understand the mutual regard between Christ and his Church. We find the Church was fond of being in the presence of her Lord; she was never so happy as when basking in his love. And is it not so with his people now? Are we ever so happy as when contemplating the mysteries of his kingdom? How full of peace and joy must the bride have been when she said—"My beloved is the chief among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." And think you not it afforded her pleasure when her Lord said—"Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee." But before we can say what the bride said, we must be under the leadings of God's Holy Spirit. If you have been brought to behold his wondrous glory, you see a beauty in Him now you could not see when in the kingdom of darkness, and like the spouse in my text you will never be so happy as when leaning on his breast. It is the soul's real dignity to know Christ, and, my hearers, when you know Him you will say—"Draw me, we will run after thee." No man can run after Christ but those that are drawn by Christ; and this is my prayer this morning, that we may be drawn by his Spirit. First, then, we will notice the necessity of Divine drawing; second, the method of Divine drawing; and, third, the results of being drawn. We shall not only walk, but run after Him. The necessity of being drawn to Christ—"draw me." I take this to be the language of every heart that is right with God; every man that is taught by the Spirit of truth; and every man that knows where his trust is, is brought to this conclusion, that without Christ he can do nothing, and that all his

spiritual happiness is in Him. Our association to Him is one of comfort, for it is only in Him we are safe. The man that sees and feels what God's law is, that it condemns him, and that as he stands in himself he is robeless, and that he cannot stand before God without righteousness and knows he has none of his own to bring, that man feels guilty, lost, and undone, and needs being drawn to Christ, seeing all true happiness is in Him and through his cross. Christ frowns no man into his kingdom, but draws them to Himself. He first makes them feel their need, and seeing nothing in themselves but sin, they want that mercy that none but Christ can give. Hence, a man that feels this will cry out—"Draw me, I will run after thee." Then the proneness of the Church in being too much taken up with things pertaining to this life instead of the life of God in the soul,—how different are they when first drawn to Christ! We shall not then, see them forsaking the Lord's house, or staying away for a little rain or any other trifling cause; no, they run in his ways with delight. But, on the other hand, we sometimes think so much of the ordinances as to forget the God of them—sometimes think so much of the lantern as to forget the light—and sometimes look to the stream and forget the fountain. My friends, it is right to think much of the Lord's house, but we must not forget the Master of the house. This caution is not so much needed for aged Christians as it is for young ones, as we sometimes find aged Christians thinking too lightly of the ordinances and of the means by which God sends his blessings. We do well to guard against that state in which we think more of institutions than of God the institutor, but let us never think lightly of them as the channel by which the Lord is pleased to bless us. Draw us, then, is the language of the Church, lest we should be left to think more of outward means instead of looking to God, and lest we should be running after this form and that form instead of after Christ. So we see the necessity of being drawn by the Spirit. When we notice the opposition we have to meet with from the world and from Satan—the world frowns and Satan tempts—we would wish to come to the mercy-seat, and would have our thoughts directed up to God. But how the world, the family, and business, with all their cares, will present themselves. We may leave the world, but we cannot get the world to leave us; we

may leave our employment and business, but they will not leave us, its cares will follow us into the sanctuary of the Most High. So we find when we come up to worship, we cannot even leave that which is opposed to God. Therefore, my friends, have we not a need to cry—"Draw us, and we will run after thee"? Oh! it is a good thing to be drawn to Christ.

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

We notice the opposition we have to meet with not only from foes without, but from foes within, which makes us cry out with the Apostle—"When I would do good, evil is present with me." But when the soul feels its interest in the love of Christ, and is enabled to walk and talk with Him, and to sip of the wine of his kingdom, it is thus you will find true happiness and delight, and it is then you will say—"Draw me, I will run after thee." "Draw me" is the language of the man that sees his all in Christ, and realizes mercy and peace in Him. It is not the language of a man that knows not Christ, nor yet the language of the man that never tasted that the Lord is gracious, nor the man to whom the Scriptures appear of no value or advantage, but it is the language of him to whom Christ appears as the altogether lovely. But the second point is the method of divine drawing. How does God draw us, and what are the signs and advantages of being drawn to Christ? That man has been drawn that loves to be near the mercy-seat, and finds the more he is there the more beauty he sees in Christ. We are drawn, in the first place, by the silent, yet powerful, work of the Holy Ghost. Some are drawn almost imperceptibly: if you ask them, they will tell you their trust is in Christ and his cross; they cannot tell you how they were brought there, but it is there they find a hiding-place and a covert from the storm. Others have been brought to feel the severity of God's law: they have their sins brought before them, and in their minds see hell, as it were, gaping to receive them; they have wept tears of repentance, and with a spirit overwhelmed and a broken heart, they have cried—"God be merciful to me, a sinner!" whilst others, I say, have been drawn by the gentle cords of love; no man has a right to set up a standard and say, this much you must suffer of the terrors of God's law before you can be brought to Christ. In the Bible we have but one standard—"Ye must be horn again." You must be

brought to God; the mind must be conformed to God; but not all by the same means, or at the same time. Sometimes death is the means of awaking the mind: it may be by the loss of a dear child, or a brother, or mother. How often has death been the means employed to arouse in the mind some solemn question! The man has thought when standing by the death-bed of his relative, "I, too, must die," which has led him to inquire if he may hope for mercy, and where salvation can be obtained. He thinks of death, and feels himself a sinner, and is led to seek for pardon for his many transgressions. The Lord has various ways of drawing us. Some may hear the Word with delight, and may wonder why others do not. We may see a man come to God's house, and perhaps his feelings may be wrought upon even to tears. But he goes away, and forgets what manner of man he was. But some morning, when the minister is shut up in his feelings, perhaps, some broken-hearted penitent comes in. But it may be with a "Who can tell but that God will be merciful to me, even me?"—and he goes away rejoicing in Jesus. We must not limit the Holy One of Israel. We must not say because God blessed my soul under the preaching of the Gospel, He must bless another's the same way. No, God has a variety of ways in dispensing his blessings. We may often get discouraged, but God will own and bless his own Word, and by whom He pleases. When called the other day to preach in the country, a poor old man that heard me was melted into tears, and when asked by a friend to stop for the evening,—I shall never forget his blunt answer,—"No," he said, "I have had plenty of roast beef for one day." So every man has his work to do; and though you may hear the same Gospel, there is a set time to favour Zion. The Lord is pleased to make use of the preaching of the Gospel to bring sinners to Himself, and let us contend that the Gospel is not preached unless Christ is the first and the last. It is good news to them that are afar off; it is the provision of his love made known; and when we see his beauty, we shall desire Him more, and we shall say, as the Queen of Sheba did of Solomon's riches, "that not half had been told." Then we shall say, "Draw me, we will run after thee." What was it that drew the Jews to Jerusalem? It was their feasts. So

it is with us by the Gospel. Oh, what a feast is Christ to those that love his name, and feed upon Him! What was it that drew Jacob and his sons into the land of Egypt? Why, they heard there was plenty of corn there, and they were starving, and that drew them. So when the sinner feels himself to be in a starving condition, a stranger to God, and feels his emptiness, he hears there is a fulness in Christ, and is in mercy drawn to the fountain of life. So the Gospel brings the report of plenty to the starving soul. Has it been good news to thee, poor sinner? Has it been a report of plenty to thy starving spirit? Has it drawn thee to the cross? If so, what is so sweet as the glorious Gospel of the blessed God? What sound is so enchanting? It makes the dumb to speak, and the lame to walk. And my friends, if it has been this to our souls, where Christ is, we shall live and behold his glory. Again, we are drawn by the secret manifestations of the Redeemer's love. Ah! smiles can do what frowns cannot; it is love that makes thy willing feet to move in the ways of God. As the poet has it—

"I sink, by dying love compell'd,
And own Thee conqueror."

Yes, it is love that can master us. What made the prodigal to weep? Did he weep merely because he knew there was bread in his father's house—and to spare—while he was starving? He may have wept for that, but he wept more because of his father's love in running to meet him, and falling on his neck and kissing him. If he had frowned he might have borne it, but when he saw the love of his father's heart, it was too much for him. And is it not so with us? The law with its terrors does but harden, but love melts the heart. Oh, then, my hearers, think of what the Lord has said: "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, and with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." We notice the results of being drawn. No man can walk—say nothing about running—after Christ, that is not alive unto God, but we shall find them walking in the broad road that leads to destruction. And if your soul, and mine, sinner, is not walking there, it is because mighty grace has made us to differ. So, think not you are doing Christ a service, and think not of running in your own strength, and without Christ drawing you, and without the mighty operation of the Holy Spirit upon your heart. We cannot run in the ways of the Lord

with solid satisfaction and delight, unless we are drawn by the Spirit; as we find David saying, "Restore unto me the joys of thy salvation, and uphold me by thy free spirit." I think that Christians differ now from Bunyan's Christian. When he got within sight of the celestial mountains he began to run. "But," say some, "we feel so cold and indifferent; we seem to hear with such coldness, and the ministry seems to have no power." But, my friends, should we not look at home, and ask ourselves, "Have I been pleading with Jesus Christ?" and while preparing for the house of God—"Did I ask Him to bless me in hearing, and the minister in speaking?" Was my cry "Draw me, I will run after thee"? If you have no heart to pray, why should God have a heart to bless? Though, remember, our God does not give for our much asking simply; but prayer is as much needed as preaching, or even more. As the Lord has said He will be inquired of by the house of Israel, then do not wonder, if you have no water when you don't take your pitcher to the well,—do not wonder if you have no bread when you have not sought after it. Ask yourselves some questions about this matter. Have you been at the throne? Have you prayed to be drawn from the world to God, and is his service your delight? Or, on the contrary, if you are wearied of the worship of the Lord now, trouble not to pray for heaven, for it is all worship there—it is said there they serve Him day and night in his temple. And though we may grow weary in the service here, we shall not of the God whom we worship, for it is said, "Thou shalt run, and not be weary; and walk, and not faint." May the Lord bless you in hearing, his Word, to the joy and satisfaction of your souls.—Amen.

THE WELSH PEOPLE IN LONDON.

WE are thought by some to be a very religious people in London. The following important document very fairly represents our condition, simply as regards the mere profession of the Gospel. We do heartily rejoice in every effort made to plant the great doctrines of the Cross in the midst of our teeming and perishing millions; and therefore sincerely commend to the notice of our readers the following paper forwarded for insertion.

APPEAL ON THE BEHALF OF THE NEGLECTED WELSH IN LONDON.

SCATTERED through the metropolis there are somewhere about forty thousand natives

of the Principality. The places of worship of all denominations in which there is preaching in the Welsh language would not, even if completely filled, accommodate more than five thousand persons. It is supposed that under five thousand attend places when the preaching is in English, not more than ten thousand,—therefore, it is feared, not nearly so many attend the services of the sanctuary. Thirty thousand at least are living in the neglect of public worship; "without God and without hope." And the moral condition of multitudes of these is known to be most degrading and dangerous.

Two of the agents of the London City Mission have for some time past devoted themselves almost exclusively to the Welsh portion of the population. But even if they were to gather congregations and form churches, which the rules of the Mission do not permit—what are these amongst so many? Multitudes widely scattered remain altogether unreached. "No man careth for their souls." Is this right? Ought such a state of things to be allowed to continue? Will churches and individual Christians in England and Wales permit it? Shall we not interpose on behalf of so many thousands of our own people perishing, many of them, at our very doors? Ought we not, while sending the Gospel abroad, to act in the spirit of the injunction—"beginning at Jerusalem?"

Influenced by these facts and considerations, and with the view, as far as possible, of applying a remedy, the Welsh Baptist church meeting in Eldon Street, Moorfields, London, the only one in the metropolis, having first consulted with various friends, both in Town and in the Principality, have resolved to form a society, to be called "The Baptist Missionary Society for the Scattered Welsh Population of London." It contemplates the employment of at least one or more missionaries *immediately*, who is to labour at *three* different stations, and to aim, not only at the conversion of his countrymen, but at their formation into churches, that they may prove a blessing to others. It is an important thing to put the *leaven in the meal*. At least 120*l.* per annum will be required to meet the expenses of one missionary and the stations, and towards this sum contributions are very earnestly requested. The society will be conducted in the usual way by a treasurer, secretary, auditors, and committee, chosen at an annual meeting, to which the report of proceedings and the cash account will be presented. Friends subscribing 2*s.* 6*d.* or upwards a-year, donors of large sums, and ministers making annual collections for the society, to be entitled to attend and vote at its annual business meetings. Subscriptions and donations for the society will be thankfully received by either of the following friends, viz. Mr. Lewis Morgan, Lamb's Buildings, Bunhill Row, Finsbury, treasurer; Mr. Edward Morgan, 34, Easton Street, Clerkenwell, secretary; or to the care of the Rev. B. Williams, 37, Wilton Square, Islington; or at the Baptist Mission House, 33, Moorgate Street, London. Yours most respectfully,
London, Dec. 16, 1856. B. WILLIAMS.

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

MR. JOHN PELL, OF CLARE,

ON PREACHING CHRIST—ON RECEIVING THE WORD—AND ON BELIEVERS' BAPTISM.

[Our young brother, John Pell, has commenced a pleasing career of usefulness in Clare. We hope his mind will, by the Holy Spirit, be filled with a rich fulness of pure Gospel matter, and that with his mouth, and in all his movements, he will powerfully proclaim the amazing wonders of redeeming grace. The following is part of one of his baptizing sermons.—Ed.]

On Sunday, November 30th, three females were baptized by Mr. J. Pell, pastor; one as a seal to his ministry, and two others for a neighbouring church. The chapel was crowded, and great attention paid to the discourse, founded on Acts viii. 5th and 12th verses. The following is an extract:—What a terror was Saul of Tarsus (in the days of his unregeneracy) to the church of Jesus Christ! but it was wonderful how the Lord overruled these things for good. Ministers of Christ were scattered abroad, and wherever they went, they preached the Word. Among those that were dispersed was this Philip, the deacon, and in consequence of the great outpouring of the Spirit of God, many sinners were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus.

Note here 1st, What Philip preached. "He preached Christ unto them." Christ is the most prominent feature in all the ministrations of the sent servants of our God. A Christless Gospel is no Gospel at all—a Christless sermon is a useless sermon. It is the preaching of Christ only that God owns to the salvation of souls. Philip did not want to preach anything else, save Christ and Him crucified. This he knew was an exhaustless theme, and when this theme is exhausted, then will it be time enough for ministers to degrade their pulpit on the Lord's day in delivering lectures on various subjects. This is becoming very prominent in our day. Not very long since I saw handbills in various shop-windows, announcing the subjects on which the minister would speak every Sunday morning and evening for six months. I say solemnly it is a degradation to such a minister, and I would further say, "Fie! for shame," to such a church that submitted to it.

Philip did not thus act, his was a subject that was ever new. He preached Christ; and no one preaches the Gospel that does not preach Christ, for the Gospel would be no Gospel at all without Christ. It means glad tidings—take away Christ, and there is no glad tidings for poor sinners; no pardon, no peace, no salvation, no hope of heaven, no sweet anticipation of eternal bliss, no enjoyment of God and heaven hereafter. Take away Christ, and all the human race must endure the anguish and torments of a burning hell for ever. But oh, my friends, we have Christ. The same Christ that Philip preached I preach, and

will preach; and if not to the same extent as he did, I will proclaim all I know of Him. O that I may ever be a learner of Christ, and increase in the knowledge of Him "whom to know aright is life eternal." This is a subject that will never be fully known by us on earth, and such is its immensity, that it will take a whole eternity to unravel all its mysteries. Who, then, that knows Christ, and has a door of utterance, would not preach Him?

Philip preached a whole Christ, suited to sinners entire. He preached a full and precious Christ, as only adapted and suited to fit empty souls. He preached Christ the Incarnate Mystery. He preached Christ the Man that suffered, and Christ the God that endured the whole. He did not preach Christ and Co., for he well knew that no sinner could go to heaven, partly saved by Christ, and the other part by himself. Heaven's gate is so narrow that no half-saved sinner can enter there, and yet so wide that the biggest and vilest wretch that ever lived (saved wholly by Christ) will find ample room to pass through, and will meet with a hearty reception to glory by Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by holy angels, and the spirits of the just made perfect. Philip's Christ and doctrine is couched up in Hosea xiii. 9. "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself; but in me is thine help." He preached Christ's condescension, who, by his sufferings, blood, and death, obtained eternal redemption for his people.

Note 2nd. The effects produced. "They believed." What did they believe? they believed the things that Philip preached "concerning the kingdom of God, and the name of Jesus Christ." They had been carried away by the bewitchery and magic charms of Simon Magus; but Simon Magus could not stand against the spell there was in what Philip preached. Why not? because his was the devil's spell, but in Philip's ministry was God's spell: or in other words the Gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." What Simon taught or worked was all a delusion, but what Philip preached was an eternal reality. The Spirit of the living God accompanied the ministry of Philip to the pulling down the strongholds of sin and Satan; the people now saw the falsity of all the magic arts practised by Simon Magus, and were brought to be the subjects of that kingdom which is not of this world, even the kingdom of God, of which Philip spake. The saving power of the Gospel which is the kingdom of God, and the fragrant name of Jesus Christ, which is as ointment poured forth, had now entered their hearts, the kingdom of Satan was broken down, and the kingdom of God set up. They believed not as Simon Magus did with a mere historical and temporary faith: they did not simply believe on or of Christ but they believed in Christ. They were brought to feel their sinfulness, and the

Spirit led them also to realise their saintship and their sonship in Jesus Christ. They believed with the heart in Jesus Christ, and trusted alone in the virtue of his blood, righteousness, and sacrifice for pardon, justification, and atonement. What a joyful day! Christ sees of the travail of his soul; Philip is satisfied that God was working by him to the conversion of the redeemed; and they with open heart and mouth confessed their sins, and professed their faith in Christ, who they believed had saved them from the guilt and damning power of sin.

Note 3rd. The practical proof they gave of their belief. "They were baptized, both men and women." If infant baptism or sprinkling (which is no baptism at all) had been practised by the preachers of the Gospel in those days, I think it would have been mentioned here. Now do not some of you think it would have fitted in very nicely had it read, "They were baptized, men, women, and children?" but the Word of God is point blank against such practices; for there are proofs almost without number, in the New Testament, that true believers only are fit subjects for baptism, and therefore, my friends, we must be strict on this point in order to be scriptural.

But when our paedobaptist brethren will come forward and furnish us with chapter and verse in God's book, in support of infant sprinkling, then will we embrace it, and not till then; but this they cannot do, and I know of only one reason why they cannot, but that is an all-powerful one; the simple reason is, because it is not in God's book at all. Of the practice of infant sprinkling, not a vestige can be found in the inspired volume of sacred truth. Away then with baptismal regeneration, for it is a dreadful heresy; say not I am rash, for I would maintain it were I now in the agonies of death; I have too much love to the souls of sinners who come to hear my voice, to foster them up with the idea that they are all right for heaven, whilst they are evidently walking in the broad and downward road to hell. Some may be ready to say that baptism is a commandment: true, but to whom is it such? Let us listen for a moment to the words of Christ, "If ye love me, keep my commandments." I ask, what can an infant of a span long know about loving the Lord Jesus Christ? The character to whom such a privilege belongs is indelibly written in the sacred Word; look at my text, "*they that believed were baptized, both MEN and WOMEN.*" They were those that loved Christ, and now wished to give a practical proof of their attachment to Him, by walking through that much-despised ordinance, for they knew Christ had passed through it, therefore they were not ashamed, but rather rejoiced they were counted worthy thus to follow their Lord through the baptismal stream.

The ordinance to which we are about to attend, we love, because it is stamped with divine authority, and the dignity of heaven. And while we thus act we are only treading in the footprints of Jesus, who says, "FOLLOW ME." **AEBDNEGO.**

MORRICE SQUARE CHAPEL, AND THE DEFENCE OF TRUTH AT DEVONPORT.

LAST month we inserted a letter from the deacons of Morrice Square, Devonport, which was intended to correct, as they supposed, a misrepresentation respecting the people's desire to have Mr. James Cousens settled in that place as pastor and stated preacher of the Gospel. Mr. James Cousens is a young man, sent forth to preach the Gospel by the Baptist church under the care of the late Samuel Nicholas, of Plymouth; but having been led more clearly and deeply into truth than at the first, and being favoured with a peculiar aptness and talent for meditation and preaching, the lovers of pure Gospel truth have found his ministry very useful and savoury to their souls, and sought hard to have him settled among them. We hope the Lord is preparing him for an extensive sphere of labour somewhere; and as Mr. Joseph Greenslade, of Devonport, has been the honoured instrument of bringing Mr. Cousens more publicly into notice, we give the following letter from him entire.

TO CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Devonport, December 12th, 1856.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In reading your much-esteemed VESSEL for this month, I see the Morrice-Square deacons have termed me your evil adviser. God, by whom actions are weighed, knows there was no evil in me in the matter; but there was opposition in them, against you and the truth of God; this I will say before you and all your readers. When I gladly found you were to give me two or three days' friendly visit, and knowing how God had, in former times, blessed your ministry to very many of the Devonport and Plymouth friends, I applied to one of the deacons of Morrice Square to allow you to preach in that pulpit on the Friday night, as they are destitute of a settled pastor; I had previously sent in a petition at the request of many of the living family of God, that they would also give Mr. James Cousens a call for a month, he being a man of truth, and having preached there several times, had gathered a very great congregation, and God had blessed his testimony to the souls of the flock of slaughter. There has been but little truth preached there for many years, and we were hoping that the Lord had inclined the deacons' hearts to make a stand for vital godliness; this stimulated a prayerful spirit and a desire to assist them, to hold up their hands, and we offered to help pay all expenses. I waited upon the deacon, he took me to a brother deacon's house (Mr. Marles), who is a preacher of a yea and nay gospel. Mr. Marles addressed me on the

subject of my wishing you to preach in their pulpit, and also that of Mr. Cousins; he asked me if I was aware they were an independent Church from every other, and would not allow any one to interfere with them. Besides, he "did not like men that harped on one side of the doctrines of the Bible. Election was a truth, he know, but he liked to hear all the doctrines preached." I said, "The men I pleaded for did preach all the doctrines, experimentally, practically, and savourily; and that caused me to ask them in love to let them preach there." He said "he liked to hear men that would preach the Gospel to sinners as well as to the elect." He said, "if he could believe in the doctrine of reprobation, he should believe God was a monster." He would not grant me my request; I left his house, praying the Lord to keep me from his faith. I was discomfited, but a dear brother (the manager of New Passage Chapel), came to me for you to have his pulpit:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

There you, dear Banks, preached to a large congregation, the people standing on the stairs, and the glory of the Lord filling the house. That night the Lord sent a young man there, and he was so blessed that I heard him relate it before a great number of living souls, and the testimony rejoiced our hearts. I was crumbled into the dust; beside this, I have heard of many others who give blessed testimonies that their souls were watered with the showers from heaven. My dear brother Turpin also declares how the Lord blessed him in the sermon at New Passage; so, my dear brother, you see you did not preach at How Street, and was rejected at Morrice Square, that New Passage Chapel might be opened, where God, from all eternity, designed in a special way to bless his redeemed: "The wrath of man shall praise him." The deacons have not allowed Mr. Cousins to preach there since, but he has preached twice at Trinity Chapel. The repeated testimonies I hear of God the Holy Ghost putting his broad seal on and in your ministry is marvellous in my eyes, it makes me cry out "What hath God wrought!" A woman called on me last week, and told my wife and me how the Lord blessed her soul in the sermon preached in brother Weslake's chapel on the first night of your arrival: although you preached it in bonds, you were in the Lord's hand as feet to her lame feet, eyes to the blind, and liberty to her captive and prison-bound soul; she came into our house, and preached over the sermon, and opened up to us on each head how the Holy Ghost came with his anointing, and preached to her salvation through the blood of the everlasting covenant. The testimony through her made the spot appear to me holy ground, as the house of God and the gate of heaven; her testimony was brought home with great power in my soul. She never saw you before, nor heard of you, only by the bills stuck on the walls to give notice of your coming here to preach. I name this for the glory of God and for your consolation, as this is a redundancy above all your trials and tribulations you have to wade through. Yours in the best of bonds, J. GREENSLADE.

[We leave this letter to speak for itself. We knew nothing of our dear friend Greenslade's seeking for Morrice-Square pulpit; but we know he greatly loves to hear the Gospel when and where he can. The deacons of Morrice Square are at perfect liberty to reject any minister whom they do not approve: toward them we have not one unkind feeling. We can only grieve over the fact, that men who know not the truth should be permitted to hold a place and a people in such death-like bondage. How will they answer for this in the great day of account? A pamphlet entitled "Words by the Wayside," descriptive of this Plymouth journey, is published, and may be had of Robert Banks and Co., 182, Dover Road, London, and of Mr. Bate, Old Town Street, Plymouth. We are (instrumentally) clearing the way for Mr. Cousins to preach in London; and here, we hope, his labours will be honoured.—ED.]

PECKHAM.

Mr. Moss, senior, upholsterer and undertaker, departed this life on Saturday morning, Dec. 13th, 1856. Mr. Moss was for years a useful and devoted deacon and servant of the church at Deptford, while Mr. W. Felton was pastor there. His sufferings for nearly twelve months have been unusually severe; but in him to the end was truly verified the words recorded in Psalm xxxvii., "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." He has left an afflicted widow, three daughters, and three sons. Their loss is great; his gain is glorious. We hope to give some account of his passage through Jordan in a future number.

ROTHERHITHE.

Mr. Editor,—Having left "Bethesda," Jamaica Row, the people have taken a large school-room, at No. 3, Lucas Street, Rotherhithe, which we have named "Bethlehem," and they have engaged me to continue to preach to them. I hope the Lord is blessing the Word.—J. BUTTERFIELD.
Please give my address—54, Gooidge Street, Tottenham Court Road.

KINGSTON ON THAMES BAPTIST CHAPEL.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

BROTHER BANKS.—The Baptist church in the above place having unanimously invited Mr. T. W. Medhurst (from the church under the pastoral care of C. H. Spurgeon) to occupy their pulpit, he has accepted the same, and commenced his labours there on the 23rd of December. He has preached here six Lord's-days previous to this invitation, during which time the chapel was well filled, while the Word was blessed to the conversion of eight souls. Thus is our God working, by whom He wills. Yours in covenant love, EXCELSIOR.

UNICORN YARD BAPTIST CHAPEL,
TOOLEY STREET, SOUTHWARK.

THE 13th anniversary of C. W. Banks's ministry in London was holden on Tuesday, December 2nd, 1856. Mr. John Corbitt, of Chelmsford, preached three sermons on the previous Sunday, and one on the Tuesday afternoon. A good party took tea, and the anniversary meeting commenced in the evening, soon after six. After singing and prayer, C. W. Banks gave a few introductory remarks, which were followed by pleasant and profitable addresses by some of the brethren present, among whom were Thomas Attwood, of Camberwell, Joseph Wilkins, of Greenwich, James Nunn, of St. Pancras, R. Bowles, of Poplar, Flack, Dickson, Firman, &c., &c. The attendance of ministering brethren was numerous, the gathering of friends was very encouraging, and hopes are entertained that even in this much-debased neighbourhood a revival of God's good work may be found. If the text on which C. W. Banks founded his anniversary sermon be fulfilled, we shall see Zion arise once more in Unicorn Yard. The scripture was, "Thou, O Lord, remainest for ever; thy throne from generation to generation. Wherefore dost thou forget us for ever, and forsake us so long a time? Turn thou us unto thee, O LORD and we shall be turned; renew our days as of old."—Lament. v. 19, 21. We hope, next month, to show this prayer has not been unheeded.

DUTY-FAITH AND LIVING FAITH.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR.—Why this blast and noise about duty-faith? Why do we not leave off bickering and quarrelling, and leave preachers to their God and their consciences, striving to rectify our own faults, and leave other people's alone till we ourselves are perfect? Duty-faith, what is it? "Oh," says one, "it is an ugly hobgoblin, which is frightening half the parsons of the present day." Well, let us examine it. List; it speaks, "Believe, and be saved; believe not, and be damned"—hoar-e though his voice is, yet how marvellously it is like the *old book*—Mark xvi. 16. Well, duty-faith, we will let you alone, for if you be of God, you must stand; while, on the other hand, if you be of man you must fall.

But let us turn to the other—saving faith. Who art thou? Hark! she answers, "I am a principle from God, wherever I enter Christ is my companion. I am a mighty power, for when I enter into a corpse I bring with me life, and dead bones revive and live again. I work a marvellous change, for when I am given to a culprit his eye brightens and he is pardoned; his list of crimes, be they ever so long, instantly vanish, and vanish for ever. I have power with God, for He cannot resist my cry. I was born in heaven, and am applied to the heart in every case by the Holy Spirit as a precious gift. I sustain my possessor in the midst of troubles. I am immortal, though my life is often in apparent jeopardy; yet I shall triumph over all my enemies because

I come from God, while they come from beneath."

Well, living faith, we will leave off quibbling about other systems, and will not rest happy unless we possess thee, for we can see that thou art the source of all true joy.

T. W. MEDHURST.

Mill Road, Collegiate School, Bexley Heath,
Dec. 6th, 1856.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

DEAR SIR,—I am but a babe, yet very anxious to learn, and wish to be instructed in the truth. The sacred Scriptures, Cruden's Concordance, the VESSEL and *Standard* form my library, and I find them suited for babes, as well as for fathers and old men. My pastor has been affirming what I cannot read to be revealed truth. I therefore, after seeking Divine illumination, am led to ask you and your correspondents whether it be truth or not. May He whose province it is to guide into all truth enable you and your readers so to write as to convince all who yearn after truth to find it to the joy and rejoicing of their souls. He says:—

"The love of God extends to every human being and to every beast and reptile—that such always were and are still loved by God."

"That the very angels cast out of heaven for sinning were the objects of God's love."

"That it is the duty of all God's children to pray for the salvation of every human being in the world, that every one may be saved."

He says, "The proofs for such are John iii. 16; 1 John ii. 2." J. H.

December 8, 1856.

[Three great errors are here declared by "J. H." to be published from the pulpit by his pastor. We fear that multitudes of our British and American pulpits are teeming with the same anti-Christian errors. If any of our correspondents can, in a profitable spirit, explode these delusions, we shall be glad to receive their papers; if not, we hope, by Divine help, to do it ourselves.—ED.]

SALEM (BAPTIST) CHAPEL, CHURCH STREET, STOKE-NEWINGTON.

A FRIENDLY tea-meeting took place at the above chapel on Wednesday evening, November 26th, for the purpose of bringing the church into a closer and more personal acquaintance with the pastor. At the same time, hoping that good might be done, the church gave a gratuitous invitation to the seat-holders and others worshipping with them, to meet their new pastor (Mr. Wm. Dovey), and take tea with him and them on that occasion.

Messrs. Bloomfield, of Meards Court, Soho, Pepper, of Newington Green, and Edgecomb, were present. Messrs. Milner, of Keppel Street, and Palmer, of Hornerton, promised to be present, but illness in the one case and forgetfulness in the other deprived the friends of their company. The meeting was a cheerful and happy one. The addresses, although unpremeditated, and chosen from hints thrown

out in the opening address of the pastor, were pertinent and in good taste. Mr. Bloomfield was quite at home in his feelings and his address (touching upon the character and signs of a healthy church), clear and concise. He was followed by Mr. Edgecomb, who, having engaged in prayer to some extent, after the opening address of the pastor, conceived that his portion of the business of the evening was done, and had in no way contemplated the call, but neither the subject nor man was used up, and therefore some half-hour was profitably and pleasantly employed by him. Mr. Pepper wound up the evening in his own cheerful style, and the pastor concluded with prayer.

The chapel was well filled during the addresses.

MAYFORD, SURREY.

It is two years since anything appeared in the VESSEL respecting this cause; and then from the hands of a dear and much-esteemed brother, Mr. Spencer, of Guildford, who administered to me the ordinance of believers' baptism, which was a very precious and solemn season to many. It is evident this little cause has, for some years, been under a cloud; but, thanks be to our God, the cloud appears removing: we behold the glimpse of our glorious Redeemer, rising and shining upon us with healing in his wings: many a time have I gone forth weeping, though bearing precious seed. May the Lord grant a poor unworthy worm to realise the promise, that his heart may be filled with joy by the ingathering of some sheafs into the harvest of the Lord. Faith and patience must be tried; and if the promise tarry, we are to wait, believing it will come in his own appointed way. On Lord's-day, December 7th, I administered the ordinance of believers' baptism to a much-loved brother, who is now taking part in the ministry. I was led to speak from Psalm cvi. 4 and 5, and never did I realise so much the power and overpowering of the Holy Spirit as I did then. The place was crowded; a very great solemnity and silence prevailed, and I believe many were pricked to the heart; the Lord grant it may be like bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days. We have some time past been joined in church order, and love, peace, and unity prevail among the members. JAMES STEVENS.

THE LAWYER THRASHED INSTEAD OF THE PARSON; OR, THE HISTORY OF LONGPARISH CHURCH.

MR. EDITOR,—According to promise I have sent you a condensed history of the church of God in Longparish, Hants.

It appears from the church-book that about the year 1760 a Mr. Cole, pastor of the Baptist church at Whitchurch, used to come once in a fortnight and preach to the villagers in a barn. This excited the rage and indignation of the more ignorant and prejudiced; and one individual more zealous than the rest, to crush this new religion, armed himself with a cart whip, determined to give Mr. Cole a good thrashing on his return from the

evening service. Accordingly he took his stand behind a tree, waiting the approach of the Methodist preacher, with his mind up to belabour him in such a style as should most effectually deter him from coming there again.

After some little time, as the sound of a horse was heard (Mr. Cole rode a pony), our hero made sure of his man, and just as the horse and his rider came up to the tree where the farmer was standing he sprang out, and began to lay the cart whip upon and about the shoulders and body of his supposed enemy, and at the same time exclaiming, "I'll *larn* thee to come here *praching*."

Now it so happened that the person who was flogged was not a preacher of the Gospel, but an expounder of the *law*, who resided at Andover; but, having some business in those parts, was passing along just before the servant of Jesus Christ was returning home. It seems that the voice of the farmer was recognised by the lawyer, for he told him who he was, and what he meant to do; and, sure enough, he was as good as his word, for he commenced a law-suit against him for the assault and battery; and I have it from the testimony of one of my hearers who has seen the deeds of the farm that the assailant was obliged to mortgage his farm to satisfy the demand of the limb of the law: thus was the hand of God seen at the commencement of the course of truth in this place.

Mr. Cole laboured in the barn about four years, and then a house was taken and fitted up as a place of worship, in which Mr. Cole preached for several years. After he was prevented from coming amongst the people through age and infirmities a Mr. Roberts spoke to them in the name of the Lord for three years: then they were without the means of grace for about four years.

About this time it pleased God, who makes his providence subservient to the purposes of his grace, to remove Mr. Joseph Saunders, of Hartley Row, to Longparish, where he was employed by the Great Head of the church in teaching and preaching the things pertaining to the kingdom of God. He was very zealous in the cause of truth, though not distinguished by any great ministerial talent; but according to his gift so he laboured. He was a man of some little property, which he left to the cause of God.

After his removal to Whitchurch, a Mr. Thomas Futchter, of Broughton, was invited to come and speak to the people; and after he had been with them some time the church was formed (1818), numbering eleven persons: they gave Mr. Futchter a call to the pastorate, which he accepted. He laboured with them till 1839. He was a plain unassuming man, made no pretensions to learning, but in simplicity and sincerity preached what he knew of the grace of God. He built our present beautiful chapel, and left it entirely free of debt. When he resigned the church numbered twenty-seven persons.

From this period a dark cloud has rested upon the church, and I solemnly believe the instrumental cause has been the bringing in of other doctrines than those which are

revealed in the Scriptures of truth. As a proof of this, I need only say that the successor of Mr. Fitcher entered into an agreement with a parson of the neighbourhood that he would not introduce the doctrines of election and believers' baptism into the pulpit; and he kept his word.

When the writer of these lines was directed in the providence of God to this people he found them for the most part ignorant of the distinguishing doctrines of grace; indeed, so much so, that when he began to declare the electing love of God the Father, the predestinating purposes of Jehovah in the person of Jesus Christ, and the effectual calling of the Holy Ghost, and also the experience and evidences of those who have passed from death unto life,—many of the people went back, and have walked no more with us up to the present time.

It has been a winnowing or separating work, and yet God has blessed his own Word in the comforting and establishing of his own people. They are rejoicing in the truth, and, after being with them twelve months, we were honoured by the great Head of the Church in administering the ordinance of believers' baptism to three persons on the last Sabbath in October. One was a young man (son of a brother in the faith, a member of the church at Reading, Berks), who gave a clear and satisfactory account of the work of grace in his heart. The second was a daughter of the administrator. The third a sister in the Lord Jesus, who has been called to pass through seas of poverty, affliction, and persecution. May the blessing of a covenant-keeping God rest upon them, that they may be preserved in the truth, and abound in everything which shall be to the praise of the glory of his grace.

In addition to our labours at Longparish, morning and afternoon, we have services in our own house (11, East Street, Andover) on the evening of the Lord's-day, and also on Tuesday evening, which I am happy to say are well attended. Begging an interest in the prayers and sympathies of the Lord's family, Yours in the Gospel, **GEORGE DYER.**

BAPTIST CHAPEL, HOWE STREET, PLYMOUTH.

ORDINATION AND ANNIVERSARY SERVICES.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

MR. EDITOR,—As many of your contributors and friends have preached the Gospel to us here, doubtless they will be glad to know how we are getting on. I therefore send you an account of our ordination and anniversary services.

We were favoured to have that faithful servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. J. Foreman, of Mount Zion Chapel, London, to conduct the ordination services in connection with the settlement of Mr. W. Bull (late of Burgh, Lincolnshire), as pastor over us.

On Tuesday, November 25th, afternoon, Mr. Foreman stated the nature of a Gospel church, taking the account given in the second chapter of the Acts of the Apostles as a model; after which the usual questions relative to our calling Mr. Bull to the pastorate and his

acceptance thereof were asked and replied to. A remark of our esteemed friend Mr. Foreman was much to the point here, "that it was well for persons before marriage to understand each other's heart and mind, and to be fully agreed, that there be no falling out afterward." The marriage service concluded, we separated till the evening, when Mr. Foreman delivered to his brother Mr. Bull and to all present a very faithful, powerful, and truthful address from Ephes. iv. 11. On Thursday evening Mr. Foreman preached to the church from Ephes. iv. 3. In the course of which he gave us some excellent advice, ably expounding his text and the three following verses, clearly showing forth the unity of the Trinity, and the work of each person—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—in the economy of salvation.

On the intermediate day (Wednesday, November 26th) we held our second anniversary in the chapel, when upwards of 200 sat down to tea; after tea a public meeting presided over by our pastor Mr. Bull, which, being opened with singing and prayer, was addressed by brethren Turner, Easterbrook, Westlake, and Foreman.

I believe it was a very profitable time to all. I can say for myself it was good to be there, and feel that whilst we have much to contend with, we have much to be thankful for. Pray for us, brethren, that the dear Lord may continue to bless us and prosper his servant in our midst. Amen. Yours in the hope of the Gospel,
SIMON HILL.

Plymouth, December 9th, 1856.

A LITTLE SISTER.

A LITTLE Baptist church, meeting for worship in a village near Maidstone (consisting of thirty-five members, very poor persons) is, in a great measure, deprived of the privilege of commemorating the death of our Lord. The church has been formed more than three years. During that time we have only had the Lord's Supper six or seven times. A few ministers have favoured us with a visit; viz. Mr. Shindler, of Matfield Green; Mr. Neville, of Sutton-at-Hone; Mr. Robinson, of Boro' Green; Mr. Lingley, of Meophan; and Mr. Hanks. Mr. Stringer preached at our anniversary. We get good supplies from different churches round for the pulpit on a Sabbath-day; we are so poor we cannot give them much, and pay rent for chapel (9s. per year); but the supplies we have are not ordained ministers; and therefore do not feel at liberty to administer the ordinance. Can you suggest or advise us how to act under these circumstances, so as to secure to us what we so much desire—the administration of this ordinance once a month or otherwise? Believing you feel interested in the welfare and prosperity of the poor of Christ's flock, I am deputed by the church to make these inquiries. On behalf of the church,
A POOR WORM.

[Is there no one of the supplies of sufficient ministerial power that the church could call to the pastorate? If not, send us the proper address. We can advise by letter.—Ed.]

THE CHURCH AT LITTLE LONDON
AND MR. LEFEVRE.

[THE following description of ministerial character surpasses any we have lately seen. It would be a blessing indeed if our churches were favoured with such ministers as our correspondent represents the present pastor of Willenhall to be. We do not question the truthfulness of the description. We have no reason so to do. Three things we will say. First. We do not think Mr. B. Davies wrote in any other spirit than that of love and esteem for his brother Lefevre. Secondly. we heartily pray that Mr. Lefevre's ministry at Willenhall may be a very long and successful course; and lastly, we say to all our brethren who are not too proud to learn of another—Read the following description of a country pastor, and go and do likewise.—Ed.]

MR. EDITOR,—In your Number for November I select a few lines from the diary of Mr. B. Davies, of Leighton, in which he makes reference to the cause at Willenhall, Staffordshire. "Mr. Lefevre, the new pastor of the Baptist church at Little London, is a pleasant sociable man, but, I fear, will not be over comfortable there, as the people are divided amongst themselves." The quotation leaves the statement clothed with much ambiguity. I think when ministers give representations of churches or brethren with whom they meet it should be done most honestly and clearly.

With regard to the division at Little London I feel it to be an incumbent duty to the Redeemer's cause here to say that our beloved pastor Mr. Lefevre is not the cause of the division mentioned. He received a cordial invitation from the church, and was anxiously anticipated to enter upon his labours. Innocent of the cause, he commenced his responsible and most trying position; and we sincerely believe, if we can prevail upon him to stay with us, that we shall be brought into a condition of numerical, pious, and loving prosperity. Mr. Lefevre's ministry is of a telling character, both in point of manner and of matter. The Gospel is fully, faithfully, intelligently, zealously, and affectionately delivered to sinners as sinners; and whilst the unbeliever is solemnly cautioned and addressed, the formalist is attacked in his refuge of lies, the backslider exhorted, the mourner comforted, the believer is built up, and all are sent to their closets before a heart-searching God and the solemnities of a final judgment. Under such a ministry no one can attend without results the most important—may it long be continued amongst us. It is the kind of ministry we have long needed and prayed for, and we hope it is the time to favour this part of Zion.

The ministry of our highly-esteemed pastor is second to none, and is truly adapted to explode the errors which have been too long promulgated within the walls of our noble house of prayer: this and the urbanity of his manners, together with his pastoral visitations and social, unsectarian, and holy walk, must not only endear him to all, but must, under the Divine blessing, secure the glory of our Heavenly Head in the extension of his kingdom in this densely populated and profligate town.

T. ARRWOOD.

MR. T. J. MESSER.

"Is he yet alive? He is my brother."—
1 Kings xx. 32.

["FALSEHOOD"—that] daring imp—published, the other day, the death of our brother Messer. We sighed; we thought we saw him laid in his grave; we said, "His work is done—his sorrows are over;" and afresh we looked to heaven, praying to be prepared by grace divine to say with Paul, "for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." A day or two passed over, and some one said, "Mr. Messer is *not* dead." We wrote him without delay. A note in his own hand-writing came in reply; from it we quote the following:—]

"Hayle, Dec. 16th, 1856.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Your report of my supposed death has given intense pain to a great number of my friends, whatever delight it may have given to my enemies. Through mercy I am yet alive, and have preached, since the morning of November 30th, five times, besides delivering two lectures and conducting a prayer-meeting. Please let me know *who* originated the story of my exit from this thorn-bestrewn world. What intense sorrow it has created! Letters of condolence have come to Mrs. Messer from different quarters. She rejoices, however, that that condolence is not yet needed. Though I have not much reason to desire a continuance here, I know, however, that, despite of the machinations of foes and the pressure of heavy burdens, I shall "be immortal till my work is done." As ever, yours, T. J. MESSER."

[It is out of our power to state "*who originated*." Our brother is alive, and full of labours still. In this we rejoice; and for this we thank the Lord.—Ed.]

REVELATION OF CHRIST.—The first spiritual view I ever had was a believing view of Christ crucified; this was in open vision, and in the Lord's own light, while infinite divinity above the light, or brightness of a thousand suns, shone into my soul. After many months this vision of Him on the cross gradually withdrew, vanished, and went in a measure out of sight; but the divine, co-equal, co-essential, and co-eternal beam of ineffable light still remains with me, as the true light which now shineth. I now view my Saviour as the fountain of light, life, and love; as God to all intents and purposes; and in all the fulness, glory, and majesty of self-existent and independent divinity; and in every sense and meaning of that great and terrible name—Jehovah. It remains, then, that I still worship the fulness of the Godhead in Christ Jesus, in Christ's glorious humanity; and God the Father, as shining in His face; and so it is written, "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts to give us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God, in the face of Jesus Christ;" "who is the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of his person;" and he that thus hath the Son, hath the Father.—*Huntington's Living Testimonies.*

REVIEWS.

THE BROTHER BORN FOR ADVERSITY.
A SHORT HOMILY FOR THE POOR AND THE
AFFLICTED OF CHRIST'S FLOCK.

VERY recently two copies of a small religious work were sent us for review. The title-page at once engaged our attention that we immediately sent one of the volumes to an aged Christian matron, without stopping to read it ourselves. Before many days had passed away, the recipient of our little present sent an earnest request that we would procure three copies of the work and forward them without delay; the perusal having been so profitable, a desire had been created to forward this precious little manual to other branches of the living family. Having complied with the request, and having also heard the work highly eulogized by other Christian friends, we resolved to read the work carefully ourselves; accordingly one Monday afternoon (weary and afflicted in body from much exertion on the previous day) we locked our little study door, and sat down to enjoy the anticipated feast. The title-page itself gave rise to some most grateful feelings: it reads thus—"The Brother Born for Adversity; or, the Similarity of the Saviour's Sorrows and Sufferings to those of his Followers." A short preface informs us that "the poetical passages" interspersed here and there throughout the work are the author's first "attempt at poetry;" and as we have, in these days, so much that is called poetry, we could not refrain searching after and reading the different stanzas before we made a "dead set" at the book itself.

We cannot easily describe the deep and silent pleasure we realized while (running from page to page) we sweetly fed upon the delightful sentiments these small pieces of poetry threw into the hidden man of our heart. We give one or two morsels as samples of the whole.

"Man's life is like a troubled sea,

When winds do blow and waves do roar;

'T is vain to seek for rest till He

Has brought us safe to Canaan's shore."

Here are every-day truths in the Christian's experience clothed in the simplest form of speech—in metre and in measure most correct. But where is the humble follower of the Lamb that will not hold fellowship with the author while, in another place, he says:—

"Christian, the sorrows of the mind

Are very hard to bear:

Jesus, at times, you think unkind,

Unkind because not near

"To free you from your troubles sore.

Mistaken soul, your Lord—

Blessed truth—is with you evermore:

For this you have his word.

"He is with you always to impart

The strength you so much need:

He has a sympathising heart,

He is a friend indeed.

"Your sorrows once were all His own,

He knows your every grief,

And from His seat on Glory's Throne,

He'll surely send relief."

When we add, as we may with perfect confidence, that the same purity of spirit, the same soul-comforting sentiment, the same expressive and truth-telling talent runs entirely through the book, we say enough to commend it to every conscience that is sanctified by the indwelling life, the saving grace, and the heaven-taught knowledge of HIM, who is emphatically, essentially, and most faithfully, "THE BROTHER BORN FOR ADVERSITY."

But in such times as these—when so little, yea so very little, of "the Spirit of Christ" is realised even among men of the highest profession and pretensions to verity, devotion, and piety—in times like these, when the tongues and the pens of the great leaders in our Israelitish army are more like the slaughter weapons Ezekiel speaks of, than they are like to that so nicely told out by David, when he says,—“My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made, touching the King: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer;”—in these days of dwindled-down divinity, spiritual declension, and fearful dissensions, we ask *who* and where lives the man who could so blessedly breathe out so savoury and so well constructed a commentary upon the fellowship which the saints have with Christ in his sufferings as this small volume furnishes? There are a few good men in the Christian family on whom the mind would rest with a “may-be it was either so and so, or, surely, it must be —.”

We venture to put an end to all such inquiries by writing it down as the conviction of our mind that the author of this most excellent volume is none other than the well known and able editor of the *Morning Advertiser*, JAMES GRANT, Esq., to whom the church of Christ is largely indebted for the honest and noble battle he has lately fought in defence of the great principles of the Gospel of Christ; and while for that valiant front with which he met the “sliding scale” advocates, true Christians of all classes must ever esteem him, this “Brother born for Adversity,” so scripturally and experimentally portrayed, will knit their hearts closer to him than ever.

“The Brother Born for Adversity”—by James Grant, Esq.—is a handsome eighteen-penny volume, published by John Snow; and may be laid in the parlour, the closet, the house of mourning, the sick chamber, or the humble cottage, with a prayerful persuasion that the Lord will make it a great and most extensive blessing. With the following extract we must close. It is a portion of the second chapter, headed “Physical Experiences.” It has been so profitable to us we cannot withhold it from our readers:—

“How sweet, 'mid all the ills of life,

To think on Him—the Brother born;

To soothe our souls when sorrow's rife,

To heal our hearts with anguish torn.

“Bless'd sympathetic Saviour, I

'To Thee would ever upward look;

Oh, be Thy presence ever nigh,

In parched lands, a living brook.

“First of all, the far larger number of the followers of Christ are either in *deep poverty* or in *straitened circumstances*. This is an

evil, partly physical and partly mental. It always has been—always will be so. Many of God's people who are obliged to make what is called an appearance in society especially know, in their painful experience, what it is to struggle with limited means. They are indeed more legitimate objects of commiseration than those who are clothed in rags, and live in the most humble dwellings. Their education and position in society give a point and pungency to the privations which they have to endure, to which those who have been born and bred in the lowlier spheres of life are strangers, because devoid of the same susceptibilities of feeling.

"To both classes of sufferers it must prove the source of strong consolation to feel that Jesus, from his own experience, knows what their privations and sufferings are. He was the offspring of parents sunk in the depths of poverty. He was born in a stable, and laid in a manger. His infancy, his boyhood, his manhood, his public ministry, were severally marked by his want of even the necessities of life. The foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, but the Son of Man had not where to lay his head.

"Amazing thought, that God's own Son
Who, with his Father, always one,
Did in his glory share,
Should come from Heaven to lowest earth,
Submit to be of meanest birth,
And brought into a world of care.

"He travelled on foot from city to city, and from village to village, without even the smallest coin of the country in his pocket. The touching story of his being unable to pay the small sum of a penny, when exacted as tribute to Cæsar, and of his laying a fish under contribution for the amount, affords conclusive proof of this. Indeed, the presumption is that after Jesus had commenced his public ministry, He never had any money at all; for we have no reason to suppose that He would have accepted money from any one; while we are morally certain that He never solicited pecuniary gifts. The supposition that Jesus was, from first to last, during the years of his public ministry, entirely destitute of money, is strengthened, if not established, by the fact, that when his enemies sought to trepan him into saying something against the existing government, He asked them to show him a penny, in order that He might confound and silence them by pointing out the superscription of Cæsar, and then telling them that they were to render unto Cæsar the things that were Cæsar's, while they were to render to God the things that were God's. It is all but certain that He had not at this time a penny in his possession; because if He had, its being produced would have sufficed for the purpose of inculcating the doctrine which He wished to illustrate and enforce, instead of having to ask those who thought to entrap Him, for the temporary use of a penny.

"As regards, therefore, the money of this world, the Lord Jesus was worse off than any of his disciples, for however poor they may be, it would not be easy to meet with one

who is not at times the possessor of at least the smallest coin of the realm.

"Think of this, ye followers of Jesus, who, though poor in this world, are rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom. Your Saviour can and does sympathize with you in your destitution, having Himself, all his life, at least, during the period of his public ministry, been immersed in the very depths of poverty, though Lord of heaven and earth—the Maker and Monarch of all worlds.

"You feel the stern gripe of poverty. You may not, at this moment, know when or whence is to come your next morsel of bread; and you may be in want of fuel and clothing as well as of food, because you are entirely destitute of the means wherewith to procure either. Yours is a painful case. It is a hard destiny, made harder still by the reflection that as you look forward through the vista of the future, there is not, so far as earthly considerations are concerned, one single ray of hope to dispel, even partially, the darkness in which that future is enveloped. Even so, there are for you sources of comfort. You are but in the condition in which your Lord was all his life long placed. Never did human being know more sensibly, from experience, the ills of poverty, than did your adorable Redeemer. And if He bore them all so patiently, so submissively, will not you also bear those privations which spring from your deep poverty, with cheerfulness, saying in this, as in all other respects, 'Not as I will, O Lord, but as thou wilt'?"

"Believer in Jesus, though poor here below,

In faith ye are rich—your portion is God;
Let this be your solace as onward ye go,

Along the sad stages of life's rugged road,
"To your home in Heaven—your seat in the
skies,

Where, ever released from the rude gripe
of want,

Your hosannahs to God shall unceasingly
rise,

Possessing those treasures for which your
souls pant.

Popular Preaching; a Sermon by Joseph Wilkins, of Brighton; being No. 101 of the "Brighton Pulpit," published by C. E. Verrall. We see, from different public prints, that the pastor of "Windsor Street Particular Baptist Chapel" is making himself useful in endeavouring to promote such objects as aim at the moral and spiritual good of our fellow-man. We highly commend him for this; because we fully believe that if our churches are to prosper, if our young ministers are to succeed, under God, it will be by carrying the TRUTH out into all places, and practically developing the same in the use of all means put within their power. The sermon before us contains evidence of ministerial improvement.

"*This World and the Next: the Impossibility of making the Best of Both Worlds.*" Some Reply to Mr. Binney's Lecture. London: W. Yapp, 4, Old Cavendish Street, Oxford Street. Our reviewer has this and several other works under way.

"*Conviction not Conversion.*" By John Lindsey, Trowbridge. London: R. Banks and Co., Dover Road.

This tract is a little "two-edged sword," piercing mere professors; and speaking comfortably unto penitent, praying souls. It is simple, but solemn. We know not John Lindsey; but with such spiritual discernment, and good plain parts, we consider he might be of great use to Zion.

MR. WARBURTON'S SERMON.

"*The Truth of the Gospel Defended, in a Letter to the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.*" This pamphlet, written by Mr. John Warburton, Jun., reached us too late for special notice this month. We had proposed, ere this, to have finished our remarks upon Mr. Warburton's Biggleswade Sermon; but preaching to the living, burying the dead, visiting the sick, and doing business in deep waters beside, have prevented. The subject Mr. Warburton has taken in hand—(describing and denouncing a dead-letter ministry) is a subject of most tremendous weight, and full of awful consequences. We have often trembled for ourselves, although the immense difference between standing and preaching in the letter, and standing and preaching in the life, light, and liberty of the Holy Spirit has been realised in us many times during the last twenty-five years:—and frequently, in all parts of this kingdom, have we met with and known men whose ministry, we have feared, was not of God. Surely, none could be more jealous, suspicious, or fearful of men in the ministry than ourselves! And, indeed, it is but few to whom we have found and felt a holy, a happy, and a certain union, oneness, and affinity. But, then, the public sitting in judgment upon men—as Mr. Philipot has done, as Mr. Tryon has done, as the late Mr. Osborn did, as Mr. George Abrahams and many others have done, and as Mr. John Warburton has commenced to do, is fearful work, unless specially called to it of God. We do not say Mr. Warburton has not been called to this work; but we deeply feel this is a subject that must be carefully and powerfully gone into. Mr. Warburton glories in belonging to a party—that party is rightly termed "the Standard Party"—and if we are called to it, we shall unfold as many dark deeds done by some of the men of this party, as ever "the dead-letter men" were ever yet convicted of. In the ministry of the Gospel, in the profession of faith in Christ, we are as much for VITALITY—for a living faith in, a living fellowship with, and for a personal and powerful application of the Love of God, the Blood of the Lamb, and the Teaching of the Holy Spirit, as ever Mr. Warburton, or any of his brethren, are—but ignorant bigotry, pretended humility, an austere gait, and a setting at naught all who are not reckoned within the pale by certain leaders, is a line of things we disclaim—it is doomed to die—it totters now—and soon, like Dagon before the ark, it shall fall and be broken. We hope to reply to Mr. Warburton before long.

THE EDITOR'S PREACHING JOURNAL.

As the EARTHEN VESSEL is now entirely again in my own hands, and as thousands in this and other lands sympathise with me in the work committed to my trust, I fully purpose to give a few notes of the manifestations of the Lord's goodness towards me. The jealous, the envious, the arrogant, the haughty, and they that are at ease may laugh; I will go on to labour, if a gracious God permit, until of me it can be said, "Gad, a troop overcame him for many years, but he overcame at the last." I have taken much notice of churches, ministers, and people in private notes. I shall not bury them. My readers may through my little telescope sometimes see things that may encourage them to hope in God. A small sample here follows.

Kettering.—On the 10th and 11th of December I preached in Ebenezer Chapel, in this town. I saw the late Andrew Fuller's chapel and the house where Dr. Gill was born. I expect to have some good news from Kettering soon; therefore will now only say I think Kettering presents one of the best fields for a pure and powerful Gospel ministry in England. If Providence direct, I will hope soon to see this great vacant sphere fully filled.

Dec. 12th.—Preached at Hanslope, Bucks. Here is a nice chapel, and a populous village; but they want a stated, a stirring, and a sterling pastor. The brethren Woodstock, of Leighton, and Harrison, of Northampton, very efficiently supply the pulpit in turns; but before the cause can truly prosper they must have a man who works for and among them all the week through. The lack of *laborious every-day* pastors is very seriously felt in our churches. Do our destitute churches UNTEDELY and PERSEVERINGLY adopt the prophetic outbreak of holy resolve recorded in Isaiah lxvii. 1? [*We fear not.*] The prophet says, "For Zion's sake will I not hold my peace; and for Jerusalem's sake I WILL NOT REST until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth." This blessed resolve is the living pulse of the hand that pens these lines; and by God's help he will never "hold his peace" until sickness, death, or captivity stop his course.

Sibel Hedingham and Halstead, Essex.—I preached three sermons in the Baptist chapel, Sibel Hedingham, on Lord's-day, Nov. 30, 1856; in the morning from "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given," &c.; in the afternoon from "We are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works;" and in the evening from "The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee." I felt unwell all day—laboured under the impression that I could not preach, and that soon my work would be over altogether—nevertheless I was greatly helped; the congregation was large, the people came for miles round, and the greatest kindness that ever could be shown to mortal man was manifested to me. The financial particulars will be given in the report of the committee of the Redemption Fund, to be issued shortly.

The Baptist chapel in Sibel Hedingham (a large agricultural district) is now without a pastor. Mr. Langford, now of Colchester, laboured here many years with happy success; after him Mr. Howell, now of Haverhill, was pastor for eleven years; he having left, the pulpit is supplied by different brethren. A devoted, gifted, and energetic man of God would find this an extensive sphere of Gospel labour. The chapel is spacious, and free from debt; the people are numerous, and with Heaven's blessing a large amount of good might be done. We hope such a one will be found, and that the church will be preserved from division.

Halstead, Essex, Dec. 1, 1856.—After my hard day yesterday, I walked this morning from Sibel Hedingham to Halstead, and a very pleasant walk it was. I read a letter from a friend; these words were in the letter, "How will ye do in the swellings of Jordan?" they fastened upon my mind, and I preached from them at night in John Thurston's pulpit, Providence Chapel, Halstead, where the Lord is blessing his labours in calling in and converting sinners, and in comforting some of the saints. The friends subscribed ten shillings towards the redemption Fund. I believe my brother Thurston's ministry has been the means of reviving the cause of truth in this town. God help him still.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE.

BY A PILGRIM.

No. II.

A SUNDAY WITHOUT CHRIST.

I WAS engaged about a month since to preach twice, morning and evening, at the West End, and in spiritual things never had I a more wretched sabbath. Not one five minutes' glimpse of the Master during the whole day, my heart was as cold and as hard as an iceberg. Nor can I imagine that any one present enjoyed the services. I tried to pray, but it seemed to be a vain and fruitless attempt. In the evening, as I walked to the chapel, I literally and actually groaned with agony, to think that I was compelled to preach when I had not the slightest hope of God's presence. Once I thought of turning back, but that I dared not do, though I felt how utterly vain would be all my talking without the Master's presence.

But in watching the operations of my mind and feelings during the day, it afforded me some amount of consolation to find that though the Father had hidden his face from me and the blessed influence of the Holy Spirit was utterly withdrawn, that the thought of the world and its pleasures stepping in to supply the place of my absent Saviour was abhorrent and abominable to my soul. The state of my mind was that of a *blank*, a *vacancy*, or emptiness; it missed the presence of a beloved friend, and would rather remain empty till that friend should return, than permit any one or anything to take his place. Just as when a man is mourning over the loss of a dear friend, he would not tolerate the attempt of an unknown and an unloved stranger to come and fill his place, so I felt, that though I had no sensible love to Christ, I had still less for the world; nay, if anything, I

seemed to hate the world more than I had ever done before, for somehow or another the conviction had forced itself upon my mind, that it was my connection with the world and its objects that had robbed me of the presence of my Saviour, and the more I thought this, the more terrible did my hatred to the world become. The high priest had forsaken the temple, and the fire on the altar was burning cold and low, so that I could neither see its light nor feel its warmth, but rather would I that it should have burnt down to the last spark, than any Korah or Dathan of the world should attempt to kindle strange fire on that altar.

The Book and the promises were before me still, but the Interpreter was gone; the pass-over was prepared, but the guest-chamber was empty; the bread and the wine were ready, but the first had lost its strengthening power, and the last its refreshing flavour, for my spiritual Samuel was not there to bless the feast.

Another conviction too from which I extracted a little comfort was this, that since I missed the Saviour's presence so bitterly, I must have enjoyed much of his presence in times gone by; for, thought I, a man can never sorrow over the loss of that which he has never possessed, nor can a man mourn over the breaking up or temporary suspension of friendship which he has never enjoyed.

While I was thus gathering up the fragments of past mercies, to see if I could make a scanty meal of them, the devil came and whispered in my ear, "Thou art deceiving thyself with thy special pleading; all that is carnal reasoning, for the Scripture saith, 'that the Comforter shall abide with you *for ever*.'" "True, devil," I replied; "I admit the fact, but deny the insinuation. Unfortunately, thou and I are old acquaintances, and I have found thee a liar and a deceiver from the beginning, so thou canst not expect me to believe thee now. True, Christ promised that the Holy Ghost should abide with his children for ever, but though He claims the freehold of the sinner's heart and will never part with it to another, as far as *occupancy* is concerned, the Holy Ghost is a tenant-at-will, and comes and goes when He pleases, none daring to say unto Him, 'What doest thou?' Still He is no less the proprietor because He is not always on the property; no more than Christ is less the Saviour of his people before his manifestation to them, than He is after He has made Himself known to them as such." At the close of this dialogue, the devil took to flight, and though for some time after this, I was still fasting and hungering in the desert, at last the angel of the covenant came and ministered unto me, satisfied my mouth with good things, filled me with angels' food, led me to the green pastures and the still waters, and while his banner over me was love, I stooped down and drank of the brook by the way, till, like a giant refreshed with new wine, my feet became like a hind's feet, and I came up out of the wilderness, leaning upon my beloved. Verily, my soul found Him to be what He ever has been to his chosen ones, "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land!"

THE LATE MRS. MARTIN OF WAL-
WORTH.

THE subject of the following brief sketch was the late beloved wife of Mr. J. Martin, one of the deacons of the Church of Christ, at Rye Lane, Peckham. She was, many years ago, much blessed under the ministry of Mr. G. Moyle, by whom she was baptized, during the period of his labours in Artillery Street; but it being the will of her heavenly Father to call her to pass through many years of great bodily weakness and suffering, from that flattering complaint that proves so fatal to thousands (consumption), it deprived her of the privilege of much communion with his saints in the ordinances of his house, which fact often caused her to go mourning from week to week; and although at all times firmly resting on the Lord Jesus as her only hope, yet often was it with her, as the poet sings—

“Often I seek my Lord by night—
Jesus, my love, my soul’s delight;
With warm desire and restless thought,
I seek Him oft, but find Him not.”

Thus passing through years of affliction, she was always delighted to see and hear any one who could talk of the blessed Jesus, as He was her only hope and stay. But I must come to her last days on earth, as I feel I cannot write much upon a subject of such importance.

The morning before she died, her husband introduced a very dear friend to her, and said, “I have brought one to talk to you about Jesus;” she answered, “I am glad of that.” And on being asked if she was happy, she answered, “Not very; I want to know that I am right;” then calling upon the Lord, said repeatedly, “Shine, Lord; do, Lord, shine upon my soul!” Then turning to her friend, she feelingly said, “Oh! if I were but sure I was right, I should be happy.” She then asked to be prayed with; and at the close said, “Oh! that is comforting. Do you believe in your heart that I am on the rock? Do you think it will be said to me, ‘Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared?’” After a while she said, “Would so many precious promises be brought so sweetly to my mind, if God had not meant them for me? For although I feel I am a vile sinner, and heavy-laden with sin, yet Jesus says, ‘Come unto me,’ and I, indeed, do come; and I think He will not cast me out, for I do depend only upon Him.”

After a while she said, “Now I am quite happy. Do read that precious hymn—

‘Oh! happy saints, who dwell in light.’”

She continued to repeat promises and lines of hymns for some time, continually saying, “Happy, happy! There yet is room; and I do not fear death, though I walk through the valley; for I feel underneath me the everlasting arms.” At this time a person came in and said to her, “You have not been so great a sinner as some have;” she looked grieved, and said sharply, “Where is the good of talk-

ing to me in that way? My hope is only in the person and work of Jesus Christ.”

After this, as we were watching for her last breath (as we thought), she said—

“The world recedes—it disappears;
Heaven opens to my eyes, my cars;”

then spread out her hands and bowed repeatedly, while such a radiant smile appeared, and her countenance beamed with joy; she looked as if already she had seen the King in his beauty, and was adoring at his feet; then, with a loud voice, said, “HALLELUJAH!” and sank back, we thought, to speak no more; but she revived again, and opening her eyes, it evidently appeared she was disappointed, and cried, “O, I have come back again—I have come back to this wicked world.” She seemed distressed at the thought, and not so happy; but shortly said, “I am sent back that patience may have her perfect work, and I will wait patiently; though it is painful at present, it will cease before long, and then, oh, how pleasant the conqueror’s song.” She said, “I love my husband;” and to other friends she said, “I love you dearly; but I can leave you all to go to Jesus.” She then kissed us each, and said, “It will not be long; then it will be all glory.” She spoke of her happiness so much, that when a neighbouring minister called to see her, and was asked to pray for and with her, his answer was; “She is so happy, it does not appear needful to pray; but rather to unite in praising our covenant God for such favours granted in the hour of death,” which accordingly was done. She continued in this happy state until her beloved Lord called her home, about a quarter before eleven in the evening, October 10, 1856.

“With a gentle sigh her fetters broke;
We could only say, ‘She’s gone.’”

Hoping the perusal of these lines may prove a blessing and be a comfort to some poor, weak, and helpless child of God, who, like the departed, may be often called to do business in deep waters, I commend them to the blessing of our gracious God; and may the last end of both reader and writer be like hers, is the desire of yours in Jesus, the bereaved husband,
J. MARTIN.

WINDSOR.—On Christmas-day, a church was formed upon New Testament principles in this town, by Mr. W. Winslow, of Richmond, who preached three sermons on the occasion. For twelve months, he has laboured there on Sunday afternoons and Tuesday evenings, and not in vain.

BERMONDSEY.—The Venerable Mr. Allingham, of the Grange Road, died on Christmas-day, aged 85. For a long time that somewhat silent follower of Christ has been waiting for Heaven; and at the very moment when, for many years, he has been surrounded by his family, he was called to his everlasting rest. He had his fears, but his faith looked alone to Jesus. His widow—the author of “The Closet Companion”—is left not to sorrow without hope.

GOD'S GIFT, AND CHRIST'S PURCHASE.

[We wish to call special attention to the following letter from a Gloucestershire Correspondent:—]

"DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Having unsuccessfully solicited an explanation of the word "*Purchased*," as declared in the Holy Scriptures, by some able pen, I have ventured to suggest the following thoughts upon the great subject.

PURCHASE AND PURCHASED.

The word occurs in the 74th Psalm, 2 v. "Remember thy congregation which thou hast purchased of old, the Rod of thine inheritance which thou hast Redeemed, this Mount Zion wherein thou hast dwelt."—Acts viii. 20. "But Peter said unto him, thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money."—Acts xx. 28: "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."—Ephesians ii. 24:—"Which is the earnest of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession to the praise of his glory:"—of this verse, methinks, Beza has given a curious translation:—he has it—"Which is the earnest of our inheritance for the redemption of that liberty purchased unto the praise of his glory." Whether this be a correct translation I must leave the learned to decide. In the first cited passages the persons of the saved are decidedly named, and not a word mentioned of consequent blessings which were in the counsels of his love and grace to GIVE them, neither in that other word which the inspired writers (both in the Old and New Testament) have so often used, I mean the term Redeemed, and which is expressive of the same grace and work of our great Immanuel. It is said what the Church is Redeemed from, namely, The curse of the law, from all iniquity, from the power of the grave, &c. I observe in all the promises of the Lord's word, they stand in form of expression attributable to his own will, grace, power, mercy, covenant loving kindness, &c., never said to be purchased, but GIVEN, to all the heirs of life, even from that renowned believer Abraham to

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the saved Lazarus who died at the rich man's gate. (Hallelujah.)

That well instructed scribe in the mysteries of the kingdom, Mr. G. Wright, of Beccles, in Suffolk, said, when speaking of the Atonement, the term transposed might, with great propriety, be read, "*At one ment*;" as the persons of the saved were thus made *one* with Christ Jesus, and with him heirs of all the Grace and Glory dwelling in him as the beloved Son of the Father. I hope I shall not be far from the truth of the Lord's word if I express my thoughts of this august subject by the following similitude. A man of wealth possessing land, houses, gold, silver, diamonds, or a kingdom, having no legitimate heir, sets his love upon a poor bond slave, purchases him from his Master; pays the agreed price; takes him to himself; gives him by inviolable deeds, all his riches, and at his death, by will, leaves it to him and his heirs for ever, as his entire property. Now can it be said when he paid the price of the slave it was *for* the property he before possessed? It may be said, that human reason is not to be the standard for measuring the Lord's word; granted:—but is not the assertion of purchased blessings, eternal life, crowns of glory, an emanation of the same? for the word of the Lord has not said it. And I think ministers ought to speak as the oracles of God. That valiant servant of God, the late Mr. Job Hupton, of Claxton, Norfolk, would deliver a long discourse chiefly with exact citations of the Lord's word, with pathos and ease, till it seemed like honey dropping from the comb or "*myrrh new bleeding from the tree.*" I know those good men who preach the doctrine of purchased blessings use it as an incentive to holiness of life, and conversation to the Lord's people. But has not the Holy Ghost, by the pen of Paul, used a different and most truthful incentive in 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20? "And ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price, therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit, which are God's." Far be it from me to use any dictatorial language, but did not the great Redeemer possess all riches, power, glory, and felicity, in oneness with the Father and the blessed Spirit in his own eternal, uncrea-

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ted, Godhead? and are not all the communicable blessings from Him everywhere in the promises made to the Heirs of the grace of life said to be given even to the amount of a kingdom? St. John saw a vision of the heavenly glory, and heard the redeemed sing, "And hath redeemed us to God by his own blood." And are not the kingdom of glory, and its preparatory grace, blessings, said to be given? The great Redeemer, when on earth, said to his disciples, "Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom," and "I give unto my sheep eternal life." I once heard a preacher, who tried to prove the doctrine of purchased blessings by stating Boaz to be a type of Christ, on account of his purchasing the inheritance of Ruth's former husband; this Boaz did; but evidently his primary purpose or object was to marry his beloved Ruth, for on reading the narration when he went to the next of kin, I read in Ruth, iv. 8—"Therefore the kinsman said unto Boaz buy it for thee, so he drew off his shoe;" and from that time till he was lawfully married it was his own property, and may with propriety be styled a GIFT to the Moabitess damsel; and herein was he a type of Jehovah Jesus in his marriage with his Hephzibah; calling her land Beulah; endowing her with all spiritual blessings here, and making her a joint heir of glory hereafter, even the glory he had with the Father, before the world was. Should any of the Lord's dear people see any thing in these statements contrary to the Lord's truth in his word, I should be glad to be convinced thereof by the same.

T. H.

Hanham, Gloucester, July.

MAZZAROTH:

OR, THE

TWELVE SIGNS IN THE BIBLICAL
HEAVENS.*(Continued from page 271, Vol XII.)*THE SEVEN-FOLD TRIAL OF THE GOSPEL
MINISTRY.

I AM still looking at the tribe of Levi, in connection with that beautiful text, Deut. xxxiii. 8—11. The *Urim* and *Thummim* were noticed in the November number; "the features of the true Levites' character," and "the fulness of grace bestowed upon them," were given in December. In January number I could

not proceed; but shall endeavour now to glance at the other parts of that prophetic blessing, and then pass on.

Levi, the tribe of Levi, is a type, first, of Christ himself; secondly, of every faithful servant of God; and, thirdly, of all who, through THE SPIRIT, believe into JESUS CHRIST with a living faith. To carry my thoughts and views distinctly and separately to these three, would occupy more space than I can claim; therefore, from only one branch—Levi, as a type of the minister of Christ—can I, at this time, attempt to gather fruit. The minister of Christ, is the representative both of the HEAD and of the members: therefore, all that may be said of the one; will, I believe, be in measure, equally applicable to the others. Thus, then, we proceed. Now, what things are there said of Levi, in Deut. xxxiii. 8—11, which we have not noticed? There are seven things now remaining:—First, *Levi's trials* "whom thou didst prove at Mas-sah," &c. Secondly, *Levi's estrangement*, or entire separation from all earthly connections in things concerning the kingdom of Christ—"who said unto his father and his mother, I have not seen him," &c., &c.—Thirdly, *Levi's faithfulness*; "they have observed thy word, and kept thy covenant."—Fourthly, *Levi's work*: "he shall teach Jacob thy judgments, and Israel thy law, &c., &c.—Fifthly, *Levi's prosperity*; his substance shall be blessed, and the work of his hands shall be accepted.—Sixthly, *Levi's enemies*, "them that rise against him, and them that hate him." And, lastly, his *ultimate victory*. The Lord will smite through their loins, "that they rise not again."

Here are seven distinct pieces of ministerial equipment; and I believe if it were possible for me to examine and criticise all the lives of all the faithful ministers which the Lord has given to his Zion on earth, there would be but very few found, on whose escutcheons, these living marks and branches were not plainly to be seen. The character and the work of the ministry, for many years, has occupied my thoughts; and I still hope that my small service in this department may, to some, be found useful. During the last twenty years, I have read the lives, listened to the testimonies, watched the movements, and marked the spirits of a multitude of men, who pass for ministers of the gospel in this time-state; but how many of these will pass the great tribunal

above, I cannot tell. God knoweth: the Scriptures seem to hint that in this imperfect state "it is hard to judge"; therefore, Malachi, (in connection with his account of the day when the Lord shall make up his jewels—"his special treasure,") says "THEN, THEN, shall ye return, and discern between the righteous and the wicked; between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not." Oh, what a day will that be! Bishops and clergymen; pastors and preachers, of every grade and class, who have not been called into, and duly qualified for, that most solemn work, will then hear the tremendous question asked, "who hath required this at your hands?" One of the richest mercies we can possess here, is to be able, like Paul to say—"I certify you, brethren, that the gospel which was preached of me, is not after man. For I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." Thrice happy, and eternally blessed, is that poor servant of Christ who, in his heart and conscience, knows that his ministry, from beginning to end, has been given to, and wrought in, him, by the Spirit of the living God. But now to the seven branches the text contains.

The first is—Levi's *trial*. No sooner is it said, "Let thy Thummim and thy Urim be with thy holy one," than it is added,—“Whom thou didst prove at Massah, and with whom thou didst strive at the waters of Merribah.” The seventeenth chapter of Exodus is remarkable for its details of the chiding and murmuring of the people because they had not water to drink; and for the miraculous supply of that water from the smitten rock. There is authority for saying that the tribe of Levi did not rebel and murmur on this occasion: and in this, they typed Christ, his faithful Ministers, and his truly devoted Children. Christ was sorely tempted and hard pressed, but he did not rebel. Faithful Ministers are driven to most dreadful extremities sometimes, but they are not frequently found wilfully rebelling against Heaven: inward conflicts and awful struggles they may and will be subjected to; and they may fear that God never sent them into the Ministry; and they may wish they never had spoken in his name; but still, I believe, “underneath” all this dark distress of soul, there will be “THE EVER-LASTING ARMS;”—God will try his

ministers, but he will no more leave them than he left Abraham to slay his son. In every such sorrowful scene, we shall ultimately say—

“The mount of danger is the place,
Where we SHALL see surprising grace.

I cannot here withhold the recital of one most dreadful trial which befel me soon after I was constrained to preach the gospel stately in the city of Canterbury. The coming on of that trial—its dreadful character—its climax and results, I never wish to forget; like Jeremiah I can, indeed, often say, “Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall. My soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled in me. This I recall to my mind [the margin reads—“*this I make to return to my heart*”] therefore have I hope.” I have no doubt but there are many men in the ministry who never passed through such trials, consequently, they can sneer at those who have, because a broken spirit, and a soul entirely and feelingly dependent upon the Lord for every ministerial supply, will both lay and keep a man in a low and humble frame: and I believe the Scriptures clearly show that the Lord's truly devoted servants have all been subjected to trials and spiritual temptations that other men never can conceive of.

The trial to which I refer was this.—I had, from the beginning of my ministry, been favoured to spend much time in prayer and meditation: and, generally speaking, this prayer and meditation was as useful to me as when Israel went to Beer, when the Lord said to Moses “Gather the people together, and I will give them water.” The *Command* and the *Promise* of God went forth, first, for them: then—yes—“THEN, Israel sang this song—Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it.” And after they had thus sang—“the princes set hard to work digging the well with their staves:” and they did not dig in vain:—“the Lord gave them water,” and onward they went again in their wilderness march: and, blessed be God, I have proved all that kind of work to answer well, many and many a time. I heard a minister say, the other day, in the company of others, that one of the deacons of East Lane Chapel—(after I had been the means of procuring them a pastor)—said he believed I was “*a black leg*.” The sentence cut me to the heart for the moment: but, God know-

eth, that, from ten years of age, and onward, I have laboured hard; and every inch of my way—whether that way be in temporal, in spiritual, or in ministerial things—has been disputed, opposed, and fought against.

“Yet, have been upheld till now—
Who—could hold me up but THOU?”

A faithful, a compassionate, and a redeeming God will hold up those whom He has loved and called; and, right sure I am, if He had not most wonderfully held me up, down into despair, destruction, and eternal death I must have gone long since. But while many churches, ministers, deacons, and proud professors, have been driven to the winds, I am—through mighty grace—helped to say—“having obtained help of the Lord, I continue unto this day: and solemnly know there is great propriety in the words of Peter, when he says—“And if the righteous *scarcely* be saved, where shall the *ungodly* and the *sinner* appear?” [The ungodly—that is un-God-like professors—and the sinner is the openly profane:] *where* shall they appear indeed. These “ungodly” ones are woefully described in Jude; and I would beseech some of those “lords over God’s heritage,” to read that solemn register—(Jude 10, 16.) “Clouds without water,” wandering stars, &c., &c. And mark the *position* these ungodly men are said to occupy:—They are said to be “among the saints:”—“Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints, to convince all that are ungodly among them of all their ungodly deeds; and of all their **HARD SPEECHES** which ungodly sinners have spoken against him in the persons of his afflicted servants and saints.” May the Lord ever keep us fearful and prayerful, that we speak *not* against either Him, or His!

But, now, the trial I have referred to. As I went along in the Ministry, and especially soon after I was persuaded to labour stately in Canterbury, I found a barren, a hard, a dark, frame of mind to come over me: and although I tried to dig as hard as ever, to meditate as closely as ever, to plead and pray as fervently as ever—yet no springing of the holy water could I find; and gradually such a state of things came over me that I was sorely dismayed and affrighted indeed. One Lord’s-day morning, I had been up late and early—I had been look-

ing, praying, weeping, and digging, but no subject could I find—no text could I lay hold of—no light could I obtain—no hope could I entertain of ever speaking again in the Lord’s name. The time drew near; and well I knew the people would be flocking together:—my misery was such as never can be described. Instead of falling down at the Lord’s feet—leaving all in his hands:—instead of being resigned to His will, and leaving myself and my ministry at His disposal, I was “as a beast before him”—as saith Asaph. The enemy set in upon me; and worked in my spirit a temporary fit of mad frenzy. I felt I was deserted of God, and beset by Satan. I lifted my arm to the heavens—I smote on the Bible with all the violence of a maniac—I burst out in a vehement agony and cried—“*I am damned—and I shall never preach any more!*” The utterance frightened me. I jumped up from the chair where I was sitting, and walked across the room. A Bible was laying there. A sudden impulse prompted me to open it. I did so. And immediately my eyes fell upon those words in Jeremiah xxx. 7—“Alas! for that day is great, so that none *is like it*: IT IS EVEN THE TIME OF JACOB’S TROUBLE; *but HE SHALL BE SAVED OUT OF IT.*” My heart was moved, melted, and humbled in a moment; and, under the influence of a most solemn frame of mind, with eyes almost drowned in tears, I went:—the place was filled with people waiting; and while that morning I preached and wept, sorrowed and rejoiced, sung and sighed—the Lord, as I was afterward told, broke the bonds of a poor old professor, and soon after took him home in peace. But who can tell the lasting effect these “blasts of the terrible one” have upon the soul! I secretly think within my own soul, sometimes, if those gracious men who have for years set me at nought, discarding and deriding me as a dead dog,—if they really knew these deep, these heart-rending, these flesh-mortifying trials through which my soul has travailed, surely their enmity must give up the ghost, and their opposition must cease! But my judgment is with the Lord; and He alone shall be the tower of my defence.

Moses, Jeremiah, and others, evidently were tried at Massah and Merribah; and my thoughts have run out toward those good men; and I had fully intended to have given my views of their trials, not thinking, for one moment, when I began this

paper to refer to mine own ; but it flowed out, and I could not withhold it. I have looked backward upon the lives of godly men who have passed home, but whose memory is, and ever must be, embalmed in the hearts of Zion's children ; and I find they were all, more or less, thus sharply tried when first setting forth in this divine and glorious work. I shall, in these papers, it may be, give my readers the benefit of some of my researches ; and as a sample of what may hereafter come, I here give from the late Edward Blackstock's Life the following account of one of his first ministerial trials ; with which, for the present, I must conclude ; gratefully acknowledging that, although another domestic affliction has frightened me, yet hitherto the Lord has helped, appeared, and delivered, the Church's unworthy, but willing servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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In Chapter XII. Mr. Blackstock says :—

During the first Sabbaths of my residence at Market Drayton the Lord favoured me in the pulpit with much of his presence, and great power, and enlargement of soul ; but after my hands were fairly put to the plough he sent the cross. I had now to pass through my first great ministerial trial as a pastor.

Among the members of the church were two leading men, brothers, one of whom, after my first sermon, had been the foremost in urging the congregation to engage me permanently, but in a few weeks had changed his note, and was then the only member who opposed the church in their choice. These, considering themselves to be learned men, thought it their wisdom to despise my preaching, and as I was unlearned, they expected or hoped to succeed in putting me to silence, even in the midst of my sermon. For this purpose they used to take up a position opposite the pulpit, laugh and sneer, and with pencil and paper in hand write down what they called my unlearned blunders. They also attempted to prejudice the people by giving out that I preached experience and not the gospel, and in this they succeeded with some of the outside hearers, and they gained a few followers. To render the cross still more painful, darkness began to envelop my mind, so that, like Samson, I had to grind in the prison-house ; but I was encouraged to arise and thresh energetically by the frequent coming of these words : "What is the chaff to the wheat ? saith the Lord." *Jor.* xxiii. 28. And the Lord was very kind in supporting me under this my first severe ministerial trial, by sending me this comforting passage :

"The upright shall have dominion over them in the morning."

It happened one evening that I had entered the pulpit without a text ; the little congregation was all assembled, and the second hymn was nearly finished, and there sat my opponents in front expecting my halting ! Not a passage presented itself, and I could only come to the conclusion that my mouth was to be stopped, and that the adversaries at last were to have their triumph. Satan suggested that I had better escape at once through the vestry ; and I was meditating my escape accordingly, while the last lines of the hymn were being sung. At this crisis these words came powerfully to my mind : "Son of man, thou therefore gird up thy loins, and arise, and speak unto them all that I command thee : be not dismayed at their faces, lest I confound thee before them." *Ezek.* ii. and *Jer.* i. 17. Freed from the fear of man, I immediately rose and opened upon the forty-second Psalm ; and such a measure of extraordinary liberty was bestowed upon me, that even my two opponents were compelled to acknowledge it in part. I now found that there was a necessity for me to continue to thresh, and I did so ; and was often reminded of Samson, when he took hold of the two main pillars of the house, and bowed with all his might.

Meantime, some of God's children fed high under the word, and shewed me no little sympathy, whilst the two critics kept up their opposition, and their efforts to draw away more of my hearers. Failing in this, they shortly left me with their followers, and having procured a new pulpit, they carried it past my house in procession, the chief men heading it. They threatened that they would soon have me out of the place, and truly I had my own fears on the matter. But the trial drove me to the right quarter, and I was not long in finding deliverance. One of these leaders commenced preaching ; he set out with very high doctrines, then rapidly sunk as low ; this produced dissensions amongst them, and in about four months they broke up.

Painful as are such trials, I believe them to be appointed of God, and that they are at times overuled for good ; "For the wrath of man shall praise him, and the remainder of wrath he will restrain." "Offences must come, but woe unto the man by whom the offence cometh." Eventually the two leading men were removed, by the hand of God, out of the country, and we were strongly upheld, and became more united and peaceable than before.

CHRIST.—There is not a bosom sin you have, but Christ can tear it from your breast ; there is not a fetter with which the world, the flesh, or the devil, can bind your soul, but Christ can easily break it, as Samson broke the ropes with which the Philistines bound him ; nay, he can give you the same degree of hatred to sin which he himself possesses.—*Romaine.*

THE HEART.—Man by nature is a mass of sin and corruption.—*Ibid.*

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXIX.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS, let us again go on a little further with those excellent things which are written unto us. I closed my last letter to you with some remarks upon the contrast between our first and second Adam *self*, the one black, the other comely: as the tents of Kedar and as the curtains of Solomon. Here we have a strong and beautiful illustration of the contrast; in the one we have the black, the goat's hair, smoky shattered tents of the wilderness; in the other we have the royal pavillion of the promised land. My good Theophilus, what a mercy complete and eternal is this; that while in the first Adam and ourselves, in nature, heart, lip, and life, we are but poor, sinful, benighted, mortalized, dying creatures, that in our oneness with the King, we are all fair even as he is all fair, and have in this oneness with him conformity to him, to his royal and heavenly dwelling, and all things therein; and it is by what we are in him that we shall appear with acceptance before the judgment seat of Christ, for if we receive Christ Jesus we receive everything, and if we receive him not we receive nothing, and if we live in him and walk in him then our works are works of faith, and he that believeth hath everlasting life; and thus we must be rewarded according to the *nature* of our works, according to the deeds done in the body, whether they be *good* or whether they be *bad*, and without *faith* it is impossible to please God, and whatsoever is not of faith is *sin*; thus, then, they that have in the gospel sense of the word done good are they that have believed in Jesus and have received him after the *due order*, that is after the order of his eternal priesthood, after the order also of eternal election in him, and after the order of his quickening power, so that you have a living working faith.

Now, my good Theophilus, be careful to follow me here, and *mind* what I say; it is this, that you will by and by have to leave the black part of your character, and all your tents of Kedar-like weaknesses, and then you will have no character left to be judged by but the character you *have in Christ*, because Jesus Christ hath taken *all* your sins away and redeemed you from the curse of the law, and swallowed up death in victory; but will he take away your *works of faith and labours of love*? no, but he will (however humble they are) own them and *partly* identify you by them, but more completely will he identify you by what you are in him, and by the *book of life*;" it is by these two that infants are identified; for if infants can die in Adam they can, through grace, live in Jesus, and their names are written in heaven, or there they could never enter. Is it not, then, delightful to see that our wilderness character,

faulty as it is, must happily for us come to an end? a new name is given, and the former not to be remembered nor come into mind.

And as the tents of Kedar were but poor, weak, temporal dwellings, so are our poor bodies; as by the time those who travelled through the valley of Baca, to appear before God; as, by the time they arrived toward the end of their journey their tents were but poor, weather-beaten, shattered dwellings, and they would be glad of better dwellings, so it will be with us—we shall desire to "depart and be with Christ, which is far better." Well, then, here is not a house only in which the prodigal shall live; but while forgiveness meets him before he gets to the house, there are for him, when he arrives, the robe, the shoes, the ring, and everything to make him happy. He did not bring any of it with him, it was provided freely and specially for him. Well, look at him now; can you *now* take him for anything but the son of the noble, resembling the children of a king? But apart from his father's house he was black as the tents of Kedar, but now comely as the pavillion of Solomon, or the *peaceful* king. You may depend upon it, that there is no God like unto our God; and this true believers of old well knew, when they said, "Leave us not, neither forsake us, oh God of our salvation."

But I must come back again to my work, which is before me. Now, my good Theophilus, when you were first made to seek after eternal things, you ran about duty-doing, working, and slaving, until you were as black as an Ethiopian, and your mother's (Eve's) children were angry with you for not being better, and they made you keeper for a time of their duty-faith vineyard, but all their grapes—their doctrines—proved to be to you but *sour* grapes, and no wonder that you turned rather sour too; and no wonder that your teeth were rather set on edge. But you knew at that time very little of your *own vineyard*. You knew a little of it, but not enough clearly to distinguish and appreciate it as you now do. You now know what kind of vineyard yours is, and it is that which you cannot but keep; you would not, you could not give it up, but, like Naboth, you would not for all the Ababs in the world give it up; and though Naboth was deprived of his earthly and typical vineyard, yet he was not deprived of the thing thereby signified.

Now, your vineyard is one into which the enemy cannot enter, yea, he is punished and as good as slain in the attempt (as you may see Isaiah xxvii.) It is a vineyard of red wine, the pure blood of the grape. Jehovah himself keeps it, and he waters it continually, and lest any should hurt it he keeps it night and day. Now, my good Theophilus, this is the vineyard for you to keep, for you may depend upon it that if you attempt to keep what the Lord does not keep, you will never succeed,

for where the Lord is not with you, you *must* fail; but if you are aiming to keep in a free grace vineyard, and holding fast the title deed or testimony thereof, then no fatal evil can ever befall you; God is with you, and you with him; you must be a worker together with him, for without him you can do nothing. Well then, just suffer a word of exhortation; keep to your own vineyard, eat the first and full ripe grapes.—go not into another vineyard, for their grapes are grapes of gall, their clusters are bitter, and they embitter the mind against God's truth, and suit the taste of none but such as are in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity. Keep then, my good Theophilus, to your own vine and to your own fig-tree. You know it is written that whoso keepeth the fig-tree shall eat the fruit thereof, and he that waiteth on his Master shall be honored. No one knows the sweetness of abiding faithfully by the truth, but he who experiences and practices the same.

You may wish people, because you are rather dark, not to look upon you, *but they will*. The pharisee will say to you, "stand by I am holier than thou," and the world will at times look rather coolly upon you, but you must put up with this. The children of God can receive your explanation of how it is you became so sunburnt. They can see that it is not the Sun of Righteousness that has been shining upon you, but the sun of duty-faith tyranny (Rev. xvi. 9), and you will never be able to get your enemies to understand you, for the righteous man falling down before the wicked is as a troubled fountain and a corrupt spring. (Prov. xxv. 26.) Now there are two reasons for this; first, because every natural man is in some shape or another righteous in his own eyes, but for the righteous man, who knows his own heart, to make confession to the self-righteous wicked man, would quite shock (in pretence) the natural man; and, secondly, the carnal mind is enmity against the truth, and, therefore, the truth is very distasteful to the same. It is to him as a troubled fountain and a corrupt spring. Well, then, what is to be done, but to cease from man, whose breath is in his nostrils? for wherein is he to be accounted of? Turn, then, from man, and look unto the Lord thy God, and see with what willingness he speaks to us; not by what we are in our sin, but by what we are by the substitutional work of that Bridegroom who "rejoiced as a strong man to run a race." Note his kind answer to real, heart-felt prayer:—"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest; where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon; for why should I be as one that turneth aside by or from the flocks of thy companions?" This is a prayer of love unfeigned, of hunger real, of weariness felt. "Whom my soul loveth;" here is the love. "Where thou feedest;" here is the hunger. "Where thou makest thy flock to rest at

noon;" here is the weariness. "For why should I be as one that turneth aside?" here is the *reasoning*. Why should I despair? I love him, and I never should have loved him if he had not first loved me. "The flocks of thy companions;" here is the laudable envying. None can be so happy as those who are his companions, or so safe as those who are the flock of his companions.

My good Theophilus, if you have in your heart this prayer and this heavenly reasoning, then you are a member of that church to which belongs the recorded answer, "If thou know not, *oh thou fairest among women!*" No part of the answer is given with more emphasis or intensity than that which relates to what the church is in and by him. This is the part that cost him his life, tried his love to the very uttermost, and yet his love was the same at the end as at the beginning. "*Oh, thou fairest!*" What does it mean? Is it mere gratulation?—is it a passing expression of admiration?—is it something to flatter? No, it is not; it is a divine, a solid, an eternal truth; it will be the church's name, and state for ever. Well may the church say, "Thou whom my soul loveth!" and in and with which joins humbly A LITTLE ONE.

BRIEF NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

Fifty Songs of Zion: or, A New Year's Gift to the Children of God. By W. Gramham, Missionary to the Jews. London: Partridge and Co.

Truth and experience walk together in these songs in easy and peaceful mien. To minds made for the enjoyment of simple verse they will be very sweet.

The Little Gleaner: an Illustrated Magazine for Children. London: Houlston and Wright.

The third volume of this juvenile work is now complete for one and nine-pence. Its binding is handsome; its pictures and printing are improving, and its matter is of that character as to render it wholesome, interesting, and really useful to our children. The January number is very excellent; we trust those Sunday-schools where truth is maintained will zealously support "The Little Gleaner."

"The Preacher."

This is Part I. of a new issue of Sermons by Mr. Arthur Triggs; published by W. B. Triggs, Plymouth; and to be had of Mr. J. Triggs, 8, Milton-terrace, Stoke Newington. When, or where, these sermons were preached, is not said; but we suppose they were delivered in Crosby-row, in the borough of Southwark, the scene of Mr. Triggs's present ministrations. There are many cheerful and soul-comforting truths in them.

The Two Lights. By the author of "Struggles for Life." London: W. and F. G. Cash.

Characters of different kinds, religious and moral, compassionate and cruel, with scenes of adversity and prosperity, are drawn in rich variety. Some practical lessons may, by us, be drawn herefrom another day.

MR. MEDHURST'S LETTER ON FAITH.

[We never expected, for one moment, that the insertion of Mr. Medhurst's letter, last month, would have been interpreted as, by some, it has been. We had heard, from sage and venerable men in the ministry, that Mr. Medhurst preached a full and precious gospel. We had conversed with him, and had no reason to question the soundness of his mind in divine things. The object of his first letter we thought to be two-fold;—first, expressive of his conviction that what is called "Duty-faith" is but a phantom—a shadow without substance;—secondly, that the true and living faith of God's elect is that Omnipotent power whereby the Holy Ghost persuades regenerated souls to look alone unto, and to hide only in, the Lord Jesus, for salvation. He did not word his letter quite so plainly as some would have done; nevertheless, we thought he wanted to discard the idea of "Duty-faith" altogether. The interpretation some have put upon it has surprised and grieved us. We shall let one or two of our Correspondents speak their minds, especially Mr. Thomas Firminger—and Mr. William Drake, whose letter follows these few remarks. As for ourselves, we are so immovably convinced of the great facts that GOD THE FATHER hath everlastingly loved and predestinated his people unto life eternal—that GOD THE SON hath eternally and completely redeemed them from all law-curse, sin, death, and hell—that GOD THE HOLY GHOST will certainly quicken, call, and lead them into all essential truth—and that the pure gospel of Christ shall be preached, and be triumphant even unto the ends of the earth:—we are so quietly, comfortably, and irremovably satisfied of these things, that we are not frightened at anything men may either say, or seem to say, contrary to these high and holy laws of heaven. Still, when it is thought that we sanction the slightest departure from the truth, it grieves us to the heart. Therefore, let us hear what our brethren have to say: and then we may, perhaps, add a few more words. In the gospel we enjoy PEACE. In our efforts we aim at the establishment of peace in our churches. But, alas! we almost despair. ED.]

MR. EDITOR,—The advice of your correspondent, T. W. Medhurst, in last Vessel, in reference to Duty-faith, is not good. If the advocates of a living faith as the gift of God and the fruit of the Spirit, were altogether to hold their peace, or wait, as he advises, until they themselves were perfect, then error might abound without any opposition, and none would be found in the ranks of Zion standing up for the defence of the gospel. In such a case were would there be a love of the truth, or a love to God's people in the truth, or a keeping of that which is committed unto us? A holy contention for truth is not quarrelling with any but its opponents, and strife in such a case is both lawful and commendable. We are exhorted "to contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints." T. W. Medhurst seems to write hesitatingly, as though it were a matter of doubt with him as to whether duty-faith

were of God or of man; yet by comparing its speech "Believe and be saved; believe not and be damned," with Mark xvi. 16, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; and he that believeth not shall be damned," he declares its voice to be marvellously like that of God's in the *old Book*. From this conclusion of his (he must pardon me if I err in judgment) I am led to think that he advocates the general system. If so, why equivocate, why not speak out in its defence?—if otherwise, boldly denounce it as a falsehood; if undecided about it, wait until the thing be settled in his own mind ere he attempt again to give advice to others in this matter.

As for duty-faith being, as one says, "An ugly hobgoblin that is frightening half the parsons in the present day," we smiled at the idea—not that the thing is perfectly harmless; for it has done a world of mischief in our churches. Through its introduction, truth, in many places, has been turned out of doors; and its faithful followers trodden under foot by the stout and the strong, who according to the statement of some can do all things in spiritual matters without divine influence. We believe that many, and would hope that most of its advocates do not go so far in their preaching or profession, but this appears to be its terminus; and not a few, it would seem, have reached the goal, as declared in the Association Letter to the thirty six Baptist churches in the Midland Circuit. Whatsoever the law of faith (as well as the law of works) saith, it saith to or of them that are under it. If it speaks to men generally, then all are under it, and if it exhorts the dead in trespasses and sins, to believe and be saved, it at the same time requires them to produce the principle essential to this act, yea, to begin, carry on, and perfect all that concerns the life and obedience of faith, until faith, as it now exists in the Christian, be changed to sight in the open vision of the Lamb. Hence what living faith does by the Spirit (for it is not a self-acting principle) duty-faith is required to do without the Spirit, and what the God of all grace in the law of faith has engaged and promised to do in, by, and for his people, for his own praise, duty-faith is (according to this showing) required to do in, by, and for herself, Godward. The speech of duty-faith is not, we think, so marvellously like the old book, Mark xvi. 16, as T. W. Medhurst imagines; indeed, to us there appears a great dissimilarity. The one speaks to men personally and indiscriminately, exhorting them to believe and be saved, &c.; the other opens declaratively the Book of life, and shews who are the objects saved by purpose, purchase, and power, as evidenced by their believing in Christ. Those whose names are written in the Lamb's Book of life, slain from the foundation of the world, are in God's appointed time made partakers of the life of that Book, for "he that believeth hath everlasting life;" the rest not being written in the Book of life, for ever remain destitute of the vital principle, and will be judged and condemned, not for their want of this principle and its consequent acts, but for their sins under the first revealed covenant.

W. DRAKE.

Sittingbourne, January 14th, 1857.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

THE subject upon which the following remarks are made is such as to call for the humble and prayerful consideration of every vessel of mercy; none other affords so full a field for contemplation; it is that in which all blessedness before, in, and after time, proceeds and flows forth. It is a subject worthy the tongue of a seraph, and that which worthless sinners as ourselves enjoy, and consequently it forms the theme of continual praise.

Mankind in spiritual darkness make many guesses at this truth, and even persons who have the Word of God in their hands draw not their conclusions from its pages, but concoct a something out of their own brain, vamps it up in some flesh-pleasing dress, and then call it a Bible revelation. The unwary and ignorant are caught by it, "for the simple believeth every word." Your correspondent "J. H." appears better taught than such characters.

I may guess from the *goodness* of God displayed in works of creation, the constitution of his creatures, and his mode of providing for their necessities, that his name and nature is *love*. I may dwell with much delight on his works, and see how subservient they are to man's welfare; my eye may be gladdened by the many pleasing objects which pass before the view. The ear lists to the variety of sounds which tend to cheer the spirit and reanimate the mind, while by the sense of smell I inhale the fragraney of the rose, with numerous other products of this earth, and find my spirit regaled thereby; and for the use of my palate earth teems with fruits and delicacies, and I guess that such a *good Creator* must be a *loving God* to all his creatures.

Further. I may guess that God loves all alike because I may not be able to see *how he can do otherwise*; I may fancy he loved fallen angels, but certainly it will require my mind to be very elastic if I can think he loves beasts and reptiles with the same love that he has to the elect. However much wisdom a person may have in their guesses about God's love, they are in the same ignorance really as Plato, Socrates, or any other heathen philosopher. From such uncertain ground, if my spirit is under

Divine teaching, and I am made anxious to know whether I am really interested in the love of God, then I can use the language of Newton's hymn,—

'Tis a point I long to know,
even though Arminians cannot see the sense of it.

When, under the teaching of the Spirit, I turn to the Word of the Eternal God, my doubts will soon end; therein I find it plainly manifested that God is known to be love *only* by and in the gospel. In Christ, and in Christ alone, is a God of love revealed and made manifest. "Hereby the love of God is commended, that sinners are interested in it." Rom. v. 8. The Saviour's dying proclaims it, and the quickening operations of the Holy Ghost in revealing the same, completes the display of the love of our Triune God.

Oh, how sweet for a sinner to be brought off from all other things! to feel his happiness all summed up here,—
"My Beloved is mine and I am his!"
Here are all-absorbing delights, pleasures unwearying, depths suited to and going beneath our desperate fall in Adam, heights beyond the utmost stretch of our conception, a length and breadth far, far exceeding the thoughts of our mind.

We are now brought to feel this love to have certain properties;—it is everlasting love, without beginning or end, and therefore assures all interested in it of undying happiness. It is immutable; never varies or becomes the subject of change; having loved his own which were in the world, he loved them to the end. It is the love of Jehovah—"I change not." He loves not to-day and hates to-morrow. If all the world (*i.e.*, every man) are loved yesterday, they are to-day, and nothing can separate them from it (Rom. viii. 39, Zeph. iii. 17). And all the loved ones arrive safely in heaven, and Christ shall say, "Here am I, and the children whom thou hast given me." John xvi.

Fallen angels could not be interested in this love; if they *were*, then God must love them *now*, even while they are suffering their just deserts; "for there is no variableness or shadow of turning" with him.

Further. It is known to be discrimi-

nating, and the soul is obliged to say,—

Why was I made to hear his voice? &c.

We may look around and see thousands of our fellow sinners who live and die in ignorance of God and his love, who have the same advantages, the same light, possess the same Bible, hear the same truth, have not run near so deeply into outward sin as we have, and yet we are taken and they are left; and thus we must believe (though some tell us that God loves all his creatures alike) the Word of Truth, which says, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." Romans ix. 13.

We further find, with regard to this love, that it is the only security for salvation; it is not fixed on persons in vain, but brings with it unspeakable mercies. Love is very poor either in its nature or strength, if it does not lead forth to act and deed. But the love of God prompts him not to look on and pity man in his ruined state, and make him an offer of some help, but from his unspeakable love to some of the sons of men (John xiii. 1), the Son of God lays down his life in their place and stead, works out a salvation for them, and determines that all interested in it "shall never perish." "He lays down his life for his *sheep*." Those given him by the Father; those that were loved and chosen in him before the world began. The Father loves all for whom the Son dies, and the Son dies for all whom the Father loves. Is the Father's love and the Son's death to be any ground for my rejoicing? Every Spirit-taught man would say, Yes; but if the Father loves, and the Son dies for *all alike*, and yet some are irrecoverably lost, I have more need to tremble than rejoice, lest I share the same fate; if the bridge will let *one* through it may let *all*. But the love of the Father and the Son's grace is not of this nature, but produces glorious results in the complete salvation of all the received (John xvii. 9—11, 24).

E'er since by faith I saw the stream
His flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

And this, too, is of immutable, eternal, efficacious, discriminating love. Blessed be the God of Israel, who hath made his truth known in the hearts of any of the sons of men! for it was wondrous, con-

descending love thus to stoop. "What is man, that thou art mindful of him?"

There is no possibility of all being saved; for some are given up to strong delusions to believe a lie. The Jews are shut up in impenitency; and why is this? Not because of God's decree, but because of their sin. Unto some God has not given his gospel at all, and they cannot be saved. Why is this? Because of his sovereignty; and yet, if God had loved them he would have bestowed gospel blessings on them, for he draws all by his lovingkindness whom he loves with everlasting love. And if Christ had died for them then must they have been saved; for "he shall see of the travail of his soul and shall be satisfied." "Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are his judgments! and his ways past finding out."

This being the case, it is very evident that to pray for the salvation of the whole world (*i.e.* every man in it, in the sense it is used by Arminians) is sheer folly and ignorance, not being founded upon the Word, nor in unison with salvation by Christ, or the effectual work of the Holy Ghost. Prayer *must* be according to the will of God, *grounded upon a promise* (but I have never yet seen the passage that tells me all the world are to be saved), and in accordance with the intercession of Christ; and Christ "prays not for the world," but for them the Father gave him "*out of the world*."

To pray for the ingathering of the elect, the conversion of many souls to Christ, is a good work, and also for the salvation of any particular person among our friends or relatives, but this *must* be in submission to the will of the Most High. As for the term "world," in John iii. 16, and 1 John ii. 2, being any proof in favour of universal love, general redemption, and praying for all, is much more than can be *rightly* affirmed.

Did Luke mean in chap. ii. 1, every creature in the world? I wot not, his meaning was the Roman Empire. Did John mean every creature, "*all the world*," Rev. xiii. 3? I cannot believe he did, for there are *saints* spoken of just below. If the minister alluded to by "J. H." will look at the meaning of the term "world" in Romans xi. 12 and 15, he will arrive at a right conclusion as to the meaning of 1 John ii. 2.

Alas! we are being flooded with errors, Arminianism, Mormonism, Sabellianism, Practical Antinomianism, and many others. When will the church be aroused to a true sense of her position, and cry mightily to the Lord to work? Though there may be evils in many parts of professing Zion, yet we can do no good by running away from our sick friends, and leave them to their fate; rather, if they are down, help them up; if they are weak, succour them, and where you have felt them deficient, try to make it up by casting yourself in where most needed, that by the blessing of Israel's God, it may be *outwardly* a more perfect body than it *appears* to be now.

We know full well the body is complete in union to her head; but she is not so now, while *filling* those positions assigned to divers members of the church. And yet, while we covet the "charity that hopeth all things," we would urge upon our fellow travellers, a decided stand against all such errors as "J.H." alludes to, together with many others. Come out from all that fight against fundamental truths: that encourage a mere notional religion, and the preaching another gospel than that Paul proclaimed, viz: salvation entirely of grace, flowing from the eternal love and choice of the Father, coming through the substitution, death, and resurrection of the Son, and applied powerfully and effectually by the eternal Spirit, producing in the soul, love to God, brokenness and contrition of spirit; faith and dependence on Christ, and a careful walk before the world, that so God may be glorified, and our fellow-men benefited.

W. BARRINGER.

Swineshead.

A LETTER AND A SERMON,

BY THE VENERABLE

JOHN CARTER, OF PETERBOROUGH.

[MANY of our readers will, with us, be thankful to learn that our good brother Carter still lives and labours in the truth, while so many of the young men in the ministry are secretly aiming to wound us, the following kind epistle from a faithful father in Zion cheers and encourages our heart by the way.—Ed.]

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

DEAR FRIEND.—I, John, who am your brother and companion in tribulation, and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ, would condole, console, and congratulate yourself, your correspondents, and numerous

anxious friends and readers, upon your emancipation, and that of the *Vessel*, from the hands of the spoilers, and that the sovereign Lord the King has restored it into the hands of its originator. I find it has existed twelve years,—and is not that a Mazzaroth? and I trust it will be issued and sent forth once a month, twelve in a year, and that will be another Mazzaroth; and therein included the editor's Mazzaroth, full of Scriptural and spiritual illustrations, showing the twelve signs of the Zodiac, or the track of the glorious Luminary, the Sun of Righteousness, through and with the circle of religious and spiritual information, instruction, and consolation to its readers, and especially the tried and afflicted part of the Lord's family, and for which the good Lord has for years been equipping the mind of the editor, that he might speak and write feelingly and experimentally both of the Word and the work of Jehovah, Father, Son, and Spirit, in the whole economy of salvation.

Well, brother, you and myself, though not born in the same house nor in the same year, yet we were chosen at the same time and place, and to have it made known in time that we are chosen in the furnace of affliction. And there the sons of Levi must be put to know the value of that choice and the benefit of furnace work, and to know the Word of the Lord, which is as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times. Yes, Stephen tells us that "the patriarchs, moved with envy, sold Joseph into Egypt; but God was with him and delivered him out of all his afflictions." But Joseph must go into Egypt, be put in prison, whose feet they hurt with fetters; he was laid in iron until the time that his word came; the word of the Lord tried him. Yes, the Word tried Joseph, and Joseph tried the Word, till the king sent and loosed him, and let him go free.

Well, brother, you have had a heavy cross to bear, but you have not been in Whitecross; and although you might fear that you should not have a bench left to sit upon, yet you have been kept from the Queen's Bench. "Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth." But though your body has not been incarcerated, your spirit hath been shut up in the King's bench;—yes, shut up and could not come forth, although you cried,— "Bring my soul out of prison!" Oh, it is good to be at times left in the dark! to feel embarrassed, perplexed, confused, straitened! to talk apparently at random! to draw the bow at a venture! then the arrow is directed by Wisdom himself, for the purpose not of wounding only, but of comforting those that are in the same state as the preacher; for when at liberty he is apt to pass over by those that are bound; so that the Lord gives full proof that he knows his own affairs and his ministers also, and that his tried ones shall have their portion in due season.

You, sir, are aware that I have retired from the stated ministry through old age, but have not yet put off the harness—not retired from or allowed to shun the field of battle. There is no discharge in this war this side

Jordan. Therefore, being such an one as Paul the aged, I yet occasionally go forth where the bugle sounds to invite me, with the sword in one hand, the trumpet in the other, to blow, I hope with a certain sound, that the soldiers of the cross may prepare and be ready for the battle, to conflict with any or every foe.

But being like one Mnasson, an old disciple, I sometimes speak at home at Peterborough, but not at Great Salem, but at Little Zoar, to some of the veterans of the great Captain of salvation; and I feel desirous of lodging a few remarks in the EARTHEN VESSEL before I am called to take possession of the mansion prepared above. And may the Lord still put treasure into your EARTHEN VESSEL, "that the excellency of the power may be known to be of God and not of man."

But I perceive that many of your correspondents will have your VESSEL to be a ship, a sailing vessel, and talk about her cargo. Well, in one thing she is like the merchant ship, she bringeth her food from afar, and I do hope that her imports and exports will increase in value and preciousness, and that her custom dues may flow more largely into your exchequer.

I perceive that a correspondent has expressed a wish that a sermon should at times be inserted for the benefit of those that have not the privilege of hearing; and I had the vanity to think of sending a sketch of the one I delivered last Lord's-day at Little Zoar, but must defer, and, if permitted, send some another time, but just give, with permission, the concluding remarks, founded upon the contents of 2 Cor. vi. 11—"Oh, ye Corinthians! our mouth is opened towards you, our mouth is enlarged."

The minister that has experienced and gone through the things contained in this chapter from the fourth verse, has something to enlarge upon and to open his mouth about; and can say, "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Not out of the abundance of the head. A man may have all the doctrines of the gospel in the head, and utter them with the mouth according to the letter, and yet be of no use or benefit to the tried, afflicted, and deeply-exercised part of God's family. He may satisfy and please the non-exercised that are at ease in Zion; they may extol his discourse and call it a fine gospel sermon, but there is nothing for the poor, tempted, harassed, distressed child of God. He believes the doctrine that God has chosen and predestinated his people to eternal life, and they will be saved,—but he wants to know that he is one, and what are the proofs, the waymarks, the evidences of being one; or whether any of God's children are at all like him. He seems like a sparrow alone upon the housetop. No man careth for my soul, which is full of trouble; my mind dark, stayed, embarrassed, and full of apparent contradictions. Yes, fears within and fightings without. Mine is not altogether a war with foreigners, but what is called by some a civil war, when one part of a nation riseth up against another part, a complete revolution,

tumults, rebellion, and sedition. And more than this, a domestic war, contention at home. "A man's enemies are those of his own household." Yes, intestine wars, tumults, broils, and every opposite — faith and unbelief, darkness and light, evil and good, sin and holiness, law and gospel, flesh and spirit, nature and grace. Ah! these are contrary the one to the other. "Oh, wretched man! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Oh, no smooth water, fair weather, summer-smiling, surface-skimming, plausible-spoken preacher is of any use here. It is the man that will enter into the battle field where the strife and contention is going on,—then into the ambulance wagon, with the wounded and groaning,—then into the hospital, with the sick, the afflicted, and dying; to sympathise, and pray with and for them. These are the Doctors of Divinity; these have a double diploma—D.D. and M.D. These administer the true balm of Gilead—the blood, the sap of the Tree of Life, whose leaves are for the healing of the nations. "The whole need not a physician, but them that are sick."

JOHN CARTER, *an Octagenarian.*
Peterborough, Jan. 7, 1857.

A WORD OF CONSOLATION.

COPY OF A LETTER BY MR. ROBERT BARNES,
OF GLEMSFORD.

MY DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND.—Your communication claimed an earlier notice, but you are aware, that a minister has not unfrequently many things pressing upon him, so that he cannot always do as he would. This is very often my experienced case, but the great and marvellous mercy is, the unchanged Jesus is still enthroned in the heavens, and is possessed of resources commensurated to do all his divine pleasure. If it be an humbling truth that I can do nothing, it is truly a relieving fact, that he can do everything; and can make even a poor helpless worm like me to thresh the mountains and beat them small as dust. Oh! what a mystery of divine glory, to be strengthened with all might according to his glorious power. The blessed Jesus puts forth his power in the experience of the poor, the needy and the helpless. What a miracle of love, wisdom and sovereign goodness this! His blood is for the polluted, his righteousness is for the naked, his mercy for the miserable, his fulness for the empty, his tenderness for the cast down, his consolations for the wretched, his great and glorious power for the impotent folk, lying at the pool of Bethesda! Be of good heart then, my tried friend, for you and the blessed Lord Christ will suit well the one as the other.

You write as if you felt very poor and needy, dark and cast down; well then, the adorable Lord Jesus will suit you admirably well, for he has a fulness of love, grace, light, freedom and power of relief in hand, for all such destitute souls: and, moreover you will suit him too, for it is his blessed office and royal pleasure to magnify his merits, treasures and

salvation wonders, upon all those who breathe after him, and can rest no where, otherwise than on his heavenly bosom. You are welcome to go and tell him that you are still a wretch undone, and cannot live, much less enjoy life, without the manifestations of his person, love, cross, friendship and blessed presence. You need not be afraid to offend by such a manner of expostulation: he loves to hear his distressed ones tell out freely the aches of their hearts unto him, and to go in earnest to him as the only blessed friend they have; he exercises them with troubles, that they may feel more than ever the necessity of knocking at his door, and begging his glorious and incarnate Majesty to help, relieve, succour and mercifully befriend them. Oh! he is yet astonishing, for his methods of love, and acts of infinitely rich and precious goodness. Hang on him, my friend; make all the believing use you can of him, and pray for large measures of the Spirit's influence to draw you into the sweetest fellowship with your all glorious Immanuel. I recommend you to him as a remedy for all complaints; as the spring of all relief; as the fountain of all delights, and as he who "is the same yesterday to day and for ever." Abide at the cross, and send me word if you do not find it to be both a safe and fruitful place.

May the Sun soon shine upon your soul.
The Lord Jesus bless you. Your's sincerely,
ROBERT BARNES.

Glemsford, September 5.

"WORDS BY THE WAY-SIDE."

[THE following note (UNSOLICITED and UNEXPECTED) being written by a person who for several years worked as compositor on the EARTHEN VESSEL, and an eye-witness of the heavy struggles through which we passed with it, and other labours, is given, with the hope it may a little check that cruel spirit which flies through the land to our hurt. After all, we love our work, and pray for such a deliverance as shall be a fulfilment of the promises written in Psalm xci. 14—16. More than seven years since these promises were so applied that faith fastened on them, and hope and prayer have often carried them where a DIVINE PURPOSE on the one side, and OMNIPOTENT POWER on the other, secure to us a successful issue.—ED.]

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel).

DEAR SIR.—I have bought No. 1 of your tract, entitled "Words by the Way-side," and I must confess I am not a little pleased with your mode of defence, which appears to me no more nor less than a necessary, plain, honourable, faithful, and truthful detail of facts. I can say this from experience, having been in your employ nine or ten years, some part of which time I boarded in your house, and was an eye-witness of your temporal and spiritual troubles, which were brought upon you through your good intentions, in speaking and acting on behalf of God's ministers and servants. I can declare I have sometimes

felt grieved in seeing some professors come and sit at your table, who, when clouds overshadowed your path, have proved anything but friends. You have suffered more through the deceit, jealousy, and ill feeling of professors, than from all the non-professors put together; for some of them, if they can only gain their own ends by hard and cruel reports, scruple not to lay aside the commandments of the Most High contained in Holy Writ. Such a state of things oftentimes renders the Christian's path a most thorny, difficult, and dangerous one; and great need have we all to cry out,—

" Guide me, oh thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land!
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand," &c.

What I have said is out of no disrespect to any class of persons. I long to see more love and unity among the brethren—Christ exalted in and out of the pulpit, so that the blessing and glory of a Triune Jehovah may appear in the midst of Zion.

May you and your brethren in the ministry who are often cast down and dismayed, hope in God, and yet praise him, and be long spared unto the churches, and upheld and protected from the snares and evil of this world. Yours faithfully,
JOHN CLOSS.
New Charlton.

SELF-EXAMINATION.

Search, Oh my soul, within thy breast,
Thy real state survey;
Whether thy faith will bear the test,
At death's tremendous day.

'Tis awful, and 'tis solemn too,
When we consider well,
What great professors we may grow,
And then may sink to hell.

Tho' saints from grace can never fall,
Held up by God's own hand,
Yet, sure 'tis needful that we all
Examine how we stand.

If we are destitute of love,
And never mourned for sin;
We've nothing, then, that God approves;
No sign of life within.

Great God! then with thy searching eyes,
Examine us, and see
Whether we have, without disguise,
Superior love to thee.

The question then, needs not to be
Are others what they ought?
But say, "how stands the case with me?
Am I deceived, or not?"

Tilbury. ELIZABETH.

PRAYER.—He who prays as he ought will endeavour to live as he prays. This none can do who do not with diligence keep his heart unto the things he hath prayed about. To pray earnestly, and live carelessly, is to proclaim that a man is not spiritually-minded in his prayer.—Owen.

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

THE CHURCHES IN BEDFORD :

JOHN BUNYAN'S OLD TOWN.

THE clean little town of Bedford has two things which make it peculiarly interesting. To the church of God it will always possess a fascinating interest, because it was the scene of the labours of the world-renowned and God-honoured John Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim" and "Holy War," and "Grace Abounding," and "Come and Welcome," have been heart-companions, and served the place of his own Evangelist, to many a Christian plodding on his way to Zion. It is also sadly dear, because there he was persecuted, and there, on the old bridge, he was confined so many long years, that in the stillness of a dungeon he might have leisure to produce his immortal works. Bedford is also attractive to the needy and economical, because it possesses a splendid charity, having an income of about £12,000 per annum, with which are connected club houses and public schools, said to be of a high character, which are open to inhabitants of the town free of all expense. This noble charity was founded by Sir William Harper, once Lord Mayor of London.

Pardon me, Mr. Editor, if I have thus intruded local matters upon the attention of your many readers, but all may not have libraries out of which to glean information.

Having sojourned about four years in this pretty little town, you have been so kind as to say, Mr. Editor, that a glance (and I hope an impartial one) at the several churches there would be acceptable in your pages. Most who know my name, will know that I both preached the gospel and carried on business in the town, which brought me into contact with the different classes there. Many of the Clergy, the Wesleyan, the Primitive Methodist, the Baptist, the Irvingite, and the Moravian ministers all more or less honoured me with their patronage; but not so with the bigotted, persecuting, miscalled evangelists. I name this to show, what I have heard Mr. Philpot and others say, that bastard Calvinists are the greatest enemies to and haters of God's truth and his ministers, like Haman of old, they hate every honest Mordecai.

I shall notice briefly the several places of worship.

1. *The Established Churches.* These are six in number. There is very little talent and still less gospel in them. A Mr. Fitzpatrick is very benevolent and does a deal of moral good. But Mr. Donur, Mr. Worthington, and Mr. Trollope may be said to approach nearest to the truth. But, alas, how dark. That precious gospel which John Newton has occasionally in past times sounded forth in the noble church of St. Paul's, is now all but eclipsed. How mysterious are God's ways!

2. *The Moravian Chapel* may be said to have the most talented and eloquent minister in the town: the Rev. John England, who is deservedly respected and much followed. The place will comfortably accommodate 400 or

500 people, and is generally full. But does he preach the gospel of free grace? I believe I shall say rightly when I describe him as a Baxterian in doctrine. He has a co-pastor named Harvey, who was a missionary in former life. I heard him once, he is a Freewillier.

3. *The Bunyan Meeting.* This is on the site occupied by the building where godly Bunyan preached. The present is a noble although plain building. It cost about £5,000. The debt is very much liquidated. If the gospel was preached there, it would indeed be a worthy memento of him whose name it bears. It is well attended by an influential and fashionably-dressed congregation. It has the cream, in a pecuniary sense, of the Dissenting interest in the town. When I first went to the town I was asked by the Deacons, in the absence of their pastor, to close the week-day service by prayer; but before long, as a preacher of God's gospel, my name was cast away as evil, and the contempt of the successor of the tinker, was all I received. Does the reader ask, is he a preacher of the true gospel? No; he mangles it, as good old father Gadsby would say. Freewill is now preached where Bunyan loved to preach God's sovereignty. I fear they had not had the gospel for many a long year before Mr. Spurgeon's visit last summer. He did boldly preach the truth there. But I think they will never have him again, although a collection of £50 is a great inducement to worldly-minded men. I also heard Newman Hall and his Freewill statement there. I think I never heard a man go wider from the true gospel than he. When I hear such men I think of good William Huntington's text for a minister, "Does he know the plague of his own heart? If he does not know this, all will be wrong."

Mr. Jukes has a young co-pastor with him. I saw him ordained, as it is called: and in the presence of a crowded auditory he frankly said he had not to that time had leisure to *study Theology*, his attention having been occupied by classical pursuits, but he hoped to apply himself to Theology forthwith. The Apostle says, "Not a novice;" but this church and its pastor practically said, "we will have a novice, despite the Holy Ghost's injunction." He reads his sermons, and poor meagre things they are.

The Old Meeting, as it is otherwise called, is rich in influence and endowment. Though the ministers may be unattractive, the golden bait allures many who ought to know better. Bread and money is largely given to the poor, and a tradesman, if he wants custom and connection, and is willing to sacrifice, or has no principle, ought to go there. Brethren, this place, I believe it in my conscience, is now as deadly in its influence over professors in that town as the famed upas tree, which poisons all under its shade. The High-street upon a Lord's-day is crowded with church and cha-

pel goers; this may be a moral good, but if they go after teachers who prophecy lies, sad must be the end, if grace prevail not. I saw very little in the town of an unflinching adherence to the truth, cost what it may. I had seen it in London, and I was at first surprised; but I can assure the reader it is a much more painful thing, and brings a much heavier cross, for a man to stand by the despised truth of God in a small country town; he becomes a marked character, and from that time he is exposed to bitter persecution, disguised but malicious, from puerile professors. Oh, happy is the Lord's people whose lot is cast in London, or some other great place, where they are too insignificant to be distinguished! Still the dear Lord says, "Happy are ye when ye are persecuted for my sake." It is well when we can feel so, but the flesh too often makes cowards of us all. Nevertheless, I am pleased to add, the Lord has his remnant in that town; divided they may be, but who love and still unflinchingly abide by the doctrines of grace and a living experience of them in the soul.

4. *Howard Chapel.* A place of meeting for the Independents, built by Howard, the celebrated Philanthropist. It originated in a division from the Old meeting. Mr. Alliott is the preacher. The place is but thinly attended, yet very respectable.

5. *Baptist Chapel, Bick Street.* Mr. Hugh Killen is the pastor. This place also originated in the withdrawal of some strict Baptists from the Bunyan Meeting, which is still a mixed communion church, as it was with John Bunyan. Mr. Killen is now successful. At his settlement, or some time after, he had a dispute with some part of the church; which injured Mr. K. for a time, but he persevered, and in a great measure recovered his position. He is a very friendly man, and possesses considerable talent. I heard him, and was pleased to find him so truthful. I hope the Lord will constrain him to be bold for the truth.

6. *Providences Chapel.* Here good father Tomlinson laboured till his death. His name lives in the heart and memory of many tried children of God. Mr. Thornber is now the pastor. It is a good plain place of worship, and they have a nice little company worship there: I heard the good man once: he preached a sound experimental discourse: I felt at home: some say he is so much alike: well, be it so, if he brings forth the truth, which none deny, he must be limited by the gifts which God has given him: I have heard his preaching has much improved of late. One thing I do admire about the preachers connected with the *Gospel Standard*, although I felt it hard at the time, if they believe a preacher to be a gracious God-sent man, they will stand by him, and will not sanction the divisions, which may spring, as they think, from the whims and changes of professors. Perhaps it would be very advisable for all the sections of gospel ministers thus to discountenance the splitting up of causes, especially in small towns, except where the truth is really concerned.

7. *Zion Chapel, Larke Lane.* This, to me

beloved little place of worship, was built by a real friend to the gospel of God's grace, for the accommodation of those friends, who had gathered under my ministry, during the first twelve months of my residence in Bedford. I could number amongst my friends, several who had heretofore been members with Mr. Tomlinson, and one of his deacons: I felt glad to have my ministry blessed to them. For about three years I preached a full and free salvation there, to the best of my ability, I hope it has not been in vain in the Lord: but the Lord brought about my voluntary removal, through a temporary want of firmness, on the point of church communion: I have seen the evil, and retraced my steps, and I am happy to add, that the little church at Zion, is now based on *strict* communion principles, and God in his mercy grant they may not swerve from it. Every member lives in my affections: they are still going on, though weak. I hope the dear Lord will smile upon them, and send men of God to feed them, instrumentally, with the finest of the wheat: I know they will be satisfied with nothing but a whole gospel and a living experience.

8. *Hornsey's Rooms.* A company of high-sentiment Baptists meet here still. After having removed to different parts of the town, they have returned to the place they started from. Mr. Brunt was with them above twelve months. He is a very friendly, worthy man, but he has left.

Mr. Editor, I shall add no more. I have opened my mind freely. I have written conscientiously. God who searcheth the heart knoweth that I have written the truth so far as I can judge. I may have rambled, but I hope I have furnished your readers with some faithful and interesting facts about the churches at Bedford. JOSEPH PALMER.

8, Cranbourn Street, Leicester Square.

[There are some portions of the above epistle we would rather not publish: but it is an awfully solemn fact, that a profession of religion is becoming more a matter of custom than a fruit of a living faith in the conscience; and multitudes of "English and Scottish Christians" (as they are called) stand, we fear, in a mere form; ignorant of the power. And it is time that some one should speak plainly. We have, therefore, given the above a place in the *VESSEL*—hoping it may be instrumental in awakening a deep, self-examination in the hearts of many of the Bedford people.—ED.]

GOSWELL ROAD.

AN AGED SAINT.

A very interesting and solemn baptismal service was held at Spencer-place Chapel, Goswell Road, London, on January, 4, 1857, conducted by Mr. J. H. Cooke. After a sermon from Rev. xiv. 4. "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth," describing the character of the people of God, both on earth and in heaven. Six persons were baptized; three young men, two young females and an old lady upwards of 83 years of age, who, notwithstanding the

prophecies of pædobaptist friends, and the cold wet weather, sustained not the least ill effect, but went her way rejoicing that she had been enabled to obey her Saviour's command. The chapel was crowded in every part.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

OUR GOD WORKING BY WHOM HE PLEASETH.
To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR BROTHER.—In accordance with the earnest wish of the church worshipping in the above place, I have commenced to labour among them. On Lord's-day, December 21, 1856, I preached to them from Ephesians vi. 21, "A beloved brother and faithful minister in the Lord, shall make known to you all things." In which I attempted to shew them that a faithful minister must have, as a prerequisite, a special call from God, first to call him from darkness to light, and then to fit him for the work of the ministry, without which, he had better turn his attention to the plough, or any other honourable employment. A man so called, will be of an independent character, neither bound by deacons or systems, but as a servant of Jesus Christ, preaching this glorious gospel in all its parts, not caring either for the deceitful smiles of false friends, or fearing the frowns of enemies. That it is the minister's duty to reprove sin, wherever, or whenever he is cognizant of it. In the pulpit he should be fearless and bold for the honour of his Master. In private, a brother with all who are united to Christ by vital faith; he should expect calumny, but should strive to live it down; unless Satan roars he is not doing much good. The faithful minister is sure of the prayers of all the Lord's chosen family, Jesus will be continually with, in accordance with his promise; "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world."

On the following Sabbath, December 28, we had the presence of the Triune Jehovah with us in truth, we all found it good to be present in his house, I preached from Eccl. viii. 2. "I counsel thee to keep the king's commandment." After which, it was my inestimable pleasure to lead nine believers into the baptismal waters, and immerse them in the name of the Triune Jehovah, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. The chapel was thronged in every part, many being unable to gain admission.

"What hath God wrought?" may Israel now say. Our God will not leave himself without witnesses. He will work, and none can hinder him. Oh, let all the saints give him the glory,

"And crown him Lord of all;" for he, and he only is our strength, no strength have we, all our strength must come from him. If we depend implicitly on him we cannot fall; but if we trust in anything which we fancy we possess, fall we must, and be put to confusion, for our God is jealous of his own glory.

Wishing success to you in your labours, and increasing prosperity to Zion's VESSEL. I remain, Your's in Christ, T. W. MEDHURST.
January 3rd, 1857.

THE EDITOR'S PREACHING JOURNAL.

[THE 18th verse of the 102nd Psalm has powerfully convinced me that it is the will of Heaven that one generation shall make known to another the wonders of redeeming grace, and the works of the Lord in faithfully fulfilling his promises. "This shall be written for the generation to come; and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord." Here is something positive; and during the long course of five or six thousand years there has been a journal kept of God's merciful dealings with his dear people. The leaves of that journal are scattered abroad in a hundred thousand different directions, and more; nevertheless, the end is answered, succeeding generations read it, and they say, "Our fathers have told us what great things thou didst in their days," &c. We write not exclusively for the present generation, nor for the inhabitants of our own land; from all parts of this country, from nearly every section of our British Zion, friends have gone out to America, to Australia, to India, and to other portions of the globe. As far as possible, the EARTHEN VESSEL is following them, to bear tidings of the land they have left behind, and most beautifully encouraging letters we are receiving of the good reception this journal meets with, in some of those thirsty lands, where the gospel streams of a full and finished salvation are but rarely to be found. The Lord helping, then, we shall go on to register the current history of Zion's movements; and, because we love her gates, her walls, and her devoted sons, therefore will we pray that she may prosper and have peace.—Ed.]

Needham Station, Jan. 3, 1857.—Having to wait here one hour, I would commence a brief review of the week which is now fast closing—a week which has brought us to the end of old fifty-six, and introduced us to young fifty-seven. Truly, this is a world of changes! within the compass of six days we have had hard frosts, deep snows, gentle thaws, clear sun-shining skies, soft showers, pitch-dark nights, moonlight evenings, and breezes, as mild as any spring morning could give us. As in the world of nature, so in my movements, labours, and exercises of mind, I find great changes indeed. Last Sunday morning I preached at home from Isaiah's words—"The glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." The leading thought I had was this:—Sin and Satan have filled this world with difficulties and dangers; deep valleys have been dug, great mountains have been reared, crooked things and rough places have been produced, and so dreadfully powerful are they that nothing short of Almighty Omnipotence, as revealed and exercised in the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, can ever level the mountains, fill up the valleys, or give straightness to that which is so perverse and bad. If we could fully enter into it how delightful would appear Heaven's great and gracious

proclamation! "Every valley *shall be exalted*; every mountain and hill *shall be laid low*; the crooked *shall be made straight*; the rough places *shall be made plain*, and the glory of the Lord *shall be revealed*." This prophecy must surely have its fulfilment not yet so much in the material as in the spiritual world. Naturally speaking, our mountains, hills, and valleys, are beautiful parts of our wide-spread earthly home; but in dethroning the powers of darkness, and in lifting up his people from the horrible pit and the miry clay, our Lord goes on to fulfil this holy portion of his word. There are, at the least, four dreadful valleys out of which the Lord lifeth his people. Judas fell fatally into the whole of them; first, there is a sinful nature; secondly, there are awful temptations wherewith this sinful nature is assailed, and if, when assailed, no heavenly, God-wrought strength is given, into black despair the wretched victim falls, and eternal destruction brings up the fearful climax of his end. Grace gives a four-fold victory—a resurrection of the soul from the destructive powers of a fallen nature; preservation and deliverance in the hour of temptation; a light and door of hope when the otherwise dark valley of despair would usher us into its awful gulph; and by a miraculous opening of the waters of Jordan we are carried through death's chilling stream into heaven's eternal light. But here I must not sermonise.

In the afternoon and evening of last Sunday I preached at Johnson-street Chapel, Notting-hill. Mr. Williamson is there steadily and industriously pursuing his way; his beginning was small, but it has increased. On the next Tuesday evening Mr. Williamson preached for me in Unicorn Yard Chapel, after which I baptised, and believe the Lord God of Israel was present to bless. The substance of what I said at the water-side is published in a little pamphlet, entitled "The Day of Pentecost: or, the Seven Things Essential to the Formation of a Gospel Church." The next morning very early I left home, took train for Needham, from thence Mr. Edward Runneckles drove me safely to Earl Stonham, as I was to preach three sermons next day on re-opening Mendlesham Chapel. During the whole of my journey I was exercised as regards the texts, the subjects, the services, and the sermons for the day; but one Scripture talked to me kindly all the way down—"Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined;" but I could get no light into it, and was compelled to leave it. After spending some little time with my good friend E. Runneckles and his family, and with the pastor, Mr. Merrett, and his dear partner, I retired to rest:—before I laid me down I obtained one most precious and suitable text; it was this—"Even them will I bring to my holy mountain, and make them joyful in my house of prayer; their burnt offerings and their sacrifices shall be accepted upon mine altar; for mine house shall be called an house of prayer for all people." From these words I preached morning and afternoon the next day, noticing first, the persons described; secondly, the places

to which they shall be brought, and the promises which shall be fulfilled in them. A large concourse of people were gathered together, good collections were made, and I trust the smiles of heaven shone on many hearts that day.

The pastor, brother Merrett, is now writing a short memoir of the late Henry Langham, in connection with a review and history of the Mendlesham Church; this I hope he will give in an early number of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*; therefore I will only say of the people in these parts, that I believe they are a folk that love the gospel above many; and, to me, it is wonderful what they have done towards helping ministers, building and enlarging their chapel, and in maintaining the cause of God and truth in their midst. None of the ministers round (brother Baker, of Chelmondiston, and brother Robert Hart, of Crowfield, excepted) came to help them on their re-opening day, but "the poor of the flock" came in good earnest, and the blessed Master came in love and holy power, so that the glorious gospel was preached, and in a very short time these people actually collected upwards of forty pounds towards the enlargement of their chapel, which even now, although it is spacious and convenient, is filled in every corner to hear the word preached by their much-loved pastor, Merrett, who is shortly coming to London to solicit a little help to enable them to clear off their now remaining debt of £103, which presses very heavy upon the poor people who have strove to their utmost to stand clear. I most earnestly beseech our wealthy, truth-loving citizens in the metropolis to remember that hundreds and thousands of believers in these agricultural districts have to rear their families upon less than 12s. per week; yet out of this small pittance they honourably support the cause to the utmost extent of their power; but they cannot heave off this £103, and it must be paid. Help, therefore, for these Suffolk Israelites, I earnestly crave.

Our Mendlesham re-opening day was a season of peace and good success, and our God shall have the glory. The next day the Crowfield pastor, the venerable Robert Hart, fetched me from Earl Stonham to his vicarage at Crowfield; there I met some sound-hearted and sturdy Christian friends, and preached in the evening in Robert's pulpit, from Paul's words, "We, then, that are strong, ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."

It hath pleased the Lord to render Robert Hart's ministry useful at Crowfield. The account of his ordination I hope to give soon, but must not this month occupy more room in this department.

UNICORN YARD CHAPEL, TOOLEY STREET, LONDON.

TO CHARLES HOOPER, AND OTHER CHRISTIAN EMIGRANTS WHO ARE NOW RESIDING IN AUSTRALIA.

DEAR FRIENDS.—Grace, mercy and peace to you be multiplied. We have heard but little of your progress, either spiritually or

temporarily, since your settlement in the wealthy colony to which you have betaken yourselves; but we have heard of your desire to hear of our welfare; and what God has been doing among us since you left. We have had a long winter time indeed; and our trials have not been small. Very many with whom you communed, have been removed from us; and but very few of the two hundred and fifty members which formed the church in Crosby Row, are now to be found in our communion. A great many have left this world of sorrow altogether; some have joined other churches; not a few have been scattered in different parts of our own land; and a small minority are yet with us in the fellowship of the gospel. We are not without hope that the Lord has a delight in us; and our earnest, though very feeble prayers ascend to heaven at times, for those showers of blessings which are reserved for them that wait upon the Lord.

On the first Lord's-day evening in this year, 1857, our pastor publicly received into our communion eleven persons—thirteen had been proposed and accepted, but one, Mrs. Hannah James, died that very evening when she was to have been received in; and another was prevented; but the following eleven were added unto us, and we hope by the Lord. The most aged, were Mr. George Curtis, and his wife, from Zion Chapel, Deptford: the next were James Humphrey, and his wife Maria, from the late Mr. Alderson's church: then came James Murrell, and his wife Elizabeth; two most decided believers from the country; following these were Benjamin B. Wale, and his wife Sarah: this brother has preached for us occasionally, and at other places with much acceptance; and we humbly trust the Lord will make good use of him, for Zion's comfort. Besides these, there were Rebekah Stevens, (the only maiden daughter of our old pew-opener.) Susan Hold, (whose father and mother are still with us) and last of all, a noble city policeman of most excellent report, and of good faith, named Ephraim Hoad. This last mentioned dear brother, I am grieved to say, has fallen with a ladder in the exercise of his duties, sustained the injury of a compound fracture, and now lies very ill in the London Hospital. Thus, "of judgment and mercy" we have to sing.

The annual meeting of our Sunday School was holden on Monday, January 12th, 1857: and it was a most profitable and pleasing season to many. Mr. James Cousens, of Plymouth, preached to us in the afternoon; and when tea was over, the public meeting commenced. Mr. C. W. Banks presided; and opened the meeting by simply saying "There are six things which cause me very highly to value Sunday Schools. First—The Sunday-school was the means of introducing me into the acquaintance of many excellent Christian men, in the very outset of my seeking for salvation and peace. Secondly—It was through my connection with the Sunday-school that I was after waiting four years, constrained to join a Christian church. Thirdly—It was in the Sunday-school, I first began to speak publicly of the Way of Life and Salvation in Christ;

and from thence was literally thrust out into the work of the ministry. I love the Sunday-school, fourthly, because I have seen it the means in the hands of God of raising many a poor boy up from poverty and ignorance, to a happy position in the world, and I hope a holy union to the Church. Fifthly—because I have been privileged to plead the cause of Sunday-schools at many country anniversaries where the Lord has been pleased to make use of me. And lastly—I love the school, because my hopes of this church's revival, under God, lays in the conviction that we have many young people connected with this auxiliary, in whose hearts I hope the Lord has planted his fear; and who, in no distant day, will be found as useful plants in this spiritual garden.

The report—and it was an unusually well-written and interesting one—was read by Mr. John Carpenter, the superintendent. Mr. Thomas Jones and Mr. Chislett, moved and seconded the adoption of it, in suitable addresses. Mr. Joseph Wilkins delivered a weighty and truly solemn charge to the teachers. Mr. B. B. Wale, and others spake to us in stirring and pleasing terms, and the meeting closed with praise to our God for his goodness unto us. Dear friends, through the VESSEL you may learn much of the state of other churches. We pray that you may prosper—live in peace, and honor your Lord—and when with you it is well, remember
THE LITTLE ONE AT UNICORN YARD.

MR. J. WARREN'S ANNUAL MEETING AT NEWICK.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I, with pleasure, send you a report of our most interesting meeting held at Newick, on New-year's Day, 1857. Truly the Lord was in our midst, blessing us with much of his presence, which caused the strong and the weak, yea, young and old, in the ways of the Lord to rejoice. About four o'clock in the afternoon the friends began to assemble together; at five o'clock a goodly number partook of a comfortable refreshing tea: half-past six the meeting commenced. Our beloved and high esteemed pastor, Mr. J. Warren, took the chair, and commenced by singing

"Awake my soul in joyful lays,
To sing thy Great Redeemer's praise,
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free."

He then called on Mr. Baldock, a ministering brother, to address the throne of grace, which he did in solemn earnest prayer and supplication. We then sung

"Come ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
And bow before his throne."

After which our pastor gave a short but good address, congratulating us on the goodness of the Lord the past year. He then called on brother Newton (deacon of the church) who gave a very heart-melting and soul-humbling address. It was precious to hear him relate the Lord's dealings with his soul; the many

conflicts he had passed through; how the great enemy of souls had come upon him in his attempts to address the throne of grace, both in public and in private, and in many other circumstances. He also spoke of some trials which the church had been called to pass through during the past year; it was a melting season indeed. Our pastor then sung a verse, and called on brother Pannett, who gave a good wholesome address. We sung another verse, and our beloved pastor called on our ministering brother Baldock, who gave a glorious address, both to pastor and to people, grounded on three words—"Past—Present—Future." He dwelt more particularly on the word "present," for he said for him to speak of past and future it would take a whole eternity. It was as the poet has it,

"Ever telling, ever telling, yet untold."

His address, by many, will never be forgotten. Brother Willey also gave an encouraging address both to the young and old, provoking them to love and to every good work. It was good to hear him exhorting them to look well to their pastor, to do him good, to aid him, to help him, to strengthen his hands, to encourage him, to build him up, that pastor and people might dwell together in love and in much community. Speaking of the trials of the Lord's dear blood bought bride, he said—well, and what, if a few trials do await us while in this desert below, let us press forward—let us run with patience the race that is set before us—"For we know if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God; an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. We then sung

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in christian love,
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above."

Our pastor concluded in prayer. Truly it was a time of rejoicing to very many precious souls, and we trust it was a day that will be long remembered with gratitude to God, and may the Lord still keep and defend and uphold us in the sincere and earnest breathing of my soul.

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS.
January 16th, 1857.

THE LITTLE CHURCH IN WANTAGE.

DEAR BROTHER.—In the opening of the new year I wish you every new covenant blessing, and much of the Lord's presence, praying that your work of faith and labour of love in the Lord may be blessed abundantly.

I visited the friends at Wantage the three last Lord's-days in December, including Christmas-day. I preached twelve times to them; the little chapel (which you call Providence) in Wallingford-street was crowded to excess; numbers could not find admittance. The best of all, our God was present to bless the Word spoken, as man's friends did testify. One gentleman promised to give £10 a year to support the minister, and £25 towards a new chapel; another promised £25, and several others promised £5 each. I have been

greatly favoured with much liberty in speaking, and some solemn assurance that I have been doing the Lord's work under the sovereign influence of the Holy Spirit. My soul has been happy in the great work, and after the labours of the day I have been favoured to lay my head on my pillow with the peace of God in my conscience, and some inward testimony in my heart that I was favoured to retire to rest with the smile of God upon me. Oh, how sweet the service of our God, when, under the influence of the blessed Spirit, we can draw supplies from the infinite fulness of Christ!

I have received a letter from the friends at Wantage, giving me an invitation for three months, and have consented to preach Christ's gospel amongst them three months (God willing), commencing the first Lord's-day in February. Your's, truly in the gospel,

J. BEACOCK.

THREE GOSPEL ROBES.

A HAPPY MEETING IN CONNECTION WITH THE MINISTRY OF MR. COLLINS, AT COLCHESTER.

THE blessing of the Most High continues to descend and rest upon this part of the Redeemer's church, diffusing its power and precious effects through the ministration of the everlasting gospel. The past year has been one of great mercy, and has left behind blessed evidences of the power of the gospel to some. During the year, thirty souls have been added to the number of those that believe, a gracious peace has pervaded the church and congregation, while a sweet fraternal union has subsisted between the pastor and people; "the Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." The ministry of our brother Collins is well suited for the town; there are many of the Lord's sheep who require feeding, and that, our dear pastor is ever aiming to do, by setting forth the gospel of Jesus Christ.

On the evening of December 31st, 1856, about 40 of the members of the church met at the residence of brother Chisnall, and took tea, which was served with special liberality and kindness by two or three of the female members. After the tea, a hymn was sung, and brother Waterman engaged in prayer; Mr. Chisnall then asked to be allowed to offer a few remarks; he addressed the friends in a very suitable manner, and turning himself to the pastor, gave expression, in touching and affectionate language to the happy union which is enjoyed between them as pastor and flock, and said he was commissioned by the friends to perform the delightful task of expressing their high esteem of him as their pastor, and to present him with a small pocket book containing above sixty pieces of silver, as a token of their regard, and a small, but earnest pledge of their willingness to promote his personal and domestic comfort.

With deep emotions, Mr. Collins acknowledged the great kindness shewn him by his beloved flock, observing that next to a dwelling in the heart of Christ was the happiness of living in the affections of his church. He,

therefore, gratifyingly accepted their token of affection as being given him for Christ's sake, whose humble servant he was. Also as it afforded a pleasing evidence that the gospel came not to them in word only, but in power and demonstration of the spirit. He would put it to his Master's account, and beg a return to them an hundred fold in spiritual blessings for their mark of affection to his name and especially that they may continue daily to wear the following three gospel robes; first, the mantle of charity; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, for Christ's sake; second, the robe of humility, preferring one another, serving one another, and submitting to one another in the Lord; third, the cloak of zeal, provoking one another to love and good works, not for salvation, but because they were saved. Several of the brethren in the language of the heart bore precious testimony to the work of grace upon their heart, their obligations to the gospel, and their willingness to promote the well-being of their under-shepherd, whom the Lord had so evidently given them in answer to prayer. A few of Zion's songs, sung at intervals, contributed to make the meeting one of the happiest opportunities of our earthly existence. Some original lines were composed for the occasion by one of the female members, and read by the composer, which we will give in another number. Thus the closing hours of 1856 were spent as it begun, in peace, love, unity and concord; and this happy meeting closed with prayer, the friends returning home praising and glorifying God.

WALTER S.

WOOLWICH.

We were favoured, the other day, with a sight of the new Carmel Chapel, Anglesea-road, New-road, Woolwich. As regards its exterior, it is a noble and substantial looking edifice: the interior is handsome, commodious, and wisely arranged. The pastor, Mr. Hanks, commenced his ministerial course in a village in Cambridgeshire; from thence he removed to Manchester, and from Manchester to Woolwich. The multitude of people which throng to hear him, prove that there is still a worshipping family on the earth who are not captivated by mere exciting influences or natural talent. Mr. Hanks is a sober and safe minister of the Gospel; his career at Woolwich hitherto has been an exceedingly successful one; and in a sphere so rapidly increasing as the one in which a kind Providence has placed him, we sincerely trust he will be an instrument for good for many years to come.

BERMONDSEY.

The anniversary of Mr. Chivers's ordination was holden Dec. 26, in Ebenezer Chapel, Bermondsey New-road. Mr. John Foreman, in the evening, delivered a most profound and beautifully constructed address, on "The Personality of the Word of God." We heard it ourselves with great pleasure and profit. The church, under Mr. Chivers, still grows. We think he has a happy pastorate there.

THE COMPANIONS OF A SORROWFUL HEART.

[We believe the following heavy tale of woe will find its echo in many a soul that fears God; and has a living faith in Christ. In the Lord's hands, it may do good.—Ed.]

SIR.—I entreat your kind perusal of the following lines; they are dictated by one whose heart is very sorrowful. I have for some time past been desirous to have a little conversation with you, but being naturally timid, I could not gather courage to such an interview; I am so unhappy; not knowing what to do. I have attended your ministry for the last twelve months, and I trust with some profit, but my story is a sad one: darkness, and sorrow are my companions and I often fear there is no hope for me. I am a backslider. At the age of 15, I was first brought to be in deep concern about my soul through a sermon I heard preached from these words: "Is it well with thee?" and for two years my state of mind is not to be described; truly could I say "while I suffer Thy terrors, I am distracted:" but when my sorrow was greatest, deliverance came by the powerful application of these words one morning while reading them, "*the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin:*" my soul was then filled with joy, and my burden fell off my back. My first inquiry was, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I longed to tell to others what great things the Lord had done for me, and to walk in the ordinances of his house; and in a short time I was united to the church, worshipping in Alfred place, Old Kent Road, where for nearly six years I remained, until I began to grow cold, and careless, and found no pleasure in the house of the Lord. I could not hear the word with any profit, and felt inclined not to go at all; and after a little time I seldom did go; for I felt there was nothing for me; and none sought after me; none sought to bring the wanderer back: but I could not rest. I went from place to place to hear the Word of God explained, hoping against hope; weary and dispirited: seeking comfort, yet finding none; feeling and knowing I am lost unless interested in the everlasting covenant; and yet scarcely daring to hope that I am. I CANNOT PRAY: prayer is a task and a burden. Oh, that I could, I would, love the Lord Jesus. I would believe on him; but, alas! I cannot; my heart is hard: my mind is full of darkness. I love his house; I love his people: but they scarcely ever talk about Jesus, so I walk alone: but so unhappy. Dear sir, pray for me; do pray for me; for I cannot pray for myself. My health is very bad, but I dare not meet death, it is full of terrors to me; and although I am but young, yet I know the young often die, and, oh, if not prepared? Alas! I dare not dwell upon the dreadful thought. What shall I do in the swellings of Jordan! alas, darkness fills my trembling soul; floods of sorrow o'er me roll, I cannot tell you what I feel. I feel what you preach is truth, although I cannot draw comfort from it.

H.

THE COUNTESS AND THE COALHEAVER.

A CONTRAST AND A REVIEW.

(Continued from page 9).

THERE is a principle recognised among most of the Christian family, expressive of the fact that the natural constitution, temperament, and disposition, is not essentially altered by the coming of saving grace into the heart. This is a Bible principle. It is not only powerfully seen in the lives and actions, the excellencies and infirmities of the patriarchs, prophets, and ancient saints, but it is expressly declared: "*That which is born of the flesh is flesh; that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.*" "The body is dead, because of sin: the Spirit is life, because of righteousness." Hence the complaints of the best of men in all ages; and hence the use and necessity of exhortations, warnings, and reproofs, which the Holy Spirit has treasured up in the Divine Word.

If the development of this principle were as fairly dealt with as the principle itself is fully admitted, we think there would be less of that unkind censure, and less of that cruel slaughtering of character which has done so much mischief amid the ranks of professing Christians in all ages. When we say, "*fairly dealt with,*" we plead not for the concealment, much less for the countenancing, of any habitual evil; but there is a seven-fold course of action, which, if exercised in a true gospel spirit, would (with Heaven's blessing) greatly increase the unity, the happiness, the usefulness, and the honour, of our Christian churches.

First, Watchfulness over ourselves, and over one another: "They watch *for your souls,*" is one great feature of the minister's work; and well would it be if every true Christian in this way watched his fellow.

Secondly, Warnings against manifest dangers, snares, and temptations, which one Christian may see another exposed unto. As Abigail warned and prevented David. Oh, could this Abigail spirit and practice be fully exercised in our churches, surely a much happier state of things should be found with us! "Blessed be thy advice," said David, "and blessed be thou which hast kept me this day from coming to shed blood."

Thirdly, Sympathy, when wounds and sorrows, trials and afflictions, have already rolled in upon any of the members of the mystic frame. Where now lives that good man of whom Paul so gratefully speaks in 1 Tim. i. 16, 17? All they in Asia had turned away from Paul; among them were Phygellus and Hermogenes; and this Phygellus and Hermogenes have left a dreadfully numerous brood; but there was Onesiphorus—a beautiful soul was he—says

Paul, "He oft refreshed me, and was not ashamed of my chain; but when he was in Rome he sought me out very diligently, and found me!" Ah! that was sympathy indeed. In black and brutal contrast with this, there passes rapidly before the eye of the mind many who profess great zeal, but it is an outward cloak only, "a name to live with." We say no more.

Fourthly, Forgiveness, when sin is confessed and abandoned.

Fifthly, Restoration to Christian associations and scenes of usefulness.

Sixthly, United prayers for and with the feeble, the fallen, and the faint; and,

Lastly, A ceasing from strife and slander at all times; never abandoning a professed believer until the Saviour's rule hath been fully carried out; and, withal, ADOPTING the spirit and practice implied in the context and climax of those golden words:—"GO THOU, AND DO LIKEWISE."

These practical remarks would ooze out, as we endeavoured to approach, once more, the review of the Countess and the Coal-heaver, the commencement of which has already excited something more than an interested feeling; but we shall proceed exceedingly careful, undaunted, and perhaps much too slow for some; but they must have patience with us, seeing our work is heavy.

In our last we simply introduced the origin, or coming into the world, of those two illustrious saints, the Countess of Huntingdon and the venerable "sinner-saved," William Huntingdon, the Coal-heaver of Thames-Ditton, in Surrey.

The almost questioning by some—the *spiritual and eternal standing* in Christ, of the Countess, leads us now specially to look after after those indisputable evidences of THE LIFE OF GOD in the soul which must be manifested where it dwells.

The "Memorials" to which we have before referred, detail the Countess's marriage with Theophilus, the ninth Earl of Huntingdon, on June 3rd, 1728; also her charitable and serious demeanor, which was almost without parallel. But here comes a description of the *previous state*—before GRACE AND LIFE are developed—a preparatory work is described in the following terms:—

Lady Huntingdon was at this period an utter stranger to the spiritual character of the gospel of Christ. She saw not the depravity of the human heart, as she afterwards discerned it; she knew nothing of salvation by faith in Jesus Christ, and of the regenerating power of the Holy Spirit; and had not yet experienced that peace of mind which passeth all understanding, and that joy which is unspeakable and full of glory. She afterwards felt and declared that she was now aiming to establish her own righteousness, and endeavouring by prayer, fasting, and aims-deeds, to recommend herself to the favour of Heaven. She entertained high opinions respecting the dignity of human

nature; and aspired to reach, by her own works, the lofty standard she had placed before her. She strove after moral perfection, and shaped her conduct by the principles she had imbibed. It cannot be wondered at, that she surpassed her equals by birth, and the multitudes around her. She was a strict observer of her duties in the various relations of life; rigidly just in her dealings, and true to her word. She was liberal in her sentiments, prudent in her conduct, courteous in her deportment, and profuse in her charities. Truth found in her a diligent student; virtue, a most strenuous advocate; the Scriptures, a devout and prayerful reader; and public worship, a regular and constant attendant. Her moral accomplishments were so many and so distinguished, that she was admired by the world; and looked down upon herself with self-complacency, as superior in virtue, and eminent piety to those around her.

Nor was Lady Huntingdon at all singular in cherishing such feelings in her heart. There is nothing more grateful to our pride than to indulge in lofty conceptions of human nature. It flatters our vanity to imagine that we are able to recommend ourselves to God by our good deeds. The men of the world would much rather work out a righteousness of their own than receive the righteousness of Christ. They take their stand on the merit of their good works, and trust that it will avail for their justification with God. They have erroneous conceptions of themselves, of the position they sustain towards God, the consequences their sins have entailed, and the nature of Christ's mediatorial work. One conviction takes possession of their mind,—that something must be *done* by them; and aroused by the hope of gaining peace, joy, and heaven, they diligently endeavour to work out their own salvation. They are never successful. Hope may buoy them up for a time, but "hope deferred maketh the heart sick." The satisfaction they seek after rarely comes; for though they may pursue their course for many years, and may mistake self-complacency for divine approbation, and insensibility for peace, they can never "rejoice in hope of the glory of God" until their minds have been enlightened by heavenly wisdom, and their hearts changed by divine grace,—until they have been "created anew in Christ Jesus unto good works."

Lady Huntingdon was far from enjoying the happiness which she had anticipated would result from her pious endeavours; and she redoubled her exertions to procure the favour of the Most High. Her sister-in-law, Lady Margaret Hastings, had been awakened to see the truth, and often conversed with her respecting the concerns of her soul. The joy and happiness she experienced formed a strange contrast to the state of Lady Huntingdon's mind, who soon perceived that she had not realized what she had been vainly striving after. The peace of mind which flows from faith in Christ had not entered her heart; she felt that she was unworthy to appear before God, that her best deeds were not sufficient to establish her righteousness, and that pride and

self-satisfaction had mingled with all her thoughts and feelings. The discovery of her sinfulness greatly harassed her, and her mind was filled with the most distressing doubts. Again she strove to conquer her evil nature by rigorous austerities and more self-denying labours; but the harder she sought to work out her own justification, the more she became convinced of her inability to accomplish the task.

A dangerous illness soon laid the Countess low, and brought her to the confines of the grave.

Thus judiciously and truthfully writes Mr. Alfred H. New, the editor of "The Coronet and the Cross," published in monthly six-penny parts, by Partridge and Co. Next month we hope to shew bow the same spirit worked in the "Coalheaver," although in a rougher style.

A VISIT TO COTTENHAM AND SOMERSHAM.

DEAR BROTHER,—According to promise, I send you a few lines, relative to my visit to Cottenham and Somersham. I had a very *cold* ride to Cottenham on the 5th of January, but met with a very *warm* reception from the people. The people at Cottenham seem to be alive, and very active. They have two Baptist causes in the village, one is called "The Old Place," where Mr. W. Flanders labours; the other is called "The New Place," or *Ebenezer Chapel*, where the venerable old Mr. J. Sutton laboured for about 35 years. The people connected with both causes have been hard at work with their chapels during this last summer, there must have been quite a *chapel fever* among them, for the people in connection with the "Old Place" have built a good substantial new chapel. And the friends at the "New Place" have been altering and very much improving their chapel; they have now a chapel that may be ranked among the best in the country. I preached in it to a good congregation on Tuesday evening, the 6th. I hope the word was blessed, as it has been on former occasions. I was glad to see friends there from Rampton and Heston; it brought to mind former days, and my prayer is that the Lord may bless and prosper them.

Cottenham is quite a rural and agricultural district, inhabited by a kind-hearted benevolent people, though not without their peculiarities; a place remarkable for *dissenters*, and where there is quite a spirit for hearing the word preached; it matters but little who or what the preacher may be, he is sure of a pretty good congregation, especially while he is a "*new man*;" and if he happens to be rather *singular*, a little *eccentric*, full of *figures* and very *florid*, he will have a congregation rarely equalled in other places for numbers. It would be a pleasing thing if other places possessed the same spirit for hearing the gospel as may be found at Cottenham.

On the following Thursday I went as far as Somersham, to brother Thomsett's, where I met with several other good brethren—viz., brother Norris, of Swavesey, who has not been

sent, sustained, and kept at Swasey for several years in vain, although he desires to see and feel more life and energy in the cause; brother King, who is a very humble and useful man at Aldreth; brother Alderson, who seems very happy, peaceful, and comfortably settled at Willingham; and brother Whiteing, of Needlingworth, were also present, and I think each enjoyed the interview. I preached at brother Thomsett's place in the evening from Eph. i. 13. We had a very good congregation, very attentive, and all seemed to enjoy the Word. I hope the time is not far distant when both causes at Somersham shall become re-united and become one fold again, under one shepherd. I might express my opinion on this matter, but forbear. With kind regards, yours in Jesus,
Greenwich. JOSEPH WILKINS.

THE LATE MARY SPARROW.

[The ministers of Christ, and one part of the gospel church, have lost a valuable friend. With mingled feelings of sorrow and joy we have read the following.]

MR. EDITOR.—Our dear sister, Mary Sparrow, of Aldro', has entered her eternal rest; it may truly be said of her, "her praise was (and still is) in all the churches" where she was known; still I wish to give a little information to enquiring friends respecting her last days.

The last day that she spent in the house of God was November 16, 1856, when she enjoyed an extraordinary good day; she said her heart glowed with holy delight the first moment she caught a sight of her Christian friends who had come to worship their gracious and covenant God. Both the sermons preached were food for her soul; the one from Psalm xvii. 7; the other from Canticles iv. 15. On the Wednesday following she was taken ill, with a disease from which she had suffered much for years, viz., bronchitis, and continued poorly until the Wednesday after, when it was deemed necessary to have medical aid; and on the Thursday I visited her, when she was quite confined to her bed. I knew from nearly eight years close Christian communion with her that at times her faith had been small, and that she could only speak of a well grounded hope, though so well established in the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel." I, therefore, asked about the state of her mind, not at all apprehending anything serious; her answer was, "quite peaceful and quiet, no high joys, but a fixedness of heart upon Jesus, a perfect satisfaction with my heavenly Father's will; so that I feel pleasure in leaving my body, soul, and circumstances entirely in his hands;" and added, "if I am taken away I shall leave a few friends behind who will much miss me;" and particularly named a dear and deeply tried sister. After further conversation upon spiritual subjects I read in her hearing the cxvi. Psalm, prayed with her, and bid her farewell for the present. On the next day (Friday) I saw her again, and found her no better in health, but still able to converse with me, and said, I feel it a high privilege to be favoured to see you twice within so short a space of time, adding, "if this sickness should be unto death, I

wish you to give my Christian love to all the Aldringham friends, and tell them that I love every one of them, and all that is good about them, and tell them also that whatever high opinions they have formed of me, my own is, that I am a poor unworthy sinner." I then read the lxi. Psalm, which she much enjoyed, often exclaiming, "Oh! how sweet!" I then prayed with her, and was about to leave her, when she said, "continue to pray for me, but I do not wish you to pray for the continuation of my life; I only want you to pray for the presence of the Lord to be enjoyed by me;" after which she so earnestly implored the divine blessing to rest upon my head, and so frankly and lovingly spoke of the benefit she had derived, both from my ministry and conversation, that my poor heart was sweetly softened and filled with gratitude to God for a testimony so encouraging from the lips of one of his afflicted children, and having bid her farewell, I left the room with my eyes filled with tears. On the next day she was happy in her mind, as will appear by her repeatedly trying to sing the following lines,

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

Very early on Lord's day morning she went to sleep, with her female companion by her side, who had shared in her sorrows and joys for fifty years past, and who in connexion with the bereaved church at Aldringham, is left to experience, and lament her loss. About seven in the morning the latter arose, who, with another female attendant, left the room to partake of breakfast, leaving our sister in a comfortable sleep, from which she never awoke in this world, for ere our friends had completed their breakfast, they went upstairs and found life nearly extinct, as they could only observe a faint beating at one of the temples. In conclusion, my brother, I may say she lived for the benefit of others, and in a good degree to the glory of God, and he, in as merciful a manner, took her blood-ransomed soul to himself; all glory to his precious name, and now the firm hope of soon following her to the happy realms of bliss, causes me in a good measure to submit to the loss I have sustained by her removal, and bears me up under the many trials which attend the saints of Jesus and the servants of God in the wilderness and church below.

On Lord's day, December 14, I preached the funeral sermon to a large assembly of people, from Ruth iii. 11.—1st, showing how she resembled Ruth in her natural state, in her leaving her own people when called by grace, and in the cleaving to the people of God under all circumstances; 2nd, in her religion being so evident by her loving, peaceful, and peace-making conduct, that all the city of her people were persuaded of the reality of it; 3rd, that her spiritual Boaz did to her all that she required in the hour of trial, affliction, and death.

Next month I hope to send you a short note for the purpose of directing our "little sister, near Maidstone," how to act in her present condition, as I have reason to hope the Lord made this clear to me several years ago.

Yours in gospel bonds, J. BRAND.

REVIEWS.

What is Negative Theology, and who are its Abbettors? &c. By Rev. Brewin Grant, B.A. London: W. H. Collingridge.

Here is another voluminous pamphlet on the Theological Controversy. We must confess that we fear these effusions are working no good in our land, nor among our churches. Fuel for controversial spirits they are; but food for spiritual minds they are not. This controversy, however, threatens to break up powerful and influential unions; and if, in dethroning some of the evangelical kingdoms, error is discovered and discarded, and truth declared and defended, we shall therein rejoice; but we have little or no faith in the motives from whence much has arisen. Nevertheless, there may be a great work accomplished before this matter comes to an end. Prospectuses of papers and projects are flying in all directions. Let us open wide our eyes and take good heed to our ways. We are jealous, and cannot help it.

"Sacred Musings; or, Songs in the House of my Pilgrimage." By Septimus Sears." London: Houlston.

A volume of one hundred and sixty pages, containing sixty-nine original poems, principally expository, and illustrative of Biblical character and event. We are no poets ourselves, nor have we any decided taste for poetry, except it be rich indeed; no wonder, therefore, that we marvel at the immense number of new works constantly issuing from the press: nearly all the Lord's servants are poets; and have Hymn Books of their own in these days; even our good brother John Wigmore has issued a book for the praise of his beloved Lord, and for a long time we have been wishing for an opportunity to read, and notice it: which with some others we hope to do some day. These "Sacred Musings," by Mr. Sears are written in a pleasant, easy, and interesting style: but their excellency lays in two things—they are heart-searching and Christ-exalting. "Seeking to have the heart brought to the foot of the cross," and some other pieces, will be found very precious to spiritual minds. We really almost envy Mr. Sears, the holy, the happy, the heavenly frame of mind, he appears to enjoy: and the evident success with which he labours in the vineyard. We wish him in all his works great prosperity. We hope to give an extract from this volume next month.

"Upward and Onward: A Thought-book for the Threshold of Active Life." By S. W. Partridge, Author of "Voices from the Garden, &c." London: Partridge & Co.

This volume would be a most invaluable present for young folk, when just starting from boyhood into youth: and happy would it be for our great nation if the "thoughts" with which this "Thought-book" abounds, could, like incorruptible seeds, be so cast into the minds of our uprising generation as to produce that course of life which the author so beautifully portrays. The title-page faithfully indicates the character of the work. It is "A BOOK FOR THE THRESHOLD OF ACTIVE

LIFE!". Who can fully estimate the importance of that period, when the aspiring lad first steps into the world to commence a career that may be either "Upward and Onward" to immense influence and honor here, and immortal glory hereafter—or "Downward and Backward" to shame and ignominy here, and darkness and misery hereafter?

The times in which we live are dreadfully soiled by the constant developments of fraud, treachery, unfaithfulness, and crimes, which make even the special pleaders to blush, and the judges, on their dread tribunals, weep. Ten thousand thanks we owe, then, to the man who meets the unconscious youth in the very harbour through which he passes from the sacred cares of a parent's affection to sail on the dangerous ocean of commercial enterprise and ardent toil. Such a friend is the author of the work now before us—a production not only sterling in sentiment, easy in style, and attracting in matter and manner; but most powerfully telling and weighty in illustration, and in speaking home to the conscience those great and most essential lessons necessary to man's moral and spiritual well-being, with which it is filled. We say nothing with reference to the creed and christianity of the book, although even here there is nothing which the most careful can much dispute; but as a wholesome and valuable book for the study and practice of youth, it cannot be too highly commended. If this volume does not obtain an immense circulation, it will argue badly for the tastes and proper feelings of our people.

"The Brother Born for Adversity: or, the Similarity of the Saviour's Sorrows and Sufferings to those of his Followers." London: John Snow.

We are anxious to correct an error into which we fell last month respecting the price of this little volume—it is one shilling, and not eighteen-pence, as then stated. We are glad to find its sale and circulation is rapid and extensive. It is not a book for presumptuous speculators, but the heart-broken, the tempted, the persecuted, the oppressed, the burdened, and afflicted saints of every class will certainly find a cordial here. We are no advocates for reading sermons, but if our ministerial brethren were to read one of these short chapters, in the course of their weekly meetings for prayer, we believe their hearers would be very thankful. Mr. James Grant, (the voluminous literary writer, and author of this truly evangelical work,) has been called to endure a great fight of affliction in consequence of the noble stand he made in defence of the vital principles of the gospel:—the production of this work from his pen at such a time wonderfully declares how deeply the Lord has sanctified his trials, leading him into a fellowship with the Saviour, which perhaps he never so fully realized before. We trust the effectual and fervent prayers of thousands of righteous men will ascend to heaven on his behalf—that his labours may be honoured with great success—that his life may long be spared—and that his mental powers may more than ever be employed in the service of HIM whom multitudes have proved to be "A Brother born for Adversity."

The late Mr. W. B. Withington,

MINISTER OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, DEVIZES,

HIS ORIGIN, HIS MINISTRY, AND HIS DEATH.

(KINDLY COMMUNICATED BY HIS DAUGHTER).

[ANOTHER faithful, and truly devoted, unostentatious, and useful servant of God, is gone to his rest. These oft-repeated visitations surely call loudly to all godly ministers who are yet left in the vineyard, to consider well both sides of that wholesome and beautiful exhortation—"Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." We are permitted, by the beloved daughter of the deceased, to furnish the following "short account."—Ed.]

W. B. Withington was born at Sheffield, in Yorkshire, in Oct., 1794 : was removed in God's providence to Manchester, when he was but a youth. There he was a constant attendant at church, and very particular in performing a round of religious duties. Curiosity prompted him, one Sabbath day, to go and hear that eminent servant of God, the late Mr. Gadsby. There the Lord met with him ; he was called by grace, and became a member of Mr. G.'s church, which seemed to be a nursery for the Lord's vineyard ; there being a band of good men gathered together under his charge, who afterwards went out as laborers into the harvest. Most of these men were bound together by the strongest ties of Christian love and affection which death alone had power to remove. Amongst them was the late Mr. George Greenhough ; and there are a few still in the land of the living who will remember the great regard which existed between Mr. G. and the subject of this memoir. Two young servants of the Lord : they were like David and Jonathan. They took sweet counsel together, and walked to the house of God in company. O that we could see more of this love amongst brethren now ! He commenced preaching when only about 21 years of age ; and for several years supplied at many places near Manchester, viz., Rayton, Middleton, Bury, Baguely, and others. For 10 years afterwards, he walked to Rayton every Sabbath (a distance of 11 miles) to preach to a few poor and despised in the estimation of the world ; but rich in love to him, and in the graces which adorn the Christian character. Most of these dear friends are now in glory ; where he has joined them around the throne of God and the Lamb.

It used to delight him when he received a letter from any friend in that part of the

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country, to hear of the welfare of any with whom he had been connected in gospel ties. Only a few days before his death a letter arrived from a highly esteemed brother in the Lord, in which he mentioned having met with some old friends in the vestry of Mr. Taylor's Chapel, Manchester, who had enquired most kindly for him ; and they recollect texts and subjects from which they had heard him preach 30 years before, when their souls had been largely blessed : thus proving that his labors had not been in vain in the Lord.

When 27 years of age, he received a pressing and unanimous call from the church at Devizes, where he had supplied ; but his diffidence was so great that he could not be prevailed upon to take it : thinking himself too young to undertake the charge. About the year 1832, he became settled pastor over the church assembling at Heaton-lane, Stockport ; where he remained for seven or eight years ; until he received a third pressing call from Devizes, and, after much consideration and prayer, he decided upon removing there : where he continued his work until within a fortnight of his death. His health was always very delicate ; yet his constant attendance on the services of God's house was an example to all. For 10 years he never missed a service, except when occasionally supplying for brother ministers. In Sept., 1854, he went to Rochdale, to supply for his very dear friend, Mr. Kershaw, and while there he was seized with violent illness, which so shook his constitution that he never fully recovered. In the following December, he had a severe attack of bronchitis, which confined him to his chamber for many weeks ; but his mind was constantly going out after the people of his charge, and most anxious was he that they should profit under those ministers who kindly preached for him, and that the blessing of a Triune Jehovah might descend upon both speakers and hearers. He was a true peace-maker in the church ; as many can certify ; and truly was his righteous soul grieved when bitterness and unkind spirits were evinced, and he most earnestly strove to soften down asperities, to calm angry feelings, and to unite all together in peace and concord.

During the last two years of his life he suffered much, and often feared on the Sabbath morning that he should not be able to

get through the day. Yet the Lord wonderfully supported and brought him on, beyond his most sanguine expectations. His sermons, for some time before his death, were particularly solemn and impressive. His warnings to the sinner, and his encouragements to the weak and trembling saint, were more powerful than ever. It seemed as if the lamp burned more brightly than before, ere it was for ever extinguished. Many friends, who, observing these things, and noticing his visibly sinking frame, were apprehensive that he was not very long for this world. On the last day of the year (which was the usual weekly service) he preached from these words—"The last day;" and shewed in a very solemn manner that the last day of the year, the last day of life, and the last great day, would come to all. It proved to be the last week-day he was permitted to be out. On the following Sabbath he was suffering greatly from hoarseness and affliction of the lungs, and much feared he should not be able to speak; and when he began he could scarcely be heard. But that God who had never left nor forsaken him, appeared once more on his behalf, and gave him power to raise his voice in the service of his Master. In the afternoon he administered the ordinance, and admitted three friends into the church, by dismissal from another, and in the evening preached from the words, "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This was his last sermon. He left the pulpit never to return; and he departed from the house of God on earth, soon to enter that "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." His disease (acute bronchitis) rapidly increased; a physician was called in; every means used; and we were in hopes he would rally once more. His sufferings were very great. The oppression on his chest at times, when the paroxysms came on, was so great that it was most painful to be with him. He would gasp for breath, yet not a murmuring word escaped his lips. His mind was mercifully kept calm and tranquil, stayed upon his God. Though naturally of a timid, fearful nature, and one who had all his life long been subject to bondage through the fear of death, yet when the time came he proved the truth of his own words, spoken in the pulpit not long before that,—"God did not give dying strength in living hours, but that when the hour came he would fulfil his promise, and be with his people in the swellings of Jordan." Very few friends saw him during his illness; for the nature of it was such, that he could not talk, and the sight of persons caused palpitation of the heart; which almost stopped his breath. To one or two who saw him for a few moments, he dropped a few words expressive of the peace of his soul. To friend R. he said, "many precious promises keep pouring into

my mind, and I know where they come from by the effect they produce;" and to another he said, "*the everlasting arms be underneath me, THAT IS MY GREATEST MERCY.*" On Wednesday, the 21st, we observed a change in him; but as the extreme violence of the disease seemed to be somewhat abated, we did not apprehend immediate danger. During the night of Wednesday he was very restless, and seemed at times unable to collect his ideas. He said, "H, I feel my judgment failing, and memory too, and my hands are so heavy," lifting them up and letting them fall heavily down again. He continued thus till about 12 o'clock on Thursday, when he said, "I know I am going; in a few hours I shall be in eternity: and as I have a few things to say to my dear children, I had better do so at once, for my hours are numbered." He then, in a broken way, gave a few injunctions, saying, "We have been a loving, kind family, though each is marked by some imperfection: you have yours and I have mine; but I have endeavoured to preach Christ to the best of my poor ability. I hope I have lived to Christ, and I now die in Christ." Strength soon failed him, and he was evidently fast sinking in the arms of death: but all was peace in his soul—the peace of God which passeth all understanding. I said to him, "Father, dear, you are afraid to die?" He replied, "Oh, no: and I am a wonder to myself when I think what a poor nervous creature I have always been." He was asked if he would like any part of the word read to him, but he said, "No: I do not feel to wish it; it is not the bare reading of the word, but the power of it in the soul." "And you have that?" I asked. He replied, "Yes, yes."

Insensibility quickly succeeded, which lasted about two hours, when he quietly and sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, without a sigh or a groan. He was interred in front of the chapel, according to his request, on Friday, the 30th of January, 1857, by Mr. Blake, of Broughton, a much esteemed friend. The other dissenting ministers of the town, and many friends, uniting to pay the last tribute of respect to the departed. On the following Sabbath the funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Blake, from the words, "And thy God, thy Glory, thy Sun, shall no more go down, neither shall thy moon withdraw itself, for the Lord shall be thine everlasting Light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." Isa. xl. 19, 20. H. W.

THE PRESSURE AND THE PROMISE.

By JOSEPH WILKINS,
Of Providence Chapel, Greenwich.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee: He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved." Psalm lv. 22.

THIS, my dear reader, may be sometimes your case as you go forth from your home in

the morning to your daily labour, to your shop, to your farm, or to your counting-house; you go out with a sad heart and depressed spirit, being *burdened*; and so you return at night; still with a heavy load and mighty weights upon the mind, longing to be rid of that which troubles you; or, it may be, that you spend your hours at home and abroad in sadness and sorrow: if so, the words of the royal Psalmist are not inapplicable to your present condition—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee." Now we must notice FIVE things in connection with this Scripture.

1st. *The case supposed*—"Burdened." Is that your case? Was it ever your condition? Has sin ever been a burden to you? Is it a burden now? Better feel sin a *burden* than a *pleasure*. With many around you sin is a pleasurable thing, and perhaps was so with you once, but now its become a heavy burden. May I ask you how sin became such a burden? Who or what was it that made it so burdensome to you? Surely it must be the grace of God that produced such a change! You once could live in and commit sin, and feel it no burden to you; but now your conscience is tender, and the fear of God is in your heart, and sin becomes burdensome to you. But it may be that you will say, that is not my special burden—the thing which burdens me most is a *cold heart*, a *barren mind*, and *lifeless frame*. My greatest trial is this, that my heart is so hard, cold, and lifeless, that I do not feel sin to be so burdensome as I desire. Precious evidence of divine life in the soul! a dead man feels not; neither does he say, I would feel sin more burdensome; I would hate it more, and flee from it always—oh, for grace so to do. But, says a third, I have no such burdens pressing me down now, nevertheless I am not without them, for I have my burdens in *my family*—an ungodly son, a disobedient daughter, an afflicted child, a dying wife, a drinking husband—or, it may be, an husband out of employ—many are the *family burdens* of a Christian. But a fourth may say, my burdens are in quite a different direction; my fellow servants, the people among whom I labour, the conversation of the workmen, the wicked practices, taunts, jeers, ridicule and mockery of the men in the workshop, are indeed burdens to me. Others may have their *secret* burdens of fear, trial, and soul exercise; with others it may be ill-health—poor fallen nature sometimes becomes very burdensome. Others have their burdens in connection with their business and daily avocation. But whatever be your burden, whether sin, temptation, illness, fear, poverty, death, family or circumstances around you, notice,

2ndly. *The direction given*—"Cast thy burden upon the Lord." Whatever that burden be, cast it upon him, for Christ is the great

burden-bearer—he hath omnipotent strength to bear them all away; but whatever you do, be sure and cast all your burdens upon him, of whatever nature or character they may be, whether relating to your fears and trials, or guilty conscience, hard heart, want of unction and feeling, or spiritual joy and peace, or if they relate to your family, body, mind, business or circumstances, it is your Christian privilege to cast them all upon him; whether they be little or great, old or new, heavy or light burthens, cast them all, by *faith* and *prayer*, upon him who is able to bear them: I say by faith in his promise and power—by faith in his love and willingness to help, support, and relieve you—by faith in his word and merits; that faith which works in accordance with his word and will. Now to cast our burdens upon the Lord by faith and prayer requires *Divine help*, the help of God, the help of the Holy Spirit, to lead us to Jesus our burden-bearer, and to help us to roll them upon him and *leave them there*, for we often go and roll our burdens at his feet, by prayer, but do not leave them there—how apt we are to pick them up again, as we leave the throne, and bring them away with us; so that we need his help to cast our burdens on him and to leave them there. But we notice

3rdly. *The gracious promise*—"He shall sustain thee," by his Spirit and grace; for, "as thy day thy strength shall be;" therefore, "fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness; for underneath are the everlasting arms." You may sink low, but you cannot sink too low, for the lower you sink the nearer to his arms you get, and thus by the arms of his love and by the power of his grace he sustains, props up, and supports his burdened family, and grants them discoveries of his love, and of their interest in his mercy, gives them constant supplies of grace, comforts them by his Spirit, applies and blesses his word to their souls, favours them with special visits of communion, and thus supports and sustains them in the deep waters, beneath every burden and sorrow, and will finally bring them through every storm and tempest; for we notice next,

4thly, *The blessed statement*—"He shall never suffer the righteous to be moved," by *afflictions*, so as to stagger in his faith and loose all confidence in God's mercy and faithfulness, or to be so shaken and moved by Satan as to give up all hope of acceptance and expectation of salvation; nor shall he ever be moved by burdens, men or devils, to give up God's cause and forsake his ways finally and totally, for God will never suffer the righteous to be moved out of Christ so as to loose all interest in his merits, blood, and salvation; their interest in Jesus is secure,

and all Satan's arts, wiles, and temptations shall prove abortive, for with all his craft and subtlety he shall not succeed in moving a *righteous man* out of Christ's love and favour; neither shall they ever be moved out of *God's covenant*, for in it Jehovah keeps them as precious jewels in a cabinet, for the covenant of grace is God's cabinet box, in which is to be found all his jewels. Think you, dear reader, that any of them will be moved out and lost? Will the cry of *lost* ever be heard from God in heaven? If so, which of his jewels will it be that is lost, the big ones, or the bright ones? Nay, neither of them; and rest assured God will never suffer the *dull ones* nor the *little ones* to be moved out of his cabinet, or covenant; neither will they ever be moved out of *Jehovah's hand*, for all his sheep are in his hand, and no man is able to pluck them out; for

"All that His heavenly Father gave,
His hands securely keep."

Therefore he will never suffer the righteous to be moved off *Christ*, as the great Rock and Foundation of their hope; with all the winds that blew, and the rain that fell, and the floods that came, and beat against the house that was built upon the Rock, "it fell not;" neither shall the winds of temptation, persecution, or rage, nor all the storms of life, with the floods of affliction, sorrow, and tribulation, be able to wash the believer off Christ, the Rock of salvation; for "upon this Rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." (Matt. xvi. 18.) But we notice

Lastly—*The character interested*—"The righteous." Righteousness is two-fold,—righteousness imputed, and righteousness imparted—both are included: the former is the righteousness of Christ, with which a believer is clothed, adorned, and beautified, and in which he stands justified before God, which robe is large enough to cover the biggest sinner, and long enough to reach down to his feet; which is efficient also to cover, justify, and save the vilest of the vile. This robe of righteousness is imputed to the believer, and makes him meet for heaven and for the society of angels and saints before the throne. This is shown in the parable of the marriage of the King's son, Matthew xxii. 11. The man without the wedding garment was "confused and condemned," being destitute of that "robe" which would have qualified him, and made him fit for such Royal company. It is often called "the righteousness of *faith*," because it is seen, beheld, and admired by faith; it is also received, put on, worn, and professed by faith. The righteousness imparted differs from the former, it being the righteousness of the Spirit, wrought in the souls and borne out in the conduct and practice of believers.

THE GREATNESS AND TENDERNESS OF CHRIST.

BY SAMUEL COZENS,

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"A bruised reed shall he not break, and the smoking flax shall he not quench." Isa. xlii. 3.

I. The Person "He."

First, He is denominated Jehovah's "*Servant*." He was sovereignly employed by Jehovah for whom he died, the possession of the purchase of his blood, the glorification of the seed for whom he travailed.

O! what a service was the service of Jesus. He had to obey every commandment, to carry away every violation of the commandment from his people, to bear into everlasting forgetfulness all the sins of his elect, to break down the strongholds of hell, and capture the infernal prince of darkness, to go down into death, and secure incorruption from corruption, immortality from mortality, and to swallow up death in victory. In fine, his service was to obey law, to carry sin, to destroy death, to bruise Satan, to plague the grave, to drink the cup of wrath, to overcome the world, to redeem and save his people. Before they could be saved, the law must be obeyed, to give them a legal purity; sin must be put away, to give them a personal purity; death must be destroyed, to give them life; Satan must be captured, to give them liberty; the grave must be vanquished, to give them victory; the wrath of God must be exhausted, to give them exemption from Divine displeasure; and the world must be overcome, to take them to a better country. "Behold my servant whom I uphold, mine elect; my chosen one whom I have selected to accomplish the purposes of mercy, and to perform the aforesaid salvation." The word "elect" is, exceedingly comprehensive; it embodies all his mediatorial relations, offices, characters, names, &c. He is the elect *Head* of the elect *body*: nature does not elect heads without bodies. He is the elect *Bridegroom* of the elect *bride*: there was never a bridegroom without a bride, and *vice versa*: the bridegroom makes the bride, and the bride makes the bridegroom. Jehovah chose a wife for his Son, and a Husband for his daughter (the Church). He is the elect Brother of the elect brethren; the elect Builder of the elect building; the elect Prince of the elect people; the elect Prophet of the elect poor; the elect Priest of elect sinners;

the elect Shepherd of the elect sheep; the elect Saviour of the elect saints; the elect Sanctuary of elect worshippers.

Secondly, He is denominated *The Covenant*.—"I will give thee for a Covenant of the people." Christ may be called the Covenant, because he is the Foundation upon which it is based, and the Finisher by whom it is accomplished; or he may be called the Covenant, because all the responsibilities of the covenant devolved upon him as the *Surety* of the better covenant; because the reconciliation of all grievances rested with him as the *Mediator* of the new covenant; because the putting away of sin was to be performed by him as the *Priest* of the new covenant; because the government of the people was upon his shoulders as the *Prince* of the new covenant; because he was to prepare the church by Divine teaching as the *Prophet* of the new covenant; because he confirmed it by his death as the *Testator* of the new covenant; and because in him are all the rich blessings, all the precious promises, and all the abundant provisions of Spirit to animate, of sanctity to sanctify, of sufficiency to help, of blood to cleanse, of dress to clothe, of food to sustain, of life to feel, of love to comfort, of power to keep, of knowledge to understand, of repentance to mourn, of fear to tremble, of faith to triumph, of hope to expect, of peace to quiet, of resignation to submit, of patience to bear, and of fortitude to endure: as the Trustee with whom is the disposition of all the sure mercies of David.

Thirdly, He is denominated a *Light*:—"A Light of the Gentiles." Light dispels darkness; so Christ dispels the clouds of ignorance, the gloom of black desertion, the darkness of guilt, and the night-like blackness of temptation. This light is the *cause* and *object* of spiritual knowledge. This Light is the light of the gospel—he published it. This Light is the light of grace—he gives it. This Light is the light of glory—he takes unto it. Light is the *expanding* agent of nature, by which all things grow; the *directing* agent by which we see and are led on in the way; the *revealing* agent, by which things are seen in their true nature. Without light the beauties of creation had never been known; so, without Christ we cannot grow in grace, cannot find the way to heaven; cannot see the beautiful works of God in the new creation of grace.

II. The persons figuratively described:—"The bruised reed and the smoking flax."

First, "Bruised reeds." Bruised reeds, how weak and worthless in themselves! how unfit to bear heavy burdens of work, or warfare! of themselves they can neither work nor fight. How often are their hearts broken and bruised by convictions, corruptions, desertions, desperations, temptations,

tribulations, and persecutions! Yes, a bruised reed is one whose heart is broken, or rather bruised, by deep convictions, by raging corruptions, by dark desertions, by dreadful determinations, by violent temptations, by multiplied tribulations (when deep calleth unto deep, when deep trials without call to deep troubles within), by furious persecutions, by outward affliction, by fearful forebodings.

Secondly, "The smoking flax." It has a true principle of fire in it; but what fire? The law is a fire. He sent out a fiery law for them; and when this fire penetrates the heart, and illuminates the understanding, the sinner smokes with anguish, burns with torment, and fears the fiery indignation of Jehovah will be his portion. The gospel is a fire; a light; and when this fire is lodged in the sinner it warms the affections, melts the feelings, softens the heart, quickens the soul, and all the inward powers of the soul smoke with desire after the light of God's countenance and the love of God's heart, after appropriating views of Jesus in his person, power, and promise; in his character, cross, and crown; in his beauty, blood, and bliss; in his relations, righteousness, and renown. The Holy Ghost is a fire; and when he takes possession of the heart, the soul smokes with heavenly and holy aspirations; the mind ascends in spiritual meditations, and the affections rise upward like pillars of smoke.

Thirdly, The promise "He will not break the bruised reed," &c. He will not break those whose hearts are broken under a sense of their own sinfulness, vileness, weakness, and unworthiness. He will not break those poor creatures who are broken down by calamity, that feel they are too fragile, too weak, to bear up against the ills of life. He will not break the bruised reed asunder by violence; he will not carry on the work of destruction; he will not deepen their afflictions, or augment their trials, or multiply their sorrows; he will rather comfort, sustain, bind them up and restore them. "The smoking flax shall be not quench." He shall not extinguish that which is just ready to go out; he shall not extinguish the vital spark of life, though ready to die; he shall not quench the vital flame of love, though it be ready to expire; he shall not quench the vital graces of the Spirit, though faith be low and hope desponding; he will not quench the vital work of his own hands, or allow it to become extinct. "It may be feeble and languid; it may be almost ready to die; it may be like the dying flame that hangs on the point of the wick, but if there be true religion it will not be extinguished." No, he will not cast away those who are his, however low their state, however lifeless their frame, however dark their mind, however dead their souls. He will give more grace and enkindle the dying spark, he will give more grace and brighten the expiring flame.

"STRICT BAPTIST UNION."

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN SIMON NORTH AND JOHN SOUTH.

Ah, friend Simon, is it you? what, are you come to take a friendly cup of tea with us?

SIMON.—Well, I don't mind if I do!

JOHN.—Well, come then, take a seat, and make yourself comfortable, and let us hear how you are getting on in the good things.

S.—Oh! I mean to join the Union!

J.—What Union?

S.—What Union! why, the Strict Baptist Union! You should have been at the meeting at Islington, and other meetings as well.

J.—What are they going to do?

S.—Do! why, going to shew that Christians have a new class—not first class, nor second class, nor third class, but a new class of duties; or as the Chairman said, *obligations*; which word I rather like.

J.—But why do you so like the word *obligation*?

S.—Why! because it gives me a good sort of idea.

J.—Well; what is that idea?

S.—Well; you know when we went by train the other day to hear Mr. Goodman that when we got (one got) into the railway carriage we were *obligated* to go on.

J.—Well, friend Simon, I hardly understand you now!

S.—Not understand me! Well then, John, I will explain my meaning, and it is this—that when the Strict Baptist Union, or if you please this *new company* get their lines clearly marked out, their rails laid down, their stations finished, the carriages all right, and the *steam fairly up*, you may depend upon it that *obligations* will be obligations.

J.—Well; but *how* will they make *sure* of passengers?

S.—Well; I am afraid they will fail there.

J.—So I think. But who are the directors?

S.—Why, some of the best men you can find:—namely, _____.

What do you think of this friend John, just for a sample. *Obligation* me if they won't drive some of you "Q in the Corner" ones to quarters.

J.—Come friend Simon, be a little merciful, and not quite so *rhetorical* about your *new class obligations*. I suppose the names you have mentioned are not all the good ministers who are at the head of this Strict Baptist Union?

S.—No. But I have been to hear; one by one, all these.

J.—Well, of course they are *more successful* than any other you have heard: their places *excessively* thronged, so that their places being too strait for them, they are breaking forth on the right hand and on the left.

S.—Well, no; they are *all* very *poorly attended*.

J.—I wish you, as far as you understand the matter, to describe what this Strict Baptist Union proposes to do.

S.—As far as I *understand*! why, you speak as though you questioned whether I did understand.

J.—Well, I think you will have to be instructed into the meaning of the word *obliga-*

tion, as I think your idea of it, as you will find, is rather too *easy*.

S.—Well, the matter stands thus, you see. (I speak in confidence). You see these good men have but *very few* people to hear them, and as the people will not do their duty in coming to them, their object is to do their duty and go to the people, and to enforce all those Christian obligations and duties which shall make the light of Christians so shine before men, that men shall be drawn to Christ.

J.—But *how* is it their own light is not *more attractive*; for you say they have but *very few* to hear them?

S.—Well; that's nothing. Do you not think it right that they should address the *unconverted*?

J.—As there seems but very few of the converted who care to listen to them, I should think it would be well for them to see what they can do with the unconverted.

S.—To address the unconverted as *intelligent* beings, I mean.

J.—Address them as what they are I should think was the way most likely to be useful.

S.—Well, friend John, I hardly know what you are driving at.

J.—I will presently give it as my opinion that these men are not adopting the more excellent way either for the true conversion of sinners or for the fruitfulness of the saints.

S.—Well; but ought not ministers to insist upon good works, and everything that adorns the doctrine of God our Saviour?

J.—Yes, friend Simon, but this may be done in a *wrong* as well as in a right way.

S.—Well, what do you call the right way?

J.—What I call the right way is for these ministers themselves to set the example. Let them shew a depth of spiritual feeling, an extent of divine and experimental knowledge, an uniform and unexceptional conformity of spirit and conduct, so that no one shall be in their company five minutes without feeling nearer to God, increased in godliness, and strengthened to go on in all that is holy, just, and good.

S.—Well, that's very proper.

J.—So you enjoyed the meeting at Islington very much?

S.—Well, I should have enjoyed it more if the *dignity* of the meeting had not fallen off so towards the close.

J.—Well, but was he (the Chairman) not right in saying that certain persons are enemies of the cross of Christ.

S.—Yes, perfectly, but something like *personality* and personal persecution was mixed up with the remarks, and I did feel a *chill* come over me, because I thought he ought to have kept to principle. I could not reconcile the manner of this part of the speech with the other part of the speech, where he laid it down as a law that we are to be ruled by the law of *universal* philanthropy.

J.—Well, but is it anything uncommon, for the most stringent law makers to be the first and greatest law-breakers?

S.—Hush John, don't you go too far.

J.—Well, of course, I speak in *confidence*. But who do you think was meant by the poor weak EARTHEN VESSEL?

S.—Ah! that's where the chill, as I said, came over me.

J.—Well, but what caused a chill to overcome you?

S.—Why, good old Matthew Markwell sat next to me, and he is a Markwell too, and he pointed out to me who was meant.

J.—Who was it? What did old Matthew say?

S.—Say. Why, said it was a slap at the apostle Paul, and at his companions in the gospel. "For (said the apostle) we have this treasure in *"Earthen Vessels;"* and, said Matthew, it will be a good thing for these gentlemen if they do not prove to be not only earthen vessels, but *empty* vessels.

J.—Never.

S.—Well, but what do you think they will do?

J.—Nothing.

S.—Well, but what do you think of the Union?

J.—Nothing.

S.—What do you think of their enforcing the new class of duties?

J.—Nothing.

S.—Well, what do you think of their protest against Antinomianism?

J.—Nothing.

S.—But what do you think of the good they will do?

J.—Nothing.

S.—But what do you think the Union will come to?

J.—Nothing.

S.—Well, what do you think the church will get by this Union?

J.—Nothing, but—

S.—Well then, what do you think the world will get by it?

J.—Nothing.

S.—Well, but what do you think of the brotherly meetings they have?

J.—Nothing.

S.—But what do you think of the *organisation* of this Union?

J.—Nothing.

S.—But what do you think, if the apostles were here they would think of it?

J.—Nothing.

S.—But what do you think of their practical resolutions?

J.—Nothing.

S.—Well, John, for *obligation's* sake, do not get printing this little bit of tea-table talk in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*.

J.—*EARTHEN VESSEL!* what do you still read the *EARTHEN VESSEL?*

S.—Yes, and hope I always shall.

J.—But I thought you were going to join the Union.

S.—But not to sacrifice my conscience: but now come, you point out the more excellent way.

J.—Well, you must take what I say merely as my opinion.

S.—I know that, and I shall look pretty closely after you.

J.—So do. Well, then, in the first place, I think each minister of the gospel should look to the way in which he came by his religion, and what, from time to time, the dealings

(of the Lord with him are; that he should try himself from time to time by the word of God, and that, knowing his own heart, and knowing by bitter experience, what it is to be a self-despairing forlorn sinner, he should from this lay open and test the state of all men by nature, and the minister, knowing also, by happy experience his own salvation, should preach salvation in just the same freedom and order, that it is bestowed on him, and "knowing the terror of the Lord," he should address the ungodly, both by the alarming truths of law and justice, as well as by the suasive truths of the new covenant, and especially should his ministrations be *scripturally descriptive*; he should speak to the converted in the language of the new covenant, beautifully mingled, as such truths are with every direction, exhortation, reproof, and admonition, profitable unto those, who have believed, through grace; and especially should unbounded confidence be shewn, in the truths of that New Testament, which is sealed by a Mediator's blood. They cannot go too far here: the Israelites cannot have too much confidence in the sprinkled blood. Will the destroying angel touch them? No. This is the vital seed the ministers should sow in the morning, and in the evening withhold not their hand; let the same gospel be preached to the godly and ungodly; let the ungodly be told "that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners," that "he that believeth shall be saved," and let them be told they cannot be saved, unless they are born of God. Thus, if good men would keep more simply to the good treasure that is in their hearts, and so have less *pretension*, and more reality; and if they would keep more to the treasures which are in Christ, that is, to the liberal, living truths which are in him, they would not then be such "*frozen out gardeners*" as they are; they would then bear such ministerial fruits, that we should all be glad to dwell (in that new earth, where there is no winter,) with them. And suppose there be, here and there a counterfeit coin, here and there one ungodly in heart and life, while professing the pure truths of the gospel—what reason is this for slighting those truths? and after all who in heart, lip or life, is altogether without fault? Look, ye professed ministers of Christ into your own hearts, and see if there be not enough to make you as merciful to others, as the gospel will permit you to be, or rather commands you to be?

And now, friend Simon, I believe that these ministers which, according to your account, are all poorly attended, will, by the course they are now adopting, be more thinly attended still; for what *living* man would run after their duty-nothings. They, also, instead of meeting to express their determination to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified, they have met and formed resolutions the reverse of this. They are moving in a direction that brings their backs towards the temple of the Lord (Ezek. viii. 10) and their faces towards *Egypt*. "O thou that art named the house of Jacob is the Spirit of the Lord straitened: are these *his* doings? do not *my* words do good to him that walketh uprightly?"

but as for such as *turn aside* to their crooked ways, the Lord shall lead them forth with the works of iniquity, but peace shall be upon Israel."

S.—Well, John, these are very solemn matters, but I hardly know what they will say when they hear old Simon North has changed his mind, and that, too, chiefly through what my friend, John South, hath said to me.

J.—Well, you know it is written that he stretched out the North over the *empty place*.

S.—Well, I believe with good old friend Markwell that this Baptist Union is an *empty place*, and, though my name be Simon North, I do not wish to be such a Simon as to be stretched out over an empty place. I would rather come and live with John South, for my father Abraham journeyed towards the South, and besides I am warm and comfortable when he ~~over~~eth the earth with the *South wind*. Job ~~xxvii.~~ 17. I should like to have a little more conversation upon this matter.

J.—You will be coming *my way* again soon?

S.—I shall.

J.—Very well, the *true* Light direct us in all things.

S.—Amen.

EDITOR'S REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.

WE have given insertion to the above Dialogue, or rather commencement of an interview between two friends, for the following reason: Our special attention has been called to the printed Report of a meeting of the so-called "Strict Baptist Union," holden at Islington on Tuesday, January 13th, in which Report there are sentiments so cruelly Anti-Christian, that we feel bound to enter our most decided protest against any Union, or any associated number of men, who can deliberately originate, express, print, and publish, sentiments so utterly opposed to the spirit, the genius, the design, and the character of the gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. A Union based on such principles, and breathing such a "Saul-of-Tarsus" spirit, may gather round it, for a time, a few worthy men; and it may succeed in crushing others who are without power; but, as the Lord liveth, never can we believe that *such* a Union will ever be productive of anything but what is evil:—tending more dreadfully to increase those divisions and party feelings which have so long withered, blighted, and destroyed the church's usefulness, vigour, and peace; moreover, if the Chairman of the Islington meeting be a fair and faithful representative of The Strict Baptist Union—if the members of that Union have endorsed his sentiments—and it appears very evident they have done so, by their publishing his contradictory and Anti-Christian speech, then, we unhesitatingly affirm, we would more willingly be united to the Church of Rome, than, in any way, be identified with a Union so manifestly founded in pride, ambition, legality, and pharisaical ignorance.

The readers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* may consider that we have too hastily, and too harshly, expressed ourselves on this point. If we have not evidence sufficient to justify our decision—then, we will renounce that decision. But, in the first place, we know too well the source from whence this so-called Union

sprang. We have had laid before us the original design of its framers—and, although that design is now covered over, it lays at the bottom, only waiting for those influences and combinations which should enable it to strike the anticipated blow. We shall not enlarge at the present; but we wish it to be most distinctly understood, that—weak and oppressed as we are—we have a holy persuasion that our God will never suffer us to be silent when we clearly see an enterprize rising up, whose disguised aim is to silence, or to limit the usefulness of, every man, whose whole soul, life, and powers, are thrown into an earnest contention for a vitalising, heart-circumcising, conscience-purifying, and soul-comforting RELIGION. England has had, for some years now, a large number of men who have been noted for three things:—*clearness in the head—coldness in the heart—and cruelty in private converse* toward all who were not admitted within their pale. This class of men is on the increase. Let the church give them all the power they require; and they will leave but few, if any, whose work is described in Ezekiel xxxiv. 16, 16.

We most solemnly believe this Union has set out wrong—its original motive, and some of its published testimonies, are anti-gospel: therefore, *let the consequences be what they may*, we oppose it. But we abruptly close this first part of our investigation by giving the following extracts from the Chairman's speech referred to: and, as we believe the darkness of the night gives us more richly to enjoy the breaking forth of the morning sun, so do we believe that a full and faithful investigation into the real state of things, in our professing churches of truth, will be productive of good to Zion. We shall not be driven from this necessary and wholesome work, if the Master whom *we* wish to serve will lengthen out our days and strengthen our hands.

The following paragraph is the published *finale* of the Chairman's address. After declaring the object of the Union was a "seeking to do good to others:"—

"The Chairman closed by observing that the Strict Baptist Union disclaimed any alliance or any sympathy with that class of religionists, which make the doctrine of grace a shelter for ungodliness. It was wholly separate and distinct from those who were ready to transfer the blame of dirty and disgraceful professors to some supposable 'old man,' who as a convenient pack-horse was always at hand. We denounce such persons as the enemies of the cross of Christ. We would have nothing whatever to do with those, who, under the plea of being poor, weak, 'earthly vessels,' find an apology for every crime."

Thus spake the Chairman of the Union, and if there be any sense or meaning in this paragraph, it does three things—it turns a most tremendous REALITY into a mere *ghost*:—it wages war against a class of persons but rarely, if at all, to be found—and, lastly, it tells us in the most positive terms, that instead of following in the footsteps of the good Samaritan, it means to play the part of the priest and the Levite. Our exposition of this proclamation is, for the present, deferred. Three fatal mistakes this Union has made to begin with. What must its end be?

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXX.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS.—What know you of soul weariness and of willingness to follow those footsteps of the ancients which lead to the rock that is higher than you? for so is the church directed: "Go thy way by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids (thy little ones) beside the shepherd's tents."

I must not stop here to trace out the footsteps of the flock. Suffice it to say that in going from pasture to pasture, they often had to travel very rough and dangerous paths, and by which various lamenesses, diseases, broken bones, and frights befell them, but they have a good Shepherd who brings again that which is driven away, who heals the diseased, binds up that which is broken, and saves that which was lost; and he does hereby make the voice of his truth so well known to his sheep that they will follow no other, but will flee from them; and when they come to a shepherd's tent they soon find whether such shepherd has received his orders from the Chief Shepherd or not. When they meet with a shepherd of *perverse* mind not sparing the *flock*, but are, nevertheless, very pitiful to the bond children; and while they would spare Agag, would slay the true shepherds of Israel, what few there are, from such they flee.

These lovers of the bond children, but not of the free, tread down by the foot of reproach the green pastures of the new covenant, and with the same satanic foot they foul the still waters of living truth, but the sheep *will not* hear them.

I will, my good Theophilus, here just set before you two or three of the footsteps of the flock.

First. Solemn and heartfelt prayer; but the Lord alone can bring us, or suffer us to be brought, into that overwhelmed state which shall make us feel as though we were about to be buried alive; as though our destruction was nigh at hand; as though sin and circumstances and enemies would swallow us up, and refuge seem to fail us; then it is, with sighings deep, we breathe out, "from the ends of the earth will I cry unto thee, when I am overwhelmed lead me to the rock that is higher than I." (Psalm lxi. 2.) This secret and earnest cry to God you will find to be one of your sweetest privileges on earth, "Pray to thy Father which is in secret, and who seeth in secret;" fellowship with the saints as far (but no further) as is spiritual is profitable, but nothing to be compared with direct fellowship with God. Hence you will prize the tent of that shepherd who feeds the flock of God which he hath purchased with his own blood; for in hearing such you do have direct fellowship (at such times) with God. The minister does not know; the people do not know; none but the Lord and

yourself know what is going on in your own soul. Well, then, let your requests by prayer and supplication be made known to God, but *beware* of men, for in many of your troubles to which of the saints will you turn? Ah! *turn to none*, but turn unto the Lord thy God, and wait on him continually; he will hear you, and do you the needed good.

The *righteousness of the Saviour's government* is another footstep of the flock. (Isaiah xxxii.) A king shall reign in righteousness. He having atoned for sin, and having brought in eternal righteousness, has authority to reign by *pardom*. If the soul have but a grain of true *faith* in his atonement, that soul is safe for ever; for sin, awful as it is, cannot be infinite in the same absolute sense that his atonement is infinite; the one has in it all the evil of creature doings; the other has in it all the excellency and power of Immanuel God with us. You cannot set sin in too bad a light, but neither must we, on the other hand, so contract the atonement as though it was not able, infinitely able, with certainty, eternal to compass, and more than compass, the innumerable sins of those for whom he died. Why, then, my good Theophilus, have you been so kept back from sheltering in the rock as you would? it is that you may first know the *greatness* of that atonement made for sin, and that in knowing much more of yourself, you may feel and see that you have work to be done, which nothing but this atonement can do; and that the very first law of the Saviour's righteous government consists in being infinitely more than a match for your mountainous guilt; that he reigns not to condemn you, but to justify you; not to hate you, but to love you; not to kill you, but to keep you alive; not to make you a slave, but to set you free; so that being free, you will use your freedom to *serve* and honor him, and so will have your fruit *unto holiness*. Now, mind this, and look closely to what I say to you here: you have your fruit *unto holiness*. That is as when the Israelites abode by the covenant they were under, their land yielded her increase, and God, even their own God, blessed them. They then had abundance of first fruits, which they brought to the temple of the Lord, thus making a holy use of what was given to them. They honored the Lord with their substance. Now, just so, spiritually, it will be with you; that just in proportion as you are kept under the government of pardoning and reigning grace, so just in proportion will you have much fruit, much prayer, much praise, much brotherly kindness, and much testimony to bring in to God; so that in this sense none shall appear before him *empty*; so that while this King reigns in righteousness, his people, *by faith*, walk in gospel righteousness with him.

Thus, then, solemn prayer and gospel government are two of the footsteps which lead

not only to where the flock shall rest at noon, when the scorching rays of persecution or tribulation fall upon them, but where they shall also rest for ever.

But the third and last step I will here mention is that implied in the words that "princes shall *rule* in judgment." This judgment is, he that *believeth* shall be saved; he that *believeth* not shall be *judged* (for so would be the more proper rendering of the original.)

Now, he that *believeth*. Why, what can be more delightful, what can be so *suitable*—he that *believeth*. You know that all the *afflicted* and needy who came to the Saviour in the days of his humiliation, came *believing* in his *ability* to do all that was needed to be done; and you know, also, that *every one* was heard and answered.

The princes (the apostles) ruled, not by any power or law of their own, but by the laws and powers committed unto them from on high, and they so ruled as to make the Saviour unto him that *believeth* an hiding place from the wind of false doctrine, a covert from the tempests of Sinai, and from everything adverse to our eternal welfare; and that he is in his saving government as rivers of waters in a dry place, and what place can be more dry than your soul at times. And you know that whenever it is as a watered garden, it is so by Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit being in you as a well of water springing up into everlasting life, and this brings you to the rock where the weary may rest, for we who *believe* doth enter into rest.

But he that *believeth* not shall be judged; that is, dealt with according to the nature and amount of his sins, and having no oneness with the Saviour, they must be judged apart from him, by those laws which they have transgressed; as for them there is no law of freedom, they must be judged by the law of bondage.

The scriptures assign several reasons for their being thus judged; one is, that all are sinners in Adam, so by the disobedience of one many are made sinners; another reason is, that their names were not written from the foundation of the world in the Lamb's book of life; another is, that the Saviour laid down his life for the sheep only; these, therefore, are to return and come to Zion; another reason is, that they were never anything else but enemies (some in one form and some in another) to the truth; and thus you see there is, on the one hand, no praise due to the saved that they are saved; neither is it any fault of the lost that they are *not* saved; their fault is, first, in original sin; secondly, in their personal acts; and so it is that he hath mercy upon whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth. And my good Theophilus, be you thankful that you are not *now*, though you once were, so laden as to say if things be so then there

is unrighteousness with God: but as I hope, in due time, to give you a letter on the last judgment, I will say no more upon this solemn subject at present. Look, then, back at the prayer, and then again at the answer—"tell me O thou whom my soul loveth," &c. If thou know not, O thou *fairest* among women: nothing but kindness will follow upon such a testimony as this, according to the answer to prayer, as here written, so will he *do*; when we are led thus to call upon him; and less then the least, as I am, I can well witness the truth of what I here say, that he is rich unto all those that call upon him—that call upon him in *truth*.

It is true there are some things I could never prevail with him to grant to me—such as to keep me *constantly* alive to him, to be reconciled to all the dispensations of his providence, and to be so given up to his service, that neither sin, nor satan, nor the world, should have, in any sense, any power over me, but I still find the seventh chapter to the Romans holds me fast; yet, for ever blessed be his holy name; even this is his way of shewing us what we are, and of setting our souls on *fire* for his heavenly name, and for that completeness we have in him, and for the *sovereignty*, almighty, and certainty of the testimonies and operations of the Holy Spirit of God; seeing, then, that things are so, what can more tend to quench the comfort of the Holy Spirit, or to grieve the Holy Spirit of God, than putting anything in the place of that law of life in Christ Jesus, which makes us free from the law of sin and death. Again, then, I say, my good Theophilus, you must walk by *faith*, or you cannot walk with God; in yourself you are, you will be, a poor worse than nothing mortal, and can be *honest* only by contending for the *faith* delivered unto the saints, the faith which makes you in Christ Jesus your Lord and your God, free, for ever free. You certainly will not sin, that grace may abound, but you certainly will confess your sin unto the Lord, with a desire that grace may abound, and you abound thereby in every good word and work.

I hardly dare in this letter, seeing I am nearly at the end thereof, to commence a few words with you upon the 9th, 10th, and 11th verses of the first chapter of Solomon's song, and especially as those verses are very difficult to understand. "I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots." Well, suppose I leave both the horses and chariots until my next, for I am sure we shall have no room for anything else next month; indeed, it will be pretty good work if I can get horses, chariots, and all their splendid caparison into the space of one letter.

There is, then, one little easy clause upon which we may, in conclusion, say just a word or two. "I have compared thee, O my love." I

called this a little clause; well, as to words, it is, but as to meaning, what can be greater? "My love!" Why, there is not one new covenant truth in which this is not the language of the most High unto his church, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." What is eternal election? what ordination to eternal life? what the gift of his dear Son? what all the Saviour did, suffered, and accomplished? what effectual calling? what inflexible long suffering? the Lord bearing with us? what, the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens? what goodness and mercy following us all the days of our life? what, the very chastisements and afflictions he lays upon us? what are his dealings with us from first to last? what is all, and what will all be, but one infinite and endless carrying out of the Divine nomination, "O my love?"

There is infinite intensity. Yes, his people have all his love; it has been settled upon them before the world began; he will not know them by any other name. "Thy Maker is thine husband, the Lord of Hosts is his name, thy Redeemer the holy one of Israel, the God of the whole earth shall he be called." The church is his bride, and this is *one* of the names he gives her, and as might easily be shewn; all the other names he puts upon her, accords entirely with this one—"O my love."

The old covenant church marrying to him after the law of a carnal commandment, apostatized from him, and became an harlot, for every apostatized church is an harlot, but the true church is married to him after the law of an *endless* life. "O my love," is a nomination she will never lose: unto her, God is love, nor could all her sin ever tempt the Lord to hate her. His whole heart and his whole soul is set upon her.

Now, my good Theophilus, it is very difficult to love what you cannot see; well, then, you must walk in love with something which you do see, as an evidence that you love him whom you have not yet seen, that is, you must walk in *decision* for the truth, and in practical love to the brethren, and then, by and by, you will get into the banquetting-house, where his banner over you will be love, and when it is well with you, remember

A LITTLE ONE.

THE

CONVERSION OF D. HAYDON,

OF ALTON, HANTS.

"A WONDER OF REDEEMING GRACE."

THE above words, dear reader, are quite applicable to the writer of them: who for many years lived a dissipated life, careless, prayerless, Christless, Galio-like, without God, and without hope in this world, as well as that which is to come. I was one of those

monstrous beings, that feared neither God nor devil, and if it had pleased God to have cut the brittle thread of my life while in such a sad state of demoralization, the hottest hell would have been my just deserts. It is a wonder of grace that my poor soul is out of hell, and that I am spared to tell poor sinners of the grace and everlasting love manifested towards such a rebel. A rebel I say, because I rebelled against the God of light and peace, of love and mercy, grace and truth. Thus I went on careless and regardless of all consequences, both as respects this world: and that which is to come, an hater of God and religion, and of those who professed to love it.

Such was I in my days of unregeneracy, and such should I have remained where it not for redeeming grace: but it pleased God, in his good providence, to remove me from my wicked companions, and from my dark benighted birthplace (a small village in the county of Hants,) to live with a gentleman, in the town of Guildford, in Surrey, where I was a stranger to everyone, and everyone to me. Here I became acquainted with many professing Christians, and I really thought at that time they were good people, because they seemed so full of love and zeal towards me, wishing to reclaim me from my evil ways; in other words to convert me to God: which they tried hard to do; and laboured night and day; and I must say, I received some good from them; not in any spiritual way whatever, but in a moral way. Consequently they looked upon me as a converted character, and wished me to join, or become a member of their church, which no little surprised me: though they had moralised me, they had in no way spiritualized me; and they often told me I might be saved when I pleased, for it was my own fault if I was not saved; they said my salvation entirely consisted upon my walk and conduct in this life, and at that time I really thought so too; and I did feel a desire to be saved. One evening the minister was speaking to his auditory in reference to salvation; his attention seemed directed particularly to me, and said it was entirely my own fault if I was not saved that very moment, and hell would be my destination if I neglected so great a salvation, saying "*now* is the appointed time, *now* is the day of salvation." This caused great uneasiness to my soul in telling me I might be saved that moment, but he never once told me how, and a very good reason for why, because he was ignorant of it himself, and ignorant of the plan of salvation as laid down in God's Word; and more so of the plan and method of salvation in a poor sinner's heart, by the powerful working of the blessed Spirit. These are they that have a zeal, but not according to (spiritual) knowledge, pretending to send men to heaven by the works of the law, and by the ministration of condemnation, which

puts bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, &c., &c., deceivers and being deceived. The very spawn of the church of Rome, Arminianism, man's deadly foe. After this I was led to hear Mr. Spencer, Baptist minister, preaching in a little chapel, in Quarry-street, Guildford, and to my astonishment what the Wesleyans declared to be unto life, this man declared to be unto death. That way they declared to be unto heaven, this man declared to be unto hell. Oh, what confusion of soul it wrought in me. It drove me to search the Word of God, and the searching was blessed to me in proving which was right. "If they speak not according to the Word, it is because there is no light in them." Under Mr. Spencer's ministry I continued as long as I lived in that neighbourhood. Under his ministry I was first struck through the joints of my carnal coat, and shot in the heart by him who guides the arrow with an unerring hand, and brought down at the foot of the cross crying for mercy; and I was kept in this position crying for some weeks, till I was in sad despair.

"Saw every day new straits attend,
And wondered where the scene would end."

Blessed be God, I found my extremity was his opportunity. I looked for hell, he brought me heaven, by applying these words to my soul with power—"Being justified by faith we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." From that moment up to the present time I felt my sins to be forgiven, and I am sealed an heir of heaven, not by my works, no! but by and through the precious blood and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ—"old things are passed away, behold all things are become new in Christ, for he has put a new song into my mouth, and has set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." So that I am established, strengthened, and settled in his most holy truth, and shall never come into condemnation, world without end, because "there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit. Oh for grace to walk more after the Spirit, that we may know Him, and the power of His resurrection "being made conformable unto his death."

"Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord." They are blessed indeed, and none can reverse it. Blessed before life, and in life, in death, and after death, to an endless eternity; blessed with all spiritual blessings in Christ, and no where else but in him, the God-Man, the Glory-Man, the Wisdom-Man; in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; and this Man is made unto us righteousness, sanctification and redemption. And Isaiah says, "A Man shall be an hiding place from the wind, a covert from the tempest, as rivers of waters in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." And I now know at times what it is to sit under

his shadow with great delight, and find his fruit sweet to my soul's taste; his language to me is, "Eat, O friend; yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." What loving, endearing, soul-comforting language to a poor sin-stung sinner! how it makes his heart rejoice in God his Saviour, and to go on his way rejoicing, singing of his mercy and telling of his power; for who, like sinners saved from hell, should sing their Saviour's praise!

"Whose love was great, his mercy free,
Which from the pit delivered me."

And—

"No theme like this to raise the soul
To realms of bliss where pleasures roll.
None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good."

He is the chiefest amongst ten thousand, the altogether lovely; he is the sinner's all in all, all in life, all in death, all in justification; redemption and salvation, in his glorious Triune character. Well might David say, come hither all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul, &c.; and I can, through mercy, adopt the same language, for he has done great things, and is still doing great things, for me, whereof I am glad. He has not only redeemed my soul from hell, but he has opened my mouth to tell of his great mercy, love and power, to other poor sinners, pointing them to the Lamb's redeeming blood, saying, behold the way to God; and it is what I rejoice in, yea, and will rejoice. I will go forth in the strength of the Lord God, and in his name I will lift up my banner, determined to preach Christ and him crucified, let come what will, for his word to me was, when he opened my mouth, that now I am converted, I was to go and strengthen my brethren, and go I will, let men say what they may, for if God be for us, who can be against us? My prayer is that he may guide me by his unerring council, lead me into all truth, open my mouth wide, and fill it with Scripture arguments, that his name may be honored and glorified, and poor sinners called by grace, built up, comforted, and edified.

Now, dear reader, the above are the wonders of redeeming grace and redeeming love, the precious love, of a covenant-keeping God. Who can but speak well of such a gracious God! how sweet his name doth sound in a believer's ear! Lord, help me while living to praise thee, and when dying to praise thee, and in the hour of death to praise thee, that the first and last of all sounds on my poor lips may be a precious Jesus; and let the sweet savour of thy glorious name refresh my soul in death. Amen.

D. HAYDON.

January 12th, 1857.

Out of thee, O England, shall a bright star arise, whose light and voice shall make the heathen to quake, and knock under with submission to the gospel of Jesus!—*Chris. Love.*

THE EARTHEN VESSEL, PULPIT.

[UNDER this heading we hope to give some short but useful sermons, taken from the lips of some of our ministerial brethren, to whom the Lord has given ability "RIGHTLY to DIVIDE the Word of Truth."]

THE PRAYER OF THE DESTITUTE.

BY BENJAMIN DAVIES.

Of Leighton Buzzard.

"He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and will not despise their prayer." Psa. cii. 17.

WHAT sweet encouragement is given by our gracious God to those who call upon him! If they only groan out their petitions. He hath looked down from the height of his sanctuary to hear their groanings (Psalm cii. 20). If they can only sigh, the sighing of the needy will cause him to arise (Psalm xii. 5). If they can only look up he will look down; yea, if they cannot either cry, or groan, or sigh, or look up, but feel only a desire heavenward, he will hear, understand, and answer the desire of the humble (Psalm x. 17). However broken their supplication, he will not despise it; however great their destitution, he will regard their prayer. We notice,

I. The destitute. II. Their prayer. III. The way in which our gracious Lord receives it.

I. The destitute. I believe that the Lord often hears the prayers of natural men, who are in a state of temporal destitution, for "he giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry." Psalm cxlvii. 9. But although there may be in the text a reference to this kind of destitution, yet it seems to me that it has an especial reference to that spiritual destitution which

"None but he that feels it knows."

All men by nature are entirely destitute of that which is spiritually good; and yet—solemn thought!—there are thousands whose language is, "We are rich and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; therefore they do not approach God as poor, destitute sinners, but like the pharisee they stand, and pray *with themselves*, and their language is, "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men," whilst in their hearts they attribute all their fancied goodness to themselves.

Oh! how these men despise the truly destitute! and pride compasseth them about as a chain! yet, oh Lord, when thou awakest thou shalt despise *their* image; but thine own children, however destitute, thou wilt regard with love and favour. That man who feels his own spiritual destitution is one whom the Holy Spirit has taught, and he feels himself to be in want of many things. He is almost destitute of strength; and oh, how needful is strength to the Christian!

He who has to fight so many battles had need be strong; he who has to carry such heavy burdens has need of strength; he who has to travel such a long journey needs his strength increased, or he will faint, and drop by the way. And what would he do were it not for the strength of Israel? He would be slain in battle; he would sink under his burden; he would drop on the road; but in an imperceptible way Jehovah gives him strength, so that he finds strength equal to the conflict, the burden, or the trial; yet in himself he is totally destitute of strength, so that he can never say, "Mine own hand hath saved me," but feels that God has helped him when without power, and saved him when his arm had no strength. Then he who is destitute of strength is bound to give God all the glory.

Again. Those who are spiritually destitute feel themselves oftentimes almost destitute of faith, that precious grace without which all is dark and dreary. Oh, how often have we need to put up the prayer of the apostles, "Lord, increase our faith!" for when the Lord is pleased to make darkness, and it is night, so that all the beasts of the forest creep forth, then we begin to fear and tremble; when he crosses our plans and overturns our schemes, and deals with us in a way which we cannot understand, then unbelief begins to work, and we say, Surely against me is he turned, and is become mine enemy. These are times when, comparatively speaking, we feel ourselves destitute of faith. In these extremities we cry out unto God, and he regards the prayer of the destitute.

Again. We sometimes feel almost destitute of love, and say with the poet,—

"Do I love the Lord or no?"

Our love seems so cold, and worldly things engage our attention so much, that we fear we do not possess any true love at all; and the same may be said of our hopes; for it does often seem that our hope is perished from the Lord, and the cloud is so black that not one ray of light breaks through to gladden our hearts; and then, as regards righteousness or good works, we are as destitute of them as it is possible to be; for all our righteousness is filthy rags, and sin is mixed with all we do; so that the heaven-born soul does feel, that, in the fullest sense of the word, he is spiritually destitute. But he does not rejoice in his destitution, neither is he content therewith, but is full of longing desire to enjoy that fulness which he knows there is in Christ. Though nearly destitute of wisdom, he is not content with folly; though destitute of clothing, he is not content with rags; though destitute of food, he is not content with husks; though destitute of strength, he is not content with weakness; though destitute of faith, he is not content with unbelief; though destitute of love, he

is not content with coldness of heart. The destitute Christian is not content with his spiritual state, though he may be with his temporal, but he does covet *most earnestly* the best gifts, and therefore pours out his heart before his God; and the Lord will regard his prayer, and not despise him or it.

II. The prayer of the destitute. It is not a boasting prayer, for they have nothing to boast of; they cannot go with the pharisee and talk of what they have done, for they are heartily ashamed of all their actions, and think them nothing worth. Boasting is one trait in the character of those who have a form of godliness, but deny the power; but the destitute man who has felt the power of godliness in his own soul feels that boasting is excluded; therefore his prayer is not a boasting one; and if it was, God would not hear it, for I cannot conceive of anything more hateful to God than the prayers of a proud, boasting, hypocritical pharisee; truly the prayers of such a man are an abomination to the Most High.

Again. It is not a careless prayer. There are thousands who pretend to pray who think not of what they ask, neither are they concerned about an answer; they fancy it is their duty; the performance of it is irksome to them, and they are glad when it is done. But the destitute man does not pray carelessly; he feels to want what he asks, and means what he says. His language is, "Give me Christ, or else I die." "Lord, save, or I perish."

Again. It is not a presumptuous prayer. How many there are, who, like the Israelites, presume to go up unto the hill-top, thinking they can invade the land when they please; but the destitute man is not so presumptuous; he fears to stir until the ark of the covenant of the Lord is gone forward; therefore he fears to stand in the way of sinners, because he knows his own weakness. He never desires to meet a temptation half-way, because he knows how liable he is to fall. He does not rush heedlessly into the battle, and then presumptuously pray to be kept; but his cry is, "Guide me with thy counsel."

Again. It is not a formal prayer. Some good men may perhaps truly pray, with a form of words, but when they become feelingly destitute, the best form for them then is, the broken accents which come from the heart; they regard not the form then, but are wholly taken up with the earnest desire to have their spiritual destitution removed. It is no pleasant thing to be spiritually destitute, and those who have once felt it will pray with the psalmist, "Oh God, the Lord, in thee is my trust; make not my soul bare." Psalm cxxi. 8—margin.

The prayer of the destitute man is an humble one. He knows that it is of the Lord's mercies that he is not consumed, and feels that he does not merit any favour; and

if he receives one, it must be an act of sovereign grace, therefore his cry is, "Oh, God, thou knowest my foolishness, and my sins are not hid from thee. Oh, save me for thy mercy sake."

Again. The prayer of a destitute man is an earnest one. He is not looking for an answer some day, but he wants it now. "Make haste, oh God, to deliver me! make haste to help me, oh Lord!" And like the apostle, he does not rest content until the Lord speaks to him and says, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Yea, he is so earnest that a general declaration will not satisfy him; he must have personal testimony, and personal experience of the Lord's goodness.

Again. The prayer of the destitute man is often nothing more than a groan, a sigh, or a tear; for although he *does* feel his need, yet he seems as though he cannot pray, and when he can put his desires into words they are so broken that he is afraid God will take no notice of them. Let us notice,

III. The way in which God does receive them. "He will regard the prayer of the destitute." He will shew that he regards their prayer by paying very great attention to it. Yes, poor soul, he does regard even *thy* prayer; thy groans do not escape his ear; thy sighs are all noticed and regarded by him, and he won't despise thy prayer; though proud hypocrites may despise thee and thy supplication, he will not, for he hath respect unto thee and to thy sacrifices; and as those heaving desires and earnest cries are wrought in thy soul by him, he will not despise the work of his own hands. Oh, then, ye poor destitute ones! be not discouraged! groan out your complaints! heave your sighs! let fall your tears! pour out your hearts before him! for "he will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their prayer." Hear what he says:—"Oh, my dove! that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy face! let me hear thy voice! for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely."

A PLAIN MAN'S TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH.

A LETTER TO MR. C. FISH, OF GREAT GEDDING.

[Original heart-heaving testimonies to Divine truth—like the following—are of great value—and to the uneducated thousands of God's Israel, we believe they are a mean of much encouragement. We give it *verbatim*.—ED.]

DEAR PASTOR,—It is a long time since I wrote to you, and, no doubt, you will think so too; but I hope you will forgive me for so long a delay. I am happy to say we are well in health at this time, through mercy, and do desire to be truly thankful for so great blessings as we, day by day, and hourly receive. I was thinking yesterday, while I was sweeping

up the yard, how the leaves do begin to fall, and how much *we* do resemble them. I thought of the prophet's words: we all do fade as a leaf; and the same power that made them grow made *me* grow, and just as easy as he causes them to fall, he could make me and all flesh to fall, and with more justice, for I have broken his laws and sinned against him, and desire to lay at his feet, confessing my guilt, pleading for pardon, and hoping and longing for peace and justification, through the works of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; for I believe the works of Christ are meritorious, while all our works are of no avail in matters of salvation, we can do nothing that will bring down on us the favour of God or the love of Christ. Dear Sir, I do sometimes feel a desire that the Lord, in providence, would return me among you again, it is a thing that has troubled me a good many times, but I desire to be submissive in this matter. I believe there is a path for me to walk in, well known to him, and each day unfolds to us the mysteries of the same; but I am a living witness that he doth not forget me neither in providence nor grace; he gives me friends. The other day I was receiving a kind favour of a friend, and at the moment the words fell into my mind, 116th Psalm, 12: "What shall I render unto the Lord for *all* his benefits toward me?" Ah! thought I, what can I render. I have nothing to render but sin, and all I have is a sinful, depraved, wicked and rebellious, deceitful and ungrateful heart; will the Lord accept that? And while I was thus humbled in my soul's feelings, my soul broke out thus: I will take the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord, that he may give me true gratitude of heart for all his mercies towards me, and that he would regard the giver, and, if consistent with his holy will, reward them with his true fear, and manifest him to be thine for ever.

And I am not forgotten in soul-feelings; so I have cause to thank and praise the Lord. At times, He is pleased to reveal to me some of the preciousness of his favour, and give me enlarged views of Christ and his salvation, and brings my soul to praise and adore the kindness in making me acquainted with it. While at my daily employment of slaying the sheep, I have some sweet thoughts of Christ as the only sacrifice for sin, a pure one, an able one, and a suitable one for me. Read that—without shedding of blood there is *no* remission, and that blood must be innocent blood. Oh! that we may be more acquainted with him as the only sacrifice for us to have; oh, to know more of him as the sacrifice of God the Father's anointing, choosing, appointing, and approving:—of God the Son's willingness, wonderfulness, readiness, and self-consecrating:—and as the sacrifice of God the Holy Spirit's revealing, making known, unfolding, and exhibiting; and as the sinner's relieving, redeeming, delivering, and justifying sacrifice, a peace sacrifice between God and the soul that is made acquainted with him (not between God and all mankind) for I believe, from my heart, that he is a special sacrifice for a special people. The longer I live the more blessedness I see in being one of the Lord's chosen

ones; chosen to obtain or receive salvation through Christ Jesus our Lord. But, my dear Pastor, those feelings do not last long at times, for often I feel my sinful heart prone from my Jesus to depart; and then I get murmuring, and fretting, and repining, and I find my fleshly feelings yielding to temptation, and bringing me into bondage; so that the things that I would not do, them I do; and the thing that I would do, them I do not; but I look for, and wait for, and pray for, a time of deliverance from this sinful, polluted flesh, for *Jesus* says: Because I live ye shall live also; but I must conclude. I hope you will pardon my long delay in writing to you. Please to give my kind love to your partner, in life, and family, and to the church over which you are pastor, and to which I feel a union in heart, though a separation in presence—the Lord only knows why. I cannot find a place of rest for my soul to lie down, and rest in at present. Sometimes I hear, with profit, at Woburn; and this day, 28th instant, in the afternoon, two male friends, myself and wife, spent an hour in reading, singing, and prayer. I felt it sweet in my own hired house. May the Lord prosper you as a church, both collectively and individually, both in speaking and hearing, is the earnest desire of your unworthy, but sincere, brother, in bonds,

T. GREEN.

Ridgmount, Sept. 28th, 1856.

CRYING FROM THE ENDS OF THE EARTH.

[OUR long-afflicted brother Samuel Foster of Sturry, near Canterbury, sends the following most excellent epistle for insertion: it is a plain and safe record of the labour, and low-struggles of a divine life in the soul.—Ed.]

MY DEAR MARIA.—I was very glad to learn from Mrs. Searle who received yours this morning, that everything was satisfactory, but knowing in some measure the situation in which you are placed, I feel it somewhat a pleasure just to encourage you, and I do hope in some measure to be able, by divine grace, to point to him who hears and answers prayer, is a kind and sympathising friend, "is touched with a feeling of our infirmities," and at whose bidding, sickness and disease come and go away; your's, has, doubtless, a divine precision for God's glory, and the good of the soul, though it seemeth for the present grievous, yet afterward, if sanctified, "it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness" to them who are exercised thereby; the teaching of the New Testament, must precede that of the old, or in other words, Christ must be known or received into the heart, before the experience of the Old and New Testament believers can be rightly valued; very few set before us such a striking example as David, "a man after God's own heart," who in every circumstance of life, appears to have consulted the Word for guidance and instruction; he says it was his meditation all the day, not necessarily reading it all the day, but that some portion of it occupied his mind, at every convenient season; and amidst

the various trials that overwhelmed him, ceased not to pray, or let go the relationship that exists between God and the converted soul; hence you hear him continually saying, "My God:" the Apostle Paul gives us the gospel meaning in other words, "Abba Father," or, as I read "My Father." God in his infinite mercy having chosen us in Christ; called us by his grace; adopted us with his family; "sent forth the Spirit of his Son, whereby we cry Abba Father," My Father; enabling us to realize our relationship as sons and daughters, "heirs of God and joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, giving us the privilege of children, one of the greatest of which, is prayer. Prayer is a delightful exercise: it is the delight of the soul, the enjoyment of which, is a going out after God; taking hold of divine power; holding fellowship with him through the mediation of his beloved Son, though often very humiliating to proud nature to confess sin; seek for pardon; humbling ourselves before God, as being unable to think a good thought, or to order our speech aright, without his gracious help, (before this honour, is great humility,) as I have observed, there is often great humility of spirit, before we can joy in God through Christ. Our sincerity is severely tested in this holy exercise, that we may rightly estimate the privilege, and that we do not draw nigh with the mouth, when the heart is often far from him. Now David was eminently a man of Prayer; in Psalm lxi. where he is in some desolate condition, you will find him uttering these words—"Hear my cry, O God, attend unto my prayer. From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee; when my heart is overwhelmed, lead me to the rock that is higher than I. Thou hast been a shelter for me, &c." Now all God's children are praying, crying, intreating and earnest children. This may be accounted for. 1st. Their sense of need and danger. 2nd. Their knowledge of access to the Father through their Advocate and Mediator, Jesus Christ. 3rd. As believers in the faithful Promiser, their certainty of success, "If ye ask anything in my name I will do it."

But to return to David's condition. You observe he says, "From the end of the earth will I cry;" which denotes a very lonesome condition, a distant and solitary place; to the child of God, perhaps, we may look at it as a dark, gloomy, and deserted situation, or position, away from friends we love, acquaintances we cherish; or there may be about us the most unpleasant and discouraging aspects, or, which is perhaps worse, a lack of outward means of grace. Yet he says, in Divine strength, "I will cry unto thee; thou, oh Lord, canst help me. Comfort me, for thou hast been my shelter in days that are past." It is under thy wings that I long to take refuge. Then you will observe his sense of danger, his weakness and helplessness, his sinful heart, so liable to lead him astray; hence his cry, "Lead me to the Rock which is higher than I." This Rock sets forth a place of safety in danger, an hiding-place in time of trouble, a refuge from the storm of persecution, a shelter in the hour of temptation and trial, a place of stability and strength—in fact,

the Rock, Christ, who is called "A Great Rock in a weary land." Having found him, our head will be lifted up, we shall see in him an all-sufficient Saviour, a sympathising Friend. In this secret place of the Most High we shall gather strength, succour in trial, ro-lising peace and joy in the Holy Ghost, praising God, as David did when he said, "Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."

It is just past time, therefore you must excuse this hasty finish. My dear wife will write the first opportunity. Yours in Christian love and affection,
JOHN SEARLE.

TRIBULATION.

Oh, may I claim one loving heart

Wherein to pour my grief!

To find a solace for each smart,
And give me some relief!

Through tribulation's thorny path

The saints of God must go,

While through this sterile barren earth
They travel here below.

But some to glory smoothly go,

And have not much fear;

Their path is easier here below;

In heaven they* soon appear.

Some in the body suffer much,

And feel the burden great;

The Lord thus deals, that they may watch

His hand in every state.

Others, from guilt feel much within,

Their hearts deceitful prone,

And suffer much from inbred sin,

To cause their heart to mourn.

Some from the world get many a smart

To keep them near to God;

Base, cruel men oft throw a dart,

Because they love his Word.

Relative trials others have

To press their spirits down,

That they may long for home above,

Where they no more will mourn.

Some, providential crosses have,

To wean them from the earth,

And make them ask the Lord to give

Supplies in time of dearth.

Others, again, of God's dear flock,

Are tempted to deny

The truth of God, through Satan's craft,

And with his lies comply.

Trials like these some may not feel,

Yet still they do complain;

For in the church all is not well;

'Tis there they meet with pain.

But, oh! when all these trials meet

In one poor erring heart,

No wonder if that heart should heat,

And dread the tempter's dart.

Then, may I claim the sympathy

Of one dear loving heart!†

'Tis sweet when, in such company,

We can with sorrow part.

West Ham, J. W. BECKETT.

Dec. 11, 1856.

*2 Sam. xii. 23; Luke xxiii. 43.

† Christ.

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

THE PUBLIC RECOGNITION OF MR. THOMAS FIELD.

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

DEAR SIR.—Knowing that every instance of the prosperity of Zion is a matter of intense satisfaction to you, I send you this short account of the public recognition of Mr. Thomas Field, at Rehoboth Chapel, Shadwell.

This interesting service took place on the 20th of January, when a large company assembled to take tea, &c. After which, Mr. Philip Dickerson took the chair. After singing an appropriate hymn, Mr. G. Wyard read the 132nd Psalm, and part of the 2nd chapter of Philippians; then, in a solemn manner, invoked the Divine blessing upon the business of the evening. The Chairman, in the course of his opening speech, stated he was glad to be able to say that he believed God (in answer to prayer) had given them a pastor after his own heart; he congratulated the church upon their choice, and wished them happiness and success in their union. He then read a letter from Mr. Thomas Jones, who regretted his unavoidable absence, and expressed his best wishes for the church and pastor. The senior deacon, Mr. Turner, then read an outline of the church's history, from which it appears that the church dates from 1830, when Mr. Milner preached to a few people who, in 1831, were formed into a church. The present chapel (which is freehold) was opened in 1838, where they continued to worship until 1854, when Mr. Milner signified his intention to resign the pastorate. The pulpit was supplied by various ministers, among whom was Mr. Field, whose labours appeared to be owned and blessed by God; for since he had been amongst them many persons have come forward to testify what God has done for their souls through his ministrations. They therefore called him to the pastoral office, which, after mature consideration, he accepted.

The Chairman, after expressing the gratification the reading of the report had afforded them, called upon Mr. Field, at the request of the church, to give some account of his experience. Mr. Field then gave an interesting account of his early days; his call by grace at the age of twelve years; the great benefit he derived from Sunday-schools; his connection with the Wesleyans; his commencing to preach; his seceding from that body, and many other interesting particulars, in a speech of considerable length, which was listened to with breathless attention. After this, the Chairman remarked, that had he the wealth of some people, he would have the statement to which they had listened printed, and circulated through the length and breadth of the land, as a proof of the sovereignty of grace. He then called upon the church publicly to endorse their recognition of Mr. Field, as their pastor, by holding up the right hand. The shew of hands was unanimous.

After which, Mr. Ball invoked God's blessing upon the union. Another hymn was sung, and the chairman called upon Mr. Palmer to offer a few remarks upon the "Gospel Mission." Mr. Palmer addressed himself to Mr. Field, and in a masterly address spoke of the importance, solemnity, and responsibility of the Gospel Mission. After him, Mr. Bloomfield gave a clear and concise exposition of the various duties of a Christian church. He spoke of their duty to God—it being to glorify God; its duty to the gospel—to propagate it; its duty to the pastor—temporally to support him, spiritually to hold up his hands by earnest prayer to God on his behalf; in fact, their sole duty was so to live that they might prove to the world around the divinity of the faith they professed. The Chairman here said their time had expired; he therefore called upon Mr. Woodward (of Ilford) to conclude by prayer.

Never, I think, was there a more cheering meeting; every one seemed to participate in the joy; a happy smile was on every countenance, and gladness in every heart. The experience of Mr. Field was very cheering; he is a right good sort of man, sir; if you could only hear him you would love him. The people of Rehoboth are getting on better than they have done for years; there were eighteen persons came before the church last month; they have some earnest, praying men, and I do think they have profited by the *fire* through which they have passed; and, like the three worthies of old, *only their bands were burned*. That God may bless both church and pastor, is the sincere desire of, yours truly,

W. S. CHAPLIN.

[Wedding-days are often happy ones; but afterward trials come. Mr. Field, and the church at Rehoboth, have both had a good schooling in the pathway of tribulation; we may hope, therefore, that their union will last for many years, and that a great ingathering of poor sinners from that deeply fallen neighbourhood will be the result.—ED.]

THE EDITORS' PREACHING JOURNAL.

"THE ROYAL MARRIAGE."

OUT of a heap of books and papers, with notes and reflections written while journeying, I have drawn one, which is more descriptive, perhaps, of the Christian's journey through life, than many I have seen. I will first give a leaf or two out of this journal, then notice something of the journey, and close by shewing how grace and goodness triumphed over all that seemed to oppose my progress in the gospel kingdom. First, here are a few leaves from the journal itself. (I should have discontinued these letters, but many friends prove to me that good to the vari-

ous churches, as well as edification to private Christians, is hereby effected. Therefore I dare not hold back).

SATURDAY MORNING, Sept. 28, 1856.—Once more, my good brother Robert, I am on a journey, expecting to-morrow, if spared, to be present at the recognition of a minister at Crowfield, in Suffolk. As I hurried away early this morning from my family, my church, and my home, thinking of the work which laid before me, a thought crossed my mind which led to the following reflections. I give them this title: "THE ROYAL MARRIAGE: *The first union under heaven: or, the Church as she stood in the Covenant, as she stands in Christ, as she appears in the Gospel, as she will be perfected in Glory; with a word or two on the position, privileges, and responsibilities of Christian pastors, and the members of churches.*"

To be a little distinct, I would notice, 1, the church, as constituted by God; 2, the pastor, as qualified by God; 3, the believing family, as standing in the gospel dispensation.

The first figure given us of the true church of Christ, is the creation and association of Adam and Eve. In some things Adam was a type of Christ, and Eve was a type of the church. Of Christ, as typified by Adam, I say nothing; but there are three things in Eve illustrative of the true church, which may be worthy of special notice: 1, The woman was made as a help-meet to the man; 2, She was taken out of the man; 3, She was brought by the Lord, and given to the man. These things may a little open the case and character of the true church.

First, The Church was made for Christ, for the worship of his name, for the service of his house, for the extension of his kingdom, for the completion of his mediatorial glory. This truth is implied in those beautiful and endearing relationships by which Christ addresses the church in the Canticles, and in other places, "My sister, my dove," &c. The choice of the church is a deep and holy mystery; and as sure as we receive the Bible as a pure revelation of the Divine mind and will, so certainly must we believe that the Almighty God, from before all worlds, did set his eye of foreknowledge upon, and did predestinate unto life eternal, a special number of Adam's children, who, being loved, redeemed, quickened, and called, sanctified, justified, and glorified, should be brought unto THE KING eternal, immortal, and invisible, in raiment of needlework, and, entering into the King's palace, the heavenly glory, should there cast her crowns at his feet, and crown him Lord of all. The doctrine of "the Church made for Christ" is full of holy comfort, and of practical instruction; yea, it is one of the most certain tests of vital Christianity that I think can possibly be given. Look well to that one Scripture, "Created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that ye should walk in them." Let us enquire, 1, What is that creation which is in Christ Jesus? 2, What are those works which God hath before ordained us to walk in? 3, What individual proof have we that we are thus created, and are thus walking in those works?

The true church is taken out of Christ; that is, there is, in the case of every member of the mystical body, 1, a secret hiding; 2, a visible manifestation; as Christ is God, so all the attributes and purposes of a Holy God may be said to be, the eternal and secret womb in which the whole body mystical was conceived and hidden from all eternity; and although as creatures they became children of wrath even as others, yet, as the glorious bride of Christ, every member was foreknown, predestinated, hidden, justified, and glorified in Christ from before the foundation of the world.

[These are but the outlines of the truth revealed to my mind, while the steam carried me from London to Needham Station. A word or two now, on]

II. The roughness of the journey:—or, THE MAN WHO LOST HIMSELF.

Having reached Needham, I there alighted, expecting to see some one who would carry me further on. It had rained hard all the way; the heavens looked black and stormy; no friend could I find to carry me to the end of my journey; and while waiting for some time, wet, cold, and cheerless, my heart sunk in me. Presently, my brother Hart drove up a spirited animal; but his shoes had flew off; it was unsafe to drive him until he was shod; I was anxious to reach the end of the journey; and as my friend had to tarry for the horse, I resolved to walk on, although the rain was descending, and the roads very bad. I enquired my way; and *thinking* I was right, off I travelled in good earnest. After walking a long way, the rain pouring in torrents, and feeling uncertain as to the correctness of my path, I stopped at a cottage, and asked, "Am I in the right way to Farmer Plowman's?" "Oh, no! (said the cottager) you have come out of the road a long way!" My heart sunk in me; my clothes were wet on me, and my prospects gloomy enough before me. However, I was told to "go up *that* hill, *through* a churchyard, down a lane," and I know not what beside. Off I went again, walking as in a pond; and deeply wishing I was at home. Up the hill, past the Church, down the lane, round the road, I went—but not one living soul could I see; nor one cot could I find, to ask again if I was right. Still, the heavens emptied their full buckets upon me, and many were my thoughts. Presently, a hamlet appeared in sight. I hoped I was near to my lodging. An honest looking blacksmith stood by his forge and his fire, I said—"Can you tell me, Sir, am I near to Farmer Plowman's?" "Oh, no, Sir," said the bender of iron, you have come the wrong way altogether!" Aghast I stood; knew not what to say; felt inwardly rebellious; thought down in the road I must have sunk. "To get to Farmer Plowman's, Sir," said the man, "you must go back to that white gate; turn into that road; leave the green gate to your right; and walk on until you come into the hard road." Again, I girt up my loins; and off I went through a *white gate*; shunned the *green gate*, down by the stacks of corn, out into the hard road. Harder than ever the water came down; and, sure enough, thinks I, my death by cold I shall certainly get. I stood under a tree; but the

heavy-laden branches gently bowed their heads, and emptied themselves upon my already saturated body. Onward I went; and cheered myself with the thought I was in no worse plight than Paul when he was shipwrecked. A very long way I hurried, hoping every moment to see Farmer Plowman's house; although as a perfect stranger to the good farmer and his farm, I could not tell how I should know it. But no house nor living creature could I see. My poor heart was ready to broak." Night was coming on. Darkness without, as well as dreadful thoughts within, beset me hard. A more dismal scene I never saw. I trudged in pools of water, without either compass or comfort. Presently I espied a man close hid under a tree. "Friend, (said I), do you know if I am near to Farmer Plowman's?" The man started from his hiding-place, close up to me he came; looked most amazed, and said, "What do you say?" I repeated my interrogation. He said.—"*Farmer Plowman's is a very long way from here; you have got near to Stowmarket.*" Self-pity, unbelief, and wretched despondency, seized my heart; I thought of Bunyan's words, "*The reprobate is always wrong.*" Ah, surely, thinks I, that is what I am. But the man, after a pause, said, "I will put you into the road which leads right to his house, and you cannot make a mistake."

Backward again we walked a great distance, until we came to the bottom of a long lane. "There, (said my guide) Farmer Plowman's house is about a mile up that lane. Go RIGHT A-HEAD—YOU CANNOT MISS IT." A mile more to walk in the drenching rain—and a longer, or more dismal mile I never walked. But I reached the end of it. I found the good farmer's house—his hand and heart were opened to receive me. His faithful spouse provided dry clothes for me—and here I had all a man could wish for while travelling on the way.

I am sorry to learn that the worthy Farmer, Mr. Ploughman, since that time, has been bereaved of two of his most affectionate daughters. Surely, deep has called unto deep, in their most painful trials. The next morning, still pouring rain, the farmer drove me to Crowfield Chapel. The services are detailed as follow:—

THE RECOGNITION SERVICES AT CROWFIELD, SUFFOLK.

(From a Correspondent.)

The public recognition of Mr. Robert Hart, as pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, at Crowfield, took place on Lord's-day, September 28, 1856; and as it was a day of special mercy to some of us, we hope, Mr. Editor, you will not fail to give us a place in your Register of Interesting Events.

Although rain poured in torrents on Saturday and Sunday morning, still there was a large gathering of people from all the churches round about. In the morning, Mr. C. W. Banks (of London) commenced the service by reading, solemn prayer, and stating the object of the service. He then called upon brother Hart to give a statement of the dealings of the

Lord with his soul. Immediately brother Hart stood up; and said—"Christian friends—I need not tell you that I am a fallen son of Adam; and that I was born in sin: doubtless, I have been favoured beyond many of my fellow creatures; for my father was a gracious man; and I was brought up under the means of grace from my youth. But it was not my father taking me to meeting, nor yet his prayers, that changed my heart; I pursued a course in sin until it pleased the Lord to arrest me. I had convictions from my youth up; oftentimes I would be stung with many fears; but these convictions would wear off. I remember, when living at Cambridge, and wandering into Green-street one Sabbath morning, seeing many people ascend a large flight of steps, I enquired whether it was a chapel? The reply was, "yes." I then went up with the others: the minister took these words for his text, "*What doest thou here, Elijah?*" I knew very little what he said in his sermon; but when he spoke these words, "*What doest thou here, Elijah?*" they sounded in my very heart; and made me weep bitterly; and hang down my head for fear any one should perceive it. The minister was a stranger to me; but think his name was Drake. From this time, I had dreadful impressions that I was lost. About this time it pleased the Lord (in his providence) to direct the late William Allen to Cambridge, to preach at Eden Chapel, whose ministry under God was made a blessing to my poor soul. Never shall I forget his preaching from this text, in the Song of Solomon—"The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me: the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me." I can truly say that the Lord did so bless that sermon to my poor soul that I was constrained, when I got out of the chapel, to tell Mr. Allen; and though my heart was overwhelmed, yet I remember the words I said was—"Sir—you have been watching me, to day." Ah! these was blessed days to me then. Although I had seven miles to come from the village were I lived; still, I longed for the sabbath. After attending Mr. Allen's ministry a considerable time, I became a member of the church. He baptised me: and there I continued with him while he was in Cambridge; but for a long time previous to my joining the church, I was the subject of sore temptations: such awful things I shall not mention: but when I have been on my father's farm; most horrible things have darted into my mind: still, the dear Lord kept me praying to his blessed Majesty for the pardon of my sins. My usual way, when I went to bed, was to cover myself up with the clothes, for "fears" in me were so strong about the enemy of my soul that I dare not kneel down by the bedside. I well remember once these words darted into my mind, as though they were spoken to me, "*The soul that sinneth, it shall die!*" I know not how many times these words would run through my mind in the course of a day: and I really thought I should die, and be lost. No one knows, but the Lord and myself, what my poor soul passed through under this searching trial. But, blessed be God, I can truly say, "Out of all, the good Lord delivered me." He still kept the smoking

flax alive in my heart, with many wrestlings to know the pardon of my sin, and my interest in the dear Redeemer. I remember the year 1828; on a Christmas night, (the Lord enabling me) I tried to pray that night before getting to bed; and I have often wondered how I thought of the words: I spoke to this effect: I prayed unto God that he would unfold unto me the mysteries of his grace; and give me faith to see Jesus Christ as dying on the cross for my sins; and that I might have a view of him, by faith, as rising again for my justification: and as sitting on the right hand of the Majesty on High, making intercession for my never dying soul. After a little time spent in prayer, I laid down in bed; soon fell asleep: when I had a very mysterious dream. In my dream I thought I saw the dear Lord Jesus laying down in my father's house, with his body rent in sunder; and in my dream I thought I did take of the body and did eat; but I thought in my dream he was not dead. Oh! he had a beautiful countenance: such as I never saw in all creation: I thought in my dream I saw his head keep moving, and I thought I then kneeled down beside him to listen to what he said, when I heard a sound of a voice that awoke me out of my sleep as much as I am now I am speaking. I heard a voice speaking unto me in these words, "Whoso eateth of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drinketh of his blood, shall never die: believest thou this?" and so powerful and blessed was the voice to me, that I cried out as though the dear Lord was present with me; I say, I then cried out with tears, "LORD, I MUST—I WILL—BELIEVE!" Never shall I forget that blessed vision and voice while memory retains its office. I laid and cried for joy: my poor soul was filled with wonder: thinking in myself where shall I find these words, then these words dropped upon my mind, "My flesh is meat indeed; and my blood is drink indeed." Thinka I, these words are in the sixth of John. I will look for them in my father's bible: I did so; and found them: and the words "ETERNAL LIFE" comforted my heart greatly. But something was suggested to me—"Where is the words, *believest thou this?*" I had no Concordance. Oh! what would I have given to find those words, "*Believest thou this?*" but I could not for a length of time; till promiscuously (on my part) I went into a man's house, and he said, "Robert, I have got a New Testament:—will you look at it? He fetched it out of the room: and as I was turning the leaves over, I turned to the 11th chapter of John, and 26th verse, and there I found (to the joy of my heart) it is written—"Whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die—believest thou this?" I left the house without expressing my feelings to the man: but I can truly say that it was a New Testament to me: I found there what I had been long hoping for: it was then made to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart. I could now say to Satan, "it is written: and I have found it in the Bible: and the dear Lord hath spoke it home to my heart with power:—and I have the witness here!" Satan has never been permitted to shake my faith in that manifestation of love from the dear Lord. He

spoke to my heart, as never man spake. After this display of the Lord's goodness I felt warm impressions on my heart to speak something of the preciousness of Christ to others, and sometimes I was requested to read a portion of the word when a few friends met for prayer. At length I was sent for to preach to a people about 12 or 13 miles distant from my native place; and in different villages in the neighbourhood; and being a member of Mr. Allen's Church, Eden Chapel, Cambridge, by his instrumentality I had an invitation to preach at Brighton, Windsor-street Chapel, as a supply, and several places I have preached in London. I remember hearing that dear servant of Christ, Mr. Murrell, of St. Neot's; and great impression was left upon my mind. Still I wanted a word from the Lord, and often went with earnest prayer to the Lord. One morning, as I came down stairs, these words darted in my mind, "And the things that you have heard of me," which I found in Paul writing to Timothy. The word "me" had a sweet sound in my heart. I was then led to believe what I had heard from the Lord I need not fear to speak to men.

At another time, as I was going into the fen, and passing through the ground called "Hunt's Ground," and coming to the ditch, these words were spoke to my heart, "*Henceforth YOU SHALL catch men.*"

I knew the same words the Lord had spoken to his servant Peter; and I cried out, in my poor simple way, "*what, me, LORD? what, me?*" and the words would still sound in my mind, "Henceforth, you shall catch men."

Mr. Banks now called upon Mr. Wright, the senior deacon, to give a concise statement of the leadings of Providence: he spoke of the Lord directing brother Hart among them, in a sober and savory manner. Brother Wright is a valuable servant of the church for Christ's sake.

Mr. Banks now asked brother Hart to give a statement of the doctrines he believed, and purposed to proclaim; to which brother Hart replied very fully, and witnessed a good confession before a crowded congregation; after which brother Banks gave to him, and to the good deacon Wright, "the right hand of fellowship"—and after a short address, the morning service closed. In the afternoon and evening sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, and the day closed with a grateful reflection that God had crowned the services with his blessing.

On the following Monday and Tuesday, we held services in Mendlesham Chapel: the words "to appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give them beauty for ashes," &c., was the subject; and special seasons of happy liberty they proved. On Wednesday, we met at Winstone—in the old "Cave Adullam" there; but there the fleece seemed rather dry. On Thursday, in brother Pooock's Chapel, Ipswich, we had a pleasant time in discoursing upon the "pillars of marble, set upon sockets of fine gold:" and that week's work of gospel labour closed in "the Bible Room, Colchester," (brother Collins's) where the following text was a little opened, "Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field; let us lodge in the

villages; let us get up early to the vineyards: let us see if the vine flourish, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranate bud forth: there will I give thee my loves."

My dear brother Robert—this was one of the most profitable weeks I ever spent in my Master's service; forgive, therefore, this lengthened account, and believe me over to remain your's affectionately,
C. W. B.

BETHEL CHAPEL, POPLAR.

On Tuesday evening, February 10th, a public meeting was held in Bethel Chapel, High-street, Poplar, for the purpose of laying before the friends plans for the enlargement of this very old sanctuary. Mr. Davis having taken the chair, gave out

"Kindred in Christ for his dear sake," &c. After which, Mr. Bloomfield implored the Divine blessing upon the proceedings of the evening. The chairman then said, Christian friends, I apprehend you will all agree with me when I say public meetings are generally very interesting, but more so when they are in connection with the opening of new chapels or the enlargement of old ones. The Lord has abundantly blessed us here. Our church has increased with members. We have lately considerably enlarged the vestry, which cost between thirty and forty pounds; which sum is paid. Our plan is to carry the chapel out to the footpath (the chapel lays a little back) and put galleries; which will cost between £300 and £400. Mr. Phillips in the report said the object of our meeting is for an enlargement, for which purpose a committee has been formed, comprising the deacons and six male members. For raising the means we have issued collecting cards. Mr. Foreman approved of the way they were going to work, and gave them some sound advice. Mr. J. A. Jones, Mr. Milner, Mr. W. Palmer, and Mr. Bloomfield addressed the meeting, after which, the pastor, Mr. Davis, pronounced the benediction. Mr. Davis's ministerial career has been a trying, but interesting and useful one. He is highly esteemed as a labourious man of God—and we rejoice in his prosperity.

**HAPPY MEETING AT
SQUIRRIES STREET CHAPEL,
BETHNAL GREEN ROAD.**

(From our own Correspondent.)

On Tuesday, February 10th, the friends in the above place held their public tea meeting. A good tea was provided and the neat little chapel was nearly filled with friends. After tea, Mr. Haslop took the chair. Mr. Foreman prayed. Mr. Haslop made a few opening remarks, stating the subject was Psalm cxxii., and called upon Mr. Bowles, of Poplar, to address the meeting. Mr. B. said he would simply make a few congratulatory remarks as he congratulated the people in having so kindly attended to the wants of their late pastor: he also congratulated his brother Haslop in his present position; and then gave the signification of the word "Jerusalem," a "vision of peace." He wished the people peace, and advised his brother Haslop to keep peace, especially among the deacons, for bad deacons were like bad wives, this he knew well, for he had had in his time some almost infernal deacons: he wished them peace. Mr. Chivers next gave a warm address, taking in the twelve tribes of Israel as mentioned in Revelation, seventh chapter, giving the signification of their names. Judah as signifying praise; Reuben as unstable; Gad, as overcome; Aser, as blessed; Nephthali, as liberty; Manasseh, as forgetfulness; Simeon, as waiting; Levi, as poor; Issachar, as strength; Zebulun, as dwelling; Joseph, as prosperity; Benjamin, as beloved. He made some remarks on preaching, praying, praise and practice. Mr. Wilkins, of Greenwich said as the 122nd Psalm had been given as the subject for the evening, he

should confine his remarks to the subject before him; and notice seven things. 1st, the Joy anticipated, 2nd, Zion's Permanent Standing; 3rd, the Beauty of Zion as a building, city, &c., 4th, the Centre of Attraction, 5th, the Thrones Erected, 6th, the request made, "pray for the peace of Jerusalem." 7th, the kind wishes expressed. The speaker dwelt briefly upon each of these things, and the people seemed highly delighted with his remarks. The Chairman next called upon Mr. Male who said some good things on "sanctuary service." Mr. Bracher addressed the meeting on "relationship," and the meeting broke up by singing and prayer. Altogether a happy meeting.

Another correspondent says:—"We can say the Lord was present with us: brother Haslop, who has been preaching to us since the death of our departed brother Langham, whose memory is still dear among us, presided. God is crowning his labours with abundant success, souls are coming forward, and testifying they have been with Jesus, and saying to the church, we will go with you for we believe the God of Jacob is with you. Brother Keyworth closed the meeting in prayer, and we sung

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,"
And I must say by the language I heard expressed that it will be a meeting long to be remembered. May God be praised in all the assemblies of his saints, and may we give glory to Father, Son, and Spirit, for ever and ever. Amen. J. W. PRICE.

STOCKWELL.

Nearly thirty years have passed away since the late Mr. Alderson was ordained pastor over a Baptist church in Stockwell, meeting for worship in a most compact and eligible "Salem," not far from where "Jireh" now stands. What changes, time, and God's providence, do work. That pretty "Salem" is gone to be an education nursery to the Church of England, and one can almost seem to hear her crying out "Oh that it was with me as in days gone by, when the candle of the Lord shone in me!" But those days are gone—and the long-afflicted pastor himself is gone—and the three good brethren who conducted his ordination are gone—John Stevens, John Stenson, and Mr. Castleden. All gone into eternity: and for a long time Stockwell had not a Particular Baptist Church in it. During the last twelve months, a little "Jireh" has been erected; a small church has been gathered—the brother Evans, for many years a labourious itinerant, has become settled among them: and on Monday-evening, February 2nd, 1857, this church was publicly formed. C. W. Banks spoke to them from 2 Cor. viii. 5, "they first gave their own selves unto the Lord; and unto us by the will of God." He then gave them the right hand of fellowship, administered the Lord's supper, and the service closed. We may hope this infant cause may long live, and be increased with many precious souls.

DARTFORD.

On Wednesday, December 17th, we baptised three persons; two males and one female. Two females were to have been baptised, but the parent of one of them being unfriendly to the ordinance she considered it advisable to yield to parental authority for the present, and commit herself by prayer and supplication into the hands of a faithful Creator, and the one who passed through the watery flood, had to do so in the face of much opposition; for on the night of the ordinance the door of her habitation was closed against her, but he that hath said "them that honour me I will honour," having opened the heart of some to receive the Word, they now opened their door to receive our afflicted sister. This circumstance will remind you that not quite all the inhabitants of this town are Baptists; and what appears more strange, that some who love the Founder of the ordinance, are terribly bitter against the ordinance itself. However, we welcome their opposition, preferring it by far to

their smiles, and having, in the name of our God, set up our banners, we hope by the grace of the same God to adhere closely to the standard, making the cross of the Great Captain of our salvation the rule of our conduct. These three, with four others, were received into our communion, on the first Lord's-day in this month. May they be followed by many more!

TIMOTHY.

SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, SOHO.

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF MR. BLOOMFIELD'S PASTORATE.

THE annual meeting in commemoration of the pastorate of Mr. Bloomfield, at Salem chapel, Soho, was held on Tuesday, the 3rd of July.

At five o'clock about 400 persons sat down to tea, very comfortably provided in the chapel. After which, a public meeting was held, over which the esteemed pastor presided.

An appropriate hymn having been sung, Mr. Bloomfield read the 62nd and 133rd Psalms, and Mr. Hall, of Wandsworth, implored the Divine blessing. Mr. SMITH, (a deacon) then read a report of their progress during the past year, of which the following is the substance. They were thankful to Almighty God that during the past year a measure of peace and prosperity had attended them; for, though they had experienced changes, which always would be incident to the church militant, yet, as a body they had dwelt together in unity and concord. They were increasingly thankful that God had sent his servant (Mr. Bloomfield) in their midst, and prayed that God would continue to bless his labours. During the past year 40 persons had been added to the church; some by letters of dismission from other places, but the greater part by baptism. Six had been dismissed to different churches, from several they had withdrawn for various reasons: and some of their aged friends had been removed by death; among whom was their venerable friend, Mr. John Jennings, who for forty-four years had been a member of this church, and eleven years sustained the office of deacon. He was on his way to Salem when what was commonly termed an accident occurred to him, which ultimately resulted in his death, at the advanced age of 81 years. The best feelings and the utmost cordiality prevailed throughout the church. A Sunday-school was established eighteen months since, which continued in a prosperous state, and was liberally supported. There were 200 children in the school: averaged attendance 120. The teachers were united and happy. Connected with the Sunday-school there was a Tract Society and a Dorcas Society. In conclusion they felt constrained again to say, Bless the Lord, oh, our souls, and forget not all his benefits.

Mr. BLOOMFIELD, said it had been customary with him to make a few observations on their progress during the past year, but the report just read took that matter out of his hands. It was very pleasing to him to see so large a number present; and especially did he rejoice to have so many of his brethren in the ministry present, with whom he ever studied to move on with harmonious feelings and fraternal affection. He felt an increasing interest in the cause of God in the world, and especially in their own cause; yet he desired to pray for the success of every cause based on God's truth. The report read gladdened his heart; it had been drawn up without his knowledge or advice, and he rejoiced it had been done without consulting him. He believed every word to be true.

Mr. JOHN FOREMAN then rose to address the meeting, and after some introductory remarks of a pleasing nature, said he was very glad to hear the report read of the Lord's goodness to them as a church, and when he said this, he hoped they were sufficiently acquainted with him to know that he was not flattering them. He was pleased to know that his brother Bloomfield had been five years in their midst, and by the report it appeared most probable that he would be with them two or three more five years. He prayed it might be so. He was happy to hear that they were united.

There would sure to be little things occur as the church passed through her militant state, which must be disagreeable, for we could not arrive at perfection this side eternity; for as good old Thompson once said, "Where God has a telft, there the devil is sure to have a synagogue." Again he was glad to hear that they had made additions to the church during the last year; they had reason to thank God for the same cause at Mount Zion. He was pleased to hear that Mr. Bloomfield had no hand in the report, for then the people could not say it had the parson's gloss upon it. He reckoned that in the Lord Almighty continuing this church there was a perpetual monument to the honour of that dear man of God who was instrumental in raising the cause. It was often the case that when great men, having great causes, died, the church dwindled away and came to nothing, as in the case of William Huntington; he feared that in many such cases there had been more honor put on the man than upon his Master. He thanked God such was not the case at Salem; and it was no small honour conferred upon his brother Bloomfield to be permitted to succeed such a man. He would conclude with a word of exhortation (not in a way of sneer). There would be many who would wish them just to drop their standard a little. What! an Englishman drop his standard? He would say, No: better die in the field by firmness than live by compliance. Rather let them "strive together for the faith once delivered unto the saints." When Israel came up out of Egypt, God gave them to understand that keeping up his ordinances as he had instituted them would be their living—but as they departed therefrom, they departed from life. As they abode by his ordinances, so it went well with them; as they departed therefrom, it went ill with them—so the church now might expect the same results. They could not expect to be lively if they departed from God's truth. Error in any shape had a tendency to weaken the hands and cool the heart, while a consistent walking in the ordinances and truths of the gospel must produce the opposite results—for the truth must be triumphant.

A neat practical address was then delivered by Mr. JAMES WOODARD, of Ilford.

After which, Mr. SAMUEL COLLINS, of Grundisburgh, delivered several congratulatory remarks, and said he remembered the first meeting, when the building of that chapel was contemplated, at which John Stevens was present—a name he could not mention without peculiar emotions—which he expected to carry with him to the grave. He recollected the opening, and some remarks then made by Mr. Stevens, on "Salem"—and he loved the walls. He said he appeared before them that evening as "Chancellor of the Exchequer." Mr. Collins went on to state that of a debt of above £300 contracted some four years ago in repairing and painting the chapel, together with a back debt of some £40, there remained a balance unpaid of about £120. Towards this some amounts had been promised, and he was determined, in the Lord's strength, that they should wipe that debt off at once.

Collections were made, and sums promised, more than sufficient to pay the whole, so that they are now able to say, "Salem is clear from debt."

The Doxology was then sung, and Mr. Foreman closed the meeting by pronouncing the benediction.

THE BEST MATCH,

OR, THE SOUL'S ESPOUSAL TO CHRIST, BY EDWARD FEARSE.

"I have espoused you to one Husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin unto Christ." 2 Cor. xi. 2.

CHAPTER I.

Wherein an introduction is made into our intended discourse; the foundation thereof laid, and the matters to be inquired into, in our procedure therein proposed.

A new covenant relation to Christ, is cer-

tainly a concern of the greatest weight, and highest importance to the sons of man in the world: tis what lies at the foundation of all true happiness, both in time and eternity; "without it (as a learned divine hath well observed,) we are not Christians, we are only the carcases of Christians;" nor may we expect any saving advantage by anything that Christ hath either done or suffered for poor sinners; and this relation, of so much weight and importance to us, the scripture represents under various notions and expressions to us.

Sometimes (as in my text, and frequently elsewhere) tis represented to us under the notion of Husband and wife, bridegroom and bride, or the soul's espousals to Christ, as its one and only Husband; and under this notion I shall, (God assisting), speak a little of it, and but a little, no more than to make way for a practical design I have in my eye, which is to woo and allure poor souls into an espousal or marriage covenant with this blessed husband, the Lord Jesus Christ.

That then, which is before us to be treated of, is the marriage, or espousal between Christ and believers, and the better to make way hereunto, you may observe, that there is a threefold marriage, as relating to Christ and us.

First. There is the personal marriage, and that is between the person of the Son of God, the Second Person in the Trinity, and our nature. This Calvin calls "*verbum incarnatum*, the Incarnate Word;" or, as the evangelist expressed it, "the Word made flesh" John i. 14. This we call the hypostatical union.

Second. There is the mystical marriage; and that is between the person of Christ, God-man, and the persons of believers, as militant here on earth; a whole Christ and the whole believer being one. This the apostle calls, a being "joined to the Lord in one spirit with him." 1 Cor. vi. 17. And this we usually call the spiritual union.

Third. There is the heavenly marriage, and that is between Christ and the Church, triumphant above, which, indeed, is the consummation of the two former, and this I would call the glorious union; and what this is, I cannot tell, but do hope am going to see. In the first of these, lies the foundation of all our happiness: by the second, we are brought into an initial participation of it: by the third, we are put into full possession and enjoyment thereof for ever. Now, it is neither the first nor the last, but the second the apostle here speaks of, when he saith; "I have espoused you to one husband, even to Christ," which, accordingly, I shall make the subject of my ensuing discourse, which is also the sum of the apostle's intendment, you may take in this short position, viz:—That there is a blessed espousal, or marriage relation between Christ and believers; or, that believers are married, or espoused to Christ, as their only Husband. "I have espoused you (saith the apostle,) to one husband," not to many, but to one; and who is that? why Christ, God-man; so the next words declare, "I have espoused you to one husband, that I may present you as a chaste virgin to Christ." The same is also held forth in other scriptures. John iii. 29. "He that hath the bride, is the bridegroom," saith John the Baptist, concern-

ing Christ and his Church; and again, Rev. xxi. 9. "Come hither, (says the angel to John,) I will shew thee the bride, the Lamb's wife." That is, the church, which is the wife and spouse of Christ, but I forbear.

What this espousal, or marriage relation between Christ and believers is, as also how it is made up and accomplished, are the principal things to be inquired into. For the clearing of which lies before us; which, therefore I shall address myself unto

CHAPTER II.

The espousal, or marriage relation between Christ and believers opened, and the import thereof, laid down in five things.

But, what is this espousal, or marriage relation, between Christ and believers? The apostle speaking of it, calls it "a great mystery." "This, (saith he,) is a great mystery, but I speak concerning Christ and his church." Ephesians v. 32. I speak of that spiritual marriage, that is between Christ and his people; which indeed is a great mystery. This is an hidden secret thing: A thing hid from human reason, and not to be understood but by divine revelation, and the light of the Holy Spirit. So far as we apprehend it, you may take this short account in general of it. Tis that spiritual conjunction, or relation that is between Christ and believers; between the person of Christ and the person of believers. Arising from his inhabitation in them by his Spirit, and their closing with him by faith. Much might be said for the opening of this general conclusion; but I shall wave it, and give you the true nature of the thing under consideration, more particularly, as carrying these five things in it, viz:—

I.—Free and cordial donation.

II.—Near and intimate union.

III.—Sweet and lasting communion.

IV.—Strong and ardent affection.

V.—Mutual rest and complacency for ever.

First.—This espousal, or marriage relation between Christ and believers, carries in it free and cordial donation, a giving of themselves to each other. The husband gives himself unto the wife, and the wife, by way of return, gives herself unto the husband; they consent to take each other in that relation, and accordingly to give up themselves to each other. So, in this spiritual espousal, or marriage relation between Christ and his people. There is a giving of themselves to each other: they consent to take each other, and accordingly to give up themselves to each other. Christ on the one hand, gives himself unto the soul. I will be thine, (says he to the soul,) thine to love thee, to save thee, to make thee happy in me, and with me; I, with all my riches and treasures, will be fully and for ever thine; I will be for thee; that is the language of his espousing love unto the soul Hosoa, iii. 3. And oh, how sweet is this language! What can Christ give to poor souls like himself? In giving himself, he gives the best gift, that either heaven or earth affords. In giving himself, he gives life, he gives peace, he gives grace, he gives righteousness, he gives the favour of God, he gives heaven, he gives all. Oh! sweet gift! On the other hand, the soul, by way of return, gives himself to Christ: I will be thine, (says the soul

to Christ,) I will be for thee, and not for another. Hence, tis said, "they gave themselves to the Lord." 2 Cor. viii. 5. They freely and willingly yielded up themselves to Christ. To be his, and his for ever. Sweet Jesus, such as I am, and have I give to thee. I am a poor, and sorry gift, (says the soul,) infinitely unworthy of thine acceptance, my best is too bad, my all is too little for thee: but, seeing tis thy pleasure to call for, and accept of such a gift at my hands, I do, with my whole soul, give up myself, my strength, my time, my talents, my all for ever, to thee; and though, the truth is, this be a sorry gift, yet, you little think how pleasing, how grateful it is to Christ, and what a value he puts upon it. You have the whole of this owned and asserted by the spouse. Cant. ii. 16. "My beloved is mine, and I am his."

(To be continued).

BRIEF NOTICES.

STREET, SOMERSET.—(To the Editor). Dear Sir,—You will remember preaching in our chapel some years ago, when Mr. Little was the pastor. About eighteen months ago he left us for America, and since that time we have had no settled minister. There appears to be two obstacles in the way of our having one: First, with some of us there is a determination not to have a yea and nay man; Second, we are at a loss to know how to support one. We have five brethren in the church that speak in the name of the Lord; all professing to preach salvation by grace. At Street, and the villages round, we have six services on the Sabbath—three at Street, one at Walton, one at Godney, and one at Ashcott. There is an extensive field open for usefulness; and if it were the will of the Lord to have a minister settled over us, and the ordinances of the Lord's house attended to, we should indeed esteem it a privilege. We have opened Ashcott Station since Mr. Little left us; we meet in a cottage, and it is filled to almost overflowing. We held the first anniversary there on the 29th of January; we had a social tea, and about 120 partook of the meat that perisheth. After tea, brother Gould, the senior deacon, filled the chair, and opened the meeting; he called on W. S. Westlake, the junior deacon, who stated the cause of opening a place for worship in that village where the riches of grace may be proclaimed, and spoke of the desirability of erecting a chapel, and appealed to the friends present for pecuniary assistance, which was liberally responded to, and nearly £30 was soon promised. Brother Blake then spoke on the blissful theme, "I am sure that when I come unto you I shall come in the fulness of the blessings of the gospel of Christ." He was followed by brother Kick. We had a good meeting, and could say, "Lord, it is good for us to be here." Here would we erect a tabernacle of praise to thy name. Yours, in the bonds of the gospel,

Feb. 17, 1857.

W. S. WESTLAKE.

THE TROWBRIDGE PATRIARCH.—Mr. War-

burton, the venerable pastor of Zion Chapel, Trowbridge, Wilts., where he has for forty years faithfully preached the gospel, we regret to say is not likely again to resume his labours: being by his medical attendants told that he would, from the nature of his disease, never be able again to preach, he resigned the pastorate at the commencement of the present year, which the church deeply felt, and, with a generosity highly creditable to them, immediately passed a vote to guarantee to him his full salary as long as he should remain alive. What a reproof this noble act is to those churches, who, after having the best energies of their ministers, forget them in their last days of suffering and old age! Our respected brother is in his 81st year, enjoying a happy and peaceful reliance upon that glorious and immutable Redeemer whom it was his delight to preach in all the fulness, freeness, and completeness of a salvation of which Christ is the First and the Last, the All in all.

SOMERS TOWN.—The friends at Beulah Chapel held their public tea meeting in the above place on Tuesday, February 17, when a goodly number assembled. After tea Mr. Samuel Cozens, minister of the place, read that beautiful hymn,

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound."

Mr. Dixon offered prayer. Mr. Cozens opened the meeting, dwelling upon the word "Grace," and giving for the evening's text the words of Paul, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you." He simply named this text for the brethren to speak from if they felt disposed, at the same time not wishing to confine them. Mr. Bloomfield then rose and addressed the meeting, referring to the state of our churches, giving also his opinion as to the remedy, or what the church wanted. Mr. James Wells next addressed the meeting. He gave some good instruction and advice to ministers. His address was enlivened and enforced by energy and narrative. Mr. J. A. Jones spoke on the words of Christ, "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." Mr. Flack referred to the state of the cause in connection with Mr. Cozens's ministry; what the cause had been; what he found it to be now; and what he hoped and believed, from the appearance of this meeting, it would become. Mr. Wilkins, of Greenwich, addressed the meeting, shewing, upon the advice given by Mr. Wells, that ministers, like companies and men in business, have their "capital," and that four things make up a minister's capital—his *time, health, character, and principles*, which he should guard and improve as much as a commercial man would his capital. The speaker then referred to the text, taking that sentence, "The grace of Christ." Mr. S. K. Bland spoke of the necessity of union, which gave rise to the expression of several opinions. The attendance was good; the meeting was characterised by the following things: Earnest and instructive speaking; warm, out-spoken addresses; the attention and interest kept up; and, I hope, the collection good.—From our own Correspondent.

The Earthen Vessel Pulpit.

THE ADVANTAGES OF THE SANCTUARY,

BY JOSEPH WILKINS,
OF WINSOR STREET CHAPEL, BRIGHTON.

“ Until I went into the sanctuary of God.”—Psalm lxxiii. 17.

EVERY place seems to have its peculiar adapt-ness for some particular purpose or design,—heaven for glory,—hell for wrath,—and this world for the wonderful displays of God’s works, of judgment and mercy, wisdom and power; as also for the various exercises of the children of men. When the bellipotent armies are summoned to action, they leave their quiet homes, their peaceful families, for the open field, or mighty ocean, to try their prowess with the Sons of Mars. When the grave philosopher wants to weigh the earth—span the heavens—or measure space—he seeks the lonely spot, the silent shade; where, like the murmuring streams, his thoughts may sweetly roll along. And when the Sons of Demas search for wealth, they seek the Market, ‘Change, or some new Colony, as fit and proper places where they may gain their end. Instinct seems to dictate propriety; reason suggest adaptation. Even the base seek for a place to suit their own designs: the thief loves the dark; the drunkard the back street; the gay, the theatre or ball, as haunts to suit the passions of their minds. Nor is the Christian without his favourite spot, or resting place, where scenes and sounds agree to satisfy his soul. What a beautiful illustration we have of this in the experience of the writer of our text. Like some poor prodigal, whose appetite refuses husk, yet envies swine their fare, the Psalmist is finding fault with everything—is angry at the wicked in their happiness; is complaining of their advantages as he seems to consider them; is uneasy about his own position, calling in question the righteous dispensations of his God—in a word he is wrong with everything, and everything is wrong with him—“ Until he went into the sanctuary of God,” the hallowing influence of which is seen in rectifying his errors; calming his angry mind; stopping his rebellion; and justifying the ways of his God with him—for then “ Understood he their end.”

I. Let us consider his place of resort.

II. The advantages of being there.

I. The resort. The sanctuary of God. By sanctuary we are to understand a holy place, a sanctified spot, or habitation of the Most High. Sometimes Christ is called a sanctuary; sometimes the church is called God’s sanctuary; sometimes the place of worship; and sometimes heaven itself: to which interpretations we offer no objection; but wish, on the present occasion, to be a little more

definite, for the purpose of showing what constitutes a sanctuary. And observe, 1st, no sanctuary will be found by sin-smitten mortals but in connexion with the altar. As the temple of old, the sanctuary into which our Psalmist went, had the altar in it, so if we ever find a place of rest and peace, it will be by way of sacrifice—a sacrifice, too, which is sufficient, in its efficacy, to cleanse our polluted souls from all their iniquities. Until we have found such a spot, no place could be a resting place for us. The house of God below; the closet; yea, heaven itself (if it were possible to get there) would fail to yield satisfaction to the guilty mind. Let not my fellow sinner think he has found a sanctuary unless it has been by way of Calvary. If his peace has not flown through the satisfaction of the dear Redeemer it will surely give way, leaving the soul in misery and woe.

2ndly. There will be no sanctuary where the Divine influence of the Holy Ghost is not enjoyed, which, like the fire that was not to go out, is still an indispensable constituent in the sanctuary; and, though many have found a home where their *carnal minds* can rest, where the Holy Spirit is not, yet none have found a sanctuary without Him. It was by his hallowed influence that Asaph’s fears were hushed, and his mind enlightened to form a righteous judgment of men and things: by this alone our carnality is subdued; our angry passions stilled; our rocky hearts softened, and heavenly faith wrought, by which we come, and have peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

3rdly. Nor is there a sanctuary without a Mercy Seat,—a place of holy communion; for there is too much of God in that soul which is born from above, ever to be satisfied without this. And the only way into this holy of holies is by the blood-shedding of the atoning Lamb, and the Divine drawings of the Comforter. Where these are felt communion with God will be an accompaniment; then, with the patriarch Jacob, the favoured one will exclaim, “ This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.” ’Tis then the holy cloud overshadows the mind; and it is a matter of small importance what the locality is. Whether it be in the house of assembly, in the closet, or in the field, the place will be a hallowed spot of heavenly seclusion, where the vulture’s eye has never seen, nor the

heart of the world enjoyed. Here the true spirit of devotion flows forth, and the highest thought of admiration fills the soul. Into the temple at Jerusalem, with the feelings described, the singer of Israel went, and it was to him "The sanctuary of God." Into such a sacred place our favoured souls have been drawn, and in no less a degree has it been to us the dwelling place of the Most High.

Second. The advantages of being there, which are not a few.

1st. The first we notice is *Divine acquiescence*, which is one of the highest points of Christian experience. 'Tis here Divine sovereignty is reverently respected, and with awe submitted to. That God is a sovereign reason cannot deny—for he manifests it in all his acts of providence and grace; yet nothing is more rebelled at by man, nor is anything harder to submit to by the fallen mind; and for men to talk of sovereignty, with unrenewed spirits, is either to justify themselves, as they vainly suppose, in their own ways, or else to talk with their lips what they hate with their hearts. And for any who love God to talk against it, is a proof they are breathing the wind of the desert, and not the air of the sanctuary; for certain it is that the beams which there shine forth between the cherubim, and the sanctifying atmosphere of that most holy place, will cause every child of God, sooner or later,

"To lay their reason at his feet,
And own him sovereign God."

At which time his authority will be acknowledged; his holiness will be delighted in; his commands will be received; and, with Divine satisfaction, the fulness and freeness of his salvation will be appreciated.

2ndly. Another advantage is felt in the fact that there, *curiosity is stayed and mysteries are left*. How oft, alas, we are not satisfied with the revealed things which belong to us; how oft we cease to try to understand the things plainly set before us for the purpose of entering into some vain speculation of the secrets of God. 'Tis in our own spirits we speculate; but when we approach our God in his sanctuary, with our shoes off, standing on his holy ground, we wish to tread lightly, knowing the infinitude of his wisdom is such that what he does is right—nor do we then wish

"To pry
Within the golden leaves."

And as for the mysteries we do not understand we take them as they are declared—believing "That what we know not now we shall know hereafter."

3rdly. In this secret place of God's tabernacle, God's ways of providence are justified for the past, and trusted for the future. 'Tis here the widow's tear is wiped away, and the bereaved mother can say, "'Tis well." 'Tis

here the peaceful fruits of righteousness are seen budding forth. And here, though a Joseph is not, and a Simeon is missing, a Benjamin is also resigned. 'Tis here, and only here, when our substance is swept away with a stroke, and the sons and daughters are killed with a blast, that we can say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord." And it is here, when there is nothing in hand, and nothing in prospect; when the figtree blossoms not, and the vine yields no fruit, when the olive fails, and the folds and stalls are empty, that the soul can "Rejoice in the Lord, and joy in the God of his salvation."

4thly. In this pavilion a right estimate is made of the things that differ, and the prosperity of the foolish is coveted not. It was a sore trial to the Psalmist when he saw the success of the wicked, and the adversity of the righteous, until he got here: then he made a right estimate of the nature and duration of their portion, that it was but for a moment, which should be succeeded by "terror" and "destruction;" and then under the influence of the presence of his God, he, with heavenly satisfaction, exclaims, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee"—"Thou art my portion for ever and ever." This surely is the banquetting-house where sweet delights feast every guest—where murmuring words are never heard, and mind is lost in God.

5thly, and lastly, observe—This is the height of Zion where every grace is waiting to answer the roll-call, and each prepared to make any surrender demanded. Here gratitude stands forth with tears of joy, remembering the way she has been led, and viewing the Ebenezers in the rear. This is the Pisgah top, where faith stands and views

"The landscape o'er;
Nor Jordan's waves, nor death's cold flood,
Can fright her from the shore."

Here holy fear—the fear of God—rules every breast, so that not one sin is knowingly spared, or secretly hid. Here prayer and praise, like colours in the rainbow, are inseparably mingled, whilst humility and patience seem vying to excel, and

"Love, the brightest of the train,
Strengthens all the rest."

These advantages are not mere fancy; they are indeed the privileges to be enjoyed in this paradise—"The sanctuary of God."

If such be the blessings of being closeted with God below, what must it be, where faith is lost in possession and hope in vision. O my soul covet above everything else this holy spot, for "Blessed are all they who dwell in his house, they will be still praising Him."

West Hill, Brighton, March, 1857.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXXI.

My good Theophilus, it is not my intention to continue uninterruptedly through the book of Solomon's Song, but shall now and then give you a few words upon other departments; as in my next I hope to dwell chiefly upon the last judgment, more especially as that judgment relates to the *saints*; and after that, I hope to give you a letter upon the last judgment in its relation to the *lost*. But in this I have to dwell upon the gratulation bestowed upon the church by the heavenly Bridegroom—"I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot," &c. This is nothing else but a true oriental hyperbole; and yet, it is a strong figurative *exaggeration*; that is, as a divine order of speech, it is not an exaggeration; for it certainly is the language of that love which no hyperbole can reach, which no rhetoric can depict, which no logical power can adequately set forth; and it shews what we are, in being able to trust so little, and love so faintly, a God who hath so loved us. But happily, it will not be always as it is now; we shall ere long be perfect in love.

Now, I am not sure that I may handle rightly the comparison here set before us.

The various ideas, and good ones they are too, among us are that these horses were *royal* property; that among them there was *unity* of action, &c. But these, and several other ideas, excellent as they are, I will for the present pass by, and venture a few thoughts, which, if they do not bring out the meaning of the text, shall, I trust, be such as you will see to be at least *Scriptural*.

1st. *Best quality*. The king—an oriental *sovereign* king—would certainly have those for his chariot of the best *quality*; and we all know in common life the importance of personal quality; hence the common saying, and there is an eternal truth in it, that it is better to have a fortune in a person than a fortune with them, without good qualities in them.

This company of horses, then, in Pharaoh's chariots, would be *well broken in*, and would be, as the term is, free from vice. So is the soul humbled down and reconciled to God, yoked with Jesus, one with him by his truth. Such a soul loves him, is happy with him, has no desire to go from him, works in his yoke easy and comfortable, and is glad instrumentally to help forward the chariot of God's salvation; glories in the progress of the *true* gospel. The *heart* of such an one is in his work; the love of Christ constrains him; his love to God is incorruptible; it can never wax fatally cold; but though at times it seems low, and the soul is weary and cast down, yet by the power of *gospel* truth it will revive again and again; for "the smoking flax will be not quench, and the bruised reed will be not break, until he bring forth judgment unto victory." There is no quality that can be superior to this *love of the truth*. All professed love to God *apart* from his truth is but *delu-*

sion; there must be willing-heartedness to work in *his way*, and to help forward the chariot of *his* salvation, as then the *true* church is brought into the love of his truth. None can equal his Church in goodness of quality; her children arise up and call her blessed; her Husband also he praiseth, not beateth her, nor hateth her, nor stormeth at her, nor forsaketh her, nor curseth her, but *praiseth* her, saying, "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all." Many excellent natural qualities others may and do possess, but they are but *natural* qualities. Just take the margin's reading here—"Many daughters have *gotten riches*, but thou excellest them all." But why so? Where is the secret? Here it is—"She receives the *truth* in the *love* of it," and hereby acquires durable riches and righteousness. She therefore surpasses all; none can equal her; she loves the right object in the right way. As there was, then, in the company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot a combination of the best *working* qualities, therefore I have compared thee, for unmatched excellency of willing-hearted quality, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot.

2nd. *Beauty*. We may be sure that the company of horses in such a chariot were *handsome*. And you are, my good Theophilus, aware that this is a quality much dilated upon, both in this book of Solomon's Song and in other parts of the Word of eternal truth; and as I have to dwell in our progress through this book upon this quality, I will here say but very little, only just observing, that the beauty of the bride (the church) is seen only in her oneness with the Saviour, what she is here constituted makes up the whole of her beauty.

3rd. *Price*. The horses in Pharaoh's chariot were no doubt costly. But here we must mind we do not carry this figure further than it is intended; for however costly the company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot may be, yet, like everything else earthly, they must come to nought. But not so with the church; no, her price in a two-fold sense must be far above rubies. First, in the price paid for her redemption; a price infinitely surpassing all other pearls of great price. He, therefore, that would buy the church back again out of her freedom must have a price at command, at least as great as the price given for redemption; but where shall such a price be found? Thus the God of heaven so loved the church that he thought her worth redeeming; she was therefore precious in his sight, and covenantally constituted honorable; and as he reckoned her *through the love* he had to her worth redeeming, so now he reckons her worth all that has been laid out upon her; so that while he valued her according to the price given for her redemption—so wondrously is she One with Immanuel God with us, that the living God would no more think of casting her away than of casting his dear Son away.

First, then, she is *reckoned* worth the cost of redemption; and second, she is constituted costly and supremely valuable; and if a price

to buy her out of her freedom could be found, even then *love* would utterly scorn to entertain one thought of accepting the price. He hath loved with an everlasting love, and in lovingkindness draws the church to himself; therefore any power or price that would take the church out of his hands would utterly be contemned; and it is only because earth is *not good enough* for her abode, that he hath prepared an infinitely better world for her.

4th. *Position in Pharaoh's chariot.* Egypt is a level country, and in the day of its prosperity was a land of chariots; and Pharaoh's state chariot was, perhaps, proverbially celebrated for its superiority to all others; and if so, there is great force in this part of the comparison; for this company of horses had of all others the most honorable and most glorious position. And what can surpass in honor of position that of being one with the chariot of salvation, where there is the presence of the great King, and where he shews the riches of his glorious kingdom, and the honor of his excellent Majesty? And if there were no chariot like Pharaoh's chariot, so there are no chariots like the chariot of God's salvation. Our glory is great therein. And as Solomon married Pharaoh's daughter, there may be some allusion here to her; and if so, it was the chariot of her own father, one that she was acquainted with. And this you see, my good Theophilus, suggests to us the great matter of heavenly relationship; so that, handling this comparison carefully, we shall find that both its main drift and several *allowable* details all have a gospel meaning, a something in it that compels in our hearts a love to our God in thus exalting such poor worms of the earth as we are. May we, then, more and more cleave unto Him whose thoughts towards us are thoughts of peace, not of evil, to give us an expected end.

5th. *Carefulness.* What *care* would be taken of this company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot! and are not the people of God the objects of his special care?

Looking at the constitution of ancient oriental governments, as well as at most of the modern ones, too, we can easily see that no one dared to interrupt this company of horses in their progress, or in any way offer any indignity to them; nor can the people of God be hindered, slandered, or persecuted with impunity. "Shall not God avenge his own elect?" To run into all the details of the pains, and care, and skilful management of this company of horses, would be to go beyond what the comparison is intended to set forth; but taking the main idea of *care*, I think is right and fairly implied, as it indicates clearly that every care was to be taken of the church, which was the Lamb's wife; and to know something of the care which he has for us will, if our knowledge be *heart-felt* knowledge, make us care, very much care for him; we shall be concerned to honor him; and thus we see is descriptively, and testimonially, and very beautifully carried out by the bride all through this book of Solomon's Song. This book (her faults and deformities being forgiven, and buried, and forgotten, this book)

is a *record of her excellencies*: and great as are the excellencies attributed to her, you will find them all in the *faith*, and *pure affections*, and *testimony* of every soul brought into the liberty of the gospel. "How fair and how pleasant art thou, oh love, for delights!" is the language of every soul thus favored; and the more their hearts are directed into the love of God, the more they see and feel that they are cared for. This gratulation, "I have compared thee, oh, my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariot," would seem to take off the *strangeness*, and make the soul feel at *home* with God. Such gratulations are assurances of his love, of his great love, infinitely *interested* love—love which glories in the acquiring, and in the possession of its objects; love which will *rest* for ever in happy satisfaction; the life endless, glorious, and higher than the heavens. What delightful meeting-places are such Scriptures! and all who know anything of the terrible majesty of the law, the guiltiness of sin, the fearful apprehension of judgment, the workings of a deceitful heart, the powers of unbelief, and the *proud-humble* movements of legality, trying to make our sin and sinfulness a *bar* to the promise, as though the gospel was not to the poor, the blind, the wretched, and the miserable; those who know what these experiences are, will be, and *are*, delighted with the book of Solomon's Song, as well as with all such *new covenant* parts of the Bible. How infinitely different is such congratulatory language in comparison of, "Ye generation of *vipers!* how can ye escape the *damnation of hell!*" Yet this is the language which belongs to us as sinners. Grace, and grace alone, has made us to differ; and shall we, then, for one moment give up one iota of the glorious gospel of the blessed God?

The *comparison* of this company of horses is also noticed: "Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold: we will make thee borders of gold with studs of silver."

"Comely with rows of jewels." Without these she would not have a queenly, royal appearance. These are the adornments of the Holy Spirit; a meek and quiet spirit, faith, love, humility, holiness, sincerity, these are her living adornments. Chains of gold, a chain of truth, made up from "whom he did foreknow," to "whom he also glorified;" and another, made up from "Ye are a chosen generation to shew forth the praises of Him who called you out of darkness into his marvellous light." These are chains of heavenly gold, which *faith* loves to wear about its neck; wears them where they may be seen; she is not ashamed to be seen in these chains of *captivity to God*.

And then come the *borders* of gold. These borders would be to *overlay*, enrich, and beautify the comparison; and so the soul is so overlaid, enriched, and beautified with the promises of the gospel, that its first husband, law, condemnation-state, its poverty, and deformity, are *hidden* and destroyed. Then come the studs of silver. These studs of silver I will take to mean words of instruction

Prov. iii. 14). "And a word spoken in season how good is it!" How beautifully do words of instruction from on high adorn the soul! "For the words of the Lord are pure words; as silver is tried in the furnace, purified seven times." Psalm xii. 6.

Now, I have said nothing of the great occasions when this royal chariot was used, nor have I now room in this letter so to do. I have given you but a mere sample of the meaning, and perhaps hardly that; but as I find it good to dwell upon these things I desire you also should profit hereby; and poor as my humble attempt is, it is as much as you can expect from

A LITTLE ONE.

MAZZAROTH :

OR, THE

TWELVE SIGNS IN THE BIBLICAL HEAVENS.

(Continued from page 29.)

I MET a Yorkshireman in Plymouth, the other day, who told me he thought these "Mazzaroth" papers were "*far-fetched*." I agreed with him that they were; and I was free to confess that too much of "*self*" had crept into them. He was a good man, and a preacher too; and, therefore, I felt thankful for the plain and wholesome hint; and was almost disposed to write no more of them; but, on the other hand, turn where I would, (and I have travelled between one and two thousand miles lately.) I was told of the help and comfort these papers afforded; and having been much persuaded to continue them, I am resolved, the Lord helping, to go right on, unless I find the spring cease to flow—or, that the flocks are not refreshed.

In my last, I made some little entrance upon "the trials of the ministry;" and sure I am there is not a class of men on the earth more deeply exercised than are those men who, with humble gifts, and honest hearts, go forth to publish the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. I have seen a great number of these men—and, with few exceptions—I find them sharply tried in every way: and they are men who need sympathy, help, and comfort; and wherever I have found a man whose heart, head and hands have been "*right*" in experience, doctrine and practice, I have never hesitated to do that man all the good in my power. It matters little to me who may slight or shun the man, if I see and feel the man to be a true servant of JESUS CHRIST—I am his companion, his friend, and his brother; and if, because I endeavour to heal and help a poor afflicted brother, I am to be shot at by the whole tribe of doctrinal patrons and petty parsons, I will welcome their persecutions; and, (if grace be given,) will creep to the Lord's feet as Hannah did, saying, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord; mine horn is exalted in the Lord; my mouth is enlarged over

mine enemies; because I rejoice in thy salvation. There is none holy as the Lord: for there is none beside thee: neither is there any rock like our God." And while in such a happy frame as this, I think I could, as Hannah did, turn my face toward my foes, and say—"Talk no more so exceeding proudly: let not arrogance come out of your mouth: for the Lord is a God of knowledge; and by Him actions are weighed." This scripture I fully proved in delightful realization, on Lord's-day afternoon, March 15th; and with David (Psalm cix.) I say—The Lord "Shall stand at the right hand of the poor, to save him from those that condemn his soul." [Let no scoffer, or proud person, read here, to scoff or condemn—for I write of the saving mercy of a gracious God—and woe be unto him that casteth contempt thereon. I can no more withhold this evidence of the Divine faithfulness, than I could withhold the testimony given in my last paper; and as the trial made way for a holy and a happy triumph in my own experience; and in the experience of many beside, I cannot lock it up. It is illustrative of Paul's words—"Out of weakness made strong"—so here it is; and I pray the Great Shepherd of our souls may bless it unto the thousands of His Israel among whom this EARTHEN VESSEL comes.] In the morning of the day referred to, I had attempted to speak from Paul's words—"He is able to succour them that are tempted." (Heb. ii. 18.) The previous Lord's-day morning I had spoken from those words—"Them that are tempted" with unusual sweet freedom; many scriptures were opened, and many hearts were touched: now I was anxious to speak of HIM that is able to succour them that are tempted: I had privately considered the ability of our great High Priest to lay, principally, in three things:—In what He is in Himself.—in the great Commission put into his hands, and accomplished in His incarnation, His obedient and sympathising life, in His sacrificial death, in His resurrection and intercession in the heavens above—and, finally, in the large amount of Agency and Instrumentality placed at His disposal, and entirely under His control, which comprehends the distinct Personality, offices, powers, and works of the ever blessed SPIRIT—the whole army of patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, martyrs, ministers, and evangelists, whose words and works still live, and by which they speak, although they themselves are gone home: all the pastors of our churches, all the preachers in the world, and all the precious promises, holy doctrines, and Divine ordinances; all these, and millions of angels, and other means, are in the great Redeemer's hands; and it is of this immense and mighty host of instrumentality that Paul speaks, when to the church he says—"ALL THINGS ARE YOUR'S: *things present; things to come; all are your's*; and,

YE ARE CHRIST'S ; and, CHRIST IS GOD'S." How beautiful the thought! How immensely valuable the fact! How glorious the reality!!

I went into the pulpit; but oh, instead of being helped to preach CHRIST, to unfold his glorious name, to point to his Person, power, and precious grace and salvation, I found my mind shut up as in an iron chest; I leaned upon my pulpit Bible, groaned out something for half-an-hour or more, and down I sat. I said nothing to anyone of my state; but my secret thoughts were painful indeed. Surely, such seasons are a verification of that part of the prophecy now under consideration—"Whom thou didst prove at Massah, and with whom thou didst strive at the waters of Meribah." When God will *prove*, and *strive with*, a man, he will make all his supposed beautiful thoughts, and well-arranged plans, to fade away, and wither like the fallen leaf. I suppose all ministers are *not* tried in this way; many whom I know *seem* to be always ready, always full, always free, and always blessed. But I have nothing to do with others; to their own Master (like myself) they stand or fall.

As I walked from chapel that morning these words quieted, and in a little relieved my mind: "But CHRIST IS ALL, and IN ALL." Immediately the PERSON of our IMMANUEL became to me like Jacob's ladder, and my thoughts, like "the angels of God ascending and descending on it." Yes, yes, thought I, "Christ is all, and he is IN all;" that is, in the new creation. Having that afternoon to preach in the late William Allen's Chapel at Stepney, my spirit constrained me to attempt once more to speak of CHRIST unto the people; and according to engagement I went, and read the text, "Christ is All, and in all." For nearly an hour I laboured hard to break the fetters which fastened my mind in bondage, but it was out of my power. Christ as the everlasting Covenant, as the only Altar of Divine worship, as the alone and entire Sacrifice for sins, as the One glorious and gracious High Priest, was spoken of; but the dew and power on my soul was lacking. A Christian brother gave me a cup of tea, and while drinking it, the conversation turned upon circumstances, and I was given to understand that "report" had said some deadly and dreadful false things against me. Having a good conscience in all these matters, I was sustained; and smothering my feelings I left my friends, and betook myself to journeying onward to my own chapel, Unicorn Yard, where again I had to preach. As onward I moved, I opened my Bible on these words—"Whithersoever the spirit was to go, they went; thither was their spirit to go; and the wheels were lifted up over against them, for the spirit of the living

creature was in the wheels. When those went these went; and when those stood these stood; and when those were lifted up from the earth, the wheels were lifted up over against them: for the spirit of the living creature was in the wheels." By these words light broke in upon my mind, and freedom in contemplation was enjoyed during the whole of my journey; and in preaching that evening truth was declared, joy and gladness were realised, and evidence was given that the hand of the Lord had been in the matter. A few of my thoughts on this sacred portion of the Word, and which so sweetly brake my bonds, I here subjoin. First, I secretly enquired, what can be the mind of the Lord in "*the living creatures with the four faces*?" They faithfully prefigure the true servants of Christ, and ministers of God. Their four faces shew the essential and visible features of a true and living ministry. They are the same as John saw, which he calls "beasts," and says, "The first was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man; and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle: they had each of them six wings: they were full of eyes within: and they rest not day and night, adoring and praising the thrice holy Lord God Almighty."

The venerable Dedham vicar says, "By the four beasts here understand the four evangelists in special, and all God's ministers in general, who go forth to preach the word in all quarters of the world. We have here indeed a most stately emblem of all true gospel ministers." He further adds, "They have the courage of the lion, the strength of the ox, the loftiness of the eagle, the prudence and discretion of a man. They have eyes looking *before* them unto God for direction; looking *behind* them to watch over the flocks they lead; and *within* them to their own hearts. Their wings covering their face and their feet, denote their reverence toward God; a deep sense of their own infirmities, and a swift and cheerful obedience in executing the commission of their Lord."

The one chief thought which occupied and comforted my mind was this: the lion is piercing and persevering in his eye. The word lion is derived (as Keach saith) from a Greek verb which signifies "*to see*;" and having once fixed his eyes on an object, he will persevere in the pursuit, and never turn back until conquest is gained. What a lion's eye was Paul's! Christ being revealed in him, and Paul's eye of faith being fastened on the Lord Jesus, nothing could take his eye off. He conferred not with flesh and blood, but went and preached Christ among the heathen; and from first to last his determination was to know nothing among men, but "JESUS CHRIST, and Him

crucified." The thought that for near thirty years my eye, my heart, and my thoughts, have been set on this dear Friend of sinners, and that, in the face of dangers, disappointments, afflictions, and infirmities, to honour him hath been the aim of my labours, cheered me on to my work again. To walk in communion with the Elder Brother, and to have his Word opened up in the soul, is solemnly sweet and precious indeed. An illustration of the lion-like perseverance of God's grace in the hearts of his servants, is found in one of the Bible Society's Reports of its labours in the Mahomedan climes:—

"Abdallah, an Arabian of noble birth, was converted from Islamism by the simple perusal of the Bible. When his conversion became known, Abdallah, to escape the vengeance of his countrymen, fled from Cabul in disguise, but was met and recognised at Bokhara, by one Sabat, a shuffling apostate, but in great authority. Abdallah, perceiving his danger, threw himself at the feet of Sabat and besought him, by all the ties of their former intimacy, to save his life. 'But,' said Sabat, 'I had no pity. I delivered him up to Morad Shah, king of Bokhara.'

Abdallah was offered his life if he would abjure Christ; but he refused. Then one of his hands was cut off; and a physician, by command of the king, offered to heal the wound if he would recant. 'He made no answer,' said Sabat, 'but looked up steadfastly towards heaven, like Stephen the first martyr, his eyes streaming with tears. He did not look with anger towards me; he looked at me, but it was with a countenance of forgiveness. His other hand was then cut off; but,' continued Sabat, 'he never changed, he never changed! And when he bow'd his head to receive the blow of death, all Bokhara seemed to say, 'What new thing is this?' Sabat had indulged the hope that Abdallah would recant when offered his life,—but when he saw that his friend was dead, he gave himself up to grief and remorse. He himself twice professed, and twice abjured, Christianity."

There are some natural properties almost exclusively belonging to the lion; wherefore the true gospel minister is said, first of all, to have the face of a lion; and right well would it be if these properties could be found more immediately and permanently manifest in the lives and labours of many who are, professedly, the servants of the Most High God. I can only name a few; and in so doing I would appeal to all whose consciences are not seared, and say, brethren, are these essential properties of a living minister found with thee? The prating of the tongue, the applause of a few dying mortals, a mind to gather, a memory to hold, and a mouth to express, theological theories, and, so-called, experimental teachings, you may have; but these are only natural and perishable gifts; and if in thy ministry the following living *branches* of a hidden but

heaven-implanted *root*, be not found, I would not stand in thy shoes for millions of worlds. I venture to call the following epitome "*an even balance*" in which Job desired to be weighed; and, like him, I would, with the purest of motives, say, "Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know, or demonstrate, mine integrity." And this, I think, must be the inward sentiment of every faithful servant of the living God. I number the different parts of this even balance as follows:

1. *Lion-like love.* "No creatures love their young more than the lions." Love is the fountain from whence our salvation comes. How the loving and lovely John revels in this darling theme, "THE LOVE OF GOD!" On this John's eye and heart was set. Of it he spake and wrote; and by it he tries the faith of all who profess to be Christians. "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" "Who-soever doeth not righteousness is not of God, neither he that loveth not his brother." The love of God in the heart of a man, causing him to love the FATHER, the SON, and the SPIRIT; and all who bear the image and breathe the Spirit of Christ, is essential to fellowship with, and fruitfulness in, Zion. "I love the Lord," saith David, "because he hath taken me," &c.; and the same is said, practically, by all the ancient saints. For truth's sake, then, dear brethren, read the thirteenth of Paul's first letter to the Corinthians, and see that LOVE, like an everlasting fire, burns upon the altar of every good minister's heart; and he that lacketh THIS FIRE, is not only blind, but dead indeed to all that is spiritual, evangelical, and eternal. "The love of Christ constrains" me to be bold in this matter; because I clearly see there is love of self, and love of self, and love of pre-eminence by shoals; but living love to Christ, and all that appertains to him, is rarely to be seen.

2. *Healing.*—"The blood of a lion being rubbed, or spread upon a canker or sore, will presently heal." The ministry of Christ is a healing ministry. When men do little else than walk about the land scattering, dividing, and wounding the sheep, they give no proof of their ministry being from heaven. RECONCILIATION is the watch-word of the gospel ministry! Not reconciling devils, nor reprobates, nor apostates, nor hypocrites, nor dead professors; but reconciling wounded, offended, injured, afflicted, tempted, and distressed souls. What an amazing scripture is that in 2 Chronicles xxix. 24—my soul would break forth in all her powers to praise the Lord for such a covenant; such a sacrifice; such a priesthood as that! Read it, ye bitter-hearted, ye proud and pompous wolves, who care only for your bellies. God, the Holy Ghost speaking of heaven's ordained priests, says—

"They brought forth the sin-offering"—(so must the faithful servants of God)—"They laid their hands upon it"—and "THEY MADE RECONCILIATION WITH BLOOD UPON THE ALTAR." And then, "When the burnt offering began (to cleanse and heal the people,) THE SONG OF THE LORD BEGAN ALSO." Let us have a healing, a reconciling ministry; and God's house will ring again with the cheerful songs of saved souls.

3. *Dominion!* "The Lion was used by the ancients as an hieroglyphic to denote DOMINION." The pure gospel of Christ is sure to conquer. I will speak of it as I find; and I say it will conquer bad sins, bad tempers, bad passions, bad pursuits; and it will banish bad doctrines; and even the worst of sinners it will either conquer, or condemn for ever. A living ministry is sure to prevail. The Lord will bless such a man's substance, which is CHRIST himself; and the Lord will accept the work of his hands, which is the publication and presentation of the Lamb of God; the Lord will smite through the loins of all such men's enemies that rise against him; therefore, dominion is certain: "My word shall not return unto me void. IT SHALL PROSPER in the thing whereunto I send it."

4. *Uprightness.* "The lion is a great enemy to apes and wolves; and cannot endure to be looked asquint upon by any." He likes originality, independence, and noble straightforward dealing. To be sure he does, and so does every man whose mind God is renewed and made right. What a set of apes we have even in this day, but they are not worth notice. God help us to be honest, upright, fearless of creatures; but fearing God, fighting the good fight of faith, and at last laying hold on eternal life, is the prayer of 2. Eldon-place, Bermondsey. C. W. B.

[I have been compelled abruptly to break off, not daring further to intrude; but hope another day to notice the wheels and their work.]

THE MERCY-SEAT.

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.
There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet;—
It is the blood-stained mercy-seat.
There is a spot where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.
Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the host of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?
Then, then on eagle-wings we soar,
And time and sense seem all no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

A LETTER FROM HENRY VEALE TO HIS DEVONSHIRE FRIENDS.

To my very dear Devonshire friends, whom I love as heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.—I write you through the medium of the VESSEL, to let you know where I am, and how I am going on in my work. I am still permitted to say a little in my good Master's name. "Good," did I say? indeed he is to me; he never was otherwise: but I do not always think so. Such a poor blind, stupid child am I, that I sometimes think I am more rebellious than was Jonah. Then I get pained in my heart, when, by the light of the Holy Ghost, I see and feel what a sinner I am. Nevertheless, God hath not stopped my mouth from speaking his truth unto that part of his church where I now labour. The Lord stopped me from boasting years ago. I was led to see that all my works were like myself, good for nothing in point of merit, so I was constrained to cry for mercy; and Mercy heard my cry; and Mercy brought me nigh; and through the mercy of a covenant God I am what I am, spared to see another year. My first text, for the first Sabbath morning in the year, was Matthew xv. 25, "*Lord help me.*" I felt my Master was with me as well as the word which formed the ground of our subject. Preaching is very pleasant work when one is favoured with light and liberty. Sometimes preaching with me is like a man who works hard at the pump when the well is dry. We learn much, my brethren, at these times of humbling, and feel how much we stand in need of Divine support. Praying friends, pray for your ministers. I esteem the prayers of saints more than gold. I hope, my dear brethren, that the truth in Devonshire, at the towns of Plymouth, Devonport, Kingsbridge, Kinskerswell, Luddiswell, Bigbury, Avertongifford, and other places in that part of the country where I am known, are steadfast "In the faith once delivered to the saints." I shall be glad to have a letter from any of my brethren at any time, as it is cheering to hear of the welfare of Zion.

I am, dear brethren, yours in the truth,
HENRY VEALE, Baptist Minister,
Birch Cottage, Broseley, Shropshire.

"All thy works shall praise thee," &c.
Nature, with her united breath,

Doth God, her great Creator, praise;
And shall not souls, redeem'd from death,
His praises sing in higher lays?

Come, blessed Spirit, tune my heart,
While at thy throne I wait on thee;

Give grace, and liberty impart,
Then I can praise, from bondage free.

Without thy aid, O gracious Lord,
How blind, how weak, how cold am I;

I cannot understand thy word;
O, blessed Comforter, draw nigh.

Reveal the Saviour to my soul,
That I may know that he is mine;

And praise him as my All in all,
Whose love is better far than wine.

THE BAPTIST MINISTER & THE ROMAN CATHOLIC :

OR, WHAT WILL THE HOLY FATHERS OF THE CHURCH OF ROME SAY TO THIS? AN IMPORTANT AND AMAZINGLY INTERESTING DISCUSSION, BETWEEN THE REV. ISAAC MC CARTHY, BAPTIST MINISTER, AND MR. DERON, OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

WHILE riding through the town of Moate, a friend beckoned for Mr. McCarthy to come to him, and said "I have, in my parlour, one of the most expert antagonists, in vindication of Popish doctrines, I have ever had to encounter. Purgatory was the subject of the debate. He was just the sort of man his friend described him to be. He said, "he had no doubt, that if he were to hear him preach, he would very soon disprove many of his baptist tenets." He gave him an invitation to come, and told him on what evening he had appointed to preach in the town. He came, and several times during the sermon he let fly some of his arrows at him, without producing any injurious effects. After the service was concluded, he proposed that they should have a public discussion. This was agreed to, and the time was fixed upon.

This anxiously looked for period came, and the house was crowded. There was no possibility of setting. Mr. Deron now came forward, and said: "Mr. Chairman, I stand not here to defend that article of our creed, commonly called purgatory; that, I now fling overboard. I know well enough, that Mr. McCarthy will tell us there is no place particularised by that name, to be found in the Scriptures. But, nevertheless, we have scripture enough to warrant us in believing, that there is a third place into which all the souls of the faithful departed went, from the days of Adam, down to the death of Christ. And, that in the space between his death, and his resurrection, he went and preached unto them. So St. Peter has told us,—“He went and preached unto the spirits in prison.” 1 Peter, iii. 19. And Christ said “Agree with thine adversary quickly, whiles thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison. Verily, I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.” Matt. v. 25, 26.

Now, sir, if I can prove it to be an incontrovertible fact, that the prisoner, or the prisoners were not dismissed from their confinement, until the time of Christ's death, will not this meeting give a verdict in my favour, and acknowledge that our creed is founded upon Scripture authority? Is it reasonable to suppose that the most righteous man that ever breathed, lived and died without the stains of venial sins upon his soul? If so, where else could he be cleansed from his defilement, but in some middle place between heaven and hell? See John, iii. 13. Acts ii. 34.

Mr. McCarthy now came forward, and

said: Mr. Chairman, my dear friend Mr. Deron has ruined himself and his party; he has destroyed one of the richest articles of commerce, the Church of Rome ever had to exhibit for public traffic; he has cast purgatory overboard; by this time it has sunk to the bottom of the ocean. To prove this middle place, he referred us to an occurrence which took place, some hundreds of years before Christ came into this world. The apostle had been peaking of persons, who were once disobedient, when once the long-suffering of God waited in the days of Noah, while the ark was preparing. Gen. vi. 5, and vii. 1. and 1 Peter iii. 19, 20. A shadow of doubt cannot rest upon our minds, that Noah was the preacher here spoken of, and that he was wrought upon, or actuated by the same Spirit that raised up the body of our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead, to preach to the wicked and incredulous antideluvians. All these persons were on this earth at that time. All the prophets and preachers, who were called and sent of God, as well as Noah, were divinely moved by the same Spirit, in the performance of their various avocations.

What will the Pope, Cardinal Wiseman, Pusey, and Mr. Deron and his party say to all this language?—"Of which salvation the prophets have enquired, and searched diligently, who prophesied of the grace that should come unto you. Searching what, or what manner of time the Spirit of Christ, which was in them did signify, when it testified beforehand of the sufferings of Christ, and the glory that should follow." 1 Peter i. 10, 11. So we find that it was by the same Spirit that raised Christ from the dead, that all the prophets prophesied: that the apostles preached, and that Noah preached to the spirits imprisoned in his day.

It was by no means an unusual thing for Christ and his prophets, and all divinely inspired men, to call all persons who were notoriously wicked, and of course justly condemned by the Almighty; though living on this earth, prisoners. And they were metaphorically compared to persons incarcerated in material prisons, for their various crimes. To ascertain this fully, let us turn to the Scriptures themselves.—“The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound” Isaiah, lxi. 7. Again, “To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house.” Isaiah, xlii. 7. And again, what can be more in point than the prayer of David? “Bring my

soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name." Psalm cxlii. 7.

If the Pope, Cardinal Wiseman, and Dr. Pusey, (his near kinsman,) can apply these predictions, and sayings, to anything else but the Messiah's intended mission to this sinful world, where every man that ever breathed in it, may be justly called a prisoner, and his condition as a sinner, to a man shut up in prison; then will we give them some credit for honesty, and for not confederating to handling the Word of God deceitfully. All the passages recited, are in perfect accordance with what the apostle Peter has been treating of. Regard all these golden links as one unbroken chain; then, how can any man, or body of men, not willing to deceive themselves and others, make it appear that the apostle Peter was speaking of any intermediate place, between heaven and hell. We can establish it as a fact, which neither men nor devils can gainsay: that, during the space between Christ's death and resurrection, he went to no middle place, to preach to the souls of the faithful departed. What will all the learned rabbins of the Church of Rome say to Christ's own definitive declaration about this much agitated and soul destructive question? "A little while, and ye shall not see me: and again, a little while, and ye shall see me, because I go to the Father." John xvi. 16. Hear him again,—"I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world: again, I leave the world, and go to the Father. His disciples said unto him, Lo, now speakest thou plainly, and speakest no proverb." John xvi. 28, 29. Hear him once more,—"I go to prepare a place for you." John xiv. 2.

Now, could the apostle Peter, who heard all these encouraging and instructive words from his divine Lord, and understood his words accordingly, afterwards tell us it was not to the Father, or not to heaven he went? but to some doleful prison, to preach to the souls of the faithful departed? Will the holy fathers of the Church of Rome, make their first Pope such a palpable liar, as to contradict some of the plainest words he ever spoke?

Seeing, that everything hitherto advanced by the advocates of the Church of Rome, in vindication of her favorite dogma, a middle state purification, has failed, let us treat Mr. Deron's middle place, with the same civility he has done to purgatory, and cast it overboard! And let us do so, for this cogent reason.—It stands fully opposed to everything asserted by our Lord Jesus Christ, his prophets, and his apostles, because it makes void the validity of Christ's atonement, or the death of our Great High Priest, the Lord Jesus, who, "by one offering hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified." Heb. x. 14. It also makes void the necessity of the purifying influence of the Holy Ghost; and it gives a palpable contradiction to the assertion of the apostle, who has said—"For by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God." Eph. ii. 8. If the apostles, Paul and Peter, were alive in our day, it would grieve their righteous souls

to hear, how their words are perverted from their true and obvious meaning. St. Peter never taught the people of his day, that God roasts the souls of men to make them love him, and scorches them to make them meet for heaven. He would be indignant at such a Christ-denying flight of fancy, charged upon him as a minister of Christ.

Now, Mr. Chairman, if we can indubitably establish the fact, that all the Old Testament saints, went immediately to heaven at their death, and not to any middle place, to make an atonement for their sins? will it not evidently appear, that the priests of the Church of Rome, have been blinding the eyes of the people, and leading millions of immortal souls on to the eternal world, in a mistaken hope, that they can relieve and release them, by offering up prayers and sacrifices for the dead? My proof, Mr. Chairman, that all those excellent of the earth, who lived and died long before Christ was crucified, is evident from the testimony of the whole of revelation. "Absent from the body, and present with the Lord," 2 Cor. v. 8. "These all died in faith;"—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and believeth on him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." Heb. xi. 13; John v. 24. Our next proof, that the righteous shall not die in venial sins, and that they shall go immediately to heaven, at the time of their death, shall be taken from the Old Testament. "The righteous perisheth, (die,) and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come. He shall enter into peace: (heaven,) they shall rest in their beds, (the grave) each one walking in his uprightness." Isa. lvii. 2.

Now, Mr. Chairman, must not the man be obstinately determined, to walk in the blindness of his own heart, who, after a due examination of these testimonies, can believe that Christ will let his dear blood-bought children die in their sins?

Meeting adjourned until seven o'clock next evening.

Next evening when the meeting-house was excessively crowded, Mr. McCarthy came forward, and said: Mr. Chairman, I am now ready to hear Mr. Deron's defence. "No, no," was the unanimous voice of the meeting—"we wish to hear you throughout." "Well sir," said Mr. McCarthy, the next passage adduced by Mr. Deron, in favour of his middle place prison, is—"Agree with thine adversary quickly, while thou art in the way with him; lest at any time the adversary deliver thee to the judge, and the judge deliver thee to the officer, and thou be cast into prison." Verily I say unto thee, Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." Matt. v. 25, 26. What is here said about the good old patriarchs having been sent to prison, to make an atonement for their sins? The two men here spoken of, should alike be sent to the same place, if Mr. Deron's doctrine be true. It evidently appears from the foregoing verses, that so far

from Christ having been teaching his apostles anything relative to the condition of the patriarchs, good or bad, either in time, or in eternity; that he was at that very moment, impressing upon their minds what sort of persons should compose his evangelical church, or kingdom on this earth; and that no man wronging his Christian brother, either of his property or his character, should be allowed to participate in the communion and fellowship of the church. (Matt. v. 20—22.) To make this appear in the clearest point of view, our divine Lord has been drawing a very strong, lively, and illustrative picture of the whole affair. In it, an altar is brought into view; this is neither a Jewish, Popish, nor Puseyite altar; Christ himself is the only Priest, sacrifice, and altar of the New Testament. (Heb. xiii. 10.) We have also in this picture, an exact likeness of two men; but their dispositions are entirely dissimilar; they are called brethren, merely because they belong to the same community; one of them is a benevolent, and generous child of God, and the other, perhaps, has wheedled him out of some of his property, and is unwilling to restore it. He is commanded not to leave his gift upon the altar, but to go first, and be reconciled to his aggrieved brother. If, after this kind admonition and solemn warning, no evidence of repentance appears, and that by a heedless and callous disregard to all that has been said to him, he still shows that the principle of divine life never had an existence in his soul; and the fearful result of his impenitency having been faithfully pointed out to him, the process of procedure against him is arranged just the same, as if it were to take place in any of our legal courts of justice in this country. Being condemned, the sentence of the judge is—"Thou shalt be cast into prison. Verily, I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing." Matt. v. 26.

We wonder, sir, how the great functionaries of the Church of Rome can apply the state and case of this unhappy man to the holy patriarchs and prophets of the living God! If they died in the state of this man, how can they truly be called the faithful departed? What else could our blessed Lord mean by the prison spoken of, but the hell of the damned? (Mark xvi. 16.) To discharge a debt due to God by transgression is to make to infinite justice full satisfaction, or to pay the whole debt. To assert that a finite creature can do this, is a spurious gospel. The apostle has said, "Though we, or an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Gal. i. 8.

Let us here look at the inconsistency of the Church of Rome. The sentence of the Judge is, "Verily I say unto thee, thou shalt by no means come out thence till thou hast paid the uttermost (or last) farthing." Why is it, then, that this Mother of Infallibility discredits this unequivocal testimony of Jesus Christ, and positively declares she can release the prisoner by offering up prayers and sacrifices for him? Are they not means? Is not this equivalent to saying, You lie, my Lord?

And is not this teaching the people not to believe one word Christ has spoken? It would have been more assisting to the interest of the Church of Rome if she never had given us reference to the passage in question, as a proof of purgatory. It is not said that Christ went to the prison we have been speaking of, nor one word about his having preached to the prisoner, or prisoners. If he did, what is the import of his sermon? It is to tell the faithful departed that their release is hopeless, and that they must endure punishment to all eternity. "Thou shalt by no means come out thence."

Now 10 o'clock at night. Meeting adjourned till 7 next evening.

At the appointed time Mr. McCarthy again came forward, and proposed that Mr. Deron should state his objections to what had been advanced on the previous evening. This was again overruled by the Chair, and the voice of the meeting.

Mr. McCarthy then said,—Mr. Chairman, to prove that none of the faithful departed, who in succession were doomed to the doleful imprisonment of some middle place, from the days of Adam down to the death of Christ, Mr. Deron has referred us to the following passage:—"No man ascended up to heaven but he that came down from heaven; even the Son of Man which is in heaven." John iii. 13. It is quite evident, sir, that the Lord Jesus has not here been treating of either the bodies or the souls of any man having ascended to heaven, nor of their having come down from heaven at the time of his death. He was speaking to Nicodemus on a matter entirely relative to himself and the object of his divine mission to our sinful world. No doubt but he was alluding to a supposed compliment this Teacher of Israel kindly intended for him when he said, "Thou art a Teacher come from God." When Christ uttered those emphatical words, "The Son of Man which is in heaven," he was instructing Nicodemus, and telling him how infinitely above all other teachers and prophets he was, no less than "God manifested in the flesh." I Tim. viii. 16. And that while then speaking to him he filled heaven and earth with his presence. And again, that no man ever ascended up to heaven and came down from heaven as he had done to confirm and establish all that the prophets have spoken concerning him; and more than that—that no man ever ascended to heaven, and came down from heaven as he did, to inculcate the doctrines and principles of his evangelical kingdom, and to give an additional lustre to all the predictions of the prophets; and to stamp with the seal of his own divine authority, the heavenly and eternal truths he was then uttering.

Now, sir, let our Roman Catholic friends and others, read the whole of Christ's discourse with Nicodemus, and it will be found, that so far from teaching him anything about a middle state purification, and a hope of heaven after death, he was inculcating a principle as opposite to that, as light is from darkness: he was teaching him, that unless a man believes in our Lord Jesus Christ, with

his heart unto righteousness, he cannot be saved." John iii. 16. And, unless he be thoroughly renovated, or sanctified by the Holy Ghost, "he cannot see the kingdom of God." John iii. 3. A middle state purification, contradicts every sentence spoken in the Word of God, about the way of making souls meet for heaven. Col. i. 12, 13.

It was now between 10 and 11 o'clock at night—when Mr. McCarthy again proposed an adjournment till the next evening, as many persons had to go three or four miles to their respective homes. But Protestants, as well as Catholics, said no, no, we wish to hear his exposition on Mr. Deron's next proof of his position. Some were of opinion the Catholics thought there would be a total failure here. Well, said Mr. McCarthy, the next proof adduced by my dear friend, Mr. Deron, in favour of his way of salvation by fire and brimstone, is: "For David is not ascended into heaven." Acts ii. 34.

Now, Mr. Chairman and dear friends, nothing can be more evident than that the apostle St. Peter, in his admirable address to his countrymen, had it not as his object to prove anything, much or little, of the ascension of David's soul into heaven. He was proving to them the accomplishment of one of the most necessary and interesting predictions relative to the resurrection of Christ's body, we have on Divine record. The prediction is: "Neither will thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption." Psalm xvi. 10; Acts ii. 27. The apostle proceeds with his argument:—"Men and brethren, let me freely speak unto you of the patriarch David, that he is both dead and buried, and his sepulchre is with us unto this day. Therefore, being a prophet, and knowing that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, he would raise up Christ to sit on his throne. He seeing this before, spake of the resurrection of Christ. This Jesus hath God raised up, whereof we all are witnesses." Acts ii. 29—32.

Now, Mr. Chairman and friends, it would be fruitless loss of time for me to say one word more to convince Mr. Deron and the meeting that this passage of scripture has no reference whatsoever to the souls of men having ascended to heaven, either before or after the death of Christ. Oh! what a terrifying hope the Church of Rome has to present to her faithful people at their near approach to the eternal world! They immediately must sink into the abyss of blackness and darkness, and for a duration entirely unknown to them or the officiating priest, pass through a burning flame of material fire before they enter into the kingdom of God. It is true that the priest gives them what is generally called the rights of the church—and by others the consolation of the church. But what are these rights and consolations? The mass sacrifice is duly observed—extreme unction is applied to their bodies—and the priest gives them full remission for all their sins: but the burning flames are not extinguished: into them their souls must go! All this is as absurd philosophy as it is soul-destroying theology. The soul-cleansing blood of Christ is concealed from

the minds of the people. Is this consolation? How infinitely superior to this is the consolation Christ gives to all his blood-washed saints! (Rev. vii. 14.) "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Their works do not go before them as the meritorious cause of their justification, but as an evidence that the Holy Ghost had infused into their hearts the spirit of holiness and pure love to their Redeemer—the great and only principle of all religious actions, which shall, with approbation, come under his scrutinizing inspection in that day when he shall come to judge the world in righteousness. (2 Cor. v. 10.)

When Mr. Deron rose, every eye was fixed upon him; and no doubt but it was supposed that at that late hour he would have proposed an adjournment until the next evening; and that he would then reply to what had been advanced against his principles. But what must the amazement of the meeting have been when he walked over to Mr. McCarthy, and said: "I have no reply to make to your arguments; you have disarmed me of all the weapons of my warfare; and from this moment to the hour of my death, I mean to renounce my connexion with the Church of Rome."

It is highly honourable to all who heard the discussion, that from the first to the last hour of it, they behaved themselves with discretion, patience and respect—and separated in the most orderly manner.

THE COUNTESS AND THE COALHEAVER.

A CONTRAST AND A REVIEW.

(Continued from page 9).

"The previous state—before grace and life are developed"—(as in the case of a vessel of mercy,) was shewn, in our January number, from the Memorials of the Countess of Huntingdon. She strove after "A MORAL PERFECTION"—considering that to be *Religion*; and the attainment of it, an essential qualification for Heaven. Consequently she was strict in duties—liberal in sentiment—profusely charitable—outwardly and naturally devout, and eminently virtuous, pious, and lovely in all things which the human mind can suggest, and the Outer-court worshipper admire. How many thousands and tens of thousands, within the different pales of all our professing churches, look upon this "moral perfection" as the wedding garment in which they are to enter Paradise! although true moral perfection was never yet found, save in the humanity of Him who was "God manifest in the flesh!" This is all the religion they ever feel they need:—this is all the religion they ever hear of, or have:—"a name to live while dead"—"a form of godliness, but practically denying its power."

Should the perusal of these papers be instrumental in awakening any to see and feel, to

seek after, and to find—a better righteousness, a better religion, and a better salvation,—as both the Countess of Huntingdon, and the Author of “God the Guardian of the Poor” did—our work and toil will be richly rewarded indeed.

There are *three* distinctly different classes of persons who never experimentally know those SEVEN ESSENTIAL BRANCHES of VITAL GODLINESS recorded and illustrated in Zechariah’s third chapter; but which seven things were deeply wrought, I believe, in the souls of both Selina, the Countess, and William, the Coal-heaver; although “M’Culla,” and others, did think otherwise.

In these seven branches—as recorded in Zech. iii. there is a large field for meditation, for pulpit labour, and for testing the divinity of our faith, our fellowship, and our salvation in and by Christ Jesus the Lord. Look at them:—

First—Joshua stands before the angel of the Lord, clothed with filthy garments. The Eternal Spirit brings the living soul to this tribunal—where convictions pierce him and condemnation seems to await him.

Secondly—Satan stands to tempt, to discourage, and to drive away this poor guilty and condemned sinner from before the Lord, and from the mercy-seat.

Thirdly—The Lord takes his part. The Lord resists the foe. The Lord speaks for him. How beautiful this is, even in the word of God, as it stands recorded; but how blessed to know it in our own souls, and circumstances too! I have stood before the Angel of the Covenant with unholty garments. The world, and the church, have taken sides with Satan against me—but the Lord has whispered—“Fear not—I will help thee:”—in a merciful and in a marvellous way He has done it: and I would, to earth’s remotest bounds, His holy name adore. Oh! what spiritual and providential helps have I received from him! Be of good courage, ye poor sons of Jacob—“I WILL HELP THEE”—is Heaven’s darling promise, and it can never fail.

Fourthly—the filthy garments are taken away.

Sixthly—Joshua is CLOTHED with CHANGE of RAIMENT. And,

Lastly—“a fair mitre” is set upon his head. He is ordained of God, to be a worshipping priest, and a reigning King; and to walk in God’s house, and there to keep His courts and His charge: for the Lord God is a sun and a shield: He will give grace and glory: and no good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.

Reader! See well to it, thou art no speculator, nor strange; in these matters. There is only safety to those whose souls (in all these things) have truth and freedom found. I said there are three different kinds

of people who never know, in their own soul’s experience, that “judgment” of which Paul speaks in 1 Cor. xi. 32.—The worldly; the modern pharisee; and the theoretical, the abstract, the mere letter Calvinist. Each of these states are dangerous: they make up the great “congregation of the dead.”

I have promised, this month, to contrast William Huntington’s *first work*, with that given, last January, of the Countess’s first struggles, and to which I have referred.

There is a chaste and neat simplicity in the recorded experience of the Countess, which will not be found in the Coalheaver. Mr. Huntington has so largely detailed his *circumstantial* with his *experimental*; that the task to fetch the *vital* and the *essential* portions out from the rest, is not, by any means, an easy one.

Ever and anon—during the whole period of the church’s history—there has been raised up some few men in whose souls the saving work of the Holy Spirit has been *deeply* wrought; and by whose ministry the distinct personality of the Holy Spirit—His office—His character—His word—His witness—and His mysterious teachings of, and dealings with, the election of grace, have been faithfully and effectually declared and maintained. Such a man was Elihu in Job’s time; such were Heman, and Asaph; Paul and Peter, Brooks, Bridge, Caryl, and Bunyan; and, certainly, William Huntington’s work was greatly to this end—discriminating between flesh and spirit—between him that serveth God, and him that serveth him not. The following extracts from Mr. Huntington’s own testimony furnish a striking contrast between the silent and gradual work in the spirit of the Countess, and the powerful uprooting of nature’s ignorance in the Coalheaver’s heart. William Huntington says:—

Having, as I thought, patched up a tolerable religion, and redeemed a deal of lost time by labour, I began to be lifted up in my own mind, and to be filled with a vain conceit of my own righteousness. Finding my zeal and diligence to continue, and from my being now habituated to this religious course of life, I began to have a very high opinion of my religion, and to judge myself righteous and despise others. Indeed the language of my heart to most people was, “Stand by thyself, come not near unto me,—for I am holier than thou.”

However, God permitted me to make several private slips in this my religious way of life, which brought fresh guilt on my conscience. This sting induced me to examine a little the root of my religion; and I found that I had no love to God in it; but that it was merely to pacify my conscience, escape the torments of hell, and “to appear righteous before men.” While I was perplexed with these thoughts, this was secretly suggested to my mind—“Suppose you could continue this course of religion till the time of your death, you can only rub off as you go; and hardly that; for you offend daily, in thought, word, and deed;

and what is to become of all that black scroll that is behind?" I found, the more I meditated on these things, the deeper I sunk in distress; therefore I tried to cast it from me, not liking to come to book. This put me a little out of conceit with my own righteousness; I thought there was something yet wanting on that head; and, conscience lashing me within for past offences, as well as for present blots, stopped me from boasting, and showed me a little of the hypocrisy of my own heart.—"God beholds the proud afar off; and those that walk in pride he is able to debase."

I am now going to relate what I am almost ashamed of: but still I am determined to let my reader see the *stable*, as well as the *shining* side of the narrative.

It was now toward the spring of the year, and I was extremely poor. My pay being very small, and lodgings very dear, I had much to do to live, and keep my family decent and fit to appear at church. It fell out that I had bought a piece of bacon, which had entirely emptied my pocket; so that, though I wanted some vegetables to dress with it, I could not purchase any. I was therefore determined to go into a field belonging to my master, in order to steal some turnip-tops to boil with my bacon. I knew my fellow workmen had asked of my master, and he had granted them leave to get what they chose; but I had not asked leave, therefore my getting them was a theft. However, I went to the field; but, while getting over the gate, I was arrested in a most violent manner by my own conscience. I think an army of soldiers could not have stopped me more forcibly than the voice of God's vicegerent within. Indeed I seemed as if I had been taken in a snare. I had no power to move for many minutes. I cried out, "What is it? what is it?" The answer was, "Thou shalt not steal." I replied, "My master gave leave to the men to get some vegetables." The answer came again, "You have not asked leave." I looked about me, to see if I could discern anybody speaking; but there was nobody; the voice came from within. I sat and reasoned a great while, and was still answered; however, I saw nobody. I thought it could be no great crime, therefore I was determined to get them, and accordingly went into the field; but was again rebuffed by the same powerful opposition of my own conscience, which drove me back again to the gate. I now stood and reasoned with myself what this voice and power could be. Whether it was my conscience, or what, I could not tell; but certainly conscience had a hand in it. However, I was resolutely bent upon having the spoil; therefore I said I would inform my master of it the day following. Never was any poor creature more harassed than I was while stealing these things of so little value. I was obliged to gather them as fast as possible, and keep answering the voice, "I will acquaint my master of it, I will acquaint, &c., &c.," and then ran off as fast as possible. However, I never did acquaint him. Thus a man's own sin finds him out.

I had very sharp work to settle these matters with my conscience; it cost me many a secret

groan, and discovered to me much of my own weakness afterwards: but I laboured the harder to rub it off, as I thought, in my old way of working; for I knew nothing of God's method of saving sinners freely by grace, therefore all my labour was but in vain; as it is written, "Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may ye also do good that are accustomed to do evil."

Having gone on many months with this legal yoke on my neck, labouring in my own strength, and drawing all my hopes of heaven from the law of Moses, which is "the ministration of death and condemnation," it pleased God to strip me of all this self-sufficiency and legal hope in a very astonishing manner; for it came to pass one evening, as I was sitting by the fireside reading my Bible, I came to these words, "At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you."

As soon as I had read these words, I began to consider them. "Ye in me, and I in you!" "Alas! (said I) what does that mean? I am wrong; my religion is little worth; I know nothing what these words mean; there is something of a secrecy between Christ and those that he will save, that I am yet ignorant of." While I was musing, behold all the sins that I had ever been guilty of came up fresh on my mind, in all their deformity and malignant appearance, and stood arraigned before my mind; even all my crimes from my childhood: so that I possessed "the iniquity of my youth."

Seeing my sins in such a dreadful light, I began to have fearful apprehensions of God's awful displeasure; and immediately such an intolerable flood of Divine wrath was poured forth on my guilty soul, that it swept away all my refuge of lies. This removed all my false hope, drove away all my vain props, and left me without one particle of that sandy foundation which I had laid for myself to stand upon; and down I went into "the deep waters, where there was no standing, so that the floods overflowed me," and I feared "the pit would shut her mouth upon me."

This wrath being so forcibly revealed in me, I began to have very hard thoughts of the Most High; and, what is still worse, a mortal hatred to him. And immediately the devil was let loose upon me, and violently tempted me to blaspheme and curse the Almighty to his face.

I leaped up, with my eyes ready to start out of my head, my hair standing erect, and my countenance stained with all the horrible gloom and dismay of the damned. I cried out to my wife, and said, "Molly, I am undone for ever; I am lost and gone; there is no hope nor mercy for me; you know not what a sinner I am; you know not where I am, nor what I feel!" She seemed amazed at my appearance, asked what was the matter, and endeavoured to comfort me, but all in vain; for the very name of *mercy* is but an aggravation of man's misery when all hope in God is dead.

I went to bed, and lay down in sorrow; but there was no rest for me. I thought the bed, the room, yea and everything else, was ruu-

ning round ; and my soul was sinking so fast under the wrath of God, that it was as if I fell a thousand fathoms a minute. I dared not sleep ; for if I did, I thought, like the rich fool, " in hell I should lift up my eyes," for I was already in torment.

At two or three o'clock in the morning I rose up and went down stairs, kneeled down to read the Bible, and attempted to pray ; but oh ! that horrid blasphemous temptation, to blaspheme the Most High, so foiled me, that I dared not look up. I could only confess my sin, " God be merciful to me, a sinner." I went to work with my head swimming and legs staggering, like a drunken man ; and, when I got on Hampton-Wick Green, I stood and viewed the horses, bullocks, and asses, and envied their happy state. " Ah !" said I, " you have no sin to answer for ; no judgment-seat to appear before ; no wrath from God to feel ; no hell to fear ! When you die, there is an end of you ; but eternity is our lot ! Oh that I could die like you, and be no more ! Oh, that I was but in the place of the worst of you ! But I am a man and a sinner ; and hell aims at sinners !"

O wretched state ! Look which way I would, " my sin was ever before me," and " my secret sins were set in the light of God's countenance. Within me there was the " sting of death," a guilty conscience—the worm that never dies, still gnawing and feeding on my withered spirits. This made the leaf of my profession to wither, and my untimely fruit to fall like that of the olive.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAYSIDE, BY A PILGRIM. No. III.

MUSINGS ON A MOMENT.

A MOMENT! and from the primeval silence, God spake the universe into being. Matter took form, and shape, and beauty ; and rising before the throne, like a bright transparent cloud, the first angel waved his wings, exultant with newborn life, thirsting for knowledge and burning with love.

A MOMENT! and the murmur of rebellion broke in upon the music of the skies ; sin broke through into eternity, flinging its baleful shadow over the Paradise of God, and God rising in the majesty of right, hurled into utter darkness the beings that had violated his law.

A MOMENT! and hell sprang into being, and burst into wild uproar, as the defeated angels woke their sleeping echoes with their curses and their groans.

A MOMENT! and man, the pure, the holy was a rebel and an outcast from God.

A MOMENT on Calvary, completed God's greatest work ; a work conceived in the councils of eternity—a work to which all ages and events had been rendered subordinate—the redemption of man. That moment filled up the measure of the Jew's iniquity. They had killed the servants, and now they crucified the Son ; and then judgment commenced at the house of God : since then, they have been a curse and a byword among all nations ; cast out by all ; mingling with none.

" Tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast !"

yet if their plucking up be the salvation of the Gentiles, what shall their ingathering be ?

A MOMENT—and the Redeemer breathed his last, and the Jewish economy of two thousand years standing was abolished ! A moment before, and the sacrifice offered by the High Priest, was acceptable before God ; but now every sacrifice was an abomination and a falsehood :—an abomination, for it was the rejection of the great sacrifice—a falsehood, for it pretended to prefigure the Messiah, when that Messiah had already come. A moment before, and every type was big with Christ—every shadow the reflex of the coming Saviour—every sacrifice, a symbol of his atonement ; but the moment he exclaimed " *it is finished,*" every offering was an offence, every type a lie, and every sacrifice a sham. " It is finished !" it was the knell of the Jewish economy, the death dirge of the Jewish nation—the epitaph written by the conquering Roman, in characters of fire and blood, upon the smoking ruins of Jerusalem.

A MOMENT to the Dying Thief—and how vast the change ! for in one moment he was converted, regenerated, sanctified, served, and glorified. How vast the transition from a cross to a crown—from a company of felons to the companionship of angels ! Satan had made sure enough of him ! But there was a hand nailed to that cross, which, even as it stiffened in death, was powerful enough to snatch him from the jaws of the roaring lion, and even from the shadow of hell, to raise him to a throne in heaven. The one thief was taken, and the other left ; and the prophecy fulfilled which said, " He shall divide the spoil with the strong."

A MOMENT—*God's moment* in the life of each of his children, when he strikes them down in mercy, as he did Paul on his way to Damascus, or gliding into their hearts, noiseless, silent, and refreshing as the dew. He melts them by his love and tenderness, and turns their faces Zion-ward. How wonderful is that moment ! how big with blessing, and eternal joy to the soul thus happily rescued from the power of darkness, and " translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son." Never did Paul forget that moment, nor that spot on his way to Damascus, when the voice of the persecuted Nazarene first broke upon his ear, " Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me ?" No ! though he has been familiar for near two thousand years, with the glories of that world, which, when on earth, he declared, " it had not entered into the heart of man to conceive." That moment is still a bright and sanctified spot in his memory ; and though he has heard the voice of Jesus many times since, never has it struck with greater force, nor music, on his ear as then.

A MOMENT—*each itself is but a moment,* yet eternity is its successor ! A moment, in which the soul leaves all that it has known and loved, since it became conscious of being, and passes into a state which is new, untried, and eternal ! To the ransomed spirit, how glorious the change ! the conflict over, the rest begun ! Sin left behind in the wilderness—the battle forgotten, or if remembered, remembered only to enhance the rapture, and to deepen the repose ! The warm im-

pulses of love to Christ, which, when on earth it had felt only for a moment, heightened, deepened, intensified, and rendered eternal there! A moment, and the imprisoned soul is "absent from the body, and present with the Lord."

A MOMENT, and the day of judgment will be over, the lost and the saved will part company for ever! The melancholy wail of the damned, as they pass away into the outer darkness, will vindicate the justice, while the rapturous hosannas of the redeemed, will testify to the love of that Being, who hath formed all things for himself, even the wicked for the day of evil, and who will "judge every man according to his works."

THE DARK CLOUD GATHERING OVER OUR BRITISH ZION.

LETTERS have poured in lately, from all quarters, expressive of sympathy, and an earnest desire that THE EARTHEN VESSEL may, more than ever, contend for, and shew forth the fruits of a vital, a spiritual, an earnest, a devoted, a flesh-crucifying, and truth-exhibiting religion, even for that gospel, "which is the power of God unto salvation." This is, indeed, our most vehement desire; and we, more than ever see and feel the immense importance of our mission. There is not one section of the professing church, but what is now splitting, and falling into weakness. And the Baptist denomination, (wherein there certainly lays more truth, and experience than in any other,) is more divided, and scattered than any section in all Christendom; and while a cold and lifeless theology is permitted to rule in the churches; while puny, powerless, and haughty spirits are set over the people—while an abstract creed is the acknowledged test of fitness for the pastorate, and an awfully bitter and backbiting converse, the theme of the parlour,—things will go on from bad to worse. We say to every man, "in whom the Spirit of God is," help us; and help all, who, from a living love to Christ, the gospel, and to precious souls, are labouring to preach "THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE."

How most solemnly true are the following remarks from an honoured country pastor. He says—

I am glad you have the VESSEL again; the God of Jacob bless you with all needful grace, and keep you faithful, while men are turning every false way. Alas! my brother, what a dark cloud is gathering over the church in England? Where is there anything but a form? where shall we find anything like vital Godliness? almost all are satisfied with a form; a dead form; what will be the end of all this? Religion is now little more than country electioneering; getting all the voters they can; running in all directions; using all the means of the flesh to fill the chapels and churches, but Christ is as a dead man out of mind, and as to the work of the Spirit, never thought of; or, if it is, it is in some such ice-cold way, as gives you the horrors.

May the Lord enable you to lift up your voice, and "separate the precious from the vile."

J.W.

[From a valuable letter from Cornwall we make the following extract:—]

"I am encouraged, my beloved brother, by your example and exhortation, to be bold in maintaining and defending the doctrines of the word of truth. I can assure you my heart often sickens because of the light and frothy bubbleings of many who call themselves ministers of Christ; and were it not for the *power of godliness*, the best, nay the only, evidence of Christianity, I should say, verily, there is no God, and men are deceived, and deceiving, to make gain of each other. The contention for place, the love of power, the thirst for gold, the desire to be popular, the applause of worldlings, and conformity to the world in general, are all in all. A sad, sad, state of things; so sad that one scarcely knows where to look to find either the form or power of godliness. It really does appear to me that the parsons and hearers (there are a few exceptions) of our times know no more of God and truth than did the prophets of Baal and their deluded followers; or than the philosophers of Athens and their disciples; concerning whom the zealous saint Paul declared, that in all things they were too superstitious. This is the great error, the spreading evil, the prevailing curse—"Men love darkness rather than light," that is, falsehood rather than truth; or, in a word, carnal forms rather than spiritual power. There is scarcely one among a thousand, of the talkers who run to and fro, that can tell what God is, or describe His working; and of the *new birth* they are as ignorant as was Nicodemus, when he inquired of the Great Teacher who was talking to him about it—"How can these things be?"

You may be surprised to hear it, but such, my faithful brother, is the fact, there is not a man in this County that preaches the truth as it was published by Toplady, Huntington, and Hawker. Of the professors, who are very numerous, two thirds are Arminians of the lowest cast; and the rest are Puseyites, with a few Papiets, and we know that all such are enemies to Christ, to His faith, and to His people. They call election an awful doctrine; predestination an horrible decree; and imputed righteousness imputed nonsense. One of their leading men, a local preacher, when I called his attention to the 8th and 9th chapters of the Romans, told me plainly he did not believe these chapters: he could not believe they were inspired; and they ought not to be in the Bible! What a state of things!—and this is the state too of thousands upon thousands of the professors in this and other parts of what is called Christian England. Some to whom I have lent the EARTHEN VESSEL, and similar works, have said, when they returned them, that it made them shudder to read them, and that all such *books*, and their *writers*, ought to be burnt. Thank God we are not in their hands. If we were, the fire and gibbet would soon be at work again. Verily the time has come—"Wicked men, and seducers, wax worse and worse, deceiving and being deceived;" yet God is in His place, and all His counsel shall be fulfilled. Therefore, we do not fear what ungodly men say of us and do unto us—"If God be for us who can be against us?"

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

OPENING OF NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, QUEEN SQ., BRIGHTON,

WITH THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SERMONS PREACHED BY

MR. JOHN ANDREWS JONES AND MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

THIS very neat and most commodious chapel, estimated to seat 700* persons, was opened for public worship on Tuesday, March 10th. A most solemn prayer meeting was held at seven o'clock in the morning, and at eleven the more public services of the day commenced. Mr. J. A. Jones, of Jireh, London, read and prayed, and then preached from Acts xiv. 7. "And there they preached the gospel." The following may be considered as the substance of his discourse.

Christian Friends, we are here assembled to open this new place of worship, to dedicate it to God, for the proclaiming therein from time to time the glorious gospel of the ever blessed God; that a gospel church may assemble herein; that the Lord's outcasts may be gathered together; that the glory of the Lord may be revealed in the conversion of sinners, and in the edification of saints. We trust and believe the cloudy pillar has conducted a goodly number of the Lord's regenerated family hither, and his hand has been seen in the erection of this building. May the Lord shine upon this undertaking. In speaking to you from the words that I have read, I would notice five things,—

I.—The Preacher.

II.—Where they preached.

III.—What they preached.

IV.—What was the result of their ministry.

And lastly, what I consider is intended to be preached in this place, even "all the counsel of God"—Acts xx. 27. And if so, then the pillar of Christ that has conducted you here, will rest upon this place, and the Lord's Word preached will not return to him void. Isaiah lv. 2.

I.—*The Preachers.* Gospel ministers. Men of God. Partakers of the grace of God. "The husbandman that laboureth must be first partaker of the fruits." 2 Tim. ii. 6. A graceless minister! The very thought causes a trembling. Such a man is an awful character. Having the mere lamp of profession, but, no oil; and I fear there are many such, who stand high in creature estimation; but a day is coming in which, though they may say, "Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name?" He will profess to them, "I never knew you." Matt. vii. 22. A gospel minister must then necessarily be a regenerated character; one that is born again,* converted to God, himself truly convinced of sin, a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, having the faith of God's elect: that so he may tell to poor sinners all around, what a dear Saviour he has found. But he must be more than a gracious man. The same blessed Spirit that wrought grace in his heart, must endue him with gifts to qualify him for that especial ministerial work

* We understand this is not correct.

to which the Lord has appointed him. He is taught by Him that teacheth to profit, that he may teach others. Grace cannot be imparted; *gifts* are for usefulness, and are sovereignly bestowed on *some* of the royal family for the benefit of the others. Grace, precious grace is the same, whether as small as a drop, or minute as a grain, the participator shall inherit glory, equally with him who has arrived at the full assurance of faith. *Gifts* are various, and are diversified, but the same Spirit; who gives to every man severally as he will, and *that* to profit the people of God. 1 Cor. xii. 4—11. Some had apostolical gifts, some prophetic, and, in our day, many good men are favored with *evangelical* gifts, to run to and fro, that gospel knowledge may be increased; (Dan. xii. 4.) while some others are qualified to be pastors and teachers, appointed to go in and out, and preach the gospel more especially and stately to a church assembled together in gospel order. But all these various gifts qualify for the work of the ministry and are conducive to the perfecting of the saints, and the edification of the body of Christ. Eph. iv. 11, 12.

II. Where the Lord's ministers preached. *There.* Where does a master builder send his men to labour? Where his work lies. *So the Lord.* He appoints his servants where to go, assigns them what to do, visits them while doing it; *cheers* them as Boaz did his reapers, with "the Lord be with you." And they reply to him, saying, "the Lord bless thee." Also it is said,—"he appointed them, and sent them before his face, into every city and place, *whither himself would come.*" Luke x. 1. It is the *master* coming where the *servants* are labouring; ah! *that* is everything. Jesus knows, this very day, where all his ministers are; what they are doing; and the result; how long they are to labour there, or elsewhere; and *when* their appointed work is all *done*; then he shall call them *home* and *give them their hire.* Where? I repeat, where there is work to be *done*, which *must* be done, and done also by *that* servant, and not by another in his stead. His work is measured, his *cross* is *weighed* for him, and cannot be borne by proxy, all his comforts are numbered and secured, so that none shall have his portion. Every man must tread his own ground, eat his own bread, and wear his own clothes. Let him be faithful unto death, and he shall receive his laid-up crown. See how the Lord directed concerning Paul and Barnabas, and Silas, in the several chapters connected with my text. He had called them to an *especial* work. Acts xiii. 2. He directed their steps. See the preceding verses in this chapter. Their ministry was received, "great multitudes believed;" and, "They

spoke boldly in the Lord, who gave testimony to the word of his grace; but they were, by others, despitefully used, and Paul was stoned, but they were "filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost." There they preached the gospel; being directed where to go; and where not to go, however, desirous they might have been to go there, "the Spirit suffered them not." Chap. xvi. No work for them to do throughout Phrygia and the region of Galatia (at that time); they were forbidden to preach the Word in Asia; they assayed (endeavoured) to go into Bithynia, but no permission. They passed by Mysia, and came down to Troas. Now not knowing where to go, they awaited their Master's orders. They received an invitation from Phillippi, in Macedonia; and "assuredly gathering" that the Lord had called them to go there, they immediately endeavoured to do so. Now there is no obstruction. They came with a straight course to Samothracia; the next day to Neapolis, and thence to Phillippi. To know the result—the word was preached, the Lord blessed it, a gospel church was formed there, of which Lydia and the Jailor were two of the first members, and to that church that most precious Epistle was written which we have in the sacred Word. There was one of the Lord's own children in *Gadara*, and our Jesus went after him himself. "Let us, (says he to his disciples) pass over unto the other side." Mark iv. 35. You know why. That poor maniac, who had his dwelling among the tombs, whom no man could tame, the time was arrived for him to be brought to the "feet of Jesus, clothed and in his right mind." Go home, says Christ, to thy friends, and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee. The Lord doth devise means that his banished be not expelled from him. 2 Sam. xiv. 14. He says "I will hiss for them, and gather them, for I have redeemed them." Zech. x. 8. But now,

III.—*What they preached.* "There they preached the gospel." The glorious gospel of the blessed God. The gospel of peace, of salvation. The gospel of God. The gospel of Christ. Of the grace of God in Christ, which is declared to be the power of God unto salvation to every believer. The good news of salvation through the blood of the cross. "The gospel of your salvation." But, what is the gospel? It is a revelation of the mind and will of God in Christ. Of the Father's everlasting love, his sovereign choice; of the covenant of grace; of the Person, work, blood and righteousness, doing and dying of Jesus. It is a proclamation of full, free, and finished salvation in Christ alone!

"Hark, how the gospel trumpet sounds;
That free and sov'reign grace abounds:
That Jesus by his precious blood
Is bringing his elect to God!
And guides them safely on the road—
To endless day.

O the blessed adaptation of the gospel to poor sinners! It is suited to all their wants, wounds, wretchedness, sin, and uncleanness. It is full, it is free salvation!

"It rises high, it drowns the hills,
Has neither shore nor bound;
Nor if we search to find our sins,
Our sins can ne'er be found!"

IV.—The results and blessed effects which follow the preaching of the gospel. 1. *negatively*; not to regenerate, or impart the immortal principle of grace to the heart; not to create eyes or ears. Let God the Holy Ghost have all the praise and glory of that work. "You hath he quickened who were dead," &c. Eph. ii. 1. The first creation was God's work. Gen. i. So the new creation. "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature;" or, a new creation, as the words may be rendered. 2 Cor. v. 17. It is the disposition of an inward principle of grace, and, is the work of God alone. But, 2, *positively*. The preacher being qualified and sent of God to proclaim the glorious gospel, he goes where there is a work for him to do; his message is owned and blessed; the hearing ear hears; the seeing eye sees; the convinced sinner cries out after salvation, and in Christ believes to the salvation of his soul. The word preached becomes "the word of faith," and in receiving of it he has (as it were) "the end of his faith, even the salvation of his soul." 1 Peter i. 9.

Now, lastly. What is intended to be preached in this new place of worship? The question is of vast importance! I trust and have reason to believe, that this place is opened for the preaching of the gospel. The pure gospel, without alloy, and human admixture. Not *yea* and *nay*, but *yea* and *amen*. Such a gospel as Paul preached, even "all the counsel of God." Acts xx. 27. The glorious doctrines of sovereign grace; the matters of vital experience, and all holy practice; the ordinances attended to "as they were delivered." 1 Cor. xi. 2. The maintenance of a scriptural church of Christ, with its *incomings* and *outgoings*, according to the New Testament pattern.

And now, in conclusion. I am thankful that my Master and Lord has so ordered it in His providence that I am spared to come and preach the first gospel sermon in this new place of worship. Many of the people of God, at Brighton, are very near and dear to me; those that remain, for many are gone home since I first preached at Ebenezer, at their first anniversary after the opening of that chapel, now more than 30 years ago. The memory of dear Joseph Sedgwick is twined around my heart. Dear friends, may the Lord's blessing rest upon you; may he be gracious to you, make his face to shine upon you, and give you peace and prosperity. Numbers vi. 22—27. May this place be a Bethlehem—the house of bread. A Bethany—the house of song and of obedience. Bethcar—the house of the Lamb and of knowledge. Beth-hæccrem—the house of vineyards. Bethesda—the house of mercy. Bethel—the house of God. But never Bethoran—the house of wrath. Had I been requested to name this place, I should have given it that of Rehoboth—"Room." See Gen. xxvi. 22. "The Lord hath made room for you, and may you prosper in the Lamb." May the Lord's minis-

ters, from time to time, be sent here to labour; and when he shall come, who is to be your pastor, may he prove to be a gospel "Ox, strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out, and no complaining in your streets." Psalm cxliv. 14. "Happy the people in such case; yea, Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

In the afternoon Mr. Thomas Stringer, of Gravesend, preached.

MR. STRINGER'S SERMON.

"Cry yet, saying, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts: My cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad; and the Lord shall yet comfort Zion, and shall yet choose Jerusalem." Zech. i. 17.

In the preceding verse the Lord says by the prophet, "I am returned to Jerusalem with mercies;" so that if he absents himself for a time from his people it is for some wise end, and when he comes again, manifestly, it is sure to be "with mercies," not with frowns, wrath, and vengeance. And when these mercies are realised in the souls of his people, they exclaim, "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed." He will not *finally* turn away from them to do them good, and he will put his fear in their hearts that they shall not *finally* depart from him. "My house shall be built in it, saith the Lord of Hosts;" meaning the second temple which was built therein; and so shall the spiritual temple in the church of God be built up for ever; "And a line shall be stretched forth upon Jerusalem;" an architectural phrase, relating to the certainty of the matter, in carrying on, carrying out, and completing the building. Some ministers who *profess* to be workmen in the spiritual building, do not take, nor make use of the line at all; so that they put *all* in the building, without exception, whether God will have them or not. But since I see the line of demarcation run through the whole Bible, between the church and the world, I am determined never to work without it; and I believe the ministers present are of the same mind. God keep us, brethren, "faithful unto death."

We have in our text four things to consider,—

I.—The injunction.

II.—The proclamation.

III.—The consolation.

IV.—Election.

I. The injunction:—"Cry yet, saying, Thus saith the Lord of Hosts." I think the prophet Zechariah uses this phrase, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," more than any other of the prophets; and it is well for us always to have a "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts" for the whole of our sermons; for without it they are spurious and short weight. Lord of Hosts! what a sublime title! belonging to Deity alone. Hosts of angels, hosts of devils, hosts of human beings, hosts of stars, and all planetary worlds, hosts of finny tribes in the deep, hosts of feathered fowl in the expanse of heaven, hosts of valuable materials in the bowels of the earth, hosts of animalculæ and of beasts, from the smallest mite (discoverable only by the microscope) up to the huge elephant. He is Lord of Hosts;

Lord of all; Maker of all, and "over all God blessed for ever." The injunction to "Cry yet," &c., is not from an earthly throne, nor from an earthly monarch, but "from the Lord of Hosts," from an eternal throne, and from the great Monarch of heaven and earth, the eternal God. "Cry yet." God's ministers are public criers. O, let us not cry *unscriptural* commodities, nor unsound wares! plenty of that abroad in the earth in our day. "Cry yet." Go on to tell out, make known, and sound abroad, the glorious gospel of the blessed God.

Mark the little word "*yet*," which stands connected with each department of our text. Though much in all ages has been said, or cried, and much is *said* in our day about Jesus Christ and his finished work, yet comparatively little is heard or known of it. Therefore, saith Jehovah, "Cry yet." The subject is not exhausted; there is much more to say; much more to know; much more to realise—"Cry yet."

Isaiah was one of the criers. "The voice said, Cry; and he said, What shall I cry?" It is well to ask God for a sermon; getting it from him it is sure to be genuine. The substance of his cry was, the entire nothingness of the creature, and all creature doings. "All flesh is grass, but the word of our God shall stand for ever." O, for grace to imitate this noble, faithful crier!

He also received orders to "Cry aloud, and spare not. Lift up thy voice like a trumpet," &c. Chap. lviii. 1. To *whisper out the truth* looks as though we were afraid and ashamed of it. Brethren, let us *sound it out*, as with the thrilling, sonorous notes of a trumpet.

John the Baptist also was a crier; and a noble one he was, too. He was the great Redeemer's herald, messenger, and forerunner. "I am (saith he) the voice of one crying in the wilderness, prepare ye the way of the Lord," &c. His crying, and the things he cried, were despised by thousands. So it is now when the crier—the preacher—is faithful and uncompromising. Both the crier, and the wares he cried, are rejected and disdained by thousands. Still, "the Lord knoweth them that are his."

II. "My cities through prosperity shall yet be spread abroad." Here is a proclamation of Zion's increase and extension. The margin renders it, *through good*. O yes, beloved, through good—through the good hand of God, the good word of God, the good work of God, and the good Spirit of God. And when these good things are not in operation there is no good done, neither is there any real prosperity. There will be none in the new chapel, nor anywhere else. The Psalmist understood this doctrine well, and cries to God, "Save now, I beseech thee, O Lord; O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity." Psalm cxviii. 25. True Zion may appear to be, and in the present day is, truly small. How few preachers are *decided for God!* how few professors are decided for the *whole truth!* faithful, *full-weight* ministers, and pure gospel truth, lie in a small compass; but enlargement is to come. "My cities through

prosperity shall yet be spread abroad." I believe the period will arrive when every place where Popery and free-will are now extolled will have proclaimed within them the gospel of Christ, and be filled with living, loving people of God. I also believe that prior to that glorious time the great Armageddon battle will be fought between truth and error, the result of which will be the everlasting destruction of Popery, Puseyism, and every other God-dishonouring system of men and devils, and the perpetual establishment of the church and truth of God upon its ruins. "My cities shall yet," &c. By cities we may understand churches are meant. The church is but *one city*; but cities (plural), in its diversified state. "Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." And some of them are in our text. The church is called *mountains* in many places, yet but *one mountain* in the aggregate; *seven golden candlesticks*, yet but *one* collectively. We read of the churches, still all are *one* in Christ Jesus. The citizens are all *free of the city*; they are all "free-born." Much spiritual wealth is in these cities. The citizens are like the merchant ships; they bring their food from afar; they trade and traffic by spiritual negotiation with heaven, and they love "good news from a far country." The Son makes them free, and they are free indeed. In Zech. viii. 3 the church is called "a city of truth," and there is not another under heaven that bears such a title. There may be, and is, the city of London in England, the city of Paris in France, the city of Dublin in Ireland, the city of Edinburgh in Scotland, &c., but there is nowhere any other "*city of truth.*" And why? Because no other citizens know truth, have truth, nor receive truth—but *the city of God.* My hearers, are you citizens of this "no mean city?" If so, bless and praise God for making you so. These cities shall yet be spread abroad, shall, under Divine power and holy influence extend, increase, and produce. Millions of the citizens are already in heaven; thousands are now, through grace, on the way thereto, and millions, yet literally and spiritually unborn, shall arrive there safely also; for Christ hath said, "All that the Father giveth me shall come to me: and him that cometh I will in nowise cast out."

III. Consolation. Although the Lord may withhold consolation from his people for a time, he will "*yet comfort Zion.*"

The people of God are frequently very uncomfortable under peculiar circumstances. When they cannot read and hear to profit they are so; when gloomy doubts and fears assail them, they are so; when Satan tempts, they are so; when the world frowns, they are so; when their evidences are beclouded, when the Lords hides his face, when they do not enjoy communion with God, when they see truth fallen in the street, and popery and infidelity stalking arm in arm through the land, they are so. But the promise runs "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted in Jerusalem. The Lord will comfort Zion—he will comfort all her waste places," &c. I will not leave you

comfortless (orphans) to the care of others: no, he careth for you; he will "yet comfort Zion" by revealing his words, applying his promises, endearing his truth, shining into their hearts, subduing their fears, removing their sorrows, and affording his sweet promise. O, beloved, this is the consolation of Israel, and all in Christ, which thousands, like good old Simeon, are waiting for. "They shall not be ashamed that wait for me," saith the Lord of Hosts. May many poor sinners drink large draughts of this real consolation in this place, as coming directly from "The God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation,"

IV.—Election. "And shall yet choose Jerusalem." Election, unconditional, was an everlasting act of the everlasting God; as the apostle observes—"According as he hath chosen us in him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love." Eph. i. 4. Election, then, is, and was, an *eternal act*: but, in our text, it stands in the *future tense*, "Will yet choose Jerusalem." This, then, must mean *evidentially* and *manifestively*. Choose his people by effectual vocation or calling—as it is written, "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction:" that is, I have so sanctified the affliction as to prove to the afflicted that he is, and was, a chosen vessel of mine from everlasting; and now he is brought to the *knowledge of it* experimentally—"Called out of darkness into his marvellous light." In this sweet declaration, "Will yet choose Jerusalem," is set down in legible characters, the absolute certainty of the gathering in, both to the church militant and the church triumphant; the whole election of grace—"Not an hoof shall be left behind." "Will yet choose Jerusalem;" will yet work; will yet call; will yet claim; will yet own my people, which are now "Dead in trespasses and sins." "And so all Israel shall be saved." Here may God *evidentially* choose many of his people, who are yet *afar off* by wicked works; have them he will. Sin, Satan, death, and hell must, and shall, give them up to their rightful Lord, who has *purchased them all at the vast expense of his own blood-shedding*; so will he go on choosing Jerusalem till the whole of his already chosen inheritance in Christ is *born again*, made meet for glory, and finally gathered home there: and "So shall we be for ever with the Lord." Hallelujah. Amen.

[See page 96.]

"THE CHURCHES IN BEDFORD."

SIR,—In your January EARTHEN VESSEL there appeared an article by Mr. Joseph Palmer, late of Bedford, on the above subject. Had that article been circulated merely in the town to which it applies, I should not have troubled to address you on the subject, for I am well assured that such an emanation will not meet with the sympathy of one to whom the parties malignèd are at all known. However, fearing that your numerous distant readers may be deceived by the conscientious peroration, I cannot refrain from addressing you on the subject. As Mr. Palmer's object of

attack seems to be particularly the *Bunyan Meeting*, I shall confine myself to it, being well acquainted with that community which has had a church in its midst for nearly three hundred years, where the gospel of Christ has been, and is now, preached with great fidelity; and where great zeal is put forth for the propagation of the gospel, not only in the town, but also in the surrounding villages.

As there are some vague imputations in Mr. Palmer's letter, which cannot be met on account of the indefinite manner in which they are stated, I summon him to answer the following questions. I demand an answer, primarily, before the world, who are ever ready to seize the charges made against the righteous, and especially against their leaders and teachers, with a view to throw impediments in the way of the true children of God; I demand the answer by the strong ties of moral rectitude, which have been broken through, and which should influence the actions between man and man; I demand the answer in the name of the Almighty, whose honour and glory is concerned. Whether by pastors, deacons, or members of the Bunyan meeting, his name was cast way as evil, because he was a preacher of God's gospel, and that he was contemptuously treated by any of them,—if so, by whom? I challenge him to name them.

As Mr. Palmer has written so conscientiously, he cannot refrain from opening his mind still more freely, and holding up, as a warning to other pseudo-professors, those hypocrites whom the golden bait allures, and who ought to know better; that the Church of Christ may not suffer from internal corruption; and that the church and the world may be divorced from an unhallowed union.

There is also under under the *Buyan Meeting* head a charge against "puerile-professors" in small towns,—that a man who stands by the despised truth of God is marked by them, and treated with disguised, but malicious, persecution. This is a most serious imputation upon the rising youth of the Christian church, to whom must be committed the keeping of the truths of the Word of Life, and the care of the churches, to be transmitted by them to myriads yet unborn. This is a class whom I think Mr. Palmer has most unjustly stigmatized to your readers; if he has charges, let him state them individually and honestly, so that they may be fairly met; and, with open eyes, let your readers' judgment be biassed, and a charge of such momentousness decided.

With regard to the sermons which Newman Hall and Mr. Spurgeon preached there, and the former of which he denounces as going wider of the truth than any man he ever heard, and the other as boldly preaching the truth, I could give extracts, thus leaving your readers to judge of the discriminating powers of Mr. Palmer:—

[These extracts we omit, as no good could flow from their insertion.]

Mr. Palmer says that the meeting is rich in influence and endowment; that bread and money are largely given to the poor; and then proceeds to state that the meeting is as dead in its influence over possessors as the

famed upas trees. That bread and money—the bequests of those who have in years gone by had the means of grace blessed to their souls—is distributed I grant; but I deny that it is given indiscriminately, or with a view to proselytism. Is it not humiliating to think that a herald of truth should be found so callous to the widow's distress as to emblazon his escutcheon with the insinuation that charity administered with justice, according to the wish of departed saints, to save them from the pauper's doom, is injurious to the salvation of souls?

But I must proceed to notice a mis-statement in reference to an answer given to one of the questions put to Mr. Insull at his ordination. Without making any remark upon the slur which Mr. Palmer seems to cast upon the service, I shall content myself with simply DENYING THE WORDS IMPUTED TO MR. INSULL, OR ANY TO THEIR PURPORT. In this I am confirmed by a public newspaper of the date, and some papers I have by me.

The portion, however, which most surprised me was the summary way in which Mr. Palmer disposes of a question he raises for your readers, by declaring that a minister who has laboured for nearly 40 years as a pastor of a church and a teacher of the Christian ministry is not a true preacher of the gospel. Such an attack is to say the least most indecorous when it comes from a young minister unsupported by any proof, and levelled against one like Mr. Jukes, who has obtained a position in the church, to which his abilities as a theologian, and his sincerity as a Christian, entitle him.

Fearing I have now trespassed too far on your valuable space, I thank you most cordially for this opportunity publicly to vindicate those who are not deserving of the opprobrium heaped upon them by an epistle, the spirit of which is plainly evidenced in the third paragraph.

T. E. ROBINSON.

[We have dealt with Mr. Robinson as we did with Mr. Palmer—i.e. omitted some portions of his letter. The fact is, we know nothing of the parties of whom Mr. Palmer wrote: but we seriously fear that there is much which is taken for gospel, which our Lord, nor his apostles, would never own. At the same time, we never expect to convince any man of error by bitterness or reproach. We have no sympathy with the modern modes of ministering unto the people; nor have the great body of so-called evangelicals any sympathy with us. Nevertheless, if at any time our correspondents fall upon any of these gentlemen unfairly, we will always open our columns to their friends to defend them as far as they can. Mr. Robinson and others have opposed Mr. Palmer; and it is not improbable that a more powerful pleader than Mr. Robinson may yet appear in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*.—Ed.]

BETHESDA CHAPEL, IPSWICH.

We held a special prayer meeting on the evening of the 18th of February, imploring the Divine presence and blessing upon our anticipated services

of re-opening our Chapel on the following day; and truly we have cause to say our God granted us more than we asked or thought.

Thus, on the 17th February, friends, to the number of three hundred, sat down to tea, in right good feeling, well pleased to behold galleries erected; a commodious vestry built; a good accommodation for two hundred children, and twenty teachers, for the Sabbath school; besides a decided additional convenience and comfort to the minister's house.

After tea, we attended to business in more public manner; when the following hymn was given out by brother Manning, and sung by a large congregation, we think feelingly:—

See, my soul, a structure rising
From the wreck of Adam's race:
'Midst ten thousand foes, despising,
'Tis the work of sov'reign grace;
Blessed Temple,
Here Jehovah shows his face.
By eternal love contrived,
Built with precious polished stones,
All its glory is derived
From the blood which there atones:
In this Temple
God himself our worship owns.
Here's the ark, the priest, and altar,
Incense, bread, and holy fire;—
Sacrifice for each defaulter;
All that God and heav'n require:
Sacred Temple
God and man thy walls admire.
Oh! my soul, art thou united
To the Temple of the Lord!
Then he has in thee delighted,
And thou shalt his love record:
In his Temple
Be his holy name ador'd.

Our brother Baker, of Chelmondiston, prayed; and our excellent brother, W. Clarke, took the chair; when in his opening address such things he stated with so much feeling as to deeply affect our minds, referring to his life when dead in sin; to the grace of God in his call; to the manifold mercies by which he was then and there surrounded in the house of his God, in the presence of so many friends, and honored by so many of the Lord's servants, as well as by his beloved pastor, Mr. Poock, who had been made so great a blessing to him. Our brother has passed through deep waters, having been bereaved of his beloved wife, but that trial has been sanctified evidently; the cause at Bethesda is very dear to his heart, and he is ever ready to give a practical proof of it.

He called on Mr. Bloomfield, of Meard's-court, London, to address us, who, ready enough, rose, and declared he was glad so to do, to a people he had long known, and as long loved; to a people with whom he had been blest in years gone by, to whom he had preached, and where God had made him a blessing—one being then present who was called under a sermon he preached in that pulpit. He was anxious to give glory to God for the peace and prosperity with which we were blessed. Most affectionately did he congratulate his brother Poock, exhorting him, the church and congregation to watch, pray, and praise, and to continue in the good word and work of faith, depending on the great Promiser for all needful help. He was glad to see galleries erected; he had advised to build them; he promised to come down to open them, and to give the first sovereign towards them, and there he was accordingly.

The Chairman called on Brother Felton, of Zoar Chapel, who spoke in a brotherly Christian manner; congratulated us on God's great mercies to us as a cause; expressed his heartfelt love to his brother Poock, who he had known near thirty years. He was glad, as a sister cause in the same locality, we could move on together. He was happy to say his people did feel so, and by him they sent a pledge

towards paying the debt. He was determined not to listen to tale bearing on any account, for they separated chief friends. He was willing to serve to the best of his power; he was getting near home; he wanted to live in love, and die in peace.

Brother Collins, of Grundisburgh, then stated the position in point of money matters. He read a list of names beginning with the Chairman's, £20, then the Minister and Deacon's, making together £50 to start with; the good people followed on. The builder added his £25; and by and bye about £160 was on the Chairman's list. Brother Collins was satisfied: he poured out thanks to God for his great mercy to this cause he had so long known; also to the people for their liberality, in which our good brethren Thornley, of Stow Market, and Huddy, of Horam, warmly joined.

The Chairman followed on in the same strain, adding he had one more pleasing duty to perform, which to him was a great delight to do, namely, to present to his beloved minister a token of their continued love and esteem for his work's sake—it was a gold chain; and remarking it was an emblem of that golden chain of love and mercy that drew poor sinners to the Lord; also to one another, in Christian unity; it was also a memorial of 60 years mercies which Mr. P. had received in the wilderness. It was a pleasure to him to state the young of the flock had subscribed towards it so readily, and also laying down a new carpet and rug in his vestry, besides £20 for their new Sabbath-school gallery.

Mr Poock rose, and first said he felt very glad to see and hear his long-known and loved brother Felton, the more so as he was resolved to give no quarters to tale bearers. He knew not why the sister causes should not be united in gospel love and unity. He thanked both him and his friend's for such marks of kind feeling; he would reciprocate the same; and, as a proof, he authorized the Chairman to put his, Mr. P.'s, right hand into his, brother Felton's, as a proof of his sincerity; but brother Felton replied quickly, "My brother, I won't wait for that; caught hold of Mr. P.'s right hand; they shook each other's, imploring blessings on each other—this was pleasing and affecting. Oh, that our God would give more of this spirit to ministers."

Mr. P. then returned his heartfelt thanks to his dear brother in the chair for his affectionate address; also to his kind friends for their continued birthday presents, as marks of love and esteem. He remembered one was a gift of books; another was an easy chair to read them in, but this was a gold chain to keep him in, and to prevent his running away. He felt himself chained by them, also chained to them. The following hymn was sung:—

Blest be the God of sov'reign grace,
Who owns his word within this place;
Pours out his Spirit like a shower,
And makes poor sinners feel his pow'r.

Here hungry souls have oft been fed,
With sav'ry meat, and living bread;
Truth cloth'd with pow'r unfolds free grace,
And sanctifies the chosen race.

Here gospel liberty is known,
While gospel fruits are daily shown;
Here pleasures like a river flow,
And Jesus sees his kingdom grow.

Here God the Father's love is nam'd,
Here God the Saviour is proclaim'd—
Here God the Spirit sets his seal,
And souls once dead are made to feel.

Here, then, we'll sound Jehovah's praise,
Glad to behold and feel his grace—
Joy in the wonders he has done,
Still praying, LET MY WORK GO ON.

Brother Thornley pronounced the benediction. Hallelujah. Praise we the Lord.—Amen.

ROTHERIITHE.

On Monday, Feb. 2, a tea and public meeting was held at Bethlehem Baptist Meeting House. The room (which will hold about 150, and which is well adapted for a preaching station) was well nigh filled with lovers of truth, to partake of a bountiful tea, provided by six of the sisters meeting there from time to time. After which the meeting was opened as usual: when brother Butterfield stated the object of the meeting to be, not simply to gather money, but manna—for that their primary object was, to have a refreshing time from the presence of the Lord. After which our brother Chivers very ably addressed the meeting from the first verse of the 46th Psalm (being the one chosen for the occasion) shewing that God in the Trinity was “Our refuge and strength—a very present help in trouble.” 1. God the Father, in the eternity of his love, is the refuge of our souls from, and to, eternity. 2. God the Son is our strength and stronghold in the day of (soul) trouble: by which strength we are enabled to flee from the wrath to come, and flee to the hope set before us in the gospel. 3. God the Spirit is “A very present help in time of trouble.” Hence Paul writes, after shewing us our infirmities, &c., “But the Spirit helpeth our infirmities with groanings which cannot be uttered”—and thus is a refuge for the ignorant, who know not how to pray—for the guilty, who dare not pray—for the oppressed, who feel that they would, but cannot, pray. We found it good to listen to such and other remarks. After which our brother Bowles addressed the meeting from the 2nd verse—“Therefore, will not we fear.” 1. We will not fear having gospel supplies. 2. We will not fear but that God will protect us by his grace. 3. That he will support us in providence. Our brother Parker addressed us from the 4th verse—“There is a river”—speaking of its rise, its flowings, its fulness, and its freeness. When our brother Porter (deacon of brother Chislett’s) closed by speaking from the first and last verses in a savoury manner, from a remembrance of them being sealed home to his soul when grappling with unbelief, &c. It was a happy meeting; and the people seem happily united too.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

I understand that some of my friends think that I have left Leighton Buzzard, because of the notice which appeared in February of Mr. Barker’s settlement at Ebenezer. I beg to inform them that “Ebenezer” is another cause at the other end of the town.

I still remain at Bethel, and hope to continue there for some time to come; for although our courtship was short, that is no reason why our union should not be long; and I have every reason to believe that such it will prove to be, seeing the Lord has blessed my labours, and still continues in a gradual way to gather his people. Now I want to tell the readers of the *Vessel*, what a very happy and comfortable meeting we had on Wednesday, the 11th inst.

I think I may speak for you, brother Banks, and say you felt yourself sweetly at home in speaking to us in the afternoon; and you will agree with me in saying we had a first-rate tea, and a capital good meeting after it. The nice homely address of our brother Moores told well; it evidently came from his heart; and I am sure you told us some good things. After you were gone, and on your way to London, our brethren Woodstock and Collier gave us two good speeches: both of them stuck well to their text; showing what it was to sing the praises of our God.

We feel greatly indebted to our Ivinghoe friends, who, by their musical talents, enlivened and kept up the interest of the meeting to its close. Although, perhaps, there may be but little in this brief notice of an interesting nature, yet those who were present at the meeting will agree in saying we spent a very pleasant evening.

BENJAMIN DAVIES.

SALEM CHAPEL, WILTON SQUARE,

NEW NORTH ROAD, ISLINGTON.

THE above place was opened on Sunday, the 8th March, by the church lately worshipping in Dorchester Hall, Mintern-street, New North-road, Hoxton, when three sermons were preached: Mr. Cozens, of Beulah Chapel, Sommers Town, in the morning; Mr. Irish, late of Warboys, in the afternoon; and Mr. Flack, minister of the place, in the evening.

Collections were made after each service, and we have to thank our friends for their liberality. And on the following Monday afternoon Mr. Jas. Wells was to have preached, but for some reason, we fear from indisposition, he did not. Mr. Jos. Wilkins, of Greenwich, supplied his place. Tea was provided at 5 o’clock, and a public meeting at half-past 6 o’clock was held, when several brethren in the ministry addressed the meeting.

Mr. Flack, in the chair, briefly stated the object of the meeting, viz., the leadings of Providence in bringing us into the position we are now in, that is, having bought the above chapel for £395, and, with legal expences, will be at a cost of about £410 or £415. The friends have come forward very liberally with their donations, also in their exertions with the building fund cards, and are doing all they can. We hope if any kind friend has a donation, however small, it will be thankfully received by the Secretary, Mr. G. Sawyer, 8, Balmes Terrace, Southgate-road, Kingsland.

March 13, 1857.

WISBECH.

MR. J. E. PERREN, after supplying the destitute pulpit of the New Wisbech Baptist Chapel for five months, and indications of revival and prosperity having attended the word preached, has received a cordial invitation to the pastorate, and entered on his stated labours the second Lord’s-day in March.

THE STRICT COMMUNION BIBLE BAPTISTS IN INDIA.

[WE are favored to extract from letters received, the following quotations expressive of the existence of the truth among some portions of Her Majesty’s army in India.—ED.]

KIRKE STATION, BOMBAY,
23rd of June, 1856.

DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN JESUS,—We, your brethren, being united to you all by the strong cords of love and the bonds of the gospel truth, are desirous of giving you glad tidings respecting the body, which is Christ, the members of the same of which we form a part, being complete in *him*. It is with pleasure we inform you of the little business transacted of late by yours and our elder brother in the Lord:

“Records of the Strict Communion Bible Baptist Church. H. M.’s, 14th Lt. Dragoons, Kirkee, 1856. Founded on gospel principles, on the 20th day of June, 1856.

“*Note*.—The church was openly founded by the guidance and assistance of brother Richardson, a deacon in the above named denomination for 14 years, being chosen to that office by ten brethren in Kurrachee, 1844. We hearing of him desired him to call over to assist in this work, which we feel in our souls to be of the Lord, and to him be all the praise.

“On the 21st of June, 1856, in the Moolwa river, which takes its course close by the village of Kirkee, where nine persons baptised

in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, by H. Richardson. Two of the brethren from Poona being present on the occasion, the service was carried on as usual: the whole then proceeded, shortly after, to a place of worship, where they broke bread, and partook of the cup of blessing in commemoration of the death of our *risen Lord*.

"The day following, on the *Lord's-day*, one other person was baptised in the same way."

Dear brothers and sisters, to us that believe Jesus is precious, and he has shown in a particular manner that he has sanctioned what has been done. How shall we be able to express our gratitude for his loving-kindness in sending such an one as Br. R. to minister unto us? May Jesus who is our strong habitation, our place of refuge, our rock of defence, our *all in all*. May he hold us up by his everlasting arms, may he be with all who *love the truth*; and may help you and give you strong consolation, may you be *comforted* with his words, and may he enable to rejoice in that he has wrought so mighty in us, bringing down the stubborn, rebellious hearts to the dust, causing us to cry out for help, making us willing to be obedient, to be buried with *him* that we may also *rise* with him. And now believe us all to be your ever one in our exalted Head,

JOHN BADCOCK.

BRIEF NOTICES.

KETTERING.—We have a cheering report of the excellent sermons preached by Mr. B. Davies, of Leighton Buzzard, at the re-opening of Ebenezer Chapel, in Kettering, on the 8th, 9th, and 10th of March. We cannot, this month, give it in full; but we must give the closing paragraph, which is as follows:—"Our outlay in cleaning, repairing, and putting the gas in our chapel, has been about £18. We have received, by subscriptions, donations, and collections at these various services, about £12. Part of this we think it advisable to make use of in getting ministers, as we think it will be of but little use our having a clean and comfortable chapel unless we have the pulpit filled. We, therefore, make an appeal to the churches to help us, if they can, in the establishing of a cause of God in this town. Surely, in the place where Gill was born, educated, and for a time laboured, we may hope to see the "Cause of God and truth in a prosperous condition:" this is what we long to behold, and hope we shall, one day, see it. Could not our churches lend us their pastors for a *Lord's-day* occasionally, until the Lord is pleased to send us one? or if not, they might perhaps give us of their substance, that thus we may be enabled, from time to time, to hear the glorious sound of a free grace gospel. Our hearts desire is that this wilderness of profession may blossom as a rose; and that this town of Kettering may again become famous for the truth of God."—To this we may add, that the anxiety and responsibility of this effort to re-establish gospel truth in Kettering lays principally upon the heart and hands of Mr. Joseph Mattocks, of Northall, Kettering, to whom communications and donations may be sent. Next month, we hope to have more to say for Kettering. We are just now sending a faithful servant of Christ to them; and we hope the Almighty King in Zion will deign to bless his labours.

BRIGHTON.—In another part, we have given a report of two of the sermons preached at the opening of the New Baptist Chapel. Our correspondent says—"After afternoon service, more than 300 persons took tea; and in the evening the chapel was crowded, when Mr. James Wells, of Surrey Tabernacle, preached a most interesting sermon. We are sorry that, at present, we are

not in possession of even a sketch of it; but hope to have it for next month. It was a good day. 'The Lord was there.'"

PLYMOUTH.—A public meeting, in favor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, was holden in Mr. Babb's spacious chapel, Plymouth, (kindly lent for the occasion,) on Friday, March 6th. Mr. Easterbrooke, Baptist Minister, presided, and opened the business of the evening in a speech expressing his great regard for "THE EARTHEN VESSEL," and his deep sympathy with the Editor; being fully persuaded that his life had been spent in an earnest service for the churches and cause of truth.—Mr. Joseph Greenslade, of Devonport, in next addressing the meeting, said, "Many Christian friends in these towns, to whom Mr. Banks's ministry and THE EARTHEN VESSEL had been very useful, had requested him to visit them, and to preach again to them the truth so dear to his heart, promising to aid him in the redemption of that work. Mr. Banks had come at their request: he had preached that week in four different chapels; and now he would lay before them a statement of his position." This was done; after which, Mr. James Cousens, Mr. Foord, and Mr. Brewer delivered Christian addresses; and the following letter from Mr. Easterbrooke, the chairman, will fairly express the feeling of the meeting:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—According to the desire and request of many of the Lord's people, you were brought in safety to these towns last week, to preach the gospel of the grace of God; and the Lord being gracious to you, each time, you preached, so that the word was blessed to many souls, which has much tended to endear you to them for the use the Lord has made of you for their soul's profit; and they anticipate hearing you again in these towns soon after Midsummer. The last time you were here I did not feel so much interest in your visit as I have now. About that time there were unfavorable reports about you touching your embarrassments in business; and all that I could then say was, I am quite ignorant of the true sense of these matters. But when the next VESSEL came out I felt for you, believing you to be a sent servant of our Lord Jesus; and when your "Words by the Way-Side" were issued, I felt quite settled in my mind that what had been said was false. I had long felt that my much esteemed brother Wells would not identify himself with any unless he was assured such were honest in the sight of God and man. Many are trying to sink you, and the VESSEL too, but they will labour in vain, for I believe our God is at the helm. And now, my dear brother, we who are friends and supporters of that valuable little book, are very glad you have bought it back again; and the next step is to get the money to pay it; and we hope we showed you on Friday night, in Mr. Babb's chapel, that there are some warm friends to the VESSEL in these towns; and we do hope the readers and lovers of the truths advocated in that work will join us heartily in removing the burden of £250, which is the price of her redemption; and to use every means to increase the circulation until it rises at least to 10,000 per month. I send the resolution passed at the meeting on Friday, March 6th, in Mr. Babb's chapel. We are happy to say we have increased the circulation by many this year.

J. EASTERBROOKE.

32, Clarence-street, Plymouth, March 11th.
It was moved by Mr. Cousens, seconded by Mr. Brewer, and carried unanimously, that, in order to clear off the debt of £250, the purchase price of the EARTHEN VESSEL, a shilling subscription be entered into in these towns, which will be opened until Midsummer next. Messrs. Easterbrooke and Bate, of Plymouth, and Mr. Greenslade, of Devonport, to receive the same, and forward them to the London committee.

Similar meetings have been holden in Providence Chapel, Greenwich, Mr. Joseph Wilkins; in Zion Chapel, St. Pancras, Mr. James Nunn; and in Beulah Chapel, Lisson Grove; particulars of which will be given in No. 2 "Words by the Way-Side," to be issued shortly. It is a cheering fact that in many parts of this Kingdom, in the Indies, the Colonies, &c., our circulation is increasing.

THE LATE AND MUCH BELOVED

Mr. John Warburton, Senior.

OF TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

His Life—His Last Days—His Happy Departure.**A MEMOIR AND A REVIEW.**

WE have, for years, been represented by some interested parties, as antagonistic to *The Gospel Standard*, and to those good men whose views and sentiments that magazine has so zealously represented. We have always considered such representation to be a great mistake, to say the least of it. From the very commencement, down to the present period, we have been readers and supporters of *The Gospel Standard*; and for experimental religion—and there can be no real religion which is not experimental—we have always considered and said, there is no publication in the known world, that we have ever seen or heard of, that has more faithfully contended for the vital and essential work, way, and witness of the Eternal Spirit in the hearts and consciences of the Lord's redeemed family, than has the periodical referred to. There are other monthlies useful in their way, but for testimonies of heart-work we think none are so devoted and useful as the *Standard*.

As regards the good men who have been more immediately connected with it, as pastors and preachers, we never were admitted into their company; we never sought for association with them, as many have done. We have been content to walk in the way a kind Providence has marked out for us; and in that way we have had both our work and our reward. But, in years which have long since passed away (when in deep affliction and captivity we dwelt), we never failed to hear these good men when opportunity was given; and among the men that were of some use to us at that time, none were more so than the greatly beloved William Gadsby, whose name and memory is dear to our hearts. Daniel Smart, John Kershaw, and especially "dear old John Warburton," with others, have often been to our faint and feeble souls messengers of mercy, and helpers by the way. As, therefore, these good men are removed from earth to

heaven, we consider it an honour to be permitted to hand down faithful memorials of them to the generations that may come after us, thus forming a gospel biographical link between the past and the future ages of the Christian church in the wilderness. Hence it comes to pass that this month we lay aside many things in order to give as faithful a review of the toils and triumphs of JOHN WARBURTON'S ministry as our space and circumstances will allow. From the slight glance we are enabled now to take of the material which has already come to hand, it may be that this review of the entire life of Mr. Warburton may run through several numbers; especially as we are arranging to give the funeral sermon, and every event of any real interest to the many thousands who, from the lips of our departed friend, heard the words of grace and truth frequently with unusual savour and power.

John Warburton, senior, of Trowbridge, was born at Stand, near Manchester, in the month of October, in the year 1776; consequently he must have reached his 80th year last autumn—a good old age indeed; and one that has been crowned with innumerable mercies, although he has not been altogether exempt from tribulations and fiery trials. Mr. Warburton's *Life and Experience*, as written by himself, has been before the Christian Church now for some years; but there is a large variety of edifying incident connected with such a man's life, which may be honorably given; and from whence the most important lessons may be learned. In this first paper we only glance at the outline, the depths of soul travail, the growth of faith, knowledge, love, and liberty, with all the fruits flowing therefrom,—ministerial exercises, pastoral cares, and evangelical labours; these must be reserved for future numbers. Only the prominent steps of his life, and the cir-

circumstances of his death, will fill up all the space we can occupy in this number. The late William Gadsby baptised John Warburton before the former was a settled pastor at Manchester. That scene, when William Gadsby stood in the water, holding John Warburton by one hand, and lifting the other to heaven, beseeching the Lord to raise him up as an instrument for the glory of the gospel, was peculiar, prophetic, and soul-enchanting. It is one of those sketches, the presentation of which would be enough, under the Divine blessing, to melt the hardest heart to softness, and to raise the timorous to confidence and joy. We shall be glad to illustrate the singularly eventful career of "the bold Wiltshire pastor," if the way be made plain.

The training through which Mr. Warburton passed for, and his entrance upon the ministry, was of no ordinary character. Never were the passions of man's fallen nature more fully developed than in this good man's exercises. Never, surely, were the sovereign teachings of the blessed Spirit more wonderfully displayed: but here we must not even touch them. They shall every one be laid before our readers in due time: not even omitting the Bury, the Liverpool, the Rochdale, the Trowbridge, and other exhibitions of a man flying from, and yet so closely pursued by, the Spirit of Christ in the gospel, that he could never escape.

We abruptly come to a relation of those circumstances immediately connected with his happy departure.

A member of Mr. Warburton's church has furnished the following particulars, which may be relied upon as correct:—

"Our beloved pastor, Mr. John Warburton, began to feel his strength to decline in March, 1856; and the church agreed to get a supply for Sabbath-day mornings, so that from that time he preached but once, and that was in the evening; and I must say his sermons, from that time, were solemn and weighty. He continued thus up to October, just finishing his eighty years, and then his strength began to fail; and being afflicted with disease of the heart, he gave up altogether, and was confined to his room. At Christmas he was attacked with a complication of diseases; so that his life was despaired of; and we thought he would be released from his affliction at that time. He was very comfortable in his mind, leaving all to the will of his heavenly Father, whether to live or to die. He felt for the church, in the burden they had to support him, and pay supplies; and he, from this, resigned his pastoral office, together with his salary, trusting in the Lord

that he would support him, and never leave him nor forsake him; but the church met, and unanimously refused his resignation, and voted him his full salary for six weeks. At the end of the same he continued very ill, expecting every day to be the last. The church met again, and agreed to continue his full amount of salary for six weeks longer. About this time, by the blessing of God, and by medical aid, his disease of heart left him; his dropsy complaint was got over, and he rallied in hope and expectation that there was another year or two added to his life. But, alas! the little wick brightens with a shining glare, and quickly goes out for ever. It was so with him; in three weeks or a month he began to sink apace; his appetite failed him; he was evidently sinking, never to rise again. The last fortnight he was confined to his bed, and had friends sitting up every night. We found his mind very serene, fully resigned to the will of God, and sometimes would say, "PRECIOUS JESUS! PRECIOUS JESUS! how I long to see thee face to face!" He said to his nurse one night, "I should like the Lord to send some other affliction to take me home in a moment." Then he checked himself, and said, "Wretch that I am! to choose, or to dictate to the Almighty! His will is best, and his dealings are all in love."

He felt his mind at times overcast with clouds of sorrow from that sink of sin which is in the carnal heart; and he would cry out, "My cursed sin! O, my cursed sin! it interrupts my love and communion with my God." The promise that mostly supported him in his painful affliction, was, "The Lord is God; a Stronghold in the day of trouble; and he knoweth them that trust in him." Many times during his affliction he would say, "*The Lord is God!* Bless his dear name! he knoweth my heart: he knoweth that I trust in him: I have nowhere else to trust—no other hope for my salvation, but on him, the Rock of eternal ages, which bore me up in life, and will be my support in death." The nurse told him that one of the members sent her love to him, requesting them to tell him that the precious truths she had heard from him had been her support in all her trials. He said, "Tell her, that if her, or any other, have received the blessing through my ministry, give God the glory. Never mention my worthless name." On Wednesday night, April 1st, he was taken evidently worse; and it appeared his time was very short. In the morning his family was gathered round his bed;—he wanted to see no person but those of his family. No doubt desiring to give them his parting blessing: praying that God Almighty would be with his children; and with his partner in life. A few hours before he died, his speech failed him: he could not speak: he motioned for a pen and ink, and it was brought; he took the pen in his hand to write, but the pen, through weakness, dropped from his hand.

He tried to speak: his daughter Rachel put her ear to his mouth, and said, "Father, what is it you want to write? Is it about the

church?" He said "No!" "Is it anything to the family?" He said "No!" "Is it about Jesus?" He said—"Aye! Aye! Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus! Hallelujah! Hallelujah!" and entered into his rest. It was evident to those surrounding him that he saw the heavenly host, and the glory of salvation in his last moment; and he wanted to write what he then saw; but could not. He then dropt the pen, and joined the heavenly host—singing "Hallelujah! Hallelujah! to God and the Lamb." He died Thursday evening, April the 2nd, about ten minutes past 7 o'clock. We had just commenced the meeting; and Mr. Hatton was giving out a hymn; the message came that our pastor was no more. A solemn silence ensued. Then many of the members burst into tears; and a solemn prayer-meeting was held that evening: and I believe the Lord was there.

On the following Monday evening, a Church meeting took place; and our late pastor's son John came forth, and returned thanks to the church for the favours shown to his dear father; and made mention of a paragraph in the EARTHEN VESSEL of his taking his father's place as pastor of the church; and he said, he had no thought of coming to Trowbridge; nor never had; and more than that, he said he would not come if we were to offer him a thousand a year, and a coach to ride in, if he could not see the hand of the Lord in his removal from his present church and people.

THE FUNERAL

took place on Friday, April 10, in the new cemetery. The corpse was carried from the residence to Zion Chapel on the shoulders of six members of Mr. W.'s church, and was laid for a short time in the communion pew. Mr. Hatton, of Wolverhampton, addressed the congregation, and Mr. Roff, of Stow-on-the-Wold, and Mr. Mortimer, also took part in the services.

The corpse, after the service, was taken out of the chapel, and put in a hearse, and the procession was formed.

The hearse was preceded by Mr. Spragg, Surgeon, and by the following ministers: Mr. Gorton, of Minton, Oxon; Mr. Pocock, of Seend; Mr. Nightingale, of Southwick; Mr. Hatton, Mr. Roff, Mr. Mortimer, and a few friends. The pall was borne by the deacons of the church.

The chief mourners of course followed the corpse, and consisted of—

Three of Mr. W.'s Sons—James, Gideon, John. Two Sons-in-Law—Mr. John Hayward and Mr. Isaac Moore. Eight Grandsons—all young men. One Husband of Grand-daughter—Mr. John Price. Mr. John Gadsby; and about 200 Members of his Congregation.

On arriving at the cemetery, Mr. Gorton gave an affecting and powerful address, which will not soon be forgotten. Hymn 468 Gadsby's Selection, was then sung by the vast assembly, being led by Mr. Keates

and the choir of Zion Chapel, assisted by Mr. Felix Stevens, of Back Street Chapel, and Mr. Singer, of Bradley Chapel. Mr. Roff concluded in prayer. There could not have been less than 2,000 persons on the ground and lining the streets.

Our correspondent adds:—

It is said that two hundred followed him to the cemetery; but I have to inform you that there was one hundred and thirty of his female members, all clad in crape mourning, and one hundred males in crape hatbands and gloves; and after these many of the congregation in black, but without hatbands. On Friday, April 10, at eleven o'clock, the corpse was borne upon the shoulders of six of the members. Two of the eldest deacons preceded, and the other six bore the pall, and the relative mourners followed the corpse; and as soon as his mortal remains entered the chapel the choir in the gallery struck up singing a mournful sacred piece of music, and after the corpse was laid in the table-pew Divine service commenced by singing,—

"Why should I shrink at Jordan's flood," &c.

I think I shall never forget the feelings of my mind as I sat in my seat, looking round upon the hangings of black cloth in folds round the gallery, and the chapel full, all clad in deep mourning, and hearing the mournful piece being sung by our choir, the tears of sorrow flowing from the eyes of many of the members, and the mortal remains of my dear pastor borne up the aisle to the pew. The scene broke my heart, and I could not help weeping at the thought that I should hear his voice no more. On Sunday evening his funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Gorton from 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8—"I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course: I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." The chapel was full to excess. A powerful discourse was delivered, and solemnity appeared to invade the hearts of the audience. May God sanctify the solemn dispensation to the good of his chosen, and his own glory, is the prayer of yours truly but unworthily in the bonds of the everlasting gospel,

JOB RAWLINGS.

[The review and memorial, with every incident connected with the departure of Mr. Warburton, will be continued in our next.]

SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS NOT PURCHASED BY CHRIST.

BY THE LATE MR. JOB HUPTON,

OF CLAXTON, NORFOLK.

To the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I beg to state that I quite fall in with the view of your correspondent T. H., in *VESSEL* for this month.

I have a personal knowledge of Mr. G. Wright, the well instructed scribe of whom he speaks, whose pulpit I have more than once occupied; and I have also heard the late venerable Job Hupton from the same pulpit. I have a letter of his in my possession, on the following subject:—"Spiritual blessings not purchased by Christ;" which I send entire for publication in *VESSEL* for May (if approved).

Yours, in the best of bonds,

JOHN PELLE.

Clare, Suffolk, February, 1857.

THAT Christ made a purchase I shall not attempt to deny: it is a truth; a truth in which the glory of God shines with lustre ineffable, and from which flows abundant felicity, with freeness to man. He purchased the church with his own blood. We read of the "purchased possession;" but what is it? We are not authorised to say that it is either glory or grace, or any spiritual blessing.

The "purchased possession" is the people to whom it is said, "ye are not your own, but are bought with a price;" "the general assembly, whose names are written in heaven;" "the church of the first born;" "his inheritance;" "his possession." These he has redeemed from all evil; sin, the curse of the law, the wrath of God, the dominion of Satan, death, the grave, and the dark gulph of hell; and he has redeemed them unto himself and to his Father, out of all nations under heaven. It is proper, it is Scriptural, yea, it is truly evangelical to say, that he has purchased his people; but it is, I presume, improper, antiscritptural, and unevangelical, to say that he purchased spiritual blessings. If these be the purchase of his blood, he must have purchased them either for himself or others. Was it for himself? without hesitation, no: he wanted them not. He ever had, he now has, and he always will have, all the fulness of the riches of eternal blessedness dwelling in himself. Which of all the spiritual blessings, mentioned in the gospel, did he want, "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" and in whom, as Mediator, it pleased the Father, that all the fulness of the blessings of grace, and the blessings of glory, should dwell? Even, when he hung upon the accursed tree, he was God over all, blessed for ever; and had in himself whatever comes under the notion of a spiritual blessing.

He could never want the streams, who is himself the ever-abounding and overflowing Fountain. It would be absurd to say, or even to think, that he purchased those things for himself in time, which, as Mediator, he had before time in full possession. Did he purchase them for others? If he did, it must be either for angels or men. If for the angels, it must be either for those that stood or those that fell: not for the former; they stood in no need of purchased blessings, having had all the blessedness that their nature is capable of enjoying in title, possession, and enjoyment, ever since they were created; and which they are in no danger whatever of losing: all is confirmed to them by the gracious and immutable will of their great Creator.

Not for the latter; for they, by a sovereign decree of the Almighty, were justly excluded from all blessedness, and destined to suffer the vengeance of eternal fire, as the due reward of their rebellious pride, and the treasonable ambition of their minds. Was it for men? then it must be either for the elect or the non-elect. It could not be for the non-elect, for they are the people of the Lord's curse; "reprobate silver shall men call them, because God has," in righteousness, "rejected them." They are "vessels of wrath, fitted for destruction," by their own iniquity; and by an eternal, immutable, and equitable decree of the Divine will, appointed to that condemnation which their pride, apostacy, insolence, stubbornness, and rebellion have merited; from these every spiritual blessing is withheld by him who does what he pleaseth in the armies of heaven, and among the children of men; and who has an indisputable right to do what he will with his own. If the potter has power over the clay to dispose of every part of it as he pleaseth, how much more has that amazing Being, whose existence is undervative and eternal; whose independence is absolute and unchangeable; whose peerless sovereignty reigns in its own infinite glory, ever defying the daring attempts of young mortals to curtail its rights; who has neither superior nor equal; and who has given being to universal nature: how much more has this transcendent Being (compared with whom the whole creation is less than nothing) authority to dispose of the work of his hands as he pleases; to appoint and direct every creature to what end he will, and to dispense his favours as seemeth good in his sight. His will is his law; what he wills is good, is

just; it is so because he wills it. "The Lord is in his holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him." "Be still," ye haughty worms, "and know that he is God." It is impious in the extreme, to say unto him, "what doest thou?" Tremble at the thought of summoning your Judge to your tribunal, to receive judgment from your guilty and polluted lips. Whence your authority to give laws to your Maker, to bound his rights, and to criminate those of his decrees and actions which do not please your self-righteous pride, which do not comport with your sufficiency, and which clash with your brutal lusts? Impartial justice reigns with absolute sovereignty, and mingle the rays of its glory with those of discriminating mercy and grace. While the Great Eternal grants of the rich blessings of his grace to some men, and withholds them from others, his justice stands unimpeachable; and unimpeachable it must stand, till it is proved that those from whom these favours are withheld have a natural right to them; for an act of injustice, done by one person to another, is that person depriving the other of what is his due. And, as it can never be proved by the Scriptures that any man on earth ever had, now has, or ever will have, any such right to those blessings, it is thought rational to conclude, that in choosing some to salvation, and passing by the rest; in making a covenant of life and peace with none but his elect; in giving Christ to die for his sheep, and not for the goats; in hiding the mysteries of his gospel from the non-elect, though the wise and prudent of this world, and revealing them to the elect, though babes; in giving faith to the latter, and not bestowing it upon the former; in granting repentance unto life to these, and leaving those in their impenitence; and in raising his many sons and daughters to glory, and leaving the world, that lieth in wickedness, to drop into utter darkness; the Almighty shines in all the splendour of his eternal justice, as well as in the glory of his stupendous grace; in all these wondrous acts he deprives no man of his right.

Presuming that the importance of the subject upon which I have been writing will apologize for this digression from my main design, I shall proceed to say that, as Christ did not purchase spiritual blessings for the non-elect, so neither did he do it for the elect.

It is a truth in which my soul rejoices, and will rejoice, that all the elect are, and ever will be, interested in all the unnumbered blessings of the grace of God, but their right to them is not the effect of the Saviour's death.

I think it would be found difficult, perhaps impossible, to prove that he purchased the promises of these blessings; and, if not the promises, surely not the blessings promised;

the promises are, indeed, said to be all in him, yea and amen, to the glory of God; but they are nowhere said to be the purchase of his blood: his blood is so far from being the price by which the promise is procured, that it is absolutely the subject of it: one of the jewels by which that casket is enriched.

The covenant of the Trinity is called the covenant of promise. Why? because in it all the promises were freely granted, and made sure to all the seed. "God, who cannot lie, promised eternal life before the world began." In this single promise all the rest of the promises are included: in promising everlasting life, he promised all its appurtenances—grace, Christ, redemption, justification, pardon, the Holy Spirit, and all his graces, regeneration, sanctification, and glorification—these, in all their intrinsic worth, and all their unfading glories, are comprehended in this short phrase, "eternal life."

There is not, I think, one promise more written in the Bible, in time, than was inscribed in the covenant of grace, before the birth of time.

Now, if all the promises were made and granted in eternity, and Christ be himself the substance of them all, how are they the purchase of his death? And, if the promises are not purchased by him, the blessings promised are not; the promises and the blessings cannot be divided; "God has joined them, let no man put them asunder." Where the promise is given the blessing is granted; and the gift of the former, and the grant of the latter, are marked with the same date—eternity. If the eternal Father of mercies actually blessed his elect with all spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus, before the world began, how did Christ purchase those blessings, when time had been upon the wing 4,000 years?

I cannot conceive in what sense he can be said to purchase, either our title to them, or our enjoyment of them. If the right of a person to a blessing he established, is it necessary either that he should purchase that blessing for himself, or that another should purchase it for him? Suppose a father bequeaths an inheritance to his son, to be by him freely enjoyed, at a period specified in his testament, does not that bequest supersede the necessity of a purchase?

Now, it is evident that God, the eternal Father of all the elect, did, in his will and testament, freely bequeath to them, as his children, the rich and glorious inheritance of all spiritual blessings, to be, by them, possessed and enjoyed in the fulness of time, and to all eternity. The evidence of this fact appears in Eph. i. 3—6: "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings, in heavenly places, in Christ, according as he hath chosen us in him before

the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before him in love, having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will to the praise of the glory of his grace, wherein he hath made us accepted in the beloved." Here the inspired penman, in terms the most plain, positive, and unequivocal, assures us,

That God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, has chosen a people for himself.

That he chose them in Christ, and made them one with him.

That he chose them before the foundation of the world was laid.

That he chose them, that they should be holy and without blame before him in love.

That he predestinated them to the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, when he chose them in him.

That he then made them accepted in the Beloved.

That he then bequeathed unto them, and absolutely settled, or entailed upon them, all spiritual blessings in him, in whom he chose and accepted them.

That all this was done according to the good pleasure of his will.

And that in all these eternal transactions of his sovereign will, he designed the praise, glory, and honour of the riches of his grace.

These glorious acts and resolutions of the eternal mind, infinitely remote from the shadow of fluctuation, could not be shaken by any external cause.

The fall of man was far beyond all created imagination, dreadful. By that awful catastrophe, man was at once deprived of all that rectitude of nature with which he came out of the hallowed hands of his Maker, and that communion which he had with the Almighty in his moral perfections, through the medium of the creatures and the covenant of works, and plunged into a fathomless abyss of guilt, pollution, ignorance, condemnation, misery and death; the Divine law was robbed of its due, and the glorious Creator most shamefully abused and dishonoured in those perfections of his nature, in which he was known, glorified, and enjoyed by man before his apostacy.

But, would it be speaking as the oracles of God? Would it be doing the work of an evangelist, to make ourselves of the number of those who corrupt the word of God? Would it be holding fast the form of sound words, or using sound speech that cannot be condemned, to say that, by the fall of man, the decrees, the counsels, and the covenant transactions of Jehovah were changed, that his schemes were disconcerted; that his eternal testament was nullified; or that his elect were deprived of their interest in his love; that they lost his favour, and that their right and title to the blessings of the covenant of grace were forfeited? Surely not. Had their interest in the special love and peculiar

favour of God, and their title to the blessings of his grace, been founded in the covenant of works, they would, doubtless, by the transgression of that covenant, have lost all claim to them; but as they had, for their basis, the will of him who is unchangeable, and were guaranteed in a better covenant, one established upon better promises, infinitely too high to be shaken by the fall of man, their interest in them still remained. Why, then, talk of the death of Christ as purchasing the love of God for his people, buying heaven for them, restoring them to his favour, and procuring for them a title to spiritual blessings, and a right to the everlasting enjoyment of those blessings? It is freely confessed that the glorious person and perfect work of the Mediator are the medium through which we enjoy every spiritual blessing; but because the God-man, in his mediatorial work, is the channel in which these blessings flow to us, does it follow that he purchased them for us? No more than an executor to a will would, by the performance of his office, purchase for the legatees the legacies therein bequeathed.

Divine grace, and all its unnumbered blessings, are the grant of Jehovah the Father's eternal will to his chosen, to be, by them, inherited through the obedience and death of Christ. To this will Christ is the executor, and, as such, he obeyed the covenant of works, and died for sin, in order that the children of God might fully enjoy those things to which they had an eternal title, in that way, and by those means, which were appointed by the Sovereign Testator.

But does this amount to a purchase? Or does this work of Christ appear anything like a price paid for the above blessings? It is said, Christ himself is the Testator. Granted: but can we, from this, fairly infer that he purchased the legacies mentioned in his testament? As God co-equal with the Father, and with him essentially one, he is joint Testator with him; but was it ever known that a testator made a subsequent purchase of the very things which he had bequeathed in his will for those to whom he had bequeathed them? No; they must be truly and properly his own, prior to, or at the time that he makes his will; and, being so, they, by his gift of them, should no change take place in his will, legally become the right of those to whom they are bequeathed; and, through the death of the Testator, as a means, not a purchase, they enjoy them. To this purpose speaks the apostle Paul: Hebrews ix. 15: "And for this cause he is the Mediator of the New Testament, that by means of death, for the redemption of the transgressions that were under the first testament, they which are called might receive the promise of eternal inheritance." From what is here said, we learn that Christ is the Mediator of the New Testament, or Covenant; that as such he died; that by his

death he atoned for the sins of his people who lived under the Old Testament dispensation, and redeemed them, as well as those who live under the New; and that, by means of his death, they who are called receive the promise of eternal inheritance. The death of the incarnate Testator was absolutely necessary, in order to the enjoyment of our inheritance, because God had determined that we should possess and enjoy it by that means, that he might display the glory of his justice, and maintain the honour of his holiness, by inflicting condign punishment upon our guilt, and by receiving ample satisfaction for our crimes, and that his holy law might be magnified and honoured; at the same time that he set forth his stupendous love, his boundless mercy, and his matchless grace, to raise us from the ruins of our fall to the blissful inheritance of heaven: and in all this I cannot see anything like a purchase of grace, mercy, heaven and spiritual blessings. The church was purchased for the inheritance, but not the inheritance for the church. Should it be said, by way of objection to the principle upon which I have reasoned, that, if it were not necessary that the Divine Redeemer should purchase spiritual blessings for his people, because they had an eternal and immutable right to them in the covenant of grace, could it be necessary that he should purchase the church, seeing he had an indisputable right to it, by virtue of the Father's gift of it to him before all worlds? To this I would reply: the elect being carried away captive, and enslaved by sin and Satan, bound under the curse of the law for transgression, and held by Divine Justice in that dreadful bondage, and under that tremendous curse, their emancipation, through a price paid to Divine Justice as a compensation for their transgression of the law, was absolutely necessary; because, without it, they could not enjoy their patrimony.

Christ did not purchase them to make them his own; they were his from eternity; they fell in Adam; but they did not cease to be his through the fall. They were "his people," "his children," "his members," before they fell; and they were the same afterwards. As their union with him was not dissolved, so his interest in them did not cease, through their apostacy.

But the holy law being deprived of its right; and Divine Justice, whose province it is to maintain the honour of the law, being offended by their rebellion; either the Divine purpose that they should enjoy everlasting blessedness, must be relinquished, and they must be left eternally in their guilt, to receive the due reward of it in hell; or the Divine law and justice must be deprived of their right, degraded and laid aside; or else the determination of the Divine mind must stand, and the heirs of eternal bliss be liberated, and raised to the enjoyment of their portion, through means by which law and justice

receive all their rights, and have their honour and dignity for ever supported. As neither of the two first could take place without a change in Deity, or God ceasing to be God, the last must come to pass; and, indeed, so it was fore-ordained of God, whose infinite wisdom "devised means that his banished should not, for ever, be expelled from him;" nor his law and justice deprived of their due honour.

And, had the blessings in question been forfeited to law and justice by sin, they must have been redeemed or purchased before we could have enjoyed them; but, this not being the case, the notion of their purchase can, it is thought, have no foundation in truth.

Nor does the sentiment which I have advanced deprecate the glory of the Saviour, the value of his death, or the preciousness of his blood. Everything is beautiful in its order, and excellent when it answers its Divinely appointed end. The great Immanuel is as glorious and excellent in our salvation as he would, or could have been, had he purchased all spiritual blessings for us.

For him to remove every legal and judicial impediment to our possession, and enjoyment of those blessings, is as great as if he had purchased them for us. Whatever is pretended, it can never be to the honour of our matchless Redeemer to say that his death effected that which it never was designed to effect, or that his blood redeemed that which never was forfeited, and purchased for his people a title to those things in which they were eternally interested, and which they never lost, nor could lose, without an imperfection in the Divine will, which, to suppose, would be impious.

His name is glorified when a just statement is given, and a true representation is made, of the real design of Jehovah the Father in his appointment of him to his office, and his mission to our world; but, as it could not be his design that he should purchase those rights and privileges for his people in time, which he freely and immutably granted them in eternity, he is not honoured, but dishonoured, by the doctrine of purchased blessings.

I conclude by observing that, if it is inaccurate to say that Christ purchased that love of God for his children in time, which he fixed upon them before time, it must be inaccurate to say that he purchased those blessings for them which ever were, and ever will be, inseparable from that love; and that as it is incongruous to say that he purchased the covenant of grace, it cannot be congruous to say that he purchased the blessings which are contained in it, and which nothing in time, nothing in eternity, can separate from it; and, if it would be untrue to say that he purchased for them an interest in himself, can it be true to affirm that he purchased for them those blessings with which they are, and ever were, blessed in him?

REVIEWS.

"*Calvin's Calvinism.*" London: Wertheim and Macintosh.

We have now before us the two volumes which Mr. Henry Cole has translated, and published under the leading and general title of "*Calvin's Calvinism.*" The first volume contains "A Treatise on the Eternal Predestination of God, &c.," by John Calvin: originally published at Geneva in 1852; and now first translated into English, by Henry Cole, D.D., Sunday Evening Lecturer of St. Mary Somerset, Upper Thames Street, London."

The second volume is "A Defence of the Secret Providence of God: by which he executes his Eternal Decrees," &c. By John Calvin. Originally published at Geneva in 1558, and now first translated into English by Henry Cole, D.D., &c.

The translator of these works (Mr. Henry Cole) is well known to many friends of God's new covenant truth, as a minister of a deep and living experience of the work of faith with power. But great bodily and heavy mental afflictions have, at times, been endured by him. During such seasons, he says—"It has pleased God to give me strength to translate (these) two works of the beloved and immortal Calvin."

We view, in this unity of events, the gracious finger of God in qualifying and constraining a dear servant to produce, and present unto the churches of this age, a boon so wholesome and essentially necessary. The volumes may be had of the Author, 3, Islington Terrace, London; or of any bookseller.

We have promised ourselves—the providence of God permitting—the pleasure of shewing our readers, very shortly, what "*Calvin's Calvinism*" really was.

"*Eustace Carey:—A Missionary in India. A Memoir by Mrs. Eustace Carey.*" London: Pewtress & Co., 4, Ave Maria Lane; J. Heaton & Son.

A handsome volume; a striking portrait; an interesting and most instructive piece of biography. The missionary question is, with us, one of great moment. For years, we have had our internal conflicts. The present volume has given rise to much examination of the point; the results, in a review of this volume, we wish to give.

"*Fragments of Experience, gathered from the Career, Conflicts, and Final Victory of the late Joseph Matthews, &c.*" London: Nichol & Sons, Strand.

"Josiah" of Chelmsford, has here given the church another little memorial of a saint, who, "through much tribulation" has passed over this wilderness: and is gone to his happy home. Joseph Matthews appeared in this world in a variety of conditions—as a wealthy tradesman—as a zealous friend to Zion—as a bereaved, distressed and struggling Christian—as a poor believer—as a deeply afflicted saint—and as a victorious conqueror (through Him that loved him) over sin, death, darkness, and all dismay. The history of such a man's life must, of necessity, be full of interest. While, however, we have but an outline of his life, we have in this pamphlet, a choice, savory, and certain testimony of his safety in the article of death; and no little profit have

we derived herefrom. We had marked several extracts for our pages, and they have been in type some time. We hope to give them next month.

"*The Preacher.*"

The question in different parts is often propounded, "*Where is Arthur Triggs now?*" The second and third parts of "*The Preacher*" have recently been sent us. They contain sermons by Mr. Triggs, and may be had in the vestry of Crosby-row Chapel, King-street, Borough, where Mr. Triggs now preaches; or of Mr. Collingridge. The third part of "*The Preacher*" contains a discourse entitled, "Our Wedding-day: a Testimony of the Lord's Tender Mercies during Forty-six Years." When we were in Plymouth we heard of the singular manner in which our venerable friend Triggs and his greatly beloved spouse became one. This discourse "on marriage" shews, as the commencement of the union was a pure and pleasant one, so the continuance of it has been of an unusually happy and comforting character. In the course of this testimony, Mr. Triggs says—

"We were married in Kingston Church on Friday, Feb. 15th, 1811, and this anniversary day, Feb. 15th, 1857, make up forty and six years. O, the long-suffering, the tender mercies and loving-kindness of the Lord our God toward us, 'in bearing with our manners in the wilderness, when we were enemies to him by wicked works;' and since we were born of God, how oft have we rebelled against him; yet the consolation hath been great, that Jesus the Surety and Mediator 'received gifts for men, yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.'

"When we were married, we lived in one room, at a place called Walkspool; from that we moved into two rooms, the under one paved with pebbles, the upper was our bedroom; from thence we moved to a house with three rooms, two under, and one bedroom above, near the church. In this house God quickened me, and made me feel I was a sinner, and needed salvation. From thence we moved to a house two doors from the Methodist Chapel; this house had four rooms. In one of the bedrooms, after a restless night in anguish of soul, expecting to hear the sentence, 'Ye are cursed with a curse!' O, the depth of the love and mercy of the Lord! in the morning, about five o'clock, he spoke these words into my heart, 'All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.' Guilt and condemnation were removed, and I had peace with God through Jesus Christ. In the same house the Lord quickened my wife into life eternal, and spoke peace to her soul.

"As the Lord's witness of his love and faithfulness, I assert that not one thing hath failed of all the Lord hath promised, though at the time of our marriage we both were ignorant of this. In duo time, according to the will of the Lord, he gave unto us ten children, but now two are not; nor have I, at any time, found it in my heart to think, or say, we had too many; and through all our poverty, distresses, afflictions, &c., I have not been permitted to say, I wish I had not been married, nor at any time desired a separation from the wife of my youth."

Memorials of Departed Saints.

FUNERAL SERMON FOR MRS. BIGG,

OF CODICOTE BURY,

PREACHED AT WELWYN, BY MR. FLUTTER.

"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God."—Rev. i. 5, 6.

I WAS thinking of those words which so beautifully represent the communion of saints,

"One family we dwell in him,
One church above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death."

In heaven they sing and triumph in redeeming love without the least fear of annoyance by any of the ingredients of the fall. We sorrow not for the dead; her pains have subsided, the disease overcome, and she is for ever exempt from suffering—mortal weakness has given place to immortal strength; dark forebodings for perennial light; unceasing restlessness for permanent tranquility; mortality for immortality. Now is brought to pass the saying—"Death is swallowed up in victory," &c. What blessedness the redeemed enjoy! And, dear friends, there is but one communion, the church above and the church below—the one has glory in possession; the other has it in prospective. Both triumph in God the Saviour; both sing of redeeming love; both speak the same language—the language of faith—and utter the same sentiments "Unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and made us kings and priests unto God." The members of the church triumphant, although more happy, are, nevertheless, not more secure than the members of the church militant.

I shall never forget the sweet enjoyment with which I was indulged on entering the sick chamber of our departed sister; and I only regret that my health prevented me from visiting her more frequently. It was delightful to listen to her experience of the Lord's dealings with her soul. She so enjoyed those lines—

"Lord, I believe thou hast prepared,
Unworthy though I be,
For me a blood-bought free reward—
A golden harp for me."

She would say "isn't it sweet to say 'for me'—a golden harp 'for me.'" I don't stand up here to eulogise the creature, but to speak of those things begun, and achieved, by sovereign grace; and to acquaint you with what it can affect for man fallen, and under the sentence of condemnation, pronounced by the righteous law-giver and sovereign of heaven and earth. See, then, what grace can do: it plucks the sting out of death; as the Welwyn poet has tersely said—

"The chamber where the good man meets his
fate
Is privileged beyond the common walk of
virtuous life;
E'en on the verge of heaven."

The scene of the last throes and sufferings of the saint is entirely consecrated. There Jesus was waiting, and a convoy of angels were hovering to receive the liberated spirit, and accompany it home. It was once in the antichamber, now it is in the palace; and shows already what real blessedness is. We ought to speak cautiously of the departed; but may we not speak confidently of our sister? It is my wish that you and I may have a sweet foretaste of her blessedness. (*Here the preacher was much affected.*) Pain and trials we will forget when we remember the promise "When thou passest through the waters, I shall be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; and through the fire, thou shalt not be burned." Ah! poor soul, thou seekest a present deliverance. Forget not that "faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Objects of faith are no chimeras or dreams. These you want to realize; and we affirm your great expectations shall not be disappointed; dim shadows will give place to clear realities, and you shall be satisfied when you awake in his likeness.

"O for a strong and lasting faith
To credit all the Redeemer says."

This, dear friends, is part of the purchased inheritance; for the blessings, and the means to secure them, are both the gifts of God, so that always we are debtors to his grace, who has called us to serve him in the gospel of his dear son. God bestows on his people a strong faith to meet peculiar trials, to bear them up lest they dash their feet against a stone; but for this they had well nigh slipped; they had gone with the multitude to contemn God's authority; despise his laws; blaspheme his name; trample under foot the blood of his son; and grieve his holy spirit. Faith is one of God's choice gifts. Yea, but for this you would have been overwhelmed. For you the spirit of God has unlocked new treasures, and anointed your eyes with eye salve, that you might see them; girded you with strength, that you might lay hold of them; and imparted to you the mental and spiritual qualities, that you might highly appreciate them.

The young men shall be weary, and the youths shall faint and fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength. He gives the principle, and here puts into our mouth the language of faith "to him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us Priests and Kings unto God." Here, poor soul, is faith triumphing preparatory to the bliss of heaven. The saints who sing there did once sing here; they did so tremblingly. As they sang to this tune of the Redeemer, their harps shook upon the willows, being afraid, at times, of the reality of their interest in the blessings of grace. Still in moodish states they did sing, even when faith was weak, and love was cold, and hope was nearly gone, "to him that loved us," &c. And the more they sang and tuned their harps to this sacred air, and God-like symphony, namely, "to him that loved us," the more they perceived the night passing, and the day dawning, and the shadows fleeing away. In heaven our harps will never be out of tune; we shall have one formed by power divine, which will never be injured. Oh, no! no lisping, stammering tongues there. In the text we have the unchanging love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. Here is a sweet subject for thought, a theme for thanksgiving and hope, and a ground for rest to a weary soul.

The rest of the glorified is *not our rest* at present, but it will be ere long, then, oh, how blessed the conqueror's song. What with this body full of corruption, and this soul smitten by the pestilence of sin and waves of trouble beating against it, and afflictions, like a wild deluge, endeavouring to undermine the foundation, and sweep away the hope built thereon, to be broken up, and the fragments scattered, and tossed to and fro on the surges of the mighty deep, and the hand of love to gather them, and form them anew, a holy building—a habitation for God through the spirit!

There will be no rest until this is realized; it will not be one of inactivity, for there they worship God, and serve him day and night in his temple.

It would be useless to make an attempt to describe the glory of God, the blessedness of the place, and the happiness of the redeemed in heaven: their capacity is considerably expanded, and all they engage in is very interesting: no discordant note in their songs; no monotony in their worship. They have everything needful for the new scene in which they are placed, and the holy position which they occupy. Our sister has entered upon them. There needs no passing bell; no paternosters for the soul; no praying it out of purgatory. She will never sin again, nor fear an enemy. She is beginning to feel already the expanding soul: we long to be with her. The household of faith are journey-

ing thither; and their minutes, and hours, and days, and weeks, and months, and years, are growing less the nearer they get to the borders of this happy land. Doubtless, when we reach heaven our blessedness will be complete, for the Lord's work is perfect: the Father, the Son, and the Spirit have their distinctive parts to undertake: and the work that the wisdom of the triune Jehovah undertakes his mercy never forsakes.

In the words before us are *two extremes—him and us*; and these are as wide as can possibly be conceived. Compare a poor worm of a day to the eternal God; a guilty and polluted wretch to the just and holy Lord. Cast out, and lying in our blood in the open field, he passed by, looked upon us, and said *live*; and the time was a time of love. At hell's dark door we lay; he laid hold upon us by the grace of his heart, and by the power of his arm, and said, "save from going down to the pit: O, soul, I am thy ransom." We bless the love that blessed us. This is the river, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. Love is the source of all blessings; the cause and the effect of grace, godliness, and glory to all the people of God. He loves us first, and then washes us. He does not wash us, and then love us. We must always view the one as preceding the other: in other words, his love is the antecedent, and his washing us is the consequent; love is the cause, his washing us is its effect. The apostle characterizes this love as being without height, or depth, or length, or breadth. This love is *everlasting*. It is *from everlasting to everlasting*. It may fluctuate in us, but not so in God, for he changes not. This will be manifest at the morning of the resurrection, when our bodies will be raised and betrothed to Christ. He took us for worse, not for better; and such we were when he fell in love with us. Moses alludes to the people as being the fewest of all. We, and they, dear friends, were depraved, guilty and unboly; yea, the basest of people. It is *disinterested love*. The Lord loved us because he would love us; not that his felicity, attributes, or being depend upon us, or that he could not reign, and have as many honours and have as much happiness without us. Indeed, he had more to lose than gain by loving and making us kings and priests. He became *responsible* for us; he endured the most depressing sorrows, and a most painful lingering death to placate God the Father as a righteous sovereign, to satisfy the demands of strict justice, and to magnify the holy law of God, and make it honourable. By thus taking the place of his people, and enduring the consequences of sin, he saved an innumerable company, whom no man can number. This was his object in taking upon himself human nature; and what a mercy that he is responsible for all his elect. If the enemy accuse, we refer to the surety, and he answers for us

—“And who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect,” &c. Christ's heart was the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. But how does this blood wash them as white as the driven snow? Because, by the shedding of Christ's blood sin is pardoned; which is tantamount to saying “ye are washed.” This fountain is effectual for all sin.

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day.”

And the apostle John said, “The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin.” It availed for Paul, once a fierce persecutor, and for Manassah, a notorious idolater and murderer.

Our dear departed sister frequently told us she was a guilty sinner, and what should I do now without a precious Saviour? God's sovereign and discriminating grace delighted and encouraged her; and the anticipation of ease from pain, to have all joys, caused her to make melody in her heart, for she would say, “A golden harp for me;” which reminds us of the question asked—“Who are these? and whence came they?” and the reply was “These are they who have come out of great tribulation,” &c. Notice, *their dignity*. Made kings and priests, they were taken from the dust and the dung-hill, and set on high, and made the children of God; and, if children, then heirs,” &c. We are kings by our pedigree; rejoice, then, at the relation you sustain to God. We are priests also. We are appointed, by the anointing of the spirit, to be a royal priesthood, to offer spiritual sacrifices, holy and acceptable to God, through Jesus Christ.

In conclusion, I wish for you, and myself, a clear title to these privileges and honours. Oh, for more of the spirit of Jesus! Oh, for more of his holy unction! that we may imitate them; who, through faith and patience, are now inheriting the promises.

Let us see to it, that their way is our way; and assuredly their end will be our end; and their joy our joy.

MEMOIR OF MISS E. BAILEY, AGED 39 YEARS.

“Absent from the body, present with the Lord.”

THE subject of this brief memoir was the daughter of Mrs. Bailey, Haggerstone Alms Houses, Hackney-road, but resided in Lynn about twenty years of her life; and of late years with an aunt, whom the Lord was pleased to remove from this world to himself but four weeks before her own end, which trial and fatigue was the last of worldly trial she was called to endure, for her end was at hand. Though not in possession of any account how she was brought from darkness into light, yet she manifested a walk, conduct, and conversation, which bore its own evidence of exercise of life in her soul.

At one period of her life she was very bad, and quite delirious for several days, when special prayer was made by the little church and people she worshipped with, and the Lord heard and answered their prayers in her speedy recovery; but as these lines are more especially written to bear testimony to her end, and the Lord's sovereignty and goodness displayed, I hasten to relate the same.

On Wednesday morning, Nov. 12, 1856, at 5, Victoria-street, Lynn, Eleanor was removed from this wilderness to that building of God, “a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,” after thirty or forty hours' suffering. She was seized with pain in the body on Monday, about 9 p.m., November 10th, just as she was going into her friend Pinder's house, whom she called upon to bid good-bye, having that night cleared her late house of residence, settled with landlord, &c., and packed up all ready to leave the town for London next morning, her intended future home, but was obliged there to stop, and there to die. Her exercises of soul were quick and sharp.

During the Monday night she said, “I think I must die;” and her soul was aroused to earnest crying unto the Lord. She said to those around her, “Go down on your knees and pray (her mother and friend both praying souls). I want an answer to prayer. Shall I get out of bed and kneel down? (though in great agony of body). Do you think the Lord will hear me the sooner? Oh, I want an answer—an answer from the Lord!” She continued crying thus, but seemed to obtain no relief. On the noon of Tuesday I went to see her, in compliance with her own request, and found her crying unto the Lord for a word from himself. She was much altered and sunk in body. She said, as well as enabled, “I want a word from the Lord.” I asked her her if she had any particular distress of soul. She said, “No; but I want a want a word from the Lord. I fear I am a castaway,” &c. She was exceedingly anxious and watchful, as to whether in prayer I had a word from the Lord in her behalf. The Lord favoured me with earnest pleading for her, and I told her I had some hold on Deut. xxxiii. 27. She repeated it to herself, and seemed to have a little help. Continuing worse, no effect could be produced from any medicine given. Her soul was the whole of her care.

During the night her pains were great, and the Lord deepened repentance in her soul. She said, “I deserve all this, and much more. I have been so rebellious. I have come and gone to chapel, and left it, scarce knowing what I went for, without any profit whatever.” She cried mightily unto the Lord. The Lord heard and answered her cries, and though her agony of body increased, it was very evident a great

change of mind had occurred. Now all her cry was, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, for I long to be gone." Her mother asked her whether she would not rather be spared to go to London with her? Her reply was, "No, no; I want to go to heaven."

About five o'clock on the Wednesday morning she was evidently enjoying sweet communion with her Lord. Such sentences as these kept falling from her lips, "I know thou wilt hear for Jesus' sake: thou hearest him always. Do look upon me, for his sake, and do receive my spirit to thyself."

She continued until after seven o'clock in the greatest calm submission, when the Lord was pleased to deliver her from all her pains and fears.

How literally the word (Isa. lviii. 8) was illustrated in her case. She intended to go to London to live; the Lord's thoughts were for her to go dead; for she was removed to London for interment on the Friday, and interred on Wednesday, the 19th, at the Abney Park Cemetery, Kingsland. Mr. C. W. Banks officiating (Eleanor's mother being a member of Mr. B.'s church), he read a part of John xi., and prayed, &c. It was felt a solemn time with all present. Our little cause, Zion Baptist Chapel, Blackfriars-road, has lost a constant friend and hearer, though she was always exceedingly deaf; but it is her everlasting gain. Rejoice in the Lord!

Your's very affectionately,

R. CLAYDON.

SHE is gone to her rest, and her conflicts are o'er;

She has done with her sorrows and pain;
The ills of this life, which she patiently bore,
Shall never distress, they shall grieve her no
No, never shall grieve her again. [more;

She is gone to her rest, sweetly gone to her
And her spirit has passed away, [rest;
Yes, just as the sun gently sinks to the west,
So she fell asleep on Immanuel's breast,
And awoke in the regions of day.

She is gone to her rest, to the city so bright,
Where, arrayed in her garments so clean,
With a palm in her hand she is walking in
white,
Where God and the Lamb are its Glory and
Light,
And the King in his beauty is seen.

She is gone to her rest, and safe laid in the
tomb

Is her dust, till the trumpet shall blow;
But the spirit is basking in yonder bright
home,

Where now she is waiting, the mourners to
She left in this valley below. [come

She is gone to her rest; and she views that
dear face

Whose honour here once was her aim;
Where with raptures divine all his beauties
she'll trace,

And strike on her harp that sweet anthem of
"Salvation to God and the Lamb!" [grace,

She is gone to her rest; then a loving good-
For a time, my dear sister, adieu; [bye;
I'll think of thy bliss, and my sorrows shall
dry,

And I'll joyfully hope yet to join thee on high
Our friendship and love to renew.
Wisbeach. Miss M. A. GROOM.

MR. JAMES WELLS AND MR. SPURGEON.

A CORRESPONDENCE AND A QUESTION.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—A correspondence between Mr. Wells, of London, and Mr. Joseph Wilkins, of Brighton, having fallen into my hands, I think its publication in the *VESSEL* may do no harm, as it may bring under discussion the question of how far ministers that differ in doctrine are, or are not, justified in preaching together.

It appears that Mr. Wilkins, when at the meeting at Unicorn Yard, asked Mr. Wells to come to Brighton in the course of a few weeks to preach two sermons at Windsor-street Chapel, Brighton, to which Mr. Wells consented; but in a day or two afterwards it came out that Mr. Wilkins was in close fellowship with Mr. Spurgeon. Upon the back of this information reaching Mr. Wells, he received by letter from Mr. Wilkins what may be called a more official invitation, fixing the time for the anniversary. The following is the correspondence that ensued.

Now, Mr. Editor, will any of your correspondents inform us whether Mr. Wells be right or whether he be wrong in refusing to preach with Mr. Spurgeon? This is a difficulty with many, and a clear answer may do no little amount of good. Your's very truly,
A LOVER OF GOOD MEN.

April 9, 1857.

MR. WELLS TO MR. WILKINS.

"6, St. George's-place, North Brixton,
March 30, 1857.

"DEAR FRIEND.—Every principle I hold is with me a matter of conscience; and if I seek by the truth to get money to uphold that which is not truth, I make myself a transgressor.

"Now, Mr. Spurgeon informs us that he cannot reconcile Matt. xi. 20, 21, 23, 24, with verses 25, 26, or with verses 28, 29, 30; so that by exalting mere Ninevite repentance (first five verses) into that repentance which God alone can bestow, he hereby makes the Holy Ghost a self-contradictory Witness. He thus preaches a *suicidal* gospel, a gospel divided against itself. This is that piece of delusion which softens the great truths of the gospel down to the taste of the carnal mind; and from such a gospel I do most solemnly and conscientiously differ; and however much this may tend to my unpopularity, a good conscience before God is with me a greater treasure than all the world can give.

"I have no unkind feeling whatever to Mr. Spurgeon. There are some right things in his ministry, but still his ministry is divided against itself, and I shall be much more comfortable in keeping at an honest distance

than I should be in (doing as many have done) making a hypocritical profession of receiving his ministry, and then go and backbite him. I write thus because I have been informed since Tuesday last that you are one with Mr. Spurgeon, and that you spoke at Park-street on the evening preceding the meeting at Unicorn Yard, and that you intend to have Mr. Spurgeon again to preach for you, which of course you have a right if you choose to do, as you have; and I would as willingly grant you your right to your convictions as I have to mine.

"As, then, I believe Mr. Spurgeon's ministry not to be in accordance with the new covenant, consequently not Scriptural, I must decline working with him; and as he would have a much larger congregation, and bring more temporal help than I should bring, he is the proper person for you to have. I must stand out for what I believe and trust I experimentally know to be the truth as it is in Jesus.

"I have no sympathy whatever with the reproachful things said in the public papers of Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, as such things arise from ignorance, envy, and prejudice against his honest and out-spoken manner of advocating what he believes to be truth.

"I much regret being thus compelled to decline coming to Brighton. This letter is *not* in confidence. You can make any use of it you think proper. Your's faithfully,

"J. WELLS.

"Mr. Wilkins, Brighton."

MR. WILKINS TO MR. WELLS.

"4, West-hill-road, Brighton,
April 1, 1857.

"MY DEAR BROTHER.—It was with mingled feelings I read your letter, which reached me last evening. I was sorry you had declined to pay us the expected visit, and sorry, too, that any difference should exist between those I believe to be the servants of God. Yet I was pleased with your honesty, and the good feeling your letter exhibited, and am still led to believe that a line or two of explanation will set the matter at rest, so far as you and I are concerned.

"When I saw you at Unicorn Yard last week, and asked you if you would give us a visit, I felt thankful with your kind promise to do so, on which occasion you asked me what I really thought of Mr. Spurgeon; to which I replied that had you heard him as I had, you would have received him as I did.

"I have no more sympathy with anything short of a *full, free, and effectual* gospel than yourself; and did I find the contrary in any man, I should at once reject it. It is not supposed because we receive a brother, we receive everything he says, or endorse every sentiment he holds. No one ever thought when brother Wells mentioned the names of Huntington and Irons, that he had been converted to their views of baptism, or when he spoke of Toplady and Hawker, that he was become an Episcopalian. Nor is it understood that your brethren who receive Mr. Spurgeon have pledged themselves to avow every sentence he advances. I am open to confess that I differ with him on some points,—such as the communion question, and his views of the mil-

lennium, &c., but there is too much of Christ and sovereign grace in his ministry to allow me to reject it. I have no doubt there are many brethren you meet with, with whom you as widely differ. Did I find anything in any man calculated to undermine the faith of the church in the great truths of the gospel, like yourself, I would at once keep at a distance, and expose the error. But with reference to Mr. Spurgeon I have not found it, but to the contrary. The subject you have noticed concerning his views on repentance *I have not seen*. My own views on repentance, faith, and everything else worth having, is found in Ephesians ii.—'By grace are ye saved through faith, and that *not* of YOURSELVES, it is the GIFT of GOD.' And what is not of *self*, I have never seen any common sense in calling upon *self* to do.

"From your letter I am thinking you imagined I was laying a trap for you (*viz.*, by bringing you to Brighton to preach with Mr. Spurgeon), because you understood I was at Park-street on the Monday, and had said Mr. Spurgeon was coming for me. It is true I was there, of which I made no secret, as you are aware; and in my address I said, 'Seeing the many thousands in this metropolis regardless of God, the Bible, or the Sabbath, as I saw them yesterday in Whitechapel and elsewhere, I could say, would to God a thousand Spurgeons were raised up to attract the multitude to hear the Word of life!' And I feel assured you will go with me in this expression. And as he is doing what no other living man can do, let us rather rejoice than lament. And if you and I differ in opinion concerning a servant, we are not to let that opinion hinder our union respecting the MASTER.

"I trust no word will ever escape my lips contrary to covenant love—covenant blood for covenant sinners; the two former securing all needful blessings, agency and means to the latter. Agreeing as we do on such vital points, surely we cannot be far wrong. As for Mr. Spurgeon's coming to Windsor-street, that will not be for several months to come, and certainly you would not object to preach in the same pulpit, many months apart. I would not be found playing a triok on any, much less on brethren I highly esteem. You will see, therefore, that your invitation was independent of every one else, and that we expected you to take the two services alone.

"Shall I, my dear brother, after the explanation I have candidly given, have the happiness of expecting you as I did before receiving your letter? and may we not *still* hope that your visit may be looked forward to, with the most fervent desires that our covenant God and Father will make it, by the Holy Ghost, a united season of seed time and harvest?

"Wishing you every blessing in your own soul, and in your work, I am, my dear brother, your's faithfully in gospel union,

"JOSEPH WILKINS.

"To Mr. J. Wells."

MR. WELLS TO MR. WILKINS.

"April 3, 1857.

"DEAR FRIEND.—I am much obliged by

your prompt, kind, and well-written reply. I am glad to see in you the elements of a good and able preacher of the gospel.

"It seems you have not read Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on 'The Sin of Unbelief,' or his more recently printed sermon, entitled, 'Unimpeachable Justice,' which sermon, as well as many others of his sermons, clearly shews that he holds that men are not lost by the fall, or condemned according to their personal wrongs, but are lost by refusing to become true believers in Jesus Christ. And holding this doctrine, he, as he deems occasion requires, brings forward this doctrine and preaches it to the ungodly, hereby reducing the settlements of grace to a mere *jest*; for if it be of works (and it certainly is if those are in hell who might have been in heaven), then it is no more of grace. He thus connects the doctrines of grace (*in reality*) with the works of dead captive sinners.

"Now, from this doctrine of duty-faith (for this is what it is) you seem in your open profession to stand clear. But though I receive not the mark of error in my forehead so as openly to avow that error, yet if I give the right hand of fellowship to it, I do hereby receive the mark of error, though not in my forehead, yet I receive it in my hand. Whereas I am commanded to have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

"A man having great powers of numerical attraction is no criterion of truth: it is the hugeness of Popery, Church-of-Englandism, Wesleyanism, and Mahomedanism, which has awed so many into submission; and all this is very natural to those whose faith stands in the wisdom of men, and who love the praise of men more than the praise of God.

"The good men to whom you refer held no doctrine which had a tendency immediately to sap and undermine the truths of the new covenant; whereas there is no doctrine in existence that more *insidiously* destroys the vital truths of the gospel from the churches than this duty-faith doctrine. It is by this doctrine that such numbers are converted—*such a conversion as it is*. It is by this doctrine they come into the churches, and the truth, and not always by slow degrees, becomes expelled from such churches. Where are the old Fullerite churches gone to, but into the grossest Arminianism?

"Is there one prophet, is there one apostle, that would for one hour give way to such a doctrine as duty-faith? No, not one; no, not even if an angel from heaven should preach it. Now, I am solemnly convinced from Mr. Spurgeon's printed sermons that he does hold (no doubt conscientiously) this pernicious error; and nearly every church of truth who under an impression of the contrary have received him, have reaped in nearly every case the fruits of their conduct. The minister has fallen like a thistle, the right-minded have lost confidence in him, and the church becomes divided. *Your* experience in this matter is yet to come; a flimsy gospel makes but flimsy friends; and if we *practically* deny what we profess to hold, who will have any confidence in us?

"I would stand second to no man in concern for the souls of men; but I must be concerned also for the purity of new covenant truth. A man may be a son of thunder to sinners, as well as a son of consolation to saints, without speaking wickedly for God. If, therefore, I seek to get money to uphold error, I do thereby give my sanction to that error.

"It is very unpleasant to me to make these almost personal allusions to Mr. Spurgeon, but still every man's public ministry becomes public property and of course Mr. Spurgeon might as much object to my mode of speaking to the ungodly as I do to his duty-faith doctrine, and yea and nay gospel. I know of no man I should feel more attachment to, where he but straight in the truth; but it is not so; I lament it; and none but the Lord can alter it. Therefore, whether I am doing right or doing wrong, so it is, that I feel that with the fear of God before my eyes I dare not labour to get money for a church, if not professing, yet wilfully or ignorantly giving the hand of fellowship to what I believe to be an error of the most serious description. I am, therefore, compelled to decline coming to Brighton.

"I freely exonerate you from all intention to mislead me, nor do I for one moment seek to dictate to you. I am (as I have said), from Mr. Spurgeon's printed sermons, convinced that he holds an unscriptural doctrine, which virtually (though he sees it not) destroys the truth and temple of God. You, on the other hand, are not convinced of this; but, on the contrary, believe him to be sound in all the essentials of the gospel.

"I suffered before I knew what the truth really was, so much from yea and nay gospels, that I have done with them for ever; but as you feel satisfied with Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, act accordingly, and honestly abide by him; and as to his open communion, millenium, &c., these are circumstantial which do not so immediately touch essentials. I feel more and more my need of wisdom from on high to know how to act, especially in such cases as this. I am, in declining to come to Brighton, doing what I conscientiously believe to be right. I make no pretensions to infallibility, but if truth be my guide I cannot be far out. While I remain yours faithfully in the gospel (not of men but of God),
J. WELLS.

"To Mr. Wilkins.

"Note.—The nearer the counterfeit is in weight and appearance to the real coin, the greater the danger, and the more complete the deception."

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY.

How blest am I! no snare I fear,
While Jesus keeps his dwelling here;
His presence chases death away,
Enliv'ning with continual day.

By Satan's rage I stand unshocked;
My hopes are founded on a Rock;
Christ is the Stone on which I build—
My Castle, Guardian, Helmet, Shield.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXXII.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS—Having grace in your heart, you will, at those times when grace is reigning, feel one with the prospects and revelations which relate to eternal judgment. And, just in proportion as the scene is solemn, so as the Saviour made the same cheerful, attractive, exultative, and glorious; so far so as to turn into experimental and practical reality, a looking for, and hastening unto, the coming of the day of God, wherein the heavens, being on fire, shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. And, in order to meet this great day, you *ought*, in order to prove your meekness for this great day, you *ought* to give diligence to make your calling and election sure. Now, mind, not to make God's calling and election sure. They cannot be made more sure than they are; but you *ought*, in order to *prove* the reality of your religion, to give diligence, to make *your* calling and election sure.

Now again, mind, it does not say make your calling and election sure; but give *diligence* to make your calling your calling, and election sure. And I will presently shew you how to go to work upon this matter; but, before doing so, let us see what we are to *understand* by making our calling and election sure.

Give diligence, and see that your calling is not a mere *natural conscience* call; a mere letter of the word call; a mere loaf and fish call; a mere Sinai thunder call; a mere going out of the unclean spirit call; a mere humanly persuasive call; a mere going with the tide call; a mere intellectual call; a mere Ninevite repentance call; for all these, and many more, are, by thousands, *substituted for*, and taken for the *one true predestinarian and saving call*; and so the end will prove that "*many were called, but few chosen.*"

The first thing, then, you have to do, is to give diligent attention to the nature of the calling wherewith you are called, and so to continue in godly jealousy over your own soul. And, if you have this true godly jealousy over your own soul, you will doubt, and fear, and tremble at God's word, for it is unto such that he looketh. You will not, like the Pharisee, rubbing in upon God with flaming, but at the same time *fleshy*, confidence. You will never be bold nor confident before him until he *give* you boldness and confidence; *then* it will be such boldness and confidence as *he will approve*. You will stand aloof from the tokens of liars, for God "*frustrateth the tokens of liars, and maketh Diviners mad, and turneth wise men (after the flesh) backward, and maketh their knowledge foolish.*" Isaiah xlv. 25.

Now, when you have made your calling

sure, if you should be favoured so to do, then God's eternal election of you is hereby made sure to you. But *your* election is *another thing*.

I say, if you should be favoured to make your calling sure, for some are, and must be, it is the path appointed for them. Some are all their lifetime in bondage, through fear of death—through fear, lest their calling be not of the right kind; and so their religion, when it is most needed, will forsake them; but the Lord despiseth not his prisoners.

Now, you see the apostle has put your calling and election together, because you do by making sure your *election*, you do hereby make sure your calling; and, for this reason, that your *election* will be sure, more or less, to *accord* with the *nature* of your calling.

Now, then, what is your *election*? What do these words mean? If the word *election*, as here used, mean God's eternal election of you, then the word *election* here is superfluous, for you make *sure your calling*, then the work is done. Election—that is, God's eternal election of you—is proved by the reality of your calling; so that, when you have proved, and made sure that your calling is right, you need not then go to work to prove your eternal election, unless you have any doubt about the *doctrine* of election, then you would, with earnest prayer, search the Holy Scriptures, in order to be established in the truth. But this cannot well be the case, because no one has any *Divine* right to conclude that he is called *by grace*, when, at the same time, he is ignorant, in reality, of grace. Such a professor has, in many ways, to be put yet to the test, to the law of truth, and to the testimony of God; and, if they speak not according to this word, it is because there is no light in them.

What, then, is this *your election*? Your election means your *choice*—that is, you (if your religion be vital) will make your election your choice; you will make your choice of *God's truth*; that is, you will choose his truth, and you will give diligence to make a *sure choice* thereof. So, you see, you are not only to choose the truth, but to make *sure* your election thereof; not to make a *lax, careless sort of choice* thereof, and so easily become bewildered therein and *seduced therefrom*. The apostle, therefore, would have us clearly understand our way, and be "*faithful, firm, steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in this work of the Lord*:" forasmuch as our labour will not be in vain in the Lord."

The kind of gospel that men choose shews just what kind of calling they were called by; and also the *manner* of choosing or making our election of the *true* gospel, will also stand for or against us. We see the stony-ground hearer choosing the right gospel, but he did not make a *sure* election of it; he

did not make his election of it *sure*, or he would not have fallen as he did. The apostle well knew that nothing but a sure choice of the truth can keep from falling. The word fall here (2 Peter i. 10) means (as the ninth verse proves) *apostacy*.

Now, there are good people in the world who make such a sure choice of God's truth, and so practically abide by it, as to put the reality of their religion beyond all doubt in the minds of them who know the truth, and yet are hardly ever free from fear for themselves, lest they should be deceiving themselves; they cannot receive testimony from man; if they obtain assurance, it must be by the power of God.

Well, before we enter upon the great matter of eternal judgment, let me shew you how you are to go to work to make your calling and election sure.

Now, being brought out of an ungodly world, having escaped the corruption that is in the world—but beside this; yes, beside this outward department, beside this—what, then, is there beside this? this vital part, what is it? We will see:—"Add to your *faith virtue*." What is virtue? Now, virtue in a *remedy* is *power to heal*. So said the woman, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment I shall be whole." And she did give a believing, God-glorifying touch; but she could not do this without *access* to him. "And Jesus immediately, *knowing* that virtue had gone out of him, said unto her, "*Daughter*, thy faith hath made thee whole: go in peace, and be whole of thy plague." Mark vi. And again (Luke vi. 19), "There went *virtue* out of him, and healed them all." Thus you see, you must be a *wounded* one, and such as none but Jesus can heal; and when he sends a pardoning, healing word with power, how *sure* this makes you of the excellency of his truth! this is one step towards making your election of his truth sure. And see how much more may be said upon this same part of our subject; but I forbear.

And you will see how nicely, with only one parenthetical verse, the several parts of the work you have to do, join in one with another. Hence, next to this healing virtue you have *knowledge*. See what a *knowledge* those had of him who were *healed* by him; at least, those who were healed by him *spiritually* as well as bodily.

Now, my good Theophilus, this is the kind of knowledge you will give diligence to grow in. Such knowledge is indeed power, and will enable you to discern good and evil; to love the good and hate the evil; to hold fast what you *know* to be truth, and to disdain what you know to be error.

Then comes with this knowledge *temperance*. You will now judge of God and of his dealings with you more soberly, and not be quite so rash in your conclusions; also you

will judge men more soberly, not taking men too suddenly for Christians, nor, when once you do receive them thus soberly, easily part with them again; but will judge by the law of mercy as well as by the law of truth; or rather by the law of truth, which is itself a law of mercy; and you will have such a deep sense of the Lord's patience and forbearance towards you, that you will seek to be patient towards others; and you will never be out of patience with God's truth; however, your patience may, like the patience of Job, fail in other respects, you will not be out of patience with the truth, whatever you may have to suffer on its account, as *your* suffering on its account will be but very little compared with what He who is the Truth suffered on your account. But more of this next month. Sincerely yours in the truth,

A LITTLE ONE.

F A I T H .

[We copy the following short article on Faith from Mr. Samuel Cozens's new work, now in the press, entitled, "The Teacher's Thought-Book and the Layman's Library."—Ed.]

FAITH is a grace of (1) *determination*,—"I will go in unto the King;" Esth. iv. 16: (2) *reclination*,—"She leans on her Beloved;" Cant. viii. 4: (3) *reception*,—"She receives Christ;" John i. 12: (4) *distinction*,—"It distinguishes the Christian from the Christless;" (5) *perception*,—"We see Jesus;" Heb. ii. 9: (6) *prospect*,—"Looking for that blessed hope;" Titus ii. 13: (7) *estimation*,—"It esteems the riches of Christ;" Heb. xi. 26: (8) *expectation*,—"My expectation is from the Lord;" Psalm xlii. 5: (9) *exultation*,—"It is the mouth of praise;" (10) *emigration*,—"She seeks a country;" Heb. xi. (11) *observation*,—"The obedience of faith;" Rom. xvi. 26: (12) *operation*,—"The work of faith;" 2 Thess. i. 11: (13) *oblation*,—"He offered unto God," &c.; Heb. xi. (14) *affection*,—"We love him;" 1 John iv. 19: (15) *appropriation*,—"She takes hold of God, saying, 'This God is my God for ever and ever,'" &c.; Psalm xlvi. 14: (16) *compunction*,—"She looks and mourns;" Zech. xii. 10: (17) *contemplation*,—"She dwells on high:" (18) *illumination*,—"She is light in the Lord:" (19) *sensation*,—"She is the heart of spiritual vitality:" (20) *supplication*,—"The prayer of faith shall save," &c.

THE Holy Spirit is the broad Seal of heaven, by which all the laws and institutions of the gospel were ratified and confirmed, with signs and wonders in the primitive times; by which means they come to be authentic and everlasting laws, obliging all men to obedience; and all laws of spiritual worship, traditions, and institutions, enjoyed by any potentate, assembly, or council whatsoever, that were not thus sealed or witnessed to, are utterly to be rejected (Mark xvi. 20; Hebrews ii. 3, 4).

THE ORIGIN AND POSITION OF
THE BAPTIST CHURCHES
IN AUSTRALIA.

THE FREEMAN'S ACCOUNT OF "THE
BAPTISTS" IN AUSTRALIA DISPUTED.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

ALSO, A

LETTER FROM JOHN BUNYAN M'CURE.

BROTHER BANKS.—As many of the sons and daughters of Zion have left their mother country and emigrated to Australia, I have thought a short account of the state and cause of truth in that far-off land would not be unacceptable to your readers; especially to those who have parted with brethren in the faith, and are now sojourning in that land of gold. And I am the more inclined to do this, because of certain articles and letters which have appeared of late in the columns of the *Freeman* (the organ of the General Baptists), ignoring the very existence of churches of the Lord Jesus Christ in the city of Melbourne and the colony of Victoria. I wish it to be understood, that with the exception of Van Dieman's Land, I write from actual observation and experience, having resided in the city of Melbourne from 1841 to 1845, and again visited Melbourne and Geelong in 1854.

In the *Freeman*, dated August 20, 1856, there is a letter purporting to have come from the *Freeman's* correspondent in the city of Melbourne, in which there is such a suppression of facts, and garbled statements made, that unless they are exposed, and the truth fairly stated, false impressions will be the result.

The writer of that letter says, that there are but two recognised Baptist churches in or near Melbourne; and furthermore, that there is but one Baptist minister throughout the whole of the colony of Victoria. Now this person pretends to give an account of the Baptists of Victoria, without their peculiarities; for this letter is headed, "Baptists in Australia;" but that your readers may judge of the truth of his statements, I submit the following facts for their consideration.

In the city of Melbourne alone there are six professing Baptist churches; four free-grace, and two duty-faith, or yea and nay churches.

The first Baptist church was formed about the year 1843, by brother Mouritz, a native of Ireland. He had been originally in the Indian Army, and I believe it was while he was there that the Lord called him by his grace. Conjointly with the writer, he was the first to proclaim in the town of Melbourne the doctrines of sovereign and discriminating grace. He was a man of extreme views on the millennium, which militated against his acceptability. However, he is deserving of a name amongst David's valiant men. He gathered a people in his house, and there worshipped with them for years. However, the Lord granted to him his wish; for when the writer visited him in 1854 he had nearly completed building a nice brick chapel for his flock to assemble in, and with becoming spirit

told his old fellow-labourer that he was not indebted to the devil for a single brick in the building. The Great Head of the Church has not blessed his labours to the extent which was anticipated, but his work of faith and labour of love shall not be lost.

Next in the order of time is the church in Collins-street. The history of this people is very instructive to the living family of God. When brother Mouritz and myself first engaged in making known to the people what we knew of the grace of God, there was associated with us a person of the name of L.—h, but it was not long before we found that he was not one of us; and in a variety of ways did he seek to overthrow our meeting. I shall not enter into his vile schemes to break up the little cause of truth; suffice it to say, that he left no stone unturned which he thought likely to accomplish his object. In withdrawing from us, he influenced a small portion of the people to follow him. About this time a *Reverend* arrived in the colony from Birmingham; and as he was out of a situation our quondam friend hired him at a salary of £200 per annum, and engaged the large room of the Mechanics' Institute for his *Reverence* to preach in. And now commenced a system of puffing, which is so well understood and practised by needy shopkeepers in this country. Paragraphs appeared every now and then in the Melbourne newspapers, announcing that there was a regularly ordained Baptist minister officiating in the Mechanics' Hall. The bait took; a church (as it was called) was soon formed, and they began to build; but soon after this their *bishop* left them in the lurch; for the freewill Baptists of Sydney, having lost their teacher, gave Mr. H.—m an invitation, with the certainty of a much larger income, which he accepted. The people being destitute of a teacher, our old friend Mr. L.—h began to preach to them, and ultimately it was arranged that he should be their pastor. A day was set apart for his ordination, the services had commenced; when lo! a commotion was seen in the chapel; Mr. L.—h is seized with a paralysis, and the service is abruptly terminated. The finger of God is thus seen in the early history of this people; and when in 1854 I went into this chapel, I saw about forty-nine persons assembled, and they are so much reduced that the *Freeman's* correspondent says in his communication that a tolerably sized parlour would hold the entire church and congregation. Yet this is one of the recognised churches! Shame, where is thy blush? This people have been without a pastor some years.

The next church that was formed is the one under the pastoral care of Mr. Turner. Some few years since he was settled at Brighton, but emigrated with a number of the members of his church to Melbourne. There is one thing about this cause, which is this. The Colonial Government in those days—and I believe in the present—granted plots of ground to bodies of professing Christians for to build their churches and chapels upon, and also subsidised them with annual grants of money. Mr. Turner, having no conscientious scruples about him on this sub-

ject, applied to the governor, Mr. Latrobe, for a piece of ground. It seems that the governor sent for the head man of Collins-street Chapel, Mr. L.—h, and began to enquire concerning the orthodoxy of Mr. Turner; and not finding it to tally with the standard of Melbourne, Mr. Turner was refused. But, nothing daunted, Mr. Turner returned to the charge, and so beset his excellency the governor that, to get rid of him, a piece of ground outside of the town was granted for to build a chapel upon. This was before the discovery of gold, and consequently not worth much; but after the discovery of the precious metal, thousands and tens of thousands of persons emigrated to that land, and, as a consequence, the boundaries of the city were extended on every hand, so that the plot of ground which had been given to Mr. Turner outside of the place suddenly became about the centre of the city; and when I visited the city in 1854, I had the pleasure of worshipping in a large stone building, which the people had erected on the land.

But now comes the question, if Mr. Turner had no scruples of conscience in receiving the land from the government, what security is there for the people of his charge, that he will not also receive aid from the government in the shape of money, if his salary should fall short? Some of his people have left him in consequence of this, and also of some views which he has propounded in reference to the work of the Spirit.

The chapel in Albert-street was built for a Mr. Scott, who died last April. In reference to this people, I would say, if a good opinion of themselves, and respectability in worldly matters, constituted them new creatures in Christ Jesus, then this is a church of the Lord Jesus Christ. This, and the body of Baptists in Collins-street Chapel, are the *recognized* Baptist churches in Melbourne!

The Lord has been pleased to call into the ministry of the word a person of the name of Allen, about forty years of age, but whether a native of Van Dieman's land, or England, I could not learn; but it appears to me, from what I saw and heard, that the Lord has fitted him for extensive usefulness in his church in this part of the world. The people worship in the large room of the Mechanics' Institute. I think that he is the most able minister of the Lord's word in Melbourne. May the Lord uphold his servant by his Spirit!

The last in the city of Melbourne is the Cave Adullam. Of this people I know nothing, except it be that the principal person among them is Mr. Charlwood, bookseller, Bourke-street, near the Post-office, Melbourne. I believe he was formerly of the city of Norwich; but for the information of your numerous readers I may say, that the friends of this cause remitted to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society the handsome sum of £15 a short time since.

As a summary of the whole of the Baptist churches in Melbourne, four are free grace, and two are free will, or duty-faith, or yea and nay, which is much about the same thing.

Geelong is the second city in the colony of

Victoria, and I believe will become a place of great importance. It has an immense tract of fertile land in its rear, and is nearer the gold fields than Melbourne. Here we have the standard of truth erected; a people is found under the guidance of John Bunyan McCure. When in Geelong I called upon him. I found him in his shop. He did not seem afraid nor ashamed to pull off his coat and work like another man. I should think, from what I saw the morning I called upon him, that he was as willing to fit on a pair of shoes, as he is to preach a sermon upon the faithfulness of his covenant-keeping God.

Beside Mr. McCure, there is an elderly gentleman of the name of Hewlett, who is pastor of a professing Baptist church; but as I know nothing of the people, I shall not say anything about them, except it be that this is the only baptist minister in the colony of Victoria, according to "*The Freeman's*" correspondent!

In 1854 there was a census taken in the colony, and there were returned to government 4,727 persons as Baptists.

We must not pass by Van Dieman's Land without a remark or two. It is known to many of your readers, that Mr. Dowling, formerly of Colchester, Essex, has been labouring there for something like 20 years; and from what I have learned from others, I believe the Lord has owned his servant, in giving him seals to his ministry, in that gem of the ocean.

Mr Dowling first laboured in Hobart Town, the capital of the colony of Van Dieman's Land. Afterwards he removed to Launceston, where he now labours (if alive) in word and doctrine.

I shall now relate a circumstance which occurred to me, on my last voyage to Australia, and you will at once see its connection with our aged brother Dowling, though I have never seen him, I love him for his works' sake. Meeting with very light winds we made but little progress, and our captain determined to put into the Cape for a fresh supply of provisions. Having passed the inspection of the health officer, we were allowed to land, and having regaled ourselves with fruit, we were thinking of returning on board the ship; when I was accosted by a gentlemanly looking person, having a strong Jewish cast of countenance, "Whether we were passengers by the ship 'Graham's?'" I told him we were, and finding him very communicative, I entered somewhat freely into conversation with him. In the course of our talk, he said that he had been to Australia, and also to Van Dieman's Land. I told him that there was a person that I knew something of; he then pressed me to his name, but the fear of man arose immediately in my mind, and I did not like to mention the name of the despised Baptist preacher; but however he pressed me the more closely, for he saw my reluctance. I then told him that the name of the person whom I referred to was Dowling. He immediately started, and with an eager exclamation enquired, if it was Mr Dowling, the Baptist minister, that I meant? I said it was; upon hearing which he clasped my

hand, and said, that Mr Dowling was his spiritual father. In reply, I remarked that if I was not greatly mistaken he was a Jew. He said that he was, upon which he turned to my companions in travel, and said that he should not allow me to go on board the ship that day, for he meant to take me to his house, and as it was Saturday afternoon, he said, that he should be happy for me to spend the Lord's-day with him.

When my companions left me, he began to tell me of the way in which the Lord met with him; and if ever my soul was knit to a brother in Christ, it was that afternoon, as we walked the streets of Cape Town, listening to the wonderful things which God had done for my Jewish brother. He told me that in consequence of his openly embracing Christianity, and putting on the Lord Jesus Christ by baptism, he was subjected to the fiercest persecution from his brethren after the flesh; and this was increased by his marrying a member of Mr. Dowling's church; indeed, so violent were they towards him, that it was considered advisable for him to leave the Colony; which he did, and went over to Melbourne; but here the same things awaited him; and after consultation with friends, he determined to sail for the Cape of Good Hope, where I found him comfortably situated as it regards temporal things; but regretting deeply his loss in the means of grace, and Christian fellowship. After showing me all the public buildings, &c., in Cape Town, he took me to his home; and introduced me to his dear partner, as a brother in the faith of the Lord Jesus Christ, and was made to share in such hospitality, as made me almost to believe that I had met with one of the primitive disciples.

In passing, I may say that there is not a single place of worship in connection with any of the Baptists in Cape Town, though there are Churches and Chapels belonging to almost every other denomination.

You will see that I have said nothing about New South Wales, South Australia, Western Australia, and New Zealand, all of which are distinct colonies; and I am led to conclude from what I have heard, that in the city of Sydney, the capital of New South Wales; and also in the city of Adelaide, the capital of South Australia, there are many baptized believers. I may just say, that when I was in Melbourne, I found the name of Brother Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, was almost as well known as in the neighbourhood of the Borough Road.

I am, Your's in Jesus,
Andover, Hants. GEORGE DYER.

P. S. If any of your readers should be contemplating emigrating to any of the Australian Colonies, by enclosing a stamp for a reply, I shall feel a pleasure in giving them all the information and advice in my power.

LETTER FROM MR. J. BUNYAN M'CURE.

MY DEAR BROTHER. — There has been a long silence between us. I assure you I very

much regret it. I have not been without my bonds and afflictions since I have been in Australia; nevertheless, "the mercy of the Lord endureth for ever;" therefore, "he has compassed me about with songs of deliverance: and blessed be his name."

There are two reasons why I have not written before; the first is, I have heard of some very unkind and untrue things that have been reported of me from England; therefore, secondly, I thought I would not write again until I was able to fulfil my promise to my friends. By this mail I send a letter to Hadlow, requesting a full account of the settlement of my affairs, and the amount due to each; though, according to law, they have no claim upon me, because I gave up all I possessed, and a deed of assignment was made, sealed, signed, and delivered, and therefore I was fully discharged; yet to me it was then, and is now, a debt of honour, and I wish to pay it, and will forward the money through the bank when I know the amount; and I am sure that if they had not sought to plunge me into deeper trouble, and damage me with my friends in the manner they did (through the letters they wrote), I have no doubt that the most, if not all, would have been settled before I left England. But as it was, the dear Lord wrought wonders for me which I can never forget. I landed on these shores with a wife and six children, friendless, homeless, and moneyless; nevertheless the Lord stood by me, and was my Friend, "who loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother." And such he is, and ever was, and ever will be. Praise ye the Lord! I have had heavy losses, but I have recovered from them; while many who were worth thousands are now obliged to seek for employment.

We are all well and comfortable, and quite at home in Australia. My wife and children are all well. We have had an increase of three sons since we have been here; the last were twin boys, all doing well.

In reference to the Lord's cause I have had many trials (I will give you an account of them some day). Notwithstanding, I still find a heart for the courts of the Lord's house, and that Jesus is more precious to me than gold or silver. This is no small mercy, when I see so many who in England stood high in the church, but here you know them not from the world.

Our prospects as a church are brighter. We were obliged to break up the late church, and have now formed ourselves into a church with those who are of one heart and one mind. I will write you by next mail. This mail is just closing, therefore I must conclude. We unite with you and all friends.

Wishing you every covenant blessing, I remain, dear brother, yours in the Lord,

JOHN B. M'CURE.

Moorabool-street, Geelong.
Nov. 29, 1856.

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

A SOLEMN AND HAPPY TEA MEETING AT PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, BROAD ST., RAMSGATE.

ON Wednesday evening, Feb. 4, 1857, the friends of Providence Chapel, Ramsgate, held a tea meeting, to welcome Mr. Comfort as their pastor, when 101 persons sat down to tea, and made a substantial repast.

After tea Mr. E. Perry, one of the deacons, rose and proposed Mr. Comfort to take the chair, which was seconded by Mr. W. Stokes, the other deacon.

Mr. Comfort then rose, and with feelings of great emotion made a few remarks, expressing his happiness at seeing so many present, and the kind feeling that was manifested towards him on his arrival in Ramsgate; and he trusted that the union then formed would prove a lasting one, and redound to the glory of a Triune God, and the good of immortal souls. But observing that as several had to speak and time was running on, he would at once call upon his brother Perry to give a detail of the rise and progress of the cause.

Mr. Perry then rose, and gave out the 205th hymn in Kent's hymn-book, commencing,—

“Jesus, accept our humble praise,” &c.,

which was cheerfully sung by all present; after which he made the following statement of the origin and progress of the cause:—My dear Christian Friends, it is with much pleasure I rise to respond to the request of our dear minister; and will therefore endeavour to give you, in as concise a manner as possible, the details of the rise and progress of the cause and interest here. It is now six years this month, since myself and two others left Mount Zion Chapel, in this town, for what we then believed and do still believe to be a justifiable reason—namely, for *truth's sake*. Our motto was, to use the words of that eminent poet, Toplady,—

“Careless ourselves, as dying men,
Of dying men's esteem;
Happy, oh God, if thou approve,
That thou all beside condemn.”

Not finding a ministry in the town under which we could sit down with profit, we met together in a room twice of a Lord's-day and once in the week for prayer; but the room in which we met being a private one, we were anxious to get a public one, where more of the Lord's family might meet with us, and where we could invite a minister occasionally to preach. We, therefore, made it a matter of special prayer that the Lord would direct us to some place where we could conduct public worship, and hear that gospel proclaimed which puts the crown on the head of Immanuel, and lays the sinner low at the foot of the cross. We had not long continued praying in that manner before the Lord was gra-

ciously pleased to answer our petitions, and impress the mind of one of our number with the thought that there was a room in Meeting-street, where Mr. Goldsmith had many years before preached, to let. We, accordingly, acting upon his suggestion, lost no time in making enquiry relative to it; and ultimately we engaged it. This occurred in 1851. Having succeeded in getting a public room, and one which, if you will allow me the expression, had been truly consecrated by the preaching of a full and free salvation within its walls for many years by that dear man of God, Mr. Goldsmith, our next anxiety was to obtain a minister who would again proclaim those glorious truths that he had there advocated. At the suggestion of our brother Meader we made application to Mr. John Nichols, who was then pastor of Zion Chapel, Chelsea, to come and preach two sermons on the day of opening, to which he cheerfully responded. I well recollect the first sermon he preached on the morning of that day, which was the 16th of June, 1851. He took for his text Paul's words to the Romans,—“I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.” And I think I may say, with heart-felt sincerity, that this has been our motto ever since. We continued there till May, 1852, when, finding the place uncomfortably small through addition to our number, we engaged the chapel we now hold. We had named our first chapel “Providence,” and have since retained it here; and I trust it was the providence of our covenant God which first directed us to endeavour to establish a cause of truth in this town, and has since supplied our pulpit with ministers from various parts of England. Our present chapel was opened on Lord's-day, May 9th, of the above year, when Mr. J. Nichols preached two excellent sermons to a very attentive audience. In February, 1854, eleven of us formed ourselves into a Particular Baptist Church. In March, 1855, five persons came forward professing to have received good under the ministry, and were received into our church on a profession of their faith, and baptised by Mr. Edwards at Sandwich, Mr. Teall having kindly lent us his chapel for the occasion, as we have no pool in our own. In April last year Mr. Leader baptised two more for us in the chapel in the Boat-yard. Thus, though we cannot speak of great numbers having joined us, we believe such have been added to us as are saved with an everlasting salvation; and, if one may speak for the rest, I believe the language of the church has been, Lord, add only those to our number who have been renewed in the spirit of their minds, and are made willing to crown Jesus Lord of all. But though not many have cast in their lot with us, many, both in this town, and numbers from London and different places, have testified that the word has been made a great blessing to their souls. One case now occurs to my mind which will fully bear out what I

have now stated. A gentleman living at Maidstone, and now a member of a gospel church there, was down at Ramsgate on a visit in the latter part of the summer of 1861, and hearing that Mr. Moody was to preach at our little chapel in Meeting-street, he came, with a hope that he might hear something to comfort him; for he had been in great distress about his soul for many years, fearing all that time there could be no mercy for him. He heard with such delight that all his doubts and fears departed, and he was enabled to say, in the words of a celebrated German poet,—

“ Jesus I know has died for me;
Here is my hope, my joy, my rest;
Hither, when hell assails, I flee;
I look into his wounded breast.
Away, sad doubt and anxious care!
Mercy and love are written there.”

I could, if time would allow, mention many other cases, having at different times received letters from individuals, expressing their gratitude that the Lord ever directed their footsteps unto Providence Chapel. But to come nearer home, I can and will bear testimony myself to having heard the word preached both here and in our former place in Meeting-street, with sacred joy and delight. From the commencement to the present time, no less than fifty-eight different ministers have supplied our pulpit, and above £517 have been expended to carry on the cause, nearly the whole of which has been received by voluntary contributions and monthly collections. For the last two years we have felt very anxious, if it was the Lord's will, to have a settled ministry. We accordingly made it a matter of much prayer, but up till last August in last year we were not led to fix upon any one whom we heard. On the last Lord's-day in August in last year, Mr. Bidder was engaged to preach for us; the week preceding he was down in Cornwall, and upon reaching Bristol, in his way to Ramsgate, he was taken ill, and having a daughter at Yeovil he made up his mind to go there. He did so; and finding himself unable to proceed any further, he prevailed on Mr. Comfort to come on to Ramsgate and preach at our chapel in his stead; and, somewhat strange to say, after hearing him on the Lord's-day I remarked to my brother Stokes (without knowing that Mr. Comfort had previously informed his people of his intention to leave Yeovil), that he was more likely to suit us as a minister than any other who had come amongst us, in which opinion my brother Stokes concurred. We therefore had a church meeting, after finding what were his intentions respecting Yeovil, and gave him an invitation to supply our pulpit in the month of November on probation, which he did; and we afterwards gave him a unanimous invitation to take the pastorate over us, which, after prayerfully considering, he has accepted. I did intend to have made a few remarks as to our sentiments; but as Mr. Comfort is present he is far more capable of doing so than I am. I therefore, in conclusion, con-

tent myself with saying, in the words of Beridge,—

“ Although with Calvin I agree,
Yet Christ is all in all to me.”

Mr. Comfort then called upon Mr. Stoke to make a few remarks, which he did, in corroboration of Mr. Perry's statement, and also stating that he believed from first to last the work was of the Lord. He concluded by proposing a collection to help defray Mr. Comfort's travelling expenses from Yeovil, which was cheerfully responded to, and the sum of £6 10s. was then collected, which, with the proceeds of the meeting, made £9 14s. 6d. raised towards Mr. Comfort's expenses.

Mr. Teall, of Sandwich, then rose and addressed the meeting, and made some very judicious remarks upon the cause. He said he spoke from a full knowledge, having frequently preached for the friends during the time the chapel had been opened.

Mr. Rowe then made a few remarks relative to the importance of the step both church and minister had taken. He concluded by saying, from the knowledge he had of the church, and from what he had heard from the minister's lips, he wished them God speed.

Mr. Comfort then rose and gave his belief relative to gospel doctrines and ordinances, after which the meeting was concluded by singing,

“ Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.”

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT BEDMONT.

THE following epistle demands the serious attention of all truly devoted and Spirit-taught New Testament Baptists, in two particulars. First, because it refers to the extravagance of one section of our denomination, and to the Christian endurance of another section. The principal part of the Baptist churches in this land are fast going over to Arminian principles, to open communion order, and to a spirit of cold and cruel persecution against all who hold the mystery of faith in a pure conscience: such churches are literally wasting money in erecting buildings which have more of earthly grandeur and vain-glory outside, than they have of gospel glory and of spiritual greatness inside; while truth-loving men, such as the devoted Hutchinson, of Bedmont, are left to labour in places which are too strait for the people, and destructive to the health of the pastor. Why cannot we have a “Gospel Baptist Building Fund, and a Pastor's Relief Association?” Some cases have recently come under our notice, where the provided Relief of the old Baptist Fund has been positively denied to some of the most deserving ministers to be found in this kingdom, while it is given to free-will and universal men, who are of no use to the sheep of Christ. We are prepared to prove these things; and we ask whether such ministers and laymen in our churches, who have wealth and influence, will withhold the talent God has given them, until *πυρ* is driven out of the land, and the candlestick taken away? —Ed.

To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.

DEAR SIR.—I often ask myself the question, Are we right as a Baptist denomination to appeal to the liberality of the public to meet the demands in the erection of such gorgeous places of worship, with useless lofty towers, as we have in the present day, at the cost of several thousand pounds, while so many sections of the church of Christ in our villages are struggling for the want of a few

pounds to lengthen their cords and strengthen their stakes! Surely, sir, this cannot be right. I will give you one case among the many I could speak of. The church at Bedmont, under the pastoral care of that faithful and devoted man of God, Mr. Hutchinson. It was my pleasure a few Sabbaths past to pay them a visit. I found a large gathering of people with a spiritual appetite, besides seventy children in the Sabbath-school, one of the best conducted schools I have met with; several of the teachers in connection with the same have been added to the church through the instrumentality of their beloved pastor. Still further additions might be made to the school, sufficient to fill the chapel, which by close packing will hold 150 persons. The chapel is long, narrow, and so low that it is very oppressive for the people, and many are obliged to leave. Our brother Hutchinson preaches three times on the Sabbath, and on the Thursday evening, free of any expense to the people, though he has to walk several miles to perform his duties. The people are very poor, but rich in faith, and would gladly give of their substance to pay the rent of a larger place. My object in writing is that our gracious Lord may, if consistent with his will, dispose the hearts of his people to come forward and assist a cause in which Jehovah has so signally blessed the labours of one of his servants. I am, dear sir, yours, a subscriber,

J. KEALY.
Oakley Cottage, Upper Cheyne-row,
Chelsea, April 8.

CHARLES STREET CHAPEL,
CAMBERWELL NEW ROAD.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Some time ago I promised to give some further account of our new school-room; and I am happy to inform you that the building is partly raised, and the stone was laid by W. H. Watson, Esq., on the 30th of March. Several addresses were given; after which about 200 friends took tea; and during the evening a report of our Sabbath-school was read. Several brethren addressed the meeting, and collections were made, which, together with promises, amounted to £34. The teachers were encouraged to say, "Surely the Lord hath done great things for us;" and we earnestly hope many friends will come forward to aid us, and all the praise shall rebound to the name of Jesus. May the teaching of his word be the humble means of bringing many poor sinners out of nature's darkness into his marvellous light, is the desire of, yours in Christ,

E. A.

MENDLESHAM BAPTIST CHAPEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Upon Lord's-day, April 5, 1847, four believers in the Lord Jesus (two males and two females) were baptised in water upon a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus. It rained fast in the morning, but the chapel was filled in every corner. The subject laid upon my mind was, "The sufferings of Christ." I spoke from Luke xii. 50, "I have a baptism to be baptised with," &c. The important matters were Scripturally set forth previous to administering the ordinance. In the afternoon of the day we assembled together around the Lord's table to receive into the church those baptised followers of Jesus, and to break bread, out of love to our dying, rising, and living Christ. The good Lord enabled me again to speak to the people from Luke ii. 10. The Lord's presence was greatly enjoyed.

On Good Friday we had a friendly tea meeting; about 300 persons sat down to tea. We had three sermons; in the morning and afternoon brother Felton, of Ipswich, preached two blessed sermons, containing the marrow of the gospel. The word was blessed to many precious souls in Mendlesham Chapel that day. In the evening the Lord helped me to speak to the people from 1 Sam. vii. 11, observing the providence of God in bringing me, a poor, helpless sinner, among them to preach the

unsearchable riches of Christ. The Lord is still blessing his own truth, calling in some by invincible grace, and establishing believers in the truth of the gospel. The chapel, though but recently enlarged, is too strait for the people. It is filled every Lord's-day, so that the people are quite uncomfortable in their seats. The debt was £130, but since the reopening on New Year's Day we have reduced the debt considerably. On Good Friday, by donations and collections, it amounted to £13 10s. 2d., leaving a debt upon the chapel of £68 15s. 1d. Surely we can raise our Ebenezer of praise, saying, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped!"

CHAS. E. MERRITT.

ZION CHAPEL,

GOLDINGTON CRESCENT, ST. PANCRAS.

We held our annual meeting on Good Friday, for the liquidation of our chapel debt. We had nearly 300 friends to tea, many coming from a great distance to be with us; and if cheerful countenances were proofs of happiness enjoyed, they certainly partook largely of the same. At half-past six Mr. Nunn opened the meeting by reviewing the Lord's goodness in guiding, directing, sustaining, and establishing his people, and maintaining and upholding the principle first acted upon—the debt being now reduced from £1,400 to £800. By this time our congregation had reached between 600 and 700 friends, who were addressed by our brethren Attwood, Firman, Vaughan, Pierce, Flack, and Chislett. Their remarks were well received, and characterised by kindness, sympathy, and fellow-feeling; breathing forth thankfulness to the God of all our mercies, so largely bestowed upon pastor and people at Zion. It was a happy meeting: all seemed pleased. Our singing friends favored us with some appropriate and beautiful pieces; and at the close of a very interesting and animating evening we were enabled to name the proceeds derived, amounting to £35. We would wish to say, "O praise the Lord with us, and let us magnify his name together!"

JAMES MARKS.

LYNN, NORFOLK.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER C. W. BANKS.—Your notice to correspondents, in January Number, induced me to pen a line or two, for the introduction of Lynn to the notice of the churches of truth. The little cause of Particular Baptists meet for worship at present in Zion Chapel, Blackfriars-road, Lynn, where it has sustained a straightforward course through fire and flood, the last twenty-one years; and though our end seem threatened, as it many times has, we would still hope the little one may yet become a thousand; for "Who hath despised the day of small things?" We are few, very few, and as poor; but have ever had enough, and a little at times to spare above incidental expenses, and have enjoyed, as little interrupted as our neighbours, the essential elements of a gospel church, if the dying testimony of an elderly member may be proof—viz., Miriam Royston's, aged 70, who died last November, and in converse with a friend a few days previous to her last, said, "We have been but few, but we have enjoyed union, communion, and love." Mr. Rawlings, of Downham, Norfolk, preaches regularly the second Lord's-day every month, morning and afternoon. Mr. Munday, of Pentney, near Lynn, occasionally; at other times a friend whose heart is engaged, though of mean abilities, conducts the worship; and if any of the brethren in the ministry coming near us would bear us in mind to give us notice, we should gladly arrange with them to visit us also on their preaching tours. "Oh, that the salvation of Israel were come out of Zion! When God bringeth back the captivity of his people Jacob shall rejoice, and Israel shall be glad. Your unworthy brother in the truth,

R. CLAYDON.

Windsor-road, Lynn, Norfolk.

BRIEF NOTICES.

THE NEW BISHOP OF NORWICH.—A writer says—"The Evangelical party are greatly pleased at the recent appointment of the new Bishop of Norwich, who is declared to be a bold and powerful preacher of the gospel;" and some of the friends who love the truth, and are not conscientious about ordinances, say that the living testimony is leaving non-conformity, and walking back to the old establishment; but, Mr. Editor, we wish you to announce that we have another new bishop of Norwich, in the person of Mr. John Corbitt, who is now preaching in Orford Hill Chapel to many hundreds of precious souls. Last Easter Monday and Tuesday we had some preaching, and some happy meetings. C. W. Banks preached; Mr. Tann, of Yarmouth, Mr. Pegg, Mr. Corbitt, and others, took part in the services.

CITY ROAD.—Little "Mount Zion," Nelson Place, has been re-opened since Mr. Newborn left it, by the friends who worship under the ministry of Mr. Jabez Whitteridge. The reopening sermons were preached by Mr. James Wells, Mr. David Male, C. W. Banks, and the future minister, Mr. Whitteridge. The departure of Mr. Newborn, and the uprising of our brother Jabez is, we hope, a sacred fulfilment of that sweet promise—"Instead of thy fathers, shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth."

SAXLINGHAM.—Mr. Hamblin, (late of Foot's Cray,) was recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church, Saxlingham, Norfolk, on Tuesday, April 14th. Mr. Pegg, of Claxton, preached in the afternoon; the venerable John Gowin, of Norwich, gave the charge; and Mr. Taylor, of Pulham, addressed the church, whose voice in calling Mr. Hamblin to the pastorate is quite unanimous.

WANTAGE.—Frequently, during the last ten or twelve years, have we referred to the little Baptist cause in the town of Wantage, in Berks.; because having been instrumental in its first formation; having known its adversities and heavy struggles; having been intimately acquainted with its best friends; and having often laboured among them, we have watched, with some anxiety, its ups and downs, its prospects and its pains. When it pleased the Lord to take William Irving home to glory, we feared, then, the cause would be more than ever tried; but, blessed be his name, the Great Head of the church has never forsaken them. They have been persecuted, reproached, despised, and by men, sometimes, deserted; but the Lord has not left them without some tokens of his favor. The last time we were with them, seeing their desires for a settled, a faithful, and useful ministry, our thoughts were directed to Mr. J. Beacock, a Cambridgeshire brother, whose testimony had, in many cases, been much owned of God. He went down to them; and the following extract, from one of his letters, will show a further need for the establishment of a fund

for aiding struggling causes to build convenient places where the gospel might be preached and heard. In a letter, dated April 13th, friend Beacock says—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—What a disappointment to the poor little tried church of Christ at Wantage! We anticipated our case would be referred to in the *VESSEL* for April, by means of which we hoped to have obtained some little relief. We are, in one sense, in trying circumstances; yet, blessed be God for the circumstance we are brought into. Our little place at Wantage, in Wallingford-street, continues to be crowded to such excess that we are obliged to seek out a place of much larger dimensions. Several friends have come forward in a liberal way with their contributions, and are very anxious for a new chapel. But I feel desirous that things may be managed in such a way as that a burden may not rest upon the church and congregation in after-days. We have much cause for gratitude and thankfulness. The Lord is blessing the word abundantly at Wantage. A handsome new Bible and Cushion has been presented by the congregation for the use of the pulpit. Several are coming forward for baptism; and soon I hope to see an addition of true believers to the feeble church. Blessings on the dear name of Christ, I feel my heart and soul, under the Holy Spirit's influence, fully and freely delighting in the work of the ministry. I am never so safe, never so comfortable, as when I am enabled to leave myself entirely in his blessed hands. But, strange to tell, although I have been favoured with much of the Divine presence at times, and I have great reason to believe that God has blessed the word spoken by me to many at Wantage; yet I sometimes sink so low in my mind, so dark, and cold, and dead—the enemy comes upon me at such times, and I often conclude that all will come to nought. Oh! the dreadful unbelief of my heart in the very midst of such clear proofs of God's divine faithfulness in the salvation of sinners and the comforting of his called people! I hope you will lay our case before the churches, and use your best effort for the promotion of our benefit; a little from one, a little from another, so as to put us in a position to obtain a place for divine worship, that all may have an opportunity of hearing the gospel. It is distressing to see so many go away that cannot find admittance; and even those that do crowd in are almost suffocated. Our case, dear brother, is a case of great necessity. Do try what you can do for us.—Your's, truly, J. BEACOCK.—(There cannot possibly be a people more needing, or more deserving of help, than the little church at Wantage.—Ed.)

EGERTON-FOSTAL, NEAR ASHFORD, KENT.
—*A good example for industrious pastors.*—Our Christian friend and brother, Isaac McCarthy, gives a cheering report of his earnest endeavours, under God, to revive the cause of truth in his district. He says—

Thanks be to God, who has directed my steps into the way of usefulness in my present sphere. Every Sabbath I preach three times. Monday is appropriated to visiting the sick, lame, and lazy. Tuesday I preside at a Bible Class, principally designed for inquirers. Wednesday, preach again. Thursday I lecture at my own lodging, on the best mode, or way, to promote a revival of the work of God. After this, we have especial prayer to God for the effectual influence of his Holy Spirit, without which no good can be done. We ask none to take a part in this service whom we think have not lively and active faith; as we think that all prayer that is not wrought in the soul by the Spirit of God has a tendency to damp the energy of all such meetings. Friday is another visiting day. And on Saturday I lay in my store of genius, for distribution on the Sabbath.

ZION CHAPEL, DARTFORD.—On February 16th, the friends worshipping here were favored with a visit from that highly honored servant of Christ, Mr. Foreman, who preached an unctuous sermon from Dan. iv. 35—"None can stay his hand:" on which occasion many friends from neighboring causes were present, including several ministers, among whom were Mr. Stringer, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Collins, and others. 180 friends sat down to tea. On Good-Friday, April 10th, a social tea meeting was held, when Mr. Stringer preached in the afternoon; and in the evening addresses were delivered by Mr. Nichols and Mr. Neville. Mr. Collins, offered prayer: this was also a refreshing season from the presence of the Lord. The chair was taken by Mr. H. Hall, who has been laboring here for these eight months past, during which time the cause has experienced a revival. The congregation has gradually increased: nine persons have been added to the church. The Sabbath-school has also increased its numbers. A library for the children, and a Tract Society, have also been established. Under these circumstances, our brother has not seen his way clear to refuse the unanimous request of the church to labor stately among them, but he has prayerfully acceded to their request, subject to the blessing of the Lord continuing to rest on his ministrations. Our brother is one of the old school in doctrine, and possesses a thorough missionary spirit. Well wishers of Zion, let this cause have an interest in your breathings before the throne.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.—(From a Correspondent.)—Here God is working under the instrumentality of Mr. T. W. Medhurst, who has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church to supply their pulpit for 12 months. On Lord's-day, January 25th, nine were baptized; on Lord's-day, February 22nd, four; on Monday, the 23rd, six; Lord's-day, March 22nd, two; and on Monday, 23rd, four. On Monday, March 16th, the young members of the Bible Class presented Mr. T. W. Medhurst with a handsome pulpit bible and pencil case. To God be all the glory given, for he alone is the Author of good. The following is the substance of a sermon preached by our young brother. And as some have doubted the soundness of his faith, many wish it to be inserted.—**Yours, in Christ,**

NEOPHYTE.

[We are compelled to keep the sermon until next month. Our little VESSEL is not large enough for the desires of our friends. Ed.]

SAXMUNDHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—In the small market town of Saxmundham, in the county of Suffolk, on Friday, the 10th of April, 1857, a scene, peculiarly interesting to the Christian observer, presented itself in the gathering together of the friends connected with the Baptist Church and congregation in this place, to celebrate the third anniversary of the formation of the church, on which occasion their esteemed friend, Mr. C. W. Banks, of London, favoured them with his usual annual visit; and after uniting with the assembly in fervent prayer and songs of praise, proceeded to deliver the message of his Master to a crowded audience that had assembled together to hear what the Lord would speak. In the afternoon, Mr. Gooding, of Halesworth,

preached to a throng of people a sound and an experimental discourse. In the evening, the chapel was overflowing, and the preacher, (C. W. B.,) poured us out a warm address from the words—"Zion shall be redeemed with judgment." And on the following Lord's-day, he gave us three more sermons. Thus concluded our third, and not least, interesting and soul-reviving anniversary; leaving, as we trust, upon our minds, and the minds of many of the Lord's people, deep and abiding impressions of the abundant cause we have for thankfulness to the Great Head of the Church for directing the steps of our respected and highly esteemed pastor, Mr. W. Day, to this place, for the success which has attended his ministrations amongst us; for the visits of Christian ministers on former, as well as on the present, occasion; together with the peace and unity which is still among us as a church and people. To his dear name be all the glory.—**B. R. B.**

Haverhill.—Mr. Editor,—For the information of your readers, and, I hope, the comfort of the Lord's people, I desire to record his goodness. A bill was put into my hand, announcing that on Good-Friday Mr. Wilson, of Saffron Walden, would preach at Haverhill morning and evening, and Mr. Pells in the afternoon: by the good hand of God, I was helped to go. I found the chapel a nice little place: it would have done your heart good to see the people flock to the sanctuary. Mr. Wilson spoke from—"And there they preached the gospel." He gave a clear testimony; many were blest. Mr. Wilson is, in my estimation, an able minister of the gospel of God; by grace he reflects much of the image of his Lord and Master; a very essential trait in ministers, but rarely to be seen. Mr. Pells came up in the afternoon, and gave us a very elaborate discourse from—"I have a baptism," &c., &c. He spoke truthfully and solemnly of the sufferings of Christ. I understood he is ministering at Clare, with some degree of success. There are some lambs bleating round the fold, and have bleated so loud, the church is of one mind to let them in through the ordinance of baptism; the only Scriptural entrance to the church of God. After tea, Mr. Wilson came up as a giant refreshed with wine, and spoke to a crowded congregation from Acts ii. 18. It was a most able, decided, clean, and solemn discourse. I hope it will be manifested that on that day there was bread cast upon the waters, to be found after many days. It was a Good-Friday to many. I hope it will prove a blessing to the cause of truth. There were several ministers. I understood that a Mr. Lay is the honored instrument (in the Lord's hand) of raising this cause: it was very low. He has procured possession of the chapel, and it is invested in trust; and, by so doing, he has expended about £40, with an original debt of £30: making £70 debt altogether. I think it lays heavy upon him, especially as he is an afflicted man. Perhaps there are some who read this will think of him, and help him: ever so little will be thankfully received. Mr. Lay, with his beloved partner, came from Mr. Chislett's church, in London. Could not they help their offspring in time of need? Perhaps they will try.

OBSERVER.

The Golden Bell and the Pomegranate,

OR,

THE JOY AND THE HEALING OF THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

AN HOMILY FOR "THE FAITHFUL IN CHRIST JESUS."

It is quite certain that the tabernacle was made by Divine instructions; for said Jehovah to Moses, "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount." And is it really so? Yes, really so. God, when he was with Moses on the Mount Sinai, showed him the *plan* of the tabernacle; and so perfectly, and powerfully, impressed it upon his mind, that it was, when finished, all that he designed it should be. The offerings, the services, and the priesthood were all of God; and it is scarcely necessary to state that Aaron, in his beautiful and "holy garments," was a brilliant type of the "High Priest of our profession—Christ Jesus." Of the garments worn by Aaron, one was a long blue robe, called "the robe of the ephod;" and there were "beneath, upon the hem of it, pomegranates (artificial, of course,) of blue, and of purple, and of scarlet; and bells of gold between them round about. A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, upon the hem of the robe round about." How many bells and pomegranates there were it is not for us to say. Some have supposed there were twelve of each, which would be a bell and pomegranate for each of the tribes of Israel. Others have said there were seventy of each, according to the number of the elders of Israel, which would be a bell and pomegranate for each of them. These, however, are mere conjectures; and as the Spirit has not given us the number, it is our wisdom to be silent, seeing it is not at all essential for us to know. We come now to the subject of this address; and shall explain, first, the bell, and then the pomegranate. "A golden bell and a pomegranate." We will, first, treat of the bell, which has been ordained of God for gathering and leading Zion's sons and daughters, all of whom must hear, and know, and rejoice in, its clear and full sound. Now, mark, men and brethren, it is not an iron bell; it is not a brass bell; neither is it a silver bell. These may be cast in the devil's foundry, and that they are very numerous it is evident, for wherever we go we are teased with their cracked and uncertain sounds. There are the Egyptians, with their iron bell, who would make us their slaves, and starve and work us to death; but, God be thanked, though we have been in bondage we are now at *liberty*. Jesus hath made us

free; and as our father Jacob said of one of his sons, so may it be said of us—"Naphtali is a hind let loose: he giveth goodly words." There go the Babylonians, a numerous host, with their brass bell, which in appearance they have made to resemble, as near as possible, the golden bell of Israel; and so well have they imitated it, that they are deceiving, and taking captives, many of our nation. These Babylonians are very learned and elegant, and fascinating; and, withal, so clever at ringing their beautiful brass bell, that it is often taken by Zion's "little children," to be their own golden bell. But we know them, and their brass bell too, having, in the days of our childhood, been bound hand and foot, and carried away captive by them. God, however, hath delivered us out of their hands; and we know he will deliver all his people out of their snare, though he suffer them to entangle, and trouble, them for a season. But, now, who, and what see we? A multitude that we cannot number, running to and fro in the earth with their silver bell, ringing it upon every hill, and in every valley—in every village, town, and city, throughout the world. Some of them are dressed in white surplices, and some of them in black surplices, and all of them look as demure as possible. In their garments and manners they are alike; yet they are called by different names, such as Catholics, Puseyites, Churchmen, &c. We will, however, unmask them, and give you their real name and character. They are, then, Romanists; and all of them (we admit an exception, say "one among a thousand,") enemies of the King of Israel, perverters of his Gospel, and deceivers of the people; and they are so skilful, and cunning, in their movements, that they would, "if it were possible, deceive the very elect," for whose peace and security he is responsible.

We will now leave the iron bell of Egypt, the brass bell of Babylon, and the silver bell of Rome, and have a peal on the golden bell of Jerusalem, whose certain and "joyful sound," greatly delights her ministers and people.

By the golden bell we are to understand the gospel—the clear, the full, the precious, gospel of God. "But there be some who trouble you, and would pervert the gospel. But though we, or an angel from heaven,

preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed. As we said before, so say I now again, If any man preach any other gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed." And *accursed* he shall be, as sure as he's a man, when the Lord shall come. The sound of the golden bell (the word of God) is mighty in its declarations concerning the ungodly. We give an example or two. "The wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Again, "Upon the wicked he shall rain snares, fire and brimstone and an horrible tempest: this shall be the portion of their cup." These are heavy words, and will, most certainly, be fulfilled. The sound of the golden bell is clear and decisive. It divides the seed of the woman from the seed of the serpent. It separates the elect from the reprobate. It severs the righteous from the unrighteous. It removes the precious from the vile. It takes out the saints from among the sinners. It gives a *certain sound*; and in this it is distinguished by Christ's sheep, from the uncertain sounds of the bells of iron, of brass, and of silver, with which the goats are so delighted, and so easily led. Do you seek for a proof? here it is; and it's unanswerable, too: "And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they *know* his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him; for they know not (will not have) the voice of strangers." The hirelings, with their bells of iron, of brass, and of silver, may and do greatly delight the goats, that run after them in flocks, and prick up their ears at what they call, "sounds of thunder which break the hearts of stone;" and "solemn warnings which awake and alarm the dead!" and, not unfrequently, "silver tongues, which win the fashionable and polite." The sheep, however, must be led by the clear, and certain, sounds of the golden bell; and by these *only*. Therefore the shepherds of the "Chief Shepherd" will ring this bell; (preach the gospel) and the sheep, who know its sound, will follow them into the "*green pastures*," from which all the hirelings and goats are *eternally excluded*.

The golden bell, in addition to being the most weighty, is the most valuable. Gold is the most valuable of all metals: the word of God is the most valuable of all books. The word of God asserts that all men are immaterial, and will live for ever, in happiness or woe. It asserts that they are fallen and depraved; and that, unless born of the Spirit, they cannot enjoy God in this world, nor in the world to come. It asserts that *all* men, in their first estate, are enemies to God; that their carnal minds hate his laws and ways; that they are in love with sin, child-

ren of wrath, and the servants of the devil, being led captives by him at his will. How read we? "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit; for they are *foolishness* unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." And again we read "The carnal mind is enmity against God; for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be. So, then, they who are in the flesh (whatever they may do) cannot please God." Thus the word of God *fruitfully* describes the state we are in by nature; and, because of this, it is the most valuable. 'Tis the golden bell, or the gospel, that "brings life and immortality to light." It proclaims the "way, the truth, and the life." It proclaims the everlasting love and mercy of the Great Father in electing, and ordaining unto eternal life, a multitude which no man can number." It proclaims the great Surety, who receives them of the Father, paid down, in obedience and blood, the *price* of their redemption; and is *responsible* to bring them all to heaven, and deliver them up to him in the last day. It is the gospel that declares the will of the great Spirit to gather, to teach, to defend, to comfort, and to lead to glory, all the elect for whom Jesus died, rose again, and ever liveth to make intercession." It is the gospel that declares the eternal love, the eternal choice, the eternal covenant, the eternal redemption, the eternal righteousness, and the eternal glory. In the gospel we read of the "all spiritual blessings in Christ." of the "sure mercies of David:" of the all things which are for the believers; namely, "riches of grace" in time, and "riches of glory" in eternity. Put all these things together, dear saints, and then you have another reason to rejoice in the gospel. What are the doctrines of men to the doctrines of God? Nothing. Truly, in comparison with the golden bell, all others are but iron, brass, and silver. As the light of a candle is to the light of the sun, as time is to eternity, as earth is to heaven, so are the book of men to the Book of God. This is *gold*; and *only* gold. We do not lightly esteem the writing of great and good men: they are valuable; and the more they resemble the gospel of God the more valuable they are; yet we say, the golden bell, the golden bell, there is none like it, for it is the most valuable of *all*. Thanks be unto God for this great gift, this good, this *invaluable* gift.

The golden bell is also the most *durable*. It never wears out, never decays, never changes. Fire cannot destroy it. Let it be cast into the fire, and tried never so much, it will lose nothing; the fiery ordeal will tend only to reveal its strength and purity. So it is with gold, and so it is with the Bible. Time has tried it.

Age after age has rolled away; change after change has taken place; destruction after destruction has impaired and wasted; yet the Word of our God is the same. It is as clear, as full, as solid, as perfect, as ever; and onward to the end of time it shall endure, and be, what it now is, a light carried by the Spirit to lead, defend, and comfort all who believe. Kingdoms great and mighty have been built up and thrown down; cities of strength and glory have been founded and overturned; some have been turned to ashes; some have been swept away with overflowing floods; and some have been thrown down and swallowed up by earthquakes, and divers other calamities, their treasures and their people alike perishing with them. But the Bible has survived unhurt, untarnished. True, it has several times been in imminent danger, and seemed ready to perish. It did not perish; neither is it possible that it can perish. It is like Him from whom it came—indestructible. To destroy the gospel, earth and hell have combined; men and devils have united; but he who wrote it, and purposed it, shall live for ever, has laughed at them, held them in derision, blown upon them, and defeated them in the most signal manner, in all their designs and attempts. The gospel has wandered about the earth, guided by its unseen, but ever-watchful Author. It has been driven from kingdom to kingdom, city to city, town to town, thrust out as an enemy and usurper; yet accomplishing the will of God. It has been cursed, and burned, by infidels of every grade, of every nation, and of every age. In a word, it has passed through floods and flames, through earth and hell; that is, men and devils have raged against it, and done all in their power to annihilate it; but God, who is risen, and stronger than men and devils, has watched over and preserved it; and it would be as easy to annihilate him as the book he has written. *While God lives the gospel cannot die!* It is the book for eternity, and contains the songs of the redeemed in heaven. Believing this, we say, let infidels rage and scoff; let devils roar and persecute; in the grace that is in Christ Jesus we will meet them, we will fight them, we will conquer them.

“Should vile blasphemers, with disdain,
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,
And sing and triumph in his name.”

We'll put our hand upon the gospel, and, strengthened by the God of our fathers, who did so valiantly, we'll love it, and preach it, and defend it, as we travel from knowledge to knowledge, from strength to strength, from victory to victory. Thank God for promised grace, and victory ensured. “In all things we are more than conquerors,

through him who loved us.” Fear not, dear Christians! you are mighty—“mighty through God,” whose Word can never fail, can never pass away, but “endureth for ever. And this is the word which by the gospel is preached unto you.” Ob, then, let us bless God for the gospel! the *golden bell* with which we are favoured, and in which we glory. Let them have their prayer books, and waste time in reading and explaining their meaning. Let them have the writings of men, and waste time in reading them from paper and from memory; we will have *God's Book*, and redeem the time he gives us in reading and expounding this. Now we must not here be misunderstood. We are not speaking against the writings of our honoured and godly brethren. That be far from us. We thank God for them, and for their labours of love; yet we should be careful what, and how we read. Their works are valuable only because of the gold they contain; because they are faithful expositions of the Word of God, which is our standard of doctrine, of experience, and of practice. So much for the golden bell, the rich type, or lively figure, of the gospel.

To be concluded next month.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXXIII.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS.—In approaching the solemn scene of eternal judgment, I will here say a little more concerning your calling and election.

You are, then, as the apostle shews, to add to patience *godliness*. And if you are in the right path, this adding of godliness to patience will be sure to follow. For while your patience is being *much tried*, you will be glad to add more and more of the truth of the new covenant, especially the perfection of the Saviour's work, and the two immutabilities of God: namely, his *counsel* and his *oath*: and these will bring you more and more into fellowship with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ. And, then, with this godliness will come *brotherly kindness*. You will walk in works of brotherly kindness; and to this kindness comes the crowning excellency—*charity* or love. You will thus become rooted and grounded in the love of God; in the love of the truth; and in the love of the brethren: only, mind they *must be brethren*: such as, by the *light of truth*, stand manifest to your conscience; and you will not find such very thickly strewed over the land. Still, I hope not quite so few as the number to which Gideon's army was reduced; nor so few as the number to which, as in the 6th of John, professed disciples were reduced; nor so few as the old world in Noah's day. But, I hope there may be a seven thousand who do not

worship golden calves, nor bow to Baal's images; so that we still have a remnant (not according to duty-faith) but according to the *election of grace*. These are they who "add to their faith virtue; to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness charity or love—that is, the love of the *truth*."

Now, then, if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be *idle* nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ.

But, he that lacketh these things; he who does not seek the healing virtue of the gospel, neither feels nor sees his sin-ruined, serpent-bitten state, and, therefore, can have no right or *saving* knowledge of the truth, nor any sober-right judgment in the things of God, nor any *real* patience with the truth, but puts duty-faith, and other errors and evils, in the place thereof; such, therefore, cannot grow in godliness, seeing they look and lean away from it. And, as to brotherly kindness and charity, there are no people under heaven more faulty in their eyes than are the true brethren. They eat up the sins of God's people; they live upon them; they are a sweet morsel unto them; so that still is dust the Serpent's meat. And yet these backsliders; these apostates; once possessed the *truth*; and were, by a little reformation, and also professedly, purged, by the *truth*, from their old sins. But they have *seen their error*, and have gone down to duty-faith Egypt for help, and do not intend to be so *extravagant* again, but mean to let their moderation (versus *modification*) be known to all men; and, therefore, wish to forget, also, their old profession, *how* they, at *first*, professed to be purged from their old sins. The sanctification of the Spirit was not *pious* enough for them, they, therefore, prefer the sanctification of the flesh—that is, a fleshly sanctification. And, therefore, the less you say to such about the *eternities* of the gospel, the better they like it.

Wherefore, my good Theophilus, the rather give diligence to make your calling and election sure, and then you will never apostatize; and so by holding fast the truth, an entrance will be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. But once take away the truth, which truth is the key of knowledge and the key of the kingdom of God; once set your face towards error, then you shut up the kingdom of God; you neither go in yourself, nor, if you can help it, suffer others to enter. "But you have not so learned Christ." No; "I am persuaded better things of you, and things that accompany salvation, though I thus speak."

I must now proceed to lay before you those

rules by which you will be judged at the last day.

But how shall I enter upon such an indescribable circumstance—a day when all worlds must appear before the judgment seat of Christ? What will be the extent of space those assembled worlds will occupy? What number of miles will compass the well-ordered ranks of his redeemed? How far will the light of the sun be surpassed by the light of the presence of the Saviour and the saints? By what mysterious law of sustentation will the saints stand ranged in the air? will they be ranged in lines magnificent—many, many, very many, miles in length, and many miles deep? And shall they be ranged each line a little above the other? Shall the Saviour take some heavenly cloud for a throne, and yet all his saints seem equally near to him—every eye seeing him? And shall the lost stand suspended also; all standing, and made to face his left hand—every eye here, also, seeing him? Shall each tremble and gaze down into the bottomless pit, just opening her mouth to receive them? Shall the billows of the fiery lake be restless to receive them? Shall their visages be so contorted that hell itself shall be depicted in each countenance? Will they ask for some to take pity? But none shall be found; even to give them a drop of cold water? Shall the sins of each be written on their foreheads? Shall the lower world, before they sink into it, echo to their awful groans? Shall the two peoples, saints and sinners, be thus ranged: the saints of the Most High, in shining and happy ranks, be placed facing the Saviour's *right* hand; the lost directly opposite, in similar ranks, but standing *lower* than the saved? So the redeemed shall have a full and a clear view of all the lost. For although their ranks may, in length and breadth, occupy many miles of space, yet will not the saints be mighty in visual power as well as in other respects? And will not the Saviour be enthroned between these two opposite worlds of people? And will he not shew to the saints the righteousness of the several departments of judgment? And will not the *intensity* of judgment (or, to keep to Scripture simile), will not the *intensity* of the fire upon each of the lost be according to the nature and extent of his sin? Will not the punishment be regulated by this? And must there not, during the most awful part of this judgment, be *universal silence*? And will not fallen angels be made visible to the saints? And will not fallen angels be ranged in lines behind the ranks of the lost, extending many miles in length and depth? Will it not require all the visual strength the saints shall then have to contemplate the *vastness* of the scene? Will not Satan appear in the centre of the lost with all the dishonors he has acquired? And will not the elect angels be ranged in

behind the saints, waiting and watching the process of judgment? And when the Saviour has brought all the lost of men and of angels captive to the tribunal of God, shall not an Archangel descend from his elevated position in the rear of the saints, and, standing at the Saviour's right hand, and ranging with his mighty visual powers over the myriads of saints, receive a command to announce, in a voice like thunder, the capture and the presence of every enemy of God—both of men, and of fallen angels? And shall not the saints take up the sound, and shake the universe with "Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth:" a truth which the enemy has tried to overthrow, but, in trying to do this, they themselves are overthrown.

And, then, shall not the books be opened, and the doings of all the lost, in all ages, be made to pass in rapid review, each wrong finding out its proper owner? Their sins will surely find them out.

And, then, shall not the saints be pronounced blessed? Shall not the Archangel's voice, from the King of saints, sound out the same? And shall not the whole host of saints again repeat the anthem—"Hallelujah, the Lord God omnipotent reigneth." And, then, after the echo of this voice, (a voice which, as it sounded, re-echoed thousands and thousands of miles, and from the lowest depths of hell to the highest arches of heaven): and after the echo of this voice has died away, does not the earth burst into one general conflagration? And shall not sun, and moon, and other planets, pass away in like manner? Shall not this increase the terror of the lost? Shall it not agonize them thus to see the entire destruction of their last hope? And shall not the saints at that moment look straight before them; not down upon the ruin of worlds, nor down upon the ghastly and trembling ranks of the lost; but shall look straight before them, up over the heads of the lost, and shall see eternal gates lifting up their heads, and the entrances to the golden city prepared for them, with the tree of life and river of life. They look again, they see a garden, a Paradise, such as never was, or ever could be, on earth. They look again, they see a wide extended region, to which this earth is, for magnitude, but as a pepper corn. What, then, is this vast region—this happy and delightful land? It is their "inheritance, incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." They can scarcely contain themselves. In a moment they seem to be there. Their eyes centre on the Saviour, and upon the everlasting God by him. Their souls go out in living adorations to his name. They all think alike of him. The presence of the Saviour in connection with the City, the Paradise, and the inheritance he hath prepared, is too much for them. Their voices, like the sound of many waters and mighty thunderings,

begin to roll with—"Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father: to him be glory and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

But again silence reigns; Satan tries to hide himself, but cannot; and such a monster is he that his companions keep as far aloof as they can from him. Men, lost men, try to turn their heads so as to look away from the Saviour, but they cannot. The awful majesty of his presence fixes their eyes upon him, and now there are neither rocks nor hills to fall upon them, to hide them from the wrath of the Lamb. To be crushed to atoms, or ground to powder, would be heaven in comparison of the judgment about to be passed upon them. The books are opened; and all written therein is true—every sin recorded, and an owner found for every one: not one of the lost without sin, nor one sin without an owner. Will not all be thus adjusted? Will not every mouth of men and fallen angels be legally stopped? Will not Satan begin to writhe? Will not universal black despair seize every heart and soul? The world burned up; the sun, and moon, and stars set to rise no more; hell beneath them; Almighty vengeance over them; eternity before them. They utter another awful groan; the saints tremble; and looking at redeeming blood, regenerating and sovereign mercy, stand in silent meditation, and say within themselves, "Who maketh us thus to differ? who plucked us as brands from the devouring fire—from everlasting burnings? The answer comes spontaneously to them—"He hath mercy upon whom he will have mercy; and whom he will he hardeneth: the election hath obtained it, and the rest were blinded." They stand in solemn silence.

Satan is called to the front of the lost world. There he stands; and his crimes, in the presence of God and of all worlds, are read over to him by Gabriel, the archangel. He confesses the whole. He is ordered to the rear; he retires; anon, the awful words are uttered, "Go ye cursed." One line of the lost after another sinks; presently all are missing—all are gone; hell is peopled; the pit bottomless; the breath of eternal vengeance keeping up eternal fire; saints convinced of the righteousness of the judgment. Again it is said "Hallelujah; and their smoke rose up for ever and ever."

Thus, my good Theophilus, you may see that the subject we are entering upon is a matter most solemn. You will see I have not yet reached those parts of final judgment where I (p. v.) will lay before you—the laws by which, the saints are to be judged; and, also, the laws by which the lost are to be judged. And I trust you will be found among the saints—even if like me—but

A LITTLE ONE.

MR. JAMES WELLS AND
MR. SPURGEON.

A CORRESPONDENCE AND A QUESTION.

(Continued from our last).

[It has been a most difficult task for us, this month, to select from among the many letters on this subject, those that were really most likely to edify the churches; and, also, to lead to a profitable issue a controversy which, if conducted in a Christian spirit, may be of considerable benefit to the multitudes who now throng the gates of Zion in these gospel-professing days. The four letters which follow, may be considered fairly to represent the many which are every day coming to hand.

Our readers must not consider us as endorsing every, or even any, sentiment which this controversy may cause us to publish in connection therewith. We are simply the medium through which each real friend to Zion may express his mind; it is more than probable, however, that we may cast in our mite, after our more able brethren have done their best.

One word we must say, by way of endeavouring to correct an erroneous impression which some of our correspondents have received. They think Mr. Wells stands as an *enemy* to Mr. Spurgeon. It is not so. We take upon ourselves the responsibility of declaring that we are satisfied there is not a man on earth who more esteems the gifts God has given to C. H. Spurgeon, than does James Wells; and, although, for the present, he decidedly refuses anything like co-operation, we firmly believe that the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle rejoices in the shaking and stir that is now being given to professing Christians, and to our nominal gospel churches; and we zealously believe that the agitation of the question now under consideration will be instrumental in giving many to see the grand and eternal difference between flaming professions without, and the life-imparting powers of the Holy Ghost within. We must not enlarge, or we should sail into an ocean of thoughts and facts which would, we believe, lead to a discovery of *the great secret*; but we, for the present, retire, that others may speak first.—E.D.]

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL,

SIR.—Reading the correspondence between Mr. Wells and Mr. Wilkins, respecting Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, I, with many others, seem perplexed to understand why Mr. Wells should refuse to preach for Mr. Wilkins, and yet he preaches for Mr. Cozens, as Mr. Spurgeon preached and collected for Mr. Cozens only in October last! Does Mr. Wells think Mr. Wilkins's ministry is not sound? He says, "If I seek to get money, by truth, to uphold that which is not truth, I make myself a transgressor" (truth). Yet, I find there was a collection at Somers Town, and Mr. Cozens must approve of Mr. Spurgeon, or he would not have had him there. Has Mr. Cozens seen his error, and recanted? I fear many use Mr. Spurgeon as a sponge, to wipe

off old debts, more than out of love to his ministry. If so, woe, woe be to them!

I find no fault of what Mr. Wells has said about Mr. Spurgeon's ministry; what he has said is honest; but I wish the more experienced in the ministry would do as Aquilla and Priscilla did with Apollos—teach him the way of God more perfectly.

M. B. KEEN.

MR. WELLS AND MR. SPURGEON.

SIR.—It would almost seem an unnecessary vindication that of the character of one, who by his works and labours gives such significant and unmistakable proofs of his calling and credentials; but it is a fact to be lamented, and grieved over, that the self-same spirit which has split asunder the church in every age, sown discord, and separated her members, and discomfited the whole Israel of God, is now as rampant as ever. From narrowing minds and human hearts come all this mischievous and hurtful spirit. Men will not believe there can be essential oneness, where there is individual peculiarities. If they would learn from God's acts and works, they would see and discern that variety and peculiarity mark them all; and to all of his creatures he acts as he pleases, dispensing favours to one which he withholds from another; bestowing gifts on one which he debars another from possessing. Let us know, that whatever gifts men have showered on them, are for purposes eternally designed, and which no others could effect. If we believe this, then we have a ready key to understand why one of God's servants is a Paul, another a Silas, one a John, another a Peter; each had his work, and each the sphere for that work. Shall we accuse the loving John of timidity, because he had not the fire of Peter; or despise the sublime reasoning of Paul, because his *style* differed from that of other holy men? God forbid; let us be content to know, that God can raise up whom he will, and give what gifts he pleases, nor shall all the offended inhabitants of the earth let or hinder him.

The correspondence between Mr. Wells, of London, and Mr. Wilkins, of Brighton, relative to Mr. Spurgeon's ministry seems calculated to do one of two things, perhaps both—and which seems, apparently to be the motive of the principal party therein (Mr. Wells).—First, either to prove the unscripturality of Mr. Spurgeon's teaching, and so exonerate those who have stood aloof from him; or, secondly, to establish the principle, that co-operation with a fellow-labourer necessarily implies an indorsement of all his teachings.

As to the first, no one doubts, or ever will, that Mr. Wells is conscientiously sincere in all he says of Mr. Spurgeon's teachings and doctrines; believing, as he does, they are not Scriptural, nor accord with truth, he does, as he should, preach against them; he need no other vindication of his character; he can have no more; a clear conscience counterbalances all the world can give or say. But as to the second, that labouring *with* a brother implies an indorsement of his peculiarities, seems, though not now, somewhat *inconsistent*, and which, if carried out in daily life,

would very soon uproot society, the world, and the church. If we are to establish this principle, then away all sort of remembrance for the poor; all endeavours to overcome the evils of life, of suffering, and distress; away all labour in a common cause. Does Mr. Wells remember that a few years ago, when this country was rent by the Cry of "No Popery and Papal aggression," that one and all, were glad of the assistance of each other to meet the common foe? Did the Churchman sacrifice his ritual, the Wesleyan his points, any more than the Calvinist did election? But hand in hand, and side by side, were they arrayed against the treacherous foe. And what and where should we be now, but for that glorious and united co-fellowship? How soon should we have had mass offered, and the host elevated in Saint Paul's and Westminster Abbey, but for that great and united action! But for it, think ye, the glorious truths of an invincible and ever conquering grace and gospel would be from week to week proclaimed in the Surrey Tabernacle? Let us think every day to be a crisis, and not merely that there is but one in a century.

But whether Mr Spurgeon is right in all he says and preaches, for myself I do not for one moment, fear to venture an opinion. I believe he does sometimes, in his addresses to the ungodly, overstep that boundary which God and Scripture has marked. But, O! it must be a difficult thing to stand before thousands, whose souls will hereafter be where hope never comes, with the consciousness of the high and solemn work and charge committed to the preacher, and not to warn them of their sins, and yet not deceive them by shadowy promise and hope; indeed, it does need teaching from on high. Peter's love for his Master made him draw the sword and smite the High Priest's servant's ear. His Master rebuked his manners, but loved him still. An earnest man is the most likely to be an erring man. Forgive the errors, ask the object, and love the man.

It is time we looked through words to motive. What is Christian biography? The whole is summed up in one sentence—love to God. If a man love God, we know God loves him—"We love him because he first loved us." If loved of God, God will exemplify his love by making him productive of good. Many of us may not know the object of our being now, but hereafter we shall; meanwhile it is written, "by the fruits of a tree ye shall know it." Has God worked by Mr. Spurgeon? Who will say conscientiously nay? Has he any credentials of his ambassadorship? If so, "Who shall lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?"

It seems not unworthy of notice, and that on which I would wish to press most forcibly, that those who have condemned Mr. Spurgeon's ministry *the most*, have been the most *silent* and *reserved* in giving their opinion as to their belief of the reality of *his discipleship*. There is more in this, than many would seem to think. For, if he is believed to be one of the family, the greater the error in not receiving him: "love the brethren, and especially they of the household of faith." On the other

hand, if he is not believed to be a good man, how comes it to pass that he has so many sales to his ministry, and witnesses that the Spirit is with him? Surely, God would not so manifestly work by the instrumentality of error—if error he preaches—for God is not slackened in his arm that he cannot raise up whom he will, to gather in his elect, and make his kingdom come. If Mr. Wells, and those on his side, believe at all that God has worked by the instrumentality of Mr. Spurgeon, and yet that he preaches (and that constantly) error, how can it be reconciled with the necessity of the institution of a gospel church and a Christian ministry? If error produces good, in what light, and position, stands error? Upon this reasoning, we may as well sheath the sword against popery, Arminianism, and every other heresy; so that, I think, that on either side, Mr. Wells's friends must find themselves encompassed with difficulty when they reflect on the part they have taken.

Mr. Spurgeon is a young man, only just on his Master's errand. Mr. Wells has been half a life time on the same errand. Has Mr. Wells learned nothing since he first began to exalt the unsearchable riches of Christ? If so, let him not be rash. Mr. Wells may be a more cautious speaker than Mr. Spurgeon. Again, I say, look at intention. Carefully read a volume of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, and can any one mistake what he believes or teaches? A sentence *here and there* picked out *may look, and is legal*. I freely grant it. But what says the whole? Arminians take the Bible, and say that universal redemption is therein. Romanists take it, and say that it is right to pray to the Virgin Mary, and that purgatory is therein. Momonites, too, also use the Bible. It is not what one verse *seems* to say, but what says the whole? Let us not judge other men by a standard we should be reluctant to be tried by ourselves. How many good men have there been, who are now far above the reach of doubt, or where it can enter, who in their time talked as though man could do that which they knew full well God only could effect. Does not Mr. Wells's congregation, in common with the Christian world at large, worship God by singing many of Dr. Watts hymns?

O, may that day not be far distant, when all the petty differences which has embittered the church and poisoned her peace, be remembered no more in the fulness of the glory of that light which shall extinguish all other, Christ Jesus!
D. S.

TO MR. JAMES WELLS.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—I have now read in THE EARTHEN VESSEL for this month, the correspondence to which you alluded when I was privileged to meet with your church last ordinance day. And truly glad I am at length to see the subject of Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's ministry brought so simply and so scripturally before the body of Baptist believers.

Mr. Spurgeon, as a free citizen of Britain, has an undoubted right to live and reign in a region of unfettered thought and expression—that is one thing. But for Zion, whose

freedom is in "the kingdom of God," to receive him, unknown by personal communion and fellowship; untried by soul affliction and sorrow; and unproved by adversity, age, or experience, is another. And I do say, it is a scandal and disgrace in the Baptist body, to give even the colouring of approbation to a ministry, merely because of its exciting popularity on the one hand, or its success in obtaining the people's money on the other.

It may suit the giddy million to make sport with the bewitching philosophy of dramatic display, and to riot in the amusing freaks of arts' "*airy footed love*." But are the "children of light" to be caught in the snare of popular talents, and to be cheated by mere pulpit eloquence? Are dreams and delusion to captivate Zion? Is "excellency of speech," and "man's wisdom," to supplant the "demonstration of God's Spirit," and our old fashioned gospel of "*power*?" Are "enticing words" to ensnare the elect—and thus we, who have begun in the Spirit, to end in the flesh? Shipwreck of faith would be sure to all the seed, if these elements of the world, from which they are once delivered, were thus to overcome them again.

It is not enough that a man adopts our scriptural cognomen, or professes to endorse our spiritual creed! He must be a believer by spiritual baptism, and a Baptist from spiritual belief. A child of God must be made so by God himself; and from the same infallible source must also receive "*grace and apostleship*" for the work of the ministry. Then will the fruits and effects be more corresponding with the testimony of truth, than those which at present grow on the wide-spreading Spurgeon tree.

I have not a particle of prejudice against the young and amiable aspirant after pulpit fame; but I have read his sermons, heard his preaching, and closely observed the profession and conduct of his followers; and upon the face of these things, I see not the *lively features of a healthy child*. The souls of men are not always blest, when they say and think they are; neither is it "hearing well," when the faucy only is pleased and the flesh reasoned into acquiescence. The *wisdom of this world* and the "*wisdom of God*" are antagonists; and a man will "cease" from the former, if he really possesses the latter, and when this is the case with a minister, his knowledge in Christ will be made manifest to the souls of God's people by the communication of the TRUTH, and ETERNAL LIFE, through the power of the Holy Ghost; and until the *mystery of redemption* is thus revealed through Mr. Spurgeon's ministrations, the Church of God cannot acknowledge him in the *preached gospel of Christ*.

Therefore I say, at present, at least, there should be a becoming reserve in our reception of him, and a prudential carefulness in our uniting with him. Wait awhile, and let patience have her perfect work.

It may be that God has raised him up to a great work, which in the end would then speak; but *may-bes* will not warrant a compromise on the part of a people built up in "*shalls*" and "*wills*."

Thinking the sweet spirit of Mr. Wilkins, of Brighton, is highly to be admired; your noble stand for *the truth* to be commended; and brother Banks for the publication of both letters to be thanked; and wishing all grace may abound to the trio, I am, my dear brother, faithfully yours in the gospel of Christ,

JOSIAH COWELL.

Chelmsford, May 6, 1857.

A WORD FROM WANDSWORTH.

A LETTER TO MR. JAMES WELLS.

MY DEAR SIR.—I heard that you refused to preach with Mr. Spurgeon at Brighton, and also that there was some printed correspondence in the EARTHEN VESSEL. I felt very indignant that you should refuse preaching with so good a man, but I resolved to see for myself, and got the book referred to; and upon a perusal I feel glad that the Lord has made you thus honest, and still possessing a kind feeling to our young brother; and my object in writing this is to encourage you, as I would other able bishops of our church, to teach him the gospel more perfectly, which, under the Divine blessing, may be attended with the best and happiest results. I heard him last Lord's-day morning from those important words, "Ye must be born again." In the first place he said that no one could possibly belong to the church, except born from above; and used very pointed and good similes to establish his assertion; after which he told his audience that his regeneration was not as the Puseyites supposed, produced at baptism (so called), but it was entirely supernatural *i.e.*, entirely and alone of God. After which, he said he would expostulate with his hearers upon the necessity of the new birth; and from his energy, arguments, and expostulations, you would conceive that he had entirely lost sight of his first propositions, and folks would suppose that it after all remained with themselves to set about making themselves new men at once.

On the Sabbath preceding he said he wished he could speak with energy. Welsh ministers they have such a method of working on the people; but we have not so learnt; we know "Tis not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord." However, judging of his ministry affectionately, I should hope it may be said of him as of others—"Then shall we know if we follow on to know the Lord."

I am sure he needs the prayers of the church, and the kind admonitions and cautions of those who have been longer in the way; but 'tis astonishing how very many of professed ministers of Christ cling to this duty-faith system. As Mr. Spurgeon appears to be an honest, open-hearted man, I hope he may be brought to see and preach the truth as it is in Jesus.

You will pardon, I hope, so great a liberty, and intrusion on your valuable time. Wishing you a long and useful life, and an abundant entrance into the joy of the Lord, that when your heart and flesh shall fail, he may be your Portion for ever. Amen.

May 6, 1857.

Ministerial Biography.

THE LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE
LATE MR. J. WARBURTON.

OF TROWBRIDGE.

LAST month we registered the departure homeward of this good man. How comforting to us is the thought—"There is a rest that remaineth for the people of God!" and we hope into that rest we shall some day enter. Rest here we have none. But we are much disposed to cease from a great deal of the labour in which for years we have been found. There is among the churches of our denomination so much of division and bitter feeling that we sometimes long to retire into closer communion with *Him* who is "THE PEACE" of all who, through grace, take refuge beneath the covert of his Almighty wings.

Far up beyond these noisy and naughty shores has the ransomed spirit of the venerable John Warburton taken its flight: he has entered into rest; and now amid the spirits of the just, adoring that most holy CHRIST whom on earth he loved, and laboured hard to extol; and in happy converse with patriarchs, with prophets, with apostles, and with thousands of those who ranked among the silent saints on earth, he dwells in bliss supreme, and shouts in sweet melodious strains,—
"Worthy the Lamb who died for me!"

Christian travellers, laborious ministers, true believers, humble followers of the meek and the lowly Lamb of God, let this thought cheer you—"There is laid up for us a crown of righteousness, which the Lord the righteous Judge shall give unto us; and not to us only, but unto all them also who love his appearing."

John Warburton's mother was a vessel of mercy. Her confessions and her cries evidently went deep into young John's heart; and although those convictions were thrust down for years by sin and Satan, they were only beaten down that they might come up with ten thousand times more force in after days. In a little measure we were, like John, convicted early, but went far away, and suffered hardships and trials of soul, through sin and Satan's oft deludings, which tongues of men can never tell.

John Warburton had a dreadful passage from death unto life. Such storms

did he pass through as well nigh sunk him in the gulphs of endless despair. But he was a chosen vessel, and could not be lost.

Young Christians, and aspiring ministers, might read John's travail of soul to much profit. We find few who came the way that John came. We shall not, however, describe the most dreadful part of his spiritual voyage; but one brief review of his soul's conflict as he began to be cheered by the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, we here quote from the published pages of this good man's life. He had for years been driven near to destruction. Now hear what he says, as the Sun began to shine:—

"After breakfast, I set out for Manchester, and O the exercises of my mind upon the road! I stood still, and thought I would turn back, for I thought that it was impossible for God to show mercy upon me, and be just. I determined to turn back again. Then the words, 'Who can tell?' came again into my mind, and hope seemed to rise up within me, with a 'may be the Lord will be merciful to me, a poor lost sinner.' That text was, for a few moments, very sweet to me, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.' O how my very soul cried unto God that he would save me, the very chief, the very vilest of the vile! and then, with what exceeding sweetness and preciousness did the words come into my mind, 'For the vision is yet for an appointed time, but at the end it shall speak, and not lie; though it tarry, wait for it; because it will surely come, it will not tarry.' O how strengthened and encouraged was my poor soul! and I went on, hoping and praying that the Lord would meet me in mercy.

"In the morning I went to Mosley Street Chapel, and soon after I was seated, a solemn old man ascended the pulpit; and O how my soul trembled for fear lest he should bear a message from God to me of wrath and condemnation. What distress and horror I felt when, in reading the chapter, he came to these words, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them.' I can never express the thousandth part of all the misery and sense of guilt that I endured. I saw that my soul was doomed to certain destruction for ever and ever. What the old man preached about I could not tell, but this I knew, that damned I was, and sometimes thought that I should have dropped into hell whilst in the chapel. The service being concluded, I wandered up and down from street to street, until I verily believed that my senses were entirely gone. I looked behind me, and saw two men following me, who, I was afraid, were coming to take me to the mad-house. The first place where I could sit down and vent my grief was St. George's Church, and seeing no person

near, I sat down on the steps, and wept until I had no more power to weep. After some time I got up, and thought I would go home and put an end to my miserable life. 'Yes,' said I, 'I will come to an end, and know the worst at once.' On my way home, as I thought, I got into Cannon Street, and observing a chapel there, into which people were then crowding, I remembered that it was the chapel of Mr. Roby, to which I had once or twice been in company with my mother. I stopped, and said, 'Shall I go in?' 'No,' thought I, 'I will not. The minister will take that text, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.' I proceeded a short distance down the street and stopped again. 'Who can tell?' came once more into my mind. 'Well,' said I, 'I can but be damned;' and so I came to the resolution of going into the chapel, and 'if I perish,' said I, 'I perish.' If ever I entered a place of worship with the feeling cry that God would, if it were possible, shew mercy to one in so desperate a case, I believe I did then. When seated in the chapel, all the horrors of hell seemed to come upon me. I trembled from head to foot, and wished that I had never come in.

"At the conclusion of the first hymn, Mr. Roby went to prayer, and towards the end of it he dropped a few words which I believed were for nobody but me. He begged God that, if there were any one present who had come to make a last trial of his mercy, he would show himself to such a one as *his* God. It was with hard work that I could keep from calling out, 'Yes, here is poor lost John Warburton. Here I am come to make the last trial.' O how my soul went out to God in prayer, that he would appear for me.

"The prayer being finished, another hymn was sung previous to the sermon. All my little hope seemed dashed to pieces when I saw the minister take his Bible from the cushion to find his text. 'O,' thought I, 'he is certainly seeking for that awful text which has so torn my heart asunder all these months. What shall I do, if he take that text, 'Cursed is every one,' &c.? O what will become of me? I must drop into hell if he take that.' O the feelings I experienced! I could not imagine why he delayed so long to put the Bible upon the cushion. At last he did so, and I saw that it was opened about the middle. Blessed be God, my soul whispered, the text is not, 'Cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them.' O the expectation that sprung up within me! 'Do, Lord, pardon my sins; do, Lord, have mercy upon my poor lost soul,' burst from my heart; and when Mr. Roby read his text, O the wonder and the glory that shone into my soul! The precious text was, 'Thou hast ascended on high, thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious also, that the Lord God might dwell among them.' O the love, peace, and joy that broke into my heart as the words came out of his mouth! They were truly sweeter to my soul than ten thousands of gold and silver. I wondered again with astonishment, and said in my soul, 'What

can this mean? Where are my sins? What can be the meaning of all this? Where is my burden, and the wrath and terror I have had so many months!' And again the text flowed into my soul, 'Thou hast led captivity captive; thou hast received gifts for men; yea, for the rebellious, that the Lord God might dwell amongst them.' O I knew not where to hide my poor face! My soul kept whispering, 'Surely it cannot mean me; is it a dream? is it a dream?' I looked for my sins, for my burden, for the wrath and misery I had so long carried in my poor distracted soul, and could find neither guilt nor sins, wrath nor bondage; for the Saviour of my soul had taken them all away. Such a sight of his sufferings and death shined into my soul, as broke my heart to pieces. O how I looked on him and mourned! 'What have I done?' cried I; 'I have crucified the Lord. O my cursed sins, that drove the nails into his hands and feet, and thrust the spear into his heart. O wretch, wretch that I am! And canst thou, wilt thou, save and pardon me, notwithstanding all my cursed sins?' How wonderfully was my soul led to see that the dear Saviour had fulfilled and obeyed that holy law which I had broken in ten-thousand instances, that all my cursed sins had been laid upon him, and that he had suffered in my room and stead. I had so blessed a sight, by faith of his feet and hands nailed to the cross, of the crown of thorns upon his head, and of the spear entering his heart; and his redeeming blood flowed with such peace, and love, and joy, and liberty into my soul, that I hardly knew what or where I was. The poor things who sat in the same seat kept jogging me with their elbows to sit still; but it was impossible for me to sit still or to lie still. O the love I felt to my dear Saviour for such unmerited kindness to one so vile, to the vilest wretch that ever was on the earth! I can never express a thousandth part of the hatred I felt against my cursed sins, which pierced the Lord of life and glory.

When the service was over, I went down the street, blessing, thanking, wondering, praising, and adoring the God of my salvation; for text upon text flowed in upon my soul, one after another, with so much power, that sometimes I was obliged to hold my hand upon my mouth to prevent myself from shouting aloud in the street. On my way home I got into the fields as soon as I could, and, when out of sight and hearing of every human being, I shouted, I leaped, I danced, I thanked and praised my dear Jesus with all my might, until my bodily strength was so gone that I fell upon the ground, and there lay, firmly believing that I was upon the point of going to heaven, to be with my dear Lord and Saviour. O what cause of holy wonder I saw in God's being a just God, and yet a Saviour. That holy law that had been my terror for months, which had cursed me for every thought, word, and deed, I now saw completely honoured and righteously fulfilled in Christ. And how precious were these words, 'For Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth.' Whilst another text came upon the back of it with so much power, sweetness, majesty, and glory, that it

overwhelmed me with adoration, praise, and thanksgiving: 'Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law, being made a curse for us; for it is written, Cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree.' I saw, and believed, that Christ had stood in my law place and stead, and that all the wrath and damnation which I had deserved at the hands of a just God had been laid upon Jesus. I saw that he had stood as my Surety and Bondsman, had atoned for all my sins, and magnified the law, and made it honourable in so holy a way, that there could be no condemnation either from heaven, earth, or hell. My poor soul was so carried away, with the transports of joy, that if any body had seen me they would have supposed that I had just escaped from Bedlam; for I shouted, danced and clapped my hands with sweet delight. It was, indeed, a heaven upon earth. Those precious words of David were the very feelings of my heart at that time: 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.' I was blessing and praising God all my way home. My poor wife had been very uneasy on my account, for it was a very late hour when I reached home. But no wonder, for every tree of the field, every bird of the air, every beast and insect, even to the crawling worm, furnished me with matter of songs, wonder, and praise. They were all new to me. In all of them I could see the hand of my Father and my God. I could not help telling my wife the comfort which I had received. God, I told her, had pardoned all my sins. I told her of the dreadful state she was in, and how awful a thing it would be for her to die in it. I then told her how the Lord had appeared for me, and what he had suffered for my poor soul, and how he had pardoned all my sins. The poor thing thought I was out of my mind; but I told her I was saying nothing but the truth, and that all my sins had been actually pardoned and taken away by my Saviour, Jesus Christ, and that I desired henceforth to live and die praising and adoring him for his wonderful good to one so vile. In this happy state of liberty, peace, and praise I lived for months.

To be continued.

THE JOURNEYINGS OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL THROUGH THE WILDERNESS TO THEIR PROMISED REST.

"On wings of faith, mount up, my soul, and
 rise,
 View thine inheritance beyond the skies;
 No heart can cherish, no mortal tongue can
 tell,
 What endless pleasures in those mansions
 dwell:
 There our Redeemer lives, all bright and
 glorious, [victorious."
 O'er sin, and death, and hell, he reigns

THE way to the kingdom of God ever has
 boon, and over will be, through much tribula-

tion. God hath appointed it to be so, and who can alter that which he hath fixed? Mere professors may walk in a way that pleases them; but the children of God must walk in a way that shall profit them: and that way is through the wilderness, even that great and terrible wilderness wherein were fiery serpents and scorpions; through a land of deserts and of pits; through a land of drought and of the shadow of death; through a land that no man passed through, and where no man dwelt. And though it be a way that tries our faith, tries our flesh, and tries our patience, yet it is a right way, and leadeth to a city of habitation.

God leads his people through the wilderness that he may humble them before him, by shewing them what is in their heart, causing them to feel how vile they are, how weak they are, and how constantly they need his hand to help them. He leads them in the wilderness, that he may chasten them, and teach them out of his law. "He scourgeth every son whom he receiveth," and sheweth them that beloved self must be denied, beloved lusts abstained from, and beloved notions parted with; and that their souls must be brought into subjection to him, the Father of spirits, "for as many as are led (or governed) by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

It is in the wilderness that God makes those high and holy discoveries of himself to his people. He appeared to Jacob at Luz, and to Moses at the bush, and they never forget those appearances. No more can you, dear reader, if ever God hath appeared unto thy soul, and favoured thee with those hallowed moments of his presence. The sensations may not abide, but the remembrance of them doth, and will do, for ever. For the wilderness, with all its cares, fears, and tears, can never deface those impressions made on the soul by his presence, they endure for ever as the lasting effects and proofs of his unmerited kindness. What must have been the feelings of Moses when he uttered that part of Israel's benediction on Joseph, "and for the good will of him that dwelt in the bush!" What a blessed reviving time was this in his soul methinks! What a sweet proof of the unchanged affection of God after a forty years changing about in the wilderness! And what a rich antepast of heaven into which he was shortly to enter! No wonder that blessed Huntington visited those places from time to time, where at first the loving kindness of God beamed into his soul.

It is in the wilderness, then, O believer, that God gives us the sweet tokens of his love; the immortal sensations of his kindness; the sacred pledges of his friendship; and the infallible proofs of our adoption. It is there that he opens the fountain of life which redresseth all our woes, even that abundant life that swellth beyond the utmost bounds of our spiritual death, that riseth above the highest hills of our sins, fears, guilt, and misery; yea, riseth into heaven itself, enveloping the soul in its high and sacred pleasures.

Hath God shewn thee, dear reader, where the fountain of life is opened? even in the bosom of his beloved Son? in whom he loves thee, and embraceth the whole family? Hast thou received of its blessed properties? Hath

it revived thy fainting spirit? calmed the surges of thy troubled spirit? Hath it caused thee to rise above thy fears, guilts, and distress? and to say, in the language of holy Deborah, "O, my soul, thou hast trodden down strength?" Be of good cheer, then! fear not to tread the wilderness: it is but the threshold into our Father's house; and a few more stops, and a few more steps, and we shall soon get over it, and be at home.

Now, with respect to their journeyings and encampments, we find they were all directed of the Lord; as in Num. ix. 18—22: "At the commandment of the Lord the children of Israel journeyed; and at the commandment of the Lord they pitched: as long as the cloud abode upon the tabernacle they rested in their tents; whether it were two days, or a month, or a year, that the cloud tarried upon the tabernacle, remaining thereon, the children of Israel abode in their tents, and journeyed not: but when it was taken up they journeyed." So the Lord, then, who appointed the way to their rest, appointed also the number of their steps, and the number of their stops, with all the accompanying circumstances: even

"Times of sickness, times of health,
Times of penury and wealth,
Times of trial and of grief,
Times of triumph and relief;
Times, the tempter's power to prove,
Times to taste a Saviour's love:
All must come, and last and end,
As shall please my heavenly Friend."

Just a word here, relative to the promised rest. This rest was in the land of Canaan—a land which the Lord "espied out for them, flowing with milk and honey—the glory of all lands;" which, from its great variety of soil, extensive plains, secluded valleys, and fertilizing streams, has justly been called "an epitome of all countries." But the principal thing to be considered in this land is, the rest which God gave his people there. This rest they did not fully enjoy until the reign of Solomon, under whose reign the ark found a resting place: their enemies were trodden down; "and every man sat under his own vine and fig-tree." It is at this period, and high pitch of their national glory, that I judge we are to own Canaan as the typical rest of the people of God. But more of this in another place. So with the Christian pilgrim, he gains not his eternal and uninterrupted rest until all his enemies—sin and Satan, death and hell—are trodden down for ever.

Having made these introductory remarks, I proceed now to consider—

1. The children of Israel.
2. Their going down into Egypt.
3. Their bondage.
4. Their deliverance.
5. Their encampments in the wilderness.
6. Their passage over Jordan, and subsequent conquests.
7. Their rest under the reign of Solomon.

A SOJOURNER.

Yarmouth, May 4th, 1857.

To be continued every month.

MR. JOHN CORBITT'S REMOVAL FROM CHELMSFORD TO NORWICH.

DEAR BROTHER,—I here give you a short account of my leaving Chelmsford, and coming to Norwich. My only reason is that misconception, false representation, and slander, may be met by truth, justice, and candour; and that my numerous friends, in different parts of the country, may have the best means of knowing the truth of my movements, I send it through "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

As to my leaving Chelmsford, be it known, it was not for the want of a congregation; for that the Lord sent me, and maintained to the last; nor was it from non-success in the ministry, for this we had satisfactory evidence of; nor for the lack of temporal supplies; for I had an abundance of them: and the unremitting attention of my friends in sickness, and their constant liberality to me, have left a lasting impression on my mind of gratitude that I believe time will never erase; and this applies to more than half the church and congregation. So that our separation was something like separating flesh and bone: for our hope, our interests, our faith, our love, and our hearts were one; and, I believe, still are.

As to the agency, and the means employed, which brought about my removal from Chelmsford, I shall say nothing. However unjust or unkind it may appear in the eyes of the majority of the church and congregation, it is sufficient for me to say there were several large stumbling blocks laid themselves in my way, so that I could not get a straight path for my feet; and when I found they were immovable, I gave in my resignation to close my labours the last Sabbath in January; and as no better understanding could be come to, I resolved not to occupy that pulpit after that time, unless I had a fresh invitation from the authorities who chose to act without the majority of the church, and contrary to it.

On Wednesday night, February 28th, I had no engagement for the first of February, neither did any minister or people know that I should be at liberty that day, nor did I know whether my professed friends would invite me again or not; so I felt determined to stand still, and let the Lord work.

On Thursday, January 29th, I received a note from brother C. W. Banks, pressing me to go to Norwich for the first of February, (if I could not go for all the month), *although he knew nothing about my being at liberty*: he informed me Mr. George Kellaway was engaged for Norwich, but he was taken ill, and could not go; and not being invited to occupy the pulpit at Chelmsford, I wrote to C. W. Banks on Friday morning, to say I would go to Norwich on Lord's-day, February 1st, if he sent me directions in time.

On Saturday morning, at 8 o'clock, I got my directions, and at a quarter-past 9 I was on my way thither. This was all the *time, knowledge, or hand* I had in coming to Norwich the first time. Yet slanderous tongues have said it was a premeditated scheme between me and Mr. Banks. But the Lord knoweth that they lie in that matter.

On Sabbath morning I entered the chapel at Orford Hill, Norwich, without being crowded; the snow laid thick on the ground; myself, people, and weather, all appeared cold alike. The chapel, which will seat 600 persons comfortably, looked very disconsolate with between sixty and eighty people in it: but they much increased in the afternoon and evening; and I was pressed to stop a fortnight longer. I could not promise until I had learned what was done at Chelmsford in my absence. When I returned, I found nothing was done. I told them that I should be absent the next two Lord's-days, and leave them to settle matters the best way they could; and then I engaged for Norwich for the 8th and 15th of that month.

During this visit, my friends at Chelmsford wrote to inform me that no reconciliation could be come to with the ruling authorities—either to submit to the majority of the church, or to settle the matters by arbitration of two ministers on each side. Therefore, much as they esteemed me, and desired my continuance amongst them, they could not advise me to think of continuing in that chapel with such persons. Accordingly, I gave them notice that I would preach my farewell sermon on Feb. 22nd, and did so from Amos viii. 2: "*The end is come.*" [A short sketch of this sermon is published; and may be had, post-free, of any part of the kingdom; five of them for six penny postage stamps, by addressing—Mr. John Corbitt, Baptist Minister, No. 8, St. Katherine's Plain, Norwich.]

My friends at Chelmsford did, in a most earnest manner, entreat me to allow them to build another place, but this I could not do, feeling I ought not to split that little cause, and from the words of Scripture I had been impressed with, I believe the Lord had designed me for some other sphere of action.

Now comes the mysterious doings of the Lord in sending me to settle at Norwich for a season. Previous to my leaving Chelmsford, I had been very earnest with the Lord in prayer to settle the matter for me, and to reconcile me either to stop or go. One night in particular I was led out in private prayer to say—"Dear Lord, do send me some portion of thy word that shall settle the matter in my soul, as thou used to do years ago when I needed it." When I was in bed that night, before I went to sleep, I was arrested with these words—"Unto whom I now send thee."

They aroused me, and kept me awake from 10 o'clock till 12. I then went down, and found them in Acts xxvi. 17, 18. They read as follow:—"Delivering thee from the people, and from the Gentiles, unto whom now I send thee: to open their blind eyes, and to turn them from darkness to light; and from the power of Satan to God: that they may receive forgiveness of sins: and inheritance amongst them that are sanctified by faith that is in me." As soon as I had read these words I ran up to my dear companion with the Bible open in my hand, and said, "I have got my warrant to leave this place." At another time, I had been praying in the same earnest way, and opened the Bible promiscuously, and the first thing that caught my eye was the 12th of Ezekiel, particularly the third verse—"There-

fore, thou Son of man, prepare thee stuff for removing, and remove by day in their sight: and thou shalt remove from thy place to another place in their sight: it may be they will consider, though they be a rebellious house." Of these things I made no secret: there are more than twenty people in Chelmsford that will witness that I told them these things. Yet, I was desirous to stop there if I could righteously: and after my deliverance from them was brought about, I had a desperate struggle about coming to Norwich. For before we were the least unsettled at Chelmsford, we had agreed, having thirteen children and grandchildren in America, that if ever we left Chelmsford we would go and see them before I settled down again. And I had packed three large boxes, and secured them with iron hoops for the seas. I had also obtained information from a ship's company at Liverpool that we could go from there to New York in a steamer that would accomplish the distance in a fortnight, with luggage and board included, for eight guineas each. I had also made several engagements about the country to supply, and intended going about supplying until the time arrived; and then, without saying anything to anyone, to depart: but the Lord's ways are not my ways, nor his thoughts my thoughts: this is more than evident; for, the week before the expiration of my then engagement here, I received a note from Willingham, Staffordshire, and was engaged for the 22nd of March, to say they would postpone their anniversary, and forego the engagement. This disarranged all my plans, and frustrated all my schemes; and I was thrown back upon Norwich: and, as I was much perplexed with my disappointment, the Lord again sounded in my ears the words—"Unto whom now I send thee; unto whom now I send thee; unto whom now I send thee." So that I got very little sleep for them, and I could see that the Lord had, in a marvellous manner, sent me here. Still, I wanted to go to America before I settled again, but the words—"To whom now I send thee?" (NOT PRESENTLY), but NOW, sounded loudly; and other Scriptures echoed "you are to remove to another place in the sight of those you have left." If you go to America you will be out of their sight; and these things kept repeating, and the friends here entreating, until I became ashamed before the Lord, and said, "Lord, make me willing to go thy way, and to do thy will." Then Jonah's turning away from Nineveh came so vividly and terrifically before me that I shrank at the thought of rebellion; and I fully believed that if I did make an excuse to get from Norwich, and go somewhere else, it would be nothing less than high treason against the Majesty of heaven, and an exact parallel with Jonah. The people kept entreating, the words "unto whom I NOW send thee," kept repeating, that I had no solid peace until I had forgone the thoughts of emigration, and accepted the unanimous call of this people for twelvemonths, that we might the better learn the Lord's will concerning us. This I did March 22nd, 1857; and from that time I have felt a calm resignation and humble reliance on the Lord, and sweet access at the throne of grace.

What the ultimate result may be, futurity must make plain. I only know that it has, and I believe ever will be, with me, as it was with Paul, that "in every city, bonds and afflictions abide me: but none of these things move me; neither would I count my life dear to me, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus to testify the gospel of his grace."

As for what the tongues of those can say who were the means of moving me from Chelmsford I fear not. Let them take all the honour they can get from rejecting the gospel, and scattering the flock, and I will take all the rebuke and censure that any please to throw upon me for being the means of gathering a congregation at Orford Hill Chapel, Norwich. That "the Lord reigneth" was never clearer seen than in those matters.

Your's, in the love of God,

JOHN CORBITT.

THE LOG BOOK:

PSALM XLVIII. 12, 13.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO CHARLES HOOPER, J. BUNYAN M'CURE, HENRY WARD, AND OTHER CHRISTIAN FRIENDS IN AUSTRALIA, WHO ARE ANXIOUS TO HEAR OF ZION'S WELFARE IN GREAT BRITAIN.

DEAR BRETHREN,—As it is impossible for me to write private letters to all who so kindly write to me, I presume to give you a few words respecting the appearance of things in our home churches, as far as I am acquainted with them, through the medium of the EARTHEN VESSEL; and as I frequently occupy myself, while travelling, by writing short notes, I here present you with a few; and will send you more in future numbers, if Providence and power permit, assuring you that I have much to say upon the present state of things; but time does not now serve.

I am, as ever, yours in the gospel,

CHARLES WATKINS BANKS.

THURSDAY MORNING, April 9, 1857.—'Tis a dark morning—pouring with rain—I am literally crammed in one corner of an Eastern Counties; the passengers are quarrelling about the inconvenience of the accommodation, and the accidents connected with travelling; but, in a moment of prayer this morning, that word flowed into my soul, which was so expressly the dying testimony of my beloved mother; so prophetically the words of David; and so literally the words of Christ on the cross—"Into thy hands I commit my spirit; for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." Before I left home, I read Psalm cxxi.—"The Lord is thy keeper," &c.; therefore, as I journey onward to Saxmundham, in Suffolk, I shall try and write a few lines, which, with God's blessing, may be of use to some of the hidden ones who, in their retirement, read THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

The last verse of the 28th Psalm is a nice portion—it has been sweet to me—it is a short, but exceedingly comprehensive, prayer—"Save thy people, bless thine inheritance; feed them also; and LIFT THEM UP FOR EVER." In a most emphatic manner, Thomas Brooks, (an

old fifteen hundred Divine, in his "Private Key to Open Heaven,") says, "Remember ye are the only persons in all the world that God hath made choice of to reveal his secrets unto;" quoting that striking word of the Saviour to his disciples—"Henceforth I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his Lord doeth; but I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of my Father I have made known unto you." This appears to me to be the grand, the essential, the vital, the discriminating, the saving mark of distinction between *foolish* and *wise* virgins; the *secret oil* in the vessel; the secret soul-quickening, heaven opening, heart-searching, truth-unfolding, indwelling powers of THE SPIRIT of the living God; revealing, little by little, the deep things of God. There are the secrets of Providence: "The Lord said, shall I hide from Abraham the thing which I do?" Genesis xviii. 17. No! the Lord will not hide it from Abraham: and there is poor old Micaiah (1 Kings xxii.) whom they hated and despised; he stood out against four hundred prophets, and told them to their face (*when he was sent for*:—mark that, brethren; Micaiah did not run presumptuously against other men; but), when they fetched him out of prison—when the providence of God clearly opened up the way—then Micaiah stood in the midst of them, and he hesitated not to say, "Behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these prophets." Micaiah had the mind of God; he declared it boldly when demanded, and it came to pass. Some men despise the secrets of a Divine Providence; but, in the development of them, my soul obtains her comfort.

There is an amazing excitement in these days, touching the preaching of the gospel; and tens of thousands are moved toward it in a way they never were before; and I have very sincerely hoped the movement was of God; and I, by no means, deny that the hand of God is not in it. But there have appeared some things very painful to my mind, especially the merchandise; the money-making; the unholy, and, in many cases, dishonorable, trafficking; it has made the hearts of many honest men to tremble. And, while I still would hope that the glorious gospel is now preached to thousands, and tens of thousands, who, perhaps, never heard the distinguishing doctrines of it before, still, I would ask my readers, my brethren, my countrymen, my friends, yea, and my foes too, to ponder over some weighty matters which hereafter may appear.

SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK, April 11.—The Lord brought me here safe last Thursday, and yesterday (Good Friday) we celebrated the anniversary of the formation of the first Baptist Church in this town. It is pleasant to find the little cause here steadily growing under our brother William Day's ministry: and it certainly is, for the chapel, the church, and the congregation, all are increasing and improving. Under God, this cause owes its origin to two or three families in this neighbourhood. Our good friend, Robert Barnes, of Sternfield Hall, built the chapel, (of whom, as soon as possible, the church must purchase it.)

Our kind friends, James Smy and his dear wife, have always given to the Lord's servants a bed, a candlestick, a chair, and provision by the way; and I do hope the rich blessings of heaven will descend upon them all for their pure love to Zion, and to Zion's Covenant Head. Very early yesterday morning (Good-Friday) the following sentence came rolling in upon my soul—"Zion shall be redeemed with blood, and her converts with righteousness." With the words came a soft impression that the Lord would do good to some of his dear family by those words. When I found them in Isaiah i. 29, I found they read, "Zion shall be redeemed with judgment," &c. This confounded me. I could not obtain any light into the Scripture; but was led to go up in the morning and preach a little upon the burnt offering. The chapel was filled with anxious hearers, and I was helped—still, the words would follow me—"ZION SHALL BE REDEEMED WITH JUDGMENT." In the afternoon, Mr. William Gooding, of Halesworth, preached a gospel sermon from the words "*The people shall dwell alone.*" &c. I listened very comfortably to his good discourse; but immediately the words came again—"Zion shall be redeemed with judgment." Presently, the text opened asunder in two parts:—1. A departure, or a being sold, implied. 2. A redemption declared; both thoughts opened very fully; and to a crowded congregation, and with great liberty, I spoke from the text.

On Easter-Sunday, I preached three times, and then went to Norwich; we had good meetings in Mr. Corbitt's Chapel, Monday and Tuesday; and on Wednesday evening I was favoured to preach in Mr. Gowen's chapel, in Cherry-lane, Norwich; and a most blessed time I had. The friends at Norwich manifested the greatest kindness. I hope both the churches may prosper, and be greatly united.

ASHFORD RAILWAY STATION, THURSDAY, May 9.—Last Lord's-day was one of the best we have had in Unicorn Yard for some time. We sometimes hope that our captivity may yet be turned. About 200 sat down to the Lord's Supper, and our souls were much favoured with the dew of Hermon.

On the Tuesday evening following, the Lord again exalted his dear Son in the ministration of the gospel.

On Wednesday morning I left home for Egerton Fostall, in Kent. But on my way thither I turned into Cranbrook, to look once more at the graves of my ancestors, at the place where first I learned my business, and where from childhood to youth I spent fifteen years of sinning, sorrowing, affliction and woe. What an amazing alteration thirty years makes in the inhabitants of a small town! There stood "Old Time," with his long scythe in his hand over the large clock of that beautiful parish church. I could not perceive that he had sustained any alteration whatever; but, as I looked at him he seemed to say,— "Ah! man, since you removed from these parts I have cut down many. That noble piece of humanity, the clergyman, whom you heard read so many sermons for so many years, even that strong cast-iron frame has fallen into the dust. Isaac Beeman, too, whose

life and lips were so deeply consecrated to the glory of Christ, and the feeding of thousands of immortal souls, he is silent in the grave, and his mortal remains lay beneath my feet; and nearly all the lawyers, and doctors, and tradesmen, rich men and poor men, all have yielded up the ghost, and here (awaiting the judgment throne, the resurrection morn, the final audit, here) they moulder into dust." "Lord, what is man?" A brief existence on the earth, and from hence he goes for ever. The old Independent Chapel, where Mr. Skinner conducted worship for many years, is fallen into decay. The old Baptist Chapel, where George Stonehouse and his son spoke to a few people, was also closed in darkness; even "Providence Chapel," where Isaac Beeman gathered hundreds and hundreds, has been divided and weakened. Thomas Beeman, I was sorry to hear, had ceased to preach through ill health; but in the midst of all these declensions the Congregationalists have commenced the erection of an amalgamation house of worship, and I saw the stately and the aristocratic Independent Cresswell, of Canterbury, assisting to lay the foundation stone. I much fear that truth is departing from that sacred spot, Cranbrook, where William Huntington went to school, where he stole the bread from the soldier's boy, where in after years he preached and planted a living testimony for God; and where that excellent man of God, Isaac Beeman, was so amazingly successful in the work of the Lord. But we know not what the Lord may yet have to do, even in this beautiful little Kentish valley. In the ministrations of Dr. Burch, at the Old Dane House, and William Burch, of Staplehurst, the gospel, in measure, is preached; and I learned that both these witnesses for God are made a blessing to many precious souls.

I fled from these hallowed scenes, and wended my way to Egerton Fostall, where on Wednesday and Thursday I was helped to preach the words of truth; and I do hope my work there was not in vain. As soon as it was known that Charles Waters Banks was to preach in the Baptist Chapel at Egerton, the enemy arose, and ran through the country, declaring that this said C. W. B. was a hyper-Calvinist, an open communionist, and a dangerous man. Poor souls! some of them were frightened; and off they ran to the pastor and resident minister, informing him of the awful tidings, at the same time declaring they would never sit to hear him.

Isaac McCarthy is a patriarchal divine just on the borders of eternity. He has spent forty years of his life as an Irish Baptist Missionary. He quieted their spirits; good congregations were gathered together, and I am happily persuaded that nothing essential to the gospel was holden back; neither was anything advanced contrary to the will, the word, or the work of God. I can hope that the Lord has sent Mr. McCarthy to Egerton to be a blessing to the cause, and the means of extending the visible kingdom of Christ; and that afflicted souls there in bondage may be truly delivered from all their sorrows; and there are some cases there of a severely trying charac-

ter. I may add, I have been entrusted with a manuscript of Mr. McCarthy's, valuable and powerful in the elucidation of Divine truth, which I hope to be the means of giving to the churches of Christ in Christendom.

On Friday morning I left the Egerton parsonage, and travelled through fields, woods, and valleys, to the Pluckley Station, and from thence to Sturry, once more to see and converse with my much loved, long and deeply afflicted brother in Christ, Samuel Foster. In his chamber I met the Baptist minister of Faversham, Mr. Beale, my excellent brother Robert, and the family of the dear afflicted Foster. For an hour, or more, he conversed with me on the blessed openings of God's Word, with which he had been favoured. For more than seven years has the fire of bodily affliction gone on to consume his strong athletic frame. Prostrate in helplessness and weakness he lays, but strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. Let real Christians remember that Jesus Christ will treasure up a remembrance of every visit made to such dear souls as this. That word well rewarded me for my journey—"I was sick, and ye visited me." Either by letter or person, I must hope the sympathising saints of God will not fail to enter this chamber; the most solemn and the most consolatory lessons may be learned.

It is more than twenty years now since first I entered the village of Sturry to preach the gospel. How thankful do I feel that my friends still hold on in the fellowship of the gospel! Mr. Frederick Hancock now ministers unto them, and the little church is growing. Beside all this, the Lord has opened the mouth of my own dear brother Samuel to speak in his name. If I did not record his mercies, and praise him, the stones would surely rise against

C. W. B.

"HE IS LORD OF ALL."

If we take a minute survey of the apostolic ministry, as given us in the Acts of the Apostles, and epistolary part of the New Testament Scripture, we shall find that the glorious Person of their and our Almighty Lord, was their invariable subject, at all places, and upon all occasions. Yea, so determined was Paul to know nothing among men but Jesus Christ, and him crucified; and Peter adds, "when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but where eye-witnesses of his majesty," thus preaching peace by Jesus Christ. He is Lord of all. Declaring that there was no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. While John subjoins, "that which was from the beginning, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the word of life, that which we have seen and heard declare we unto you." Whilst the person of Christ is the great subject! yea, greatest in the balance of inspiration, unfolded so was he, his person the subject matter of the apostolic preaching—as God and as man; yet not two, but one Christ, one altogether; not by conversion of Godhead into flesh, but

by hypostatic union of the divine with the human nature in his one person, the word was made flesh; God was manifest in flesh; was made of a woman; and was made of the seed of David, according to the flesh, and took on him the seed of Abraham. Thus it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren, the election of grace; and is called Immanuel, God with us, in our very flesh, in us by faith, for us, over us, around us, one with us. O! this miracle of miracles!

"That rebel worms should ever be
One with Incarnate Deity!"

The apostles knew that this greatest of all subjects threw into the shade every other, and would not substitute lesser for greater things, as is often the case in the nineteenth century. And what is the consequence, but leanness of soul and barrenness wherein this abounds? so goes round the question, "children, have ye here any meat?" Where Christ is not the summum bonum, all and in all, there is no meat, no solid food, no substantial nutriment, for He is the Bread of Life.

So preached they no less his electing, betrothing, redeeming love; his ancient guarantee suretyship engagement, for and on behalf of his mystic body; his incarnation, obedience, blood, righteousness and complete salvation; and his church's completeness in the same, her debt paid, her sin done away, her iniquity removed, her creditors satisfied, her enemies confounded, her crown secured, her triumphant arrival to her final destiny certain and infallibly sure. So preached the whole college of apostles, and so the Lord wrought precious faith in the hearts of his dear people to receive it, in the love of it, and to set to their seals that God is true. Thus Christ was preached; and as our apostle adds, "and I therein do rejoice; yea, and will rejoice;" and thus the people were fed with the finest of wheat; walking in the fear of the Lord and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, bringing forth the fruit of righteousness, which are by (and from) Jesus Christ to the praise and glory of God. Kent writes:—

"But now as Prophet Priest and King,
Who dares thus set him forth;
With old wives tales the pulpits ring
And themes of little worth."

The Lord graciously give to the people a pure language, suppress error, and stop the mouths of gainsayers; and those who make the hearts of the righteous sad, whom he hath not made sad, by their lies and by their lightness; make his own dear servants more and more valiant for the truth upon the earth; bring his professing church back again to the Apostolic preaching, that the all gracious, all glorious, Person of the Son of God, his righteousness and blood, love, grace, mercy, fullness, all-sufficiency, preciousness and rich salvation be the only theme from the pulpit; and the only rejoicing in the pew. So may the apostles' words and doctrine vibrate throughout the churches from east to west, and north to south.

"So we preach, and so ye believed." So prays a well wisher to the Zion of the Holy One of Israel,
W. BIDDER.
22, Sutherland Square, London.

A GENERAL REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS, ANNIVERSARY MEETINGS, &c., &c.

[To GIVE lengthened reviews of all the works and reports with which we are this month favoured is impossible. We will endeavor to extract the most interesting points from as many as our space will admit.—Ed.]

"A GRACIOUS HUSBAND." By Samuel Cozens.

There is no heavier task for an Editor than faithfully to notice the works which fall into his hands, either for commendation or condemnation, as the case may be. Books are like the herbs and the weeds which grow under our hedges; they are like the trees and the plants found in our shrubberies; or the fruits and the flowers which thrive in our gardens. There is a large variety; and each is either useful and ornamental; or unwholesome, and fit only for fuel.

Men's tastes are very different likewise. Some men speak well of every minister; and find savour and comfort in every book that has the words—"grace," "gospel," "Jesus" and "heaven" in them. Other men speak well of no man: and as for books, they are—in the estimation of such conceited Christians—worse than rubbish. Some men *cannot* write books themselves; but they can condemn all who do. Some can write a great deal; but they can neither print nor publish; or if they have attempted, as some of our brethren have done, they have been so unsuccessful that it seems to have soured them for ever. And although such men cannot do without books, yet, in public, they generally pour much contempt on all the productions of their more earnest and persevering brethren.

We have lived amid thousands of books for the last forty years; and we must confess we never hardly expect to find much sound and savoury divinity in books, unless we turn back to the productions of past ages: but, here and there, our inmost souls are stirred up with grateful emotions when, in reading the effusions of some modern men, "the good Samaritan" seems to come where we are, and pours into our long and deeply wounded spirits the oil and wine of grace and truth.

Of late, we have travelled and read the sheets of a new work, now printing, entitled "The Teachers' Thought-Book," &c., by Samuel Cozens, and the further we have gone into this work the stronger have been our convictions that it will be useful, especially to that numerous class of men who have but little time for study; and yet are doing much good in filling up vacant pulpits, and supplying destitute churches. We shall (the Lord permitting) give our readers such extracts from this work as we consider fairly represent its true character. The following sentences are from an excellent article on that beautiful

text—"THY MAKER IS THINE HUSBAND—the Lord of Hosts is his name."

"ACCORDING to Jewish law, when a man marrieth a wife he oweth unto her seven things; and she oweth three things. The things which he oweth are, 1, her *food*; 2, her *raiment*; 3, her *marriage duty* (that is, to give her a dowry, to go in unto her, and to converse with her); 4, to *heal her*, if she be sick; 5, to *redeem her*, if she be taken captive; 6, to *nourish her*, of his goods; and 7, to let her dwell in his house. And the things which she oweth are, 1, that the *work* of her hands be his; 2, that her attendance be upon him; and 3, that he eat of all the fruits of her goods during her life. Now, whether the Hebrew doctors have given us precisely the doctrines of marriage or not, we know that such are the doctrines of that spiritual union, subsisting betwixt Christ and his Church. He hath engaged, by oath and promise, to perform the Kinsman's part; to feed her; to clothe her; to heal her; to redeem her; to nourish and cherish her; and to bring her home to dwell with him for ever. These things will he do unto her and not forsake her. 'I will betroth thee (says thy Husband) unto me for ever: yea, I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment (*sanctification*), and in lovingkindness, and in mercies, and in faithfulness: and thou shalt know the Lord.' Here, beloved, you perceive the union is *lasting*: it is for ever. You may fear a divorce, but he hates to put away: he knew the worst of thee before he married thee; and he took thee into union to himself, as we take our wives, with all their *bad*, as well as their *good* qualities; it is true we marry them for their *good* qualities; but we cannot marry the good without the bad; and, therefore, we take them for better or worse: it is *legal*: it is 'in righteousness.' He obeyed the commandments of heaven, and satisfied justice for your transgression of the law: he bore away sin, and brought in everlasting righteousness: it is *loving*, 'in lovingkindness.' Love was the foundation of this union: righteousness is the strength of it; and eternity is the duration of it. It is *living*, 'in judgment;' or sanctification. Christ will have a living 'love,' a sanctified spouse, a worthy wife. It is *merciful*: 'in mercies.' Mark, it is not in *mercy*, but 'in mercies.' O, what a mercy for a *bad* wife, that she has a merciful husband, whose pardoning and comforting mercies are new every *morning*! In the *morning* he kisses away all the mourning and gloom of the night. 'Mourning may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.' It is *faithful*: 'in faithfulness.' He is not only merciful, to pardon all the faults of his bride, he is also faithful to the performance of all the articles of the marriage compact.

"Beloved, there is one thing that greatly

delights my soul in this matter ; and that is, that it is not lawful for a woman to put away her husband ; there is no law by which a woman can put away her husband ; and I am sure there is no law by which a believer can put away Christ ; and I am equally certain that there is no law by which Christ can put away his Church ; for he that is joined to the Lord is one spirit ; and what God hath thus joined together, no man, no, nor devil either, shall put asunder. Some people talk as though the union of Christ and his Church was much more loose than the union of man and wife ; but the union of Christ and his Church as far exceeds this, as God's Sacrificial Lamb (who took away the sins of ages and of millions) exceedeth the fleecy typical lambs of Judea. Yea, the union of Christ and his Church exceeds our marriage union, as far as the substance exceeds the shadow ; for, let it be distinctly observed, that whatever domestic comforts are derivable from the institution of marriage, it is but a type after all.

"The titles of Christ, and the appellations of the Church, prove that there is a marriage relation betwixt him and her. For instance, he is the Church's *Beloved* ; and she is Christ's *love*. She calls him, 'My Beloved,' and he calls her, 'My love.' Again, he is the Bridegroom, and she is the bride. He is the Husband, and she is the married wife. We will notice,

"First, the infinite disparity between the bride and the Bridegroom. Should a nobleman marry his servant, there would be a disparity ; should a prince marry a beggar, there would be a greater disparity ; should a king set his love upon, and marry a prostitute, there would be a much greater disparity ; should an angel marry a reptile of the earth, there would be, I was going to say, the greatest disparity ; but, it is not so ; the greatest disparity is in my text. 'Thy Maker is thine Husband.' The Bridegroom is the richest Being in the universe : the bride is the poorest : he possesses all things ; she possesses nothing : he hath enough to discharge her liabilities, and to spare ; she is deep in debt, and hath nothing to pay : he is the Brightness of the Father's glory ; she is the blackest human representation of sin's malignity : he is the glorious Lord of love : she is the inglorious lady of enmity : he is the Son of the Highest ; she is the daughter of the lowest : he is the image of the invisible God ; she is the image of the devil : he is the blood royal of heaven ; she is the base born slave of hell : he is her Friend ; she is his foe. In fine, he is all love ; she is all enmity : he is all life ; she is all death : he is all light ; she is all darkness : he is all perfect, and all over glorious ; she is all pollution, and all over loathesome : he is all righteousness ; she is all unrighteousness : he is all fulness ; she is all emptiness (of course, I am now speaking of what he is in *himself* ; and what she is in *herself*). But notwithstanding the poverty of her state ; the *blackness*, *deformity*, and *loathsomeness* of her person ; the *meanness* of her birth ; the *enmity* of her heart ; the *darkness* of her mind ; the *death* of her soul ; the *pollution* of her conscience ; the *unrighteousness* of her conduct :

notwithstanding her froward temper, her brutish ignorance, her absolute weakness, her consummate insolence, her infamous character, and her repeated rebellions, he declares himself her Husband.

Secondly, the infinite advantages to the bride of such a Bridegroom. By the marriage compact he hath made himself over to her in all he is, and all he hath, and all he hath done. Is he an Advocate ? he is the Advocate of his Church. Is he a Bridegroom ? he is the Bridegroom of his Church. Is he a Jesus ? he is the Jesus of his Church. Is he a Prince ? he is the influential Head of his Church, &c., &c.

"Thirdly, let us glance at the spring, source, or cause of this marriage relation. Love, everlasting love, is the source of this union,—'I have loved thee with an everlasting love ; therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee.' Love summoned the great council in which the marriage bond was drawn up ; love engaged to do all things necessary to consummate the marriage ; love brought him down to earth ; love nailed him to the cross ; love put him to death ; love made him an offering for sin, love laid him in the grave for her. 'Love is the golden chain that brings and binds the sinner unto God.' The love of a Triune Jehovah shines resplendent in this match. In love, Jehovah the Father contrived it ; and, as the most infallible evidence, sent his Son to be the Husband of his Church ; in love, Jehovah the Son consented to it ; and in love Jehovah the Spirit consummates it. The Father in covenant said to the Son, —'Will thou take so-and-so to be thy wedded wife ?' The Son unreservedly responded, 'I will.' The Spirit in conversion says, 'Will thou take this Man, this God-man, to be thy wedded Husband ?' and she answers, without hesitation, 'I will.' Thus the nuptials are solemnised by the Father and the Spirit : the Father in covenant gives the Son to the woman ; and the Spirit in conversion gives the woman to the Man ; and a union thus formed and consummated is as indissoluble as the personalities in the Godhead. 'Nothing shall separate Christ his Church.'"

"WILL THE GREAT COMET, NOW RAPIDLY APPROACHING, STRIKE THE EARTH ?"

James Gilbert, of 48, Paternoster Row, has issued a pamphlet, bearing the above title, containing a brief history of comets, and worth some attention. A French prophet has said this comet will strike the earth, and crush us : but the writer of this pamphlet opposes such a prediction upon the ground of yet unfulfilled prophecy. In Caryl's Commentary on the Book of Job, we have a beautiful chapter or two on the celestial heavens, &c., which, with reflections on the comet, we hope to publish soon.

"*Pulpit Dialectics*.—A Letter to Mr. C. H. Epurgeon. By an Oxford Layman." London : Painter and Sons.

If this "Oxford Layman" had put his own name to his production ; and if he had placed his thirty pages of rebuke within the reach of the reading public, there would have been some ground to hope he was sincerely aiming to do good :—if the gigantic powers of mind, which

he evidently possesses, had been employed with less of sarcasm, and with more of the true spirit of honest and honorable criticism, his pamphlet would, doubtless, have awakened considerable attention. But its rough austerity, and manifest enmity against the vital principles of the gospel, constrain all right-thinking minds to denounce it as powerless, puerile, extravagant, and most injudicious. We have resolved to unmask some of its attacks on vital religion another day.

"THE MEN WHO CAME AFTER THE APOSTLES."

Ward and Locke, of 168, Fleet Street, have issued the first part of a work entitled "The Great Sermons of the Great Preachers." From this work we may gather brief memoirs of the lives and labours of some of the earlier fathers.

"A Narrative of some of the Lord's dealings with JAMES COMLEY, many years a Professed Infidel, but now a Disciple of Jesus Christ. Written by Himself." London: Jarrold & Sons, and R. Banks & Co., Dover Road.

James Comley is, evidently, a very clever man; and he is, at present, under the influence of much zeal, and an earnest desire to know the truth. It would not be just either to Mr. Comley, or to our readers, to say we are fully satisfied his conversion is of God, and to God. We must endeavour to read, mark, and inwardly digest his narrative; which we most sincerely hope is but the commencement of a long and devoted career of usefulness in the Redeemer's cause. Mr. Comley's narrative is exceedingly interesting—full proof of which we hope to give next month.

"Peniel: or, the Angel Wrestling and Jacob Prevailing." By Rev. J. Denniston, M.A. London: Judd and Glass, Gray's Inn Road, and Paternoster Row.

There are some precious thoughts in this little book: and some things we never saw before: which, in a future review, will come under notice.

"LIFE AND LETTERS OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD." W. H. Collingridge, Long-lane, London.

If ever there was a man who entered fully into the vital glories of Solomon's Song,—who came up out of the wilderness, leaning upon the arm of the Beloved, that man was Samuel Rutherford; and we know of no one individual whose life and experience furnished a more demonstrative witness of the genuineness of the union which between Christ and true believing souls doth exist, that is to be found in the pure and unvarnished, and constant out-flowing experience of that holy saint and most devoted servant of God, "the Scotch Professor of Divinity, in St. Andrews."

Men may say what they please of us, and of our testimony, but we most unreservedly proclaim it as our unbiassed persuasion, that if one quarter of the men who profess to be the ambassadors of Jesus Christ in these days, lived as much in the faith and fellowship of the dear SON OF GOD as this noble Scotch martyr did, our Churches would not be in that dead and drowy, in that cold and divided state in

which now we find them. Oh! precious and most valued book is this volume of expository and of experimental letters, which were drawn from the deepest gushes of a heart that was baptised in the Godhead and incarnate glories of the great Messiah.

Christians read it, and read it again. Let it be in company with your Bible; it will often throw light upon the revelations of heaven; and as often will it move your hearts, and melt your souls, under the sweet peepings which it will let you into, of the immortal and never-dying beauties of Israel's Prophet, Priest, and King. And, if poor tried and tempted souls are driven from their happy enjoyments of felt interest in Jesu's love, we would say, read the Psalms; read John's Gospel; read Paul's epistles; and, withal, read Rutherford's letters. Oh, if there is one spark of holy, fire laying among the ashes of the poor sacrificed spiritual feeling, sure we are, these letters will kindle that spark into a flame; and out will burst your songs of praise to Him who lives, and loves, and reigns, for you.

The bonny little Irish lads of the Bonmahon Printing School, in Ireland; under the superintendence of Mr. Doudney, have produced a most complete edition of the well known work; and it is now to be had of Mr. Collingridge, who is literally filling the world with books of an excellent kind. No better, or more complete edition of these letters (at the price) can be had than is this. It has an index prepared expressly for this edition; and introductory and prefatory literary, mental, and biographical passages, which, like so many other rooms of exordium, prepare you for the feast. Please God, we will give this work a thorough canvass, and furnish our readers with the richest morsels.

THE BACKSLIDER'S WOE AND WARNING.

HAVING seen in the VESSEL of February something which I believe to be one of the mysterious, yet sorrowful, paths of some of the Lord's dear family (viz.) "The Companions of a Sorrowful Heart," I am encouraged to solicit the favour of a small space in your vessel, as I have to my shame and sorrow backslidden from the Lord. At the age of 24, the Almighty convinced me of my awful state as a sinner; and for many months I walked in bitterness of soul, feelingly deservng nothing but hell, yet crying for mercy; my sins were many and weighty; nevertheless, the Lord remembered me in mercy, and from these words I felt comfort—"In that day sing ye unto her a vineyard of red wine, I the Lord do keep it, I will water it every moment, lest any hurt it, I will keep it night and day." My unbelieving heart, was wont to doubt if it was from the Lord; but the Friend of Sinners would not leave me here; and as these words were delivered by way of text, "For ever, O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven;" so I felt it settled in my soul, confirming the truth of the word, and I did sing while by faith beholding a suffering Saviour

in my law place as a transgressor; and after a little time, I did as the Lord commanded all that love Him, walked through his ordinances and was united to the Church, and dwelt for two years in the love and zeal of the Lord.

But the time came, when I was removed from the breast, and sharp afflictions were laid on me and my household. Nevertheless, the Lord did not remove the breathing of prayer from me, but wrought deliverance in his good time and way, and for upwards of six years I was enabled, by humble prayer and supplication to call upon the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Alas! my heart grew cold and indifferent in the ways of the Lord; I could neglect the outward means of grace, the preaching of the word became a dead letter; and some little thing transpired in the church which my carnal mind did not like, and like a silly sheep I left the fold, not knowing, and little thinking, the danger I was about to be exposed to. Prayer became a burden: I mixed more with the world: became more worldly minded; and for upwards of two years this death-like feeling grew upon me. I seldom went to the Lord's house; and when I did, it was with a sad and heavy heart;—no word of encouragement from the people: no still small voice from the Lord:—and whenever I attempted to pray (which was seldom) it returned into my own bosom; and like one of old, I said, "the Lord shutteth out my prayer." I concluded I was an hypocrite; and ten-fold more the child of hell, than as if I had never named the name of Christ.

I, therefore, resolved not to think upon it, and I would pursue something extra in this life so as to fully occupy my thoughts and not think of the past, but these words were sent and like an arrow entered my reins, "LET HIM ALONE." I tried everything in my power to resist the words, but they followed me like a stream, and I went more into the world, to drown the thought. Nothing but death could be felt; banishment from God and that for ever for my sins; which were against light and knowledge. I shunned the people of God: would go any way rather than meet them; but alas! I was plunged more and more into the jaws of the arch enemy, and I said, "I shall die in my sins—the Lord has let me alone, to fill up the measure of my iniquity, and cast me into that burning lake for ever," and I said, "out the cord, and let me go." Oh, the dreadful thought. But at this extreme point, the ever blessed Lord forgot not to be gracious; his thoughts were not my thoughts, nor his ways my ways, although walking in darkness and had no light. The Lord said—"return unto me, and I will have mercy on thee." But as I looked within, I said "O my soul, how can the Lord have mercy on such a vile, backsliding, sinful worm as me? it never can be." Satan went his full length. It is with wonder I stand, and with astonishment I behold, the loving kindness of the Lord thus lengthened out to me, and say "truly his mercy endureth for ever;" for he constrained me to fall down at his feet and confess my sin, and implore his mercy and pardon; and again brought me under the sound of the gospel.

I was again strengthened to go to his house

for several Sabbaths, but I could not obtain comfort; and, therefore, began to doubt again; I could not feel my heart softened, and it was with a heavy heart I went to the Lord the evening of the first Sabbath in the new year when these words were delivered, "Come now, let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow; and though they be red like crimson they shall be as wool." They sank deep, and ran through every fibre of my soul, with all its life giving power, and I said, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, who forgiveth all thy sins; and praise him who redeemeth thy life from destruction." Blessings for ever on his dear name, he keeps my soul alive; I am kindly restored by my brethren to my former privilege in the church, and I earnestly entertain an interest in the prayer of the righteous family of that God.

"Who does my wandering soul restore:
Lord, let me stray from thee no more."
And unto a Triune Jehovah be glory for ever
and ever. Amen. H. H.

PUBLIC

RECOGNITION OF MR. S. COZENS,
AS PASTOR OF BEULAH CHAPEL,
CHAPEL STREET, SOMER'S TOWN.

THE London churches are wonderful places for new pastors, ordinations, recognitions, and other exciting occasions. We fear that many of them are kept up more efficiently by these extraordinary gatherings than they are by the conversion of sinners, and the sweet confirmation of living saints.

During the last twenty years, we have often noticed that ministers and people go on very well together until ordination day is over;—then declension comes, and a farewell sermon closes up the history.

We sincerely hope it will not be so with our honoured, our much-tried, and well-qualified ministering brother, Samuel Cozens, whose recognition took place on Tuesday, May 12th, 1857.

It was a singular recognition day. Mr. Cozens neither gave his call by grace, his call to the ministry, nor his articles of faith.

When Mr. Cozens was first ordained over a church, we took a leading part in the services; and a very solemn account he gave, then, of his conversion and of his call; but we suppose in the course of his ministry at Beulah he has so fully proved the truth of they did not require any formal declaration. He has grown a much greater man since his ordination at Farnborough, in Kent. He has been a pastor now many years; and he is growing into deserved popularity, both as an author and as a preacher; and we hardly think, among our young men, that London can produce a much more studious and laborious man than is this favorite brother of whom now we speak. Younger men might learn a useful lesson from him: most of the older ones are too well satisfied with their jog-trot method ever to learn of any one. We hope Samuel Cozens will, with God's blessing, labour on so successfully that when some of the leaders are taken home; when such men as John Foreman, James Wells, George Murrell, Samuel Milner, George Moyle, James Newborn, James Nunn, and James Shorter, have become worn out in the work, that, then, this, "THE LOST FOUND AND THE REBEL SAVED," may be favoured to instrumentally preside over the important interests of those churches who hold fast by the foundation princi-

ples and never-to-be-divided ordinances of the New Testament.

Most of the men whose names we have mentioned, have had a hard and a long day's work in Zion; and, although John Foreman seems as strong to labor as ever, and James Wells is more valiant and more successful than ever, yet, these, and the much older men must go to heaven. The numerous churches which now fondly unite beneath their ministry must lose them. The fathers must "finish their course;" and it is, therefore, cheering to see, in this our day, that the Lord is not unmindful of Zion's future wants. He is preparing a school of young prophets, and is training them, we hope, for great usefulness in the church when her present pastors shall have entered into their rest: then, the Cozens's, the Chivers's, and the Caunts; the Bloomfields, the Bowles's, and the Butterfields; the Davises, and the Placks; the Hanks's and the Hazeltons; the Meerers's, the Parkers, and the Palmers; the Wilkins's, the Williamsons, and the Whitteridges, with a host beside, will stand up to verify that beautiful prophecy—"Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth."

But we must return to the recognition day.

Our reporter has furnished lengthened notes of the striking and suitable sermons preached on the occasion; but we have not room for them. We can only give the following outline of the services.

"The public recognition of Mr. Samuel Cozens, as pastor of the church meeting for Divine worship at Beulah, Somers's Town, took place on Tuesday, May the 12th, 1857. Amongst the ministers present we noticed Mr. J. Wilkins, of Greenwich; Mr. W. Flack, of the New Road; Mr. Hazelton, of Mount Zion, Chadwell Street; Mr. Benjamin Davis, of Leighton Buzzard; Mr. Dickson, late of Dover.

The morning service commenced by Mr. Dickson reading a portion of Scripture and prayer. After which,

Mr. James Wells preached—"But all these worketh that one and the self-same Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will." Mr. Wells divided his subject into four distinct departments—

- First—Diversity.
- Second—Unity.
- Third—Sympathy.
- Fourth—Design.

For full one hour and a-half this rapid speaker illustrated and opened the different sections of his subject. About 150 sat down to dinner; and nearly 300 to tea. In the afternoon, Mr. J. E. Bloomfield delivered an able address from the words—"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." But the most powerful and delightful part of this day's privileges was the perfectly original and profoundly interesting sermon in the evening, when Mr. James Wells took for his text—"Behold! the days come, saith the Lord, that the ploughman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt." Noticing,

- I.—The reaper.
- II.—The ploughman.
- III.—The treader of grapes.
- IV.—The mountains.

This discourse was full of experimental and ministerial truth. We only give a morsel:—Election is often made a scythe. One evening while preaching, a woman ran into the Surrey Tabernacle out of the way of a dog-fight, and her husband (as all good husbands should do) ran in after her. I was speaking about those whose names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life. They went away; the woman said to the man, "I don't like that man; yet there is something in him I do like." They came again: both were brought to know the truth.

Under the head of The Ploughman, Mr. Wells

said:—Having made you wheat, I shall now turn you into ground. * * * Some say, "If my minister knew my heart he would expose me before the whole congregation." Ah, the minister will surely find you out. I had some time back a regular good-tempered man, a member of the Surrey Tabernacle. His wife one day remarked to me, "John is so good-tempered, he has not been out of temper with any one for the last twenty years." "Ah, madam, he has something to go through before he goes to heaven," I replied. John—for that was his name—was accustomed to say "Amen" after I had finished; but on one occasion I noticed he did not do so. I said to him, "You did not say Amen to-night." "No, sir, you went rather too far in experience for me." The last thing I heard of John was that he had had something to put him out, so as to cause him to be downright angry. The next time I met him he held down his head. I called out, "Do not hold down your head; I know all about it, and am glad of it." "Glad of it, sir?" "Yes, glad of it; I knew you must have something of the sort before you went home. You will hear me all the better to-night." So he did; for when I had finished he cried out, "Amen; Amen;" and was the best clerk I ever had.

We should like to have given some portions of the church's history where Mr. Cozens now is the pastor; but this must come another day.

MR. MOYLES' NEW PARSONAGE.

A tea and public meeting was holden in Rye Lane Chapel, Peckham, on Monday, May 11th, to aid the erection of a parsonage for their esteemed pastor, Mr. George Moyle. About 200 sat down to tea; and at a quarter to seven the meeting commenced by singing—

"Dear Lord, we now together meet,
And flock around thy mercy seat," &c.

After which, Mr. Moyle read a Psalm. Mr. G. Wyard, of Tring, implored the Divine blessing. Mr. Moyle then said: Dear friends, I thank you for your company on the present occasion. We are brought together to-night for something rather particular—it is to erect an house for the minister, for me; whether it be a long time, or a short time, I shall want it. If death or Providence removes me, there will be an house for the minister who shall stand in this pulpit. The church has unanimously agreed to it. Mr. Congreve said: Two months since we had a meeting for the building of an house for our pastor: at that time we had not entered into a contract with a builder, but since that time we have done so: it will cost £315. The collecting books and donations were called for. The money collected by books was £61 6s. 1d. Donations received the same evening, £12 14s. 6d. Subscriptions received before, £25. The Chairman then said £100 has been gathered all but 9s. and 5d. A gentleman then said: We must make it up an £100 this evening. This was done. Addresses were then delivered by Mr. Bloomfield, on The Pillar of Cloud and Fire; Mr. Milner, on The Passage of the Red Sea; Mr. Meerers, on The Smitten Rock; Mr. Austin, on The Daily Manna; Mr. Attwood, on The Brazen Serpent; and in the absence of Mr. Bland, the Chairman called upon Mr. George Wyard to speak upon "The Promised Land." Mr. Wyard said: Though he liked the promised land, he found it was too late to travel there at that hour of the night. He made a few practical remarks, and the happy meeting closed with prayer by the pastor.

IPSWICH.

The sixteenth anniversary of Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich, was held on Lord's-day, April 26, when three sermons were preached by Mr. J. E. Bloomfield, of London. More than a thousand persons were present to hear a full and free salvation, published, in no mean manner, by one who they had

long known, and now loved such preaching, and such a preacher. Our good brother felt, on seeing so many who had known him from his childhood, unusually excited, and appeared as though he could not say enough in praise of his gracious God and Master; but he was enabled to speak blessedly, and to crown him Lord of All. May his Master stand by him, and make, and keep him, faithful unto death. Collections amounted to £21. "And, again, praise the Lord all ye Gentiles, and laud him all ye people." Rom. xv. 11. J. Pook. May 9th, 1857.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT BEDMOND.

BROTHER BANKS.—I desire to express my gratitude to you, and our almost unknown friend, Kealy, for your kind interposition on our behalf. It is true I live a distance from the place of about four miles: and in wet weather I find the journeys very trying; but I have been hitherto enabled to go and speak in the Lord's name; and I trust, in many instances, he has blest my feeble testimony. In justice to the church, I desire to say that my labors are not altogether free from expense. I proposed, about ten months since, to establish a fund for the sick and poor, which is supported solely (at present) by the money collected at the Lord's table; and brother Rickett immediately proposed to make an effort to remunerate me for my services. I did not ask for it, or require it: but I have since found what has been done useful; and it was then agreed to have Quarterly church meetings; and balance accounts, and what was remaining after all expenses were paid, was to go to the pastor. Last Quarterly collection our brother Rickett (the deacon) handed me over £1. This may seem a small sum in the eyes of some of our brethren; still, it was more than I expected. Then there is the balance of the anniversaries appropriated to the same person's use.

I mention the above because some might think that I have nothing. Beside this, I have received several presents; and also Mrs. Hutchinson has received presents, but these are all voluntary.

Tuesday, May 5th, we had our anniversary. Brother Milner preached in the morning, from Ezekiel xx. 37: noticing, first, the covenant; second, the bond of the covenant; and, third, the act of bringing them into the bond of the covenant. Brother Parsons, of Cheam, preached in the afternoon, from Psalm lxxiii. 1: "Truly God is good to Israel: noticing, first, God's preserving goodness; second, his ministerial goodness; third, his sympathizing goodness; fourth, his pardoning goodness; fifth, his supporting goodness; and, sixth, his conquering goodness. About fifty sat down to tea in the chapel: that being ended, brother Milner (on the behalf of the church) presented the pastor with—"Keach on the Parables;" and gave some very wholesome advice both to pastor and people. Brother Milner again preached in the evening, from Isaiah xliii. 1. Many said they never heard brother Milner preach better than he did that day. There was a sweet savour attending the word.

We had a good day: may the Lord prosper the little one. As to our chapel, we want more room; but we know not what step to take, as we are all poor. H. HUTCHINSON.

COGGESHALL, ESSEX.

OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL, "REHOBOTH."

MR. EDITOR.—I forward the subjoined notice, trusting you will find a place for it in the pages of your VESSEL, which has oft refreshed the weary with its monthly treasures, and brought some renewal of praise to the sacred Three in One.

EDMUND CROSSBY.

In the year 1855, the majority of the church, formerly meeting in this place, built a new house for Divine worship. We do not question their right to do so: nor find fault with them in this matter; but would bid them "God speed." Five

members of the Old Church thought well to remain in the Old Chapel, where, for many years, the Lord had fed his flock like a shepherd. We have since been organized into a little church; and the Lord has increased our number to twenty-one.

For a period we were supplied with gospel bread by three of the Lord's servants; but after united persevering prayer, the church was led to make choice of Mr. Bartholomew, who has been with us the last fourteen months. His labours have been greatly blest: the presence of our God is richly enjoyed in our midst, and he hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

On Lord's-day, April 5th, we held our anniversary services, when three sermons were preached by our good brother, Mr. Cornelius Slim, of Hailsham, Sussex. The truths spoken came not to us in word only, but in power in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

On the Monday following, we had a social tea meeting: about 135 sat down. At the public meeting; brother Curtis opened the service by prayer; after which, our minister addressed the meeting at considerable length, shewing how, in providence and in grace, the Lord had brought him among us. It was stated, during the evening, that the friend (who owns the chapel as his own property) resigned it into the hands of the church for three years; to be renewed at the expiration of that term, at the nominal rental of £41.

Brother French, minister at Mark Tey, gave us a short address; expressed his satisfaction of our procedure. He believed the Lord was on our side, and felt constrained to wish us God speed. Our brother Slim addressed some powerful, weighty, and striking remarks to the friends on the subject—"The walls of Jerusalem built in troublous times." His visit will be remembered for many days; and trust it may be seen in some future time. There was a needs be for it.

Brother Wheeler, of Baintree, concluded the interesting service in prayer: and although it was near ten o'clock before the meeting broke up, they said it was too soon, and sang that soul-inspiring, concluding hymn,

"Come, Christian brethren, e'er we part,
Join every voice and every heart."

And now being satisfied that the Lord is with us, and has made room for us, we have named our chapel "Rehoboth," (Genesis xxvi. 22); which words our minister, Mr. Bartholomew, spoke from on the evening of the 26th April, which was a season (to many present) never to be forgotten. Believing it was the set time to favour Zion, we shall be glad to make it known to the church of Christ through your VESSEL.

[Intimately connected, as we have been, with the friends, both at the Old and at the New Baptist Chapels in Coggeshall, we are pained at the separation. Brethren Collius, (the pastor of the new place), and Rowlands, with their friends there, have laboured untiringly to build up a prosperous gospel cause in that old English town where John Owen once sowed the good seeds of truth and righteousness; and although tribulation has attended their path, God has conferred upon them the honor of building a house for his name; and we hope it is a happy Bethel to many. If the Lord is pleased, also, to bless brother Bartholomew's ministry in the old place, as the above report declares he has done, we can but be thankful; and wish both churches a solid peace and steady prosperity.—Ed.]

DEATH OF MR. HILL,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LODDISWELL.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD.—It is my painful but pleasing duty to inform you of the death of our dear minister, Mr. Hill, which took place on Thursday, April 30th, after one month's illness, during

which time he enjoyed many precious visits from the Lord. He said it was

“ Sweet to look back and see his name
In life’s fair book set down ;
Sweet to look forward, and behold
Eternal joys his own.”

The love of Christ was his darling theme, as manifested to his never-dying soul. He would say it was a sea without bottom or shore. He spoke sweetly of that river John spoke of in the Revelation ; on either side was the Tree of Life proceeding out from the throne of God and the Lamb. He seemed to anticipate by faith the glorious inheritance in that land, where every hour shall

“ ——— find sweet employ,
In that eternal world of joy.”

Though he had many dark seasons, and privations of communion with the Lord, yet he said, “ The foundation of God standeth sure,” and heaven was his home.

His love towards his church and congregation was great ; so much so, that even in dying circumstances he expressed a desire if he could be but carried to the chapel to see them, would be a great gratification to him. He preached so long as he could well stand, to proclaim the truth of the ever blessed gospel, and the love of God in Christ towards poor, perishing sinners before the foundation of the world, through the teaching of the Holy Spirit.

A few hours before he died, he prayed that his heavenly Father would cut short his work, and take him home to himself, that he might live and reign with him for ever. As he lived, so he died, believing, trusting, and resting on the oaths and promises of his Lord and Master. His end was peace. After having faithfully preached and served as pastor of the Loddiswell Independent Chapel, Devon, forty-eight years, was taken from the church militant to the church triumphant above, in the 79th year of his age ; was interred in the tomb with his beloved wife on the 6th of May, 1857, in the presence of a great concourse of people. He was highly respected, and his name much revered.

Loddiswell, May 8. JOHN GAY.

“ ROWLAND’S DREAM,”

AND HIS

“ EXPOSITION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.”

THOMAS ROWLAND is now the useful minister of Garner Chapel, Wirtemberg-plaoc, Clapham ; and the author of the above two pamphlets ; the first, a metaphorical dialogue, illustrating the love of Christ to his church ; the second, an exposition of the twenty-third Psalm. Our brother Rowland being deprived of his natural sight, and consequently debarred from the advantages of those most excellent privileges, reading and writing, certainly could not find authorship to be a very easy matter. Both these works, however, are calculated to be very useful to believers, and especially to doubting and distressed souls ; and it has been our happiness to move among some good Christians who have not only derived much comfort from these works, but also from Mr. Rowland’s ministry. In

fact, his recent removal from Stonehouse to Clapham appears to have been a providential and ministerial mercy both for the church at Garner, and Mr. Rowland himself. In consequence of the severe and protracted illness of their late much beloved pastor, Geo. Elven, the former were greatly in need of a sound and comprehensive ministry : while the latter (Mr. Rowlands) was anxious to find a people among whom he could comfortably settle. They have been brought together for a time. The chapel is crowded with hearers, and some hope is entertained that great good will flow out of those singular and mysterious events which are connected with the history of this somewhat recently formed church at Clapham.

The works to which we have referred may be had in the vestry of Garner Chapel ; of that dear and long afflicted man of God, R. Eve, of Balham-hill ; or of Robert Banks and Co., Dover-road, Southwark.

THE
NEW GERMAN REFORMATION,
AND
MR. J. G. ONCKEN,
THE HAMBURG MISSIONARY.

DURING the last two months, professing Christianity has been exceedingly busy, and a large variety of meetings have been holden nearly every day in the public buildings and spacious chapels of the metropolis. We could only attend two of them—the Society for carrying the Gospel to the Jews, and “ The Continental Evangelisation ” Society. Our object in noticing the latter is, for the purpose of calling special attention to the good and the great work which, we believe, Mr. Oncken, under God, has been the means of effecting. And as we had a fair opportunity of hearing that devoted man’s account of his labours, trials, and persecutions ; as we personally witnessed his noble and his unflinching determination to stand by the principles and the practice of the New Testament, although Dr. Steane, and Baptist Noel, had endeavoured, publicly, to censure the German Baptist Churches for their strict communion allegiance ; and, furthermore, because we have every reason to believe that Mr. Oncken has been sent into the work by the Lord ; and, consequently, has been called to suffer many things, while, by heavenly help, he has been instrumental in planting many churches, gathering in many precious souls, and spreading, far and wide, in Germany, the name and fame of that glorious Shiloh, of whom the inspired patriarch said—“ And unto HIM SHALL the gathering of THE PEOPLE be ; ” therefore, we feel it to be our privilege, this month, to publish it as our most decided conviction that Mr. Oncken, and the German mission, deserve the sympathies, the prayers, and the practical co-operation of all the churches in Great Britain who stand fast by those revelations and laws which our Lord and Saviour, and his apostles after him, left for our instruction and obedience until the end of time.

We have not room, this month, to enter so

fully into the history and present prospects of the German Baptist Mission as we could wish.

Mr. Oncken, in the course of a lengthened address at the meeting we have referred to, said—

His object in coming to England at this time was twofold—to awaken in the hearts of all who love Christ greater and greater interest in the spiritual condition and necessities of the continent of Europe, and to secure active co-operation in the work in which he and his brethren are engaged. Every missionary effort of the right stamp would be sure to meet with opposition; persecution ought not to be thought surprising, for the Master himself had distinctly told his disciples—and the declaration applied to those who live now as well as to his immediate followers—that in the world they should have persecution. It was his lot more than twenty-five ago to begin to labour as a home missionary in his native country. His work was to go into the heart of Christendom, and to proclaim to the people with a loud voice, "You are no Christians;" and this solemn charge he adduced evidence to prove. At the close of the last and the commencement of the present century, there was little else left of the glorious German Reformation besides the errors which Luther unhappily embodied in his catechisms. Twenty-five years ago, out of the large number of ministers in the city of Hamburg, there were only five who maintained the doctrine of the divinity of our adorable Lord, all the rest were Rationalists. And it seemed that this state of things would continue, for out of thirty-four students for the ministry who applied for examination at the hands of Dr. Rambach, only one professed his faith in the proper Divinity of Christ. Consequent upon such teaching in the pulpit the churches were deserted; for out of a population of 150,000, in the city of Hamburg, not more than 4,000 attended the places of worship.

He had heard a home missionary in Huntingdonshire say, in a tone of deep lamentation, that in that country, numbering 60,000 people, only 33,000 attended places of worship on the Lord's-day. For himself, making the comparison between that county and his own city, he felt the proportion of attendance was most delightful and encouraging. Only think of the difference,—150,000 people, and only 4,000 worshippers, and 500 of these attended the poor humble Baptist chapel. And let it not be supposed that Hamburg was the worst city or district in Germany. In the Grand Duchey of Mecklenberg, for example, things were still worse. In one district it appeared that a minister went to his church twenty-nine times with a sermon in his pocket, but had to return as often without preaching it, because not a living soul went near the place.

In Hamburg, when he began his labours twenty-five years ago, the ministers of the National Church were utterly and irreconcilably opposed to the circulation of the Scriptures except by means of themselves; and he, not being a Lutheran clergyman, was looked upon as a heretic. He could not therefore, obtain Bibles in his own name from the depot. But the pastor of the Independent church, who had

obtained the indulgence while on a visit to England, authorised Mr. Oncken to procure as many Bibles for ready money as he wanted, in his name. But when the secretary of the Bible Society found this out, he refused to allow Mr. Oncken to have any more copies. Therefore (said Mr. Oncken) I called on that gentleman, and, with a fearful curse and an awful imprecation upon me for preaching the Word of Life, he declared that I should have no more Bibles. "What do you know about preaching?" said he; and then smiting his breast, he exclaimed, "We are the men—we are the men!" And the poor man got into such a rage, that I thought of what Paul said about fighting with wild boasts at Ephesus. It was, therefore, under the most unfavourable circumstances that the work of revival was commenced in Germany. The ecclesiastical and civil power united to prevent any efforts being made for the spread of the gospel out of the pale of the National Church; and, ever since the Reformation, till the Baptist movement, twenty-five years ago, none did ever take place. As pioneers, the Baptists had been obliged to bear the heaviest persecution. And let this ever be borne in mind, that all persecution for conscience' sake, in Germany, had been originated and carried on by the National Protestant Church.

He believed that there had been given to the nonconforming Christians generally in Germany a spirit of great wisdom, so that they had never provoked persecution, which would be a wicked thing. On the contrary, every means that could be employed had been used to conciliate and prevent persecution. Before he was incarcerated, he went to the head of the police, then a distinguished member of the senate, and asked him, at a private interview, not to employ his measures against the Christians to the uttermost. But that gentleman replied, "Whilst I can move this little finger it shall be moved to your destruction." Mr. Oncken replied, "You will find it is all labour lost. You are a scholar, and know history, and must be aware that persecution has never succeeded in its design." He replied, "If it does not succeed in Hamburg, it shall not be our fault." And that gentleman had kept his word. The police were constantly on the alert for the suppression of the Baptists; and many of them were imprisoned, as he was also himself, and his goods confiscated and sold. But the Word of God and the power of God was not; and when the place where the one church used to meet was closed then it multiplied into twelve churches; so that Christian life was not only not destroyed, but fostered and strengthened. Their success had been wondrous, and all the glory must be given to God, for it was clearly his work. Twenty thousand precious souls and more had been converted to the faith, seventy four churches formed, and 586 preaching stations opened. The church members numbered some 7,000, and about 1,500 good and devoted Christians had emigrated to the far west of America.

We hope to furnish our readers with acts and comments connected with Mr. Oncken, his work, his opposers, and his friends, in future numbers.

The late Mr. John Warburton,

AND

MR. J. C. PHILPOT'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HIM.

WE shall not continue the review of Mr. Warburton's life this month, as we wish very specially to call the attention of our readers to a pamphlet now publishing by John Gadsby, George Yard, Bouverie Street, London. This pamphlet is entitled—“*A Testimony to the Loving-kindness and Faithfulness of a Covenant God, as displayed in the Last Illness and blessed Death of the late John Warburton, forty-two years pastor of Zion Chapel, Trowbridge; and published for the widow and family.*”

There is a two-fold excellency in this little book. In the first place, it has a preface written by Mr. Philpot, in which he very sweetly describes his first interview with, and his first hearing of, Mr. Warburton. In the second place, it contains a simple, a faithful, and a most profitable diary of the exercises, the ecstasies, the trials, and the triumphs of this dear old saint, as gently down into “the narrow stream” he went.

We have occasionally looked at the laboured efforts of learned men, who have done their best to prove the truthfulness of the Christian religion, but we must confess, in our estimation, no demonstration more conclusive and decided of the power and preciousness of the saving virtue of the gospel can ever be found than is given in the conversion, in the Christian character, in the successful ministry, and in the closing scenes of that well-known and greatly-beloved servant of Christ, John Warburton, of Trowbridge. We have read the conversion and ministry of Daniel Rowlands, the great Welch Whitfield, and many others of a similar character; but we can hardly think there is any good man's life upon record in which the fallen sinner, and the justified believer, the incurable sinfulness of our human nature, and the superabounding grace of God, was ever more powerfully displayed and contrasted than in “*The Mercies of a Covenant God*” by John Warburton, which, in one bound volume, can still be had, we suppose, of any bookseller in Europe.

Vol. XIII.—No. 148.

As we hope to pass through the whole of Mr. Warburton's life and ministry in the successive numbers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, we shall only here make one quotation from the diary of his last days. This has been written by the present Mr. John Warburton, of Southhill, Beds; and revised by Mr. Philpot; and will, no doubt, be a great comfort to many thousands of our spiritual Israel. The following extract is one sample of some of the happy preparations which the Lord gave him for his latter end. The writer says—

It was some time in October, 1856, that my dear father was first taken seriously ill, his complaint being, as I understand, a disease of the heart. Shortly after, great fears were entertained by his family and friends, whether he would ever recover. In November, while I was supplying at Hurst, I received a letter from my sister, saying, if I wished to see him alive she thought no time was to be lost. I, of course, immediately set off, and arrived in Trowbridge the same night. Dear man! on seeing me he was almost overcome by his feelings; so, finding him very weak, I said little to him that night. On the morrow, I felt anxious to learn the state of his mind, and to know if anything oppressed him. Accordingly, when I saw him again, I put the question to him, and begged him to tell me if he had anything that lay heavy upon his mind, either concerning the family, the church, or himself. Never shall I forget the pleasant smile upon his countenance, as he answered, “My dear child, if thou wast to put the world before me, and say all should be mine to tell thee anything upon my mind that in the least distresses me or gives the least pain, I could not. Bless God! I have a good conscience before him. Those truths that, in my little way, I have attempted to preach, are now my support in the view and expectation of death. O what could I have done now, had I been suffered to keep back the truth of God? But no thanks to me. I have been tempted to soften the truth, and been determined not to give such offence; but God has made it to burn in my heart like a fire, and out it has been obliged to come. O the traps that men have set for me! But, bless my God, he has delivered the poor worm from them all. Just before I was taken ill,” he went on to say, “how the Lord did favour me, to be sure. Go where I would, there was the Lord with me. If I went into the garden, there he was; if into my summer-house, he went with me; if into the wood-house,

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sawing and chopping wood, he was with me too. He led me back through all the footsteps he had brought me, both in providence and grace. O how my soul was broken down with his loving-kindness. I tell thee what, John, I could hardly walk about; for the smiles of God seemed too much for the body to bear. At last, I said to him, 'My dear Lord, what art thou about to do with thy poor worm?' O, I wanted him to take me home." I said, "Father, your desire will soon be granted." "Well," he said, "if putting up my finger would raise me up or take me out of the body, I would not do it, contrary to the will of God. Not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done."

The preface to this pamphlet has been read by us with deep interest. The poor sinner's pathway from death to life—from Sinai to Zion—from the wilderness to gospel Canaan—has always been watched by us with an intensity never to be described. We do so dearly love to hear, or to read, a good man's testimony concerning the way whereby the Lord brought him to himself; and delivered, pardoned, and espoused his precious soul. We do love something definite, something indisputable, something so prominently marked with the finger of God, that no spiritual mind can question the reality of it for one moment. In the call of Abraham, Moses, David, Gideon, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Saul of Tarsus, you have the bold, the brilliant, the unmistakable voice of the Lord God Almighty. In the call and conversion of the late John Warburton you have the same. We fear there are few men, in our day, who can furnish any testimony at all approaching it. To such an extent, it is not essential. Still, we repeat, we like to have it.

In the preface, Mr. Philpot has given us a neat account of his first interview with the now deceased John Warburton. We feel thankful for such a record; and we are quite sure our readers will be glad to read a portion of it; therefore, we give the following. Mr. Philpot says—

I shall never forget my first interview with Mr. Warburton, which was some time in the year 1833 or 1834. I was at that time a minister in the Church of England, and fellow of a college at Oxford, but was living in a little village in Oxfordshire, named Stadhampton, which was one of the parishes then under my care. When I first went to Stadhampton, in the year 1828, it was with the intention of riding backwards and forwards to Oxford, and thus maintaining my connection with the University, where I took pupils, and where I was looking for the highest offices in my College. But I soon found that there was no

mixing together the things of God and man. Persecution from the heads of the College fell upon me, which much severed the tie, and broke to pieces the pleasing prospects I was indulging of worldly advancement. A great gulf seemed placed also in my feelings between my former friends and myself; and one day in particular, in the year 1829, as I was sitting on my horse, near the College gates, it was so impressed on my mind that Oxford was no place for me that I gladly turned my back upon it, and went to reside permanently at Stadhampton. A long and trying illness in the year 1830, from which indeed I have never fully recovered, was also made a means of deepening a sense of my own sinfulness and opening up the truth more clearly and fully to my soul; and the solitude of a country village, with an entire seclusion from all worldly society, much favoured prayer, meditation, and reading the Scriptures. Powerful temptations also assailed my soul, and trials and sorrows of various kinds were spread in my path. I mention these things not from any desire to dwell on personal matters, but to show how far my mind was prepared to break through those barriers of pride and prejudice which separate the Churchman, and more especially the clergyman from the Dissenter, and make me desirous of seeing and hearing a man of God, out of my own narrow pale.

It was then some time in the year 1833, or 1834, that Mr. Warburton came to Abingdon to preach at the chapel of my dear friend, Mr. Tiptaft, whom I had intimately known for some years previously as a brother clergyman, and whose secession a year or two before from the Establishment had not broken or impaired our union in mind and heart in the great things of God. I went over, therefore, to Abingdon, about eight miles distant, to see and hear Mr. Warburton. I was then and had been for some time a good deal exercised in my mind about eternal things, and went with many fears, and under much bondage both on account of my position in the Church of England, which I was then beginning to feel, and the state of my own soul, which was, as I have hinted, then passing through various trials. Though reared in the lap of learning, and instructed almost from childhood to consider mental attainments as the grand means of winning a position in the world, I had, some six or seven years before, been taught by the weight of eternal realities laid on my conscience, to value grace as the one thing needful; and the trials and temptations I was passing through in a lonely village, separate from all society but that of a few people who feared God, had deepened the feelings in my breast. Under these circumstances, I went to Abingdon, feeling my own want of grace, and therefore with more fears than hopes, as about to see and hear a servant of God so eminently possessed of it, and anticipating rather a frown than a smile both in the pulpit and the parlour.

I afterwards learned that the poor dear man, having heard I was a man of great learning, was almost as much afraid of meeting the Oxford scholar as the Oxford scholar was of

meeting him. But how much better grounded were my fears than his; and how much his grace outshone my learning!

He received me, however, with much kindness, and talked pleasantly and profitably on the weighty matters of the kingdom of God. I heard him very comfortably in the evening; and next morning after breakfast he would have me engage in prayer, which I did with a trembling heart, but seemed helped to express simply what I knew and felt. We afterwards went inside the coach together to Dorchester, about seven miles off, conversing the chief part of the way, and there we parted very affectionately. I do not wish to speak of myself, but I afterwards heard that my feeble lisplings had given me an abiding place in the dear man's heart, and laid a foundation for that friendship and union which have subsisted unbroken ever since between us.

In March, 1835, I was compelled, from the pressure upon my conscience, to secede from the Church of England, and was led by a singular providence, and in marked answer to prayer by a friend on my behalf, to pitch my tent for awhile at Allington, near Devizes, Wiltshire, where, in the following September, Mr. Warburton baptized me; and I shall never forget the power with which he preached that morning. Soon afterwards I went down to Trowbridge to supply his pulpit, and found there a gracious people, most of whom were his spiritual children. He several times supplied for me at Stamford and Oakham, after my lot was cast in those places; and there are those still there, who can bear testimony to the power and savour with which he spoke. We have, for many years generally met annually at the Calne anniversary, a well-known and remarkable gathering of the saints of God in that district of North Wilts., where we have been in the habit of preaching together, and I hope ever met and parted with renewed affection.

What special marks of Divine sovereignty are here! It makes us think of Toplady's conversion by the poor preacher in the barn. Here is a learned collegian, a high-bred clergyman of the establishment sitting at the feet of a poor unlearned Lancashire mechanic, whom the Lord is pleased to honor.

There are scenes in the life of this departed champion we should like more conspicuously to place upon record, but, for the present, we forbear.

WART only for a little while
 And then, thou tried one, God will smile:
 For Providence may take a turn,
 And you still more his love may learn.
 Cheer up, thou poor afflicted thing,
 We know not what an hour may bring:
 An hour!—nay, e'er a moment might
 Bring you an infinite delight.
 Deliverance is an open door,
 And then the trouble is no more!
 Only a word and you are free,
 And then what goodness shall you see.
 8, River-st., Islington. W. HOUSE.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXXIV.

MOST EXCELLENT THEOPHILUS.—I now lay before you the laws by which the *righteous* are to be finally judged.

Eternal election is one rule of final judgment. Hence the kingdom is said to have been prepared for them from the foundation of the world. Now, their being once chosen in Christ stands for ever good; and this election is an election of grace; and this election is in Christ as the chosen Head, and also the Mediator of the new covenant. And being thus constituted one with him, they will never be dealt with otherwise than as they are in him. And hence we see that this original election of them in Christ governs everything relative to them through all the circumstances of life and death, up to their final possession of glory, sanctified by God the Father, preserved in Christ Jesus, and called. Again, he shall send his angels with the great sound of a trumpet, and shall gather together his elect. "Go thy way, for he is a *chosen* vessel unto me." Here we see that election before time, and calling in time, are inseparably connected; nor *can* any be effectually called but those whom he did foreknow. How solemnly and strikingly is this truth set forth in some of the parables! Take the parable of the labourers in the vineyard. Here were men professing to want employment, that is, they wish to be religious; but *who* among them turned out well, and proved to be good servants? What saith it? Doth it not speak on this wise—that "many are called, but few chosen?" You will say, Why, then, were there *many* called? Why, if you look at the parable you will see *why* the *many* are called. They were called to work on the ground of their *professing* to want employment; and so, no doubt, they did; but they very soon quarrelled with the sovereignty of the master, and their eye became evil because he was good; they looked with an evil eye at his chosen ones; over estimated (*pharisee-like*) their own services. What, then, made the difference between these servants, so that some did not murmur,—and yet those who did not murmur would the next day have to bear the burden and heat of the day, and would yet be content to stay in that service? What, I say, was at the root of this difference? *Election reconciles its objects to itself.* The goodness of the master to the few made their election manifest to them; for the master set these few in the order of time, and in favour *before* the others. He began with the *last*; and thus the pharisee is first, and the publican last; but the God of heaven put the publican first, and the pharisee last; and thus it is that the first are last, and the last

first; "for many are called, and few chosen." And does the King make a marriage for his Son? Wherein this parable like the other lies the *secret* of the difference between those who were rejected and those who were finally received.

Just look at the character of those who were not received, not forgetting that all those who were called to the wedding were already *professionally* the *king's servants*; and, of course, called upon to give their sanction to the marriage of the king's son. This very marriage carries in it something of the doctrine of eternal election—the Lamb and the chosen bride for ever one; and an everlasting feast of good things is connected therewith. Now, look at the several classes of *professed* servants of the King, *professed* lovers of God, *professed* servants of the Most High. How do they treat this eternal oneness of Christ and the church, and the gospel feast connected therewith? The servants in this parable are divided into five classes.

The first class would not come. These were no doubt all freewillers to a man, and therefore they would not come to give their sanction to this marriage of Christ and the church. They could not, of course, approve the terms of the marriage, the terms being for them too positive, decisive, and certain; and therefore they would not come to those terms.

The second class made light of it. These are low Calvinists, who pretend to believe in electing grace; but they make *light* of it; telling their *dear hearers* not to trouble themselves about it, but simply attend to their farm, *cultivate* grace, and go on with their merchandise, and attend to their own weddings, marrying one church to another, until all are bundled up together; and thus obsequious to their teachers, they go their way, one to his farm, another to his merchandise, while the King's true servants are not to be listened to.

The third class were highly incensed at the truth, "and took the king's servants, and despitefully entreated them, and slew them." These, you see, are the *third class* passengers in the parliamentary train of things; it was by this state-religion class, this secular-power class, this Popish class, that the Saviour himself was crucified; and by the same class have thousands of the King's servants been slain; their eminent, *high-toned piety* could not endure either sound doctrine or those who preached it. Well, thanks to Mercy, that the machinery of this old parliamentary class is now so out of order that they can no longer carry the King's servants to the stake or to prison. Heaven break every wheel and every part of such infernal machinery, and burn every such devilish carriage in the fire, that men may fly from a religion which has taught them to slay the

only men that could shew unto them the way of salvation.

I now come to the fourth class, which I suppose I must call the luggage train; for the man who is a sample of this class had not on a wedding garment, but of course a garment of his own; he brought his luggage with him. This is the mere Balaamite Calvinist—sound to a certain extent in doctrine, but has never been experimentally stripped; he has never been in the fire, nor in the deep waters of soul trouble. He holds the roll of truth in his hand, and has the word of truth much in his mouth; but he is not a new creature; he has never truly *put on Christ*; the powers of his soul are not truly wrapt in God's truth; and therefore, not being *clothed* with salvation, he only *very partially* savours of Christ—just enough to *deceive* the King's servants, but not enough to deceive the King himself. No doubt, I say, the great likeness of his garment to the wedding garment would deceive the King's servants, but could not deceive the King himself. The King's garment cost his Son too much for him not to know it from all other garments, and, therefore, in a voice of thunder said to this confident professor, "Friend, how camest thou in hither, not having a wedding garment? and (as well he might) he was speechless." But why should he be speechless? Ah, why indeed! It was this—that he had never been speechless before; his mouth had never been stopped by the power of *true* conviction of his state as a *lost* sinner; and he was speechless also because he was now made ashamed of his presumption. "*Then said the King to his servants, Bind him hand and foot;*" that is, reckon him among the *bond children*; and as the bondwoman and her son are to be cast out, so this presumptuous one being (though among the free children) but a bond child, he must have the bond children's portion—"Cast him into *outer* darkness; there shall be weeping (to think the King's servants should be so cruel as to cast him out), and there shall be (*secretly*, in the dark) gnashing of teeth," at those who *have* on a wedding garment. This class happily is not very, very numerous, and this, perhaps, is indicated by its being represented by "*one*, who had not a wedding garment."

Thus we have in this solemn parable, 1, those who *would not come*; 2, those who made *light* of it; 3, those who *slew* the King's servants; and 4, those who are sound enough in head to come in, but not *right in heart*.

But here is *another* train of things—the *express* train—special and superior to all the rest,—“And conformed to the express image of the King's Son.” Now, where lies the secret of all this? It lies, my good Theophilus, in *eternal election*; and so this parable also closes with these words—"For

many are called, and *few are chosen.*" Election takes good care of its objects; it reveals itself to them, wins their affections, and brings them *aright* to the terms of the wedding, to the feast of the wedding, and to the presence of the King and his Son. Election works secretly but surely; and so it runs—"Him that I have chosen *I will cause to draw near unto me.*"

And how is it that some of the virgins had oil in their vessels, and were ready, at the midnight cry, to go in with the bridegroom? The secret was, that election cut them off from all false confidence, made them wise unto salvation, and led them to choose those golden vessels of the sanctuary which contain the golden oil. And what are these golden vessels but the yea and amen promises of the gospel? These supplied them with grace. Their hope, their faith, their love, could not give up the ghost: could not go out. This promise is yea and amen, and never was forfeited yet. But the others were not thus wise. *They had not the faith of God's elect, and knew not the bridegroom, and, therefore, had no access to him, neither were ready, as were the wise, to go in with him.* The wise had just enough of *evidential* grace to *prove* that they were wise, and, therefore, could not impart any unto the foolish; but they must go and buy it at the cost of the same experience as had the wise. Hence says the Saviour to those whom he loves, "I counsel thee to *buy of me.*" If you obtain your oil, if you have your religion anywhere else, your lamp in the midnight hour of trouble, or of death, will surely *go out*, and against all such the door of heaven will be shut.

My good Theophilus, cling, ever cling, to eternal election; you cannot glory too much therein; it will enable you to glory in all the other truths of the gospel, and it will enable you to very greatly delight in the service of the blessed God. And if your name be written in heaven, then "all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." But if your name be not written in heaven, then nothing is yours but sin, and death, and perdition.

You know people say if election be true it is of no use to strive after a salvation. Well, it is of no use to strive after a salvation which does not originate in eternal election, for such never did succeed, and never will. And so it is that many shall seek to enter in, and shall not be able; because election not being at the root of their religion they seek it not under the government of that sanctification of the Spirit by the *truth* by which alone salvation can be obtained. But the election shall obtain it.

Do errors arise, and carry the world away by their power? Who are they that shall escape?

Now, my good Theophilus, may you be

enabled to listen solemnly, listen earnestly prayerfully, tremblingly, rejoicingly, while the word of eternal truth opens the secret—"All that dwell upon the earth shall worship him, whose names *are not* written in the Book of Life of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world." Rev. xiii. 8. And does a huge body of prosperous error raise the wonder and gain the admiration of the world? Where lies the *secret* of escape from this delusion? Here is the answer:—"They that dwell on the earth shall wonder, (that is, *admire* and worship,) whose names *were not* written in the Book of Life from the foundation of the world." Rev. xvii. 8.

And do some escape the burning lake? Where is the secret? Ah! here it is, in that which men make light of—"Whosoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." Rev. xx. 15.

And shall some dwell for ever in the heavenly city? Where is the root—the origin—of this? What is the *explanation*? It is simply, solemnly, this—"They which are written in the Lamb's Book of Life." Rev. xxi. 27.

Thus, my good Theophilus, you will meet at the bar of God with eternal election. Are you its *heartfelt* friend *now*? Do you receive it in the love of it? Does your heart, by its (election's) endearing power, ever glow with gratitude to God for it; feeling bound to give thanks for the hope you have that God hath, from the beginning, chosen you to salvation? Or do you give a mere cold Balaam-like assent to it, simply because you find it in the letter of the word; and so it becomes a part of your creed; and, therefore, you like to have a little, *but not too much of it*, making the *contemptible*, the *hypocritical* excuse that you are afraid, by being taken up so much with this doctrine, you shall neglect other branches of truth, especially the practical parts! Dire delusion! base falsehood! insulting belief upon the pure truth of the blessed God. For whereas the real truth is the more you glory in electing grace; the more spiritually, vitally, and practically will you follow out every other branch of truth. Look at it. It stands thus—"He hath, from the beginning, chosen you to salvation, through *sanctification* of the Spirit and belief of the truth." Again, "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." But why speak I thus to Theophilus, whose very name signifies a friend and lover of God?

Well, then, my good Theophilus, if you do now, at times, rejoice that your name is written in heaven, what will it be at *that day* when electing grace shall give you full possession of all the good of his chosen? when you will rejoice for ever in the gladness

of his nation, and glory to everlasting with his inheritance?

May you, then, dwell much, and delight much, in the marvellous light of eternal election.

I hope, in my next, after a few more words upon election, to come to the next rule of final judgment—that of *personal character*. And I hope to set before you a *right* one, though it may, in my humble description of it, be but

A LITTLE ONE.

THE
GLORIOUS AFFIRMATION.

By MR. T. W. MEDHURST,
Of Kingston-on-Thames.

“My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me; and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hand.”—John x. 27, 28.

EVERY word spoken by our Saviour has a sweetness in it such as the carnal mind cannot understand. 'Tis so in the words of our text; in it there is a richness and a fulness to the Christian, while to the world it is barren and unmeaning. 'Tis to the Christian I shall more particularly speak to-night.

In the first part of the text we have the distinctive mark of all God's children—they are his sheep; they are God's especial property; he in the act of election gives them to Christ; this gift being made before the mountains were brought forth, or the hollow of the sea was digged. They are Christ's by special gift, as also by special purchase; and not only they are Christ's, but they are Christ's sheep. Satan's children are called goats. Christ's children, in opposition to them, are called sheep; they having a distinct nature, a nature implanted and preserved by the Holy Ghost,—“a new nature.”

II. We have the Spirit's call asserted,—“They hear my voice.” This voice is sometimes heard in the preached word. All of you hear my voice preaching to-night, but it is only God's children who hear Christ's voice speaking, through the minister. They hear his voice in the roaring thunders, as well as in the soft murmurings of the summer's breeze. They hear Christ's voice speaking to them individually, and recognize it.

III. Christ knows his children. He knows them in the sense of love. In every position of their life he knows them. He never forgets them. Men know us in prosperity, they forget us in adversity; God knows his children at all times; as well on the mount, as in the valley, and *vice versa*. He knows them as redeemed, and as children.

IV. Not only does God know his children; they also know Him; and when he reveals himself to them, they follow him, first in paths of holiness, to which they are *elected, called, and sanctified*; second, in his ordinances; for they see their Jesus in the baptized waters, in the broken bread, in the poured out wine, in praise, prayer, and meditation. Thirdly,

they follow him to the heavenly city, whither their Forerunner has entered.

V. We see the final safety of all Christ's sheep. Because they were elected Christ died for them; the Holy Spirit effectually calls them; eternal life is given to them, as a free gift, the effect of sovereign, unmerited mercy; preserving grace is vouchsafed to them: “They shall never perish.” The pestilential winds of hell shall not corrupt them; they are seasoned with salt, the heavenly salt of God's grace. They shall finally conquer, although surrounded by foes on the right hand and on the left, doubts and fears within, enemies without; still are they hid with Christ in God and shall arrive in yon blest habitation, where sorrow and sighing is unknown. Cheer up, tried Christian! thy Redeemer liveth. He has undertaken thy cause, and will never desert thee. Still trust Him: you who are trusting in yourselves are trusting to a rope of sand. Christ, and Christ only is the way of salvation.

A LETTER TO C. W. BANKS
ON THE
DEATH OF MRS. EVERSHEAD.

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD.—Under the sweet constraining power of God, I take the liberty of dropping a few lines to you as the Lord shall please to enable me, respecting the last illness and death of the late Mrs. Charlotte Evershead. As she stood in union and communion with you, and the cause at Unicorn-yard, in Christian fellowship, and as the Lord was pleased, of his infinite goodness and mercy, to bless my poor soul abundantly under her roof, and in her company, so I desire alone to speak of it to his honour, and praise, and glory, that we were brought together in his all-wise and most mysterious providence.

I was at her sister's when she came down from London to take the little cottage at the bottom of our little garden. She seemed in very high spirits concerning it. I felt very sorry, having many fears that the change would be too great; the country is so large and open, I thought the air would be too searching to produce any good effect upon her health, it being just the commencement of the winter season.

It was about the third Sabbath after she first came here that I went to see her, hoping that if it were the Lord's gracious will we might be favoured and blest with some spiritual conversation together on eternal matters; but on calling at her house I found she was not at home. I saw her on the following Friday, when she said she felt the effects of a cold about her. I went in to see her on the following Monday, towards evening. She was then ill in bed with a heavy bilious attack, which had brought her down and rendered her very weak in body. The Lord was pleased to loose my bonds, and gave me sweet liberty and freedom in speaking to her on spiritual and eternal things. I read to her the 63rd Psalm, as she requested; com-

miting her into the hands of the Lord, I bade her farewell for the night. I called to see her on the following day, when the Lord was pleased to grant me — his poor feeble worm—the same liberty and freedom in speaking on eternal matters. The Lord did so bless me with sweet nearness of spirit to him, with sweet communion and fellowship with him, that her little house became a Bethel to my soul, and from that time till the last moment of her life, I attended upon her as often as I possibly could; and I could most willingly and gladly have remained with her to have been a constant attendant upon her for the Lord's sake; but I had an afflicted sister and an aged mother at home to attend to, so that I could not do so. Through the goodness and mercy of God, I felt a near and dear union to her, and she to me.

After I had rendered her as comfortable as I was able in body, she used to request me to lay down by the side of her and talk to her; for she said, "I love to hear you talk about your dear Lord and Master. I want you to tell me all you know about him." "O, my dear (I said), you have quite outdone me in asking me that." Then I told her, as the Lord enabled me, how he had called me and instructed me by his grace in the wilderness. Thus many comfortable hours, through grace, we spent together.

It was nearly a fortnight before she was sufficiently raised to go out of doors. When she did, she requested me to go with her. I did so the three or four following days, but she was very weak. I said, "I fear the air is too cold and searching for you in your weak state." She said, "I must persevere, as the doctor says I am to get out all I can, or I shall not get strength."

On the 11th of March, I went in the morning as usual, and took the Word of God up. She said, "What portion have you this morning?" I replied, "Our last Sabbath's text seems peculiarly precious to me this morning" (1 John iii. 2). I read to her the whole of the chapter. She then said, "I have to go into my sister's a few minutes. I should like you to stop till I come back. I shall be only ten minutes gone." She said, when she came back, "I wanted you to stay as long as you could; I want to talk to you." She then related to me how the Lord called her out from sin unto himself; and first she spoke of how she opposed the way of truth, and how she hated and despised her father and husband on the account of it. Then she told me how the Lord brought her down as an undone sinner in London; and how he brought her forth into liberty under Mr. Kershaw, and then how he led her into union and communion with the church under Mr. Lucombe. Then, how she came into union and communion with Mr. C. W. Banks, and the cause at Crosby-row, and at Unicorn-yard. She then requested me to come in again and write to her husband for her. I went in to do so the next morning, and the Lord abundantly blessed our souls together, and brought us very low at his dear feet, feeling and acknowledging

ourselves to be nothing, and Jesus Christ our all in all. We were favoured to speak of his goodness, love, and mercy to us, so truly unworthy of all, as we were.

This was truly a good day to us throughout, for I was with her the greatest part of that day. In writing to her husband, she said, I was to tell him she was getting better, but very slowly. I said, you have a fresh cold coming on, I fear. She said, yes, I think I have: when she requested me not to tell her husband about that by any means: she did not wish to make him uneasy about her. A little before this, circumstances had taken place, so that on three or four occasions when I went in to attend her, her fleshly mind was wrought upon to an high degree, which caused one the greatest grief, pain, and distress to hear it. Under these circumstances, I felt bound in spirit, in tenderness, meekness, and love, to give her a word of caution and advice, which she received very kindly. In going in afterwards, I found the Lord had broken her spirit in the matter, and she could leave it; and she hoped the Lord would never suffer her to take it up again. She said, "If we sow to the flesh, we shall of the flesh reap corruption." Yes, she said, I believe we shall. She then said, I have as much cause to bless the Lord for your words, reproof, and advice, as I have for your words, which have, under God, ministered consolation to my soul. Under these things, her soul grew more and more towards me in the Lord.

On the day before she died, the 16th of March, I was under a cloud in my soul; so I could not say much to her when she accosted me; she said, "Don't you love your Master?" "O yes;" I felt constrained to say, "He is the chiefest among ten thousand; the altogether lovely to my soul: there is none that I desire beside him. And I was only waiting another gracious visit from him." She said, I am so weak I cannot talk much. She then laid still a little, and said, I am thankful the Lord has raised you up to be a friend to me in my affliction. I little thought you would be such a friend to me when I saw you at my sister's, and especially a spiritual friend. I am very thankful to you for all your kindness to me. I said, "No, no thanks to me; no, not me, my dear, your dear Lord and Master. Yes," I said, "thank him! praise him! adore him! for he alone is worthy of all thankfulness and praise, for I am a poor thing, and what I am, I am by the grace of God." Then she said, I don't know what I should do if it were not for Martha, meaning her niece, and you. I said, O, my dear, don't say so, the Lord could raise up others as well as us. Yes, she said, I know he could, but I bless him he has raised up you. I had earnestly entreated her to let me write to her husband, as her throat got bad very fast; and she said, no, do stay another day or two: my reason is, it will only worry him, and I don't wish to do that. I told her I thought it was quite right he should know it.

The next day, the 17th of March, was the closing scene of her mortal life. I don't think she thought her end was so near, nor yet the doctor: as he told her sister there was nothing

dangerous about her: it was the quinsy she had in her throat, and he could not render her any assistance for two or three days, as she could not take anything down. This was a trying scene to many of us, not expecting her end so near. I made arrangements with her niece to meet her there early in the morning, as she had to get up early to attend to a heavy day's work. I went at the hour of five in the morning: her niece being with her through the night, came down, and let me in. When I entered, she told me she had had a restless night, and wished to take a little tea, with an egg in it. She said it was very nice; she felt it did her good when she got it down. With difficulty she persevered, and took the greater part of it out of the tea-spoon. She was full two hours in taking it. She said, this is hard work, as I stood and put it in her mouth. My arms, she said, are very weak, nothing but the everlasting arms will do now. I was with her sometime. I then told her I had to go and get my sister's and mother's breakfast, and that I would come again as soon as possible. She said, I am comfortable now, and shall do till you come again. I said no! I cannot leave you alone. She said she should do very well. I said, I will call and tell your neighbour to come in. She said do as you like. I did so, and went down again as soon as I had arranged things at home. It was then just eleven o'clock. Her neighbour said, perhaps you will stay for some time. I said yes, for a time. She said that Mrs. Evershed had taken some arrow-root, and enjoyed it: her throat was better. My dear friend said, I don't want anything now; sit down where I can see you. I sat down. I said, have you heard from your husband this morning? Yes, she said; I have a letter, but cannot read. Will you read it? I took it, and paused a moment. She said, read it please. I said this is not your husband's writing. She said, whose is it then? Your aunt's from Greenwich. She said, I wonder how it is he has not wrote. We must just write a line or two to-day, and to my aunt. Will you write for me? I said yes. She said, I must turn my back to you; we'll sit the other side of the bed. I did so. She then said the Lord had visited her soul, and relieved her body too. I feel thankful for this great love and mercy the Lord had just broke forth in my soul at that moment, and filled it full of the precious wine of the kingdom. I rose to talk to her, when she spoke first, and the bed seemed hard. It refreshed her to sit up. I said, "I fear you have not strength to sit up out of bed." She said, "Do you think so?" I said, "I do indeed." "Perhaps you would set up in bed for a little while." She said, "I would rather get out; I only want to sit for a moment or two—it would so refresh me." I then assisted her. She told me everything she wished for respecting her getting out. I got them for her, and asked her to take round my neck while I gently raised her up. She stepped out. I gently laid her down in the chair and wrapped her up. I feared she would faint. She immediately looked steadfastly at me, and I

saw she was going. Her sight was gone. She tried to speak, but her mouth fell, and I could not understand what she said. I gave the signal of rapping for her neighbour, which I was to do if she was wanted. In a few moments she breathed her last, without a struggle, and entered into eternal rest.

Your's in the Lord, E. KILLICK.

[Mrs. Evershed was an honourable member of the Church at Unicorn-yard; and in her death we have lost, and the cause of truth has lost, a sincere friend. She is one of a very great many of our late members who have recently departed in peace.—Ed.]

GOODNESS AND MERCY.

"Blessed be the Lord who daily loadeth us with benefits, even the God of our salvation." Psalm lxxviii. 19.

A DAILY load of benefits, of kindness ever new,
A daily load of mercies, which are neither small
nor few. ^[above]
And every one who loves the name of Zion's God
Has an inwrought deep conviction of his providential love.

His tender goodness permeates all vastness and all space;
Lights up the sun, and forms the smile upon an infant's face.
His blessed hand unceasingly gives light and life to flow;
And makes a glorious brightness in a world of sin and woe.

For ever lauded be our God—when this huge world we see
Partake his daily benefits, gratuitous and free,
We think upon that little world, we joyfully reflect
Upon that chosen, favored few, the world of God's elect.

Here mercy is distinguishing—here God has his delight;
And richest blessings, costly, pure, bless all these sons of light.
Secluded, oft unknown, they pass their pilgrimage on earth:
Nor envy all the wealth or pomp of men of noble birth.

For they have riches, honors, joys, and peace in God their King,
That twice ten thousand, thousand worlds would ever fail to bring: ^[to dread]
Exhaustless is the full supply, no scant have they
While Christ their mighty Saviour lives, their Brother and their Head.

Born not of earth, nor earthly things, but registered ^[love] above,
They are a special people, loved with a special Electing grace has made them thus—from wrath has set them free; ^[thee,]
"Tis even so, O gracious God, for so it pleased
And death will prove a benefit of glory, bliss, and power, ^[important hour.]
For all God's saints are safe in Christ in that Death kindly open the prison gate—all sins and troubles cease— ^[peace.]
And in the bosom of their God they have eternal

O happy people! happy state! may we in Jesus' strength
Keep steadfast in the good old way, and reach our heaven at length. ^[we'll raise]
Then, not to us, but to thy name, eternal God,
An anthem of immortal joy and never-dying praise.

De Beauvoir Town, June, 1857. G. E. RUNITING.

MR. JAMES WELLS AND
MR. SPURGEON.

A CORRESPONDENCE AND A QUESTION.

A REVIEW OF MR. SPURGEON'S
MINISTRY,

BY MR. JAMES WELLS,
Of the Surrey Tabernacle.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The correspondence between myself and Mr. Wilkins, of Windsor-street Chapel, Brighton, being published in the EARTHEN VESSEL, I think it needful that I should verify the truth of my assertion—that Mr. Spurgeon is a *duty-faith man*. And although he does not, in any of his printed sermons that I have seen in so many words, declare it to be the duty of all men *saveingly* to believe in Christ, yet he *clearly* holds the doctrine. A doctrine, when stripped of its obscurity, fleshly sympathies, and deceptive rhetoric, amounts simply to this—that the great God has, in love and mercy, recorded the names of a people (whom he hath chosen) in the Lamb's Book of life from before the foundation of the world; and that those people whom he hath sovereignly left out are to be condemned to all eternity, for not having their names there also. Impossible as it was for their names to be in the Book of Life, yet they, *for not being there*, are to be cast into hell. And one of Mr. S's sermons containing this said doctrine is entitled "*Unimpeachable Justice.*"

What, then, I say, is this duty-faith doctrine? It is that Jesus Christ laid down his life for the sheep—and for the sheep only and the others are to be damned to the lowest and hottest hell *because they did not make him their Saviour also*. And this is to be called "*Unimpeachable Justice.*"

Again, I say, what is this duty-faith doctrine? It is that all the objects of eternal election have obtained it; that is, obtained it, by electing grace making them indissolubly one with Christ; and the others are to be doubly punished *for not being one with him too*.

The Holy Spirit gives to every man severally as he *will*. As the heavenly wind, he bloweth where he listeth: yet the others are to be cursed of God *because they are not regenerated also*.

A kingdom is to be possessed for ever by a people, for whom, from the foundation of the world, that kingdom was prepared; and the others are to be cast into the lake of fire, *because they do not take possession of what was never meant for them, for it shall be given to them for whom it was prepared*.

Now, I proceed from Mr. Spurgeon's printed sermons, to prove that he holds and preaches this doctrine of a baseless condemnation; this figment of a causeless curse; this miserable apology for the damnation of men. That this vapour of a doctrine is among the sticks that he gathers; and though not so often seen as in the ministry of some of his low doctrine brethren, still the poison is there. This leaven is, however, imperceptibly, still working. These are the names I give to such a doctrine; but then, Mr. Spurgeon holds it as a Bible

doctrine; and, therefore, holds it in reverence and respect, and will not be ashamed to own this duty-faith doctrine, though, of course, he would not like to own it in the nudated state in which I have here presented it, nor, by any means, suffer it to wear such names as, in my estimation, belong to it.

To give in full the first proof would be to quote the whole of his sermon on the "*Sin of Unbelief.*" I shall give but few words from the 19th and last page of that sermon.

The sermon, page 19, says—"I could not have thought that persons could be so fool-hardy as to venture to assert that it is no sin for a sinner not to believe in Christ." This same sermon closes thus—if you are lost it will be because ye believed not on Christ; and, if you perish, *this will be the bitterest drop of gall—that ye did not trust in the Saviour.*"

Now, that infidel unbelief—that is, a disbelief of God's Holy Word, is sin, no right-minded man will deny,—but that absence of saving faith is sin, I do most distinctly deny. Now, as the sermon makes no distinction between the faith which God alone can bestow, and that conscience, natural, religious believing in the truth of the Bible, which thousands of graceless people possess; the unavoidable conclusion of every reader of that sermon must be, that it holds that it is the duty of all men *saveingly* to believe in Christ—for where faith is not a duty, unbelief cannot be a sin. And the sermon, *unlike* some other sermons by the same author, is all through consistent with itself, and very properly closes with a most awful threat to those who neglect the duty of *saveingly* believing in Christ. "*This shall be the bitterest drop of gall—that ye did not trust in the Saviour.*" Could a Wesleyan say more? The Saviour was never meant for them; and yet this is to be the bitterest drop of gall—that they did not trust in the Saviour; whom the author of these sermons declares, again and again, died for the elect only. And yet they are to find this the bitterest drop of gall—that they did not trust in the Saviour. This sentence is in perfect keeping with the main drift of this sermon; to tell me, after reading this sermon, that its author is not a duty-faith man, is to tell me that words have no meaning.

And, if his gospel be divided against itself is it not a *suicidal* gospel? is it not a kind of self-murdering gospel? And does not such an idea remind one of that scripture "*that no murderer hath eternal life*"? I speak as I feel; and assert and testify that to me such a gospel is yea and nay; and by such a gospel I (whatever others may do) cannot look for eternal life.

I hold, but I do not here stop to prove, the truth of my position. I hold that infidel unbelief is sin; but I do not hold that the non-possession of the faith of God's elect is sin. There is plenty to condemn poor benighted fallen man without the mockery of turning electing grace, redeeming blood, and regenerating mercy into laws of wrath, vengeance, and direst destruction. Nor will I stop to tell out how strongly I feel against this duty-faith poison—this column of smoke from beneath; but will go on to prove my point—that Mr.

S.'s sermons contain the doctrine of duty-faith and self-contradiction. Nor am I speaking as the representative of any one person under heaven but myself: let me, therefore, bear all the blame. I claim my right to speak for myself; and, let me die in a workhouse or rot in a prison, or be burnt at a stake, rather than make shipwreck concerning faith. Let everything else go, but let me stand fast in the faith. Nor have I any end in view but the honor and truth of God and godliness. Nor am I seeking to find fault with Mr. S.; I am doing by him as I myself would be done by; and merely proving that those doctrines, and that that gospel which he so conscientiously, sincerely, industriously, and with such numerical success preaches, is, nevertheless, to me a *yea and nay* gospel.

In the sermon entitled "The two effects of the Gospel," page 199, we have these words—"It is a fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ will increase some men's damnation at the last day."

Again, in sermon entitled "Freewill a Slave," we have, on page 402, these words—"Suppose a thief should say to a Judge, I could not help it, I had a bad heart. What would the Judge say? Why, you rascal, why, if your heart is bad I will make the sentence the heavier, for you are a villain indeed." The idea (as the connection shews), here intended, is—that as the sinner makes his bad heart an excuse for not coming to Christ, this sinner is to be reckoned a rascal, and a villain indeed. What analogy there is between a living man wilfully be coming a thief, and a dead sinner not coming to Christ, I must leave others to determine. One thing is clear, that the Lord could, had it been his will, have come to the sinner, though the sinner would not, and could not, come to him; but if the Lord will not, and the sinner cannot, then vain is the help of man.

Again (page 263) in the sermon entitled "Unimpeachable Justice," we have these words—"Tossed back on a wave of fire, they will see written on every spark that emanates therefrom, thou knewest thy duty, but did it not. Again, he plunges into another wave, &c. Yes, it may be, MY FRIENDS, that I shall be one of your tormentors in hell; and, when you lift up your eyes to heaven, you will shriek, and say, O God! there is my minister looking down reprovingly on me."

Again, in the "Christian Spectator," Jan., 1856, there is a review of the sermon entitled "Truths Taught by the Resurrection of Lazarus." In which sermon, in the extracts they give, are these words—"My friends, its all nonsense about metaphors: men are really dead, in a spiritual sense." And, then, at the beginning of the next paragraph but one, we have these words—"But methinks I hear some say, I cannot do anything. I will sit down where I am, and make myself content. What now? wilt thou sit thyself down when hell blazes before thee?" &c. The reviewers are low doctrine men! but they see the self-contradiction, and find fault therewith. The Calvinism of the sermon being as much to their distaste, as the Arminianism of the ser-

mon is to my distaste. But they agree with me, and I with them, in this—that it is self-contradictory.

Again, in a sermon preached in Glasgow, Aug. 10, 1856, by Mr. Ferguson B. A., the preacher in page 4 of the said sermon, speaks concerning Mr. S.'s comment at Glasgow on the 11th chapter of Matthew thus:—"Mr. Spurgeon read the 11th chapter of Matthew. He (Mr. S.) said that there were three important doctrines taught in that paragraph of Scripture. The responsibility of man, in the woe which Christ pronounced upon Chorazin and Bethsaida, for disregarding his miracles—the electing sovereignty of God in the 26th verse—'I thank thee, oh Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' The unlimited freeness of the gospel invitation—'come unto me, all ye that labour.' That he (Mr. S.) could not (says Mr. Ferguson) reconcile the first and the third doctrines with the second, but expected to be enabled to do so by the light of the upper world."

Here we have another instance of self-contradiction; all arising from the duty-faith doctrine. All the three doctrines above are reconciled simply by taking the repentance spoken of for what it is—viz., the repentance like the repentance of the Ninevites—of reformation, but not the repentance of regeneration, or that accompanying salvation.

I will now set some of these samples of Mr. S.'s sermons on the left hand, and the Bible on the right, and let us see what relation there is between them.

MR. SPURGEON.

1. "I should not have thought any person so fool-hardy as to say it is no sin not to believe in Christ."
2. "This shall be the bitterest drop of gall, that ye did not trust in the Saviour."
3. "It is a fact that the gospel of Jesus Christ will increase some men's damnation at the last day."
4. "Ye knew your duty, and ye did it not."
5. "I shall be one of your tormentors in hell."
6. "What! now sit thyself down, when hell blazes before thee?"

THE BIBLE.

1. "Murmur not among yourselves; no man can come to me except the Father draw him." Johh vi. 43, 44.
2. "Cast out the bondwoman and her son; for the son of the bondwoman shall not be heir with the son of the freewoman." Gal. iv. 30.
3. "For the Son of Man is come not to destroy men's lives, but to save them." Luke ix. 56.
4. "Ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep."
5. "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." Rom. xii. 19.
6. "The dead know not anything." Ec. ix. 5.

Now, I conclude from the foregoing proofs, that Mr. S. belongs to the duty-faith class of preachers; and that he preaches a self-contradictory gospel. But I do most distinctly deny saying this disrespectfully or unkindly; I state these merely as facts. Nor is Mr. S.'s position in this respect anything either new or uncommon; for although a position (at least I believe, and so I speak) unknown to the Bible, yet it is a position which has been occupied by man

celebrated, but at the same time uninspired men. But with me human tradition is but chaff; the word of the Lord is the wheat; "And what is the chaff to the wheat? saith the Lord."

Now, as I have said, I speak only for myself, yet I will not conceal the fact, that there are in this land I believe some thousands of real Christians who firmly believe that Mr. Spurgeon's ministry is a duty-faith *yea* and *nay* ministry; and if it be so, let Mr. Spurgeon, as a public and as an honest man, publicly avow in so many words and without any ambiguity, that he believes that men are lost for not taking possession of that inheritance which never was, never will be, never can be meant for them; for we well know that if by any means they should get possession of it, yet as they (the non-elect) are *bond children*, they must nevertheless be cast out—yes, even after Mr. Spurgeon himself has brought them in. Now, let Mr. Spurgeon plainly avow his position. And on the other hand, if he be *not* a duty-faith man, but that preaching his "Unimpeachable Justice" sermon on the occasion of Palmer's execution, he *unintentionally* threw in a few grains of *strychnine*, and that in his other duty-faith sermons he does *not mean* what his words say, but that these wild gourds got by oversight into the pot, that this leaven (and it takes but very *little* leaven to leaven the whole lump; it takes but very *little* of this duty-faith folly to cause the ointment to send forth a stinking savour; but this *little*, however) was an oversight—if, I say, thousands are led astray by Mr. Spurgeon's words, and are judging in this matter *wrongfully* of him, let him, as a man who professes to care for the souls of men, let him one way or the other *undecide* us; the more *popular* he is, the more *plain* he ought to be.

For myself, I would be the last to make a man an offender for a word, or for a thousand words; but when a *doctrine* from the *evil* one is broached, forming a kind of undercurrent which now and then breaks out, and may one day overflow all the banks of every truth he now preaches, and carry away as with a flood both himself and his followers—a kind of circumstance not at all *uncommon*; this, then, I say, becomes a matter *too serious* to be trifled with. Again, then, I say, "A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."

I had marked many more proofs that Mr. Spurgeon is a Fullerite, but I will give but two or three more, with a few words on each.

In the sermon entitled—"Future Bliss," page 126, he thus speaks—"I am afraid I am *not elect*. Oh! dear souls, do not trouble yourselves about that; if you believe in your Christ you are *elect*; whosoever puts himself on the mercy of Jesus, and who has nothing at all to night, shall have mercy if he come for it."

What am I to understand by this? Do not such words quietly set election aside, and rest the whole matter with the creature? Election is to keep out of the way, while the creature, by mighty hand and outstretched arm, *puts himself* on the mercy of Jesus. Election here is an intruder; and, therefore, must get out of the way while man makes himself more just

than God, and more pure than his Maker. This, if the words have any meaning at all, is the sentiment they convey. These words of Mr. S. sort very badly with the 6th and 10th chapters of John, as well as sorting very badly with the general analogy of faith. This mode, in which Mr. S. often treats election, apologizes for that decision and boldness with which, at other times, he speaks of the truth of the *doctrine* of eternal election. These softeners ease the minds, and reconcile the feelings, of carnal hearts to a ministry they would otherwise most *piously* kick at. These pillows, under the armholes, are a great repose to the self-deceived. "Thus saith the Lord, woe to them that sow pillows to all armholes. Will ye hunt the souls of *my* people, and *save* the souls that come *unto you*?"—Ezek. xiii. 18.

Now, Mr. S., of course, does not intend such words for pillows of carnal ease, but as whips of small cords to lash the lazy *won't* comes into action. But this mode of address to my mind is like having more faith in the supposed power of the creature than in the truth of the living God. And yet curious enough, that while Mr. S. winds up so many of his sermons with the ranket Arminianism, he, nevertheless, very ingeniously condemns such a line of things. We have, says Mr. S., ("The Holy Ghost, the Great Teacher," page 381.) We have, says Mr. S., "*some who preach Calvinism at the first part of the sermon, and finish up with Arminianism, because they think it will make them useful—useful nonsense: that is all it is. A man, if he cannot be useful with truth, cannot be useful with an error.*"

As Mr. S. chooses thus to be witness against himself, I need not say anything—only that it is another instance of *yea* and *nay* in his ministry.

In his sermon on, "Making light of Christ," the creature is put above and before the Creator. Nearly all through the discourse, in aiming to charge sin upon man, he has misrepresented God. And as for the recently preached sermon, (April 26, 1857,) from, "Let the whole earth be filled with thy glory," had I have seen no other sermon of Mr. S.'s, certainly I should have taken this one to be intended as a formal denouncement of every new covenant truth of the gospel. He mistakes a millenium, general calm, for universal conversion, and prays, as he says he does, for the conversion of *every being* existing. This is, no doubt, a very benevolent, naturally charitable feeling. But which am I to side with? with him who prayed not for the world? or with Mr. S., who does pray for every being existing?

Mr. S. also tells us that David would have every man converted; but the 109th Psalm, with many other Psalms, does not look much like it.

Mr. S. evidently mistakes altogether the meaning of his text,—“Let the whole earth—(the whole land—for so would be the more proper rendering of the original) be filled with thy glory.” And this prayer, in the mere letter of it, was answered in Solomon's day, when there was neither evil nor adversary occurring; “but they were every man under his vine and under his figtree, eating and

drinking from Dan to Beersheba." But ultimately it will be fulfilled in the new earth, the chosen land, when all *Israel*, from the least to the greatest, shall know him.

But Mr. S. has broken through (in the above sermon) all these boundaries, and has revelled, with delight, in the boundless chaos of generalisms, an ocean of uncertainties into which I have no desire to plunge. Having been there once, I am too happy of having escaped ever to wish to be there again.

I will notice one more of Mr. S.'s sermons, and then sum up, in a few words, all I shall at present say upon this matter. The sermon to which I shall now refer is entitled—"Salvation is of the Lord," and was preached at the Music Hall, Royal Surrey Gardens, on the morning of May 10th, 1857. This sermon was sent into the vestry to me on Friday, May 29th, not quite three weeks after it was preached. The object of the person (as I gather from his note) was to shew that Mr. S. was a man of sound gospel truth. The paper in which the sermon was sent was *pasted* on the *last* page of the sermon, and which made me a little suspicious that something was there which I was not to see. But the paste very kindly gave way, and had not obliterated the last page, but I could read it; and so I found, as I suspected, a nice little pot of free-will honey—a sample of which I will presently give.

"Salvation is of the Lord" is the text, and the *doctrine* of the text is wrought out right well. The sermon is what no real Christian can find fault with, at least, as far as doctrine is concerned. The sermon does certainly contain the truth as it is Jesus, and so do many of Mr. S.'s sermons; and yet, amidst so much that is yea and amen, there is the nay.

Now, in this sermon Mr. S. labors, and very properly too, to shew that if salvation were not of the Lord in the *application* of it, as well as in other respects, it could be of no avail. And to help to illustrate this point, he shews that when King Charles was shut up in Carisbrooke Castle every facility *outside* the castle was made for his escape. But not being able to get out of the window of the castle, all other provisions for his escape were unavailable. So with the sinner; if the Lord had left one thing for the sinner to do it would not be done: the sinner would be lost.

Now, then, does Mr. S. *really* mean what he here says? If so, how is it, in the last page of this same sermon, he says—"As salvation is of God, *damnation is of man*; and if you are lost, you have lost yourselves? 'Turn, O house of Israel, why will ye die?' " And in his sermon on election, he says—"Damnation will be entirely your own fault."

Now, here is a *mixture* of truth and error. Damnation entirely your own fault. *But is there any fault at all* in condemnation? Is it not a righteous condemnation? But, then, whence came this condemnation? It came from *original sin*. The deed is done; all are under this condemnation. Original sin is ours; and so far as sin is concerned condemnation is by our own fault. And so far as men have light, they have no excuse for acting contrary to that light. And national Israel, by their apostacies from God, destroyed themselves by

bringing themselves under the penalties of a broken covenant. And these Israelites were exhorted to return from those apostacies. But what has this to do with the ultimate state of men, or with the ultimate judgment of God concerning them?

As well may I be told, if I am mortal it is my own fault; that if my body die it will be my own fault. To tell me that my being *punished eternally* is my own fault is to mock me; it is to belie both me and the Most High God too; to use the words of a learned Judge upon another subject, "To tell me that my damnation is entirely my own fault is a *mockery*, a *snares*, and a *delusion*." It is a mockery of my helplessness; it ensnares me in a lie against God; it deludes me by hiding from me my *real state* as a sinner before God.

Damnation entirely my own fault; so, then, it lies with me after all. Just now King Charles *could not* get out of the window; *now* he is to be beheaded *for not* getting out. He *could not* get out, yet it was his *own fault* that he did not get out. Now, which of these two doctrines am I to believe? for believe both I cannot, will not, must not. What, then, after all, is this sermon upon "Salvation is of the Lord," but *yea and nay*? And, suppose Mr. S. were tried by his own rule, where would he be? Why, he would cut himself off from being anything but a minister of a certain personage translated into an angel of light, and his ministers as ministers of righteousness. Mr. S.'s ministry is, to all intents and purposes, *yea and nay*. Though he seems not conscious thereof, the sincerity of the *motives* may, with some, atone for all. But, then, I do not hold the Popish doctrine — that the end sanctifies the means — nor does Mr. S. either. God forbid that I should judge unrighteous judgment.

To me, then, I say, Mr. S.'s ministry is yea and nay. But of a yea and nay ministry, Mr. S. ("The Holy Ghost, the Great Teacher," page 385) speaks thus—"You may know him (the minister) in the first place by the *constant unity of his testimony, a man cannot be enlightened by the Holy Spirit who preaches yea and nay. The Spirit never says one thing at one time and another thing at another time.*"

Such is the testimony of Mr. S. *against himself*. Does not this prove how unconscious he is of his ministry being yea and nay?

Nor should I have given the above proofs thereof, but for the fact, that many deny that he ever used such words as I have here given; while some *theoretically* high Calvinists, who have had Mr. S. to make a penny of him, pretend that such sermons and paragraphs are *over-sights*—a very good subterfuge for those who are half ashamed of the carnal motives for which they availed themselves of his popularity.

I shall here take no notice of the evil motives which have been, and which, of course, will be imputed to me.

I know my own motives, and with them I shall be content, and that in a dying hour.

I have thought, and I still think, that the purity of new covenant truth is of infinite and eternal importance; and, therefore, is, at *any cost*, well worth contending earnestly for.

I have not sought to reprove, much less

reproach, Mr. S., nor do I dream of instructing him. But as I see no reason why I should lay my soul and conscience down, for any, and every, error to ride over rough shod, I have claimed my right to speak. I dictate to no one. I have shewed merely my opinion.

And, now, Mr. Editor, the remarks you made in the last month's VESSEL, relative to my feelings towards Mr. Spurgeon, I can sincerely endorse.

Think not that I object to terrific appeals to sinners, or to anything *truthful* tending to awaken them, but I object to yea and nay; or, to use Mr. S.'s own words, if we cannot be useful by truth, we cannot be useful by error.

Now, then, after all, it may be asked, what do you want? Well, I will state what I want.

1st. I want, if it be the Lord's will, to see so highly a gifted and admirable a man as is Mr. S. to be convinced that he is in a *castle of self-contradiction*. And should be happy to see Mr. Charles H. Spurgeon enabled to do what King Charles could not do—that is, *escape from the castle*. I should then glory in seeing him in the pulpit of the Surrey Tabernacle, and in every pulpit of truth in the world, and in every pulpit of error too. But I should not like him to have a *collection* for such as hate the truth, as I do not deem it to be very loyal to be helping that forward which is seeking to cast down some of the highest honors of our King.

2nd. I want to see ministers and churches of truth beware of receiving *another gospel*.

3rd. I want to be shewn that I should be justified in getting money to help those who sanction a yea and nay gospel.

As to the simple circumstance of preaching, I would preach anywhere—in a palace or a barn, on a dunghill, or even in a Catholic Cathedral. This is not the point of difficulty; the difficulty comes at the end. The *collection*—here is the *difficulty*.

The letters in the last number of the VESSEL, relative to the correspondence between myself and Mr. Wilkins, of Brighton, are very excellent, but they do not clear up the *difficulty*—the *collection*—the *collection*. Here lies the problem, *who will solve it?*

I preached for Wesleyans, but it was for the *Sunday school*. This I did upon *moral* principle. But the outrageous hymn they sung at the end of the service made me feel as though I had no business there.

Poison is generally given in something *good*; or else who that wished not to be poisoned could be so deceived as to take it? Duty-faith is a doctrine which secretly and in a most deadly manner poisons the mind against the very truths in connection with which it is preached. Some of the old duty-faith churches have become the greatest enemies to the truth which the truth has ever known; and yet because Mr. Spurgeon unconsciously throws this poison into the food, or that he does not believe it to be poison, I am to be hated because I will not join in partnership with such unscriptural trading. Be it so; I am content with my lot; and hope to my latest breath to prove the sincerity of my decision. I am, Mr. Editor, your's sincerely, in the Gospel of God,

London, June 3rd, 1857. JAS. WELLS.

THE GOLDEN BELL AND THE POMEGRANATE, OR, THE JOY AND HEALING OF THE LORD'S PEOPLE.

AN HOMILY FOR "THE FAITHFUL IN CHRIST JESUS."

(Continued from page 123.)

WE will now take up and explain the pomegranate—"A golden bell and a pomegranate." The two have been ordained of God, and are always found in the life of his saved and called people. The hell, of itself, will not do. A goat may take this, and fastening it around his neck, run to and fro, and make a terrible noise and stir; but the pomegranate is beyond his reach. Without the figure, a man may know the gospel in doctrine, and yet be utterly destitute of its experience. Talk is not spiritual life: knowledge is not love. A man may "speak with the tongues of men and of angels," and be only "as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal." This we have reasons to fear is the case with many. They have the knowledge of angels, and the wickedness of devils: the head of Paul, and the heart of Judas. They creep about from place to place, among the goats or among the sheep, it matters not to them which, it is babbling and quarrelling concerning doctrine; but of the life, love, peace, and joy of the Comforter they never speak, unless it be with contempt, and for this reason, they have been made partakers of neither. Beware, then, brethren, of these men, "of whom I have told you often, and now tell you, even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ, whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is their shame, who mind earthly things." We make these remarks in the defence of the gospel, and godliness, which involves two things, namely, knowledge and experience, the truth and the Spirit, or the golden bell and the pomegranate. In treating of the pomegranate we shall consider its healing quality, its sweetness, and its fragrance.

The pomegranate possesses an healing quality, and in this was a figure of the healing power of the gospel. Bless God there is healing for wounded souls; there is a balm for all our "wounds, bruises, and putrifying sores." Look up, then, ye who feel your sin and guilt. See there that fountain, that blood, that cross, that Saviour. His precious blood was shed for sinners—for the *chief* of sinners. It has purged, and healed, millions as diseased as ourselves, and still it is efficacious. Come ye wounded, come ye dying, come ye despairing, come to this heavenly balm. Some poor trembling soul may say, I am so diseased, so sinful, so guilty. This is all true; nevertheless, Jesus can heal; he can pardon; he can comfort you. You say again, thy sins are so numerous, and aggravated, that I fear there is no pardon, no healing, for me. Fear not, dear friend, there is pardon, there is healing, for you; and if your sins were ten thousand times more

numerous, and aggravated, than they are, it would not matter. The number and magnitude of your sins should, and will, press you to "the blood of springling;" and while coming to Jesus, let your cry to him be, "Pardon my iniquity, for it is great." Amongst the blessed in glory there are many who were, when they were here below, as sick, and wounded, and vile, as we are, but the Saviour lived and died for them. He shed his blood for them. In it they were washed, by it they were brought to heaven, of it they sing, and, methinks, the remembrance of the depths of sin and guilt, from which they have been delivered, tends to enhance their joy in him who loved them, and redeemed them with his own blood! Thank God, none are too vile to be saved by grace: none are too diseased to be healed by blood: none are too miserable to be comforted by the gospel. "Come, now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Kneel down, then, beloved fellow sinners, broken hearts and wounded consciences, and confess your sins unto the Lord; and, as certainly as you do so, you shall obtain mercy, for "the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin," and healeth all our diseases. Of this we are confident, having felt its healing power; and, day by day, we rejoice in the prospect of that perfect health, and perfect peace, and perfect love, we shall enjoy in that happy land, "where the inhabitants say not we are sick, and the people are forgiven their iniquity."

We remark, again, of the pomegranate, it is sweet to the taste, and makes the richest wine: hence, the spouse says to her Beloved, "I would cause thee to drink of spiced wine, of the juice of my pomegranate." Christ is most sweet in his person. His presence revives, and greatly delights us: it is the cause of all our joys the heaven of felicity we, above all things, desire. He spreads a sweetness through all the multitudes of the heavenly host; and ten thousand times ten thousand saints in glory are refreshed with the sweet streams of his love. Bless the Lord, for he is precious to those who believe, whether they be in heaven or on earth. The streams of love and mercy flowing from him are sweet; and no tongue can tell how refreshing they are to thirsty fainting souls. "O! taste and see that the Lord is good." The word of Christ is sweet, sweeter than the wine of the pomegranate. We have found it, and, by the Holy Spirit, a richness in it. Often when feasting on it have we exclaimed, in a heavenly rapture, "How sweet are thy words to my taste! yea, sweeter than honey or the honeycomb." The invitations of Jesus are so many cords of love drawing us unto him. The promises of Jesus are springs of ethereal delight, and rivers of ineffable pleasure, flowing down to us from his heart of

everlasting love and mercy; and of which he bids his beloved friends drink, "yea, drink abundantly." Let us praise the Lord, then, for his promises—they are, indeed, "exceeding great and precious." They are a bundle of myrrh; and when applied by the Comforter, if we were on the ground, sinking in despair, the moment before, we rise up in all consolation, and, "believing, rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."

Now, then, dear reader, what say you? Is Christ precious to you? Is his word sweet unto your taste? Does his name spread life, and peace, and joy, abroad in your heart? Do you love and serve him? He knows all our hearts, and to him, and by his judgment, we must stand in his presence, where there is fulness of joy, or fall into hell, where there are miseries for evermore. "Lord, decide the doubtful case!" And, now, last of all, we remark the pomegranate is fragrant to the smell: it spreads a pleasant odour all around; and in this was a figure of Christ and his gospel. "He hath given himself for us an offering, and a sacrifice to God, for a sweet smelling savour." And not only so, he is also a sweet smelling savour unto us when he reveals himself, by his word and spirit, in his atoning blood. This is the cup of blessing that cheers, the sweet perfume that delights, the open alabaster box of very precious ointment that heals and sweetens whenever it is applied. It matters not how diseased, how rotten, how offensive we may be; the blood of Jesus is pure, is sound, is sweet; and, if washed in this, we are accepted of God, and "holy and without blame before him in love." In his person, in his word, in his righteousness, and in his blood, Christ is so fragrant that the church says of him, and unto him, "All thy garments smell of myrrh, and aloes, and cassia, out of the ivory palaces, whereby they have made thee glad." But now words fail us—What shall we say? This we will say—the glory, the fulness, and fragrant of our gracious Lord can never be fully set forth. His perfumes are so sweet that "his cheeks are as a bed of spices, as sweet flowers." His words, they are so odoriferous that "his lips are like lilies dropping sweet smelling myrrh." He is so glorious that "his countenance is as Lebanon;" and in the verdure and perpetuity of his grace and love "he is excellent as the cedars." We here stop.

And remember, beloved, there is nothing contingent, or uncertain, connected with the bell and pomegranate. All is "yea and amen in Christ Jesus:" that is, riches of grace, and riches of glory, in Christ; treasured up in him, secured in him, and freely given by him, to the poor, and needy, and helpless. Let us cheer up then. "The Lord of hosts is with us," to feed, to lead, to defend, to comfort. The warfare will soon terminate: the last enemy will soon be vanquished, and the conqueror go to lie with Jesus in his

glory. Till then may he be increasingly precious to us, that we may travel onward in his strength, singing and making melody in our hearts unto him.

"Pomegranate fruits, nor choicest vines
Of fragrant scent, nor charming wines,
Are not so sweet to me
As Jesu's death, the fruit divine;
It stays my soul—this soul of mine
Finds life and joy in thee.

It spreads a savour through my soul
That sin nor death can ne'er control;
Thy love, my Lord, to me
Dwells on my heart, inflames my tongue,
Creates my joy, and makes a song
Of praise, my God, to thee."

Finally, brethren, I commend you to God, beseeching him to bless and anoint you when you read this address, that it may be the means of teaching and admonishing, of establishing and comforting you in the faith, hope, and love of the gospel, which shall redound to the praise of his rich and abounding grace, to whom be glory for evermore.

March 16, 1857. AN EVANGELIST.

THE REDEMPTION OF THE PURCHASED POSSESSION.

EPHESIANS I. 14.

DEAR SIR,—Having read, this month, your Gloucestershire correspondent's observations on the term 'purchased,' I venture to send you my thoughts upon it, which, if you think good, I shall be happy to see inserted in *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*. Far from condemning the humble remarks of your correspondent, or coming to him with a rod, I would like him come with my observations as humbly as possible. Does he think himself liable to err? So do I. Is he willing to hear as well as to speak? to learn as well as teach? So am I. And with such a man alone I desire to hold conference. We may all learn one of another, even from the least, if we will be humble.

First, then, it appears to me that he limits the term 'purchased,' or 'redeemed,' beyond its legitimate use in the sacred Scriptures. To redeem a thing is more than simply to bring it, by price or power, out of bondage. Israel was redeemed out of the house of bondage, but we know that the bringing of them out of Egypt was only a part of their redemption; and without the placing of them in the land of promise their redemption would have been incomplete. So that the evils from which they were delivered, and the blessings that they received, were but one redemption.

A person is said to be *sold* when he passes from a state of honour and peace to a state of degradation and misery. So the Rock of Israel *sold* his people when he suffered them to be taken captive, and led away from their happy estate and privileges to serve their enemies in a strange land. Thus "he *selleth* his people, and doth not increase his wealth by their price." And thus all mankind have

sold themselves for nought. When we fell in Adam we passed in, and through him, from a state of honour and peace to a state of degradation and misery. In like manner, a person is said to be *redeemed*, or *purchased*, when he is brought out of a state of degradation and misery to his former state of honour and peace. Thus, Israel was *redeemed* from bondage in Egypt, and from captivity in Babylon into their happy privileges as a nation: and, thus, those out of all nations, peoples, and tongues, are said to be *redeemed*, because they are brought out of their state of bondage and misery into a more glorious and happy state from which they fell in Adam. The price of Israel's redemption was the destruction of their enemies: "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, Ethiopia and Seba for thee." The price of our redemption is *without money and without price on our part*. It is a free gift to us. Or if we are said to buy it, it is at the cost of the "loss of all things:" all our *supposed* things. "And he went and sold all that he had, and bought that field." But the proper price of our redemption, *on the part of Christ*, is his "precious blood." So that when the church is said to be *bought*, it appears to me that the blessings which she is put into the possession of are included, as well as the evils from which she is delivered: they two together make but *one complete redemption*. If an Israelite waxed poor, sold his possession, and at length became a servant, his kinsman might redeem him. Now, if he simply redeemed his brother from a state of bondage to liberty, he redeemed him but in part, seeing that his inheritance remained in bond.

In the year of Jubilee they both returned unto him:—a type of our spiritual redemption by Christ. In Adam we sold our liberty and inheritance of which we had a goodly patrimony; but in Christ, our year of Jubilee, they both return unto us; yea, we receive double for all our sins. Thus, it is said, thou hast redeemed us to God, by thy blood, *out of every kindred*."

Now, if redemption includes these two things, namely, deliverance from evil, and repossession of honour and peace, I cannot see what impropriety there can be in calling the blessings of our inheritance 'purchased blessings,' seeing they are a part of our redemption.

But I see another question involved, namely, do these blessings come to us through the price of Jesus' blood, even as our liberty comes to us? It is answered—No. Because "all riches, power, glory, and felicity were the possession of Christ, in oneness with the Father and the Spirit, in his eternal uncreated Godhead," and they become ours by virtue of our union to him; consequently, they are not bought.

Now, I verily believe that the mistake of this arises from the want of distinguishing between what our Lord possesses, as the eternal God, and what he has as God-Man,

Mediator. As God, he is the *giver* of every good and perfect gift; but as the Mediator in the covenant of grace, he is a *receiver* from God the Father. He possessed all things as God; yet being made in the likeness of sinful men for us, he possessed nothing but what was given him by his Father. "Though he was rich, for our sakes he became poor." Though a *Son*, he took upon him the form of a *servant* that works for wages; and having performed the work which his Father gave him to do, he boldly asked for glory, and obtained it; he asked for all the conditions of his covenant, and "*he obtained gifts for men, that the Lord God might dwell amongst us.*" "Wherefore, he hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name." "He hath divided him a *portion with the strong.*" What our Lord possesses thus he receives as the head and representative of his church. As God, he could receive nothing; but as man, the Father gave him life in himself, that he might give life to us. As God, he is self-existent; but as man, he lives by the Father, even as we live by him. As God, he is not the *heir of all things*, but the possessor of all things. It is as man we are one with him, and joint heirs with him, for the Father hath given him all things, and we have all things in him.

Now, it remains to shew *when* he obtained these gifts, and *how* he obtained them. Were they to him *gifts of mere grace?* or were they made over to him in consideration of his *covenant obedience?*

As to the time when he received them, doubtless they were made over to him by deed of covenant before the foundation of the world. Then the Father blessed him as our representative "with all spiritual blessings," (Eph. i.); and he came into the actual and full possession of them when he ascended up on high. Did the Son, therefore, on his part, promise anything as a condition of his receiving these blessings? or were they to him free gifts? Doubtless, he promised "to do the Father's will;" to be "made under the law a curse for us;" and to be "obedient unto death." The covenant was conditional, and the Father blessed his Son in consideration of his obedience, a type of which we see in Abraham: "By myself have I sworn," saith the Lord, for because thou hast done this thing, and hast not withheld thy Son, thine only Son, from me; that in blessing, I will bless thee—because thou hast obeyed my voice." They were not, therefore, gifts of grace to him, but gifts in consideration of his merits, WHICH WERE WORTHY TO BE REWARDED WITH SUCH BLESSINGS. Hear me yet, again, I have not borrowed my words from another. The law curses the sinner, and blesses the doer of it.

Now, Jesus our Lord was made under this law; he stood as our representative; our sins were found on him; the law cursed him, and he suffered all its penalties. But is this all

that he did? He did more; he gave to the law all its obedience, as well as suffer all its penalties. And as the law having found him charged with sin, cursed him; so having, at the same time, found him obedient unto death, it blessed him. As the law saith, "Do this, and thou shalt live;" which includes eternal life, glory, and immortality, all the blessings in heaven above, and all the blessings of the earth beneath. So, having found him obedient, it pronounced upon him, and us in him, the blessings of life for evermore. And as the law to be just must curse the transgressor, so to be just it must bless and give a complete title to all its blessings to him that obeys. "Now, to him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt."

Jesus, therefore, though a Son, worked as a servant under the law, and all the blessings of the law became to him a just debt because of his obedience. Thus, by the obedience of our adorable Jesus, we have a clearer and firmer title to all the blessings of life than if we had stood till now in all our pristine innocence; and, by him, we are redeemed to a better inheritance than that of Eden in all its glory. The Father is pleased with the obedience of angels; and if we had stood in innocence, he would have been pleased with ours; but with our Lord Jesus Christ he is well pleased; so that his heart rejoices over him with unbounded joy, and he has blessed him according to the gladness of his heart. If we had, in our own persons, fulfilled the law, that would have given us a legal and personal title to enter into life, (Matt. xix. 17); but as our obedience could only have been limited, the blessings of life would have been limited also. But Jesus being made under the law for us, his obedience secures us an everlasting title to infinite blessings, as if we had, in our own persons, magnified the law. By the blood of Jesus we not only have redemption from sin, guilt, and misery; but by it "we draw nigh to God," and "have access into the holiest of all." Hence, we plead it for all blessings, as well as for the forgiveness of sins; knowing that all things are ours by "oaths, and promises, and blood."

To conclude, it appears to me that God's love is the moving cause of every other blessing. The obedience of Jesus did not cause God to love us, but it was his love and sovereign pleasure that made us one with Christ, and that ordained him in the fulness of time to be made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem us from the curse, and secure to us the blessings of the law.

And, lastly, though all things are free gifts to us—that is, on our part we receive them without money and without price: yet, I verily believe it to be a capital, most precious and soul-supporting truth, that the least of all our mercies cost Jesus, our Saviour, "sweat, and tears, and blood."

Houghton-le-Spring. DIXON BURN.

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

MOUNT ZION CHAPEL, CHADWELL-ST. CLERKENWELL.

BROTHER BANKS.—In the month of February I sent you an account of our baptizing, which had then recently taken place. You promised it should appear in April; but April came and May came, and we saw no more of it. I feel persuaded you have pleasure in publishing any cheering information respecting the interests of gospel Zion generally. I have concluded in my own mind it is forgetfulness on your part. It is our mercy, Zion's God can never forget Zion. He never forgets his purposes respecting her, and his promises as made to her in the Person of her glorious Head and Representative. His work is still going on in spite of earth and hell. God the Holy Ghost is gathering the right materials from Nature's deep quarry, and fitting them in their right places in Mercy's building; and though sin and Satan seem to be making sad havoc in professing Zion, in scattering, dividing, and sowing discord in her midst, and though error from the poisonous breath of that old serpent seems to run almost rampant in the world in our day—amidst all this, how cheering it is to have the eye of our faith and the ear of our faith kept looking and listening above to our covenant Jehovah's declaration—"I will work, and who shall let it?" He certainly has been working salvation in our midst as a little corner of his beloved church ever since we have been in existence.

The last Lord's-day in May, our dear pastor, Mr. Hazelton, again baptised (in the presence of a large congregation) six believers, and on the following Lord's-day, June 7th, received them, with seven others, into church fellowship. We have amongst the number a goodly few of hoary-headed pilgrims, who have paced this vale of tears and conflicted with many a foe, for forty and fifty years. These have borne a cheering testimony to the truth being blest to their souls' edification and comfort, and several young plants have been brought in, which we hope, through the nurturing hand of our Heavenly Husbandman, will stand fast and firm as monuments of sovereign grace, and ornaments to grace, in the garden of God below, when more aged saints, matured by grace, are transplanted to stand for ever in the sunny regions of eternal Paradise above. One of our sisters has very recently passed the flood, and many are waiting at the brink for the summons to go.

Five years and more have now rolled their eventful round since we joined hand-in-hand as a church, to meet together and walk together in gospel union for mutual edification and the glory of God, since which time, and especially since our pastor's settlement in June, 1852, now five years, the Lord has been continuing and steadily increasing

us. We were thirty-four in number when we commenced, and now we number more than two hundred members. The congregation is a good and steady one. We have had our trials, our fears, and discouragements. Satan has been round and round the fold many times during the five years, and too successful has he been with respect to some of whom we hoped well; but the Good Shepherd has preserved the fold; Omnipotence has been our shield; the gospel has been faithfully and fully proclaimed, and hitherto we can say and must say, "Ebenezer." To him must be all the glory. While the Great Peace Maker is with us, and sways his gracious sceptre in our midst, we do not much fear but all will be well; but if he withdraw his gracious restraint, and the Holy Ghost suspends his soul-uniting influences, we painfully know and daily feel there is combustible material enough within soon to ignite, explode, and scatter us like other churches. O, for more of that experience which is produced under the droppings of Calvary! Then into the dust we all should lie, and willingly join together in crowning our worthy and glorious Lord, Lord of all.

POPLAR.

THE second anniversary of Zoar Baptist Chapel, William Street, Poplar, was held on Sunday, May 31st: brother Banks preached in the morning from Psalm xlv. 4; the majesty of the Person, work, offices, and relationship of Zion's King were largely and blessedly declared. Brother Chivers in the afternoon from Rev. iii. 21. The pastor, Mr. Bowles, in the evening from Micha iv. 4-7. On the following Tuesday, brother Wells preached from Deut. iv. 4; wherein he shewed what it was to cleave unto the Lord; also, what it was not to cleave unto him; who they were that did cleave unto him; and where it is that we cannot cleave unto him, &c. It was a great exposition of vital godliness. A large number sat down to tea; so many were present that several were obliged to be accommodated in the chapel yard; and when the public meeting commenced, many could not gain admittance, Mr. R. Bowles presided, and spoke of the peace and prosperity they were enjoying both in the church and congregation; God had blessed them, and were blessing them, and owning the proclamation of his truth. Brother Wells then spoke upon the subject of "Divine Foreknowledge." He said that the Divine foreknowledge of God embraced every event, both in the church and the world: the entrance of sin; the fall of man; hell's defeat and heaven's triumph; all were foreknown to him who from everlasting had chosen a people to shew forth his praises. Brother Banks was to have spoken upon "Sovereign Predestination." But preaching and a church meeting at his own place prevented; he expressed his regret

at not being able to continue with us, and prevailed upon brother Wells to give us a few thoughts on the subject: who proved that God decreed everything that was good: permitted every thing that was evil; but was by no means the author of sin. That if it was possible to make God the author of sin, it would make him one with sin, and one with the devil and hereby rob him of his essential holiness. Brother S. Cozens then spoke on "Effectual Calling;" and after having described the nature of the "call," he illustrated the effectuality in his own case; when God called him by his grace, he strove by swearing, drinking, and plunging into sin, to stifle the same; but by effectual, all-conquering grace, the rebel was brought down, and made willing in the day of his power." (See note.) Brother Chivers spoke upon "Heavenly Conformity." The subject had evidently warmed his heart, and fired his tongue. He shewed us where this conformity was to be found; and that predestination secures conformity to the heavenly image. Brother Palmer (of Homerton,) next addressed the meeting on "Complete Redemption;" giving us the various and the legitimate meaning of the term redemption; and that its completeness or perfection consisted in the end being secured by the means; the debt paid; the law honoured; justice satisfied; the church exonerated; and the claims of truth and equity established. That a redemption was effected by the Church's Head for the church, and for the church only. (We regret that we cannot give more of this interesting speech.) Mr. Butterfield spoke on "Certain Glorification." His remarks were to the point, and delivered with decision.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow" was sung. Brother Fermin engaged in prayer; and this happy meeting terminated.

NOTE.—In the course of brother Cozens's observations, he remarked, "That man was placed in a medium state, between a palace and a dungeon; and that the palace might be secured and the dungeon avoided; and that if the ungodly were lost it was their own fault." The chairman seeking an explanation, asked if this was his real sentiment, he replied in the affirmative, and that his Scripture for it was Hosea xiii. 9, "Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself, but in me is thy help." The above remark has caused considerable excitement; several who were at the meeting have enquired, "What did Mr. Cozens mean, and how could he make it lay straight with effectual calling?" And for my part, I have been deeply afflicted by it in my own soul, coming from a brother who in his own soul knows the power of Divine truth. Now if we admit this we lay aside, 1st, the eternal purpose of God the Father, as recorded in Romans ix. xi., xii., xiii.; 2nd, the infinite perfection of the Saviour's work, as in Hebrews ix. and xii.; also the gracious and efficacious operations of God the Holy Ghost, as in Psalm cx. 3, and a multitude of other Scriptures.

R. BOWLES.

[We feel certain brother Cozens will correct this misunderstanding.—Ed.]

STEPNEY.—Mr. R. Bowles baptized two female and one male at Cave Adullam Chapel, (lent for the occasion) on Wednesday evening, June 2nd, 1857. Mr. B. preached from Luke xx. 4: and proved, to an attentive congregation, the heavenly authority for baptism: that it had heaven's approbation resting upon it; and while there was a gospel church on earth baptism, by immersion, must, of necessity, be administered. The candidates were then personally addressed; publicly baptized in the name of the Trinity; and on the following Lord's day were received into the church. Others are hovering about our walls, desirous to follow in the footsteps of the flock. The Lord is increasing us with those who have an appetite for "the hidden manna."

THE MARTYRS' VALLEY:

AND

THE ANCIENT BAPTIST CAUSE AT AMERSHAM.

To gospel antiquarians, one of the most interesting spots in our little isle, is Amersham, in Bucks. Mr. W. Jefferys, the original editor and proprietor of *The Pot of Manna*, is now the minister of what is called "The Old Meeting-House." In a note, he says:—"I may add, that the people had been four years without a pastor when I came here and found (in Feb., 1855), a few people assembling in a dilapidated place of worship. In the autumn of 1855, the chapel was closed a short time for repairs, when nearly £100 was expended, making it, as it has been often said, the prettiest chapel in Buckinghamshire. The building is now out of debt, and is full of people. I have not only the cordial affections of each one of my members, but have not a disaffected person in the congregation. We are in perfect peace, having much outside contempt and persecution; but being bound together in the unity of the Spirit, are able to bear the world's enmity, according to the grace of God which is given unto us."

A brief but beautiful record of the fiery trials and holy triumphs which have been associated with the progress of the gospel in this land, may be found in the following published paragraphs:—

"In the Vale of Amersham took place some of the earliest struggles of Protestant freedom with Papal tyranny. The lamp of truth in the Parish Church had long twinkled but faintly through the long dark shadows of superstition and evil, when the Lollards (Baptists) came among us, and streaked the firmamental darkness with bright lines of promise. Afterward, in 1495, Wickliffe visited Amersham, but smoke and vapour was still issuing from the Papal gates. The Angel of Liberty paused—spoke—and many believed! These clustered, and formed Churches of the "children of the light and of the day." God had said, "Let there be light." The followers of Wickliffe became numerous, and terrible to the reigning powers of darkness, while the blood of their martyrs, though licked up by the dogs, was looked upon by heaven—reading in purple and indelible lines the strong cries and tears of fathers on behalf of their enslaved

children. Then John Knox, the dissenting Reformer, rose up like a new star, and came and stood over Amersham, where the darkness was: our forefathers flocked to hear him, and the spirit of civil and religious liberty found a lively place in the hearts of many. The Old Meeting House, Amersham, was built A.D. 1677; wherein from time to time have assembled the children of those *mighty men* whose spirit, destined from the first to triumph, now pervades Britain—has made her great, glorious, and free, and *still* waits and watches to bless the world. This old chapel may justly be considered a "Tabernacle of Witness," monumental to the youth of a great spirit.

The "Local Directory" says:—

"Amersham, or Agmondesham, called in Doomsday Book, *Elmodesham*, is—A market town in the Hundred and Deanery of Burnham. It is situated in a valley, between wooded and lofty hills, and consists of one main street intersected by shorter ones. It is also remarkable as a spot consecrated by the blood of martyrs, and its inhabitants appear to have been peculiarly the objects of popish persecution in the reigns of Henry V., Henry VII., and Mary. Among others James Morden, Thomas Bernard, and William Tylesworth were burnt here; the daughter of the latter being compelled to light his funeral pile. Tradition tells of a spot 24 yards in circumference, which, whether fallow or in corn, discovers by its barrenness, the place of martyrdom. The names of localities in this district such as Gore Hill, Dead Man's Dean (or Batom), point it out as a scene of conflict, when the Danes laid waste the kingdom of Mercia.

[The singular paper on the baptising service conducted by Mr. Jefferys at New-lane, we hope to notice in another number.—ED.]

IPSWICH.

On Lord's-day, June 7th, eight persons were baptized in Bethesda Chapel, Ipswich; ten were expected; but one "was not," for three days after he had made, to the messengers of the Church, one of the most blessed testimonies of the work of God upon his soul, on rising early from his bed, was seized with a fit, and in a few minutes joined the church triumphant; he was the beloved brother of Mr. Large, minister of Sutton, in Suffolk. The other friend did not appear before the Church.

This was truly a solemn season, a thronged congregation, listened with marked attention to remarks made from 1 Peter iii. 20, 21. After which the first candidate knelt down at the head of the baptistry, acknowledged her own vileness and unworthiness, praising God for his grace and mercy, in bringing her, and prayed to the Lord to bless and prosper their souls every way, to the glory of his great and holy name. How much have we to be thankful for—our town abounds with Puseyism, aided by some of the Clergy, and by a number of the sisters of mercy, who are busy enough proselyting all they can, by gifts, and promises, to their popish mummories. Yet we, through grace, are preserved in, and by the truth of our blessed God, to come out from her sins, and to escape her impending plagues.

May our ministers and churches increasingly pray, preach, and persevere, in the truth as it is in Jesus, that our bodies, souls, and spirits, may be sanctified to his service, praise, and glory, so praise, a sinner saved and blessed,

THOMAS POOCK.

Ipswich, June 13, 1857.

ORDINATION OF MR. JOHN THURSTON AT HALSTED, ESSEX.

DEAR BROTHER.—I send you a brief account of the ordination of our dear brother James Thurston, at Providence chapel, Halsted, Essex.

These interesting services took place at Providence, on Thursday, 12th May, 1857, in the presence of three crowded congregations. The morning service was begun by singing; and our aged brother, Richard Pedington, of Colchester, read the Scriptures and offered up prayer for a divine and special blessing to attend the services of the day. Brother Collins, of Colchester, then stated the nature of a gospel church, taking for his text, "and the Lord added to the church," &c. He then called upon the senior deacon to give a concise statement of the leadings of Divine Providence relative to brother Thurston's coming to Halsted; he spoke of the dear Lord's mercy and goodness in directing brother Thurston's coming among us as a church and people, and of the Divine blessing that accompanies the word spoken from time to time by our beloved pastor. Though our brother's statement was brief, yet it was solemn and savoury.

Brother Collins then called upon brother Thurston to give a statement of the Lord's dealings with his soul, from his call by grace to his call to the ministry. He then stood up, and gave a most blessed and savoury account of the Lord's dealing with him. Brother Collins then asked him to give a statement of the doctrines he believed and purposed to proclaim in his ministry, to which brother Thurston replied very fully, and witnessed a good confession before many witnesses.

Brethren Felton, and Brocklehurst, and Box, gave the right hand of fellowship to brother Thurston, and to the senior deacon. Mr. Collins requested the church to signify their approval and approbation of brother Thurston's taking the pastorate over them, which they did, not only by shew of hands, but there is every reason to believe by every heart.

In the afternoon brother Box (then supplying at Sible Hedingham) read, and offered up the ordination prayer. Brother Brocklehurst (Mr. Thurston's late pastor) gave a very solemn, affectionate, and reasonable charge from 1 Tim. i. 11.

In the evening brother Felton, of Ipswich, preached to the church and congregation a most heart-searching, God-glorifying, Christ-exalting sermon from Phil. ii. 29.

Thus ended a day at Providence never to be forgotten; it closed with a grateful recollection that the Great Head of the Church had

so crowned it with his special, divine, and heavenly manifest presence and blessing. It was indeed a soul-edifying day to both minister and people. We feel, while we have had, and do have, and expect to have, much to contend with, we have much to be thankful for.

THOS. ROOT, Sen.

THE WEST OF ENGLAND CHURCHES.

NO. I.

SATURDAY MORNING, March 7, 1857.—The country through which the South Devon Rail is now carrying me is one of the sweetest for variety of scenery in this part of the kingdom. But this week's work in Devonport and Plymouth having tested my physical strength in some measure, and the long ride of 250 miles in one day, makes me prayerfully anxious for home. Before I left my room this morning, the following words a little cheered my heart—"The Lord shall bless thee out of Zion; and thou shalt see the good of Jerusalem all the days of thy life." Such a word leads me to hope that safety and some prosperity may yet be granted unto me. I have seen some of Zion's afflictions; I shall rejoice to see her promised glory. I have had days of adversity—not a few. But when I consider from whence I was taken; when I remember my native nothingness; when I call to mind the cold-hearted cruelty of one section of the Dissenting clergy toward me and my work, I am only filled with silent wonder at the amazing mercies bestowed upon me from time to time.

Many believers from the West of England are now scattered abroad on the Continent, across the Atlantic, in the Colonies, and other distant shores where THE EARTHEN VESSEL now circulates. For their special information, I will, in few words, notice the present state of the recognised churches of truth in the three towns of the far-west. Most decidedly there is no lack of places where truth is proclaimed; nor are the good men who publish peace either few or far between; still, of the Baptist churches, particularly, who hold the ancient faith, I fear there is but little progress or power. Mr. Bull is well received, and acceptable unto some, but the cause at Howstreet is not visibly flourishing; what blessings the Lord may have in store for it is not openly revealed; but we consider the Strict Baptist interest has had a most severe struggle to obtain a standing in Plymouth; and we believe their position at the present is such as to require the faithful exercise of all that united prayer, energy, and devoted evangelical perseverance which, under God, they can command, or declension and spiritual desertion will surely overtake them. The late Joseph Rudman was greatly instrumental in gathering a large body of the spiritual family, and of settling them—not only in the enjoyment of new covenant principles, but in the practical observance of New Testament ordinances; and great honor rests upon the head of any man whose ministry is effectual in accomplishing such important ends.

Joseph Rudman's ministry still lives in the

hearts of many. His death was a severe blow to that "particular" section of the church whose interests we must advocate: for, openly and secretly opposed as it is, it has on its side the word of God, the work of the Spirit, and in its bosom are many of the Lord's highly-favoured servants; and ultimately it must succeed.

Joseph Rudman's beloved widow (and son) still reside in Plymouth, and we hope THE EARTHEN VESSEL may, some day, contain some of the useful and savoury manuscripts he has left behind.

Ebenezer Chapel, Stonehouse, is at a low ebb; and Mr. Isbell's is not much better: he is dividing his ministry between Leicester and Stonehouse. If he would give the latter up to Mr. Turner there "might be hope:" to hold on two causes at so great a distance from each other cannot be good.

Trinity Chapel, Plymouth, is looking quite cheerful under the ministry of Mr. Jenkins, late of Dartford, who carries with them until near the end of April, and some hope he might be settled with them. He is one of the very few intelligent "Independent" gospel preachers of the day; and with Mr. Gad Southall for his neighbour, who is now settled pastor of Mount Zion, Devonport, we might hope that the pure principles of the gospel might be very efficiently sustained. The brethren Jenkins and Southall are able advocates of the new covenant, and if the Lord shower down His rain upon the seed sown by them, the deserts will blossom, and the churches will rejoice. Brother Westlake is still the pastor of Pembroke-street Chapel, where he steadily progresses; and the sweet-smelling gardens at South-street and New-passage are watched over by our friends Brewer, Easterbrooke, and Ford; and some are panting to see Mr. Cousens fully and fruitfully settled in the midst of these populous towns. I never met with warmer friends in my life than in these parts. A descriptive account of this week's work is written, and I hope to give it some day.

C. W. BANKS.

(To be continued).

SWALLOWFIELD.

On Monday, June 8th, the anniversary of Bethel Chapel, Swallowfield, was held, when Mr. J. E. Bloomfield preached two sermons: in the afternoon after reading and expounding the 46th Psalm, he offered up a solemn prayer. He selected for his text John xvi, 14, from which he preached a most excellent sermon: illustrating, in a clear manner, the Person, power and work of the Holy Ghost, in quickening and enlightening the elect of God, and conforming the souls of the redeemed to the image of Christ. At the close of this service the friends repaired to Mr. Thorp's barn, which was tastefully fitted up for their convenience, when upwards of 120 refreshed themselves with tea; the company increasing for the evening, rendered it necessary to hold divine service in the barn, when Mr. Bloomfield spoke from Gen. v. 24, "Enoch walked with God," &c. He spoke (1) of the character; (2) the conduct; (3) the

testimony he received of God; (4) his trans-
 lation; (5) where he now lives; (lastly) of
 his present enjoyment. His character—a re-
 generated, praying, humble, faithful soul,
 and a prophet of the Most High. His con-
 duct—walking in truth, love, and holiness;
 preaching righteousness and condemning sin.
 The testimony he received—that God had
 pleasure in him, sympathy with him, and
 approved of him. His translation from the
 midst of ungodly men as proving the immor-
 tality of the soul: God took him to him-
 self—to the prepared home, beyond the reach of sin
 —to rest, to peace, to heaven, where he now
 lives before the throne, in the company of
 angels, in the blissful regions of love and joy.
 This enjoyment—uninterrupted communion
 with Jesus, sounding forth his praise, inhabit-
 ing the mansions, and inheriting the kingdom
 of glory. The collections were very liberal.
 Reading.

W. PERRETT.

LEIGHTON BUZZARD, BEDS.

Our anniversary on May 7th, passed off re-
 markably well; both morning and evening
 we had the pleasure of hearing our good old
 friend, Mr Murrell, of St. Neot's; he seems
 still to enjoy good health, but complains of
 loss of memory, although I am sure, to hear
 him preach, you would suppose his memory to
 be as good as ever: he preaches the gospel in
 a sober, sensible, way; his words are weighty,
 and his sentences are full of meaning; he is
 so simple, that the most ignorant can easily
 understand him, yet his matter is so good, that
 the most refined are well pleased with him.
 In the afternoon, we had the pleasure of hear-
 ing our old pastor, Mr. Wilkins, now of
 Brighton, his sermon was weighty and power-
 ful, and gave decisive proof that he is still a
 man of deep thought, and earnest study. In
 the evening, our present pastor, Mr. B.
 Davies, read a statement, in which, after shew-
 ing our position financially, he stated that
 during the past year, thirteen members have
 been added to the church, and two have
 withdrawn from us; so that we have a clear
 increase of eleven members, which is certainly
 an encouraging proof of the Lord's kindness
 to usward. Throughout the day our congrega-
 tions were good, and the proceeds of the
 anniversary amounted to £10. Truly we have
 cause to thank our God, and press forward.

A FRIEND.

ROSS.

[We give the following note with much ple-
 sure.—ED.]

DEAR BROTHER.—I received a note from
 Ross yesterday, which I think encouraging.
 The prosperity of Zion is at all times pleasing
 to the Lord's family to hear.

The writer says, "I am happy to inform you
 that our little cause is going on as well as we
 could reasonably expect, considering all things.
 The congregation keeps up tolerably well, and
 there were more present last night (i.e. Lord's-
 day, May 24th,) than I have seen before. The
 Sabbath School increases, and I am glad to tell
 you that we have four or five persons who
 have expressed a wish to be baptized and join

us; so it would seem that the Lord is blessing
 his own word amongst us. To his own name
 be all the praise. I trust that is only the
 'first fruits' of a most abundant harvest. The
 Lord grant it for his name and mercy sake."

I was much pleased with the above account,
 and hope that "the little one may become a
 thousand."

Yours faithfully in Jesus,

JOSEPH MOORE.

BERKHAMPSTEAD COMMON, BERKS.

[WILLIAM MOORES is one of the few pastors of
 whom it may be said he is happy and useful among
 his people, and his people contented with, and
 thankful for, their minister. This is not the case
 everywhere. Our readers will be pleased with the
 following:] Dear Sir, I send you a few lines
 respecting our anniversary at Berkhamstead
 Common, holden on May 26th. Mr. Bloomfield
 preached in the morning from Romans viii. 14. He
 felt himself at home in the work. O how sweet to
 sit at the Saviour's feet, and hear him say, "This
 is the way, walk ye in it." The faces of many
 shone as though they were receiving some of that
 oil which causes the face to shine, and the heart to
 glow with love to the Saviour. A good number
 dined with us. In the afternoon, our worthy
 friend, Wyard, of Tring, came up before the people
 with Psalm cxxvi. 1. It was a happy time indeed.
 About 120 took tea. In the evening Brother Bloom-
 field came up as bold as a lion, and preached from
 1 Cor. i. 21. Our brother having to leave us, re-
 quested that the people would give a good collec-
 tion; and that the friends, with the plates, would
 go to the pews; so my old friend Collyer, with
 myself, received what the friends were kind to
 bestow. After which, I related a little of the Lord's
 goodness towards us as a church, stating the num-
 ber of church members: also of our outlay in paint-
 ing and repairing; and my desire to pay off the
 debt we had contracted in building a little stable
 adjoining the chapel. The Lord opened the hearts
 of the people, and out came their money; and I
 was constrained to say—What has God wrought at
 Berkhamstead Common? Our God is still with
 us, and we trust still blessing the people; and we
 think there are many that are ready to say, "This
 people shall be my people, and their God shall be
 my God." The Lord is very good to me, a poor
 thing in the path of tribulation, having to labour
 hard at the anvil six days, and to preach three
 times on Lord's-day. The exercise of my poor
 soul sometimes is great: I toil all night, and can
 take nothing; but the Sabbath comes on; here I
 am before the people, with their eyes and ears all
 open to hear what I have to say. Ah! brother, this
 leads us out of self into Christ, and to say, where is
 the blessedness I knew when first I saw the Lord?
 O the importance of preaching the gospel of the Son
 of God to poor sinners! In our day, it is to be
 feared, many are looking after pulpit talent more
 than the plain, simple truths of the gospel; and
 this, I believe, is one reason there is so much dead-
 ness and coldness amongst professors. A minister
 of the gospel is something like a merchant ship
 which fetches her cargo from a far country; he
 often has to do business in deep waters. I find
 this is the way to the kingdom: but, says Christ,
 "be of good cheer, I have overcome the world."

Dear brother, there are reasons for rejoicing as
 well as weeping: and O the sweetness I sometimes
 feel when the Lord brings me to his feet, and com-
 forts my soul! With what pleasure can I then
 adopt the language of Peter, and say, "it is good
 to be here." Let us, as the ministers of Christ, try
 and get the prayers of the church; I do prize them
 more than their gold and silver. When the church
 and minister are bound up together in one band of
 love how good it is, and how heartily they can pray
 for each other, and the Lord hearkens to such
 prayers as these. But when there is schism

between minister and members, O the danger they are in—no real union—no speaking about the things of God. See, brethren, how earnest the apostle Paul was when he said, "Brethren, pray for us." I think I have the prayers of the church at Berkhamstead Common, though I am unworthy of such a blessing.
June 8th.

WM. MOORES.

WANTAGE.

THE anniversary of the Baptist Church, Wallingford-street, Wantage, was held on Friday, May 22nd. Mr. C. W. Banks preached two sermons; in the afternoon from John xvii. 22, 23—the matter fetched from this great subject was overwhelming, heart-cheering, soul-comforting, God-glorifying, Christ-exalting, and many rejoiced at the joyful sound. The subject in the evening was 1 John iv. 15, 16. The preacher's mind was lighted up by the Holy Spirit, and the great secrets of Jehovah's bosom were laid open in a most blessed manner. The attendance was far beyond all our expectation. A tea meeting was held in the Garston Chapel, kindly lent for the occasion. Our female friends provided the tea at their own expense, and the whole produce was devoted to the building fund. The collections were very satisfactory. A good feeling prevailed; we had many friends of other denominations uniting to partake of the common bounties of God's providence; and in the preaching we had living and immortal food for the redeemed family of God, sealed home with the power of the Holy Spirit. It has been said, that such a meeting was never known at Wantage. The Lord has done, and is doing, great things for us, whereof we have cause to be glad. If any kind friends can lend us a helping hand, so that a chapel may be built for the numerous people that flock to hear the word of the Lord, we, as a little church, shall feel truly grateful—by contributions, however small, given to Mr. Banks, or forwarded to us at Wantage. Brother Banks was instrumental in forming the church some ten years since, and he can testify to the prosperity that is now attending us. Brethren, help us, if you can; for Wantage is almost deluged with Puseyism; free and sovereign grace, salvation by blood, and justification by perfect obedience, are the blessed truths set at naught and despised by every pharisee. "Nevertheless, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, the Lord knoweth them that are his; and let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from his iniquity."

J. BEACOCK, Pastor.

P.S.—Our little chapel is still crowded, and many are obliged to stand outside, and have the windows open to hear.

BROSELY, SALOP.

BIRCH Meadow Chapel, Brosely, Salop. On Sabbath evening, May 17th, Henry Veale, who has been near three years preaching a free-grace gospel here, baptized three persons, who gave evidence of being blessed under his ministry. The Lord was present with us: the attendance was good; the people gave good attention to the word spoken; and it was a solemn time. Our senior deacon gave a short address to the people: he said, "My dear friends, I felt great solemnity of mind while our minister was speaking. Our text was John iii. 23: 'And they came and were baptized.' We spoke in the following order: 1st, 'who they were that come;' 2nd, 'to whom they came;' and 3rd, 'the end and design of their coming.' We hope the Three One Jehovah will remember this part of his professing church on earth after so much division and trouble arising from the works of the flesh, and that we may enjoy peace and see better days. My heart is pained within me when I think of Zion. She doth not seem to be much alive to the glory and honour of her one Head and Husband the Lord Jesus Christ. There are great developments of the corruption of the flesh. Would

to God there were greater developments of the work of the Spirit in the hearts of Zion's children! On Sabbath evening, June the 7th, our three friends, baptized on the 17th of May, were received into the church, and partook of the Lord's Supper with those members of the church then present. I have been favoured with meeting the Lord's people around his table many times in various parts of this Kingdom; but on no occasion did I ever feel my mind more free from bondage; my soul seemed to be engaged with God, but how short those hallowed seasons. Something from within, or something from without, takes our mind away from God, his word, and ordinance, and we seem to fall into the arms of death, and all is grief and misery. May the great God bless this part of his church with more gospel light, liberty, peace, and prosperity; and that she may live to the praise of Zion's King.
A POOR AND NEEEDY ONE.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, THAME, OXON.

MR. EDITOR.—Our anniversary services took place on Wednesday, May 27th. Two excellent sermons were preached by Mr. J. Hazelton, of London. He spoke in the afternoon from Psalm xcvi. 1, 2: "The Lord reigneth;" and delivered a faithful and profitable discourse. Upwards of sixty friends partook of tea; previous to which, Mr. Hazelton rose, and, in an appropriate speech, said, he had now a pleasing duty to perform, which was to present to Mr. Thomas Juggins, in the name of the church and congregation, two volumes, viz., Keach's "Exposition of the Parables," and "Key to open Scripture Metaphors," as a mark of esteem and respect for his Christian character and gratuitous labours among them. Mr. Juggins, with much feeling, and evidently taken by surprise, thanked the friends for their kind present. After tea, the company enjoyed a delightful walk in Mr. J. H. Seymour's beautiful grounds: the afternoon was very fine: all nature seemed to smile, and to join together to praise the God of creation, reminding us of the words of the Psalmist, when meditating on the works of God, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works: in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches;" while we poor sinners met to praise him for his goodness, and to acknowledge his providence and grace. In the evening a goodly number attended, and listened to a most eloquent sermon from Hebrews xiii. 20: "Now the God of peace that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant." It was a rich gospel sermon; the Lord opened the mouth of the preacher; and while speaking of his Master his whole frame quivered with emotion, and he seemed filled with an holy fire. The people listened with as much eager attention as if they had not heard a sermon for a long time. The services closed, leaving a sweet savour on the minds of the people. The collections were good.

"Then give all the glory to his holy name,

To him all the glory belongs:

Be ours the high joy to sound forth his praise,
And crown him in each of our songs."

E. C. BIRD.

A LETTER WITH GOOD NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA,

BY JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

MY DEAR BROTHER.—In a former communication, which appeared in the VESSEL, you was informed that we had been united together as a church; that we had opened another place of worship, at a rent of £2 per week. We thus continued for some time; but I could not feel that the Lord was with us: there was the absence of love, union, spirituality and prayer;

indeed, from the commencement to the close, there were two canker worms continually eating off the root of our peace and union. I am thinking of giving you an account of the manner we, as a church, was treated by them; however, it has come home to them both, they are in the Lord's hands. And seeing it is a righteous thing with God to recompense tribulation to them that trouble you (1 Thess. ii. 1, 6), it is only for us to stand still while the Lord renders to every man according to his deeds. Rom. ii. 6.

They succeeded in making their party, therefore we were no longer at peace among ourselves. I felt to have but little confidence in the people as a body, and was persuaded that we could not go on much longer; indeed, it appeared to be such a cold, half-hearted affair, it was not desirable that it should. About this time, it pleased the Lord that I should pass through great trials in my business; and the very moment that was the case there were some who appeared thankful in having an opportunity to make a thrust at me, that I might fall; they reported the most cruel, foul and libellous things of me that they could. I have no desire to expose them by particularizing, the sore trials I experienced through them; the Lord has over ruled it for my good, therefore I will record his mercies, for the Lord was on my side, and for me he has graciously appeared, according to the precious word he gave me, Psalm lxxi. 20, 21. He has fulfilled this in my business, for the Lord has in this respect done great things for me; but especially in the more sacred, and to me the more desirable, privileges of church fellowship. A few of us are now united together in heart as a Particular Baptist Church; and we have, indeed, great cause for thankfulness, because we are of one heart and one mind: and the Lord has shown himself on our side in a way that he never did before, in giving power and life with the preaching of his precious word. The backslider is reclaimed; the sinner converted, and the doubting soul has been comforted; indeed, the Lord has revived us again so that his people rejoice in him. We have some pleasing instances of the Lord being in our midst. I will get some of our friends to give you the particulars of some of the cases referred to after they have been baptised. We have services every Lord's-day morning and evening, and Wednesday and Friday evening. I do believe that the dear Lord has appointed brighter and happier days for his Zion in Australia than what we have seen.

I feel that the last nine months is an earnest for good, and a token from the Lord; and especially those instances of his converting and reclaiming grace, which he has displayed in our midst. Praise ye the Lord! We trust that we shall be able, through the mercy of the Lord, to report progress in the ways of the Lord from time to time.

I believe the VESSEL will make head way out here. I will do all that I can to keep her on.

The dear Lord has been pleased to visit us by the hand of death, by taking to himself one of the twins, eight months old. I am thank-

ful in being able to say that we are all well, and desire our love to you and all our dear friends. I am waiting to hear from Hadlow, and then I will write again.

Wishing you peace and prosperity in body and soul, I remain, my dear brother, yours in our precious Lord Jesus,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.
Moorabool-st., Geelong, Feb., 1857.

A GOSPEL REMEDY
FOR HEALING BREACHES,
&c., &c.,
IN OUR GOSPEL CHURCHES.

A LETTER TO MR. WILLIAM FENNER,
NO. 1.

DEAR FRIEND.—I received your kind note, wherein you express a desire that the substance of our Sunday evening's address previous to receiving into our communion nine persons—the whole of whom had witnessed a good confession—should be given in THE EARTHEN VESSEL. As I have this week travelled into Sussex and Essex, and am now on the rail for Gloucester and Wales, your request has followed me; and I have felt it laid heavy on my spirit to accede to your request; therefore while jolting in cars and 'busses, I have resolved to endeavour to gather up a few of the fragments if I can.

It would ill become me to slight your request, because you have been a steady hearer of the word as spoken by me ever since the Lord restored me to my delightful work. Your house, your heart, your hands, have always been opened to receive and encourage me; you have continued with me in all my tribulations; you have watched and known me in all my trials; you were instrumental in opening Windmill-street Chapel for me to speak in on Wednesday evenings, where many souls were blest; you opened Hephzibah Chapel for me to preach in on Friday evenings, where for more than seven years I spoke to many hundreds of people; and I know some were called out of darkness, and not a few joined our church, through the word preached by me at Mile End. Moreover, your late venerable father and mother were both most excellent friends to the gospel kingdom. Your late beloved wife was one of the most spiritual and devoted members of our community; almost all your children have sat under my ministry; and none of them have wandered from the truth. I feel bound, therefore, by many sacred ties, to do as your note demands. Before I do so, allow me to express a hope that your request, and my compliance, may be ultimately found to the Divinely appointed means for constraining both you, and your present useful and spiritual partner in life, to cast in your lot with us; and no longer to turn a deaf ear to that sacred injunction—"THIS DO, IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME." It has been our happiness, as a church, of late, to gather in many precious souls; and our church meetings have been refreshing and comforting unto our souls.

When I came to address the church, the

congregation, and the new members, Paul's words entered very pleasantly into my mind—"Wherefore receive ye one another, as Christ also received us unto the glory of God."

I find it quite impossible to give you the address this month, but you shall have it in August, if the Lord will spare your grateful brother in the faith,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Written near Cheltenham,
June 16.

THE
DEATH OF THOS. STRINGER, JUN.

Lives on the Death of my dear Boy, Thomas Stringer, who died of the yellow fever in Brazil, South America, May 29, 1856, on his voyage to Madras, East Indies (aged fourteen years and five months), which painful intelligence I received on Friday, May 29, 1857, one year after his departure.

THOMAS, dear child, thou art with us no more; Thy happy spirit's fled (we trust), to yonder peaceful shore.

Delivered from a world of sin, of toil, and pain, Never to mix with us in trials, in griefs, or cares again.

Solemn the stroke! but 'twas a Father's hand That plucked the tender flower from the polluted land.

Thy race on earth was very quickly run, And now with earthly things thou art for ever done.

We thought we should—yea, hoped to—see thy face again,

And hear thee tell us of the bolsterous main. But, ah! our hopes and thoughts are gone, are fled.

The doleful tidings came, "Thomas, thy son, is dead."

Thousands of miles from us thy body's in the dust, Yet, when the archangel's trump shall sound, we trust

'Twill rise in Jesu's likeness, dwell on high, Joined to thy soul immortal, never more to die.

Farewell, dear boy, and let my sorrow cease; We then shall meet again, and live in joy and peace;

Although on earth we shall not hear thy voice, Together, then, in Christ we shall rejoice.

Our Father, God, oh help us to be still; What thou hast done, is but according to thy will; Lord, let us not against thy will repine; To thee ourselves, our child, our all, we'd resign.
Gravesend.

T. STRINGER.

REDEMPTION FUND,
FOR ENTIRELY EMANCIPATING "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

[We shall occupy a small corner each month in recording the sums received, and the names of the parties by whom sent, until the Committee can announce the publication free from all financial difficulties. It will not be possible to give but a small portion this month; but the list will be continued every month until every name and sum is registered, and the deed of the re-purchase added thereto.—Ed.]

£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
DEVONPORT. —	Collection at Jireh Chapel (brother Evan's)	Nichols	PLYMOUTH: Sub-
Our good friend	Stockwell 0 9 0	X. Y. Z. 0 0 6	scriptions re-
Greenslade	Ready to Perish 0 1 0	E. Spier 0 1 0	ceived by Mr.
says: — I	From Work-	W. Slack 0 1 0	Bates, of Old
have sent you	room West-end 0 3 6	W. Winslow 0 0 6	Town-st., upto
8s. 6d. from Mr	J. D. May, Ux-	W. Lay 0 0 6	the 23rd March,
John Rowe,	bridge 0 0 6	W. Soules 0 0 6	1857, and for-
and Mr. M.	Thos. Rowland,	H. Soules 0 0 6	warded to Mr.
Rowe, his son,	Coggeshall 1 0 0	R. Shrimpton 0 0 6	Williamson.
Lefton; also	J. Garritt 0 1 0	Reader, Long Er-	Miss King . . . 0 5 0
10s. from a	Mr. Pooek and	endon 0 0 6	" Bazeley . . . 0 2 6
friend at Stoke,	friends 0 5 0	J. T., Whitecha-	" France . . . 0 12 0
Devonport,	E. Sims and wife 0 1 0	pel 0 3 0	Mr. Bates . . . 0 5 0
through the	Mr. W. Bidder 0 5 0	Mr. Wells . . . 1 1 0	Capt. Anton . . . 0 4 0
testimony you	Mother in Israel,	" Blackshaw 1 0 0	Mr. Davis, per
gave in Mr.	Kettering 0 1 0	" Benton,	W. Bates . . . 0 5 0
Babb's Chapel,	W. Harrodine 0 0 6	West Ham 0 2 6	" Moore . . . 0 1 0
Plymouth 0 18 6	H. Searffe 0 0 6	Sent on the plat-	Miss Lake . . . 0 3 6
From Dunmow,	Collection at Mr.	form . . . 0 2 0	Mr. Westaway 0 5 0
J. J. Burton 0 2 0	Jas. Nunn's	Unicorn Yard,	" Ford . . . 0 1 0
J. G. 0 0 6	Chapel 1 0 0	collected at	" Hooppell . . . 0 4 0
R. B. 0 0 6	Chas. Shelton 0 10 0	public meet-	Mrs. Brey . . . 0 3 0
J. J. 0 0 6	Mr. S. Taylor,	ing . . . 9 4 3½	Mrs. Ackland . . . 0 1 0
J. Greenslade	Briesley-Wood,	Mr. Shelton . . . 0 10 0	Mrs. Hosking 0 1 0
and friends, De-	Manchester-	" Pocock . . . 1 1 0	Dr. Bulteel, per
vonport 0 9 0	road, Hudders-	" —, by Mr.	Miss Lake . . . 1 0 0
Friend, by J. Gre-	field 0 5 0	Wells . . . 0 2 0	Mr. Babb . . . 0 12 0
enslade 0 3 0	Mr. Vaugban,	" Whitter-	Mrs. Babb . . . 0 6 0
Collection at Two	minister of	idge . . . 1 0 0	A Friend, per
Waters Chapel 1 0 0	Hephzibah Chap-	" Larter Snape 0 2 6	W. Bates . . . 0 2 0
Christian Lady,	pel 0 5 0	" Brest, Leis-	Ditto . . . 0 1 0
near Lisson	D. Payne, Lower	ton . . . 0 2 6	Mr. Sidders . . . 0 2 6
Grove, given to	Slaughter 0 1 6	" Evans . . . 1 0 0	A Friend . . . 0 1 0
C. W. B. 0 10 0	Female, Lisson	A Lady, Clap-	Mr. Pepperell . . . 0 5 0
Two of Mr. Jas.	Grove Chapel 0 1 0	ham, by Mis.	" Rider . . . 0 2 6
Wells's hear-		Snudding . . . 1 0 0	
ers 0 1 6			

(To be continued next month).

Jubilee Services

AT SIBLE HEDINGHAM, ESSEX; AND A REVIEW OF THE ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN THAT PLACE.

[JUBILEE services and ministerial jubilees are not events of common occurrence. How very few—even of the most successful ministers—labour with one church for fifty years! And how very seldom are we favoured to record the jubilee even of a Christian Church! This has made us the more anxious to furnish an account of the jubilee services at Sible Hedingham in June; and our efforts have not been in vain, we have brief notices of these meetings; but, upon the whole, the most comprehensive is the following; for which, as well as for the others, we sincerely thank our kind correspondents.—ED.]

BELOVED SIR,—I will try and give you a line relative to the Jubilee at Hedingham. The weather was rather unfavourable, but a goodly number of people assembled; some ministers also; such as brethren Thurston, of Halstead; Powell, of Keddington; Simpson, of Sudbury; Mr. Tann, now supplying at Hedingham; and young Pells, of Clare, who read and prayed in the afternoon; after which, Mr. Bloomfield took for his text 2 Cor. i. 21, "Now he which stablisheth us with you in Christ, and hath anointed us, is God." From which he preached blessedly for nearly an hour and a half; and spoke sweetly upon the anointing under several heads. I noticed one in particular, namely, "the preciousness of the anointing." He said that the name of Christ was so fragrant and so perfuming that one cannot walk with him without carrying the savor; he will savor of Christ wherever he goes. What was it made the clod of earth so beautiful in smell? It is but a clod of earth, from whence then hath it this fragrance? It has been bedewed with the rose. Thus it is with the minister; he is but a clod of earth: from whence then is this fragrance? He dwells with the rose of Sharon; and must carry the sweet fragrance wherever he goes. Also, the man that reads his Bible much; having its blessed truths written in his heart, will carry the contents of it wherever he goes: he will savor of the Bible: yea, he will be like a walking Bible. "Read the Bible!" (said the good man) "Do read this blessed book; though you should pass by all that I have said, read the word of God."

After tea, Mr. Bloomfield preached again. And after a hymn was sung, he read the 46th Psalm, and expounded it. On that part—"come, behold the works of the Lord: what desolations he hath made in the earth, he maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the

earth." This, he said, may be true in a two fold sense. As a nation we have just got out of war with Russia, and are now at war with China and India. To these God says, "Thus far shalt thou go, but no farther." He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth; "he breaketh the bow and cutteth the spear in sunder." The bow and spear meaning instruments of war. But there is another war. Do not you remember the time before the Lord began to work by his Spirit in your heart? Were you not at war with him? at war with his people? at war with his truth? and at war with Jesus Christ? and declared in your heart, "We will not have this Man to reign over us?" But how is it with you now? Has he not made this war to cease? and given you to feel a desire after him? Yes! and as a consequence you feel a very different kind of war now. "He maketh wars to cease." Yea, have you not most assuredly felt and proved this to be true for I speak to you who know what darkness and distress, and misery and bondage is. I say in the midst of this, you never hate Jesus Christ, do you? In the worst seasons of darkness and soul desertion, you never feel to hate him! O no! you don't hate him, but you want to love him more. "He maketh wars to cease." He burneth the chariot in the fire, which may serve to illustrate that long train of false religions which must ultimately be burned in the fire of God's wrath. He knows his own work and can approve of no other. He burneth the chariot in the fire. "Be still and know that I am God." This, I think, is a much harder lesson than many are aware of. If God had said "Be active, and know that I am God: be diligent, and know that I am God; be careful, and know that I am God." It might have appeared reasonable and profitable, but to be still and quiet, when everything within and without seems to be crossed and overturned; yea, and every prospect seems to be blighted, is hard work. "There, (says a man) I put that seed in the ground yesterday; and its not come up yet: again the next day go and look for it, just the same, not come up yet." This is just our sort of way in looking at things: when we are calculating upon anything we cannot wait, but we want the fulfilment of it immediately: and if Jacob can't have things his own way and at his own time, then he cries out, "All these things are against me." And depend upon it we are not better than Jacob. And these things which we suppose are against us are the things that God intends shall work for our good, for he makes all things to work together for good to them that love him; hence he says, "Be still and know that I am God." But to be still then we say is most emphati-

cally an act of faith. Faith in the promise of God puts to silence the rebellious feeling of the heart. After a long exposition, singing and prayer, Mr. Bloomfield read his text from the 45th Psalm, 13. "The King's daughter is all glorious within—her clothing is of wrought gold." He said, it had been said there will be but one man, and one woman in heaven, which at first sight appears limited and untruthful; but in looking rightly and clearly into the subject, it is not so. The man is the Man Christ Jesus and the woman is the bride, the Lamb's wife, which is his body the church, the whole election of grace as one in him, and one with him, to all eternity. He spake of the inward glory in such a blessed manner as, methinks, I could have sat all night to have heard him.

Many felt it to be a good day indeed. Very solemn did the man of God speak at the close. "Fifty years" he said "has this cause stood; being preserved by the God of truth. How few are here now who were there at the erection of this chapel; they are gone into the world of spirits. Some of which are inhabiting a house not made with hands. How few that are now present will live to see another jubilee in this place. Another fifty years many of you will never see. A hymn was sung and the good man concluded by prayer.

L. Z.

Beside the above interesting letter, we are favoured with a copy of a neat pamphlet just written by our Christian and ministerial brother, Thomas Jones, of Dacre Park, Blackheath, entitled—"Jubilee Jottings. A Retrospect of the Past. An Ebenezer of Praise. Passages in the History of the Baptist Church at Sible Hedingham, Essex." The profits of this little fourpenny book (*if there be any*) are to be given to the Sunday-school connected with the chapel; and as it is a most pleasing and instructive narrative, we expect it will circulate far and near. The author has given us full permission to use as much of it as we can; we therefore connect with our report of the jubilee services a few extracts from the church's history. The following paragraphs carry us back to the circumstances that led to the formation of a Baptist Church in this rural part of Essex. Mr. Jones says:—

"It was about the beginning of the present century that three persons, members of the Independent Church at Castle Hedingham, by reading the Scriptures, were convinced of the duty of believers' baptism; and having frequently met together to pray for direction, saw the impropriety of living in the neglect of that ordinance. It was suggested to them that they could go and be baptised without leaving the church to which they belonged. They were attached to their brethren, and could not lightly withdraw from them; but they felt it would be inconsistent of them to observe the

ordinance in *one* act of their lives, and then practically belie their convictions all their days. They shrunk from such a mean and truckling abuse of truth, and resolved by Divine help to practise no sham, but stand together in the good old paths, however few their number. Two other members of the church came into agreement with them, and the five made application to be dismissed on the ground of their change of views. As a sample of Christian courtesy and good feeling, seldom witnessed under such circumstances, we give the letter sent to them by their quondam associates:—

"This is to certify that Ed. Elliston, Daniel Hurrell, William Scandrett, Benjamin Nott, and Samuel Nott, are hereby dismissed from their connection with the Church of Christ assembling for Divine worship in the Large Meeting, in Castle Hedingham. And in thus dismissing them from our communion, we do most fervently pour forth our supplications to the God of all grace, that he may most abundantly bless whatsoever means they may see it their duty to attend upon; that they may all experience a growing conformity to the image of his Son, and hereafter join us in communion with the church triumphant in glory.

"(Signed)

"ROBERT STEVENSON, Pastor.

"Castle Hedingham, Feb. 21, 1801."

"The above letter reflects honour on both parties, and might furnish a lesson to those who think division on conscientious principles must be marked with an entire disregard of good manners and Christian charity."

In the village of Erls Coln, at that time, Mr. Pudney was pastor over a Baptist Church; and thither went the Hedingham friends to hear the gospel, and to worship the Lord. Others were induced to unite with them; until, as the writer of "Jubilee Jottings" records:—

"After many prayers and consultations, eight of the little band proposed themselves for membership at Erls Coln. The church having heard them relate their experience of a divine change, welcomed them to their communion, and on the 8th day of August, 1802, they were baptized in the name of the ever blessed Trinity. They still continued their prayer meetings at Hedingham, and the Holy Ghost wrought with them, and five more were convinced of the duty and privilege of Christian baptism, who followed their Saviour through the flood on October 10th, 1802. The congregation being constantly on the increase, and the distance to Erls Coln, being too great for the very old and the very young to travel weekly and inconvenient for all, they asked permission of their brethren to hold Lord's-days services at home, and their request was granted. But a new difficulty arose—how could they obtain a suitable place to meet in? Prayer prevailed in this case also, and a door was opened for them where they least expected, and though the building assigned them (and which they entered upon Nov. 9, 1802,) was of the

plainest order, the Most High consecrated it by his presence, and made it a 'Bethel' to the people. Their worship consisted chiefly of prayer, reading the Scriptures, and conversing upon the same; using, as common stock, for mental instruction and edification, the wisdom and knowledge bestowed upon them by the Father of lights. Those were good days with the little flock; and the union, love, and peace, enjoyed by those means, might suggest to the living in Jerusalem the propriety of holding fellowship meetings, where all shall be equal; where they who fear the Lord might speak one to another; where fitting questions could be put, and the diversities of gifts, wrought by the same Spirit, yield their savoury fruits. This need not prevent, or supersede a divinely ordained and qualified ministry, wherever God supplies the men; that which pertains to the important service of the preacher and pastor may be done without leaving the other undone. If there be danger of fostering pride, pertness and conceit, by such social gatherings, then is there the more need for them, that such stinking weeds may be rooted up, and humility, modesty and meekness, be cultivated, where the meek and lowly Jesus is professedly loved and served."

We should have bright hopes of more peace and prosperity in our churches, if these valuable suggestions could be practically adopted. In fact, there are three things which we should be most happy to see perseveringly maintained, and if they could be brought into full play, our strength and success as gospel churches, would be—under the Divine blessing—more vigorous and pleasant. But in the present fearfully divided state of things we feel it useless even to name them.

How William Scandrett was raised up as the first pastor of the Hedingham church—the tribulation which attended his path, and the long continued triumphs of the gospel in these parts, we purpose to give in detail next month.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXXV.

MOST EXCELLENT THEOPHILUS.—You will not, after what I have said in my last, forget, nor fail to see and feel, that eternal election is an *essential* part of the gospel, and therefore essential to be believed, received, known, loved, and honored. You will often hear people say that election is no part of the gospel, and that the Saviour did not say, "Go and preach election to every creature," but, "Go and preach the *gospel* to every creature." Now, your answer to this wily remark of the adversary must be this—that if because the word *election* is not mentioned in the command, "Go ye and preach the

gospel to every creature," that therefore it is no part of the gospel; so (by this rule) neither is the *atonement* any part of the gospel; for the word *atonement* is not mentioned in the command.

You thus see how the various agents of Satan by subtlety get rid, some of one part of the gospel, and some of another part, and so you may go on down and down, until you come down into Atheism, and thence down into hell.

Election is as *essential* to salvation, and is as essential to be received as is the atonement, the Godhead of Christ, or any other essential part of the gospel. There is no right knowledge of, or reception of, or conformity to the atonement, without eternal election. If Christ be a Priest after a certain order, so must we be *vitally* and truly conformed to his Image, that is, to his form and order of things. No man can be a Christian but by the forming hand of God; and those whom he creates he creates *in Christ Jesus*, and are conformed to new covenant *shape*, form, and order, but you will find but very few who have heard the voice of the eternal Father, or seen *his shape*—that is, his *new covenant paternity*; this is his *shape*, to which all his children are conformed, and shall ultimately in this filial order be perfect, even as is the Father in his paternity.

Thus we have the Father in eternal election order; and the Saviour as the express Image of the same, is as clearly shewn in the *eternity of the perfection* of his Priesthood. We, then, in accordance with this, have the Holy Spirit with the saints for ever. "He shall be with you *for ever*," and to this order—if God be true, we must be conformed or be eternally lost.

Having said thus much, I now proceed to lay before my good Theophilus the second rule I propose noticing of ultimate judgment—namely, that of *personal character*. Now you know, from happy experience, that the grace of God effectually teaches you to deny ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live righteously and soberly in this present evil world. You, therefore, are not of the world, but belong to that better country to which you are hastening. You know, also, that again and again it is written, that every man shall be rewarded according to his *works*; that *only* those that have done good can come forth to the resurrection of eternal life; that only those who keep his commandments can have right to the tree of life; that not every one that saith, "Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven; but he that *doeth* the will of my Father which is in heaven; for we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive that he hath done in the body, whether it be good or whether it be bad."

And, "Only he that overcometh can inherit all things."

Now, all these apparently difficult Scriptures become perfectly easy when read in *gospel order*.

"*They that have done good.*" Now, this sentence has a two-fold aspect, one towards God, and one towards man. 1st, Towards God. In this aspect it will mean love in opposition to enmity. Now the Saviour being supremely endeared to you, you can do nothing against the *truth*, but stand out for it, hold it fast, trade with heaven by it, in proportion to the amount of living truth administered to you; and you as a believer (for they must be works of faith) feel that you could not give up one particle of his truth. Thou hast, saith the Lord, a little strength, and hast kept my word, and not denied my name; you are but an earthen vessel, but yet by you as a vessel of mercy the *truth* is to be unto the last preserved in you. This is a *good work*, and it is by your possessing the truth in the savour of it, that you are a part of the salt of the earth. Give up, as many basely do, all, or any part of the truth, and you at once lose your savour.

Now, to love God in truth, by the truth, is a good work; and to hold fast to the end, to endure to the end, is a good work; and to stand out for the truth, nor say a confederacy with any of the yea and nays, is a good work; to suffer for the truth, even if it be unto death, is a good work; to *profit* by the truth, is a good work; to grow in grace, by the truth is a good work; to receive the messengers, the ministers of the gospel, is a good work; to receive babes in Christ, the little ones, is a good work; to cleave unto the truth with a ready mind, a willing heart, is a good work; to seek the Lord by prayer and supplication, is a good work; and to give thanks unto his holy name, is a good work.

But now, *who* is the man that *can* perform these good works? Not the natural man, for he "receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God."

Thus, most excellent Theophilus, for your *personal* character to be good, you must stand well with new covenant truth; you must be conformed to its order. Can the mere natural man really receive the truth in the love of it? can he trade with heaven by the truth? can he hold it dearer than mortal life? can he *truly* and spiritually receive the ministers of God? can he refuse strangers or flee from them? can he receive in heart and soul the humbled, the broken-down sinner, who is so completely brought to free-grace terms that he is called a *little one*, and his very life, or rather the nourishment of it, is the sincere milk of the word? Can the natural man seek God on *truth's* ground by prayer and supplication?

can he truly praise the *new* name of the Lord, which he does not know? So true it is that they that are in the flesh cannot please God.

Now, to do what I have here described, is to do so far the will of the Father; this is to keep his commandments, and so to have (evidential) right to the Tree of Life, and thus enter in through the gates into the city; for all who are not thus born of God, and made one with the truth, will be judged by their first Adam characters, which are those of dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and idolators, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." This is what men are without Christ; for "there is none righteous, no, not one; there is none that doeth good, no, not one. Who, then, maketh thee to differ? and what hast thou that thou didst not receive?" And if thou didst receive it, it was according to the purpose of eternal election, purposed in Christ Jesus.

Well, now, of the good works of which I have spoken you will have to give an account; and it will be, or may be, thus summed up: "Gather not my soul with sinners, nor my life with men of blood, for I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth."

But this doing good has another side to it, its aspect is towards men. Now, you must "walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners," (enemies to the truth), nor sit in a free-will or duty-faith seat, or any other seat of the scornful; for such scorn the really poor and needy; but your delight will be in the law of liberty, as it is by that law you are to be judged.

Now you must, then, I say, walk in practical love to the brethren; you must pray for them, abstain from slandering them, as there will be plenty of people to do that, without any of your assistance. You must forgive unto seventy times seven. You must honor the Lord with your substance, and with the first-fruits of all thine increase; or how can the Judge say to you at the last, "I was hungry, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; sick, and ye visited me; in prison, and ye came in unto me; a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me." Nor must you think this a hardship, but bless God that you have a heart to love those whom he loves. He loveth a cheerful giver; he giveth us all things richly to enjoy. You are with all your might and means to favour his righteous cause. "Remember them that have (not a lordship or Popish, but a *pastoral*) rule over you." You are to esteem them *very highly* for their work's sake; nor are you to slight the house of God, but reverence his sanctuary, "not forsaking the assembly of the saints."

Also you are to do evil to no man, but do

all the good you can to all men ; you must mortify selfishness, for a little, or rather, a great deal of work in this way is essential to prove that you do partake of the spirit of the gospel ; and when you have done all, you are to go and tell the Lord that you are, after all, but an unprofitable servant ; that you have merited nothing ; for that you have done only that which was due from you to God, in gratitude for his never-ceasing mercy to you.

I hope next month to sum up this part of the solemn matter we have in hand, somewhat to your satisfaction ; and believe me, your sincere servant in the Lord,

A LITTLE ONE.

JESUS CHRIST— OUR KINSMAN — REDEEMER.

By MR. SAMUEL COZENS,
Of Somerstoun.

If it were possible to make too much of the types—if the offices, names, characters, and excellencies of the dear Redeemer could be too highly or too fully declared, or too elaborately defined and delineated—if undue enlargements in such subjects could possibly be given, we should say Mr. Samuel Cozens had over-stepped the bounds in his *Thought Book*—the first part of which is now in course of publication. But too much of HIM in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the God-head bodily can never be said by angels, ministers, or saints. Mr. Cozens evidently finds in every branch of his work, not only a river which cannot be passed over, but an ever-flowing ocean of Eternal Truth. And herein he revels and launches forth, sometimes most gloriously. The following specimens are from the paper headed, "THE KINSMAN."

If an Israelite had sold himself into slavery, the kinsman was to redeem him of his master. We not only forfeited our inheritance by disobedience, but we sold ourselves to the most sordid vassalage, and became the servants of sin and the slaves of hell ; in which service we were vigilant in serving divers lusts ; and though that service was leading us down to death, to ruin, to hell, and to eternal woe, we often grieved we could sin no more. And are all those evil passions eradicated ? No ! No !! No !!! We know that the law is spiritual ; but I am carnal ; but I Paul am carnal ; but I Paul an apostle am carnal ; but I Paul the chief of the apostles am carnal ; but I who have been in the third heavens am carnal ; but I who have seen the Lord Jesus am carnal, sold under sin. This is strong language to set forth the strength of sin. Paul with all his grace and gifts, could not master it ; but sin, like a mighty conqueror, took him a prisoner, led him captive, and bound him so fast that he could not do the things that he would ;

nor from this law in the members, this thorn in the flesh, this plague in the heart, this leprosy in the house, can any relieve us. But do you mean to say that we are not to expect to get better ? I do mean to say that you never can by any *human* effort better your spiritual condition. Well, what is the mercy in this misery ? "Ye have sold yourselves for nought ; and ye shall be redeemed without money." They shall not be required to purchase their own freedom. And as Cyrus, not only redeemed them without money, but also endowed them with valuable gifts to take to the holy city ; so our blessed Lord will not only take us out of sin without price, but He will also furnish us with every essential for the holy city.

If an Israelite was murdered, his kinsman, was to avenge his blood. "The revenger of blood himself shall slay the murderer." This word "revenger," signifies a blood avenger, or, a *vindicator of violated rights*. Jesus is the Vindicator of our violated rights. Satan was a murderer from the beginning. He has in all ages deceived men, and been the cause of their spiritual, corporal, and eternal death. Sin is of the devil : death is by sin, and so "death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." Satan stung with malicious resentment and rebellion against that avenging Christ, who hurled him from the heights of glory, down to darkness and despair ; and filled with malignant enmity against him who bore the image of that God from whom he had revolted, struck death into his immortal soul, and murdered all the human race in the person of Adam their federal head. Now in order to vindicate our cause, to punish the murderer, and to avenge our blood, our dear Redeemer assumed our nature, pursued our murderer into all his strongholds ; yea, and followed him even down to death, and through death, "He destroyed him that had the power of death, that is, the devil." The glorious avenger of our blood has not only punished the murderer, but he has restored life to the murdered, that in their own persons they may overcome the wicked one."

"For I know (that my *Goal*, my Kinsman) my Redeemer liveth." Job had an interest in the dear Redeemer, and knew it ; which is the greatest blessing that can be enjoyed this side of Jordan. It is possible to know Christ as a Redeemer, and have no *interest* in his redemption (devils know him to be such) ; and some may have an interest in Christ, and yet not know it :—"Interest is before knowledge." The babe has an interest in its mother's breast, before it knows, or desires, the "sincere milk." The child has an interest in its father's affections, before it knows or understands paternal love. The heir has an interest in the testator's will, before he knows it ; so we have an interest in the Redeemer, before we know him ; and we are brought savingly to know him, because we have an interest in him. This knowledge is too wonderful for me ! It is so wonderful, that we can

"—bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe our weeping eyes."

It is so wonderful, that we can

“— smile at Satan’s rage,
And face a frowning world.”

It is so wonderful, that it makes afflictions advantageous, and bereavements bearable. It is so wonderful, that it turns conflicts into conquests and darkness into day. “I know,” yes, “I know,” I am confident, I am certain, “that my Redeemer liveth.” Job might have said to all his *afflictions*—“I know that my Redeemer liveth; and ye afflictions shall cease.” He might have said to all his *losses*—“I know that my Redeemer (the unspeakable Gift) liveth; and what are my losses in comparison with such a Gift?” He might have said to his *persecuting friends*, who charged him with a want of godliness, with hypocrisy, with wickedness—“I know that my Redeemer liveth to disprove your *falsities*.” He might have said to sin—“I know that my Redeemer liveth, to blot out all my transgressions.” He might have said to the *world*—“I know that my Redeemer liveth, to deliver me from this present evil world.” He might have said to the *law*—“I know that my Redeemer liveth, to screen me from your curse.” He might have said to *Satan*—“I know that my Redeemer liveth, to shield me from thy fiery, fatal darts.” He might have said to *death*—“I know that my Redeemer liveth; and now, oh death, where is thy sting?” He might have said to the *grave*—“I know that my Redeemer liveth; and I will demand, oh grave, where is thy victory?” He might have said to *hell*—“I know that my Redeemer liveth; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against me.” I know that my Redeemer liveth.” Helives! to *look* after us; to *listen* to us; to *love* us. Helives! to *plead* our cause; to *provide* for our necessities; to *pardon* our souls. He lives! to *cleans*e us from all unrighteousness; to *comfort* us in all our tribulations; to *conduct* us in all our goings. He lives! to *support* us in the greatest afflictions; to *succour* us in the sorest temptations, and to *save* us from all our enemies.

“He lives! the great Redeemer lives!
(What joy the blest assurance gives!”)

Are you afflicted with disease? Job’s Redeemer lives to heal your diseases. Have you lost your property? Job’s Redeemer can restore that which is taken away. Are you bereaved of all your children? Job’s Redeemer is more than all these. “Am I not better to thee than ten sons?” Are you so obnoxious to the companion of your bosom, that you are wished to insult the Most High in such a manner as to provoke his wrath to your destruction? Job’s Redeemer can silence the foolish woman. Is the devil multiplying his temptations upon you? Job’s Redeemer can hold your soul in life. Have your friends forsaken you? Job’s Redeemer is more than all to you. Are your friends persecuting you? Job’s Redeemer will gag them in eternal silence, and they shall never open their mouth any more.

WARNING TO
SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS,
AND ALL
WHOSE FEET ARE READY TO SLIDE.

[We have been intimately acquainted with the following case. The Lord has, we hope, made us useful in some measure. We have felt the deepest sympathies, both of a sorrowful and of a joyful kind, in connection with the travail of her soul who penned the following lines. We hope, indeed, that they may be a blessing to many—not only in warning the tempted, but in giving encouragement to the downcast and the distressed.—Ed.]

DEAR PASTOR.—Having read with deep interest, and I trust some profit, a piece in the *VESSEL* entitled, “The Backslider’s Woe and Warning,” I feel a great desire to write a short account of the faithless part I have acted as a Sunday-school teacher, which may be of use as a warning to others. I give it into your hand, do with it as you think fit.

At the early age of fifteen, I was engaged in the labours of the Sunday-school in the country, and I believe the Lord had bestowed upon me great gifts, for although so young, my class was a Bible class. I was at that time under deep convictions of sin, and in great concern about the salvation of my immortal soul; and I believe this made me very earnest in my work, for I felt deeply the importance of my charge, and sought, by earnest prayer, assistance from the Giver of all grace to teach the dear children rightly; and many sweet and solemn seasons we then enjoyed. But circumstances occurred which caused the removal of my parents to London, and with deep regret and many tears, I was separated from my beloved class and Pastor, who had been in the Lord’s hand the instrument through which I believe I was first brought truly to seek the Lord; and his great kindness to me during the time I remained, while in deep distress of mind, I never shall forget; and my rebellious heart murmured greatly against the Lord, when by his providence I was removed from his pastoral care. I knew not then that the Lord worketh by what and whom he will, but he taught me shortly afterwards by working a great deliverance for me, in bringing my soul out of the deep sorrow, that nothing previously could remove, and leading me to Jesus by the powerful application of his own word, while reading it, that his work was not hindered by any circumstance that could occur, and that it was the power of the Holy Spirit alone that could take of the things of Christ and reveal them unto those whom he hath quickened. Thus, the Lord taught me a great lesson, and my own soul being filled with peace and joy, I could not rest without my beloved work, for I longed to encourage others to seek the dear Redeemer, who was then so precious to me; and besought the Lord to open a way for me, which request he granted me very shortly afterwards; and again I became teacher of a

Bible class. Oh! the happy, peaceful seasons I then enjoyed, I never, never can forget: I could then say, "My mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved!" The Lord abundantly blessed me, and my class gradually increased, until it numbered about twenty interesting young persons; my labours appeared to be owned and blessed by the Lord: many times have I wept and prayed too with my little flock, when some where in deep concern about the welfare of their immortal souls; and humbly depending upon the Lord the Spirit for assistance. I studied the sacred Word and endeavoured to lead them to the Saviour, who was so precious then to me. I met with them one evening every week in the vestry of the chapel, to explain to them the "Pilgrim's Progress," and truly then we were a happy band. But now, with shame and sorrow would I confess my fearful desertion of them. First, I felt a death like feeling steal upon me, and gradually I forsook the throne of grace, and began to rely upon my own strength; and sought not, as before, Divine assistance in my work; when, alas! I found the gift God had given me departing from me—the sacred Word became sealed to me; I could no longer understand it; I felt ashamed to meet my class, and from that time I gradually neglected it; my heart was no longer in the work, and a careless frame of mind stole upon me; the dear young people talked to, and intreated, me to continue with them, but I told them I could not; I had nothing to say to them. Oh! what a fearful example to set them! What could they think of that glorious Gospel I had so earnestly recommended to them, when they saw their teacher a backslider? Oh, that I had then sought the Lord, and entreated him to restore my wandering feet! I believe he would; but, I did not. I left them: some where then about to be united to the church, of which I was a member; but one, to whom I was greatly attached, while waiting to pass through the ordinance of baptism, which was to be administered about three months from the time she had been accepted by the church, she drew back and went into the world. All her friends were very worldly, but she had hitherto stood firm amidst much opposition; and when I remonstrated with her upon thus acting, her reply (which I never can forget) was, "Teacher, you forsook your class, and if I am lost, and go to hell, you will have to answer for it; for I have none to warn me now—all around me are worldly, and do nothing but reproach me; but while you was with us, after the Sabbath I felt strengthened again; but now I feel careless; yet, if you will come back again, I will come too; for I will listen to you. Teacher, will you come back?" With tears I replied, "No, I cannot." Then she said, "Neither will I." Thus we parted. Oh, Sabbath-school teachers! desert not your post! take warning by me! Years of deep, dark distress have been my portion. Despair has at times almost dethroned reason; I believe I had a foretaste of the torments of the lost; such floods of sorrow and temptation my soul has passed through, I

never can tell a thousandth part; truly could I say, "Tis fearful to forsake God, for who can bear his anger?" Sleepless nights, and mourning days, have been my portion; death and judgment have been constantly before me, and banishment throughout all eternity from the presence of the Lord; every step I have taken has appeared to bring me nearer to this fearful end. I have cried out, "Eternity! oh, eternity! how shall I grapple with eternity?" Ah, none can tell what these deep-waters mean but those who have passed through them; and but for the Lord's omnipotent arm I believe I should have sunk for ever in despair. But thanks, eternal thanks to his name, he has not left me, but has brought me to see there is mercy even for me, through the peace-speaking blood of the dear Redeemer. But, although I believe I may be saved at last, yet I fear sorrow will attend me all my journey through. I know I deserve it all; God is just, and I would bow and kiss the rod; for, why was I not at once cut down? But Jesus has had mercy on me, and I hope yet to praise his name.

Oh, if you wish to escape these sorrows, be earnest in your work; seek constantly help from above, and beware of the first cold feeling; pray against it, thrive against it, for, believe me, if you do not, it will grow upon you till you are conquered by it. *Think of the importance of your work*—TRAINING SOULS FOR HEAVEN. I would say to superintendents too, watch after your fellow-labourers; warn them if they appear cold and indifferent in their work; pray with, and for them, that they may be kept steadfast; for, I believe, had a kind and faithful friend warned me in love when I first began to grow careless, I should have been then preserved from falling. But I was left to myself—and the enemy conquered—I fell an easy prey.

K. HOLLIS.

25, West-street, Neckinger,
June 3, 1857.

AFFLICTIONS PROFITABLE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM A MINISTER TO A CHRISTIAN FRIEND, JUST RECOVERED FROM A SEVERE AFFLICTION.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER.—Your's came to hand last week, I think during my absence, for I left home a week last Monday, and did not return till Whitsun Monday. During my absence I heard of your illness, and purposed writing you on my return, not expecting a letter from you would await my perusal.

I am not right in my health, nor can I get so. Dyspepsia, or as I sometimes think, water in the chest, troubles me a good deal; prostrates me and breaks my spirits.

I am glad the Lord has favoured you in your affliction, for his presence not only relieves the gloom, but refreshes and cheers the spirits. Like ointment and perfume, it fills the room with an agreeable odour, and makes the sick man's chamber the good man's resort.

It is pleasant to see an old painting cleaned and fresh varnished, and especially when the author was an original, and the likeness all his own. Good men cannot live comfortably without God, any more than they can live naturally without him; for in his presence is life; life of the highest kind, of the greatest value, and of the noblest order; life in its original grant, in its implanted existence, in its developed form, and in its most fruitful aspect. The presence of God's glory is heaven; the presence of God's justice in hell; the presence of God's power on earth, and the presence of God's grace in his saints, are all-important subjects.

Our God seeks our welfare by all he does; nor less so, when he inflicts than when he withholds his chastising hand. The bramble is not pruned, nor the useless soil ploughed.

The carpenter uses his axe and his plane not upon wood he throws out for the fire, but upon that designed for service. "Thou art our Lord; thou never barest rule over them. Ye are God's husbandry, ye are God's building." Such is the testimony of God.

Afflictions are often necessary to increased vigour and beauty. The bird loses its appetite, its vigour, and its voice, while the moulting seasons last, but its full and renovated plumage, seems ample compensation, and Psalm ciii. 5, illustrates, in a beautiful way, the powers of the Holy Spirit in renovating the soul from spiritual decrepitude to the health, the strength, and the beauty of a young eagle.

What then, "though the days of man are as grass, and his prosperity as the flowers of the field," they are freely constricted with the everlasting mercy and faithfulness of Jehovah. So that while the natural man, who withers like the green herb, ought not to presume: the spiritual man, whose nature with all its infirmities, the Son of God espoused, must not be discouraged by the frailty of his days in the evanescent glory of terrestrial things, seeing the flower that withered in Adam, blossoms afresh in Christ, never to fail again.

A SOUL BETWEEN HOPE AND DESPAIR.

THE following somewhat singular enquiry has been forwarded to us. We insert it, hoping to be useful, not only to "A Babe" (the writer,) but, also, to many who may be exercised in a similar way.

"Dear Mr. Editor.—Will you insert the following with its reply, and you will oblige,
"A BABE.

"When a saint of God is passing through a deep and sore conflict—experiencing, constantly, as he hopes, a spirit of prayer—the promises of the Lord hourly flowing into his soul, apparently applicable to his case, producing hope, trust, and watchfulness of spirit—yet, questioning all daily, for months—almost strangled as it were between hope and despair, still cannot give up his hope; but continually crying to the Lord; under these circumstances

what scriptural evidences are there that his prayers are indited by the Holy Ghost—that the promises are sealed upon the heart by Divine power, or that his hope is of heavenly origin?"

Before we could undertake to answer "A Babe," we shall be thankful if he will answer the following questions.

1. How came "A Babe" to be "a saint of God?"

2. For what does "A Babe" hope?

3. After what is it that "A Babe" is "continually crying unto the Lord?"

Let us see that the profession of saintship is real—that the hope is truly set on new covenant, and on spiritual blessings, and that the crying is the fruit of evangelical repentance and of a living faith, then, there will be no difficulty in pointing out "Scriptural evidences," &c. At present, the enquiry is not so clear as we could wish—EDITOR.

Mr. Toplady says:—"Did the Spirit of God ever convince you of sin? Do you see yourself liable to the curse of the law, and the just vengeance of God, for the innate depravity of your nature, and the transgressions of your life? Do you come to Christ humbled and self-condemned, sensible that unless you are clothed with the merits of Him our Elder Brother, you are ruined and undone, and can never stand with joy or safety before the holy Lord God? If so, lift up thy head; redemption is thine; thou art in a state of grace; thou art translated from death to life; thou art an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ."

"THIS MAN RECEIVETH SINNERS."

*Lines written on a Sermon preached by
Mr. J. Pells.*

Y^e humble poor at mercy's door,
With weak and wounded spirits,
The only place for thy sad case,
Pleading thy Saviour's merits;
The only Friend that can attend
To all your needy cases;
To heal the snarls of broken hearts,
And soothe thy sore distresses.
He knows thy grief, and will receive
Backsliders when returning;
He sees and hears thy broken prayers,
And all thy inward mourning.
Thy weak desires to heaven aspires,
That longs for restoration;
What thou dost crave thou soon shall have
Beyond thy expectation.
But, ah! say ye, "How can it be
That Christ can dwell within us,
Who daily feel more helpless still—
The very chief of sinners?"
If thou can't go and tell him so,
And make this sound confession,
Then rest assured thou art secured,
And shall receive the blessing.
Poor sinners are most welcome there,
Who feel sin's heavy burden,
For Jesu's name is still the same
To justify and pardon. L. Z.

Satan is very well pleased with poor sinners so long as they are pleased with themselves; but as soon as they begin to feel displeas'd with themselves he soon gets displeas'd with them too.

J. Pells.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF MR. HENRY BIRCH, A.M.

PASTOR OF THE CHURCH MEETING AT THE DANE HOUSE, CRANBROOK, KENT,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE, LORD'S-DAY, MAY 31, AGED 76 YEARS.

MR. BIRCH was the last surviving son of the Rev. Thomas Birch, of Thoresby, Lincolnshire. When at Magdalene College, Oxford, the Lord was pleased to convince him of sin, and he became greatly alarmed concerning his eternal state. The thoughts of eternity would intrude when pursuing his studies, so as to unfit him for his ordinary duties. And the only books from which he found comfort and instruction at that time were Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, and Luther's *Commentary on Psalm li*. But the Lord having effectually began the great work of calling a sinner "out of darkness into his marvellous light," he fell yet deeper into soul trouble, and his downcast countenance manifested so legibly his inward grief that some of his friends became greatly concerned on his account, they not understanding the handwriting. However, at length, he left Oxford, and filled several curacies: first, for his father, then at Luton, in Bedfordshire; also at St. John's, Bedford Row, with the Rev. Mr. Cecil; and the last was at St. Paul's Cray, with the Rev. Mr. Symons. The Lord continuing his powerful work in his conscience, by the application of his holy law, and finding nothing but condemnation in what he was engaged, and some books falling into his hands, from which he gained a little comfort, he left the ministry of the Church of England, and became acquainted with the late Rev. Wm. Huntington, to whose person and ministry he was ardently attached; and that ministry was to him, he said, like a blaze of light on weak eyes; and to part with church preferment and emolument for such a ministry was to him, he said, like parting with a straw for a guinea.

After Mr. Huntington's death, he continued meeting with that congregation until he came to Cranbrook, by the wish of the Rev. Isaac Beeman, with whom he was on friendly terms. But previous to his coming there, he sought the Lord's will concerning it, and was told to go into the street called Straight, and there it should be told him what to do.

After Mr. B.'s death, he led the congregation by reading and prayer, until a difference arose between them and Mr. Birch, on account of their neglect of the ordinances of the Lord's house, (for which Mr. Birch was a great advocate.)

In consequence of this he left them, when several persons followed him, who wished him

to speak to them at his own house. He had previously been exercised about his neglect to preach the word, and sought the Lord's mind and will on the matter—when in answer he had those words, "But afterwards he repented, and went, and did the will of his Father," which he took as a reproof from the Lord. Therefore, he consented to speak to a few persons at his own house, until they took the Dane House for him, in or about November, 1839, where he formed a church on the same principles as his revered friend, Mr. Huntington, and administered the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper, and preached the word of life freely to the people without fee or reward; and declared the satisfaction, at times, he felt in so doing. As a minister, he was close and heart-searching, very experimental; had a profundity of Scriptural knowledge, and was most encouraging to the coming sinner, entering deeply, at times, into the trial and triumph of faith. The articles of the church proposed, and assented to one by one, were as follows:—

We acknowledge the right of the infant seed of believers to Baptism.

We hold the doctrine of the most holy and incomprehensible Trinity;

The predestination of the elect to grace and glory;

The exclusive interest of believers in the blood of Christ, as they are elect antecedent unto their believing;

The necessity of the new birth by the Holy Spirit;

The final perseverance of the saints;

And maintain the open profession of the faith by breaking of bread, to be a signal act of obedience to the Son of God.

Signed, HENRY BIRCH, Pastor.

Mr. Birch preached twice, and administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, on Lord's-day, the 3rd May. On Wednesday, the 6th, he went to Seven Oaks, and preached a sermon, in which he was occupied two hours in delivering, from Job xxviii. 20, 21; and the next morning he baptized the infant son of Mr. Marchant, who states, in a letter to the writer, "his last visit to us was a peculiar one; he was very happy with us, and I believe he left a blessing behind him." Mr. M. expressing his fears lest he should be fatigued by so long a sermon, he replied "I am not; I feel happy; blessed be his

dear name, he strengthened my soul and my body; he is my portion, and I love him." Then quoted those favorite lines of (I believe) Cennick:

"The despised Nazarine,
He is high in my esteem."

Also,

"Other lovers I despise,
Mine is gone beyond the skies."

Next Lord's-day, the 10th, he preached twice from Ecclesiastes vii. 13. He complained then of being very feeble, and the difficulty he experienced to get about.

The following extracts, from a letter to Mr. White, will explain the commencement of his last illness:—

"DEAR WHITE,—I am not fit for the field of action. On the evening and night of the 10th I had most excruciating pains all over. On Monday, the 11th, I lay like a log on a sofa, speaking to none, and keeping as quiet as possible. But on Tuesday I found this would not succeed: I sent for Mr. Dunhill (the Surgeon) who immediately ordered me to go to bed, and continue there. Wednesday I was very ill. Yesterday (Thursday) I felt for the first time as if I should recover. I have had great depression of spirits. To-day (Friday) I have no power for the work, and must give up all thoughts of meeting my people on the 17th. Do come early, and I will find you something to read. I find faith in Christ's precious blood; his alone gift will alone save me, and defeat the accuser. He who rebuked the fever in Peter's wife's mother still lives.

Your's, as a servant for truth's sake,
HENRY BIRCH."

The foregoing, especially the latter part, was written in a very tremulous hand, as was also a short letter, written to Mr. Milsted, of Balhams Hill. And as it shows his great tenderness, integrity, and faith in Christ, I will transcribe it.

"Waterloo-place, Cranbrook, May 14.

I will not go out of the world in debt to so honest and kind, upright a man as Mr. John Milsted. Accept this (a post-office order for £1). Do not send it back. Death has lost his terror in me. I owe this to the only lover I ever had, or shall have, who knew me before I knew him.

HENRY BIRCH."

Mr. Milsted, in reply, said in a letter:

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—What could induce you to send me this when I consider I am your debtor? I shall hold myself so at some future day, should the Lord spare you and me to meet again."

But this was denied. Mr. White being from home when the above letter of Mr. Birch, written on the 15th May, came to hand, he did not see him until the next Sabbath, 24th, when, on entering the room, he took Mr. White by the hand, with all the affection of a tender father in Christ, expressing the greatest confidence as to his safety, and said, after other things, that he died in the firm belief of infant baptism; and went on to explain his reasons, commencing with Abraham, &c. He

also read exaltingly the last three stanzas of Mr. Hart's 88th hymn, on "Saving Faith," which he now felt assured he possessed, giving a charge to remember the poor, and said he would make provision for that purpose, and would acquaint his sister of the same: then directed that a portion of Dr. Owen's Works, and the account of the last hours of the immortal Toplady should be read that day at the chapel, stating he should die. And he thought on that day, and said he wished to die on the Lord's-day, which wish was at length gratified.

To those in attendance at his bedside, he stated that death had lost its sting, and said, "I am full of sweet peace; Jesus is very precious to me now; time has been when I feared he would not notice me; but, not so now; he has dispersed my fears, and he is all my happiness: get him, and you get all; lose him, and you lose all."

The medical man had forbidden conversation that might excite him; but to one of his church, who sat up with him, he said, "I cannot refrain, for those that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened, and heard, and said that they should be his when he made up his jewels."

It was very evident to those about him that his end was fast approaching, and it was their great joy that his faith was so strong, and his confidence unshaken. Some few sentences are recollected by one who sat up with him one night towards his end, (the 18th). Speaking of the Saviour, he said, "Of deaths most accursed—at a time most solemn—at a place most infamous—with company most wretched—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Soon see his glory—his utmost glory. Oh! to have faith and a good conscience. Jesus thus for sinners smitten. Thou hast brought me into the dust of death. How beautiful upon the mountains; he feedeth among the lillies; he walketh upon the wings of the wind. We are not to say let him hasten his work, that we may see it. Be patient. Born in the year 1780, in the month of June (19th), into a world of sorrow. Oh! how painful 'tis to die. I think I hear the sound of his feet lingering—lingering—body and soul going to part. The righteous shall end in peace—bands in my death—and wait till my dismission come. Then what shouts will rend the sky! God puts his mark of approbation on his servants; they are the seed which the Lord has blessed. He came walking on the sea. Tell Mrs. E. I have some hope of her; she always loved me, poor soul. What will become of the good here, I cannot tell. They are under a good Shepherd. He won't leave them. I know the holy one of Israel. The Lord make you a daughter of peace."

One of Mr. Birch's friends, who saw him frequently, had observed, for many months

past, that temporal things and his own declining health seemed a burden to him; but love to Christ and his people was his chief delight, and would frequently say, "I am never so well (mentally) as when engaged in my blessed Master's work." To the same friend who visited him on Friday, 29th, he remarked, "The doctors tell me I must go to sleep, and keep quiet; but I have had the best of company. I have been lying down in green pastures, and his countenance bespoke it."

About two hours before he died he said to his youngest servant who was attending on him, "God Almighty bless you; may your end be peace. You cannot tell the many earnest prayers I have put up on your behalf. I never have felt any restraint when petitioning for you; and I cannot help thinking the Lord will do something for you. It being chapel time, he hastened her away, saying he did not like persons to be late at a place of worship. His elder servant then continued with him, assisting him with his books which he would have about him on his bed. He read Mr. Hart's 14th hymn, repeating, with emphasis, "In the highest heights, and then." Looked over some letters of his late friend, Mr. Matthews; read a little out of the Gleanings of the Vintage; and was putting marks in a book containing letters of Oliver Cromwell, when suddenly he fell back, and died about 15 minutes past 12 on the Lord's-day (agreeable to his wish) 31st May, 1857, in sweet peace, falling, as in a sleep, into the arms of his much-loved Saviour, who, as he had said to those around him, could not love him more, nor could he love the Saviour better than he did.

On Friday, the 5th June, 1857, his remains were interred in the churchyard at Cranbrook, in sure and certain hope of his resurrection to eternal life: followed by his three nephews, and some of his sorrowing church members and friends.

He directed to be read as soon as he departed, 1 Cor. xv. 55-57; 1st Epistle of John, verses 1-3; John xv. 17; John xiii. 34; and Deut. xxxiii. 27.

I am, dear sir, yours in the truth,
Yalding, July 4. J. WHITE.

The epitaph is to be as follows (written by himself), and is to be let into the wall of the church-yard, on a small stone at the foot of the grave.

HERE LIES THE BODY OF
HENRY BIRCH,

A NONCONFORMIST V.P.,*

WHO DIED MAY 31, 1857, Aged 76 YEARS.

Unprofitable Servant.

The Lord's Freeman. Under the law to Christ.

O, my Emanuel, thou hast saved me!
A vile, lost sinner, wholly saved by thee.

THE WANDERER RECLAIMED,
WITH THE
DEATH OF THE LATE MR. FROST, OF CLAXTON.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I feel very much inclined to give you a short account of the latter part of the experience and dying testimony of one of the Lord's dear people, who has just thrown off the armour, and has bid a final farewell to the church militant, to join the church triumphant above. I give you the account, that it may appear in the *VESSEL* for August next; and, although most of the readers of that periodical will have had no personal acquaintance with the departed one, yet I am persuaded many of them will recognise in his expressions as his own experience, a part of themselves, as it were. Yea, further, I judge it not improbable that it may meet the eye of some who, like him, may have for a time left the earthly fold, and wandered, far and wide, without a shepherd or a guide. If so, who can tell but that, from finding how the Lord graciously went after him, and wounded him deeply, after which he poured in the balm of Gilead, and bound up the broken-hearted, that they, seeing that he obtained mercy, may not also be brought to seek and find to their hearts' rejoicing, that "the Lord will not cast off for ever;" but that "though in a little wrath he hides his face," yet that in lovingkindness and in tender mercies he draws his people. Having, in a measure, an impression that it may be so, I venture to put it into your hands, and can only hope and pray that the dear Lord will graciously influence you to keep it back or send it forth, whichever shall prove most honoring to his dear name, and profitable to his saints. To begin, then.

The dear man of whom I am about to write was not one of those who are brought up by religious parents, his parents, both of them, being evidently ignorant of God, of themselves, and of the way of salvation, although his father was clerk in the parish church for many years; the subject of these memoirs was also a singer in the church choir. But all this, instead of being for him, was against him (as he has told me); for under some impressions made on his mind (evidently by the Spirit, as it proved afterwards), he began to feel dissatisfied not only with the mummery and ceremony of the Church, but also with himself as taking part in the worship, by professedly singing to the praise and glory of God. He found that he was so much a sinner, and mixed up with those like himself, and that they were all together hypocritically serving God; yea, that they "drew nigh to him with their lips, and honoured him with their tongues, while their hearts were far from him." From these convictions, by which he was alarmed for his own state, he was, notwithstanding his fleshly reluctance, compelled by the voice of conscience to leave them, which he accordingly did. He was now induced to go and hear Mr. Hupton, the Baptist minister of the gospel at Claxton. Here, it appears, his convictions were deepened, touching his own awfully lost and ruined condition as a sinner,

* V. P., A preacher of the word.

and his total helplessness to alter his own condition; and as these convictions became deeper and deeper, it pleased God to suffer him to be buffeted for some time by Satan, accused by his own conscience, and the terrors of a broken law caused him much anxiety and deep misery. However, after labouring some time under this weight of misery, it pleased the Lord to let some rays of gospel light into his benighted soul, and he began to see somewhat of the mysteries of the cross, and how God could be just, and yet the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus.

Soon after this, by relatives, and other causes, he left off hearing Mr. Hupton, and began to attend to the word preached at a place called Frammingham, and he was shortly after admitted a member of the church, with his wife, not long after their marriage. Here they continued for some few years, though the latter part of the time they were there they were far from being comfortable, on account of some strife among the people. This strife increasing, rather than decreasing, and they living some distance from the chapel, and having a family coming on, these things became the cause of remissness in attending at the chapel. Instead, however, of the minister, or some of the members visiting them, and inquiring into the cause of their non-attendance, no notice was taken by either minister or people for some time. But at last a letter came from the minister to them, to inform them that their names were removed from the church books, and that they would be no longer reckoned members of the church. This was a very unlooked for and sudden stroke for them. They were now separated from the church, and that without having been once visited by either the minister, or any of the brethren, about their non-attendance at the chapel. Now, then, we begin to see the effects of such sudden and unscriptural dismissions. The subject of this memoir takes it to heart, so that he forsakes that place of worship altogether, and begins once more to attend the ministry of Mr. Hupton; but, having been banished from what he had learned to call his home (*i.e.*, Frammingham), his discontent increases, and the word preached, if not altogether profitless, does not reach his heart so as to bring him back to the visible fold of Christ. Instead of this we find him forsaking, in a great measure, the house of God; and though mercifully kept from rushing into the world, and from sinning with it grossly and openly; still, he is for near twenty years suffered to continue an unrecognised believer, inasmuch as for this period we find him not identifying himself with any church or people, nor walking according to the ordinances of God's house. He has told me that during that period he has suffered much in his soul, and his shame for leaving the Lord's house, and not attending to those ordinances appointed by God, and attended to by his obedient children, has sometimes caused him to hide himself up, when he has seen some of the Lord's people, for fear something might be said to him, I suppose. Nevertheless he must, according to

the sovereign appointments of Jehovah, be left alone till the time came when the Shepherd of the flock would go forth and seek, and bring back his wandering sheep.

This brings me to the period when I must begin to speak a little of myself, as the Lord's own appointed instrument for this purpose. The subject of these memoirs had attended four or five years under my ministry before I had (to my knowledge) exchanged a word with him. But, during this time, the word had from time to time been working powerfully, so as to cut down, root up, and break in pieces, but all was kept secret from me, and from all others, except from his dear wife. However, near two years ago the wife was constrained to come forth and express her desire to cast in her lot with the people of God, and with them to openly walk in the way of God's commandments, in his house and before the world. This event appears to have added fuel to the already burning and consuming fire within him. He now seemed (to himself) to be left alone in his rebellion, and wandering from the Lord, his wife being joined to the Lord in his ways openly, and to his people in communion. But the Lord was speedily pleased to work in him so as that he, too, with weeping and supplication, was brought back. But the first time I visited his house by request of his wife, he was most miserable, and has told me that he really (at that time, and two or three times of my visiting his house afterwards) really hated the sight of me, and felt verily afraid of me. How truly does the great enemy by all means he is permitted to make use of, endeavour to keep back the coming sinner. I believe I shall never have obliterated from memory's tablet while my mental powers remain, the deep tones of sorrow in which the words were uttered, when he first made his request known to me, of being received a member of the church, expressive of his sorrow at having forsaken the ways of God, and thus wounded his own soul, and the souls of others. While relating his experience to me, he (at times) wept much, and they were, indeed, tears of godly sorrow. He was received by the church, who were perfectly satisfied with the account he gave of the Lord's dealings with him; and very soon, it appeared to me, and others, that the Lord taught and caused him to know so much, and (though an illiterate person) his understanding and judgment about Divine things, and the Lord's house, was so marked, and approved by those who had much close conversation with him, that we expected the Lord had brought such an one amongst us as would be useful, and whose life and services in certain matters might have proved profitable to the church. However, our thoughts were not the Lord's thoughts. We were hoping and expecting him to remain, and be useful in the church militant. But the Great Head of the church was training and fitting him for the church triumphant.

About six months ago he lost a daughter, who gave cause before her departure to believe she is with the Lord. But his life appears to have been bound up with the life of

that darling daughter; and though I would not say the removal of his daughter was the cause of his death, yet the disease of which he died began to make its appearance from that time. But, strange to say, though his strength was almost daily decreasing thenceforward, still such was his infatuation in this, that he considered himself getting better fast. Never did I see the delusion commonly attending consumption leading on its devotee in confidence that restoration to health would be the result, with such success. But though under delusion touching his bodily health, he was under no spiritual delusion. Oh! how plainly does the Lord teach the truth of his having a right to do as he will with his own in these events, for while some of his people are taken away so as not to suffer much in their minds from temptation, darkness, &c., our brother, of whom I am writing, was sorely tried up to within two or three days of his death.

I shall not attempt the description of the misery which I saw depicted on his countenance; nor shall I write all the words which he uttered from anguish of soul. I may, however, say that so engaged was he, so taken up was his mind with his eternal state, that scarcely a word relating to other matters escaped his lips. And the last time but twice of my seeing him he fixed his eyes upon me, and exclaimed, in great anguish, "Oh! dear Sir, after all I have professed, and seemed to know, is this poor soul of mine to be lost? Am I to dwell with devouring fire for ever?" And then he cried out again very piteously. I verily felt so affected that I could scarcely speak. At last, however, my mouth was a little opened, and I endeavoured to speak to him of what the Lord had done for him by first delivering him out of nature's darkness; and how the Lord applied his law, so as to leave him without the least hope from his own performances, &c. And how afterwards Jesus was presented to him; and also, how the Spirit of Christ helped him to cast his naked soul down at the feet of Christ, to be clothed with his righteousness. I also spoke to him of the enjoyment he had had at times from sweetly relying on Jesus, and from the testimony borne in his heart by the Holy Ghost, of his interest in all that Christ had, is, and is still engaged to do for all who believe in him. This appears to have checked the enemy at the time; and though full deliverance was not yet, still he was more quiet, more peaceful.

I visited him the next day, and with much the same results. This was on the Thursday before he died. I saw him no more till the next Monday, and was with him till within five or six hours of his death. In fact, he was dying the chief of the Monday. (I judge from his appearance when I saw him). During the time, from the Thursday till the Monday, other friends had visited him; and he had to some of them dropped some sweet words, touching the safety of his soul and the preciousness of Jesus. And even when the mind wandered for a few minutes, it was even then after his dear and precious Jesus. And during these times of mental aberration he would have gotten out of bed, as he said his Jesus had called him, and he must go to him.

On the Monday morning before he died (a few hours before his death) a friend, in the course of conversation, made use of the word "strive;" the dying saint called out, "What do you mean by strive? I have nothing to strive for! the work is done! everything sure! and I am sure of it!" And when his wife brought him something to take, he said, "What a fool I am to take it; I shall have a banquet with my dear Jesus this night," which proved true, as he died in that night. He also told his wife he should soon be with Martha, his daughter, and she was waiting for him, and added, "You will come too, I know you will."

I was sent for the Monday evening to go, as he wished to see me. I was just starting as the messenger came to my house. When I got there he had the "rattles" in his throat, and could scarcely speak. But I was holding him up in my arms while his wife gave him some wine, and water. I said you are very near the time of your departure;" he said, "I know I am." I said, "Are you relying on the Lord Jesus? is he precious to you?" He said, "Yes, he is." I said, "Do you feel any trouble about your state?" He said, "A little at times." But his confidence increased. I knelt at his bedside, at his request; and on my leaving some little time after this, I took him by the hand, bid him farewell, telling him I should see him no more in the flesh, but hoped I should meet him in heaven. He said, "Yes, yes." A few more hours, and he passed in peace from a world of sorrow, grief, and pain, to dwell where the inhabitants never more say they are sick. He had borne his testimony to my being sent from God to him; and in fact I felt at times as though he was leaning and looking to me too much, but he had received messages from God through me, and he loved me, believing me God's messenger for his benefit.

He has left a widow and three children unprovided for, but the Lord supports her under the bereavement, and it is hoped will be to her in fulfilment of his promise, "a very present help in every time of need."

Should this account appear before the church and the world, may the Lord's blessing attend it. So prays a servant of the church, and a companion of those who are in tribulation,
Claxton. D. PEGG.

EXPLANATION: By MR. SAMUEL COZENS.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel).

DEAR SIR.—I find on page 162 of this month's VESSEL, an Editorial foot note reading thus, "we feel certain brother Cozens will correct this misunderstanding." For one, I can always make an allowance for *mis*-belief in the face of heterogeneous statements; but, I have no charity for *dis*-belief in the teeth of infallible and unmistakable evidence: so I think there is a great difference between *mis*-understanding, and *dis*-understanding—there is certainly every excuse to be made for those who can't understand; but we have no

bowels of mercy for those who won't understand. In R. Bowles's note there is not a particle of truth; and, therefore, I cannot for one moment form an apology for your Editorial suggestion, viz., a "misunderstanding." My observations were so simple, that any tyro in theology could not *mis*-understand me.

I would say, Mr. Editor, that I do not believe in *unconditional reprobation to damnation* (which, I fear, is the highest point of the faith of some supposed orthodox ministers with whom I hope you will not associate my name, without permission). Unconditional reprobation is a Bible fact; but, unconditional reprobation to damnation is *not*: reprobation no more *damns*, than abstract election *saves*: salvation is not *comprehended* in election, nor is damnation comprised in reprobation. Salvation is procured, not by election, but by a *righteous performance*—even by the *MERITORIOUS* work of Christ; his *finished work* is the *procuring* cause of salvation: damnation is *procured*, not by reprobation, but by an *evil performance*—damnation is the *consequent* of sin. "The WAGES of sin is death." Sin is, therefore, the *procuring* cause of damnation. Salvation is a gratuitous beneficence through blood, but damnation is a punishment, and so hath relation to a fault.

Some think it impossible to hold the doctrines of grace without making God the Author of man's damnation: but, we ask, What have the doctrines of grace to do with damnation? Nay, more, what has the doctrine of Divine law to do with man's damnation? Are the laws of this country made to *fill* our prisons with prisoners? No! What fills them? Transgression. Neither the law, nor the prison, will injure any, but those who sin against law. Man's *punishment* is from God, as a *judge*; but his *damnation* is from *himself* as a *sinner*.

Having made these few observations, I will now tell you what I said at the service referred to. Mr. James Wells asserted that he did not believe that all things are decreed. Thinking I understood Mr. W.'s meaning, when I rose after him to address the audience, I stated that Mr. Wells had brought to my remembrance a question once put to me: viz., "Is it a man's fault if he be damned?" We ask, in the name of all that is holy, just, and good, whose fault it is if not the sinner's? I remarked, that as a civilian, I occupy a mid position, between the palace and the prison: no obedience of mine to civil law, will entitle me to Her Majesty's favour, and give me a place in the palace; but, though I have no power to get into the palace, I have only to violate the laws of the land to get accommodated in "durance vile." Hence it is a man's fault if he goes to prison, but, not his fault if he does not go into the palace. When the Almighty made man, he placed him on the earth, between heaven

and hell; but he did not promise him *heaven* for his obedience, though he threatened him with hell, or death, in case of disobedience. The advantage of his obedience would have been only a continuance in paradise; the consequence of disobedience, the exposure of himself and posterity to the just indignation and wrath of Almighty God. Was it, forsooth, no fault to pluck the forbidden fruit? "O yes, say some, certainly, but it is *not* our fault." Indeed! do you give up federal relation? Is not the fault of the representative the fault of the constituents? If you give up federal relation you ignore federal fault: and you may put a lasting seal upon your Bible, and never read it more: for, I demand that if federal relation be *dispensed* with in the first Adam, that it be also *dismissed* in the second Adam! and then, we may laugh at destruction, there being *no fault* to damn; and neglect salvation, there being *no merit* to save. We are *lost* in the first Adam in whom all have sinned (Rom. 5): our *actual* sins are the fruits of original sin, and all our actual sins were comprehended in, and grew out of Adam's sin: as the cause is more considerable than the effect, so original, is greater than actual sin. As we are condemned in Adam the first, so we are justified in Adam the second, by virtue of federal union; give up that relation, and then no fault can be imputed to our *charge*, and no favor (from Christ) can be conferred to our benefit.

Again, as I stand in *eternal* union to one of two heads! so, I stand in everlasting relation to one of two covenants: the covenant of works, or the covenant of grace: if in the former, I am for ever damned, because I am a transgressor; if in the latter, I am for ever saved, because all the conditions of this, as well as the conditions of that have been fulfilled for me.

I hope the optics of R. Bowles will be so clear when he reads this paper, that he may not misunderstand, but, understand and not *mis*—the idea of your servant,

S. COZENS.

12, Queen-street, Camden-town.

THE JOURNEYINGS OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

(Continued from Page 132.)

1. CONSIDER THE CHILDREN.

SECTION 1.—1, The *term* children. 2, Children of Abraham. 3, Children of Promise, 4, Children of Israel.

1. The *term*, which is common and Relative. First, as a common term, it comprehends in it the whole family of God, consisting of Babes Young Men, and Fathers. The distinction of age and stature belongs only to this present life. For as in Christ, they all received the same immeasurable love of God, the same adoption to glory, the same redemption through his blood, so by him, will they all be brought

"into the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ!" (Eph. iv. 13.) Nor doth Christ represent us before God in that diversity which we appear in here, of age and stature, weakness and infirmities; no, he represents us as we lie in the purpose of God, in all that original holiness of saintship derived from him our Head, in all that transcendent purity of character, effected in us by the merit of his blood; and, as the representation, so will be the presentation, "a glorious church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing." Ephes. v. 27.

Secondly, as a relative term, three things may be considered, the Foundation, Formation, and Manifestation of this Relation, between God and us. 1, The Foundation of this relation lies in that special relation subsisting between the Father and the Son. Whose relation as a Son is founded wholly in his being of the same nature as the Father. He is not the Son of God by office, nor his sonship in any sense to be argued and established upon the ground of any service or engagement performed by him. The terms, Father and Son, are not only titles of distinction of person, but of paternal and filial relation. And the relation, I say, in which we stand before God as children, is founded upon this real and filial relation of the Son with the Father, according to his divine nature. And the Son of God, by taking our nature on him, brings us into the relationship of brethren to him, and then by his Sonship, he further brings us into the relation of children unto God his Father. Hence, he saith, "I ascend to my Father, and your Father, to my God and your God." John xx. 17. "Having predestinated us (saith the Apostle,) unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself, according to the good pleasure of his will." Eph. i. 5. Now, if the Sonship of Christ, doth not wholly stand in his being of the same nature as the Father, I do not see how we can stand in a real relation to God. For the highest act of friendship can never produce relationship. We see in cases of adoption as practised amongst men, that though the adopted child be loaded with expressions of kindness, yet after all, it is but a *reputed* relation; for the same distance remains as ever between the adopter and the adopted as to a *real* relation. So if the relation of the Son of God with the Father be not filial, that is, if the filiation ariseth not immediately from the divine nature of Son, then ours is not filial. Consequently, the utmost that can be said of our adoption is, that we are brought into a very high degree of friendship with God. But it is more than friendship: "because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying Abba Father." Secondly, the Formation of this relationship was effected, when the Son of God took on him our nature. And it was upon the ground of our relation being effected by that assumption, that all the faithful before his incarnation were embraced as children, and taken to glory. And so long as the union of our nature with his endure, so long will the relation that follows upon it.

Thirdly, The manifestation of this relation to us as to the testimony that the Spirit bears to it. He not only effects the new birth in us, by which we are made partakers of the divine nature; but, further, "he beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the children of God." Rom. viii. 19. And this witness is not an immediate suggestion that we are children, but is a shining into our understanding, enabling us thereby to compare what he hath wrought in us with the word of truth, and from thence to gather that we are children of God. For instance, the fruit of the Spirit is love. Now, if that fruit is produced in our heart by him, we, by consequence, love spiritual things, a spiritual ministry, God's ordinances, and God's children. And as it is an undisputable truth, that none but God's children love these things, we therefore conclude that if we love them, that we must be children too. And if our spirit, in any ordinary degree, is able to bear witness of our love to these things, much more then, when the Spirit joins in, are we able to do so. Some read the words, "witness to our spirit," but it is departing from the text. I grant that the Spirit beareth witness to our spirit as to the truth of the scripture, the truth of the promise, the divinity of Christ, and the merit of his death in the blessed effects of it expressed by "the water and the blood;" and in this witness our spirit is passive; it simply receives the testimony which he gives; but in his witnessing of our sonship, he unites with our spirit, and helps us to gather from the truths he hath borne testimony to in his word to our spirit, (as to their excellency, sweetness, and suitableness,) that we are children of God. And observe, that the ground of the Spirit's witness is his word, and work in you. And you will find upon the closest comparison that what is wrought in you will perfectly agree with what is written for you. Hence I read in the Bible of God's children: that they are poor in spirit, and so am I: that they hunger and thirst after righteousness, and so do I: that they mourn for sin, and so do I: that they have cried out of deep places, and so have I: that they have said, "I am cast out of thy sight," and so have I: and that they have looked again toward the holy temple, and have been delivered, and so have I; and with them praised restoring grace.

2. They are children of Abraham, as touching the faith, in its nature, and trial. If they have not the same degree of faith in operation as Abraham had, they have the same for kind. The essence of true faith lies not in my knowing that I have an interest in the promise but in that thorough persuasion of the truth of the promise, wrought in me by the Spirit. And what is the prime essential act of faith, but the soul's reliance upon the power, wisdom, love, and faithfulness of God to accomplish what he hath promised? But how may I know that my faith is true? True faith works by love, so that thou not only believest the truth of the promise, but thou desirest also to be interested in what it contains. The promises are breasts of consolation; and if thy faith is true, thou desirest to suck at these breasts. For all Sarah's children must suck

at Sarah's breast; and if thou be Sarah's child, Hagar's milk will not satisfy. 2. As touching the trial of faith, we know not how much faith we have got until it be tried; and if we are Abraham's children, our faith must be tried. It is not well to say what we would do in such a case, or how we would act under such a providence; but rather to look to God's all-sufficiency: without the consideration of this, the least trial will cast us down, and we shall feel ourselves to be very poor things. Methinks the Lord prepared Abraham for that great trial, tho offering up of Isaac, by revealing to him his great name, El-Shaddai. "Walk before me, saith the Lord;" that is, do thou consider my Almightiness. Let thine eye be here. Look not at the appearance of things. "I am Almighty; and above all means and all sufficient for the greatest extremities." When God promised him a son, he considered not his own body, nor yet the deadness of Sarah's womb, but was fully persuaded that God was able to perform what he had promised. What nourished this persuasion? God's all-sufficiency. Then as children of Abraham, let us look to the Rock whence we were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we were digged, and be humble before God; and under all our trials endeavour to look to the God of Abraham. "Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth fainteth not, neither is weary? there is no searching of his understanding; He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength."

3. They are children of promises, as touching their birth; which is effected, not by human means, but by the power of God: not by the merit of works; but by the promise of grace. "For if they which are of the law be heirs, faith is made void, and the promise made of none effect." Rom iv. 14. Again, saith the Apostle, "If the inheritance be of the law, it is no more of promise, but God gave it to Abraham by promise." Gal. iii. 18. And it is by virtue of this promise, that we are born again. But how am I to know that I am born again? Not by endeavouring to trace the Spirit's operation in producing the birth itself; but by observing that especial fruit of it, that holy breathing after divine things, which is a true sign of my being a living child. As God hath reserved an unsearchable greatness to himself in the old creation, so the Spirit hath reserved an unsearchable greatness to himself in the new creation. And as thou canst not tell, how the root, and branches of the oak, seminally exist in the acorn; no more canst thou tell the way of the Spirit in effecting the new birth in thee. On the day of Pentecost, it was not the rushing mighty wind, the sign of the Spirit's majesty, that made the apostles minister of the New Testament; but the anointing which he imparted. As a child of promise, thou art distinguished by a spiritual birth, evidenced by spiritual desires for the sincere milk of the word. Such being the case, thou mayest expect the mocking of Ishmael. For as that was born after the flesh persecuted him that was born after the Spirit, even so it is now. Every

thing grows old but this persecution. As children of promise then, let us go out like Isaac, and meditate upon the vast patrimony bequeathed to us by a Covenant God. Let us rise from the transcript of the covenant made with Abraham to the original covenant made with Christ, in whom every promise is yea and amen, and in whom all nations are to be blessed.

4. They are children of Israel as touching their spiritual character: a praying seed. Prayer may be considered in two great parts: 1, Those requests made unto God for his help out of distresses and straits; 2, Those requests further made unto God for a sight of His face, for a beholding of the beauty (or pleasantness) of the Lord, as David saith, which was his "one petition" above many. Seeking God's face implies in it more than the asking of God's help from distress. It implies in it the greatest blessing we can ask. This blessing our Father Jacob sought, when he wrestled with God. He had already said, "Deliver me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother." But now being left alone, he not only renews his request for deliverance, but further saith, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." And God blest him there; "And he called the name of the place Peniel, for I have seen God face to face, and my life is preserved." To seek God's help only, and not to seek his face, the beauty and loveliness of his face, is to me, I confess, a looking too much homeward, too much away from that description of character which is given of God's children, "a generation that seek him, that seek the face of the God of Jacob." As children of Israel, let us consider, a little, the pilgrimage of our father Jacob. Observe the benediction he received when leaving his father's house. Methinks I see the tears drop from the eyes of the aged Patriarch while pronouncing the benediction over the lad, "God Almighty bless thee . . . and give thee the blessing of Abraham." Behold Jacob speeding his way, he cometh to Luz, a poor benighted youth; helics down all the cutting feelings arising from his leaving the house of his father. But, further, behold the blessing waiting for him. (As yet, I judge, he knows nothing of the God of his father.) Oh, never to be forgotten Bethel; consider further his twenty years service; his great increase; the deep sense of gratitude that he expressed on his way home, unto the God of all his mercies: "I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth, which thou hast shewed unto thy servant, for with my staff, I passed over this Jordan; and now I am become two bands." Mr. Huntington saith at one of his movings, that "a porter might have carried all his furniture," what a contrast between this and three day's sale of his goods upon his decease. Oh! it is well, when humility and gratitude rise with our circumstances. Presently ho comes to Succoth, stays a little while, and then reaches Shalem, where he purchases a piece of ground and erects an altar and called it "*El-elohe, Israel.*" Then he comes to the ever memorable "*Bethel.*" and finally to "*anna,*" the house of his father, having realized the faithfulness of a Covenant God. A SOJOURNER.

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

"THE MARRIAGE SETTLEMENT."

A FEW WORDS FOR

THE CHURCH AT LONDON-ST., READING.

MONDAY, August the 10th, is fixed for the Ordination of brother B. B. Wale, as pastor over the above interesting corner of our gospel Zion. It is one of the many churches we have been permitted to labor with for several years; and its present prospects not only cheer and encourage us, but we think the following extracts from a letter written to us by one of its most devoted friends will be useful to other churches who are without pastors, and consequently without prosperity.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,— My heart is moved with mingled feelings this morning to address a few lines to you. I have longed, prayed, and waited to see something which bore the impress of the Holy Ghost: but no sooner have our expectations been raised, than they have again been dashed to atoms. At length, I trust, the set time has arrived when God has come down to smile upon and favour this part of his Zion. Surely it will gladden the heart of my brother Banks, after the many years he has watched over and served, this church, to know that he should be the honored instrument by which the Lord shall bless us, and cause us to arise, and shine, because the light is come, and the glory of the Lord our God is risen upon us. I think, for twelve months past, more particularly, there has been manifested a spirit of prayer for a pastor after God's own heart to be raised up and settled here. Oh may all this prove to be God's work. Dear brother, you can well enter into the anxiety, care, trouble, labour, sorrow, anguish, bitterness, and almost despair at times of those holding office in a church where different ministers are supplying one Sabbath and away. How it genders that spirit of "I am for Paul," "I am for Apollos," "I am for Cephas." Ah! this has been our experience, and well do I remember October 10th, when you was at Knowl-hill, after tea, you sat down by the fire, and I asked you if there was one man anywhere you could send us? Your reply was "there is a Mr. Wale; I have sent him down to Guildford." If you like to try him I think he will come for once or so." I treasured up those words; and mentioned them to my brother deacons: they agreed as you were coming to Reading, we would authorise you to invite brother Wale for a Sabbath; and from the first sermon he preached, I had a peculiar sensation of the Spirit; a feeling of life vitalizing in its effects upon my soul. Three years, the first Sabbath in last May, the brethren (divided through Mr. Powell's ministry) reunited; and blessed be God (with all our weaknesses and imperfections) for many years I have not seen so much good feeling, peace and quietude in the church as at the present time.

It is about seven months, since brother Wale first came amongst us to preach the word of life. About that time I felt the church laid on my mind: for, although many good ministers have broken the bread of life to us, no real success has attended their labors. There appeared not one of all that have stood before us, to whom the mind of the church was led, to invite for any length of time. Bowed down on one occasion; distressed in spirit; and pressed beyond measure, I felt I could not go on without the Lord did appear. I left my habitation; wandered out into the fields, dark at night, and in the agony of my soul, poured out my trouble before the Lord. There I did find help, succour, support, and strength: and much refreshed I read that sweet and blessed record (1 Samuel xvi.) where God sent Samuel to anoint one of Jesse's sons to be king over Israel. I saw three of them caused to pass before him. Eliab, Abinadab, and Shammoh; but the Lord had not chosen these: then seven at once passed before him; but, no, neither hath God chosen these: there remaineth the youngest keeping the sheep. Ah, but a youth; but *the Lord said* "THIS IS HE! arise! and anoint HIM!" My mind was strikingly directed to our brother Wale. My heart was enlarged to pray that God would, indeed, anoint him and settle him here! There has been a sweet response in heart and soul; and we have been led to repeat our invitations to him—from one Sabbath to two Sabbaths, then for four; then for three months. And, blessed be God, the attendance has increased; many cold hearts have been warmed; sleepy ones aroused; the careless made anxious; the weak strengthened; the hungry fed; a general movement, and some of our aged brethren feel constrained to unite by holding up both hands. At length the sense of the church was taken: 57 were present; (many absent through unavoidable circumstances sent their hearty welcome) but very few neutral either in church or congregation. Almost unanimous with one voice saying, "*It is the Lord's doing.*"

In connection with this, it is marvellous how the Lord has given brother Wale grace and love to serve us, and feel a growing attachment to the church; willing to make a sacrifice of nearly £100 per annum. Oh, yes! the Lord most decidedly bid him come, and his presence will attend him. I thought, this morning, many years brother Banks has been willing to serve us, and do all he could for us as a church. Therefore, individually, for myself, I should like to tell you, that the Lord has honored you in seeing a member of your own church, and one of your own sending, owned and blessed even here. Depend on it, brother, with all that has been said about Reading, we have only wanted a ministry of the Spirit, savoring of Jesus and manifest in the conscience by the Holy Ghost. I trust this will be fully proved in brother Wale.

He preaches Trinity in unity; salvation all of grace; the right of God's law and justice; the only escape from its condemnation and punishment by Jesus, through the shedding of blood, and applied by the Spirit. In a word, he preaches the truth in its power, with its causes and effects, such as his own soul has handled, tasted, and felt. And may the highest himself establish us and bless us.

Since then, dear Banks, I have had some close work; searching into, and examining all the ground we have trodden. On Thursday morning last, as I stood at my cutting board, Satan thrust sore at me with his fiery darts: that cursed spirit—*unbelief*—set in upon my soul, till my staggering faith gave way to doubt—doubting whether God had anything at all to do with the matter—whether my prayers had not been all in vain—and that I (the principal instrument in first moving for brother Wale to come) should have to be ashamed. My hopes *seemed* blighted. In this struggle, and combat, with many more vile suggestions, I ventured near the throne once more to unbosom my cares and griefs at his footstool. Oh, how sweet did I feel the Holy Ghost lift up a standard against my foe! The storm was hushed to a calm; grace and supplication was poured into my soul; and an enlarged heart for the church, and for our pastor, while precious promises fell into my mind: like the good old patriarch Jacob, I said, "I WILL NOT LET THEE GO, EXCEPT THOU BLESS US." Yes! my very soul could again take courage: I could bless God for the victory, and say "IT IS WELL!" And now while I write my heart swells with peculiar emotions Godward for all the circumstances connected with our position. O, how it would humble and crumble a worm in the dust if God would but cause his church to flourish here even by a stripling.

My brother, I am yours affectionately, in
Jesus, ABIJAH MARTIN.

SALEM CHAPEL, WILTON SQUARE.

BUT a few years ago the inhabitants of London could leave their busy scenes, and wending their way from the bank, through Finsbury-square and Tabernacle Walk, would (in a very short time) find themselves in pleasant green fields, shady groves, and rural retreats, all of which are now covered with houses of every variety, which have sprung up like mushrooms, and almost imperceptibly become inhabited with their tens of thousands of living souls.

In this entirely new neighbourhood, we have been led, we trust, by the Covenant God of Israel, to plant the banner of the cross, and we hope not unsuccessfully.

After much exercise of mind about the neighbourhood, we were brought to a decision, by being informed that Salem Chapel, Wilton Square, was for sale or hire. We immediately made application for it, but were informed that another party stood before us. Still hope was held out to us, from the fact, that we were nearer in sentiment to the covenant of the lease than our competitors.

But we had three weeks to wait, before we could know the decision of the sellers. During this time, much earnest, heart-felt, wrestling prayer was offered at the throne of grace, for divine direction; and many sweet promises were given in answer thereto; and indeed, it was one of the most solemn, hallowed seasons of our life: promise upon promise was given, whole chapters made our own, and the throne seemed ever accessible. The Lord said "go forward;" and forward we were constrained to go. However, "God's thoughts are not our thoughts, nor our ways God's ways:" at the end of three weeks we received the intelligence, that Salem had passed into the other hands, and we were disappointed.

Here was some hard work for faith. Every promise given was so connected with Salem, and Salem with the promise, that it seemed now Salem was lost, all was lost; still we could but believe God had spoken; and yet if he had spoken, his word had failed. Here Satan thrust hard; here heart and flesh seemed to fail; the Lord in measure hid his face; prayer became a task and the promise lost its savour. Still the Lord seemed to say, "go forward!" Again, the past is reviewed and reviewed again, and we could only conclude the Lord's hand was in it. "Go forward," would still speak, but where could we go; the only door we could see was closed against us.

In vain we traced the neighbourhood through and through again for a temporary place; there was a Chapel in Buttersland-street to let, but that was too near the City-road, and we were determined not to go there, as we did not wish to interfere with any old cause: our object being to carry the gospel where it was not preached; beside all this, the mind was directed to the new neighbourhood of De Beauvoir Town and its vicinity: and from that neighbourhood it would not rove. Dorchester Hall was the only place to be found, but that was further than we liked from the field of our hopes and projects; but there was no alternative, and Dorchester Hall was taken; four male friends was all our staff at that time, engaged to see the rent for three months paid, and "In the name of our God we set up our banners." The circumstances under which we commenced were anything but propitious; but few encouraged us, and fewer still came to help us; still there were a few good men who were neither ashamed nor afraid to come and wish us God speed, and of their kindness we would not be unmindful: our brethren Cozens, Wilkins, and Wells preached at the opening services; and power and unction attended the word. Shortly after the opening we held a tea meeting, (which THE EARTHEN VESSEL called a "Model meeting?") at which our brethren C. W. Banks, Cozens, Wilkins and Williamson kindly took part; and verily we can say it was one of the best meetings we were ever at. These things emboldened us to "go forward;" for we said, if God bless, let who will curse. Our little place was soon filled to overflowing, and we believe "the glory of the Lord filled the house;" and these things made no small stir in the neighbourhood: the devil

roared, men frowned, but God smiled; many opinions were expressed,—some said God would not bless, some said God could not bless, but the Lord said he would bless, and so he did; numbers came to hear, some of whom went away complaining, some rejoicing; some found meat, and sat down quietly to feed; some came once and once was enough; some got their ears bored to the place, and have never rambled since; some got their arminian hearts hardened, and went away in a rage; some fell under the powers of divine truth, and obeyed the commands of the Lord. However, our walls soon became too strait for us, and we found it necessary to look for a larger place, but we looked in vain. Hearing that the good folks at Salem did not succeed, we paid them a visit, informing them that if they wanted to part with the chapel, we were ready to negotiate. In answer to which, they only expressed their surprise that we should think of such a thing, seeing they had had no such thoughts themselves.

About this time, when searching one morning, we found a building, in course of erection for a large workshop. We enquired of the builder if he would finish it for a chapel, to which he consented, and we thought we had now found the place; but our ways were not God's ways; we parted for £5, he wanting £65 per annum for fourteen years' lease, and we being unwilling to give more than £60 for so long a term, and especially as there was no possible way of enlarging. Now our difficulties seemed to increase; a larger place was absolutely necessary, and not to be had. There appeared only one way before us, which was to build; but some of us had had a little to do with building, and had found that little enough; besides which, we could not get our minds free from Salem.

Under these circumstances we held special prayer meetings for Divine direction, but no special answer was given. At length our minds rested on a site, and we determined, if we could agree with the landlord, to build. We made application, and there appeared no difficulty in the way; but weeks rolled away before we could obtain a definite answer, or rather, a draft of agreement.

During this interval our minds were directed to the formation of a church; and on making it known several staid old Christians came forward whose testimonies will not be soon forgotten; and having given ourselves to one another and to the Lord, we were, on the 13th of January, convened together in Providence Chapel, Cumberland Street, Shoreditch (kindly lent for the occasion), and our good brethren Foreman and Wells took the prominent parts of forming the church, and addressing the pastor. On that occasion the house was filled to overflowing, and our brethren were thoroughly at home in their work. A blessing evidently rested on the services, and twenty-one believers were formed into a gospel church, of Strict Particular Baptist principles. Since then we have continued to increase, adding a few every ordinance day, till we have now about doubled that num-

ber, almost every addition informing us that they had been long—some for years—praying for the gospel to be brought into the neighborhood; and that they believed the place was opened in answer to prayer.

But to return to our building. We waited many weeks before we obtained our draft of agreement, and when it came there were covenants in it we did not like; hence several meetings were held, and some weeks past before we were agreed. At length a day was fixed, and friends deputed to see the agent, and sign the agreement. But again, "Our ways are not God's ways;" and hence, though we must be again disappointed, yet, as we had sought Divine direction, and many times pleaded not to be left to have our own way, the Lord would be our Guide; and therefore one of our friends was unable to go to sign the agreement; and that very afternoon a letter came, to say "Salem" was for sale, and we could have it. Meetings were at once held, a committee formed, a fund opened, contributions came in liberally, and in a few weeks the chapel was purchased and opened, and, like the Israelites of old, we had to "go out with haste," for the very day our second quarter ended at Dorchester-hall, we held our last service in that place. "Lo, these are parts of his ways; but how little a portion is heard of him!"

The chapel was opened on Lord's-day, March 13th, when brethren Cozens, Irish, and Flack preached, and it was that day felt that the house was consecrated by the great Bishop of souls.

On the following day (Monday) Mr. Wells was to have preached in the afternoon, but illness prevented his being present, he being unable to preach at his own chapel the day before. However, we had a good substitute—our brother Wilkins, of Greenwich, taking the pulpit, was favoured with his Master's presence, and preached a good and an appropriate sermon from Psalm lxxiii. 7.

In the evening a public meeting was held, when good addresses were delivered by brethren Wilkins, Green, of Cumberland-street, Hall, of Dartford, and Dovey, of Stoke Newington.

On the following Thursday our brother Banks favoured us with a good, experimental sermon from the words, "How amiable are thy tabernacles, oh, Lord of hosts!" And we may truly say of all these services, they were very good. For we had good sermons, good addresses, good congregations to hear them, and good collections after them; and above all, "the good-will of Him that dwelt in the bush" was upon us.

On the 24th, and 26th of May, we again held special services, when our brethren Hazelton preached in the morning, Foreman in the afternoon, and Flack in the evening; we had then a full house morning and afternoon, but crowded in the evening; our brother Foreman gave us some very precious, experimental things from, "He remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever;" and they seemed truly applicable to our condition. On the following Tuesday,

our brother Wells gave us a good old fashioned, unmistakable sermon from Deut. xxxii. 31; and after about two hundred had taken tea, brethren Chivers, Wm. Trotman, Green and Best addressed the meeting from the subject, "*What is truth?*" And it was admitted to be a first rate meeting.

The brethren spake well; the friends gave well; the singers sung well; and we said well done and broke up. On Wednesday, June 3rd, we baptized four believers at Mr. Hazleton's chapel, kindly lent for the occasion, and on the following Lord's-day received eight baptized believers into Church fellowship.

Thus we have endeavoured to give a brief, but faithful account of the Lord's gracious dealings with us during the last nine months, and we are constrained to exclaim, "what hath God wrought?" "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." Still we want more done: we have got a pretty, neat, little chapel that every body is in love with, but we have a debt of £340. upon it: it seats only three hundred, and this is not large enough; we are comfortably filled in the morning; we have a nice little congregation in the afternoon; but in the evening we are uncomfortably full; we have plenty of room for enlargement, but we have not the means; we also want a baptistry; and we also want a school: we have a fine large room under the Chapel, but it wants fitting up, we think we could obtain one hundred more sittings, and fit up the school to accommodate three hundred children, and make the baptistry for about £100. But we cannot do it: our own friends, who are for the most part poor, have done nobly, and we feel we cannot for the present look to them for anything more than their ordinary contributions. Are there no lovers of Zion, and lovers of truth that can come and help us? The cause is God's; the earth also is his and the fulness thereof; we leave it in his hands. Our principle is voluntary; our seats are free; our chapel is open for preaching Lord's-days, morning, afternoon and evening; and Thursday evening: Prayer meetings: Lord's-day mornings at 10 o'clock; Monday evenings at 7 o'clock, when the minister gives a short address.

Contributions would be thankfully received by the minister, Mr. Flack, 40, Ufton Road, Downham Road, N.; Mr. Wm. Clark, 40, Richard St., Liverpool Road, Islington, N.; Mr. Geo. Sawyer, 8, Balm's Terrace, Southgate Road, N.

FORMATION
OF A STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH,
AT "BETHLEHEM" LUCAS STREET,
ROTHERHITHE.

FOR many years there has been a quiet and happy little Baptist Church at Jamaica Row, Brompton, having for its more recent pastors the brethren Dovey, Lord, Bidder, Butterfield, &c., &c. But, at length, the lease ran out, and the house of prayer has, for some time, been closed. Dr. Gill says, the churches are like the wheels in Ezekiel's vision—they roll on

from place to place—and so the little church has now rolled on from Brompton to Rotherhithe; and on Monday, the 8th of June, an interesting meeting was held at the above place, for the purpose of forming a gospel church. A goodly company sat down to tea, most sumptuously provided by the "honorable women;" after which, the meeting was opened by our brother Parker, reading two or three verses of the 46th Psalm, making some very impressive and encouraging remarks thereon, and imploring God's blessing upon the people.

Our brother, C. W. Banks, (in his usual grave and good-natured style,) then stated the object of the meeting, and said one portion of God's word had given him authority to come and give the right hand of fellowship to the "little sister," namely, "Prepare thy work without, make it fit for thee in the field, and afterwards build thine house." He spoke, 1st, of *The preparation of the work*; 2nd, *The filling in of the work*; 3rd, *The building of the house*. It was a suitable and practical address. Then brother Edgecombe made a few encouraging observations, and called upon brother Romang to give a statement of the leadings of Providence in connection with the cause at Bethlehem, in the course of which, he said he had no more doubt of God being the author of the little cause than he had of his own existence, whereupon our brother Edgecombe called upon brother Butterfield to give a very brief statement of the doctrines and principles to be maintained, in which the young pastor acquitted himself so clearly and comprehensively that the ministers expressed themselves thankful for him, and strongly united to him. Our brother stated that God had given him seven seals to his ministry, most of whom had heard him for near twelvemonths, and who, he believed, were not mere moral converts, but *spiritual*; "one of them, (we say it to God's glory,) can neither read nor write, but who gave as clear evidences of the work really begun as could be desired. (Our brother has since baptized them at Ebenezer Chapel, Webb-street, Bermondsey New Road, kindly lent for the occasion).

Our brother Banks expressed his great satisfaction with the able, clear, and concise manner in which brother Butterfield had spoken, and then proceeded to give the right hand of fellowship to twenty-one brethren and sisters, addressing each one most affectionately and earnestly.

Brother Butterfield was then chosen pastor, and brother Romang, deacon, unanimously by the church.

The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was solemnly administered, and the ever-to-be-remembered meeting was concluded by our brother Porter offering a suitable savoury, supplicatory, and thanksgiving prayer.

And though it was now 10 o'clock, not one seemed to either know or have any concern about the time, which was an evident proof that the time went swiftly, unconsciously, but sweetly away: indeed, we realised what the name of the place implies, "Bethlehem"—i.e., *The house of bread*; and we could have sat and sung ourselves away to everlasting bliss.

ONE OF THE NUMBER.

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK

GOSPEL ASSOCIATION.

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

DEAR BROTHER.—I enclose twelve postage stamps, six for myself, and six for Mr. James Row, towards redeeming the EARTHEN VESSEL.

I have taken the VESSEL nearly from its commencement, and my soul has oftentimes been refreshed in reading testimonies, both of the living and dying.

But, having been afflicted now above four months; six weeks in March and April I was not able to go out at all, and now I just manage to get to chapel with a crutch and stick, and sit in the pulpit and preach twice on the Sabbath.

I have not only been blessed in my own soul during the affliction, but the Lord has greatly blessed the Word preached, to the conversion of sinners and to edifying his saints.

During my affliction I have looked over a great part of the EARTHEN VESSEL, and in reading the account of some good men who were well known to me:—Stephens, Curtis, James, Sedgwick, and others,—men of God whom I loved—my soul rejoiced that the same truths they preached, were the same truths my soul delights in, and which I endeavour to preach, as far as the Lord gives me the ability. I have therefore made a present of all the volumes of the EARTHEN VESSEL and *Gospel Herald*, to the Library held in our chapel, with a desire that it may be like “bread cast upon the waters, to be seen after many days.”

I also send a brief account of the services of the association, held at Cransford this year.

On the morning of Tuesday, the 9th of June, a large assembly met in a meadow belonging to Mr. Row, in the large and commodious tent belonging to the association of the Suffolk and Norfolk Baptist Churches.

After singing and prayer, brother Collins, of Grundisburgh, was chosen moderator. The letters from the churches, twenty-five in number were read, and it was gratifying to hear that they were of a more cheering and encouraging nature than in former years.

In the afternoon, brother Bland, of London, preached from Acts ix. 6. In the evening, brother Isaac of Brighton preached from Luke xv. 2. The ministers and messengers met in the chapel for business in the afternoon, where peace and harmony prevailed. One other church joined the Association. It was also resolved at the instance of the moderator, “that action be taken in the churches for aiding the ‘Widow’s Fund,’ by constituting certain brethren, members of that institution, it having been ascertained that many widows of ministers, in Suffolk and Norfolk have received the benefit of the fund, while no contribution has been made to it. Grants from the Association Fund to the poorer churches have been made, to the amount of £65.

On Wednesday morning, a prayer-meeting was held in the tent at six o’clock, several

brethren prayed. Brother Bird, of Rattlesden delivered an address. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. At half-past ten an immense congregation had assembled. After singing and prayer, brother Wright, of Beccles, delivered an excellent discourse from Rom. viii. 1. “There is therefore now no condemnation,” &c.

In the afternoon, brother Cooper, of Wattisham, preached from 1 Thess. i. 15, “For our gospel came not unto you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, &c.” The usual hymn was sung at the close—

“Blest be the tie that binds,” &c.

The collections amounted to £27.

Dear Brother—I have written this as it came to my mind. Accept of the small free-will offering, and love to yourself. I remain, yours in gospel bonds, J. BALDWIN.

Cransford, near Wickham Market, Suffolk, July 7, 1857.

[We must, in connection with this kind note, acknowledge the receipt of many similar.

It is evident, beyond dispute, while many have been reviling, and we have been labouring and suffering almost a martyr’s life, the Lord has given his sanction and blessing to this work. Our aching hearts have a thousand sighs, for a freedom righteous, honorable and entire.—Ed.]

WHITESTONE, HEREFORDSHIRE.

DEAR BROTHERS.—Our annual tea meeting was held on Whit-Monday, June 1st. We were favored with a most delightful day. About half-past four o’clock the greater part of our friends had assembled, and the announcement for tea was given; the verse,

“Be present at our table, Lord,” &c.,

being sung by the congregation, the clatter of tea-cups and the consuming of plum-cake soon followed.

At six o’clock we commenced the public service by singing,

“Kindred in Christ,” &c.,

we read the 148th Psalm, and Mr. Nash, of Leominster, implored the blessing of heaven to attend the speakers and hearers. We then sung,

“Descend from heaven, immortal Dove,” &c. ;

when we introduced the subject of the Lord’s tender care over the cause at Whitestone another year; this being the fourth annual tea meeting at which we have presided, and the past year being the most trying one we have ever been called to witness, and also the year above all others in which we have seen the Lord’s kind interpositions. Although we are scandalized and vilified by some, yet the cause lives and grows. We then called upon Mr. Mudge, of Fownhope, (in this country,) who delivered a very sober address on the glories of the heavenly state, and the absolute necessity of the qualifications for the enjoyment of that state which God, as God, would approve, &c., which consisted in the communication of Divine life by the invincible power of the Holy Ghost, and all the intermediate steps between this first gracious act and the final enjoyment of the “glory to be revealed,” was the effect of the faithful love of the same Divine Agent.

Mr. Wale, of Ledbury, next addressed the meeting. The theme of our young “Boanerges” was “the necessity of greater activity in the several departments of Christian enterprise.” Mr. W. illustrated his remarks by some telling anecdotes, which had the effect of drawing tears from

many eyes. We hope the emotions thus produced may be lasting. Our friend is quite a youth, only in his nineteenth year, and promises to be useful, if not spoiled.

Mr. Nash was the last speaker: his motto was—"Go forward." He spoke of the rapid progress in general knowledge, in the arts, sciences, civilization, and the tendency of all the surprising efforts of human skill and industry to some grand climax. He next contrasted the state of the Christian church with the energy of the men of this world, and urged the adoption of all scriptural means for the bringing about the purposes of God. He dwelt upon the necessity of affectionate co-operation in all the branches of Christian activity, and the application of all means by the effectual agency of the Spirit of God, to the accomplishment of the promises of God.

I am happy to say that the meeting was well attended. Something like 160 persons sat down to tea, and many others attended the public service. A very happy spirit seemed to pervade the whole.

JOSEPH MOORE, Pastor.

June 16, 1857.

RICHMOND ANNIVERSARY.

THE chapel was well filled in the afternoon, when our respected brother Foreman preached with great sweetness and ability. We were sorry to find him far from well; want of health will sadly depress and unfit him for his preaching tours, except the Lord shall, in mercy, answer prayer, and strengthen and restore him. His affliction was evidently attended with great savour on the word. At tea, a goodly company assembled, and full satisfaction seemed to prevail.

In the evening the chapel was very crowded. Mr. James Wells preached. His brother Foreman, he informed us, had forestalled him, and appropriated to his use Mr. W.'s intended text. But with our highly-gifted brother this was only of momentary consideration: the cruise soon flowed again. The sermon was a very talented and powerful one, in which the distinguishing truths of the gospel were boldly displayed and maintained. May the Lord abundantly bless the message of his servant, in this day of semi-declension from God's truth, to the confirmation of the minds of those who heard him.

There was one striking fact narrated by brother Foreman, at the tea table, which deserves to be recorded in THE EARTHEN VESSEL. The subject under notice was that of histrionic preaching. How can such trifling consist with the fear of God? Mr. F. said, it was a fact that the notorious Robert Taylor, the self-styled devil's chaplain, at one time announced his intention to preach upon the sufferings of Christ. This he presumed to do with all the pathetic and dramatic effect of which he was capable. By this means the infidel succeeded in working upon the fleshly passions of his audience, especially upon the female part; his description of those awful sufferings were so graphic and powerful that he drew tears from most in that infidel assembly. This was the point he was aiming at: he then changed his tone, and with blasphemous and derisive banter, told the people he did not believe in what he had been setting forth, but by it he intended to show how soon converts might be made after the meeting-house fashion. And he laughed them to scorn.

Surely, the solemn impiety of this fact might well produce reflection. God's work of conviction and conversion is not produced by rhetorical display affecting the fleshly passions, but is a sober, quiet, omnipotent work, wrought in the heart and conscience by the blessed Spirit. J. PALMER.

Hounslow.

BRIGHTON AND LEWES.

THE Rev. John Vinal, the highly-honoured and respected minister of Jireh Chapel, Lewes, and at

Providence Chapel, Church Street, Brighton, preached his farewell sermons on Lord's-day, June 28th last, preparatory to his retirement, his labours having continued unweariedly for 46 years, he having succeeded Mr. Jenkins, who died in 1810. Mr. Vinal is the last surviving Huntingonian preacher, as they were familiarly styled. During this long period, Mr. Vinal has ministered to large congregations at Lewes and Brighton, and formerly at Chichester, and surrounding places where his presence always excited much attention, and attracted large assemblies. Of late, severe bodily affliction has prevented these distant journeys. But Mr. V. still retains the sincere regard of numerous friends in London, Brighton, Lewes, Chichester, &c., &c., where he has formerly ministered with much success.

In our boyish days, we can well recollect the monthly lecture of Mr. Vinal, in the great metropolis. Several of the bearers of the late Mr. Huntington were his supporters. And although through prejudice he was excluded from old Providence pulpit, many wished him to have occupied it. In London, however, he did not draw large congregations, but he was greatly beloved and valued. His kind, fatherly, benignant countenance dwells upon the mind, while we write. He lives, and ever will live, in man's memory as a man of God. And we believe this is not an isolated feeling. He was not a talented preacher, he was not an attractive preacher, naturally speaking; he possessed neither eloquence nor animadversion; but he was gifted with that which is infinitely of more worth, solemnity, fulness of matter, affection, savour, power. He had the precious endowments of a useful servant of God. His mission was not to pander to the flesh, but to convince and profit the souls of his hearers. He was as a father amongst them, and hundreds still survive, we believe, who retain filial feelings of love towards him.

Mr. Vinal has two sons, who, in that locality at least, succeed him in the work of the ministry. Time alone will discover whether it is the will of God that they shall possess their father's station and their father's ministerial success. We wish them every blessing and prosperity. They each have their friends, and both, we believe, are men of God. But it must be recollected that few of the servants of God attain such a successful and continued circle of usefulness (amounting, in resemblance, to a diocese) as the beloved pastor, John Vinal, who retires from stated ministrations, encircled with the deep heartfelt sympathies and prayers of those who have profited by him as an eminently blessed servant of God.

Hounslow, July 15, 1857.

J. PALMER.

POPLAR.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—In perusing Mr. Bowles' account of his anniversary in the VESSEL for the current month, I was exceedingly surprised at his statement regarding what was said, on that occasion, by our brother Cozens, than which, nothing can be more opposite to truth. I was close to Mr. C. when he addressed the audience; and most distinctly heard him say, that a man could not possibly by all, or any, exertions he might make, attain to the PALACE: but by his sins and transgressions against God and his law he would very soon get INTO THE DUNGEON. He also said that men were damned by their own faults; and if they are not, I would be glad if Mr. Bowles will enlighten us whose faults they are condemned for. I believe God will never condemn any for anything but sin, and this comprehends our state and standing in Adam, our corrupt head, as well as all the sins and transgressions we ever commit. Hence, we find our brother Wells, in his comments on Mr. Spurgeon's Sermons, says, "As far as sin is concerned, condemnation, or damnation, is by our own fault." And I would add, as far as sinning is concerned, the fault is increased. But, Sir, those who cannot make all this lie straight with effectual calling, and

all the great saving truths of the gospel, must have given very little attention to matters of truth; otherwise they would know that the spiritual standing of God's church can never be in the least affected by any condition of the lost. This is altogether another and very different subject. As to what our respected friend Cozens said, I had thought that matter was amicably settled by the remarks and explanations which took place between him and Mr. Wells at the time. And I am utterly astonished how any man could sit close to a speaker and so misunderstand his words, especially as our friend Cozens never speaks in a whisper. And I must say I was much surprised to see such a note inserted.

W. WALFORD.

31. Marchmont-street, July 5, 1857.

[We wish, in future, these good brethren would settle their disputes without bringing them into THE EARTHEN VESSEL. We felt assured, from brother Bowles's note, that there was a mistake somewhere. In accordance with his wish, and ever desiring to see our brethren stand clear in the truth before the churches, we gave brother Cozens the opportunity of explaining himself. This he has done in another part of this month's VESSEL; and Mr. Walford here steps forward to confirm the truth of Mr. Cozens's statement. We must now express our determination never again to admit these quibbles into our pages, unless some very special occasion may demand it. We are deeply afflicted to find so much bickering and splitting of hairs among these men, whose only aim should be "the lifting of Jesus on high." We know not who would be Editors of Magazines in these days! The least thing that displeases these gentlemen of the cloth, their tongues are set on fire; their pens are dipt in gall; their zealous old ladies are going to burn us, and THE EARTHEN VESSEL too—only, forsooth, they have not the power. We are so thoroughly satisfied that too many of "our pastors and preachers" are walking in the flesh, and not in the Spirit, that our most sober determination is, by God's help, to avoid them as much as possible, and try, with all our might, to keep nearer to the feet of the Great Prince of Peace.—Ed.]

THAXTED, ESSEX.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have visited the old town of Thaxted, and preached in the first Baptist Chapel there on several occasions. The congregations varied from 40 to 100 persons. The Baptist interest in this place has, through a variety of circumstances, been brought very low. The members who are left are few and feeble, but very wishful to see, if possible, the good work revived.

There is evidently a spirit of hearing amongst those who attend, and it is more than probable that if there was a man of truth and energy (who could, for a time, support himself), to step forward and settle amongst them, the cause would, under the Divine blessing, soon present a different appearance.

Being relieved from other engagements after the first week in July, I intend spending the remaining part of the month in that locality, when I shall have an opportunity of visiting some of the neighbouring villages, and, if spared, be able to supply you with some additional information.

Yours, fraternally, D. EVANS.

NEWICK AND DANE HILL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—There are many, in different parts of the country, and on the Continent, who love to hear from Newick; although we cannot boast of great things, yet we have great cause for gratitude to our God, who doeth all things well: "Blessed be his Name."

On the 10th of June we held our anniversary; the weather set in very wet; the rain came down in torrents: many people were disappointed; but our ministers arrived in safety, well watered by the rains of heaven, and a good number of friends met them in the chapel. The service began

by brother Samuel Cozens' reading and prayer; after which, C. W. Banks came up in his usual way, in dependence on the Lord; and read for his text Jonah ii. 4—"Then I said I am cast out of thy sight," &c. He gave us a powerfully experimental sermon, which was owned and blessed to the souls present. In the afternoon, through storms and tempest, (for the thunder rolled around us,) our chapel was well filled with people, listening first to brother Chislett, who read and prayed; then to brother Cozens, who preached from Deut. xxxiii, 29: "Happy art thou O Israel." A really good sermon: he shewed many causes for Israel's happiness. After this, a large party took tea in the chapel; all seemed to enjoy themselves, for they had all things common: and in the evening the "Earthen Vessel" came up, I think, in his right mind, taking for his text Romans xv. 7. How Christ received his church, his pride, as a gift from the Father; in what state—in her sin, in her blood, in her wretchedness and misery, was scripturally declared: how all the curses of offended justice hung over her head, and were her merited due; yet he received her, when given to him, notwithstanding the great disparity between himself and her: Christ loved her; gave himself for her; washed her; cleansed her; clothed her; and now gives her everlasting consolation and good hope; and as he received her willingly and freely, so should his disciples receive one another.

The collections were good; quite encouraging to the managers; it was "a good day." "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." We have peace in the church, and unity in the congregation. We have also to record the goodness of the Lord to us at Dane Hill. We had a happy day there on God-Friday. Quite a reviving to the cause. One lady, as a token of her love to the dear Lord for what he had done for her soul, presented a beautiful crimson drapery for the pulpit, with a cushion for the Bible, also a few of the friends at Newick have followed the example, and clothed the pulpit very beautifully. Our congregations are good, and the dear Lord is evidently doing a great work here.

"Oh to grace how great a debtor!"

JOSEPH WARREN, Pastor.

NOTTINGHAM.

THE Jubilee services of the Sunday schools, in connection with Sion Chapel, Nottingham, were held on Sunday and Monday, July 5th and 6th. Mr. A. J. Baxter, of London, (a member of Mr. Luckin's church, and a young man recently thrust out into the vineyard,) preached the sermons. We have not seen such cheerful days in Nottingham for many years. Crowds of anxious hearers flocked to hear this bold and gifted expounder of Christ's gospel; that good is being done, I feel quite sure; but I hope, Mr. Editor, that a full report of these services will be sent you; and that your EARTHEN VESSEL will circulate much more in Nottingham than it has hitherto done. Seeing we have such difficulty in getting it here, why do you not establish for it an energetic agent? I am your old friend, A BAPTIST ITINERANT AND PREACHER.

[Is there any one in Nottingham would act for us as agent and correspondent?—Ed.]

READING.

AFTER several years of anxiety, changes, earnest prayers, and labours, THE LORD, (we hope,) has given the church at London-street a PASTOR, in the person of our esteemed brother Wale. He commenced his pastorate there the first Lord's-day in July; his ministry for some months has been the means of reviving the cause, and uniting the people. He is a young man, highly favoured in gifts and in grace; and there is a pleasing prospect before him and his people of many years of usefulness should it please the Great Head of the church to be a wall of fire round about them, and the glory in their midst. We can most sincerely pray it may be so.

HEPHZIBAH CHAPEL, DARLING PLACE,
MILE END.

MR. EDITOR.—On Wednesday, July 15th, our half yearly tea meeting was held; when about 150 friends sat down to an excellent tea; well managed and distributed; good feeling and abundance being seen on all sides. At half past six, the public meeting commenced. Our friend Charles Waters Banks in the chair, supported by a number of ministering brethren; among whom we were pleased to see our minister, Mr. Vaughan, who is at present supplying the pulpit, having received a unanimous invitation for three months. The subject spoken to was "the Church's Union to Christ." The Divine blessing having been implored by Mr. Porter,

The Chairman, in his usual happy mode, introduced the subject, throwing out several excellent and practical ideas. "The Origin" of the union was spoken to by Mr. Bowles; shewing it originated in the councils of the great Three One Jehovah: that each and every person in the ever blessed Trinity was interested in that great transaction.

"The nature of the union was assigned to Mr. Vaughan, who spoke of a union of nature, seeing Christ possessed humanity in common with every member of his church, as well as essential Deity, and in a clear way shewed it was a vital, or life-giving union: it was a spiritual, or life-sustaining union: and it was an eternal, and indissoluble union. Mr. Hawes spoke cheerfully of "The Benefits resulting from the union:—pardon, peace, love, and joy, in the Holy Ghost: giving some excellent exhortations.

Mr. Porter, on the Evidences, gave us some powerful and heart-moving testimonies—the result of the law and the gospel—Moses and Christ in his

own soul. Mr. James Nunn spoke of the ultimate glory:—its certainty; its bliss, its exalted nature, its Christ-like conformity. His solemn address was like the gushings forth of a soul ripening fast for the inheritance of the saints in light. He appeared as though having taken his stand on Pisgah's summit, the Jordan of death had dwindled into utter insignificance, while he surveyed the glorious prospect that lay beyond.

With a few closing congratulatory remarks from the Chairman, a hymn was sung; and the Benediction being pronounced, one of the happiest meetings we can anticipate on this side our heavenly inheritance, closed.

Hephzibah has passed through dark and portentous clouds since the death of the late lamented W. H. Wells, but it would appear as though the set time to favour her had come; may it prove that Jehovah's delight is in her: so prays,
ONE WHO LOVES HER.

CHATTERIS.

MR. EDITOR.—We have been favoured with the services of Mr. Edgecombe on the 5th and 12th of this month. The Lord, the Spirit, evidently was with him, and enabled him to speak from the heart, and sure enough it reached the hearts of many of my brethren, and sisters. We had no "yea and nay." No; bless the Lord, his dear servant preached discriminating discourses, faithfully, and with great affection. Our prayer is that we may sit and hear, in our future church meetings, that his labours were not in vain. The Lord bless him in his own soul, and always stand by him, and make him yet, for many years, a tiding bearer both to saint and sinner. So prays,
MINIMUS.

REDEMPTION FUND,
FOR ENTIRELY EMANCIPATING "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

[The spirit of the letters received during the last month, are most encouraging. The thoughts of many hearts toward us have been discovered; and some prospect of an entire redemption is still entertained. It is arranged for the Committee to meet early in August, after which they will issue their Report of our position, and announce the efforts they purpose to make. To those brethren who have kindly offered to open their places for public meetings, the Editor tenders his grateful acknowledgements, but as his services at anniversaries, &c., have almost entirely occupied his time, he has thought it better to wait until harvest has passed away. If spared he will then gladly attend any meeting which may be convened for advancing the objects of the Committee.]

Sum announced last month, £29 17s. 9½d. Deduct mistake—"Evans, £1." should be Evans, 1s. This makes last month's £28 18s. 9½d.

The following is not all that has been received; but we could not spare more room this month. We hope the September number will announce every fraction received up to the 20th of August.

Per Mr. James Wells:—W. Cattermore, Norwich, 1s; Bury St. Edmonds, 1s; A Reader, Exeter, 6d; Lady in Manchester, per W. Horton, £1; James Bridgman, 2s 6d; Collected by Mr. Bird, Minister of Cranmer-court Chapel, 12s; F. H. N., Newmarket, 6d.

From Liverpool, per Mr. Wells:—J. J., 5s; G. J., 1s; G. G., 6d; R. K., 1s.

From Halifax, per Mr. Wells:—Mr. J. Sheard, 5s; Mrs. S. B. Tibbottson, 2s 6d; Mrs. D. Smith, 2s 6d; Mr. S. Cockrill, 1s; Samuel Magson, 1s.

Mr. James Cox, Surrey Tabernacle, 5s; Mrs. Bourne, per Mr. Cox, £1; A Friend, per ditto, 6d; Capt. Adams, 6d; Widow's mite, per R. Banks, 2s; A Widow, by J. W., 1s; Mrs. Miller, 1s.

Per Mr. Williamson:—Collection at Garner Chapel, Clapham, per Mr. Phillips, £2 6s 6d; H. Webb, Merton, 6d; Mrs. Bowyer, Notting-hill, 6d; Miss Sole, ditto, 6d; W. May, Uxbridge, 6d; Mrs. Brittain, Frome, 6d; Mr. Martin, Reading, 2s 6d.

Friends, per Mr. Channen:—W. Healty, Hounslow, 1s; D. Channon, 6d; Mrs. Redman, 2s 6d;

Two Friends, Clapham, 1s; Mrs. Gruit, 6d; Mrs. Bailey, 1s; Mrs. Cook, 6d.

Per Mr. C. W. Banks:—Matthew Blakely and Friends, Waldgrave, 5s; Kedington, Deaf Christian Woman, who wants plenty of good sermons, 6d; Sister Kindness, 2s; Sister Wallace, 1s; Brother Price, 1s; Two other Friends, 1s; A Lover of the Truth, 1s; Collection after Meeting at Hephzibah Chapel, Mile End, £1; One of the Poorest of its Readers, Plymouth, 6d; Few Friends, Sturry, Canterbury, 4s; Mr. Chivers, 1s; Mrs. Hunnible, per Miss Farow, 1s; No One is to know Who, 1s; A West End Shoemaker, and Friend to Zion, 10s; Henry Young, Clifton Needle-Works, Redditch, 1s; J. Pooton, 1, Glenfield-terrace, Cheltenham, 2s 6d; Grace Taught, 1s 6d; D. Dully, Wellingborough, 1s; J. Baldwin, Cransford, 6d; James Row, ditto, 6d; Ezekiel Hatwell, Farnborough, Warwickshire, 1s; Mrs. Marlow and Mr. Billing, 1s; Mr. W. Collyer, Bexley-heath, 10s; A Lady at Hephzibah Chapel, Mile End, £1; T. Barnes and Friend, Northampton, 1s; J. and T. G., Hastings, 1s; "Josiah," 10s; J. Dainty, 6d; Mr. Sindall, Rotherbithe, 1s; John Vinden, Reading, 5s; James Hiecknot, Frittenden, given to C. W. Banks at Egerton, £1; Ditto, per Mr. Wells, 1s; Mr. and Mrs. Shuff, 2s; Mr. Mason, 1s; Miss Tillet, 6d; J. S., Sevenoaks, 1s; F. Fylocot, Brighton, 6d.

"A Strange Sight,"

OR,

"THE GOOD WILL OF HIM THAT DWELT IN THE BUSH."

DEAR BROTHER.—By the request of my much esteemed friend and brother, George Ince, I write this letter to you, for THE EARTHEN VESSEL. Brother Ince, with myself, think that it may, in the hands of the Eternal Spirit, prove a blessing to some poor tempest-tossed, tried and afflicted brother or sister, who may be privileged to gain sight of it. The work from whence this is taken was written by J. Allen, called "*A Dissertation on the Glory and Excellency of the Scriptures.*" It is a most blessed work; and if you approve of this letter, we will send you more.

Your unworthy brother and companion in the path of tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Clare, Suffolk.

JOHN BARD.

Aug. 14.

LETTER I.

ADDRESSED TO HIS FRIENDS IN LONDON.

DEAR BRETHREN.—May the good will of Him that dwelt in the bush dwell with you, and then you will find, though you are as a bush on fire, you will not be consumed; for the bush was as safe when on fire, as it was when it was in full blossom; and this is the case of the poor believer, when he is as a bush in full blossom of profession and possession of the love of God, of union with Christ, and testimonies of his grace by the Holy Ghost; then he is looked upon with a pleasant eye; but, lo, when this poor believer is all on fire with fiery temptations, fiery tribulations, burning, all on fire in his name, in his circumstances, all on fire in his mind, his hope on fire, his expectations on fire, all burning, all consuming; but, oh! this change makes an amazing change in the views of all; they turn aside, let them be doing what they will, to see this strange sight indeed! A poor believer, a lover of Jesus, a preacher of Christ, that was like a bush, pleasant, green, and in full blossom, now all on fire; a strange change! a strange sight! "See (say they), what he has done now!" One wags his head, and passes by; another says, "*Ah! we would have it so!*" A strange sight! but the most amazing of all is, that he is **NOR CONSUMED**. What! distressed, oppressed, and afflicted on every side! What! and not destroyed! What! does he continue still? What! on fire and not consumed! What can be the reason of this? Aye, that is the thing. This puzzles men and angels, and many of our wise

Christians, too; they thought this fire was to consume him, being all on fire, and especially as his own corruption took fire. What, not consumed! This is a strange sight indeed, to see a bush bedaubed all over within and without with pitch, and tar, and oil, and spirits, and set on fire, burning, still burning, and **NOR CONSUMED**; there must be something, surely, very amazing. The poor Christian, all bedaubed with the combustibles of evil accusations, this meeting with the oil and spirits of his own corruptions, being all on fire, no wonder, like a man whose house is on fire, that in the confusion he acts like one confused, wild and distracted, and does that which daily grieves his soul like wormwood and gall at the remembrance thereof. But the amazing thing is, he is not consumed; here lies the mystery and the strangeness of the sight: "Did we not cast three men into the midst of the fiery furnace? Lo! I see four men; and the form of the fourth is like the Son of God." Aye, there is the mystery; the form of the fourth spoils all the designs of men, and the rage of Satan. Ah! me, a poor exile, a bush on fire, but not consumed. What can be the matter? Surely, it must be owing to the good will of him that dwelt in the bush; aye, there it is, my brethren: this is my preservation and yours, there all your safety lies; in the midst of all your fiery trials and tribulations here you are preserved as heirs, as children of the kingdom; in the grace and glory relation you cannot die, because LIFE always lives; though a bush on fire, yet as safe as though there was not a spark, because of Him, whose grace is a well of water in you, springing up to eternal life.

However, this is my hope, my strength, my life, my all—viz., "*The good will of him that dwelt in the bush,*" or verily I had been consumed long ago; but his will was in the way. O, sweet barrier! oh, precious security! His will, that is enough; there is my safety; for "he is in one mind, and none can turn him; his will is a bulwark, higher than the heavens; who can reach it? stronger than death; who can overthrow it? His will is like his throne, unshaken, and like his name which endures for ever. What is his grace in all its riches and glory, but a display of his omnipotent will? But, lo! to my great joy, it is not only his will, but his *good* will; there is the sweet source and life of all; for it is his will that all

mankind should be his creatures, and be supplied by his providence; but it is his *good will* that his elect should be his children, his heirs, his peculiar treasure, and be supplied with the provisions of grace and glory, being predestinated according to the good pleasure of his will. But, oh, this is not all; it was the *good will* of HIM: aye, there it is; had it been any other, it would never have done for me; for no other could have borne with me. Mine is not a common case; my aggravations are too great, my crimes are too deep for any to know what to do with, besides HIM: bad all the angels in heaven united in one, I had surely been more than a match for them. Alas! then the bush on fire would have been consumed. But oh! it was the *good will* of HIM, of HIM whom my soul loveth, of HIM of whom the prophets sang; of HIM whom the church adores: "To HIM be glory now and for ever;" of HIM, whom the spouse enquires after, "Saw ye HIM?" HIM, and not another; another would not do, it must be HIM. Aye, there the matter lies. But this is not all, for He dwells with me. Where, do you say? Why, *in the bush*. That kept it from being consumed. Aye, this is life indeed. It was his living in me, as my life, that kept me alive. He dwelt with me. Oh, amazing! though it was in a bush on fire. What shall I render to the Lord? He still dwells with me, and I with him. His own arm hath brought salvation; he is good at healing diseases, and binding up the broken in heart; for he hath, in love to my soul, cast all my sins behind his back, "who healeth all my diseases, who crowneth me with loving-kindness and tender mercies. Bless the Lord, oh my soul," &c.

But when matters will be made up between me and the members of Christ, I know not, though I long for it; many will never forgive me, and perhaps but few love me; still I know my Saviour loves me, still I find an inward peace; the good will of him that dwells with me in the bush, is all my hope, all my life. I little thought to have written an epistle on these words to you, having fixed on another subject, but so it came to pass; what I have written, I have written. I thank you for all your love to me in my tribulation. Great grace be with you all, as though named. Pray for me.

JOHN ALLEN.

[We hope to give some most blessed testimonies of the life, labours, and writings of that greatly afflicted servant of God, JOHN ALLEN.]

THE CRY OF A CHRISTIAN CABMAN.

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

DEAR SIR AND EDITOR,—Permit a poor

worm of the earth to address a few lines to you, and if you think the image of truth is stamped upon them, and the feelings described are produced by that light which maketh manifest the hidden things of darkness; and further, if you think they will be of any use to God's tried and persecuted family, you would give them a place kindly in your VESSEL.

"Though words can never paint our case,
Nor all our sorrows paint;
This we can say before his face,
That Christ is all we want."

The living family of God, like dear old Jacob, amidst all their trials, exercises, sorrows and temptations, cannot let go their hold. Their cry is, "I will not let thee go, except thou bless me." I believe in my soul we never get spiritually, feelingly, blessedly into any branch of God's blessed Word, but through tribulation, and when God is about to reveal any special blessing or special mercy to his people, there is always some trial or other connected with it; I have seen it in a number of instances: and have proved it in my own experience. In the very depth of our trouble, God sends us consolation; consolation greater than our miseries; and we are brought to feel the blessedness of the salvation of God as suited to our condition. In taking a retrospective view of the way the Lord my God hath led me in this waste howling wilderness, I can say he has kept and preserved me all the days of my life. I look back to the time when I first became acquainted with eternal things, now about thirteen years since. I first heard the truth preached by a living minister of God; previous to which I had heard hundreds of sermons preached, and considered at least some of them were gospel sermons, but when I heard those men of God, Gadsby, Tiptaft, Warburton, Wells, Martell, C. W. Banks, and others, I found a most wonderful difference: the Lord was then pleased to open my poor blind eyes, I began to discern between the living and the dead: many weeks, months, and years, have passed away since then, but thanks be to God, my soul is led unceasingly to feel the work was his, and my earnest desire is to cleave closer to him at all times. At this time I was a member of Mr. O., near Red Lion Square, and when he visited me to know the reason of my absence, I stated to him the barrenness of soul I was brought to mourn over; how temptations set in, and corruptions arose, and I feared all my past mercies and enjoyments were all delusion; sparks of its own kindling; how I was brought to cry to the Lord to remember me with his favor, and to visit me with his salvation; he understood not my case; spoke angry of those men of God whom my soul had been blessed on hearing; and the longer I travel Zionward the more and more my soul feels the work was his, and I feel satisfied the greatest enemies to God's dear people and his truth, are to be found covered with the mask of religion; they are in abundance who say, "the Lord hath sent them." Yea and nay sounds forth, go where you will, in abundance, and how my soul is grieved to hear such men get up in the

name of the Lord and speak such God-dishonoring things. Young Ryland in his essay, truly describes them.

"Such purblind seers, they make the Son of God

Wholly in vain to have shed his sacred blood,
Heaven free for all, their velvet lips declare.
Were their schemes true, no mortal could
get there.

They call us cruel, who election teach,
All must be damned if that were truth they
preach.

What boot if Christ a freedom full did buy,
If it must be bought of him by such as I?
He sells that cheap, which he so dearly
bought.

Well still 'tis sold, and I can give him nought.
A farthing, or a world, 'tis one to me,
If I have life it must be wholly free."

No form of Godliness will satisfy those souls who are born of God: they must have an heartfelt union and communion with Jesus: this only can give comfort to his heart, and rest to his soul. And that child of God, that is led into these paths, which God hath chosen for him, will meet with every opposition to his walking therein; infidelity, unbelief, rebellion, false friends, secret and open foes, the frowns of God's children, the delusion of satan transforming himself into an angel of light, all of these are entailed upon him that will walk in the strait and narrow path that leads to life eternal. Oh! where are many with whom I became acquainted, when the Lord first made known his love and power in my soul? I have seen some dropping into Arianism, then into Socinianism: others I have known to become Irvingites: one with whom I walked to the house of God, and the first that directed my footsteps to hear true men of God, is gone into open rebellion against the God who made him, into avowed infidelity, and is a lecturer on Owenism. Two others embraced Mormonism, after a glaring profession, and now they are at Salt-lake, as elders of the sect, another an elder of the sect at Paddington, some into one error and some into another. What then kept me, preserved me? Why this solemn conviction, which I trust the Lord hath implanted, to cleave close to God's word, to be constantly crying unto him, to keep and preserve me, to undertake for me? I believe he hath stamped something of himself upon our consciences—he hath brought some testimony concerning himself in our hearts—he has discovered himself to our souls, that we see and feel we have to do with an heart-searching God; a sin hating God, a God that will not be mocked or trifled with, that every secret of our heart is before him; when we are brought to the right spot and in a right mind to trace out the Lord's dealings with us from the first.

I must conclude; may the dear Lord bless these few lines to some poor cast down, distressed soul, and then the praise and the glory will go to the Lord.

A POOR IGNORANT CABMAN.

HEALING STREAMS.

LETTER II.

TO MR. WILLIAM FENNER.

DEAR FRIEND.—I will endeavour to proceed according to promise given in my first letter. The little portion of Scripture which drew from me the remarks which you hoped might be useful, was Romans xv. 7—*"Wherefore receive ye one another, as Christ also received us to the glory of God."* This very little verse stood up before me that evening as containing a four-fold beauty. First, in its connection, *"Wherefore."* Here we are led back to the whole line of gospel truth and practice through which the apostle had been passing; and you will remember that we found the apostle, in this his Epistle to the Romans, opening up the seven-fold mystery of the gospel, each branch of which I hope to notice distinctly and severally, as time and Providence may permit. Secondly, there is a beautiful spirit breathed forth in the exhortation itself, —*"Wherefore RECEIVE ye one another."* There are ten thousand evil things suggested and urged by Satan, through the weakness and sinfulness of our fallen nature tending to divide the churches, to separate Christian friends, and to set even the most devoted servants of Jesus Christ at variance one with another. I never thought, when first I was called into the kingdom of grace, that ever I should have witnessed and known so much of cruel jealousy, of sinful and carnal envyings, stabbings and bitings, as have come within the reach of my knowledge. Under these circumstances, how most delightful the exhortation, *"Wherefore receive ye one another."*

Thirdly, there is a beauty in the referential Pattern, *"As Christ also received us: wherefore receive ye one another (how?) AS CHRIST also received us."* Nothing can exceed the majesty, the glory, and the fulness of this mighty sentence, *"As Christ also received us."* Who did he receive? From whom did he receive? How, in what way, on what grounds, did he receive? Ah, all this I wish to lay before you, and the churches, with much patience and clearness.

Lastly, there is a beauty in the climax of the text, *"TO THE GLORY OF GOD."* The great design, the glorious end of all, was, *"the glory of God."*

Dear friend, I have now given you the title-page, or door of entrance into the discourse. Before we enter in, we must rest awhile; but, I trust you will look in faith and prayer for a full and comfortable entrance into these little chambers of Divine truth next month, with your companion and friend,

CHAS. W. BANKS.

THE LOG BOOK.

MARCH 2, 1857, Monday morning. To my long-loved brother Robert, at Bridge, near the clerical city of Canterbury, these lines are sent, in the hope that himself, his spouse, and his dear children are all well. I am now fast nearing the polished city of Bath, being on my way to Plymouth, where this evening, and the whole of this week, I hope to lift the banner high, and vocally inscribe thereon, "This man receiveth sinners, and eateth with them."

Yesterday, with me and my dear friends at Unicorn-yard, was a good day. I arose yesterday morning weary from a heavy week's work; and as regards the sermons and services of the day I was as dependent upon the promise, power, and presence of God for supplies, as the babe is upon its mother to nourish and watch over it. A sense of much inward desolation, and a lack of power either to pray, or to meditate, was found in my soul. However, to my study, to my Bible, to my knees I went; and a beautiful little text was fixed upon my mind, and from it I spoke with some happy freedom in the morning.

The evening service was a more solemn, and I hope profitable one. The text was in John xix.—"They shall look on Him whom they have pierced." After a few words on the healing and happy effects of deep and frequent contemplation on the cross of Christ, I was led to three things specially: 1, The description given of the persons who "shall look," as recorded in Zech. xii.; 2, Where, and in what manner do such souls look on a pierced Saviour? and, 3, How Christ was really pierced in his own Person, and how he may be pierced in the persons of his dear people on earth. But as I am being rapidly drawn into Plymouth, and as I must, if the Lord permit, almost jump out of the railway carriage into the pulpit, I wish to draw a little from the words now resting on my mind. The Bible is our dear Master's great banking-book. When he gives us a text, it is like writing out a cheque and putting it into our hands; but the banking-house is the chamber of meditation; there, if things go well, we get the cheque cashed, and in the pulpit we pay over to the parties for whom it is intended, the full value. The draft I now have in my hands is this—

"Draw me: we will run after thee. The King hath brought me into his chambers. We will remember thy love more than wine. The upright love thee." This draft contains five special leaves from the heart-book of every true believer. The first leaf registers that holy determination and desire which grace produces in regenerated and heaven-born souls—"Draw me. we will run after thee." Look at the determination of grace, it says, "We will run after Christ." Grace is, at least, a trinity of good things, it is faith, hope, and charity, and other fruits of the Spirit beside, and they all agree in the matter to stir up the soul to run after Christ. This term "run after thee" means a willing obedience, an entire consecration, a persevering endurance. In all ages of the church, God has given to his people leaders; to those leaders he hath given

laws; these laws have been as so many tests of the sincerity of the people's faith. In the days of Moses, of Solomon, and of the prophets, it was so. In the days of Christ it was so; in these gospel times it is so. I must not (for time's sake) go back to Moses, or Solomon, or the prophets, but take my stand for one moment in the history and mystery of Christ's humiliation, and then at the beginning, in the middle, and at the end of his great day's work. He gave out laws unto his church. In the beginning, there was "Baptism"—"Suffer it to be so now, for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." Christ himself put immersion at the very entrance into the visible gospel kingdom, and wrote up over the gates leading thereto "Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." That "becometh" is a word of great import; he does not lay life on it, or death in the lack of it, but it becometh us, it is meet, right, and expected of us; and when a living faith in a living soul sees this so, and is careful publicly to honor Christ, it says—"In this will we run after thee." In the middle of Christ's day's work he went down toward Jericho, and had compassion upon a poor man who had fallen among the thieves; and he healed him; he helped him; he took care of him; and there set up a pillar, as we might say, and wrote thereon, "Go thou and do likewise;" and when the love of Christ doth powerfully constrain, when gospel sympathy and spiritual affections do reign in the heart, that heart says—"In this way, too, will we run after thee." The London Strict Baptist Union publicly says—"It will not so run after Christ;" but that awful decision will perhaps be its death blow. Again, the Master took a towel, and washed and wiped his disciples' feet, and engraved more deeply than in eternal brass, that beautiful sentence, "I have given you an example, that ye should do as I have done unto you." And when his practical work was finished, just as he was stepping off the lower world into the swellings of Jordan, he took his disciples aside, gave them bread and wine, two emblems of the life and love he gives to his church, and said, "This do in remembrance of me;" and when things go well with believers in Zion, they say,

"In all our Lord's appointed ways
We'll follow only him."

"We will run after thee." An entire consecration of heart, head, and hand, I would ever give to him; and thus to the end we'll run after our best Friend.

I come to the second leaf; it is a relation of past experience—"The King hath brought me into his chambers." Here is an assurance, with three strong cords. First, the soul is certain it knows the KING. Secondly, it is confident it has been into the King's chambers. Thirdly, it is well persuaded Christ himself has brought it in. In the believer's experiences and assurances there are many changes; and there are times when these assurances tremble and are very weak; still, the morning comes as well as the night; and in the morning, when the Sun of Righteousness doth arise and shine on the soul, then it sees, and feels, and says, "THE KING HATH brought me," &c. Therefore, being experienced deeply in the

fact, that "without the Saviour it nothing good can do," it cries out, as in the dark and dreary distance now it lays, "*Draw me, we will run after thee;*" for "the King hath brought me into his chambers."

While meditating on these things the train ran us into the Plymouth station; there my kind friend and truly Christian brother Green-slade met me, and conducted me to the beautiful chapel belonging to Mr. Babb, in the Portland Villas; there was a good congregation singing the praises of the Lord, under the leadership of brother Easterbrooke, and to them I spoke as the Lord enabled. Mr. Babb was originally a curate with Dr. Hawker; but, on leaving the Establishment, he built a new and most substantial chapel, with house, and here he dispenses the word of life. He (Mr. Babb) is the author of Goodwin's works condensed; a most laborious service he has rendered in re-writing and re-publishing the whole of Goodwin's works, omitting only repetitions and superfluous matter, rendering the writings of that holy giant in divinity much easier in the reading, and cheaper in the purchase.

Through the sufficiency of grace I was enabled to fulfil all the engagements made for me; and I labored under the solemn conviction that good was done. C. W. B.

THE SEA SIDE.

BAMSGATE.

"Roll on, ye waves, roll on, and waft the anxious mariner to his desired haven."

Thus I mused while gazing upon the vast expanse of waters stretched before my eye, and decked with the white crested waves, foaming and mingling their roar to heighten the scene; filling my mind with contemplative wonder, till my thoughts turned from the material element before me to gaze by faith upon that richer, deeper, wider, and infinitely more glorious ocean, the love of God. There all my thoughts were lost in this unfathomable sea, rich in all the blessings of eternity, and full with the unutterable realities of grace and glory, connected with the everlasting blessedness of the whole church elect; so that with the apostle my soul exclaimed, "O the depth!" Sovereign in its flow admitting of no ebb, unchangeable in its character, and incomprehensible in the riches it contains! almighty in its source, never failing in its streams, breaking forth in a variety of ways for the good of poor fallen, hell-deserving sinner: and also for the everlasting glory of its great author, covenantally existing in the mind of Jehovah before all worlds, (Jer. xxxi. 3; Deut. vii. 8; Isa. lv. 3;) securing the election of grace from all the damning consequences of sin and the fall, thus in purpose Divine defeating all the machinations of satan.

Precious ocean of provision, in which a Surety was provided before the debt was incurred; and salvation in purpose accomplished, ere ruin had entered; & a reconciliation effected (not of God to the church, but of the church to God—2 Cor. v. 18, 19,) betwixt the offend-

ing and the Offender, before alienation obtained. Marvellous Ocean! oh that my every power may be more and more absorbed in the contemplation of thy endless fullness, to supply every want, to gather with thy rich variety to redress every grievance, pain, and sorrow occasioned by sin.

In redemption how sweetly this Ocean appears deeper to drown guilt, sin, and shame, to blot out or remove iniquity, than all the powers of sin, Satan, or unbelief are; to magnify our enormous transgressions, or multiply our innumerable iniquities. Say, my fellow sinner, didst thou not (with me) find it deep indeed, when by the power of the Holy Ghost thou didst taste in solemn, vital power, its precious flow, as recorded in Jer. l. 20, so that thou wast constrained to sing and say of thy vile transgressions,

"Lost as in a shoreless flood,
Drowned as in a Saviour's blood,"

feeling it rising above all the mountains of thy guilt, and covering their every top when the vengeance due to thee fell upon thy Jesus, thy Redeemer's Head? and all the waves and billows of Almighty wrath due to thee fell upon him. Yes, my soul, in the sweet apprehension of the tide of pardoning love and grace, through redemption, sings, "Roll on, roll on, ye precious waves," till every law-wrecked vessel of mercy reach the sweet haven of peace, nearness, and acceptancy this sacred Ocean imparts. Eph. ii 13-17. In justification what can compare with this sacred ocean's illimitable lengths, and breadths? Truly here the everlasting Creditor appears "beholding the things that are equal," Psal. xvii. 2. So that our sentence comes forth from his presence—Isa. lxii. 21; lxxv. 25; lxiii. 20, with songs, Isa. iv. 7; Ephs. v. 7; Col. ii. 10. So that while the "heavens are not clean in his sight," (Job xv. 15,) "Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined." Psal. l. 2.

Lastly, among other sweet thoughts flowing from this exhaustless subject, is communion—"Wonder, O heavens, and be astonished, O earth, for the Lord hath done it." Yes, he hath taken our nature in order to communicate with such poor worms of earth. These sweet, endearing, heart-melting, soul-comforting, Satan-overcoming, and sin-subduing tokens of unspeakable blessedness and favour, which cause us to love, wonder, and adore, even here in our lowland state, with all that now perplexes and distracts. What, oh what will it, what must it be, when we get home, free from all dross, and superior to every ill? We shall see his dear "face in brightness, and be satisfied, so waking up in his likeness," dwell for ever near the fountain, and do no more evil; while the Holy Ghost shall magnify his office indeed in the eternal ex-emplification of the precious truth, God is Love. May writer and reader swim in the ocean here and drown our sorrows; and when time with us shall be no more, eternally bathe in it at home, singing his high praises. Rom. i. 5; xv. 2, 3; and xix. 1, 6.

ISAAC.

Bamsgate, May 14th, 1857.

MR. JAMES WELLS AND MR. SPURGEON.

MR. SPURGEON AT WELLINGBOROUGH.

MR. WELLS'S POSITION REVIEWED.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR SIR—I have, of late, seen much in your magazine from Mr. J. Wells reviewing Mr. Spurgeon's preaching, and though I never could see much in Mr. S.'s published sermons to justify Mr. Wells; yet I have observed that the effect upon the minds of many of your readers (who had not heard Mr. Spurgeon,) was to prejudice them very strongly against him.

Mr. Wells is a good preacher, but I am sure he is in the wrong respecting Mr. Spurgeon. I heard Mr. Spurgeon twice last Tuesday, at Wellingborough, and I am prepared to tell Mr. Wells that two sermons more full of gospel truth, or more free from "deceptive rhetoric" I never heard, either in London or out of it.

Dear Sir, will you oblige me by giving insertion to this brief note in your next number? and if you do not, of course I shall know the reason. Yours truly,

THOS. CORBY.

Weston Favell, Aug. 13.

We insert this note because many of a similar character have reached us; and we wish to record our conviction that, in reviewing Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, Mr. James Wells has had but one object in view, THE DEFENCE OF PURE, UNMIXED GOSPEL TRUTH. Mr. Wells is no stranger. He is no new man. He is not an untried man. During the whole course of his public ministry, thirty years or more, he has never been known, in the slightest degree, to deviate or to depart from one iota of essential truth. He was evidently raised up by God, at a time when many living souls (who had fed under the ministrations of the late William Huntington, the late Henry Fowler, and some other blessed men of God), were left as sheep without a shepherd. At that critical and eventful period—when dry talkers were springing up by shoals—when law-men and letter-men, and not a few very light-men came before the church as candidates for the ministerial office—in that day—James Wells was brought up out of obscurity—out of darkness,—out of ignorance,—out of all Arminian fetters and free-will delusions, and stood forth like another David to face the Philistine-foe of Israel. James Wells commenced his ministry in defence of New Covenant truths—he has continued a defender of the same from the first day until now; he has increased in wisdom, in popularity, in real usefulness, and in a deep acquaintance

with the things which accompany salvation, and with salvation itself. He has travelled thousands and thousands of miles to serve all the churches and ministers of truth in this kingdom whenever any important business in Zion required an able and decided man. Multitudes of souls have been called, comforted, set at liberty, and built up through his instrumentality. In short, he has been one of the most powerful witnesses for, and ministers of, the gospel, with which the living Church of God has been favoured during the last half century. In one of the most populous and accessible districts to be found in this kingdom, the providence of God placed him, the power of God has supported him—the presence of God has cheered him, the Spirit of God has honoured him, and all the churches of Christ in Christendom, nearly with one voice, have welcomed him. In that position he has stood, enlarging his chapel to its utmost possible extent, increasing the church far beyond any Particular Baptist Church either in the Metropolis or in any of the provinces, and multiplying his congregation until neither crook nor corner could be found for more. And all this, let it be remembered, has *gone on gradually*, and steadily extending, while an untold number of ministers and churches have waned into nothing.

Now, then, we ask, in a spirit becoming the gospel; we ask, in grateful recollection of the immense service God has enabled him to render unto the cause of truth; we ask, cautioning our antagonistic brethren to beware, lest they be found fighting against God; we ask—is it compatible with our character as Christians, to turn round and charge James Wells with jealousy, with cruelty, with bigotry, and with a "determined design to prejudice people against Mr. Spurgeon," simply because he has discovered in Mr. Spurgeon's ministry some deficiencies, and has not feared to express his mind openly and frankly? thereby exposing himself to the criticisms and cutting rebukes of all who will not allow a man the liberty of practically acting out that essential injunction of the apostle, "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits, whether they are of God." In trying and testing Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, Mr. Wells has aimed at the good of Zion; and, although we have neither seen nor heard from Mr. Wells now for some time, yet, in all our communications with him, he has invariably spoken most kindly of Mr. Spurgeon, breathing the highest es-

team of his abilities, and the deepest desires that, in sanctified gifts, and in a happy growth in grace, he might be found to answer, in every branch, that great charge which Paul gave to Timothy, "*Watch thou in all things; endure afflictions; do the work of an evangelist; make full proof of thy ministry.*" Mr. Wells has long felt himself to be a dying man; his ministry cannot last another thirty years; and we venture to believe he would be only too glad to have indisputable evidence that another ambassador for Christ, with all the talents and decision which, at times, have marked Mr. Spurgeon's career, was destined to be found in the person and ministry of the New Park-street pastor. We contend not for perfection in Mr. Wells. We have sometimes wished he could have written otherwise than he has done; but, notwithstanding all the apparent extravagancies and infirmities attached to him, as well as to every other mortal man on the earth (and broadly and boldly declaring that we are not either bound or influenced by him), we must confess it is the judgment of our most sober moments, that tauntingly to charge us with merely being "the tool of Mr. Wells," or to reproachfully charge him with sinful, carnal, and unhappy motives, is cruel, ungrateful, anti-Christian, and altogether at variance with that zeal for the glory of Christ, and the maintenance of gospel truth, unto which all the sent servants of God are most solemnly bound. We are grieved to know that, for some weeks now, Mr. Wells has been hindered, by bodily illness, from following his much-loved work. The churches can ill spare him, in times like these.

We cannot close this hasty and spontaneous comment upon Mr. Corby's note, without one word respecting Mr. Spurgeon. It is very well known, we favourably noticed his advent into the ministry in 1854. We have had close converse with him, in his chamber, when a temporary sickness laid him prostrate, we prayed with him, and in Christ, loved him with a love that can never die, we think. We have heard him expound the Scriptures with a soul-melting power; and through his ministry have been led up to the cross with tears and deep contrition. We have also heard him contend for the distinguishing doctrines of grace most vehemently and comprehensively. We have bidden him Godspeed in all that was Godlike, and of a true gospel character. In these things we have had an advantage, perhaps, over Mr. Wells, who has, we believe, never either seen or heard Mr. Spurgeon. A hope that the Great Head of the Church has set Mr. Spurgeon upon the walls for great good, is not dead. Nevertheless, when we have known him visit towns, and passing silently by God's poor persecuted servants, go and preach for men, who scorn

the gospel Mr. Spurgeon preaches, and sneer even at him when he is gone, and they have secured the money he has gathered for them; when facts of this kind have come repeatedly before our eyes, we have been shaken, and afflicted too. We have much more to say, but the time is not yet come.—Ed.

FRUIT-BEARING BRANCHES:

A NOTICE OF THE EIGHTEENTH REPORT OF THE NEW ORPHAN HOUSE ON ASHLEY DOWN, BRISTOL.

A SIXPENNY pamphlet, published by James Nisbet, in Berners-street, London, and at W. Whereat's, Corn-street, Bristol, has been sent us for review. It is entitled "*A Brief Narrative of Facts relative to the New Orphan House, on Ashley Down, Bristol,*" &c. By George Müller; and contains a large amount of interesting matter. There has always, to us, been something exceedingly singular and striking, in the existence of that Institution, where three hundred orphan children have for many years been supported, trained, and fitted for the various stations in life unto which they have been subsequently introduced. Singular and striking, because instead of being under the distinguished patronage of royalty and nobility, instead of being maintained by a long list of annual subscribers, Mr. Müller professes to look alone to the Lord, and to live a life of faith upon him for all that is required to carry out the immense operations over which he has been led to preside. Those operations are increasing with rapid strides, so that he is now nearly or quite in possession of funds sufficient to erect another orphan house, for three hundred more orphans; and beyond that he purposes to have another for four hundred, making a total of one thousand to be supported, entirely from the free, the unsolicited, the spontaneous gifts of charitable persons sending their donations from all parts of the globe. There are some weighty questions suggested to our minds by the careful perusal of this work: and we are anxious to investigate the avowed principles, and evidently much honoured practice of Mr. Müller, with great care and diligence, because there is one feature in this Report which, if it can be established upon true Bible authority, illustration, and evidence, is one which Christians of every grade should be called upon more fully to consider. But we have not room this month to enter upon the enquiry. We hope to do so in October.

We may add, that the subjects and suggestions above referred to, led us very recently to preach some sermons from those good words of our Master: "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you, and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit." &c. These sermons are to be printed, if sufficient means are found, under the following title:—"*The Best Investment:—A Comparison between Lifeless and Living Branches, with a description of the Fruit produced by the Saving Grace of God.*" The substance of *Three Sermons*, by Charles Waters Banks.

MILTON'S MORNING HYMN.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair: thyself how wondrous
then,
Unspeaking who sitt'st above these heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power
divine.

Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels: for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without
end.

Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling
morn

With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy
sphere,

While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world, both eye and
soul,

Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gain'd, and when
thou fall'st.

Moon, that now meets the orient sun, now
fly'st

With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.

Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quartemion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless
change

Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or streamy lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd
sky,

Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.

His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters
blow,

Breathe soft or low; and wave your tops, ye
pines,

With every plant, in sign of worship wave,
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs warbling time his praise.

Join voices, all ye living souls: ye birds,
That, singing, up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings, and in your notes, his
praise.

Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

H E A V E N.

HEAVEN is a land of light, freedom and bliss,
A home for the weary—far sweeter than this;
Its mansions are glorious, its joys are all pure,
And its brightness and beauty for ever endure.
I'm now in a desert of sorrow and woe,
But no tears are shed there, and rough winds
never blow;
No clouds will they gather, no sighs swell my
breast,

But all will be freedom, and victory, and rest.
No temper annoys there, no sinful thoughts
pain,

Nor death's awful form will affright me again;
There guilt will not gnaw, nor fears cast me down.
But there will be peace and eternal renown.
There the light will be glorious, my thoughts
all divine,

In the image of Jesus the saints will all shine;
False friends wont distress me, but joy no'er
to end [Friend.

I shall find in the presence of Jesus, my
There glittering crowns will adorn every brow,
And from fountains all pure, healing streams
ever flow: [ches wave,

There white robes are worn, there palm bran-
In honor of Him who is mighty to save.

There life's battle is over, life's sorrows all
cease, [and peace;

There my spirit shall rest, filled with rapture
There with all the redeemed, I shall sit near
the throne,

With Jesus my Saviour eternally one.

T. J. MESSER.

HAPPY KITTY IN HER COT.

My heart and my tongue shall unite in the
praise

Of Jesus my Saviour for mercy and grace;
He purchased my pardon by shedding his
blood,

And bids me inherit the peace of my God.
My lot may be lowly, my parentage mean,

Yet born of my God there are glories unseen,
Surpassing all joys among sinners on earth,
Prepared for souls of a heavenly birth.

Removed from a thousand allurements to sin,
I find in my cottage my heaven begin;

And soon shall I lay all my poverty by,
The mansions of glory for ever enjoy.

By the sweat of my brow while I labour for
bread,

Yet, guarded by him, not an evil of dread;
And while I'm possessed of all riches in thee,

My poverty comes with a blessing to me.
My labouring dress I shall soon lay aside

For a robe bright and splendid, a dress for a
bride;

A bride that is married to Jesus the Lamb,
Shall shine in a robe which is ever the same.

If my fare shall be scanty while I travel below,
Yet a feast that's eternal shall Jesus bestow;

No sorrow nor sighing shall ever annoy
The heavenly banquet I there shall enjoy.

If my labouring body goes weary to rest;
Yet, saved by the mercy of Jesus, I'm blest;

Fresh strength for my labour on earth he
bestows,

And above I shall bask in eternal repose.

ELDAD.

THE BRIGHTON RAILWAY PORTER; OR, "POOR WICKED FRANK."

[PUBLISHED IN "THE EARTHEN VESSEL" BY SPECIAL REQUEST.]

FRANCIS BROWN KNIGHT was born at Lewes, in Sussex, on the 26th of July, 1823, of truly God-fearing parents, and lived under their roof until he was eleven years of age, at which time his father died. Of his early days little is known except that, as in the case of many others, the religion of his parents had no particular influence on his mind. After his father's death he lived with a butcher in the town till he was fifteen years old, when an opportunity was afforded him to gratify a strong desire he had for a seafaring life. He went on board a man-of-war, bound to China, where he stayed about five years; during which time he suffered many hardships. When he returned, he married, and entered the Brighton Police. After two years spent in that employment, he engaged himself as a porter at the Brighton Railway Station. He found that many of his fellow-workmen had imbibed infidel notions.

Francis Knight did not become an infidel in the usual sense of that word, but he disliked religious worship, and would invent a lie to excuse himself from going with his friends to the house of God. About four years before he died there were some signs of incipient consumption about him, which subsequently became confirmed; still there was no relenting, no manifest change; he was the same heedless sinner as ever.

In the month of July, 1855, there were some annual religious services to be held at Wivelsfield, near Brighton, in a chapel in the burial-ground attached to which lay the remains of his father; and, not having seen his father's grave for several years, and knowing his two sisters would go over to the place on the occasion, he, singularly enough, and strangely to them, proposed to accompany them. He went, and saw again his father's grave. Afterwards his sister said to him, "You will go with us to the chapel this morning, Frank; won't you?" "Oh, yes," said he, "I intend to go this morning." He entered the chapel, and after singing, reading, and prayer, Mr. Atkinson, of Brighton, who was the preacher, that morning, read for his text, "*Is it well with thee?*" From the remarks made in the course of the sermon, he solemnly felt for the first time in his life that sin was a fact he could not deny, a fault he could not atone for, a debt he could not pay, a wrong he could not set right, and a work the wages of which is death. He could neither frown nor laugh the thought away, that he himself was a sinner, and that, therefore, it WAS NOT WELL WITH HIM. "I never," he remarked to his sister after the service, "heard such a sermon before; I suppose that gentlemen is from London." On being informed that Mr. Atkinson preached in Brighton, near his home, he appeared most agreeably surprised, and seemed to

anticipate in the liveliest manner the pleasure of hearing him again. He heard again on every possible opportunity; the truth was deepened in his mind; his early and long-forgotten sins arose up before him, and he became, in all the solemn seriousness of the word, a broken-hearted man, suffering an anguish which, to use his own words, "no tongue can describe." Whoever doubts the existence of God, the truth of the Scriptures, or the evil of sin, he then neither did nor could doubt of either. But he had a doubt—a doubt that fearfully heightened the dreadful torment of his mind, and shut up every entrance to his soul against hope,—it was: "My sins are too great to be pardoned; there is no hope for me in God." He now wanted to pray; necessity urged him, though doubt disheartened him. "Oh! I have been a blasphemer, a profane swearer, and a despiser of God and religion,—how can I pray? How can God have mercy on me? Oh? hell, I fear, must be my dreadful doom!" Such were some of the terrible reflections of this humbled sinner's heart. Yet he was led to pray; an unconquerable constraint was upon him; it was the power of necessity; and the following lines are a just interpretation of his case:—

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must for ever die."

This blasphemer, profane swearer, and despiser of God and religion, was now on his knees before God. Strange change! What did he say? "God be merciful to me a sinner!" What was the result?

He had heard of mercy—that God will have mercy—that there is forgiveness with God that he may be feared, through Jesus Christ dying for sinners. He had heard that Christ in his death was made sin for sinners, that sinners might be made the righteousness of God in him. He had heard that the most infamous persons, being humbled and penitent, had been welcomed to come to Jesus Christ for salvation, and had not been sent empty away; and that whoever came to him in the grief of broken-heartedness for sin, would not be scornfully cast out, but compassionately received and blessed. Those things heartened him in hope. He cried and he was heard. God, for Christ's sake, delivered his soul from death, and his eyes from tears; healed his broken heart, and bound up his wounds. He realized that, through the death of Christ, all his faults were atoned for, all his debts were paid, and all his wrongs were righted. He now enjoyed the peace of God which passeth all understanding; peace with God, peace in his conscience, and peace of mind in the prospect of death, the judgment, and eternity. Now he could happily answer our

question—the question by which his heart's attention to eternal things was first seriously arrested: now he could say in truth, with confidence and joy, "IT IS WELL!"

Shortly after this, he sickened apace—sickened for death; but "it was well with" him; death he knew, would be a gain to him. He rejoiced with triumph in the prospect of it, in more than an ordinary manner. On the 31st of March, 1856, he was much worse, and his friends were hourly expecting to witness his last agonies and last triumphs. He was indeed happy—yea, he was in raptures. Frequently he exclaimed, "Happy! happy! happy! Can this be dying? Oh! how delightful! I shall soon see my blessed Jesus in glory, and sing his praises for ever." Observing his friends in tears, he said, "What! crying? I can't cry,—I am so happy; no! I can't cry. I shall soon be with my blessed Jesus in glory." Shortly afterwards he took each of his children and his wife successively in his arms, and, mingling his dying admonitions to them with fervent prayer to God for them, bade them all "good-bye," in a manner overwhelmingly affecting; adding, "I shall soon be in glory."

From eight o'clock in the evening of the 2nd of April until three in the morning of the 3rd, he was in a perfect ecstasy of bliss, standing, seemingly, on the very threshold of heaven itself. Some of the many rapturous expressions he then uttered, in the transports of his soul were the following: "Oh! to think that Christ died for the redemption of his people, and that he died for me! Yes," said the dying man, with a peculiar emphasis, "for poor, wicked me! Ah!" said he, "interest in Christ is everything. It is the having and realizing an interest in the precious blood of the Lamb, which affords me this solid pleasure now. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases; who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies.' Oh!" continued he, "am I not a brand plucked out of the fire? Yes! plucked out of the fire? Yes, poor wicked Frank is plucked out of the fire! What an unspeakable mercy to be plucked out of the fire! Ah! he is merciful to sinners. Tell my fellow-workmen—tell everybody—God is merciful to sinners; for poor, wicked Frank Knight has found him so. He has pardoned my sins; he has washed me in his precious blood; he has made me white in the blood of the Lamb." After this manner he continued almost without the least interruption for hours, while his listening friends were sitting around him, swallowed up in wonder, gratitude, and joy. At length one of his sisters suggested to him that he would most likely exhaust himself by so much talking. This remark, however, only served to feed and fan the flame. "What!" said he, with increasing energy and rapture, "exhaust myself!—Cease talking of the love of Jesus! No! I never can. I must, I will praise him as long as I have breath! See what he has done for me! He has washed me in his precious,

PRECIOUS, yes, his PRECIOUS BLOOD! Oh, I can never, never cease to praise him. There is, indeed, a reality in religion, and I have found it. What should I now do without it? It is the blessed reality of religion that affords me this solid peace and happy prospect on my dying bed. I never found happiness like this before. 'It is well' with me now. This, this is solid peace. I know of a truth that,

'Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort, when we die.'

To one of his fellow-workmen, who occasionally sat up with him the few remaining nights of his life, he spoke in the most solemn manner, and begged he would communicate to the rest the circumstances and experiences of his dying hours. "Tell them," he said, "there is a reality in religion, and that I have found it so; tell them that poor Frank Knight, who has joined them in wickedness, has found that there is nothing but real religion will do on a dying bed; tell them that Christ died for sinners, and that I have found pardon and peace through His blood; tell them I would not exchange my bed of affliction for the throne of the greatest monarch in the world, to be deprived of the love of God in my heart."

The night before he died, when he was in a violent agony, he said, "Sweet affliction! sweet affliction! My pain of body is, indeed, so great, no tongue can describe it; but my joy in Jesus is a thousand times greater—it is inexpressible. I shall soon be with my blessed Lord. But can this be dying? I am so happy! How delightful! Come, Lord Jesus, and take me home! Oh! happy, happy, happy home! I long to be at home. I now am not afraid to die, for Death has lost his sting; yes, *Death has lost his sting!* I shall soon be singing his praises for ever and ever; yes, for ever and ever—for ever and ever! More happy I cannot be here, and—

'If such the sweetness of the streams,
What must the fountain be!'

In this truly happy state he continued with little variation to the last hour of his life, and died easily on the 12th of April, 1856.

Reader, what think you? *Is it well* now with the once "poor, wicked Frank," as he styled himself? Is there not, think you, something real and profitable in religion? Were Frank Knight's raptures the mere dreams of a superstitious fancy? Were they not the sober joys of a thoroughly sane mind? Can you now, even if you would, think the Bible a cunningly devised fable? Is such Christianity as this mere priestcraft? Can that doctrine be but a base fraud, which produces such results? Contrast the end of the irreligious and the infidel with this man's. Let conscience speak for once. Is there not a conviction in your mind which you can neither suppress nor gainsay, that it is well with him? But, what was the secret of his happiness? He himself tells you. It was a realised interest in the pardoning blood and justifying righteousness of the Lord Jesus

Christ. Without this, reader, it can be well with no man! With this it must be well with any man!—well in life! well in death! well for ever!

[This beautiful narrative can be had separately of "The Baptist Tract Society," at Houlston and Wright's, Paternoster-row, 25 copies for 4d.]

GOOD NEWS FROM CANADA.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

MY DEAR BELOVED BROTHER.—I gladly embrace this opportunity to write you a few lines. May the Holy Spirit of all truth and grace enable me so to write that we may hold communion with each other in things concerning the kingdom and grace of the Lord Jesus Christ. "That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ. And these things write we unto you that your joy may be full." 1 John i. 3, 4.

When I wrote you before I little thought that my letter would appear in the *VESSEL*, as it did in August. On the same day that it reached me, I also received a letter from my beloved friends of Hill-street Chapel, Dorset-square, in answer to one I had sent them. My soul was truly humbled within me in view of the solemn position I occupied, and I was led to cry to God for mercy lest I should be deceived myself, or be deceiving you, who are his own beloved people; but, thanks be to God, sinful and unworthy as I truly am, I am not left without hope according to his word, but humbly trust that I share in his love with all his saints. "Hereby we know that he abideth in us, by the spirit which he hath given us." 1 John iii. 24.

I thank you for the answer to my last, which I read with much pleasure, and I hope with some real profit; you entered deeply into my feelings; and it is this *oneness* of spirit with God's people, that is an evidence to me that I am born again; and I have the witness of this truth also within me—viz., "They that fear thy name *will be glad when they see me.*" Ps. cxix. 74. So that while I love *those*, who by the light of truth stand manifest to my conscience as the children of God, *these* are the very people who care most for my company; this humbles me in the dust, but it brings sweet comfort to my soul, and strengthens me to pursue my journey, which I travel much alone, and often almost in the dark; and I find it to be a narrow road, with but here and there a traveller.

The cause of God and truth is very low here; there is a great deal of religion, but very little real godliness; nevertheless, the Lord is the same in every place to the soul that seeks his face, and we have much to be thankful for *here*; we enjoy, unmolested, the Sabbath-day, with all its privileges, and the word of God is freely and widely circulated through almost every part of this vast country; and noble edifices are reared for the worship of God by almost every denomination of professing Christians; but the great ma-

majority are Methodists, and nearly all the others are (more or less) Arminians in sentiment, and there are none, even of those who call themselves Calvinists, who preach the doctrine of the gospel clearly, and unmixed with duty-faith. A good man, a Baptist minister, told me but a few days since, that he believes in the doctrine of election, and that it is clearly set forth in the Scriptures, but he does not believe in preaching it; and I judge from others I have heard that they all view it in the same light. Hence, we never hear the great doctrines of the gospel said much about, except in private conversation, while duty-faith is urged upon the universal mass of people, and this, I believe, is the reason of the weak state of the churches, even where they are numerically strong.

The Baptist cause is very low in the eastern part of this province; we have no standard erected in this town, with a population of 6,000 or 7,000, except a week-night prayer-meeting, when there is often no one but myself and the sister at whose house we meet. I am united with a church a few miles back in the country, but we are far from being in a healthy and prosperous condition. Oh! that I might here see the daughter of Zion arise and shake herself from the dust, and put on her beautiful garments. May the Lord pour out upon us his Holy Spirit, and revive his own work in this part of his vineyard, that we may stand forth before the world "clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." But, alas! truth hangs her head like a bulrush, and often sits alone in silent sorrow and breathes this prayer, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Ps. xii. 1. But, thank God, that there are a few kindred spirits who meet here, and rejoice together in the hope of the gospel. I have witnessed the ordinance of baptism but *once* during the two years I have been in Canada. Last November, our minister baptised one female in the river Moira, in the presence of a large assembly composed chiefly of Wesleyans and Roman Catholics. We sung at the river side the 822nd hymn, in Denham's Selection. Our pastor preached to a large audience from Acts viii. 35—39, and nobly defended the truth as set forth in this much despised ordinance. Truly it was a good day to my soul, and I felt much comforted and encouraged. There are one or two others whose hearts I believe the Lord has opened, and enlightened their minds on the subject; may the love of Christ constrain them to follow him through the water, and may he ever lead them in paths of righteousness for his own name sake.

My dear sir, I hope I shall ever feel thankful to God for his good providence in sending the *VESSEL* amongst us, and to his servants for their work and labor of love in supplying it with gospel matter every month. In some parts of America, in our "church covenant" with each other, we engage to "esteem our pastor very highly in love for his work's sake," &c. This may be done never so solemnly, but unless God commend their ministry to our consciences we can never fulfil our agreement;

and if he make his word through them precious to our souls, we do love them "for their work's sake;" and cannot do otherwise, whether we have given our word this, or that way. And can I help loving those dear servants of God, whose words are like ointment poured forth in my soul, while I read in the *VESSEL* such as "Advantages of the Sanctuary" (in April No.), and many, many other such savoury pieces? I am glad to be able to tell you that your labor in Canada is not in vain in the Lord; I have heard four or five of the dear children of God in this neighbourhood speak of the instruction and comfort they have received from the *VESSEL*. I have now ten subscribers for the *VESSEL*; and three for the *Gospel Standard*. These two works I prize more than all the other means of grace I am now favoured to enjoy. This is saying a great deal, but I think that I am not quite alone in this.

A short time since, a dear brother wished me to write you, and tell you how we get on in gospel matters here, and how highly we value the *VESSEL*. I told him I would like to write, but I had been wishing to send you (for the *VESSEL*) some pecuniary help just at this time of need; we at once agreed each to give something, and I sent around a subscription sheet to the friends of the *VESSEL*; a copy of which I enclose, with the result, which you will please to accept; I feel that it is a very small sum indeed to send so far, but we have done what we could, and although it be but a trifle, I believe it is given cheerfully, and for the truth's sake.

May the Lord make you glad with his countenance, and bless you abundantly, that you may abound in every good word and work. I have just been looking over the inventory of your estate; I see there are infinite resources of exhaustless wealth, eternally secure, and a crown of glory that fadeth not away; you will find it in 1 Cor. iii. 21, 22, 23, and 1 Peter v. 4. Yours in Christian love,

WILLIAM PECK.

Belleville, Canada West, North America,
July 11, 1857.

P.S. — If you meet with Mr. Foreman, please give my Christian regards to him, with all my friends at Mount Zion Chapel.

LETTER FROM H. DOWLING IN TASMANIA.

(To the Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*).

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—In your January (1857) number, a Baptist church near Maidstone, designated "A Little Sister," states that they have only had the Supper of the Lamb six or seven times in three years; and why? Because they have not had the aid of what is called an ordained minister. It is a question whether such churches would not be better provided for, as to pastoral relation, by their standing related to a church in the neighbourhood in

form of a branch church. In former days, that plan was carried out extensively. Thus to the old Baptist church in Colchester, Essex, there was no less than ten branches of that church, and seven ministering elders, the pastor visiting them every quarter.

It seems our friends at Maidstone are privileged to have the gospel through the medium of the gift called "Helps." However, for some, to me unaccountable reason, such good ministers of Jesus Christ, ordained by the Holy Spirit, are not thought fit and proper to wait upon the Church at the table of the Lord; thus making the Supper to stand ecclesiastically above the preaching of the glorious gospel. I have always thought that what the gospel is in word, the Supper was in figure; and that a commission to preach the gospel involved the right to attend to the administration of baptism, and the celebration of the Supper. Protestant non-conforming Christians know nothing of clerical supremacy; we are all in that sense laity. The gifts of the Spirit are for the edification of the church, and ordination by the church, is only the recognition of a pastoral relation among themselves. It can give no office standing elsewhere. Then, if an ordained minister of one church comes to supply in the gospel another, he comes to them as a "Help;" and is what the itinerant brother is in relation to a people so assisted. There is a simplicity, as well as sacredness, in the gospel rule. A church may exist where God has not raised up a pastor, and though one so to fill office is desirable, and should be prayed for, we ought not to suppose that gifts for mutual edification do not exist in the body. Let the church meet and break bread among themselves. It is a commemoration, not an administration. They are gifted to think, pray, and to receive out of the fulness of Jesus; and surely they may in godly simplicity and sincerity, "Do this in remembrance" of their Divine Lord.

This brings to my remembrance a meeting of gracious souls held many years ago, monthly, at the house of a friend at Camberwell, for prayer and converse on spiritual subjects. At such meetings, we enjoyed the communications of the late G. Francis, of Snow's-fields, and J. Castleden, of Hampstead. We had no ordained pastor of a church amongst us, but we had the gracious aids of the Holy Ghost, the Enlightener and Comforter, and we broke bread together in the name of the Lord, to mutual edification; and during my twenty-one years of pastoral service at Colchester, if to preach the gospel beyond whom I left home on an ordinance day, the church always met, one of the deacons, being the most gifted, was invited for the time being to preside at the table, and I have no doubt the presence and blessing of a God of love was with them.

I hope our "Little Sister," who hath no breasts, will take courage, and meet to "divide it among themselves," feeding on Jesus by faith, free from the trammels of men, and the mere formality of external services. Yours in our one glorious Christ,

HENRY DOWLING.

Tasmania, Australia, April 1, 1857.

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT:"

OR,
DROPPINGS FROM THE PEN OF RICHARD
BVE, OF BALHAM HILL.

LETTER I.

"Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul,"—Psalm lxxvi. 16.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Wishing grace, mercy, and peace to be abundantly supplied unto you, and strength sufficient as your day—for I cannot but think that the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL very much needs it, as well as the poor unworthy writer; but I know your old song, and I very cheerfully respond to it myself; and can still say,

"Grace taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go."

To record the leadings of a gracious God in my soul, and his supporting my poor body so many years in the wilderness, is to me a most sweet and pleasant employment; and if it may meet the eye of some poor, tried, and tempted child of God, that they may, by viewing the Lord's dear mercy to me, the most ungrateful, be encouraged to wrestle with the Lord, and, like David, to strengthen them in their God.

Four-and-twenty years back, I lived without God, and without Christ in the world; a stranger to my own heart, though not always at ease; for from my earliest childhood, I was the subject of natural convictions, and many fears about God and eternity, and how it would be with me at last; but as none of these brought me upon my knees to wrestle with God for the pardon of my sins, I shall pass over a series of years, until after I was married, when my God sent his arrows into my soul, and brought me down to his feet, to seek for mercy and forgiveness, and which precious mercy, I found to be in the merits and heart's blood of a crucified Saviour. O, blessed Jesus! blessed Jesus! how can such a poor ignorant thing as I, ever be able to record that look thou gavest me? and which look brought new life into my soul? I will, by thy help, oh thou Eternal Spirit, record it in the best manner I can, to the praise of the glory of his grace,

"Who saw me ruined in the fall;
Yet, loved me not withstanding all."

I first notice the time when, and where the Lord arrested me in my sins; which, as you have seen before in some of my writings, took place in a tea shop, in Smithfield. My wife at this time being very ill, and having a young child at breast, I went to shop for her. I had not been there very long, before an oath escaped me, and as the young man gave me my goods he fastened his eyes upon me, and said, "Do you know what it is to be damned?" I said, "No." He replied, "To be damned is to be everlastingly separated from God, and from all that is good; to be consigned with devils and damned spirits in hell never to come out; this is the state of the wicked" and while

he was talking to me, I found a trembling over my flesh, and a terror indelible; my sins began to rise up against me, an awful fear possessed my soul, which I was quite a stranger to, when I went into that shop. I have since learned that the young man, was a member of Mr. Luckin's chapel, Clerkenwell. O, my brother! who can describe the terrors of a guilty conscience! I took up my goods and gave them to my poor afflicted wife; but the arrows of the Almighty were within me, I thought of an angry God! I thought of a fearful eternity! I thought of the company of devils, and I trembled. I left my wife, and went to my stables, and there I begged for mercy from the Lord for one so wicked as myself.

Soon after this, I was taken very ill with a fever, and inflammation on my chest, and was attended by the doctor; and my poor wife hardly able to move about. My first little boy was very ill; but here was mercy mixed with judgement; for the child drew the disease from its mother. The child was taken, and the mother was spared to the unworthy writer, to be a blessing to him in his declining years; and what was more precious than life itself, to receive the revelation of pardon through the precious blood of Jesus! O, how often has this blessed portion worked in my mind since that period, "*I know the thoughts I think towards you: thoughts of peace and not of evil, to give you an expected end.*" Jer. xxix. 11. Little did I think, when I stood by the side of my weeping wife and departed child, that the thoughts of God were to me thoughts of peace, and that ere long I should raise my Ebenezer, to the praise and glory of a Triune God! My soul was then deeply impressed with the thought, that had it been myself instead of my child died, my soul must have sunk to hell. With this thought I dropped upon my knees and prayed that I might find mercy. Mercy to my sin-wounded heart I laboured hard to obtain by my own works, as I knew then of no other way. But the Lord soon read the seventh chapter of Romans in my heart: to will was present with me; but how to perform that which was good I found not, for the good that I would I did not, and the evil that I would not, that I did; and this often made me mourn and sigh, and to think my state a very wretched one.

As I am come to the end of my sheet, if you think this worth a place in your VESSEL, I may write again if the Lord will.

Yours, &c.,

R. EVE.

(To be continued.)

E V A N G E L I Z I N G IN HAMPSHIRE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Knowing that you and some of your readers would be glad to hear how the cause of God is progressing in these parts, and as I am engaged a good deal in the work of itinerancy, and having opportunity of observing the little companies of the faithful, I thought that I would take up my

pen again in the service of my Master, and give you the result of a few jottings by the way.

In the first place, we shall begin at home. Our little church at Longparish was made to rejoice in the Lord, on the last Sabbath in March, in witnessing the ordinance of baptism administered to three believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. One of our sisters was brought to the knowledge of the truth, under the ministry of a man of God of the name of Cubitt, in the Church of England, at Winchester; but being removed in the providence of God into our neighbourhood, and hearing of us as preaching strange and dangerous doctrines, she thought that she would come, and hear for herself; which she did, and found that what was declared by the preacher, were the very same truths that had made her heart to rejoice in God as her Saviour. After hearing us for some time, and seeing the doctrine of baptism as it is revealed in the Scriptures of truth, she requested the administering of the ordinance at our hands, and also fellowship with us as a church of baptized believers.

Our other sister had been amongst the Primitive Methodists and Independents, but like the woman in the gospel, with the issue of blood twelve years, instead of getting better, she rather grew worse: she had spent her all, and was brought into great distress of soul. Well, just about this time, she also was directed to come and hear the man that was everywhere spoken against, and when she heard us proclaim the way that we obtained mercy, the good Lord blessed the word to her soul, so that she was strengthened with faith to believe, and with love to obey.

The brother who was baptized at the same time with our sisters, had been a lover of truth for years, and formerly sat for sometime under brother Foreman's ministry in London, but had never publicly put on the Lord Jesus Christ by an open profession of faith in his name. The Spirit of our God wrought so blessedly by the word, that he also cheerfully took up the cross, and followed his dear Redeemer in the much neglected and despised ordinance of baptism.

Brother Mower, of Shipton, preached to us in the morning, and the pastor of the church preached and administered the ordinance in the afternoon. It was a day to be remembered by us, and our prayer is, that the Head of the church may often favour us with such seasons.

On Good Friday the church at Ludgershall held their anniversary tea meeting; there was a nice gathering of the lovers of Zion, and after partaking of a refreshing cup of tea, a public meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by brethren Cox, Kingston and Dyer. Brother Mower presided.

The circumstances of this people are very peculiar; they have no pastor, and for the most part so poor, that they cannot pay for supplies; and besides, they are so locally situated, there being no means of conveyance to the place, that if we knew of a faithful brother, who spoke in the name of the Lord, we could not get him there without great inconvenience.

It appears to us, that there are amongst this people some precious souls, who would be delighted if the Lord was pleased to send a servant of his, well taught by the Holy Ghost in doctrine and experience, who would be able ministerially to go before them in knowledge and in understanding; feeding them with the pure word of God, and not with the commandments and doctrines of men.

On the 24th of May, in company with brother Mower, we held an open air service on the banks of the river, at Netheravon, Wilts., and after a sermon preached by brother Mower, four persons were led by him into the river, and were baptized into the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. There was a large concourse of persons, to witness the primitive mode of immersion; we were much pleased at the order and decorum manifested by the assembly. In the afternoon we spoke to the church and congregation in the meeting house, and after preaching, brother Mower presided at the table of the Lord, and received into the church the brethren and sisters, who had been baptized in the morning. In the evening we again addressed the people; and was greatly refreshed in our own soul. Truly it is a beautiful work, when we feel the preciousness of the truths we utter.

On the Monday evening following we went to a village (Enford), two miles off, and although the weather was unfavourable, we had a good congregation, and many testified of the Lord's presence and blessing.

Tuesday evening, we met again in the chapel, Netheravon, and were favoured with a sweet experimental subject.

Wednesday evening, for the first time, paid a visit to Upavon, the scene of the late Joseph Rudman's first labours. Although I did not know him personally, I felt a good deal of interest in the people amongst whom he laboured. On entering the pulpit my spirit was greatly subdued; for the thought was brought home powerfully to my mind, that the herald who once occupied that pulpit, was now before the throne, and in a short time, I hoped through the mercy of the same covenant God, to take my place also amongst the redeemed in heaven.

On Wednesday, June 3rd, we held our anniversary at Longparish, when we were addressed by brethren Mower, of Shipton, Cox, of Andover, Kingston, of Chute, and Puntis, of Winchester. The subjects on which they spoke were, "The Church;" "Her Life;" "Her Redemption;" "Her Security." We were gratified in listening to so much sound gospel truth, and hope that the good seed of the kingdom which was then sown, may be found springing up to the praise of the God of truth.

We were able to inform our friends then present (many of whom came from a distance) of the goodness of the great Head of the church, manifested towards us during the last eighteen months. There have been added to the church during that period nine members; the ordinance of believer's baptism has been administered twice, and we are at peace amongst ourselves.

There is one feature in our present position which is very peculiar, it is so unlike the generality of churches, that it demands a passing notice, it is this, our congregation is very much reduced in consequence of our proclaiming the distinguishing doctrines of God's free grace; and yet the church is increasing in the number of its members.

If the dear Lord is but pleased to give unto us, as a church, *living souls*, we can well spare *dead professors*.

And now for a word or two in conclusion. It seemed to me that the county of Wilts. is greatly blessed with the gatherings of the saints. I do not know, Mr. Editor, whether you are aware of the following fact, but if you are, I desire to give it publicity; that in the valley of the Bourne, commencing at Nether-avon, there are a considerable number of free grace Baptist churches, within about two miles of each other. I believe there are eight or nine such, and the whole of them without pastors. Some of their supplies come from the churches at Devizes and Towbridge.

If it were the will of God, I could wish that we had something to report of the like nature in this county (Hampshire); but no, for the most part, all is dark and uninviting; it might be truly said, that we dwell where Satan's seat is. I have often thought that as our brother Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, is (I believe) a native of the county of Hampshire, whether he could not give us a week's testimony during the summer season, and revisit the scenes of his boyhood. It may be (who can tell?) that God would bless the labours of his servant, in causing an enquiry in the minds of many concerning the things which they shall hear from his mouth. You must not conclude from what I have stated, that there is no profession in the country. O dear, no, there is an abundance of it, such as it is, but it is all characterized by *formalism*; *worldly conformity*; and *enmity to the distinguishing grace of a covenant Jehovah*. For a man to preach the unconditional doctrines of God's truth in these parts; he needs to be divinely supported in his own soul, for he is sure to incur the hatred and opposition of all the workmongers, duty-faith men, and men-pleasers in the neighbourhood. Soliciting an interest in the sympathies of the Lord's people; and apologizing to you, Captain Banks, for the size of this package for your next month's VESSEL, I remain, yours for the truth's sake,
GEORGE DYER.

Andover.

A LETTER

RECEIVED BY T. POOCK, FROM ONE OF HIS DEEPLY EXERCISED, BUT MERCIFULLY PRESERVED MEMBERS.

DEAR PASTOR.—I take the liberty of writing a few lines to you, hoping they will meet you well, as through the kindness of a gracious God they leave me. Oh! what an infinite mercy that such sinners as we are, should be

out of hell, much more to be able to say we are well; the words of the poet suits us—

"Tell it unto sinners, tell,
I am, I am out of hell."

Oh! had it not been for that everlasting covenant ordered in all things, and sure, by the blessed Trinity in unity, what must have become of the whole race of man? We can see no hope apart from this; for having once broken the command of his Maker, lost the power of his will, sin having taken possession of it, he fell under its tyrannizing influence and power, and what is worse than all became its willing servant.

If we look at the Word of God, and see what sin has done in, and by our nature, it makes one tremble, especially when the Lord is pleased to bring one to a felt acquaintance with his own heart, by opening up the fountains of the great deep that are within. There have been times in my little experience when I have trembled, lest my God should give me over to Satan and sin, as a punishment for the abominable wickedness that I have seen and felt; but I have reason to bless his holy name, that by his power I have been kept till this present time. Some talk about having a will, and power to choose good or bad, which they please. If I mistake not, man has not lost his will by the fall, before which its full bent was towards his great and good Creator; but, alas! it is not so now, and that we find to our sorrow, sin having taken possession of the will, dictates to it, falls down to it, and away goes the old man, and if not prevented by the power, and grace of God, goes down to the world of despair, to reap the reward of his own sins; then how can we ever charge the ever blessed God with injustice? If he had left the whole human race to perish in their sin, he would have been just. But what a lustre is there now in the justice of our God in the salvation of poor sinners! how respendently does it appear for them, and to them! It gains nothing in condemning the wicked, but it gains glory in saving the redeemed; receiving such an overflowing satisfaction in the heart's blood of Immanuel, that, instead of being an enemy to God's dear people, it takes their cause and case in hand, and sees them righted everywhere, screening them from the killing power of the law; but viewed in their law-fulfilling Head and justified in and by his blessed obedience, cleansed by his blood, and inhabited by his Spirit, they are protected, reserved to pardon, peace, perseverance, holiness, and happiness complete.

What should we do if the infinite justice of our God was not satisfied in our salvation? We should be afraid to enter yonder bright and glorious world; angels beholding us would be filled with jeopardy respecting the perpetuity of their holy, happy position; but when we behold mercy manifested, truth established, righteousness maintained, peace proclaimed, justice completely satisfied, the poor sinner saved and glorified, God himself therein, and thereby, honoured, it is here we see the exceeding worth of the work and merit of a precious Christ, in bringing together that which seemed to be opposed to the sinner's

salvation, although we may be sure the attributes of our God never opposed each other; and, blessed be God, they beautifully harmonize in the sinner's salvation.

Oh, Sir, this is a salvation worth the employment of your poor clay tongue to tell out to us poor sinners, when the blessed Spirit is pleased to tell it into your poor soul. How suited to such poor mortals as we are! how safe for time and all eternity! Many are the doubts of a poor worm respecting his interest in it, especially when the Lord is pleased to allow Satan to come in with his fiery darts, my own corruptions to arise, and the wrath of my God appears to be in my poor conscience ready to burst in upon my soul.

Dear pastor, we stand in need of an Intercessor at such times as these, or what would become of us? Desperation would assail our mind, and verily if not kept by the power of the blessed Spirit we should open our mouth, and curse our God, and consign ourselves to everlasting misery. But, blessed be his holy name! though tempted to do this for years, can say with the poet,—

“ Yet have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou ?”

I think I make no mistake about what I have wrote, having been brought to some acquaintance with these things for several years, more or less. Dear pastor, if I have made too free, forgive; if not accept the lines from one of your pastoral care, and his heart's desire for you is, that God may bless you, hold up your hands, make you strong in his strength, and at last victorious in his victory.

Give my love to Mrs. P.; come and see us as soon as convenient; you won't expect to see us grand folk, but we shall be glad at any time to welcome you with such as we have. Take this as a full invitation from a poor helpless worm in himself; but hope interested in the same common salvation as yourself.

J. DEARING.

Needham Market, Suffolk.

DUTY - FAITH.

DUTY-FAITH is surely one of the most God-dishonouring dogmas to be found in the midst of professing Zion. It charges a holy God with injustice, and points the sinner to himself for a remedy against ruin. We know it is fashionable; we know it is flesh-pleasing; but the minister of Christ has to declare the truth at the expense, peradventure of friends, reputation, and worldly advantage. And he dare not, and would not, willingly deceive his hearers.

1. Duty-faith dishonours God. To preach that it is man's duty to believe savingly in Christ is absurd. A babe in grace knows better. What! can that be a duty which is out of the power of a natural man? Does God expect to gather figs of thistles? There must be a new nature given before saving faith can be exercised. To preach otherwise is, indeed, to represent God as a hard Master: the language of the servant in the parable might then be justly applied to the Lord—namely, “ Lord, I knew thee, that thou art a hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou

hast not strawed.” But we learn from the Scriptures that faith is the gift of God.

2. Duty-faith points the sinner to himself for a remedy against sin. It virtually says, salvation is within the reach of every man. It is free-will under a gospelized mask. It virtually says, it is thine own fault, man, if thou art not saved: there is a full salvation, tossing to and fro for any one to catch, and it is thy duty to believe. Jesus has done much; but the first upon which thy salvation turns is this, Wilt thou believe? Why, brethren, how basely unscriptural is all this: we know, who are taught of God, that it is a part of salvation, in its individual bearing, for the Holy Ghost to work faith in the heart, and make a poor sinner first to apprehend, and then to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ to the saving of the soul.

3. Duty-faith is calculated to mislead and deceive. An honest preacher is very anxious not to deceive souls. His work is to unfold whatever appears dark in the word of God. But he who preaches duty-faith virtually denies the absolute necessity of the new birth. Surely it is the work of a minister to show how the word of God beautifully harmonizes when rightly understood. He ought to be an interpreter. The contradictory statements of some men are insulting to the common sense of their hearers, if they did but use it. Their yea and nay preachments amount to nothing. Now, a God-sent minister seeks the soul profit of the people. The fear of God preserves him from seeking to amuse or to excite the natural passions of his hearers. These he leaves for the playhouse. He reads, “ He that sows to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption.” He dare not thus trifle with solemn realities and the never-dying souls of men. He finds the word of God to be a burden. And this feeling solemnly influences his ministry. “ Knowing, therefore, the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men.”

He who knows the plague of the heart, and mourns daily over its wretched depravity, will never plead for duty-faith. The knowledge of an evil heart of unbelief is a certain cure for that. Arminianism, in its thousand-fold shapes, cannot exist in that school. The teachings of God the Spirit in the heart will be sure to correct the errors of the head. We may gather much rubbish in a speculative way, which the furnace work in the heart will have to burn up. Thus the Lord's ministers and people become rooted and grounded in the faith. And a God-sent minister will never contradict the teachings of the Spirit of God in the heart. This marks a man to be a minister of the Spirit, and not of the letter. Letter-ministers, who are very speculative, may make strange mistakes; their speculations, like all other speculations, may prove failures, but he who is taught of the Spirit of God, while he abides by what he has tasted, and handled, and felt, will never err; he preaches and opens the word as it has been taught him from above, feelingly and experimentally; and, unless he be indeed a novice, running before he has properly learnt his message, he will never preach DUTY-FAITH.

Hounslow.

JOSEPH PALMER.

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

WILLIAM SCANDRETT,

THE FIRST PASTOR OF THE SIBLE HEDINGHAM CHURCH.

(Continued from page 171).

WE have lately been looking into the printed biographies of Edward Blackstock, William Allen, John Bayley, and some other faithful men who once lived and laboured on this earth, but who have long since, with tens of thousands of others, been called home to their heavenly inheritance. There is something sweetly salutary in reviewing the scenes of tribulation, and the happy hills of holy triumph, which, made up, more or less, the earthly existence of those dear men. We are much desirous of giving our readers a few beautiful sketches drawn from the stores left behind of God's most wonderful dealings with his own beloved messengers.

Last month, we commenced a review of the history of the Baptist church at Sible Hedingham, drawn from "JUBILEE JOTTINGS," (a neat little book recently issued by that laborious evangelist, THOMAS JONES, of Blackheath," as they call him;) and we are truly glad to learn that our little article was the means, in the Lord's hands, of giving decision to a dear sister in Christ, in the West of England, who was staggering between "Independency" and "New Testament Gospel order and obedience." Cheer up, Thomas Jones, your little book, through our notice of it, has had the approbation of heaven stamped upon it. We hope it will clear the eye, and cheer the heart of many a pilgrim to Zion; and strengthen the wavering footsteps of many a seeker after truth.

We have promised to shew "*How William Scandrett was raised up as the first Pastor of the Hedingham Church.*" Here is the fulfilment of that promise. Our historian says:—

"After a little time spent in this simple profitable manner, it became evident to the more intelligent that their brother Scandrett possessed gifts beyond the rest, and that he grew fast in knowledge and spirituality, and aptness to teach. They stated their thoughts to the church at Eris Coln, and requested he might be examined as to his ability and worthiness for a more prominent place among them. The result justified their hopes concerning him, he was called to a trial of his gift, and was counselled to addict himself to the ministry of the Word. He submitted to the judgement and wishes of his brethren, but it was with fear and trembling. To them it was evident the Lord was preparing him for a useful work in the vineyard: his mouth was opened to speak sweetly of the Sinner's Friend,

of everlasting love, salvation by grace alone, of the robe of righteousness which covers and adorns the regenerate, and the separation from the world effected in those who are predestinated, called and justified. They saw, heard and rejoiced, for their souls were fed and taught by his message. Not so the preacher. He had sore travail! He feared he was running unsest: wondered that anybody could obtain profit through one so weak, so ignorant, so dark, as he; often begged the Master's forgiveness for his presumption, and resolved to give up. If he had begun of himself, he could have left off of himself; but he was not his own, he was the servant of another, of One who will be obeyed; so William Scandrett, who was called to preach sovereignty, must bow to sovereignty, and do the Master's bidding, despite the cowardice of the flesh, self-distrust, godly jealousy, and satanic opposition. While he was thus exercised, and expecting his mouth to be stopped, his ministry was growing in depth and savor, and signs followed in the conversion and ingathering of souls. The place was too strait for the increased attendance, and an addition was made to their space. Generally the baptised went to Eris Coln on ordinance days. Sometimes the pastor, Mr. Pudney, came and administered the Supper at Hedingham, and frequently preached to them on week evenings, all which, under the divine blessing, conduced to the strengthening of their hands, and the spread of truthful information in the neighbourhood.

As the number of the baptised had grown to twenty, they thought they should do well to form a church of themselves, and set up the standard more conspicuously. Not daring to act on their own opinion, they went to the throne for direction, and being more and more impressed with the propriety of the step, they consulted their brethren at Eris Coln, who kindly and prayerfully considered the matter, and came to the conclusion that the time was come for a separation, and they agreed to dismiss them for the purpose of forming a church in their own village.

On the 12th, February, 1805, the following ministers attended, to assist in the formation of a Baptist Church at Sible Hedingham, viz.:

Mr. Goody Pudney, of Eris Coln; Mr. Bowden, of Coggeshall; Mr. Hody, of Clare; Mr. Shuttleworth, of Coggeshall; Mr. Smith, of Bures.

Of these good men, and of the thirty men and women who that day clasped hands, and pledged themselves to the Lord and to each other, not half-a-dozen remain alive to tell how solemn and sweet were the services of the occasion, of which the church book contains this notice:

"This was a day in which the Lord was pleased to favour ministers and people with

his special presence, which gave us reason to believe the Lord was on our side."

William Scandrett continued to preach among them, and his labours were blest. To all but himself it was manifest he was intended to be their minister, and they gave him a unanimous invitation to take the pastoral charge of them which he declined, declaring himself totally unfit for so solemn and weighty an office. They said among themselves, "If this is of God, as we have good reason to believe it is, He will make it plain; we can do nothing without him, and we do not wish. Let us make it a matter of daily prayer till he gives his decision." Again and again they applied to their brother to know the state of his mind, and his constant reply was, "I am so fiercely tempted, so tempest-tossed, so dark and perplexed in my soul, that I tremble at the thought of the pulpit; how then can I venture on the pastorate?"

Jehovah makes his way in the clouds and his path in the waters, and his footsteps are not known. Though he kept his servant in this anxious and trying state, and tried the faith of the people about him, he went on to bless in his own way. The congregation increased, souls were quickened, mourners were comforted, and the people were confirmed. A more commodious place of worship was raised, which was opened on Lord's-day, June 2, 1805; on which the history contains this grateful effusion:

"The Lord hath followed us with loving-kindness and tender mercies! 'Oh! that men would praise the Lord for his goodness!'"

In September of the same year, they presented for the fifth or sixth time, a unanimous invitation to Mr. Scandrett to take the place of under shepherd among them, and now their prayers were answered, and "to the praise of God's grace and the rejoicing of their souls," their brother was constrained to accede. He yielded to what appeared to him to be the Divine will, at the same time declaring that he had no confidence in himself, but trusted wholly in the sufficiency which is of God.

On the 8th of October, William Scandrett was ordained, when Mr. Cardinell, of Halstead, asked the usual questions; Mr. Pudney, of Eris Coln, offered the ordination prayer; Mr. Hody, of Bilderstone, gave the charge from Acts xx. 28, "*Take heed, therefore, unto yourselves, and to all the flock over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers; to feed the church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood.*" Mr. Pritchard, of Colchester, preached to the people from Eph. v. 15, "*see then that ye walk circumspectly; not as fools, but as wise.*" Mr. Bailey, of Brockham Green, preached in the evening. Messrs. Smith, of Bunes, Hody, Jan., of Clare; and Shuttleworth, of Coggeshall, took part in the services of the day. It is not deemed necessary to insert the confession of faith adopted by the church, and emphatically declared by Mr. Scandrett as his own; but it may not be amiss to say, that it was in close keeping with the creed of Keach, of

Gill, of Brine. Calvinistic, and no mistake; that which is called hyper-calvinism now-a-days, to distinguish it from the trimming, truckling, yea and nay divinity (falsely so called,) which starts with the foundations of the apostles and prophets, and builds up an Arminian superstructure of wood, hay, straw, and stubble, combustible rubbish, which one flash of Sinai's lightning will utterly consume. William Scandrett and his brethren were Calvinistic Baptists; they made no secret of their belief, they were not ashamed of their calling, they gloried in the cross; they said, "By the grace of God we are what we are." This was as it should be, and as we hope it ever will be at Sible Hedingham. The trumpet gave a *certain* sound, its proclamation was, "Salvation is of the Lord:" he purposed it; he planned it; he, in the person of his Son, fulfilled its legal conditions; he by his Spirit and word, makes it known; he tenderly and mightily secures its objects; and to him resounds the praise.

Next month we hope to shew how William Scandrett, though so clearly called of God, had to suffer in connection with that holy work in which the Great Head of the church had called him.

The case of William Scandrett presents a *clear call of God to the ministry*. We venture to ask our young brethren whose hearts are inflamed with love to the work, to notice the caution and care with which William Scandrett acceded to the desires of the people: the example is worth their deep attention; even those churches who so suddenly lay their hands upon men willing to serve them, may do well to remember that all who in the Lord confide are not rash in their movements. But, until a month rolls round we must forbear.

(To be continued).

ORDINATION OF MR. BAKER.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I again take the pen to write you a short account of a visit I lately made to a certain locality, in the county of Suffolk; and to narrate, briefly, some circumstances in relation thereto. I left that part of the country, where I reside, on the 21st of July last; arrived at Ipswich, and by some dear friends was pressed to preach to them on the evening of that day; this I endeavoured to do, but found myself in that condition which is most distressing to a gospel minister; I was shut up and could not come forth; I really felt, my feet were made fast in the stocks; in fact I felt as though I could say nothing that was law, gospel, or common sense, and one of the deacons of the place having to leave before I had finished, I thought he went out because he could not bear to hear me any longer; I know not that I was ever more miserable while endeavouring to preach the gospel; however after the service was over, I found the people did not show any bitter feeling against me but the contrary, especially some of them.

The next morning, July 22nd, I entered a boat, in company with several friends, all of us being bound for the village, called Chelmondstone, where the public ordination of Mr. Baker was to take place; while we were being rowed down the river, my attention was much taken by the beautiful scenery, on either side of the river "Orwell," the hills, and dales, were covered in some places with the waving, bowing and luxuriant corn, in others, with trees whose foliage and greenness were admirable. Beneath them, was the outspread verdant carpet of grass, where the bleating flock, and the lowing oxen, under the widely extended, and vaulted roof of heaven, satiated their hunger and thirst. Whilst I was admiring the works of the great Giver of all good, the song of praise was ascending from my companions, in which I myself occasionally joined. Thus pleasantly were we borne along, on the rippling stream, till we were moved from the watery element, to terra firma; from this spot, we had a most delightful walk through plantations, meadows, &c., until we made our ascent to the village road; walking a little way on this road, we presently came in view of the chapel, which is situated in a very pleasant part of the village, and is a neat, commodious well built place. The people from all parts were wending their way towards this house appointed for prayer. Almost immediately after my arrival, the service commenced by a song of praise. After the song of praise, Mr. Felton of Ipswich, addressed the Majesty of Heaven in a most solemn manner. Another song of praise was sung, after which that much esteemed and useful servant of God, Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, addressed the people upon the nature and the constitution of a gospel church. He first pointed out the duty of all professors of Christianity to attend to the injunctions left on record in the gospel, respecting the elements requisite for the formation of a gospel church, and how those elements should be gathered together, and placed in proper order. On this point he was very particular, and very instructive. He next spoke of the ordinances of a gospel church; and in setting forth his views in regard to those who were called to attend to the ordinance of baptism, he certainly laid the pædobaptists by their heels; so likewise, touching the mode of administering that ordinance, proving that no warrant from the word of God can be found for infant sprinkling, nor for the ordinance, to be administered in any other way than by immersion; after speaking very ably in defence of these ordinances, he pointed out the qualifications necessary for deacons, and for the ministers; shewing their several offices, &c., and that to be placed properly in, and over a church, it must be the choice of the people, yea, and without this free choice, it was proved that there would be an infringement of the rights of God's people. The whole of this address was attended to with very marked attention; it was, an elaborate, and telling one, in many respects. A verse of a hymn was sung, Mr. Felton then asked questions of the church, and of Mr. Baker the elected pastor; he inquired of the church how they were led

to make choice of Mr. Baker, as their pastor? In reply, one of the deacons rose, and read, an account of the rise of the cause; of its increase, its changes, and present state; and it was interesting to hear that the man who was the first pastor of the people, was but a poor man, as it relates to the things of this life, but he was rich in faith, and the Great Head of the Church was pleased, through his instrumentality, to gather many of his dear people from darkness to light, and from the power of sin, and Satan, unto the knowledge of the living, and true God.

After the deacon had finished reading the account of the Lord's providential dealings with them, as a people, Mr. Felton called upon the elected pastor, Mr. Baker, to give a statement of the Lord's call of him out of darkness, into the kingdom of God's dear Son. The young preacher then arose: all eyes were fixed upon him. Shall I write you truly about this matter? God forbid that I should write ought else, although in this our day universal charity spreads her benign wings over all who profess to be ministers, or believers. Still, does it become the true, discerning ministers of the gospel, to speak of men, and things, as they are! How fatal false commendation has in our days been to young aspiring ministers none can fully say. Nay, it will never be known, till that day shall declare it. I well know all the Lord's servants, are not called to prove the mystery of iniquity so much, so long, and so tryingly as some are; nor can all, at all times, speak of the things they have known, and felt so strictly and fully as some do; and I know too that the real safety of a person does not consist in their being able to say so much about what they have felt as lost sinners, and what they have felt when brought to feel that they are saved sinners; but, I know also that it is nevertheless necessary that when a minister is about to be placed over a people, such people have a right to require an account of how he became a partaker of the fruits of the gospel, and what was the effect of his becoming a partaker of those fruits. It may be said, the people were satisfied with their elected pastor: and with the statements he made: be it so. I quarrel not with either pastor or people. I wish them every good. Nevertheless, as I have by friends been pressed to write a little about this ordination, I shall do so truthfully, having made use of my eyes, and ears too, and formed my own judgement according to what I saw and heard. What then were those things he spoke of touching his call by grace? The amount was simply this: he had been from childhood, at times, under some trouble from his conscience bearing witness against him as a sinner, and when he grew up he went to hear Mr. Elven: he felt very uncomfortable. Mr. Elven compared the sinner's heart to an old lumber-room, which by the light of a candle may be seen to contain a vast deal of bad lumber: he seemed to find this was what his heart was, a lumber-room for sin. We heard little or nothing of the terrors of God's law making him distracted, of the crying, groaning, wrestling, striving, sinking of spirit, and

of the deep misery felt from the law of God brought home to the heart, and conscience, and consequently, little of the joy of deliverance under a soul ravishing view of the mercy, grace, and love of God the Father; the condescension, love, blood, and righteousness of the Son of God; no description of the sensations that are felt when Christ's righteousness is seen and felt to be imputed to us, and all this resulting from the mighty power of the Heavenly Testifier of Jesus. Where is the weight and measure without this? Soon after this he began to feel comfortable, and went on hearing Mr. Elven till he began to find he did not preach truth. This appears to have been shewn him by reading some of the sermons of Mr. Joseph Irons. Soon after this he was called to preach to some people, and continued to do so for some time: he then left off for a time, and began again, from a trifling circumstance. He gave in his definition of faith, &c.

After Mr. Collins had given him the right hand of fellowship on behalf of the ministers, a hymn was sung, benediction pronounced, and the people left. In the afternoon, that much honoured and very highly esteemed man of God, Mr. J. Foreman, of London, delivered the charge to the minister, and truly his imagery was remarkable, his imagination prolific, his sentences weighty, the truths uttered most important, and apostolic. And the venerated servant of Christ, gave such advice, instruction, and admonition as it is hoped will prove profitable to the young man. I felt it good to be there, and many testified that God's word was very precious to them, while being delivered by his tried servant, in his own peculiar way. After the afternoon service as many of the people as chose took tea. The services of the day were resumed in the evening. Mr. Poock, of Ipswich, preached to the church, a very instructive, excellent discourse. The services of the day did not conclude till past nine o'clock. We again took boat, and by the light of stars reached Ipswich in safety. Thus, my brother, I have given you a brief outline of my journey, and shall ask you to let this account, rough as it is, appear in the next month's VESSEL, while I remain yours in our gracious Lord.

D. PEGG.

CLAXTON.

A WAYFARER'S NOTES OF TRAVEL.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT WARBOYS.

WARBOYS is a village of Huntingdonshire, nine miles N.E. of Huntingdon, and contains above 2,000 inhabitants. A few persons in the village were wont to go to Bluntingsham, Needdingworth, Somersham, and other places at a distance, to hear the word, forty or fifty years ago, but the church at Godmanchester was among the foremost to bring the gospel into the village itself. The Lord working, and confirming the word with signs following (Mark xvi. 20), truth found "a local habitation" in a

humble cottage, which, after serving the purpose of making a larger place necessary, was burnt down. By the way, Warboys claims an unenviable notoriety for the number of its destructive fires; and the philosophy of the natives under a visitation of the kind is most exemplary.

A Mr. Richard Lay was the first located minister, who is described as an earnest, sound, and vehement preacher, but of crooked temper, which produced discomfort to others, and was, no doubt, he being a godly man, the greatest plague to himself. A bad temper is like the tooth-ache—it receives small pity. Nay, not unfrequently it is played upon and irritated by the mischievous who then turn round and say, "What a horrible temper the man has got!" May we not conclude that the man bemoans his temper quite as much as his christian brother bemoans his besetment, whatever it might be? The next minister was a Mr. Dunham, who is well spoken of on a tombstone in the graveyard. He was of feeble health, and continued to preach among them only three years. Application was then made to the late Mr. Stevens, of Meard's-court, well known and highly esteemed in these parts, and he recommended a member of his church, Mr. David Irish, whose ministry was much blessed, and the congregation so increased that a spacious barn, in which the people worshipped, became too strait for the comers, and the present commodious chapel was built. Here Mr. Irish continued to minister in the word and doctrine for twenty five years, and the cause grew and multiplied. The latter part of the time he and his flock did not cotton so amicably as for many years they had done, and at length he resolved to leave them which he did in October, 1856, since which time the people have depended on supplies. The Wayfarer has not pryed into the circumstances which terminated in the severance of bonds sanctified by the holiest and happiest associations. He has no wish to hear tales of by-gone blunders and wranglings that do no honor to the master, nor to the servants who are forbidden to sin even in anger, (Eph. iv. 26,) and are exhorted to love one another with a pure heart fervently. His advice to the church and its late pastor has been to bury the disagreeable and remember only the grateful; the many seasons of blessing and sweet communion they have had together, and their near prospect of a joyful re-union, where all will blend in perfect cordiality and endless bliss.

A period occurs in the history of some churches and ministers, in which a separation becomes necessary. Both may deprecate it, shrink from it, yet cannot evade it. Preaching and hearing are *habit*, not means of grace; religion is no longer a life, but a form. There is a muddy suspicion that all is not right, though no one seems to know wherein lies the wrong. By-and-bye it is suggested that the old doctrine is defective, and it requires a new tag, something modern, to adapt it to the times. But the pastor goes on a visit to another encampment, and there preaches the same things he has been preaching at home for years, and he finds them as luscious, as

strengthening, and as acceptable as they ever were. The people, too, when they hear the same things from another mouth, profess to be profited. Thus a little jealousy is engendered between the pastor and his flock; he begins to find fault with them, and they to find fault with him, while neither knows *why*. This cannot last: Satan the accuser of the brethren will chuck in some apple of discord, some element of strife, that shall be like a spark, to a charged mine; and lovely peace betakes herself to her pines and seeks the wilderness. *Psa. lv. 6; Jer. ix. 2.* Zeal for the ark (*for self*) soon increases to fever heat. Instead of two parties we have four or six. The *belligerents* assimilate in companies by their respective temperatures, the *neutrals* by their degrees of timidity or indifference. Old friendships, ardent as David and Jonathan's, are given to the winds; generous and loving virtues, which used to circulate from pulpit to pen, warming and cementing all hearts, are become stagnant as congealed mercury; and though no one will confess or believe it, the real point in dispute is—Who shall be the greatest. *Luke xxiii. 64.* And when the minister leaves, the mischief remains. In their contentions, self-respect has been wounded, fine feelings rent, and words spoken in anger are remembered, and acrimony is still nursed. "Think it over at midnight," says an old writer. They do think it over, and relentings mix up with their memories; they begin to doubt their own correctness; they have been too rash in their remarks, have been unkind to one another; even the old pastor occupies a warm corner in many hearts, and they wish they had treated him with greater courtesy; and he? Why, *he* has his reflections also, and they are not all complacency. He has often been fighting when he should have been praying, and been handling his own cause when it would have been better in the hands of the Wonderful Counsellor. Alas! for us, in many things we offend all. *Jer. iii. 2.*

Sooner or later, but oftentimes too late, the truth of the matter is apparent. IT WAS A DISPENSATION OF GOD. The wrath, the bitterness, the crooked policy, the cruel hard speeches were of the flesh, and might have been restrained or prevented if those concerned had marked the indications of Providence, and understood their signs. The Wayfarer does not write this as the history of things at Warboys, but he can appeal to any of his brethren who have a wide acquaintance with our British Churches for instances of the kind, proving that, though we fondly hug the idea of marriage between minister and people being indissoluble, there is really but one union of that character, (*John xvii. 23*) and that Zion's King, to correct a tendency to idolatry, (for a minister may idolize a church, or a church may idolize a minister;) to further his own gospel, and maintain his own supremacy, does occasionally break up the dearest alliances on earth, and from storms and whirlwinds educe increased purity and health. Happy are they who humbly bow to his behest, and steadfastly believe that "all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to his purpose."

Ramsay, Somersham, and Chatteris were down for notice, but here, for the present, must cease the babblings of Blackheath. A WAYFARER.

MR. R. BOWLES'S REPLY TO MR. S. COZENS.

DEAR BROTHER.—Justice to myself and the church at Zoar, Poplar, claims the insertion of the following remarks. In the *VESSEL* for August there is, from the pen of S. Cozens, what is termed an "Explanation;" but what ought to have been designated by another term. "Dulness of the optics, disbelief," &c., &c., ascribed to me by him, I freely lay claim to; I was born so; but when we meet with such a startling declaration as the following, "In R. Bowles's note there is not a particle of truth," I feel constrained to adopt the words of Job, "Also now, behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high. And if it be so now, who shall make me a liar?"

I shall not attempt to lay open the mode of reasoning adopted by him, neither do I wish to follow in his steps. I am free to confess that his "Explanation" is past my comprehension. When a man roundly denies the doctrine of reprobation, he is understood; his idea is not missed; but when we are told that "unconditional reprobation is a Bible fact; but unconditional reprobation to damnation is not," there is something so unmeaning in this that I must be an "F.R.S." before I can fathom this modern dogma.

Again, we are told that it is the fault of the ungodly that they are lost (this, then, is the "particle" that he denies uttering); and yet here they are again—viz., "We ask, in the name of all that is holy, just, and good, whose fault it is if it is not the sinner's?" Now, Sir, how are we to understand this? In eternal election they are passed by; in redemption they are passed by; in vocation they are passed by; DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY walks through the earth, having mercy upon whom he will, compassion upon whom he will, and whom he will he hardeneth, taking one here and another there, and constraining them with heart-felt emotion to exclaim, "For God hath not appointed us to wrath, but to obtain salvation by our Lord Jesus Christ." And yet, in the teeth of this infallible and unmitakeable evidence, the ungodly are to be told, that, because their names are left out of the Lamb's Book of Life, because for them no atonement was made, because the Holy Ghost, who quickeneth whom he will, hath not communicated unto them the Divine nature, still, it is their fault they are not saved; or in other words, they are lost. For my part, I can only attach one meaning to both assertions: if a man is not saved he is lost. How is it Mr. Cozens has not given us in the "Explanation" the Scripture he quoted at Poplar, which he told us supported his idea? (*Hosea xiii. 9*). Perhaps he has discovered by this time that he missed "the idea" in that portion. As regards his remarks about "the civilian," my

Bible contains no such dark and unmeaning figures, but speaks out in bold and unmistakable language: "For the children being not yet born, neither having done good or evil (no merit attributed to the one, or fault to the other), that the purpose of God according to election might stand, it was said unto him, The elder shall serve the younger; and it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." So then, by the eternal purpose of Jehovah, Jacob is constituted an object of his everlasting love, and Esau of his everlasting hatred. Between these two a great gulf is fixed. Bless the Lord! I am not ashamed of these everlasting truths, nor do I want to soften them down.

May it be ours to realise the blessedness of Jer. xxxi. 3, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee." So prays yours in a yea and amen gospel,

Chapel House, Poplar, R. BOWLES.

July 11.

[We think the difference between Mr. Bowles and Mr. Cozens is more in words than in principles. There are some gospel points need a clearer elucidation; but here let *this* matter end.—ED.]

ANNIVERSARY OF THE
RE-OPENING OF UNICORN-YARD CHAPEL.
(FROM A CORRESPONDENT).

THE third anniversary meeting of the church and congregation under the pastoral care of Charles Waters Banks was holden on Tuesday, Aug. 4. It was announced that Mr. James Wells would preach in the afternoon, and preside at the meeting at night. With the hope of hearing Mr. Wells, and once more seeing that old sanctuary, which has stood there so many years, I bent my steps thither; to my disappointment Mr. Wells did not appear, and I was sorry to hear that he was too unwell to fulfil his engagement. The friends pressed Mr. Banks to preach in the afternoon, and he gave us a gospel sermon from John ix. 4, "I must work." He enlarged upon the Speaker; and in proving him to be the same glorious Person as spoke to Abraham on the mount, appeared to Jacob on the ladder, and to Joshua in the valley, entered sweetly into the exercises of the saints, and the suitable grace of Him who so emphatically said, "I must work." After the sermon tea was provided; about 250 sat down. At half-past six the public meeting commenced. Mr. C. W. Banks was voted to fill the chair, and he called upon Mr. Armitage to engage in prayer, which he did with savour and power. The chairman then read a letter from Mr. Wells, who expressed it as a calamity to himself that he could not be present. After which he read the report put into his hands by the secretary.

The Report, which was interesting, and expressive of good being done, we hope to give in a future number.

Addresses were then delivered by Mr. J. Palmer, Hounslow, Mr. P. W. Williamson, of Notting-hill, Mr. Flack, of Hoxton, Mr. James Nunn, and Messrs. Porter, Parker, and Butterfield. We never was at a meeting where there was so great a variety of speakers. All of them behaved well. It was a most pleasant evening, and though held on till half-past nine, most of the people kept their seats till the benediction was pronounced. I suppose about 700 were present. May the church at Unicorn-yard prosper and more. Reader, say amen.

MEPHIBOSHETH.

ZOAR CHAPEL, GREAT UNION ROAD,
ST. HELIER'S, JERSEY.

(To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.)

DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD.—Being longer detained in England than I expected, prevented me from fulfilling my promise sooner; but now embrace the opportunity of so doing, and will give you a brief account of the cause connected with the above place.

The providence of God, through ill health, brought me to this island in the beginning of July, 1856; and on enquiring for a Baptist denomination, was informed that none existed in the island; that there had been one, but it was broken up. This intelligence cast my mind down very much, for the nature of my disease was such that I was led to expect I should have to remain some time here. I felt determined to search St. Helier's over in order to know whether my informant was correct; and after a few days' search found out the above place, though my mind was very little relieved, because of the low state of the church in the above place. Their pastor had left them apparently unprovided for, having gone to England to find a larger sphere of usefulness; still, a Mr. Reed, who was visiting the island, was supplying them on Lord's-day mornings and week evenings, and giving his labours on the Lord's day evening to the Plymouth Brethren assembling for worship in Union-street; so that Zoar was, on one or two occasions, closed on Lord's-day evenings. As the Plymouth Brethren were not destitute, their own minister being at home, I had misgivings of mind, and felt somewhat hurt in seeing Mr. Reed leaving the handful at Zoar (for at that time they did not number more than twelve), to give his labours where they were not actually needed. I offered to supply on the occasion, as otherwise the doors would be closed. My offer was cheerfully accepted; and was, with one voice, by the few requested to supply them until their pastor's return, which I acceded to, and which was about three weeks. Their pastor returned but to bid them farewell, the church at South Chard having given him an invitation to the pastorate, which he accepted. The little band again intreated my aid, and offered me the pastorate; but not being satisfied in my own soul that the Lord had called me to the work, and remaining very weak in body, I peremptorily refused; but finding that unless I attempted to continue to speak to them, the chapel would be closed, and the truth and ordinances of the gospel in their fulness, and freeness, and discrimination, would cease to be proclaimed in this beautiful island containing upwards of sixty thousand souls (and belonging to Great Britain, my highly exalted and privileged country), laid so powerfully upon my mind and spirit, that, like Esther, I was impelled to attempt, in dependence upon Divine aid, the solemn and important work, with an increased sensibility of my unfitness and insufficiency. It would occupy much space in your periodical to detail the fears, the exercises, and strugglings that ensued in the mind of the writer; suffice it to inform you that, through the good hand of the Lord, the aspect is much brighter, though we continue feeble and few. Five out of the small number when I first came are removed from the island viz., four to England, one to the brighter world. The congregations now average between thirty and forty, the greater portion acknowledging that my feeble labours have been blessed to their souls. Indeed, they manifest toward me the most Christian esteem and solicitude; and as they are unable to administer to the necessities of a minister, and the dear Lord has sufficiently supplied my temporal needs, we are in this matter adapted for each other. My bodily weakness is such that I am unable to speak to them now more than once in the day; but the Lord has provided, by inclining the heart of one Mr. B. to come among us, who has kindly

offered to assist, which assistance is accepted. Peace dwells in our midst, and we are looking up to the Lord for better days; and we can say, our expectation is alone from him; for "what can we feeble folk do" without our God in the power of his grace, love, and mercy? Nothing; but we hang upon his promise, "I will work all my work in them," yea, and for them, too.

I find that the chapel was erected through the instrumentality of Mr. J. Lucas, who laboured in this island for many years, through the kind subscriptions of many of the churches in England, and others; but through some misunderstanding, mismanagement, &c., owing chiefly to the peculiar nature of the laws of this island, it has not been properly invested in trust on behalf of the church, but is now waiting the accomplishment of the same for funds. I have been in communication with Mr. Lucas for some months, and all is done by the means, which we are looking to the Lord for. The place had fallen very much out of repair, and a debt incurred as well. We need help in male Christians, the population being more than three females to one male. Should any of the Lord's ministers be visiting this island, we should be glad of their ministerial assistance, as well as the presence of all who come to view this romantic spot in the midst of the sea.

Wishing you every blessing in your every capacity in the church of God, with his providential mercy in this wilderness of time. Yours in the gospel,
W. S. THOMPSON.

Les Pres House, St. Helier's.
July 14.

CHATTERIS.

On the 22nd of July the annual treat for the Sabbath-school children at Zion Chapel, Chatteris, took place. A kind Providence blessed us with a fine day. In the chapel Mr. Wilkins, of Greenwich, and Mr. Austin, of Deptford (in the presence of other ministers, and many Christian friends, and the teachers), asked the children some important Scripture questions, and some very satisfactory answers were given. The children also sung some pieces, which gratified the ministers and all present. There was evident considerable progress, and great praise is due to the leader of our singing (Mr. Papworth) for the great pains bestowed upon the children; and, indeed, to all the teachers, for their constant attention and exertion. The number of the children in the school is about 230. Then, from the chapel:—The ministers first, then the females and their teachers, with mottoes and banners; then the males in the same order passed through the middle part of the town to the new barn, on the premises of Mr. James Smith (elegantly fitted up with mottoes, flowers, &c.), for the tea. The children having partaken of cake and tea, retired to the field of Mr. Smith adjoining, for recreation. Ten ministers and friends, to the number of 300, sat down to partake of a rich supply of tea, cake, &c., with very pleasing countenances. This being finished, we were favored with some appropriate speeches on important religious subjects, worthy to be retained. The meeting closed by singing, and a vote of thanks to Mr. Smith for the buildings and grass field. We ought to blush that there was not a vote of thanks to our kind-hearted females for the great pains they bestowed in providing the mottoes, &c. We must hope for progress in those who may live to witness another gathering.

Although we have no settled minister at Zion, yet we are highly favored with excellent supplies. The Great Head of the Church is mindful over us. Oh! that we may be kept prayerful and thankful!
Amen. MINIMUS.

WEST END, TRING.

DEAR SIR.—I feel it proper, in relinquishing the invitation given me by the Baptist church,

West End, Tring, to shew my reasons for not settling there. I labored there for thirteen months, receiving a three-fold unanimous invitation to the pastorate, but the labors were too heavy. The Lord has been gracious to own my labors. A large assembly was at the farewell address. I have done my best for them; and in leaving, believe I have the respect and esteem of many, as well as being and leaving in union with brethren in the ministry. I am now entirely at the service of churches where supplies are wanted. Address, F. Green, 27, Hatton-garden, London.

[The history of the church at West End, Tring, has been a very chequered one. It cannot be said that Tring is destitute. Mr. Geo. Wyard is at Akeman-street still; at West End there is a nice chapel, and in it the gospel has been preached for many years; and neither Mr. Wyard, or any other Christian man, could rejoice to see it either shut up, or occupied by anti-gospel parties. Let us still pray that some devoted Gideon may yet be raised up, and sent unto them.—Ed.]

BRIEF NOTICES.

FAMILY GODLINESS. By the Rev. James Gregory. London: John Snow.

We hesitate not to affirm that we sincerely love true godliness, let it be found where it may; but mere pretensions to religion, associated with lax and indifferent practices, we ever must abhor. Perhaps it may cause some to revile if we here speak our mind. The probability shall not deter us. We sometimes dare to think that our deep love of puritanical and practical religion has carried us too far in unwarranted efforts: the consequences have been the very reverse of all that we deserved; and deeply stung, and painfully reproached, we have been called to endure much hardness. Still, in our very souls we love such living embodiments of vital Christianity as Paul describes in Phil. ii. 14—16, and many such like exhortations.

We cannot, therefore, speak lightly of Mr. Gregory's "Family Godliness." A few short papers on Family Worship, which we hope to give, may lead us to refer to this pamphlet again.

THE CORONET AND THE CROSS: OR, MEMOIRALS OF THE RIGHT HON. SELINA, THE COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON, &c. &c. By Alfred H. New; Author of "The Voice of the Bible to the Age." London: Partridge and Co; Knight and Son, Clerkenwell.

This splendid work is now complete. It comprises a plain, practical, and truly interesting record of the life and labours of that valiant woman, the Countess, whose experience and zeal we have, in former articles, began to review; and hope, as the winter draws on, to have time to renew those papers entitled "The Countess and the Coal-heaver."

This volume of Mr. New's is a complete ministerial and evangelical memoir of the times of the Countess. We think, in these times, it might be very useful if extensively known and read. A beautiful vein of sweetly told out narrative runs through the whole.

EUSTACE CAREY: A MISSIONARY IN INDIA.
A MEMOIR BY MRS. EUSTACE CAREY.—

London: Pewtress and Co., 4, Ave Maria Lane; and J. Heaton and Son.

This splendid volume is a noble specimen of female biography, and of refined and sanctified talent, devoted to the rearing a monument in most affectionate remembrance of a much loved husband. We say nothing of the theology of the work; nor do we vouch for the purity of the great missionary enterprise in all its movements and results, but we do say, Mrs. Eustace Carey has done her work well; and we think there is scarcely a Christian lady in Europe but will feel proud in laying this handsome volume on their table, and thereby encouraging the heart and strengthening the hands of the bereaved widow. The un-Christianlike attempt which the newly elected editor of "The Baptist Magazine" has made to point out a trifling error or two in grammar, is both cowardly and cruel: a futile effort to appear very clever. We are quite anxious more fully to review the work and the missionary question entire.

CONFIRMATION, &c., &c. A SERMON BY MR. GEORGE WRIGHT, OF BECCLES. Beccles: Read Crisp, New Market Place.

On the first Lord's-day in July, 1857, the venerable pastor of the Baptist Chapel, Beccles, Suffolk, delivered a sermon on the deceptive and delusive character of the Church of England Confirmation. That sermon has been published; and if any of our readers question the Scriptural nature either of Church of England baptism or confirmation, we ad-

vised them to read this plain but powerful exposure.

What a multitude of mysteries surround us! We have now for review, sermons by Mr. J. C. Philpot, who fled from the Church of England, because of some of her most deadly errors; also, sermons by Mr. West, of Winchelsea, who stands up boldly for the Church of England, as a church based upon solid gospel truth. Look at these three men—J. C. Philpot, J. West, and George Wright: all of them, we hope, good men: but in what different positions! How divided! Each contending hard for special favorite points: and each to be more distinctly noticed another day. Our zealous Non-Cons. should extensively circulate Mr. Wright's "Confirmation" among their neighbours in the Establishment.

RHYMES WORTH REMEMBERING, FOR THE YOUNG. Third Thousand. London: Partridge and Co.

A wholesome and delightful little present for children. All who can appreciate Mr. S. W. Partridge's excellent poetical genius, will be glad to learn that his most appropriate pieces for the young have met with a warm and extensive welcome.

MINUTES OF THE THIRTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE HALDIMAND REGULAR BAPTIST ASSOCIATION, HELD AT HALDIMAND, June, 1857, Circular Letter, &c. This is a growing cause: but its soil, plants, and fruits, will be described another day.

REDEMPTION FUND, FOR ENTIRELY EMANCIPATING "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

Sum announced last month - £43 15 9½

Mr Evans, King's-cross, £1; Three Readers, Banbury, 3s; B. G., Devizes, hopes every one will do the same, 6d; D. S., Paddington, 5s; G. Everard, Somersetstown, 1s; J. Harris, 1s; A Trifle, 6d; C. B. Clift, 1s; Thomas Lamb and Friends at Crudwell, 12s 6d.

Per Mr Wells: P. E. M., 1s.

Per N. L., Fleetching, Sussex: N. L. 1s; His Wife, 6d; Friend, 6d; Do. 6d.

A Lover of "Redemption," even down to THE EARTHEN VESSEL, W. Z., Walthamstow, 6d; Clare, 1s; Stephen Reeves, Clevedon, 6d; Ezra Cooper, Brockley, given at Kedington anniversary, 1s; Mr Spratley, Vauxhall, 10s; Mr Grenville, Hounslow, 2s 6d; Friends at Hounslow, 3s; Mr. John Pells, Clare, 6d; Mr Wilson, Woodburn-green, 2s; Mr E. Harding, Hazelmere, 2s 6d; Miss Sykes, Reading, 1s 6d; Mr. Mrs and Miss Emily Kate Garnett, 1s 6d; F. R. C., Watford, 1s; Eliza, E. B. 1s; Reader, Leicester, 6d.

Per Mr James Cox, Surrey Tabernacle: Mr Johnson, 10s; Mr King, 1s.

W. Meager, Esq., Swansea, S. Wales, £5.

Per Mrs Chopping: Mrs Cadman, 1s.

Mr G. Kellaway, Baptist Minister, Yeovil, 1s.
Per J. Freake, Guildford: C. B., 2s 6d; F. J. 2s 6d.

From North America—Mr. William Peck, of Bellville, Canada West, near city of Ottawa, sends as follows: "Subscription on behalf of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, expressive of our sympathies with the Editor (Mr. C. W. Banks), and to help place the VESSEL in his hands clear of debt: Wm. Peck,

£1 3s 9d; Jas. Chinnery, 5s; Charles and Elizab. Watcham, 15s.; Jas. Pennecook, 5s; R. White, 5s; Elder W. Gearey, 5s; J. Jessop and Friends, 11s 3d; Mrs M. Ross, 2s 6d; Jac. Woodruff, 2s 6d. Total (Hallifax currency) £3 15s; equal to £3 sterling.

From Devenport—Mr Joseph Greenslade sends his third contribution as follows: "My much esteemed brother Banks, I have sent you for the redemption of the VESSEL £1 14s as follows: Mr Luseomb, messenger at Mr. Hodges' Bank, Devonport, 10s; Myself, £1; M. Allen, South-street chapel, 6d; Three others at South-street chapel, 1s 6d; Mr Jugo, New-passage, 6d.; Three friends, Bethlem chapel, 1s 6d. I work hard for the circulation of the VESSEL: I take twelve copies per month. May God the Holy Spirit incline: the hearts of many more to do likewise. What I cannot sell I give away."

From Saxmundham: Mr. W. Day, Baptist Minister, and Friends, £1.

By Mr Williamson: Mr W. H. Bildeston, 2s 6d.

P. W. WILLIAMSON, Cash Treasurer,
14, Clarendon-road, Notting-hill,
London, W.

* We are permitted to announce that some of our agents have kindly volunteered to receive donations. Christian friends in rural districts and populous neighbourhoods, who would act as agents to the VESSEL, may have all the necessary information sent them by addressing C. W. Banks, 2, Eldon-place, Upper Grange Road, Bermondey, S. E.

Reprobation: What it is not; What it is,

BY MR. SAMUEL COZENS,

MINISTER OF BEULAR CHAPEL, SOMERS TOWN.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

SIR,—For the cause of truth, for the good of souls, for the glory of God, I demand space in your VESSEL, to reply to the *illogical, illusive, and anti-theological* rejoinder of your friend Bowles. And, allow me to say, sir, that there is as much “difference between the principles of Mr. Cozens and Mr. Bowles,” as there is between the principles of *truth and error*; at least, I judge so, if the letter you have inserted be a fair sample of his orthodoxy, *alias*, heterodoxy. And I am confident, sir, that you will concur with me, when I say, that men should study the *rules of logic* before they assume a *polemical attitude*: and most assuredly they ought to know things that *differ* in theology ere they presume to discuss the “deep things of God.” I write thus, because, it is *obvious*, that your friend knows not *how* to distinguish *negative* from *positive* reprobation—knows not *how* to distinguish God’s will of *purpose*, from his will of precept: and I infer from a certain quotation and remark that he knows not *how* to distinguish *natural*, from *acquired*; and acquired from *judicial* hardness, and of consequence, “there is something so unmeaning” in that passage of mine, viz: unconditional reprobation is a Bible fact; but unconditional reprobation to damnation is *not*. Now, sir, I am not going to recant, or recall, or revise that passage; neither am I going to “deny the doctrine of reprobation;” nor shall I attempt to “soften down the truth;” but, I will endeavour by God’s help to enlighten his optics upon the subject.

Be it known, therefore, to Mr. Bowles, that *negative* reprobation is founded in God’s will of purpose; and that is *unconditional* reprobation: *positive* reprobation is connected with God’s will of precept: and that is conditional (that is to say, is in consequence of sin) reprobation to damnation: *negative* reprobation is irrespective of sin; *positive* reprobation to damnation is for sin: *negative* reprobation leaves the creature out of the bounds of election; *positive* reprobation is to appoint to everlasting destruction: *negative* reprobation respects God’s *sovereignty*; *positive* reprobation respects his justice. Sovereignty according to purpose leaves the reprobate *where* it found the elect; but justice according to precept (violated) sends the reprobate to hell. God appointeth no man to damnation, *merely* from sovereignty, but by the *rules of justice*. Reprobation maketh no man *personally a sinner*, neither doth election make any man *personally righteous*. It was the transgression of the law that made man a sinner; and it is the imputation of righteousness that makes a man righteous. Hence, the meritorious cause of damnation is sin; as the meritorious cause of

salvation is righteousness. And this, sir, is not “a modern dogma;” it is as old as Gill, who said “Negative reprobation is the act of preterition, or God passing by, leaving, taking no notice of some, while he chose others. Now the objects of this act are to be considered either in the *pure mass of creatureship*, or in the *corrupt mass*; if in the *pure mass of creatureship* no *injustice* is done by this act, for as it found them, it left them; it put nothing into them, no evil in them, nor appointed them to *any*, of any *kind*; man after, and notwithstanding this act, came into the world an upright creature, and became sinful, not by *virtue* of this act, but by their own *inventions*: or, if considered in the *corrupt mass* as fallen creatures, sunk in sin and misery, which is the case of all mankind; since God was not obliged to save any of the sinful race of man, whose *destruction* was of *themselves*, it could be no injustice to pass by some in this condition, when he chose others; for it would have been no injustice to have condemned all, as he did the angels that sinned, whom he spared not.

“*Positive* reprobation is the decree, or appointment to damnation: now, as God *damns* no man *but for sin*, so he had *decreed* to damn no man *but for sin*; and if it is no unrighteousness in him to damn men for sin, so it can be no unrighteousness in him to *decree* to damn any for it. God did not make man *wicked*; he made man upright, and he has made himself *wicked*, and being so, God may justly *appoint* him to *damnation for his wickedness*.” Indeed I could show this “dogma” is as old as old father Bunyan, Ness, Origen, and many other giant minds; whose acquaintance, I fear, Mr. B. has not made, or, he would not have given me the credit of the “dogma.”

In paragraph the third; Mr. Bowles asks, “Now, sir, how can we understand this?” “This”—what? If he means *that* which goes before; viz, the fault of the ungodly? I answer, by an *authority* he will respect I should hope more than mine. “The soul that sinneth it shall die.” Is sin a *fault*? If so, then death is for a fault. Sin is not the *cause* of the decree of reprobation, but of the *thing* decreed—eternal damnation. Thus, Sir, unconditional reprobation is a Bible fact, but unconditional reprobation to damnation is not. He may tell me that “God hath made the wicked for the day of evil.” True: but mark it is the “*wicked*.” He may quote “For this purpose have I raised thee up”—but, observe, it is not for this purpose have I *made thee*. God did not *make* Pharaoh what he *was*, or he had not been accountable for what he *did*.

If by “This,” I am to understand what

follows; viz, "In eternal election they are passed by." Well, what of that? Who said they were not? Did that damn them? No! I say emphatically, No! Election in the ark passed by the inhabitants of the old world; but, Was that the cause of their destruction? He may reply, if they had been in the ark, they would have been saved; that is what we term bagging the question: they were drowned (irrespective of the ark, and would have been destroyed if there had been no ark) for sin. In Lot's choice, the Sodomites were passed by; but, Was that the cause of their damnation? No; their sin would have destroyed them if there had been no Lot to choose, and save. The doctrine of election has nothing at all to do with the question at issue. Election is no more the cause of damnation, than Prince Albert's union to our beloved Lady the Queen, is the cause of the prostitution in this populous city; or, than the treasures in the Bank of England is the cause of filling the Queen's Bench with debtors; or, than the deed securing an estate to the heir is the cause of others wandering as fugitives in the earth; or, than the recipe in the physician's prescription-book is the cause of mortality.

Again, Mr. B. says "In redemption they are passed by." Truly! but, What of that? Did that damn them? The blood of the pass-over-lamb passed by the Egyptians, but Did that destroy them? No. What did? the sword of justice. What for? their sin. The Israelites passed through the Red Sea. Did that destroy their enemies? No! What did? their presumption.

Again, Mr. B. says "In vocation they are passed by." Most undoubtedly: but, What of that! Abram was called out of Ur; but, Did that make the Chaldeans *idolaters*? Certainly not. Is her Majesty's selection of a certain number of counsellors the reason why there are so many *fools* in the kingdom? Of course not.

Will Mr. Bowles inform us, Who is to tell the ungodly, that, because, their names are not in the Book of Life, etc., etc., it is their *fault* they are not saved; or, in other words, they are lost! Is this logical? Is this argumentative? According to Mr. B.'s logic they are *lost*, because "In election they were passed by; because in redemption they were passed by; because in vocation they are passed by." Fie! Fie! Mr. Bowles. I say without fear of successful contradiction, that it is not their *fault* that their names are not in heaven—that they are not redeemed—that they are not called—that they are not *saved*; but it is for their *faults* that they are damned. That is all I have contended; that is all I am contending for,—"Damnation comes of man's own voluntary sin, and is the *wages* thereof. Should God constrain the creature to sin, and then damn him for it, he deligheth in the destruction of his creatures, contrary to Ezek. xviii, 23, and xxxiii. 11. God did not thrust Adam into sin, as after he had sinned he thrust him out of Eden for sin."

As to Jacob and Esau, they have nothing to do with the subject of discussion. They are merely brought forward by the Apostle to

illustrate the doctrine of divine sovereignty in the election of some, and the rejection of others—a doctrine I hold as "roundly" as Mr. B. If the words read thus "Jacob have I saved, but Esau have I damned," there would be some propriety in the quotation; but the passage runs—"Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." Yes, and this was true before they had done anything either to merit or forfeit his favor: and, hence Mr. B.'s parenthesis argues nothing, because I have not contended for *personal* merit—because the point in dispute is not *innocence*—not *sinlessness*: but *sinfulness*, *guiltiness*. Let Mr. B. read the text again and ask, Are salvation and damnation in the passage? or, Are election and reprobation? Election and reprobation to be sure, And let me inform your worthy friend, that, God's loving Jacob, did not save him. Jacob was not saved by love, but by *blood*, by the *work* of that God-angel, who *redeemed* him from all *evil*. Hence, if there was no evil when Jacob was loved, there was some *after*, and blood must remove that evil; for *without* shedding of blood there is no remission. And therefore, it was not by love, but by blood, his sins were remitted, and his soul was saved. We know love prompted the act, but we must distinguish between the affection and the action. Allow me to suppose a case—You are incarcerated for debt; I may love you sincerely, I may go to your ward and solemnly aver, "I do love you," but that won't release you from your obligations to your creditor, nor deliver you from your prison: but, if I were to discharge your liabilities, then I should *save* you from the dungeon. You may say God's love secured that. Granted; but pray make a distinction between *that*, and that which it secures. Disputants ought to know how to distinguish *moving* from meritorious causes; or impulsive from instrumental causes. We must go into God for the *moving*, and into Christ for the meritorious cause of salvation. And let Mr. B. know, that salvation, though originating in the *moving* cause, could not have been secured *without* the meritorious cause. And so we argue that God's hating Esau did not damn him; it only *left* him; and this is the palpable meaning of the apostle "That the purpose of God according to election might stand."

Now it is quite clear from Mr. B.'s own showing, that there was *no evil* when this sovereign act passed upon the two brothers; then it follows—that Esau was faultless when left: so that God did him no injury. Now, sir, if Esau was damned, he was not damned *because he was left*,—because he was *faultless* when the act of reprobation passed upon him. I am not now disputing the certainty of his damnation, but I maintain that God's leaving him, though it issued in, was not the *cause* of his damnation.

Need I say more than request Mr. Bowles to consult his own experience? To ask himself, Was I ever convinced of sin? What were my views and feelings then? Did I charge my faults upon God, or upon *myself*? Did I tremble under the terrors of his law? Did I fear that hell would be my *deserved*

abode? Did I not acknowledge that God would be *just* in consigning me to "everlasting burnings?" Did I not see that my sins were enough to damn a thousand souls? Did I find mercy through blood? Answer these questions, I sincerely hope he can; in doing which, he will experimentally understand the meaning of Hos. xiii. 9.; and he will have the conclusion of the whole matter confirmed in his own soul; for he must confess that if God had damned him it would have been for *his own faults*.

One would suppose, from the concluding remarks of your friend, that the writer of these lines was ashamed of *the truth*, and could not endorse the everlasting gospel; but allow me to say that I hold the doctrine of divine sovereignty as firmly and as cordially as any man: my published works, and my preaching being witness. Yes, sir, I believe in, hold fast of, and fearlessly proclaim *unconditional, personal, eternal, and irrevocable election*, issuing in glorification, through mediatorial accomplishments, &c. And I argue, in spite of the quibbles of Mr. B., that election had not issued, cannot issue in glorification *without* mediation on the Son's part; without sanctification on the Spirit's part. Election travels through *vocation* (or the work of the Spirit—by whom we are called) and justification (or the work of Christ by which we are justified) into glorification! Rom. viii. 30. And, by a parity of reason, we conclude that as election doth not issue in salvation but by *merit*, so reprobation doth not issue in damnation but by sin; and hence, I again say, reprobation to damnation is for a fault.

And, as to the everlasting gospel, I love it, 1st, because it tells me of *everlasting* love; 2ndly, because it is a *copy* of the everlasting covenant; 3rdly, because it is the record of everlasting mercy; 4thly, because it reveals everlasting righteousness; 5thly, because it is the document of everlasting redemption; 6thly, because it proclaims everlasting salvation; 7thly, because it points out the everlasting way; 8thly, because it is the lamp of everlasting light; 9thly, because it is the instrument of everlasting life; 10thly, because it inspires the everlasting song; 11thly, because it conducts into the everlasting kingdom; 12thly, because it crowns with everlasting glory. "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ;" but I am ashamed of those who abuse the gospel to any purpose contrary to its legitimate design, as the power of God to salvation.

The only apology, Mr. Editor, I can make for this long letter, is the importance of the subject; and I feel zealous for the honour of Him whose decrees are composed, regulated, and brought to conclusion, according to the reign of grace, and the rights of justice. I am, sir, your obedient servant,
S. COZENS.
12, Queen-street, Camden Town.

A child of twelve years old being asked, whether she thought saints were more glorious in heaven than the angels, answered,—
"Yos: because (said she) the angels are servants, but the saints are sons."—TOPLADY.

MY SAVIOUR ALONE EXALTED.

A JOURNEY TO RAMSGATE.

It is half-past twelve, Tuesday, Sept. 8, 1857. I am packed in tight in one corner of a South-Eastern,—a long train, and a rare load of human beings, hoping to be conveyed safely to the salt-washed shores of Ramsgate this afternoon; and where, if the Lord will throw round me his protecting arms, and indulge me with his holy unction, I hope, for the first time in my life, this evening to speak well of my Master and his work; and then I must return home again to-morrow morning, as seaside loungings do not fall to my lot; but our kind Christian brother Perry (of whom all the ministers speak in the highest terms) has kindly invited me to preach, and having promised so to do, I will hope the Lord will give us his blessing. As I sat down in this pent-up corner the words came into my mind, "*These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace. In the world ye shall have tribulation: but, be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*"

I do not recollect ever preaching from these words, but I have had them preached into me as deep, perhaps, as some others of the Lord's disciples. Both sides of this text I have experienced in all their varieties, but I shall only notice one little coincidence. Last Lord's-day was a sweet, holy, happy day. I began speaking in the morning from Peter's words, "THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST;" and while the blessed Spirit helped me to speak of the almost innumerable blessings flowing down to the election of grace from the God of all patience and comfort, through the blood-shedding of the dear Redeemer, I found many of the seeking seed were greatly blessed.

In the afternoon I spoke to the children; and in the evening, both in the pulpit and at the Lord's table, "IN HIM" I found peace. Oh! the holy contrition I felt and enjoyed that evening, while viewing the boundlessness of his mercy to poor transgressors, I cannot soon forget. But then came Monday morning; a real Christian friend was staying at my house, and this friend could not help expressing grief at the unholy spirit which some of our leading ministers manifest against THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and its editor. When they have preached their anniversary sermons, they take their pipes, and to scandalise they go. Pretty employment for the venerable ambassadors of Christ. I heard such details as truly made my heart to ache. I thought to myself, I certainly will write to this "venerable bishop," as they call him, and kindly warn him of his dangerous course. I retired with this determination; but on taking up my New Testament, I opened upon the 13th, 14th, and 15th verses of Acts xxiv. I was quite surprised to find such words speaking to my troubled breast. I read them again and again—"Neither can they prove the things whereof (*now*) they accuse me. But this I confess unto thee, that after the manner which they call heresy, so worship

I the God of my fathers, and have hope toward God." These words took me into peace again. I was appointed that afternoon to open a new place of worship at Erith, and with these words I went off, and found some liberty in attempting to shew how the Lord brings a sinner, like Saul of Tarsus, and others of us, to worship him. Beside, the following letter came like oil and wine into my wounded spirit; and because I believe many a child of God will read it with comfort, therefore I give it here. I know nothing of the writer, but what here appears:—

Aug. 17, 1857.

To Mr. C. W. BANKS.

DEAR SIR,—Although you are personally unknown to me, I feel a sweet union of soul towards you, as I believe you are a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ; and I rejoice with all my heart to find how you are enabled to go from place to place proclaiming a full, free, and finished salvation in and through a precious Christ.

I rejoice that it hath pleased the Lord to enable you to continue THE EARTHEN VESSEL, for I do assure you it is a great treasure to me, and I doubt not to many more of the Lord's dear people. It is now about twenty-three years ago since the dear Lord gave me to feel my lost and ruined state as a sinner, and brought me in his rich mercy to the foot of the cross, and sweetly revealed pardon and peace to my broken heart, and enabled me to run the way of his commandments with joy and delight.

I was baptised at Walton, in Suffolk, in 1834, and was a member there when that dear and honoured servant of the Lord, Mr. Thomas Hody, commenced his labours in that place; but in 1836 I was removed to Ipswich, and favoured to sit under that dear man of God, James Nunn. In 1839 I was removed into the country, eight miles from Ipswich, and from that time to the present it has been my lot to dwell alone in a barren wilderness; sometimes I have not heard a gospel sermon for twelve months. I had a large family, and a great deal of affliction; and, worse than all, my dear husband was a stranger to saving grace. Everything seemed against me; and the result was, I fell into an awful state of heart-backsliding from my God. Oh! the dreadful deeps through which my soul passed. I tremble when I think of it; for like Jonah I said, "*I am cast out of thy sight.*" I really thought that all I had professed must have been a delusion. But oh! what matchless grace! the Lord in his boundless love and tender compassion restored my soul. Jesus the good Samaritan bound up my wounds and poured in the oil and wine of his pardoning love and mercy; and instead of upbraiding me he seals his pardon with a kiss. Oh! how suitable! oh! how precious is Christ to me! he is all and in all. What a mercy that salvation is all of grace from first to last! I want to have my Saviour alone exalted, for he alone is worthy.

But, my dear sir, I must beg you will have patience with me, for I assure you I had no thought of saying so much about myself when

I began, it being my intention only to testify how the Lord has blessed the perusal of THE EARTHEN VESSEL to my soul. I have to go to an Independent chapel; and although we have a yea and nay gospel, and my poor hungry soul turns from it with loathing, and I often feel cast down and sadly depressed, and have to cry out, "Woe is me! for there is no cluster to eat," yet I stay at home in the afternoon and read THE EARTHEN VESSEL, by which my soul has often been refreshed and comforted, and I have felt my mind confirmed and established in those glorious Bible truths which are so ably advocated in this valuable little work. The Letters to Theophilus have been greatly blessed to my soul, and also your papers on Mazzaroth (by-the-by, I hope you have not given them up).

And now, dear brother Banks, my heart's desire is to give all the praise and glory to our covenant God; and I feel satisfied your desire is the same; and my prayer is, that this my feeble testimony, with many others that I doubt not you are often receiving, may, by the blessing of the Lord, be the means of refreshing your heart and encouraging you in the good work. Most deeply do I sympathize with you in all your troubles and trials; and my earnest prayer is that the dear Lord will support you under them all, and give you that entire freedom for which you sigh and cry. A little longer, and—oh! blissful thought! oh! glorious prospect!—we shall have passed this gloomy vale; we shall see our blessed Jesus; and—oh! transporting thought!—we shall be like him. No more sin to grieve our souls, nor to interrupt our songs of praise, which shall for ever flow through the countless ages of eternity.

Dear brother, can we not say:

"My soul, with such a scene in view
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu,
Nor dreads a few chastising woes,
Sent with such love so soon to close?"

I herewith enclose twelve postage stamps towards the redemption of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. I would just add, it is my privilege to stand a member with our beloved brother Pook, at Betheda, Ipswich, Suffolk.

I am, dear sir, in the best of bonds, yours truly,

ELIZA.

We can tell "Eliza" her letter has been read by us with deep emotion of soul, with tears of gratitude, and many prayers that her heart may often rejoice in God her Saviour; that she may daily realise the fulfilment of the promise—"Lo, I am with thee;" that her passage through Jordan may be calm and pleasant, and that in glory she may ever see that "her Saviour is alone exalted." I have to thank God for many such testimonies; they, through grace, help me to bear the scoffs and frowns of the elder brethren; and even sometimes to pray that instead of the briars and thorns of jealous strife, the myrtle trees and fir trees of unity and uprightness may be found among our brethren.

Our train is now almost flying through the Kentish valleys, nearing Ashford, my native place, and the rain pours down nicely. Let me look for a moment at the text with which

I started; and notice (1) some of the things which the Lord has spoken to me, whereby I have found peace — "*These things have I spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace.*" Secondly, I would inquire, why is it that "*in the world ye must, & ye must have tribulation?*" And, lastly, the kind, the heart-cheering, the triumphant word of command the glorious Redeemer gives, "*But, be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.*"

I must not give these three branches of the text this month; but if I have a good time this evening, if some good things flow out of the text, I will try and write it out to-morrow as homeward I go, and give it to my readers in an early number.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, Sept. 9.—I shut my book up yesterday as we run through the quiet valley which carries you from Canterbury's clerical and ancient city down to the beachy sands on which the waves dash their spray with increasing and oft repeated force. It was a grief to me to pass Sturry twice and not go in to see my long and deeply afflicted Christian brother, Samuel Foster; but my engagement would not permit. It may be that this number of THE EARTHEN VESSEL may fall into the hands of some spiritual Christians who are now getting recreation either at Ramsgate, Margate, Broadstairs, or on some section of this Kentish coast; if they could spare one day, I will suggest a trip which might unite soul profit and healthy recreation together. Take a ticket for Sturry, walk into the village up to the post-office, kept by a noble Berean, and much-loved brother in the Lord, Master Fulforth; either him or his happy wife will shew you the humble cot where dear Foster lays in the deep furnace; there in his chamber they may spend an hour, and be practically doers of that holy retrospect, "*I was sick, and ye visited me.*" After this they might walk into Canterbury, review its scenes of attraction, and return in the evening to their marine abode. If their interview with poor Foster was as good to them as some of mine have been, they will not be displeased with my suggestion.

Now a word respecting Ramsgate. Our brother Isaac Comfort met me at the station, and took me at once to the Parson's Hermitage, friend Perry's residence. Some of the truth-loving people say (?) they cannot find any place where they can hear in this town. I can help them out of this difficulty. Everybody knows "Perry and Son's Royal Albert Bazaar." Call and ask Mr. Perry where THE TRUTH is to be heard; he will tell them all about it. Providence Chapel is in Broad-street. In that street there is a place called "Broad-street Church." I do not like to describe the interior of that place, but below that may be found Isaac Comfort's pulpit, and I hope his Master too.

I had last evening a good congregation, and some solemn feelings, while preaching to the people. Prejudice has, for years, kept me out of Ramsgate; but there I have now left my testimony; there I found the sacred presence of the Most High; there, I believe, Isaac Comfort is doing the Lord's work. His

residence is 31, Hardres-street, just off the railway station. There Christian folk may get the information they sometimes seek of me. Ramsgate, as regards its natural beauties, surpasses most of the places I have seen. As to its religious pretensions, I think there is no town in the kingdom where the gospel is more masked, martyred, and made merchandise of, than here. Puseyism in "the Pulpit," and worse than Puseyism out of it. Mountebankism has here been practised with a vengeance. Thank God, he has not left himself without witness here. C.W.B.

MR. JAMES WELLS AND HIS WORK.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

SIR,—I thank you for your vindication of dear James Wells. I would at this time adopt the prayerful language of our brother Chivers on a former occasion, and say, "Dear God, spare his valuable life; we cannot afford to lose him." All good men are not qualified to pass an opinion concerning James Wells's motive for dissecting Mr. Spurgeon's ministry, because all good men have not felt the task of the Egyptian task-masters. James Wells is sent of God to bring his people out of bondage; this is his peculiar work; and where is there a man that can knock down a "duty-faith" fabric, and wheel away the rubbish, like him? I am a qualified judge in this matter; for this is the service he rendered me, under God, who had prepared him for the work. If James Wells had never suffered himself from the Satanic duty-faith system, he would not have been qualified to probe my case. This happened on Good Friday, 1844, at the anniversary of the Baptist Chapel at Clapham. He took for his text, "Therefore, every scribe which is instructed into the kingdom of heaven, is like unto a man which is an householder, which bringeth forth out of his treasury things new and old." The man of God began by explaining what the new things were; to my utter astonishment I found they were precisely what I had been suffering from in my search after truth. I belonged to a moderate Calvinist church; and God knows what I endured in trying to find out what it was I was expected to do. James Wells explained that it was their wish that I should make bricks without straw.

After having experienced much of the love of God in my soul, I have rolled on the floor in agony of mind when God began to hide himself, because I could not act faith, believe, take God at his word, &c. I was dreadfully alarmed, for fear I should come short. The thought of the possibility of being separated from the God I loved was dreadful; and yet I knew I had been plucked as a brand from the burning, against my will. I had been an atrocious sinner. Alas! my teachers kept back the *sure* mercies of David.

After shewing me where I was, and how I had been deluded, the dear man of God brought forth the "old things" of the over-

lasting hills. I had never heard the like before, and could scarcely keep my seat for joy. I left the chapel a new man. All my fetters were knocked off; the wall of duty-faith was levelled to the ground. I was called under a duty-faith minister; I suppose those who are called under the truth escape the ordeal that J. W. and myself have suffered so much from. A burnt child dreads the fire; and I dare not read a duty-faith sermon, or hear one preached to this day. I am afraid of those of the Lord's people who hold the doctrine; for what is to become of me, if Christ has not done *all* for me? for I can do nothing.

Yours in Jesus, S. J. SEELY.
Trolleck, near Chepstow, Sept. 6.

[This short note we consider to be as a key to open the mysterious controversy now pending. Mr. James Wells suffered severely from those ministers who preach a mixed gospel telling the people *to do this, that, and the other*, and thrashing them because they cannot do as their task-masters command them. Mr. James Wells being at length delivered from such hard bondage by new covenant mercies is honoured of God, to bring perhaps thousands of living, labouring souls out from that same state of captivity as Mr. Seely here describes. Here, then, lays one chief part of our brother Wells's work. With ourselves it has been, and is somewhat different. For near fourteen years we sat down in darkness and in the shadow of death; but we sat under no free-will, no duty-faith, no Fullerite preachers. Our "form" and "profession" laid in "going to church—singing psalms—saying prayers—sitting still while the clergyman read something or other for just about twenty minutes, and then out we all went, thinking we had done our duty, and hoping God would be merciful unto us, although the terrors of death and of hell lay hard upon us. By and by, the storm *within* increased: and while the tempest was heavy on our soul, one Sunday morning, as on the bed we lay, these words came with quickening, enlightening, faith and prayer-producing power—"*Awake thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.*" Immediately, the scales fell from our eyes:—we arose, and fell upon our knees, crying out "*Lord! fulfil that promise, CHRIST SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT.*" Light entered into our soul. We saw and loved the Saviour; and wept at His sacred feet. That morning our steps were directed to an almost unknown chapel: a minister we never saw before or since preached from these words "*being confident of this very one thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.*" Near thirty years have passed since then, but we now say with confidence, a light above the brightness of the sun shone into our soul, while the glories of Christ's Person, and the exceeding greatness of His work were revealed in us, through the instrumentality of that sermon. Every doubt and fear fled, and in the holiest raptures, we mounted up into fellowship with our beloved Lord. No free-will nor duty-faith preachers have ever tormented or troubled us since.

We have often heard them; and pitied them; and wondered how they could dare to preach such rubbish. But in preaching, we seldom think of but three things—the most awful and dreadful nature and consequences of sin—the most blessed Mediator, Days-man, and Intercessor—OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST; and the work of the Eternal Spirit in calling, quickening, and sanctifying the election of grace, leading them to Jesus, and preserving them unto his heavenly kingdom. Our faith and our fellowship have been dreadfully assailed; nevertheless, through grace divine, we are kept cleaving close to His feet. His word, His gospel, His ordinances, and all that is dear to Him and His people. Blessings for ever on his dear name for the glorious work He has given us to do. We have no mind for strifes, nor censures. We hate error, we abominate sin, we love all truly good men who love and preach our Jesus, we adore him, and long to be more completely devoted to him. Let men and ministers say and do what they may, this is our most solemn testimony. Ed.]

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A YOUNG MAN.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF
THE HISTORY OF THOMAS LAY.

BROTHER BANKS.—You are aware I lost my dear son on the 29th of last month; as there are some things connected with his history that relates to the gospel kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ, I send you a few words connected with his short pilgrimage. The sermon by brother Pells, of Clare, I give from memory.

Thomas Lay (the subject of this memoir, the second son of John and Susannah Lay), was born into this world at Kelsah, in Suffolk, on the 12th day of April, 1822. His mother died in May, 1830, at Cockley. He lived with his father at Walpole, in this county, until 1837, when he was apprenticed to a Mr. Emery, draper, at Halesworth. He being a youth loving gaiety and pleasure, and his master a sportsman, he grew up, and was nurtured with all earthly delights within his reach, enjoying them in every branch possible. He was, notwithstanding, so far interested in his trade, that he never neglected that calling, and was intrusted with its responsibilities. I thought a youth so young should not be left in such entire management, and referred to that subject with his master, but he always expressed himself satisfied.

Having fulfilled the term of his apprenticeship in 1841, he wished to go to London; having an uncle residing in Shoreditch, he went to his house and obtained a situation in a large draper's establishment—Mr. J. Rotherham's, Shoreditch. At this place it was soon apparent there were many things according with his views and tastes; many worldly associates; much grandeur and show; opportunities offering, and embraced, of mingling in parties of pleasure, and with them drinking down the streams of iniquity greedily. But these streams did not run smooth, although

enamoured with appearances and attainments. The first year of his engagement in London he was visited with that, to him, dreaded disease, the small-pox; this so grieved him, through disfiguring his features, that he said he should never delight in himself more. This was removed in a measure in time, without that amount of mortification anticipated, and in a great measure subsided. A connection was formed, ending in union with the partner of his life from the establishment of Mr. Rotherham. In entering business at Walworth they prospered; but a change, from a comparatively small to a larger scale, did not bring the anticipated results. Placed at 25, Crown-row, Walworth-road, the trials of life met him; afflictions of body, first in the rupture of a blood vessel, next in an attack of cholera, he was in the year 1850 brought very low in circumstances. Death was expected, and without any knowledge of God being either possessed or desired: it pleased the Lord to raise him from the apparent bed of death, but only to linger out a life much shattered. These shocks went with him to the chamber of death.

Through deep and heavy trials, the Lord in wisdom, love, and mercy, was bringing down that high and haughty spirit, and we find him about Christmas, 1852, hearing the word at Lion-street, Walworth. Mr. Hewson then preached there. He read as a text, "*Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all other things shall be added.*" The Lord the Spirit sent home that text; not the sermon: and shewed him that he had been seeking everything but this one thing: one near to him well remembers the conflicting seasons he was called to endure; it was truly in days of adversity he was called to consider. Oh! what strivings he had, to obtain a little peace! One thing I particularly observed, he was not suffered from the first to wrap himself up in false delusions. He would come to my house at Shoreditch, and speak of his exercises. Besides myself he had two sisters, both knowing the Lord, living with me, and to each of these he was accustomed to tell of his deep concern. He was at that time living near Mr. Chislett, East-street, Walworth, and I persuaded him to go and hear the word of life at that place. He seemed determined not to go; still, the Lord was bringing down his heart by labour. He went from place to place, seeking rest, but could obtain none. He came again and again, deeper, if possible, in distress. "Well, have you heard Mr. Chislett?" "No." "Why not?" "I cannot." At length he was obliged to go. A Thursday evening was the first time. He went a long time under Mr. C.'s ministry, convinced it was the truth, but without any particular beneficial results; yet he could not refrain, although it seemed to seal his condemnation.

About this time Mr. Chislett preached from Psalm lxxxvii, last clause of verse 7, "*All my springs are in thee.*" He then concluded he was altogether out of the secret. The springs, he said, might be considered to send forth (in their risings and distributions) those

blessed effects which proved our springs were in Christ. These would ever endear him, and refresh the soul: both of which he could not say he was the subject. At length the Spirit led Mr. C. to the 4th chapter of Esther, part of 16th verse, "*I will go in unto the King: and if I perish, I perish.*" The sermon he heard with a degree of comfort, of which before he had not tasted. A short time after Mr. Evin, of Clapham, and Mr. Chislett exchanged, and Mr. Evin read as his text Solomon's Song ii. 14, "*Oh, my dove, that art in the cleft of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy face.*" There the Speaker, Christ Jesus, sweetly spoke in his soul the words of life and deliverance.

This speech and this deliverance he felt to be the wisdom that the Holy Ghost teacheth. This led him into endearing fellowship with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ, through the precious anointing of God the Holy Spirit. Mr. Chislett's ministry then became to him the power of God unto salvation. But his health so far gave way that it was evident that the country was needful, if possible, to recruit his failing strength. Himself and wife were baptised by Mr. Chislett and added to the church the first Lord's-day in December, 1854; and led to Haverhill in the beginning of the same month. He was at that time very weak in body, his health still declining; and feeling a great difficulty with his family to reach a place according to his views, he sought direction at the Fountain-Head of wisdom, and hoped the Lord had answered his prayer by opening our present place of worship, particularly in so distinguishing the opening services, believing Divine unction rested upon the word there preached by brethren Chislett, of London, and Pells, of Clare, and he often referred to it with thankfulness and gratitude when brought to the more declining part of his life. He could but very seldom reach even this short distance. He felt ever, even to the last, a great concern for the cause of God in this place, and would say, "I feel that creatures like ourselves must be always under high and holy influence to speak and act right as in the sight of God," often lamenting the impatience, fretfulness, and proneness to an ebullition of temper.

With regard to the cause of God at Haverhill, he acted with a single eye to God's glory, and for the benefit of his fellow-men.

In the beginning of April of the present year, under deep trials and great distress, an answer was given to sharp wrestling prayer by Psalm lxxii. 12, "*He shall deliver the needy when he crieth: the poor also, and him that hath no helper.*" From this time, as he was sinking into the arms of death, he was proving the interposition of his dear Lord to be both seasonable and suitable.

A few weeks before his death a distant relative in Ireland sent him a very precious crumb in verse, and it was placed in a very prominent position over his head in bed, and this was his heart's testimony concurring it—"It hath proved, under the Divine Spirit, a

sweet cordial to me, and if it please the Lord to bring me so low that I cannot speak of the foundation of my hope, *then it is JESUS CHRIST* the beginning and the ending, the first and the last, the all and in all of my soul's salvation."

Speaking to me on the Saturday before his death, he said, "I was laid on the bed in the month of May, and thought a fortnight would end the strife; but it has been many weeks; what my sufferings are none can tell but He that knoweth all things. But what are they compared with my dear Lord's? his the full cup, mine but as a drop? It is but about a month since that Satan set in upon me, and harassed and perplexed me sorely with his thrusts at me for a whole fortnight; but my precious Jesus stood with me in the conflict, and he was not suffered to bring me down. The Lord assured me I was interested in the sure mercies of David;" and then he added, "I know in whom I have believed, and have committed my all to him; for he says, 'I will be a Husband to the widow, and a Father to the fatherless.'"

Tuesday, towards evening, he called us all to his bed and said, "I did this, as I may not be able to speak to you nearer my departure." There was a heavenly beam resting on his countenance, and I said, "Is it bright with you?" and he replied, "I AM PERFECTLY HAPPY;" and took his leave of the whole of us, with that serenity and peace as he would have done for a short journey. This remained undisturbed, and he sweetly breathed his soul into the arms of his precious Jesus on Wednesday morning, at half-past six o'clock.

Haverhill, Aug. 14. JOHN LAY.
(Mr. Pell's sermon next month).

PRISON PENCILINGS.

OR, THE DESIRES OF A YOUNG SOLDIER IN BONDS; BEING A CONTEMPLATION ON THE KING OF ISRAEL, by JOHN LITTLETON.

"His name shall be called wonderful." Isa. ix. 6.

Oh, my soul, thou art in bonds, thou art enclosed, thou art yet within the prison's walls; but hope thou in God: think my soul, thou art a soldier, notwithstanding, thou hast been and art now in heart his servant. Yes, the Lord is thy master, and though thou art not permitted to speak of him, and proclaim to the sons of men his name; though held back and in silence, yet let not the fleeting moments float away unnoticed; come my soul, with all thy powers, and contemplate him, whom it is thy desire to serve, adore, and love; him whose name is called "Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace." God has said, he would dwell with men upon the earth, and the soul regenerated cries out, "Will God in very deed dwell with man upon the earth? Ah, it is a truth, He will; and so shall the sons of men sing aloud for joy; so shall angels desire to look into these things; and so shall devils rage. But, O! how shall I begin, for I am vile; I am dark,

I am barren, I am a worm, I am unclean, I am full of sin. O! blessed, blessed Spirit; thou who first quickened my soul, who made me feel the bitterness of sin, and begat in my inward parts a love to God, who sealed the pardon of my sin in my conscience, who at times lifts me above a teeming world—a time-stricken, treacherous multitude—and taught me to esteem as dross, the pride and the vanity, of perishing mortals! O, thou eternal, thou prevailing, thou invincible Spirit; I esteem thy presence, I wait for thy lifting up, I love thy power, I value thy teaching! O, blessed Spirit, come and help me to tell of Jesus; breathe upon me and I shall be full; O, for thy unction, thy anointing! O, for reverence, for lowliness, for contrition! Let pride be penned up, let the world be locked; grant, O grant me, great God, the pinions of faith that I may tell of Him, whose name is called "Wonderful."

Here is a subject, but without the Spirit my sight is too tender to pierce into its glory; here is a vision; then must my soul be awakened to behold it: here is a deep of hid treasure; but I am destitute (of myself) to dig the sacred mine; here is a fruitful field, a delightful garden; O, for permission to gather its precious produce! Here is a land; but I want expression to make known its goodness, or bear forth the clusters thereof; here is a light, let the darkness be chased and I bask in the ray; here is an atmosphere, let me breathe and be refreshed; here is a sea, I would revel in it; here is a river, O! for a sacred wafting up it; here is a spring, I would draw near it; here is a stream, O! that I may drink of it; here is a mansion, I would enter it; here is a name, I would continually repeat it; here is a rock, let me feel for ever hid therein. O! sirs, here is Jesus, in the beauty of perfection, in the depth of mercy, in the power of love, in the grandeur of his work, and the glory of his person, in the delight of his will, in the bigness of his design; and this is Him, whose name is called "wonderful." "Wonderful!" Yes, it is full of wonder; for it is eternal, it is great, it is high, it is heavenly, it is mysterious, it is prevailing, it is victorious; yes, verily it is, for if enabled to see Jesus, I am directly in wonder. O, the scene is more than tragic, the vision more than common, the majesty more than human; here is an hero more than victorious, a king more than earthly, a messenger more than angelic, an arm more than natural, a face more than sacred, a voice more sweet than the sweetest music, a name more healing than ointment, a form more than lovely, a man more precious than gold, or the golden wedge of Ophir; this gold is precious, but Jesus is more so; when Jesus looks, then the soul is driven to ravishment, "His name shall be called wonderful."

(To be continued.)

THE CONVERSION OF AN ISRAELITE.

THERE are few subjects which more divide on the one hand, or more deeply interest on the other, the professing Christian Church, than does THE CONVERSION AND RESTORATION OF THE JEWS. It is a subject which has given rise to more controversy than any connected with the advancement of the Messiah's Kingdom. It is a subject on which the most talented of the *literati* have written; of which the most powerful preachers have spoken; from which the most profound Bible students have derived matter for thought and expression; a subject which has stretched the minds of speculators; and confounded hasty adventurers more, perhaps, than any one subject that ever yet presented itself to the minds of thinking men. We are often astonished at the *directly opposite views* taken by (apparently) most devout and intelligent Christians. One brother is most certain there never will be any such *literal* fulfilment of Scripture as a national restoration of the Jews; another good brother has been favoured with very special light into God's word; and he is daily looking, with unshaken confidence, for the dawning of the day, when "all Israel shall be saved"—that is, when God will bring back the wandering tribes, and restore unto them "the promised land." We, in the meantime, read and think for ourselves: and we have never yet been fully removed from the conviction, that, no scripture is "of private" or "of single interpretation:" but that, *spiritually*, in the hidden experience of the chosen saints; and, literally, in the restoration and exaltation of all the predestinated tribes of Israel, shall every New Covenant prophecy and promise receive its exact accomplishment.

We are not, by these few words paving the way for a controversy in the pages of this Monthly, on a question so profound. Certainly not. Nevertheless, if decidedly profitable papers on this subject, could be written, we should gladly insert them; but we fear that while the darkness of unbelief has fallen upon the *literal* Jews respecting the *advent* of Jesus of Nazareth, even so, has so much darkness fallen upon the minds of the *spiritual* Jews respecting the glorious development of those brilliant and enchanting prophecies which have yet "to come to pass," as to prevent any man from, at present, meeting the great necessity.

In the meantime, the little first-fruits of the great harvest, are ever and anon being gathered by the hands of the Eternal Spirit; and presented unto God as a sweet smelling savour; and made manifest at the same time, in the church below as an earnest of what she shall yet behold.

These sentences flowed spontaneously, when we took our pen simply to notice a small volume recently given to the world by a brother beloved in the Lord.

On the cover of last month's Vessel the work referred to was announced. It is entitled:—

"The Triumph of Christ on the Cross, as God-man over Sin and the Sinner: to which is prefixed an account of the early Life, Conversion, and Call to the Ministry, of the Author."

BY EDWARD SAMUEL,

A CONVERTED ISRAELITE,

"Minister of Ford-street Chapel, Salford, Manchester."

We have known something of Mr. Samuel for several years. We have watched his movements from London to Farnham; from Farnham to Hitchin; from Hitchin to Leicester; and from Leicester to Manchester, with some interest. When we saw his work announced, we felt an unusual desire to read it. We sent for a copy; and in the kindest spirit, the author forwarded a neatly-bound, gilt-edged volume, with a well engraved, truthful, and striking portrait of himself, which (with the sacred and solemn contents of the book,) will render it, we think, one of the most acceptable and truly spiritual productions of these days. We heartily wish our much loved brother GEORGE ABRAHAMS was constrained by the Lord to give us a companion volume, of his conversion, call, and ministerial labours. But he is so above all these things, that while he lives, we shall never expect to see it. When he is taken home, we hope some rich productions of his pen, illustrative of the life and labour of Christ's Grace in his heart, will be found. At present his usefulness is very contracted. He loves the memory of his predecessor, William Huntington; but in literary labours he does not imitate him at all. He must forgive our reference to him; and our prayers for him, that much more expansion of mind, soul, and usefulness in Zion, may yet be granted unto him.

To return to "THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS;" by Edward Samuel. We may notice that the first forty pages are filled with a sweet narrative of his own history; after which we have above thirty chapters on those subjects most essential to the believer's edification and comfort.

We purpose rather closely to examine the contents of this volume: but must close this first introductory paper with a short extract. Referring to his earliest days, he says:—

"The history of my short pilgrimage I will divide into three periods: first, my natural

birth; second, my spiritual birth; third, my call to the ministry.

"I was born in a small town called Vinooty, in Russian Poland, on the borders of Prussia, on the 14th of the month Nisan, 1812, on the evening before the passover; of Jewish parents who were strict in their religion, following the example of their parents, my grandfathers. My maternal grandfather being a Rabbi over twenty or thirty thousand Jews, and a great student in the Rabbinical writings and traditions; as of course his office required; to judge between clean and unclean, and in cases of the violation of the sabbath, or other festivals; also in a civil point to the Jews over whom he was, in case of fraud or debts. He was so respected by the magistrates, that if a Jew and Gentile had a cause and took it to them, they would often send them to my grandfather, and abide by his decision. He had a small cottage joining the synagogue, where he studied almost night and day. I remember, when a child, being once on a visit at his house, which was fifteen miles from my home; I went early one morning to my grandfather's study, which was about ten minutes' walk from his private dwelling, (he had not been at home that night, as he usually spent three nights in a week in his study), to have his hands laid upon my head, and pronounce a blessing. On entering the room, I saw there was something the matter with his nose; I said, 'Grandfather, what is the matter with your nose?' he replied, 'Last night, while reading, I fell asleep over the candle, burnt my nose, and set my cap on fire.' Such was the zeal of my dear grandfather, that he fasted two days every week, Monday and Thursday, and one whole month in the year, every other day, the sixth month Elul, which corresponds with the latter end of August, and the beginning of September. On the day of atonement, which is a fast day, he used to deliver an oration to the congregation, clad entirely in white, wearing no shoes that day, nor leaving the synagogue the whole day. His oration was so affecting that the whole congregation were in tears. I remember once witnessing it, and although only a child not more than eleven years old, was equally affected with the rest.

"The day before atonement the most respectable families had used to bring their children to my grandfather, that he might bless them. His custom was to visit our house once a year, and spend a week including one sabbath, and preach on that day. Every day during his stay, the Jews used to bring their little children, that he might lay his hands on their heads, and bless them. In this manner I understand the words of Christ, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' not to sprinkle, nor baptize, but to bless them. I remember another incident which made such an impression on my mind that I never forgot; I was not more than nine years of age, when with my eldest brother, and two sisters, on a visit at the aforementioned grandfather's; sitting at the dinner-table, I did something to displease my grandmother, and she being naturally not

very amiable, as I sat opposite her, she stretched her hand across the table, and with great vehemency said, 'Nisan, (which was my Jewish name,) as sure as I am born, you will kick the bucket—a phrase commonly used when a Jew forsakes his religion, and becomes a Christian. My grandfather understanding the phrase, although I did not—thinks I see him now before me—turned his face towards her, with a look of the greatest disapprobation (although he was a mild, and most amiable man,) and whispered something to her which I did not hear. Thus she prophesied the truth; Caiphas prophesied that there was a need for one man to die, that the whole nation perish not; Balaam, that there should be a star rise out of Jacob; and my grandmother, that I should become a Christian—all was true, and all was accomplished, although spoken by ungodly persons; and I bless my dear Redeemer for the fulfilment of all these things. On my return home, I related the circumstance to my mother, who, bursting into a flood of tears, exclaimed, 'I would rather die than live to see that, or, follow you to the grave.' Hearing these words, and seeing my mother so affected, I was anxious to know the meaning. On my first enquiry, I met with a denial, but after many entreaties she told me, with tears still trickling down her cheeks. Finding the meaning, I began to cry, and saying, 'Mother, I will never become a Gentile, no, no, not I.'

This volume may be had by sending direct to Mr. Samuel, minister of Ford-street Chapel, Salford, No. 1, Moliere Terrace, Lower Broughton, Manchester.

(To be continued.)

THE PRECIOUS PROMISES.

"For he is faithful that promised." Heb. x. 23.

What a rock for the child of God to stand upon! The Faithfulness of Jehovah! The unchangeable nature of the Great Promiser—the Lord God Almighty! "He is faithful that promised." This is a sovereign balm for poor tempest-tossed, doubting souls, if the grace of faith is bestowed, lifting the drooping soul's eye upward, and enabling, or giving it strength to believe, that though all things change, he changeth not; for he is "the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever;" his love knows no abatement, for he loved us from before all worlds; *he loves us now, and will love us ever.*

"And though we have him oft forgot,
His lovingkindness changeth not."

Oh, what a cordial to a poor down-cast soul, when the unutterable faithfulness of God is realized experimentally within by the divine rays of the Holy Spirit being shed abroad in the heart! What a sweet recollection then of how the Lord has led us in days gone by; how, according to his promise the manna has not failed once, and as our day our strength has always been!

Then how highly favoured the saint is, having a faithful God, and a precious casket full of priceless gems, which he, in his love, hath given him for his use and for his comfort! The Bible contains beds of pearls, and mines of precious things; and the means of obtaining them is sure and certain—"Knock and it shall be opened unto you." In getting earth's treasures, which lie embedded in its bowels, much labour has to be employed, and very often, after great exertion, disappointment results; the long sought for treasure is not found. Not so with the labourers in the Gospel mine, for, although hard wrestling and long knocking and earnest seeking has sometimes to be gone through, yet a failure or disappointment is never experienced. The blessing may tarry; yea, the thing asked for may never come at all; yet, in the withholding such, we often see the goodness of God afterwards; so that, that which we seek for is given as an equivalent. Yea, when for our good one thing is withheld, a greater blessing is generally dispensed. The promise is that knockers shall have the door opened to them; and to seekers, finding shall be the result. I shall endeavour to bring up some of the most precious gems; and may the Holy Spirit apply them, and may they be beneficial to the cheering up some and the strengthening of others.

I. *All things are yours*; whether Paul, or Apollos, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come: *all are yours*, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." 1 Cor. iii. 21, 23. What a jewel! How immensely rich then is every heir of heaven! though poverty stricken, yet richer than the wealthiest of this earth! "*All things*," God, Christ, heaven, eternity, and the promises; yea, "all things," all that belongeth to the covenant ordered in all things and sure to the Christian. Then how wealthy, not in riches which must be left behind in the valley, but which will be ours throughout eternity, and which will be available for our joy and happiness for ever and ever. "All things!" What a vastness! Depths unfathomable! Heights insurmountable! Lengths immeasurable! Take heart, then, Christian; though thou hast to live in poverty's vale, thou art interested in the will of heaven, and shall one day take possession of your heavenly inheritance, and enjoy it for ever; and, if placed in a better position in this life, a glorious change shall one day be made, earth's baubles giving place to heaven's realities, and a temporary and uncertain habitation vacated for a lasting and eternal home—a mansion in the skies.

II. "All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose." Romans viii. 28. The brilliant Kohinoor is not so valuable as this Bible gem. This is a strengthening promise, a promise which begets resignation and submissiveness—"My Father knoweth best what is good for me," the child will say. This assurance cheers him in dark and lonesome hours, confirms him in seasons of doubt, solaces him in moments of sorrow,

relieves him in times of distress, and enables him to kiss the rod which smites and say—

"Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me."

III. " *whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you.*" John xvi. 23. Prayer is an exercise which is a delight to the saints; while engaged in it the soul is at times caught up into the third heavens, and there holdeth hallowed fellowship with him whom it loves. In these moments the saint sometimes, yea, often gains a glimpse of love. At the throne he makes known his wants, his needs, his desires, and his troubles with a—"Lord, do as thou hast said," and with an assurance that the ear of his Father is open to listen, and his hand outstretched ready to help; for he has said, "They shall call, and I will answer them;" (Ps. xci, 15,) and he well knows how powerful the name of Christ is if pleaded in faith; for, " *whatsoever (not only certain specific things) but whatever ye shall ask the Father in my name, he will give it you.*" Then, Christian, plead earnestly, plead constantly, plead believingly, and thou shalt prove that "he is faithful that promised."

IV. "I will heal thy backslidings; I will love thee freely: for my anger is turned away from him." Hosea xiv, 4. This is the comforting language of the Lord to those who have left their first love, to those who have wandered from the sheep-fold and sought pasture in a strange land. He does not cut them off, but goes into the wilderness to find them and brings them home upon his shoulders rejoicing. Reader, art thou a stray wanderer? hast thou sought other folds? and art thou now crying out on account of thy backslidings, and censuring thyself for thy wickedness? If thou repentest for having so wandered, and art wishing to return again to his bosom, hear his invitation—"Return, thou backsliding Israel, saith the Lord, and I will not cause my anger to fall upon you; for I am merciful, saith the Lord." Jer. iii, 12. Dear Reader, then if this is thy case, if thou hast seen thy folly and sin in leaving thy Father, and if thou dost sincerely repent, *thou mayest return*; and I would invite you in the words of the poet,—

"Return, oh wanderer, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by reclaiming grace.

"Return, oh wanderer, return;
Thy Saviour bids thy spirit live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive."

The spark of grace is not extinct, though it may be at a low ebb; for if the grace of God was never there, if not there now, you would not have "those warm desires" to return; therefore, "return and kiss the Son, lest he be angry," and strive again to be restored to his favour, and to the joy which once thou realised. Return, then, return; for he declares *he will heal your backslidings*.

V. "I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever." John xiv. 16. Ever careful was our blessed Redeemer of those whom he came to save, those whom he was not ashamed to call brethren. When he uttered this promise he knew the hour was not far distant when he should be led away to judgment and to death; but yet, although the world in a short time should see him no more, yet his people must not be left comfortless; and hence this promise. And has it been fulfilled? Yes! to the joy, happiness, and peace of thousands. As the Holy Spirit moved upon the face of the waters at the creation, so has it moved upon the darkened mind, unrenewed soul, and hard heart, and caused a marvellous change, a second birth, a birth from above, without which none can enter into eternal rest. Yes, it has illuminated the darkened mind, melted the hard heart, and has, in a word, effected the *all-important* work of regeneration; and therefore to those who have thus been called according to his purpose the Comforter was promised. The sweetness caused by its abiding with us in our souls cannot be put to paper; but suffice it to say, it makes bitterness sweet, turns wildernesses into blossoming Edens, imparts holiness, works sanctification, removes doubts, illuminates the desponding, makes darkness light and pain pleasure, gives the doubter assurance and the troubled mind peace, the heavy burdened deliverance, and the weary rest, the faithless a holy trust, the mourner joy, and the sorrowful happiness, and indites our supplications and prayers, puts words into our mouths and thoughts into our minds, and enables us to make known our desires unto the great Covenant Head, through the Covenant Surety, Jesus Christ, not always in words, but at times in groans that cannot be uttered. Precious Companion is this third Person of the all-glorious and ever-blessed Trinity.

VI. "There is therefore now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Rom. viii. 1. "Being justified by Christ we have peace with God." **NO CONDEMNATION!** Hell's dogs may bark now, but without any material effect; the armies of Satan may be drawn out in battle array against the saints, but without avail, for there is now no condemnation. The shackles which once bound are snapped; the fetters which once held are dissolved, and now, standing fast in the liberty of Christ, Satan can do but little; at the most, he can but worry; he must not, nor cannot destroy. No; safe are those of whom it is said, "There is now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus." Glorious emancipation from the curse of the law! Happy release from the penalty of sin! and all effected by Christ, the adorable Redeemer, who came from heaven to earth to work out our freedom, which he brought about by his life (obedience), and consummated by his death, and sealed it with the exulting cry of, "It is finished!" removed the curse and virtually handed down this assurance, "There is now

no condemnation" for those for whom this blood is poured out.

But one thing, a kind of stipulation, in this promise we must not pass by,—“Who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.” No! “Holiness to the Lord” must be the inscription on the forehead of all those who lay claim to the former part of the promise. Sin must not be indulged in that grace may abound! God forbid that. The mark of the elect vessels of mercy is “Holiness to the Lord,” without which evidence it is impossible for any to make their calling and election sure.

Thus have I brought to view six of the exceeding great and precious promises; six gems from the Bible mine; they are worthy of a fuller comment, but this I leave for closet meditation. I have but touched the key-note, which may be swelled into a great burst of song. I have but exhibited their preciousness and greatness feebly; they open a train of thought which those who delight in heavenly things never tire to follow. I think we have got a glimpse of the *fulness and faithfulness* of these promises; they are all yea and amen in Christ; and oh! sublime and comforting thought! not one of them has ever been, ever will be, or ever can be forfeited. They are as immutable as the Promiser, standing firm.

If these few remarks are acceptable and worthy of insertion, they shall be continued.

W. CROWHURST.

WILLIAM SCANDRETT

THE FIRST PASTOR OF THE SIBLE HEDINGHAM CHURCH.

(Continued from page 210)

Last month we gave William Scandrett's ordination; and his happy commencement of a useful pastorate.

We shall not this month enter upon the troubled waters which crossed the peaceful path of the happy pastor; we will simply take one leaf from Mr. Jones's book, (entitled "Jubilee Jottings,") which leaf is beautifully expressive of that happy spring-time which often precedes hot persecution, and cold-cutting wintry winds.

In this leaf, Mr. Jones says:—

"In 1807, the present chapel was erected; opened on the 2nd July, when sermons were preached by Mr. Pritchard, of Colchester; and Mr. Upton, of London. The Trust Deed was signed Sept. 29th, 1808. Witnessed by John Spurgeon, and George Smith, both of Sible Hedingham.

"Till the beginning of the year 1822, the seventeenth year of Mr. Scandrett's ministry, the affairs of the church flowed on prosperously. That trinity of mischief, "the world, the flesh, and the devil," did not sign articles of peace. No, nor yet an armistice. Some simple-minded people are half disposed to admire the courtesy and blandness of the old enemy, when he transforms himself into an angel of light, hides his cloven hoofs in fashionable boots, and bows and smirks like

any Frenchman; but he is never more bent on a plot than when he is most polite and gentlemanly. The church we are tracing had evidence enough of this, every year of its early, and we may had, its happy history. They had many true and some pretended conversions. Good seed was sown in the field, and bore suitable fruit, but, while men slept, satan came and scattered tares, and there sorry weeds grew also. The usual effects followed; the Ishmaelites mocked at the legitimate members of the family, found fault with the ministry, it was too distinguishing; with the discipline, it was too strict; with the doorway, it was too narrow. It is seen however, that gospel order was respectably maintained, and refractory mutineers were turned out of the ship. "Them that honour ME (says the Master,) I will honour," and, while the people witnessed for him, in asserting his supremacy against all error, and unrighteousness, he honoured them by comforting establishing, and increasing them. On one occasion,—May, 1814,—twenty-one persons were baptised and received into communion. The word ran and was glorified. From Heddingham it wafted to other places, and power accompanied it.

"Ten persons were dismissed to form a church at Haverhill, where they resided, and thus began a separate hive on the principles of the parent stock, and which the Master of Assemblies hath also blessed. Two or three brethren possessed gifts for helping in the dissemination of the truth—and now and then a slight jar occurred through the preaching propensities of ambitious spirits, whose opinion of themselves was not endorsed by the church. Offences will come, and sometimes it requires great wisdom, and great grace, to deal with them. In no case perhaps does the church more need wisdom than in dealing with inchoate gifts. Good and sincere men may be deceived by their own earnest and worthy desire to be useful. "Fast young men," (there are such about Zion,) will display their heroism in playing at soldiers, and like "fools, rush in were angels dare not tread." Then there are gracious, deep-taught, humble souls, with whom the word of God is as fire in their bones; and yet instead of being forward to give it vent, they are disposed to imitate Jonah, and go to Tarshish, Joppa, or to the world's end, in search of obscurity; rather than to go and preach the gospel. Nor must it be forgotten that, while some members of churches are purblind, and cannot decipher character, there are others who *will not see* indications of talent in their younger brethren, and whether from envy or jealousy, they will frown upon any hopeful tyro who does not submissively bespeak their patronage. Hence arises occasion for the more discreet and spiritual of the household to exercise *their gifts* of discernment and knowledge, to prevent the church from disgracing itself by sanctioning unworthy candidates for pulpit practice. It is for them also, to correct prejudice, to anoint with prayer and needful encouragement the Timothys of stammering lips, and thus avoid the offence of quenching the

Spirit in disallowing his gifts. The church has to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth labourers; it has to encourage those the Lord sends; and lastly, it has to decline the offers of the self-sufficient, and to check with a firm and kind hand those whose capital consists only of good intentions. May the Lord give his people an increase of zeal, love, perspicuity, and faithfulness, that the order, propriety, and beauty of his house may be exhibited in all its affairs!"

(To be continued.)

PEN AND INK SKETCHES OF
OUR MINISTERS.

No. I.

MR. GODWIN AT ZOAR.

It is now some fifteen years since, accompanied by a fond parent, we used Sunday after Sunday to visit those sanctuaries in the metropolis where the great men of the age were accustomed to preach, and where only it was asserted, "The truth" in all its purity was to be heard. Foremost among those places was the ancient "Zoar," of Whitechapel, the north western sanctuary in Gower-street, and the hill Zion, in Waterloo-road. We never recollect at that time going to either of these places, but we had great difficulty in obtaining a seat. Crowds were always to be found at each place. But where now are the people that used to besiege the doors of Zoar? Where now the hundreds that were wont to assemble within the spacious Gower-street chapel? And still louder would we ask, where the multitude that listened with astonishment to the seraphic outpourings of Arthur at Zion Chapel, Waterloo-road? in vain we pause for a reply. Echo only answers—where?

With thoughts akin to those we have just penned we wended our footsteps to Zoar, one Sabbath evening during the present summer. Many years had elapsed since last we had stepped inside that time-honoured and sacred edifice; and but few faces could we recognise among those whom we were accustomed to meet there; and when once more seated within its walls many recollections and reflections crossed the mind which gave cause alike for sorrow and rejoicing. But we are forgetful where we are; and buried in the thought we were heedless as to how the service proceeded; until aroused by the preacher, an elderly bald-headed man, (who proved to be Mr. Godwin,) having to rise, announced that his text was to be found in John vi. 37. He thus slowly read his text: "And—Jesus—said—unto—them—I—am—the—bread—of—life;—he—that—cometh—unto—me—shall—never—hunger;—and—he—that—believeth—on—me—shall—never—thirst." Having read it a second time in the same measured style, the preacher thus rudely opened his discourse: "There sinner what d'ye think of that?" He then carefully reviewed the context, and proceeded to view his text in two particulars. 1. The bread of life: 2. Who they were that had an appetite for it, which he discoursed on apparently

much to the satisfaction of some present, whose mouths seemed ever open to receive, and heads ready to assent to all the preacher asserted. Mr Godwin is a portly built man verging fast on three-score years; though time has but slightly furrowed his brow, yet his head is nearly bald. Eloquence and oratory are both alike strangers to him. Indeed he is the rudest ram's horn that ever we heard sound forth the praises of Emanuel; and although we desire not to pick out a man's faults we cannot resist the temptation to give one of Mr. Godwin's "select" sentences.

When about commencing the second head of his discourse, he asked the following question, "What use 'ood the bread of God be on, if there war none to eat on it?" Doubtless this mode of expression may be very well to some of Mr. Godwin's village hearers; but we do think that a minister who has spent so many years in the gospel vineyard as Mr. Godwin has, should make some attempt at improvement, so that he may place what he has to say before his hearers in something like an acknowledged form. Our esteemed friend, the pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle, has set an excellent example in this respect; he has laboured immensely, and not in vain; but, alas! multitudes prefer ignorance, and almost consider learning a sin. There is one particular habit which Mr. Godwin has, that immediately reminded us of dear old Mr. Allen. It is that of repeating part of his sentences, as thus: Mr. Godwin, speaking of Jesus, said, "sinner, you should speak of him as a Friend, I say as a Friend." There is much pure gold in Mr. Godwin's discourses; but he gives it you roughly from the quarry unwashed, and mixed with a deal of rubbish. His notion of "religious" London is very small. It is evident he does not think that all who profess the name of Christ are Christians, which may be inferred from this fact. Speaking of professing London and her ministers, he said, that were he able to put off the yoke of the ministry and come to sit down in London he did not think he could hear anybody but Mr. Shorter! Poor London! How is thy fine gold become dim! at least in the eyes of Mr. Godwin. Never mind; we dare say there are plenty that do profit under his ministry, and for their sake we say, Long may he be spared to blow, though ever so roughly, the gospel trumpet.

A LOOKER ON.

(Mr. Philpot next month).

ENQUIRY.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR.—My attention was directed by a friend to the words contained in John i. 30, "This is he of whom I said, There cometh after me a man that is preferred before me, for he was before me." I would ask your correspondents to give me a few thoughts upon it by way of exposition. What is striking, is, that the word "man" in the original is *aner*, not *antiropos*, being emphatically man, I am, dear sir,

ONE OF THE LEAST.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXXVI.

My good Theophilus, I now come to another part of *personal character*—namely, that department in which every one of us must give an account of himself to God (Rom. xiv. 12). You have to give an account of yourself to God *now*, and if you can give a *good* account of yourself to God *now*, then the Saviour will give a good account of and for you at the last day.

Infants, and those who are called in the eleventh hour, will come under our notice, when we come to some other rules of final judgement, of which we have to speak; but in this letter I wish to describe to you what it is to give a good account of yourself at the judgement seat of truth *now*, and especially as that your present account belongs to final judgement; and "as the tree falleth, there it must be." Eccles. xi. 3.

I scarcely need say to you, that the first essential of a good account is, that it must be a *truthful* account. You must, therefore, give a *true* account of yourself as a sinner; but this is what no man ever yet did, until convinced by the Holy Spirit of what sin is, and what man before God by sin is. This is so self evident that I will not detain you long upon this matter.

The account that Saul of Tarsus gave of himself *before* his conversion, and the account he gave of himself as a sinner *after* his conversion, were essentially different. It was not *before*, but *after* his Divine conversion that he gave us the 5th and 7th chapters of the Romans; and it was by the power of the Eternal Spirit that Isaiah felt himself to be "a man of unclean lips;" that Joshua saw himself in filthy garments, and as a mere firebrand, which the fire of sin had burned and blackened, both the ends, the heart, and midst thereof, so that he was "not meet for *any* work." Ezek. xv. 4. It was by the grace of God that men and women were on the day of Pentecost pricked in the heart,—not merely to the heart, but *in* the heart. Thousands have been cut to the heart (Acts vii. 54), but not so as to *alter* what is *in* the heart; but every one taught of God is pricked in the heart; it is an *internal* wound, opening up the evils of the heart,— "They shall know every one the plague of his own heart." (1 Kings viii. 38), and shall loathe themselves in their own sight, and shall thus come in with the 51st Psalm; not looking at that Psalm as a mere penitential Psalm, as the religions of this world call it, but a Psalm descriptive of what every truly convicted sinner is made to feel and to pray for. It is true we are told in the *unauthorised* superscription to this Psalm, of an occasion upon which this Psalm was written. Well, perhaps it was so; but this has never

yet been *proved*, and perhaps David *never saw* the Psalm; but be that as it may, there is the Psalm, and a most glorious Psalm it is, although Pharisees, led by the superscription, chuckle over this Psalm finely, and conclude that none but such crimes as those committed by David can make it needful for them to adopt the humble language of this Psalm.

I once visited a man, who by intemperance had brought himself, to all human appearance, to an awful end. The wife of this man was a *blind* Pharisee (not that I ever yet knew a *spiritually* seeing Pharisee); she assured her husband that if David had not committed what he did, he would not have written such a Psalm as is the 51st; she also assured him that although he could not come in with the *best* of good people, yet he might come in *with David*. However, I went as far as I could to the *root* of the matter, and tried to shew him that, bad as was his state by his outward sins, there was something yet *infinitely worse in his heart*; that his heart (as is the heart of every man by nature), was *worse* than the devil; for the heart was deceitful above all things, and the devil is one of those *things*. And so I laboured to lay open to him his real state before God; that his sin and sinful state were against God and against him, only, that the bloodguiltiness spoken of in the 14th verse of the 51st Psalm was expressive of the deadly enmity against God under which all by nature are, as is shewn not only in so many of his servants being slain, but above all in the slaying of the Lord of life and glory, a deed to which all by nature have virtually and relatively consented; and from this bloodguiltiness the Psalmist prayed to be delivered, especially as God was the God of his salvation. "And my tongue (saith the Psalmist) shall sing *aloud* of thy righteousness."

The young man I visited seemed to be brought into real soul trouble, and to some knowledge of the truth, and walked well the little time I knew him; but he was removed by Providence to some other part of the world, and I have heard nothing of him since.

Now, my good Theophilus, you will, I say, find this 51st Psalm the very experience and language of your soul, so that, like the Publican and all others who are taught of God, you will give a truthful account of yourself as a sinner before God.

But while it is essential to give a true account of your sinnership before God, yet we must not *stop* here; we must go on, and look for some other proof of Divine life in the soul beside that of true conviction of sin; for he that begins the good work will carry it on; we must, therefore, be satisfied with nothing short of the fruits of the Spirit.

But I shall not be able, in the short space of this letter, to set before you all we must

say upon this matter. I will first take Deuteronomy xxvi. You, I am sure, will not be at a loss to recognise the spiritual meaning of the same.

First, then, here is the *position* of the man who is to give a good account of himself to God,—“When thou art come into the land which the Lord thy God *giveth* thee to inherit, and *possessest* it, and *dwellest* therein.”

Thus, my good Theophilus, you are come into a land which the Lord your God *giveth* you. “Fear not, little flock, it is your father’s good pleasure to *give* you the kingdom;” so then it is a *given* land; a *given* kingdom; not offered, nor merited, nor bought, borrowed, nor stolen, nor hired; but *given*. What say you to this? Do you not both feel and see, that if you have a good hope, that it must be a *given* hope; and so it is written that “he hath loved us and *given* us everlasting consolation, and a good hope through grace.” (2 Thess. iii, 16.) And so you live in the “land of good hope”—a land of promise, flowing with milk and honey. But you are to *possess* this land by the good pleasure of your father which is in heaven. Are you satisfied with this tenure? this title? for “with him is no variableness, neither shadow of turning.”

Also, by completeness in Christ Jesus the Lord you possess this good land; so it is written, “Thy people shall be all righteous; they (therefore) shall inherit the land for ever.”

Also, it is given to you by *promise*,—by sworn promise; and “as he could swear by no greater, he swore by himself, saying, In blessing I will bless thee.”

Also, by *faith* you now possess it, and this faith may well be called “precious faith.” How precious the thought that daily needy sinners as we are, yet still receiving the truth in the love of it, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

But you not only possess, but *dwell* in this good land. “When (saith the word, verse, 1st) thou *dwellest* therein.” It is even now your nearest, dearest, and best home; and you can afford better to give up *for ever* all other homes than for one hour to give up the home of eternal truth. Thou *dwellest* therein, and thou findest it to be a land beginning with *brooks* of water, and ending with fountains and depths, that spring out of the valleys and hills—a land beginning with the finest wheat, and ending with the sweetest honey. (Deut viii. 7, 8.) Now the Israelite, when thus blest, was to come and give an account of himself to God: “When thou shalt come unto the place which the Lord thy God shall choose.” This place that God chose, was, first, the tabernacle, then the temple. And with safety we can look upon the temple as a type of the one final meeting-place of God and man; the Mediator of the new covenant. All their offerings were to be at the door of the tabernacle: and so

Jesus hath said, "I am the door;" there is no other way of access to, or acceptance with God. This is the place the Lord hath chosen to place his name there. Here it is that his name is safe; no where else but in this ultimate meeting-place are the honours of his name perfectly and finally established. This is what the first temple could not do. He is the God of Abraham, of Isaac, and of Jacob, in an everlasting covenant. The great high priest of this covenant hath established the same, while nothing belonging to this covenant can be lost; not a hoof shall be left behind. Here, then, the new covenant Name of the Most High, with all its import will be eternally carried out. So then, God is your father in Christ, and Christ is your life in God; that is, in God's love to you, and counsels concerning you. The Holy Spirit reveals life to you, and works life in you, and makes you lively in hope in no other way. Here, then, it is that you may glory in his holy name.

But again, let us look at this heavenly door of hope, where alone we can give a good account of ourselves to God—the place which the Lord thy God shall choose. It was a sacrificial place. How delightfully suited was this! the sin offering; the burnt offering, the peace offering; all to enable a poor sinner to give a good account of himself to God. Be assured of this, my good Theophilus, that you can never give a good account of yourself by the works of the law; it must be by faith that it might be by grace. This meeting place is by grace; therefore it is that here is a mercy-seat; and here is the high priest making reconciliation for the sins of the people; and the high priest was to present the people as on his breastplate before God, but he was not to go into the holy of holies without the blood of atonement for that would leave room for the sins of the people to go in, and then that would be a curse and not a blessing for the people; but he was to go in *with* the blood of atonement; so that no sin could go in with him; and therefore none could return with him. We thus see that the Israelite who had to give a good account of himself to God, was first brought into a good land, and into a good position, and was well furnished with good things, suited exactly to the taste of my good Theophilus, and also to the taste of,

A LITTLE ONE.

THE TRUE PROPHET'S REWARD.

"He that receiveth a prophet in the name of a prophet shall receive a prophet's reward." Mat. x, 41.

He who a true prophet approves
Shall share in a prophet's reward,
And when from this earth he removes,
Shall enter the joy of his Lord.
O may I by tidings of good,
Which tell of the mercy I need,
Still look and live unto God,
And that with the holiest heed.

Behold in the distance the feet
(On the mount of election divine)
Of him who lost sinners will meet
In kindness, with bread and with wine.

Behold him come leaping on hills,
In earnest to be where we are,
While all that is lovely he wills,
That we his blest likeness may wear.

As a seal on my heart, and my arm,
His loviest name would I bear;
No fear in my soul should alarm,
My friend, my beloved is there.

Behold him abound as the roe
On mountains eternal, on high,
Yet dwells in the valley below,
The rose and the lily so nigh.

He is kind, and he stays me with love,
And keeps me in sweetest repose;
And from him I cannot remove,
Nor go from this mystical roe.

Prophets of God, servants of his,
O, tell me what Jesus hath done,
Why he came to a world like this?
For what purpose to heaven he's gone?

Ye heralds of God and the Lamb,
Ye lovers and friends of my soul,
Oft, when I am weary and lame,
And fear I shall ne'er reach the goal;
Ye brought me some word of relief,
And helped me to press on the road;
Ye have brought me to Jesus, the Chief,
And left me rejoicing in God.

I love you, *ye valiant for truth*,
Who still abide faithful and free!
Ye who honor your heavenly birth,
From the conflict ye never must flee.

Bethlehem's well is still hid by the foe,
To keep us poor thirsty in awe;
The servants of David will go
And break through this Philistine law.

The servants of David will go
And drive these intruders away,
And bring of the waters which flow
To the joy of the weak by the way.

The servants of David will go,
And readily hazard their lives;
The thirst of the needy they know;
Their God to them victory gives.

We drink of the waters ye draw
From Bethlehem's heavenly well;
We glory in freedom's sweet law,
And defy all the powers of hell.

The servants of David shall go
(And with them my soul shall be one)
From glory to glory below,
Until every conquest is won.

Then as the stars, so shall they shine,
In brightness surpassing the sun;
Shall range in their orbits divine,
Proclaiming what mercy hath done.

He who a *true* prophet approves,
Shall share in a prophet's reward;
And when from this earth he removes,
Shall enter the joy of his Lord.

LITTLE FAITH.

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

PUSEYISM AMONG THE BAPTISTS.

MANY of our "respectable" Baptist Churches in London are without pastors; and many who have pastors, are declining into weakness and a wintry state.

In the provinces things are not generally any better. On anniversary days we get a little buzz, and a cheerful appearance for a few hours; but it soon passes away. The *vital power* of godliness is departing, and fashionable forms, and delusive errors, are fast taking its place. Yea, many men—who, in creed, are somewhat sound, are as cold, and as careful, as though they feared to frighten the folks. Here is one extract out of many letters, which we give as an illustration of the lamentable state of things among churches called Baptists.

A most intelligent correspondent, who is visiting many parts of England, writes to us a letter in which the following paragraphs are found. He says,—

"In the evening I went to the Baptist place, and found a young man dressed like a Puseyite priest in the pulpit. I asked to be placed close to the pulpit. The last sentence of his discourse fell upon my ear as harshly as thunder. It was this:—'To conclude—let me tell you it *rests altogether* with *yourselves* whether you pass from the grave to heaven.'

The service was formal, and the preacher full of the stiff starched mannerisms of the college. He first read a long hymn, which was sung through by the choir; then read a long chapter; then prayed some twenty minutes; then they sung again; then another chapter was read; then another long prayer; then a third hymn was sung, and then followed the sermon, which he read badly. I could hardly think I was in a Baptist Chapel!

"I got the pamphlet by McCarthy. What folly for a fly to buzz round the head of a giant! I think McCarthy did not count the cost before he madly rushed into the arena of conflict. James, or, 'Technical Wells,' as he is designated, will be able to scatter all McCarthy's statements to the winds with a few strokes of his pen. God pity us, we live in strange times. Truth seems to lie bleeding in our streets. O, for a host of men like 'the Tabernacle' servant of Jesus, that the mists with which the fair face of truth is covered by Baxterians, Neologists, Arminians, &c., &c., might be scattered!"

ORDINATION OF MR. B. B. WALE AT READING.

THE ordination of brother Wale as pastor over the church at Providence Chapel, London-street, took place according to announcement on Monday, the 10th of August. The

weather was exceedingly favourable, and the attendance very numerous. The proceedings commenced with an early prayer meeting at 7. It was a solemn and blessed season to all present; every heart seemed full to overflowing; and the Holy Ghost seemed to be manifestly speaking in and through every brother that engaged.

At 10.30, the more public services of the day commenced. Mr. C. W. Banks read Isaiah, lxiii., and 1 Thess. i., and engaged in prayer; after which Mr. Bloomfield preached from Eph. iv., first clause of 4th verse,—"*There is one body.*" He very neatly described the relationship, position, duties, and offices of the several members of the church; that while the pastor, deacons, elders, and members, each occupied a special and specific place, they were each and all necessary to each other; that while each maintained his proper place without intruding the offices of the others, peace and unity would be preserved; that it was only when the little finger sought to become a thumb, that there was danger of discord. The discourse was to the purpose, and was neat, compact, sound, and healthy.

After the service 127 persons sat down to dinner in the large room of the Literary Institution, which had been hired for the purpose, being above double the number that had been reckoned on; but still there was enough and to spare.

In the afternoon, Mr. Bloomfield opened the service with reading and prayer, after which C. W. Banks asked the usual questions of the church, and brother Wale. Brother Vinden replied on behalf of the church in a clear, succinct, and satisfactory manner; and brother Wale having also answered satisfactorily the questions put to him, a show of hands was asked for from those who were in favour of brother Wale's pastorate, and of those members who were opposed to it. On the show being taken, there was not one hand held up against it. Brother Wale was then called upon to signify his acceptance of the pastorate; which having done, Mr. Bloomfield joined the hands of the pastor and deacons, in token of the union being completed, and then offered the ordination prayer, with which the afternoon services terminated.

The friends then adjourned again to the Literary Institution, when 267 sat down to tea, a far greater number than had been expected. London-street was quite alive with people, going to and fro from the chapel to the hall.

In the evening, Mr. Wilson of Wycombe, commenced the service with reading and prayer. Mr. Beacock of Wantage, gave out the hymns, and C. W. Banks delivered the charge to the Pastor and the church; taking for his text in his address to brother Wale, Paul's charge to Timothy (2 Tim. iii. 5), "But watch thou in all things; endure afflictions; do the work of an evangelist;

make full proof of thy ministry." Among the "all things" he said was included:—

- 1st, Constant closet prayer.
- 2nd, Deep searching of Scripture.
- 3rd, Preaching the gospel.
- 4th, Visiting the sick.
- 5th, Examination of candidates.
- 6th, Administration of ordinances.
- 7th, Conduct of church meetings.

Under the second head he spoke of the afflictions arising out of the ministry; the Bible being sometimes a sealed book, the minister shut up, that he could not come forth.

Under the third head he shewed what the work of an evangelist was; that the word meant a flying messenger—moving, earnest, zealous, auxiliaries to the ministry. The charge throughout was earnest, heartfelt, clear, solemn, and practical.

With a short address to the church and congregation, based on 1 Cor. xvi. 13, 14, the day's proceedings terminated. It was a day that will not be easily forgotten by the Reading friends, the Lord seemed to be so manifestly in the midst from first to last. W.

SAFFRON WALDEN ANNIVERSARY.

(To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL).

DEAR SIR,—Every true Israelite must be glad to hear what our sovereign and our God is doing for his people, be it when and where it may; therefore, I will endeavour to give you a short account of the anniversary of the London-road Chapel, Saffron Walden. It took place on Tuesday, July 7th. The day was very fine, and we had many strangers and friends from the neighbourhood, lovers of truth. Eternal, and well wishes to our little cause. I may say the apostle's advice to entertain them was not forgotten, and truly, if in time long gone by, angels were entertained unawares, so I am quite sure that one angel was entertained at our anniversary, even the angel of the covenant; for Jesus said, "whoso receiveth you, receiveth me;" and if we entertain the Lord's dear children, we please, honor, and entertain him too. Mr. Foreman and Mr. Murrell preached as heretofore, the former morning and evening, the latter in the afternoon. The morning discourse was from that grand and awful, yet to the Christian, delightful description of the position and power of Zion's King, as given in the 29th Psalm, and 10th verse, "The Lord sitteth upon the flood, yea, the Lord sitteth king for ever." It was a sermon that would greatly encourage the doubting and downcast soul: and he shewed that the Lord sitteth upon the floods in a literal and spiritual sense, both of errors, tribulation, enemies, dangers, distresses, and temptations, which his people are exposed to, and that it should silence murmuring, for he sitteth king upon them, ruling, governing, permitting, and using them for the good frequently of his people.

Mr. Murrell spoke with much of his customary depth, earnestness, and affection, from Proverbs xxv. 25. "Good news;" and he spoke of the characters to whom this good news

came in a forcible and conclusive manner, and of what the good news consisted, and repudiated the horrible and false idea, now, alas! so much preached—gospel-condemnation.

In the evening, Mr. Foreman again preached at some length. Dinner and Tea were provided in a barn as last year. The place was filled at Dinner, and crowded at Tea.

Things have of late looked, to human eyes, rather dull and lowering in our little place; but this like a midday burst of the brightest sunshine, as a fire from heaven to consume the sacrifice. We cannot see what the Lord is doing, nor his way of working, It is true,

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;"

but, nevertheless, seen or unseen, revealed or hidden, the Lord is just as surely working all things together for good to his people, and doing everything that is necessary for them too; and he has given us a proof of it; blessed be his holy name! He says, "Children, be still, and know that I am God, as well as Father; that my tender love is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever; that I will never leave thee, &c." We all, I trust, felt the presence of Immanuel. I never remember a more refreshing meeting here; it was a "taste of the brook by the way" in the wilderness of this world. God hath not forgotten us; "he hideth his face, and we are troubled; he smiteth, and Zion rejoiceth in her God."

"Oh, bless the Lord my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die."

This I hope will hush our murmurings, and make us wait patiently, though he tarry, being thankful for the gracious mercies we have received; but we want to see the Lord make bare his arm, and ride forth conquering his enemies, bringing dead sinners to life, and adding to our number such as shall be saved; to see him quickening those who already know him, causing them to manifest burning love, and fiery zeal to bud and blossom and bear fruit, to the glory of him who called them and plucked them as brands from the burning. Dear sir, pray for us, and may the churches of truth in our land do the same.

The Lord prosper you and your VESSEL with auspicious gales.

FAREWELL.

RUSHDEN.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR—My name having several times appeared in the EARTHEN VESSEL, with various remarks and references drawn, by somebody, therefrom; perhaps you will not object to inform the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, and others through them, that at Succoth Baptist Chapel, Rushden, Northamptonshire, on Lord's-day, August 30th, 1857, I had the pleasure of immersing thirteen persons, in water, in the Name of the Sacred Three; and immediately after these solemn acts, in the name of God and of his church there assembled, I gave the right hand of fellowship to

fourteen persons, and thereby admitted them into this prosperous part of the visible church of Christ upon earth, (one had been previously baptized at another place in Rushton village). The place of worship was literally besieged outside, and crammed within, with attentive hearers and observers, some having travelled twenty, thirty, and forty miles, to be present and to commune with the beloved church here. Praying for every decreed blessing to rest upon you, I remain, an ardent labourer in the best employment. C. DRAWBRIDGE.

Rushton, Northamptonshire, Sept. 1st, 1857.

A WORD OF ACKNOWLEDGEMENT TO THE BRETHREN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Would you allow me, on the wrapper or any part of the October number of the *VESSEL*, to acknowledge sincerely the kindness of those servants of God, those ministers of the everlasting gospel, who have so cheerfully supplied my lack of service at the Surrey Tabernacle, and Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn, during my inability through affliction to appear in public.

I assure you, Mr. Editor, that it is no small comfort to my mind to see the people at the Surrey Tabernacle appreciate the grace and truth of God, in which ever of his servants the same may be manifest. This is as it should be; for we are not to be puffed up for one *against* another. I do feel indebted to Mr. Chivers, who ruleth with God, and is faithful with the saints. To Mr. Flack (Salem Chapel, New North-road) approved in Christ, whom he delighteth to honour; to Mr. Pegg (of Claxton, Norfolk), an able and faithful witness of grace and truth; Mr. Williamson, of Notting-hill, a Joseph of Arimathea, bold and honorable; Mr. Stringer, of Gravesend, one of David's mighty men, and of the tribe of Judah; Mr. Ponsford, of Courland-grove, near Clapham, a well established disciple; the truth will be with him for ever; Mr. Hanks, of Woolwich, a hind let loose, giving goodly words; Mr. J. A. Jones, a green olive tree in the house of his God, and is just the same for God and truth as though he was but now set out on his journey; and so far from tribulations and abounding of error quenching the fire of his love to the Saviour's name and cause, it burns hotter and higher. Thanks, living thanks to our God for this; he will leave a gospel mantle when the chariot shall come to take him to his brethren above; it will freeze no one to wear such a mantle; may he yet long be spared to shame and yet help some of us poor cold-hearted ones. To these good ministers both myself and people feel indebted, as well to others for their kind expressions of sympathy, and who have kindly signified their willingness to come ever and help us.

Will, then, the above named, and I may say also unnamed ministers of truth, accept on my own part, on the part of the deacons at the Surrey Tabernacle, as also of the people, this acknowledgment of their kindness? And I am sure, Mr. Editor, none more than yourself has felt a sympathy with me and the cause I am honored to be connected with.

It would perhaps be out of place to say a word concerning myself; yet I cannot forbear saying, that, during a violent chronic rheumatism in my left arm, having subjected me to most distressing pain night and day now for six weeks; and though somewhat better, is likely to trouble me for some weeks, if not months to come. During this time I have been many times kept from appearing in public; and they have shewn all the sympathy and kindness that any minister could desire. I cannot speak too highly of the kindness of either deacons or people. And as to my own personal experience, I was the first week of my captivity truly cast down; I felt more like an infidel than anything else, nor could I bring my own soul out of prison. Clear it was to me, if a *good work* went on in my soul, God alone could carry it on. I could neither pray nor anything else. Duty-faith and duty-prayer, had I been a believer in such fables, would have gone to the winds. I was shut up, and could not come forth; the chambers of imagery in my infidel nature were open, and sin of every shape and dye at work. I wondered what it all could mean; but I trust I *now* somewhat know what it meant; it was to prepare me for a fresh opening up to my soul of his eternal truth, he turned my captivity. The first encouraging thought that came with power was this,—*Has the Lord ever failed you?* I said, No, he has not. Has he not said with power to your soul, with everlasting kindness he will have mercy upon you? I said, Yes; and then upon the back of this came in kindnesses of Christian friends. I fell on my knees to give thanks to Him who delighteth in mercy; peace flowed into my soul. This is now a little more than a month ago; and my hope and heart have been comfortably sustained ever since; and so inspirited was I, that last Sabbath week I, though very sadly in body, preached three times, and perhaps never had a better day, but it was nevertheless too much for me; I did not close my eyes the whole night; but such was the fellowship I enjoyed with eternal things all through the night, that had my time been come I could, in the strength of what I then enjoyed, have breathed my last without scarcely knowing it.

Scarce should I feel death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.

Oh! what a Saviour is our Saviour! oh! how little we know of him! What then! am I *now* to moderate in doctrine? Oh! no; let me go higher, higher than ever, until the heaven of heavens shall swallow up the whole election of grace.

I am, Mr. Editor, yours sincerely in new covenant bonds,
J. WELLS.

CAVE ADULLAM, OLD ROAD, STEPNEY.

THE 34th anniversary was held August 30th, a day long to be remembered; the Lord, seemed especially to bless us with charming weather, with full congregations and with collections beyond what we expected. Mr. Thos. Chivers, preached in the morning from Is. xxvi. 4, a sound, experimental discourse; many of the

brethren and sisters were refreshed and comforted. In the afternoon, we had that great champion for the truth, our esteemed brother in Christ, Mr. James Wells; he took for his subject the second clause of the 2nd verse, Ps. xxvi, and preached a most discriminating discourse, showing that none can worship God aright but the regenerated, blood-washed, Spirit-taught, sin-convicted child of God. We earnestly pray our covenant God to raise him up to full health and strength; that he may, for many years to come, proclaim the liberty of the gospel to poor perishing sinners. We desire to express our warmest thanks for his willingness to serve us, for had he consulted his physical feelings, he would have had abundant reason to have withdrawn his promise, but the Lord helped and comforted him. In the evening, we had that tried servant of God, Mr. C. W. Banks; and the dew of heaven appeared to rest upon us while he spake from Matthew ix. 36. We could not help looking back to the time of dear Mr. Allen, and the church in his day; we took a retrospect of the trials we had passed through since, so that while Mr. B. was speaking, our hearts were ascending in earnest prayer to God, that he would collect his scattered sheep with his own dear hand, and place them, watch over them, feed them, and fold them here again. In conclusion, we have abundant reason to say "what hath God wrought?" The scattered flock are returning; strangers begin to come in; peace, harmony, and sweet concord are reigning amongst us! Behold! how good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.

J. W. BROKETT.

1, Station-place, West Ham, Sept. 11.

(The poems next month, if possible).

NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL, WANTAGE.

The foundation stone of the new chapel, Mill-street, Wantage, was laid on Wednesday the 26th inst., by Mr. B. Wale of Reading; several friends from Reading were present. Our services commenced by singing the following verses,—

Dear Lord, accept and own and bless,
And crown our labours with success:
And graciously our service own
In laying this foundation stone.

Enable us thereon to raise
A stately building to thy praise;
May truth within its walls resound,
And love and union here abound.

Thy church, dear Lord, is built upon
Jesus the sure foundation stone;
The powers of darkness it assail,
The gates of hell cannot prevail.

Mr. Wale then offered up a very solemn and appropriate prayer, after which he proceeded to lay the foundation stone. We then sung the following verse,—

O Lord our God, in thy dear name,
We here a stone have laid;
That we may prosper in the same,
Give us, dear Lord, thine aid.

Mr. Beacock, the pastor, gave a short and appropriate address; and then proceeded to lay

the second stone, after which he offered up a fervent prayer to Almighty God for his blessing to attend the efforts of his people, in which was an acknowledgement of gratitude for mercy already bestowed. The afternoon services concluded with a realization of the Lord's presence. "In the evening Mr. Wale preached a sermon in Wallingford-street, from He. viii. 5. "For, see, saith he, that thou make all things according to the pattern shewed to thee in the mount." We had a gospel sermon; suitable and appropriate. The friends at Wantage have very liberally come forward in their contributions towards supporting our building fund. The hand of our God has been with us, but we must say to the friends of truth, help us all you can: intercede for us with some of the churches and friends in London for collections. It will be a further proof of the divine approbation of the Lord on our behalf.

HENRY SAUNDERS,
Wantage.

SHARNBROOK.

On Wednesday, Sept. 9th, a happy harvest meeting was held at Bethlehem chapel, Sharnbrook, Beds; a good number took tea. Mr. Welch (of Wellingborough) preached in the evening. Both the family and the servants were at home, and it is thought the Master was at home too. On the following Lord's-day, I baptised four persons in the same place, in the presence of a numerous and deeply solemnised assembly.

J. COBBY.

ERITH.

A small place of worship was opened in the Particular Baptist Interest in Crown Street, Erith, on Monday, Sept. 7. 1857. Elder Wallis, of Bexley Heath, consecrated the place by prayer in the afternoon; a sermon was then preached by C. W. Banks from Paul's words—"This I confess unto thee that after the manner ye call hereby so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things that are written in the law and in the prophets, and have hope toward God." A large party sat down to tea; after which brother Bowles, of Zoar Chapel, Poplar, delivered an excellent gospel discourse. We hope this small, but honest effort to establish a Baptist Church will be followed with the divine blessing. Erith and its new projected suburbs bids fair to be an immense Metropolitan resort. The Congregationalists are about to erect an immense place. Let not the Baptist Church sleep or be slothful. The little child at Erith needs their care.

EAST STREET CHAPEL, WALWORTH.

The church and congregation in the above place are engaged in a noble cause. On the 1st of September the first stone of a new school room was laid by the senior Deacon, Mr. John Porter, in the presence of a large and respectable audience.

The service was commenced by singing one of Swain's excellent Hymns; after which Mr. Tiddy implored the Divine blessing. Mr. Chislett then showed that the former school room being so

small, and the number of children had so increased as to render it impossible to continue their operations in so small a space; they had therefore determined by the blessing of God, to commence the work.

Mr. Porter then laid the stone; after which he made some very appropriate remarks, feeling honoured to tread in the steps of that godly man Mr. J. Swain, the first pastor of the church, who laid the first stone of the old school room some fifty years ago; stating also that he had done it with a view to glorify God, to spread the knowledge of sound protestant truth, and to benefit the rising generation, by telling them of the one foundation, Jesus Christ, whom God the Father hath laid in Zion, for poor lost sinners to build all their hopes upon.

Joseph Payne, Esq., then gave a most interesting speech, proving that he is indeed the Teacher's and Scholar's friend, concluding with some very appropriate verses, entitled "Ebenezer."

The doxology having been sung, the friends (about 200) took tea together, which was provided by the ladies of the church and congregation, in a style and spirit, which did them great credit.

A public meeting was then held; Mr. Porter presided. Addresses were delivered by S. K. Bland, (architect of the school room) Mr. Worby, Mr. Snelgrove, Mr. Tiddy, Mr. Baker, Mr. Edcombe, and Mr. Chislett. (C. W. Banks, Mr. George, and Mr. Butterfield were necessitated to leave early.) The profits of tea, collection, and promised, during the meeting, \$74.

Should any person read this, who feels it in their heart to aid the cause of God, and truth, here is a school of nearly 300 children, who, with their teachers and friends, are doing their utmost to help themselves; hoping that others will come to their help also, and that the Lord will crown their efforts with his blessing.

Additions are being made to this old cause under Mr. Chislett's ministry.

THE LATE MR. J. HOWELL, OF SAFFRON WALDEN.

JAMES HOWELL, sen., deacon of the Baptist church at Saffron Walden, died at the advanced age of 78 years, on the 30th of January, 1857. He was a Builder by trade, and was one of the oldest inhabitants of his village. In 1811 he erected the chapel there in which the late Rev. Joseph Irons, that bold unflinching champion of the cross of Christ, for some years after published the Saviour's love and a free grace gospel. Being providentially blessed in his first marriage with a prudent, careful, heavenly-minded companion—my beloved mother—made an early profession of religion under the ministry of the Rev. Charles Simeon, of Cambridge. His religious views or impressions were then according to his age, and the pharisaical influence of the ministry he was under. It may be said that he "lived after the strictest sect thereof" until about the year 1835, when it pleased God gradually to open his eyes and convince him of the folly of his way, and bring him under the ministry of the late much esteemed

John Player; and on the 30th of June, 1844, he was baptised and admitted a member of that church. Naturally he possessed a vivid imagination, sound judgment, and a good understanding of things generally, lacking only a liberal education to fit him for a large sphere of usefulness in society. Commonly his counsel was sought by the surrounding neighbours. As in body, so in soul, he was long favoured with strength; "strong in faith, giving glory to God." In every thing his state was that of one whose mind was quietly stayed on divine sovereignty, never expressing himself otherwise even in the midst of circumstantial tribulations. And when buffeted by outer-court worshippers and worldly professors concerning the doctrines of his faith, and of his heart—election, sonship, and predestination to eternal life—his usual reply was, "Oh, he will repay it," and, so singularly forgiving was he, both religiously and naturally, that I have known him to replace to them their loss of money that have unjustly sued him at the law and lost by it.

The source of his constant discomfort and trial lay in a deep-seated morbid sensibility, and irritability, the common fruit of such a constitutional root. Herein lay the opportunities for the advantage of the "world, the flesh, and the devil;" nor did they fail to take it. Howbeit, this was a means in the hand of the Lord of bringing him often into secret mourning before God, and separated him more from the world than otherwise his naturally cheerful disposition would have dictated.

I said a comfortable assurance seemed his common portion for his pilgrimage from his heavenly Father for many years. Once when standing with him in his little parlour, placing his finger upon the table with an emphasis and energy never to be forgotten, he said "Henry, it is God that does every thing in us and for us, and, if you have not arrived at this you have nothing yet." At another time, when at my house, about two years before his death, after I had been reading Phil. ii, 1, "If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love, if any fellowship of the Spirit, if any bowels and mercies," &c., a divine sweetness, evident from knowledge and experience, entered his soul, and he instantly kneeled down, and praying with an unctious fervour, repeated the words thus—"Yes, Lord, blessed be thy name, there is much consolation in Christ, much comfort of love, much fellowship of the Spirit, much bowels and mercies." Again, after relating to him what I felt of late of my own evil heart and corrupt nature he immediately replied by letter—"that is a good confession—true experience—that is religion."

About the age of 45, though but a youth myself, I well remember he had a sharp time of cutting down under a feeling sense and sight of "sin by the law made exceeding sinful," and as is commonly the case when God brings the tempest of Sinai into an elect soul, he applied to a physician of no value in this case), who advised him to chew the Turkish root of rhubarb before breakfast every

morning; but afterwards he found cleansing and healing from the life-giving sap of the root of the "Stem of Jesse," and came up "out of the pit wherein is no water, by the blood of the covenant;" and walked, as I said, many years in the light and enjoyment of his divine master; yet as dear Hart words it,

"Their pardon some receive at first,
And then compelled to fight,
They find their latter stages worst,
And travel much by night."

Outward opposition to his faith, and his undisguised confession of the doctrines of the word of truth, formed no small portion of his fight. He proved that unavailing decree—"A man's enemies shall be they of his own household." Persecuted by one of his sons by letters to a degree, perhaps, without a parallel, and personally assaulted by a younger one of a like spirit. He endured it with remarkable fortitude, forbearance, and patience; and with eyes full of tears, tenderness, and affection, he sorrowfully remarked to me about ten months prior to his death, "I can forgive him; he is not the only Absalom that ever lived in the world." Nor did he cease to pray for them to the end of his days. Prayer was his weapon, and his sword the word of the Lord; and in many remarkable instances were the legal opposers of divine truth silenced and subdued under God. Yet, again, as sings our poet—

"When all these foes are quelled,
And every danger past,
That ghastly phantom death remains
To combat with at last."

So my dear father found it when approaching the "verge of Jordan," where Satan is often allowed to plant his heaviest artillery against the redeemed of God. Not afraid of death, yet he was grievously assailed by Satan to think, and admit that, which, of all sins, he was farthest and freest from the guilt of, namely, hypocrisy; for his sincerity was manifested by the broad demands of a tender conscience in the solemn matter of divine things.

On the morning of the day on which he died, an attendant asked him if he thought he was near his end; he replied, "You will know all about it to-night." The last words he was heard to articulate, by one of his sons were, "Now I want all faith, hope, (and other words not distinctly caught or remembered, implying) all God's full and free salvation." Then stretching himself at full length, he fixed his eyes steadfastly upward, in which attitude he lay for some time, when a heavenly, divine, and peaceful smile was distinctly observed to pass three times over his countenance and lips, after which he spoke no more; and, about a quarter to four o'clock in the afternoon, without a groan, a struggle, or a sigh, his redeemed spirit took its flight to take possession of its eternal inheritance, where its sun shall no more go down, nor its peace be broken, "Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Thus died one whose memory will be long cherished by some and blessed by others, for the savour of his testimony for God, and for the spiritual verities of his sacred word.

Howbeit, he was not without his foibles, corruptions, and miscarriages, the greatest of his life, perhaps, was that of an "unequal yoking" in his second marriage, in 1815. This inconsistency weakened his usefulness in the world, and his influence in the church of Christ, scattered his family, and procured to himself the rod of chastisement and circumstantial affliction to the very end of his days. Let this be a caution to them that fear God.

His remains were interred in the churchyard of the village. A sermon was preached on the occasion in the afternoon of the following Sabbath, by Mr. Wilson, pastor of the church at Saffron Walden, from these words, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Phil. i. 21. The preacher seemed sweetly alive in his work. He spoke first of the eternal power and Godhead of our Lord Jesus Christ, and as in Trinity the self-existent fountain, author, upholder, and maintainer of all life, whether vegetable, animal, or human. Secondly, of the life spiritual of Christ in the soul, and of the life of an elect sinner or soul in Christ. And here he entered into a great variety of interesting particulars in the Christian experience; then of the deceased; of facts interesting from his knowledge of him; of the conflicts and dying of a christian—not always under the bright meridian of the Sun of Righteousness—not always in the day, but sometimes in the night. Then referring to that solemn and remarkable circumstance in our Lord's death, when under the dark cloud of his heavenly Father's withdrawal from the guilt of sin, he exclaimed, "My God, my God; why hast thou forsaken me?" the preacher said, "And we do not read of the departure of that cloud from the dear Redeemer until he rose triumphant from the dead and the grave." Lastly, he spoke sweetly for a few moments of the eternal gain of the deceased, and all the church of God dying in Christ—"And I heard a voice from heaven, saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours."

HENRY HOWELL.

"THE EARTHEN VESSEL"

IN CANADA.

OUR useful brother George Curtis, of Jamaica-row, has indulged us with a sight of a letter he has received from C. Joyce, of Greenville, Upper Canada, from which we learn that "a bookseller residing in Quebec (700 miles from Greenville), has become agent for THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and is there circulating it. Mr. Joyce says, "I have succeeded in getting subscribers for it; and can truly declare it is highly valued by us. I hope to get more subscribers; for I can recommend THE EARTHEN VESSEL to all the household of faith. We want more of such works in Canada. I wish I could say they are what the Baptists in Canada appreciated; but would you believe me when I say, I believe not more than two or

three ministers at the most would endorse its sentiments? The whole length and breadth of our land are associated together in sister associations, and all possess and preach either Arminianism or Fullerite sentiments; and were I to go to any of the churches and introduce them to the members, and they subscribed for the Vessel, they would be condemned. These are lamentable facts, as far as I am acquainted with them. One church who is without a minister would not let me preach in their pulpit, although requested by one or two of their members. The reason they assigned was, that in so doing they should offend the other ministers. You must know, we are a little body standing alone in Canada, from conscientious principles. We have been robbed of our chapel by a majority of members who have departed from the doctrines recorded in the deed. They broke the door open, and took possession, and as we could not conscientiously sue at law for our rights, we think of trying to build another, where we may record the Lord's name. I preach every other Sabbath in a school-house in the same town, in connection with a young man whom the Lord has taught to love the truth as it is in Jesus. As for myself, I feel my inability and unworthiness in the work, and I am often about to give it up; but when I almost make a resolve to preach for the last time, the Lord gives me such enlargements and sweet and fresh discoveries in Divine things, I cannot help trying again; and so I go on, praying that I might be made useful."

MENDLESHAM BAPTIST CHAPEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR, — Five believers in Jesus were baptised by immersion in the name of the Holy Trinity upon a profession of their faith in the Lord Jesus, and one person received since from another church, making in number, through the year, twenty-four received into the church. Dear brother, the Lord is still blessing his word here to many precious souls. I am here surrounded by Puseyites, Fullerites, and Arminians; suffering persecution from the enemies of truth. There are very many dark parts in Suffolk: darkness indeed hath covered the people. I have introduced the gospel into some of those dark places—Such, Debbenham, Brockford, and Cotton; where the gospel is not preached, as well as others, where wickedness and infidelity abound; yet numbers of professors who possess a name to live, are dead. Some ministers here are opposed to me for entering those places to preach the gospel; but God works by such a feeble instrument to liberate some of his sheep from legal bondage; and some who profess the truth would rather unite with the enemies against the truth, than enter those places where the gospel is preached, stating the gospel to be of a dangerous tendency. But those souls that have been taught by the Spirit of God their sweetness and richness

find them to be holy and consoling truths they know what blessed effects they produce. Such souls love the ways of righteousness, they love to unite Paul's statements and James's practical evidences together, for faith without works is dead. CHAS. MERRITT.
Suffolk.

UNICORN YARD CHAPEL, TOOLEY-STREET.

On Tuesday evening, September 15th, 1857, this ancient house was filled with a multitude of people, to witness the baptism by C. W. Banks, of twelve persons—Mr. John Vaughan and eleven of his friends,—who were formed into a Particular Baptist Church on the 24th of the same month—a full report of which will be given next month. The baptizing sermon was one of the most solemn we ever witnessed: it was the conviction of many minds that the effect produced would result to much good.

BRIEF NOTICES.

MY LIFE: A BRAND PLUCKED FROM THE BURNING. By James Smith. London: Wertheim and Macintosh: and Judd and Glass, Gray's-inn-road.

Of all the memoirs which ever it was our lot to read, this life of Thomas Smith, of Leominster, is the most dreadful; and however a man with a sanctified mind could sit down and deliberately write out, and then print and publish his long continued course of awful iniquity, in connection with a sudden and shallow conversion, and an almost immediate entrance on ministerial work, we cannot understand: the publication of such harrowing scenes of wickedness, we think very unwise. Nevertheless, there are a few things in the book which lead us to hope that Thomas Smith is now a Christian, although we fear there are notorious characters who are classed with moral men, and with professing gospel men, whose souls have never been raised from death and delusion, and in whose minds the glories of Christ have never been revealed. We may notice this work again. Shall be glad to know that Thomas Smith endured to the end possessing Christian faith and holy love.

THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE FARRIER: OR, A THREE-FOLD VIEW OF THE LIFE OF JOSEPH WALLIS, BEXLEY-HEATH, KENT. London: Partridge and Co., Paternoster-row.

This is a new piece of ministerial autobiography, worked up out of some most singular circumstances. Every one who has made the acquaintance of Joseph Wallis, the ancient and eminent pastor of Bexley-heath Baptist Chapel, knows that his life, like Mr. Huntington's, has been a very chequered one, full of "remarkable providences." Out of the large ledger of Joseph's long pilgrimage he has made a little "Bank of Faith," and sent it into the world, that thousands and tens of thousands may read how wonderfully the Lord still continues to lead his saints, and to provide for his servants who in this

desert dwell. We shall notice this work perhaps more fully when we have a little cleared the decks.

THE PHASES OF APOSTACY: OR, DR. CUMMING'S RESORT TO "THE CHURCH," AND "THE FATHERS," &c., &c. London: Piper, Stephenson, and Spence, 23, Paternoster-row.

This sixpenny work has pleased us very much. "Philologus" (the author), has taken hold of Dr. Cumming's beard and given him a thorough shaking; and but for the fear that the Doctor's conscience (on the subject of baptism) is deeply seared, we should hope—with God's blessing, under the influence of this noon-day development of the Doctor's double-mindedness—that he would as widely confess his fault as he has displayed his folly, and come at once, and—renouncing the pomps and vanities of a pretended formulary—take his stand among that body of men who practically walk out the motto which Dr. Cumming writes on the front of his book—viz., "*My rule of faith is the Bible alone:*" which motto, by-the-by, does not much more belong to him than it does to those gentlemen of the opposite side, against whom it has been so much to the Doctor's advantage to level the hottest of his artillery. We are dreadfully angry—and yet it hardly belongs to our nature to be angry at all: some of our brethren are angry with us because they cannot make us angry with some others—albeit, let us only catch a man approaching the position of Simon Magus, or Judas Iscariot, just buying and selling Jesus Christ and the Bible, as it may best suit his purpose, and then we are so

dangerously angry with such a man, that we would not spare him an inch; but pursue him to the utmost, until we tore off his mask, and discovered whether his crooked ways proceeded from Satan's overwhelming temptations, or from the total lack of a vital life and a godly fear within.

Hitherto, we have reckoned ourselves among Dr. Cumming's friends, because we hoped well of him; but since he has had the audacity to write and to publish that apostatizing book of his, called "*The Baptismal Fount*," we have felt ashamed that ever we took his part at all. We are glad "Philologus" has dared to withstand the Doctor in this false movement of his; and we can tell him, that now he has taken upon him to cast contempt upon one of the Saviour's most holy commands, now that he has become so hardened as to endeavour to throw into the shade the whole of the Baptist community, we shall look at him as David looked at Goliath of Gath; and if the Doctor does not withdraw his opposition to the New Testament rule and order of the Church's constitution and government, if the Lord will give us the sling and the stones we will make him tremble in his shoes. Away with your mealy-mouthed soft-speaking, and trembling at consequences. Let a man, like Dr. Cumming, assail truth—a man that has, perhaps, made his thousands by the sale of some parts of it—and *we cannot, we dare not, we will NOT BE SILENT!* To prison or to death, THE TRUTH we will defend, if God our strength will be.

These words are only prefatory to our review of the Doctor's "*Baptismal Fount*," and the pamphlet by "Philologus," the title of which we have given above.

REDEMPTION FUND, FOR ENTIRELY EMANCIPATING "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

Sum announced last month £59 7s. 3d.

William Baker, Partridge Green, 2s 6d; Per W. Fromow, Mrs. Inks, 6d; A vessel of mercy, 1s; a mite from a well-wisher to the Vessel, 2s; Charles Jordan, Sittingbourne, 2s; Mrs. Harbutt, by Mr. Stammers, 2s; "Brigstock," 1s; a friend from Oxford, forwarded by brother John Stradley, 10s; a small token of sympathy from a member of East-street, Walworth, 2s 6d; Timothy Dodwell, Long Crendon, 2s 6d.

Subscriptions received on behalf of the EARTHEN VESSEL: per W. Bates, bookseller, Plymouth—Mrs. Hosking, 2nd subscription, 4s; Mr. Turpin, 5s; Miss King, 2nd subscription, 1s. Per Mr. Easterbrook—Mr. Luckraft, 6d; Mr. Hambley, 6d; Mr. Whitmarsh, 2s 6d; Mr. Down, 1s 6d; Mrs. Cressay, 2s 6d; Total, 17s 6d.

Ramsgate, collected by Mr. Isaac Comfort, Mr. Perry, and friends, after a sermon by C. W. Banks, at Providence chapel, Broad-street, Ramsgate, Tuesday Sep. 8th, £3; less travelling expenses, 15s; Total, £2 5s.

Per Mr. James Wells—Harriet Paine, 1s 2d; a friend, 6d; one who would see Jesus, 1s.

Collected by Mr. Fegg, pastor of the Baptist Church, Claxton—D. Fegg, 1s; Mr. Roberts, 1s; Mrs. Roberts, 1s; E. Roberts, 1s; Robt. Thurston, 2s 6d; Elizabeth Thurston, 1s; Eliza Thurston, 1s; Emma Nibbs, 1s; Lee Leman, 1s; Geo. Gaff, 1s; Mr. Freestone, 1s 6d; Mr. Freestone, sen. 1s; John Totell, 1s; Hannah Tovell, 2s; Mr. Warman Merriison, 1s; Mr. Meek, 1s; Mr. Harrod, 6d;

Mr. Soanes, 1s; Mrs. Harrod, 6d; Mrs. Freestone, 6d; Mr. Frost, 1s; E. Giles, 2s; Mr. Michael Atmore, 2s 6d; G. Chapman, 1s; Jeremiah Chapman, 1s 6d; Mrs. Chapman, 1s 6d; A. Chapman, 1s; Mr. Thorpe, 1s; Mr. Roper, 1s; Mrs. Meek, 6d; a sinner, 6d; Mrs. Harvey, 1s; Mrs. Nobbs, 1s; Mr. Nobbs, 1s; Total, £2 2s 6d.

Wantage-road station, by Mr. Beacock, Wantage, 1s; Mr. H. Saunders, 1s; Mr. Payne, 1s; Mrs. Iving, 1s; Mrs. Beacock, 1s.

FROM DEVOTION to our much loved and esteemed brother Banks, I send you for the redemption fund, 6d each, from 12 friends in Howe-st. chapel, Plymouth; 6d each from 3 in South-st. chapel, Devonport; 8 from Bethlehem chapel, New-passage, from the congregation in that little chapel: they take about 20 numbers of the Vessel per month. Brother Goddard, the manager, brothers Foord, Brewer, and King, the ministers, heartily forward the circulation. I send you 1s for this month; I have promises for more next month.

JOSEPH GREENSLADE.

By Mr. Frederick Green, 27, King-st., Hatton-Garden—Mrs. B., Mrs. M., & friends, West Tring, 2s; F. Green, 1s; A Somerset friend, 6d; Rev. E. Samuel, Salford, 5s.

Mr. Hollies, Neckinger, 2s 6d.

Per Mr. Williamson—two friends by Mr. Boulton, 2s.

P. W. WILLIAMSON, Cash Treasurer,
Minister of Johnson-street Chapel,
14, Clarendon-road, Notting-hill.

The British Nation on Her Knees:

A MEMORIAL OF THE FAST DAY.

WEDNESDAY, October the 7th, 1857, was, to an unusual extent, observed as "*A Day of Humiliation*" by nearly all classes of professing people in the United Kingdom. To pass by such an event unnoticed would be unjust to our readers, ungrateful to the Holy One of Israel, and unfaithful to the commission committed to our trust. Unjust to our readers, because we are persuaded that there has been no chapter in the world's history, for many generations, so full of interest to the intelligent Christian, nor so immediately identified with the fulfilment of the sacred oracles of God, as this *rebellion in India*; the clear and careful observer of prophecy and Providence may herein read some of the deepest lessons, and behold much of the holy majesty, the pure faithfulness, and the undeviating justice of the Lord our God. Silently to pass over a calamity so awful, so deeply and inexpressibly dreadful as this, would be expressive of a cold, a careless, a wicked ingratitude. Have we, as a nation, still been preserved? Are our precious privileges still continued to us? Are our gospel ministers and our beloved pastors still maintained in our midst? Are we still favoured to wait on the Lord in his house, in his ordinances, and at his mercy-seat? Are our homes, our families, and our friends still with us, and we with them, *unmolested*? Oh, brethren, contrast these our *mercies* with the awful *miseries* of our friends, our foes, and our brave defenders in India, and surely we shall be constrained to lift our heads, our hearts, our all to heaven, and bless the Lord our God for blessings and comforts so undervalued, yet so freely and so fully bestowed. With the deepest reverence, too, would we adore the great Giver of all good, that at such a time, when Zephaniah's blood-stained prophecies seem fast and terribly fulfilling, that at this time we have a Royal Mistress at our head, a beloved Queen on our throne, who, in tears and sorrow, has sympathised most profoundly with us as a na-

tion, and with our slaughtered fellow-creatures in India, and has besought her subjects, from one end of the land to the other, to acknowledge and confess their sins, and to cry unto the Lord most mighty, that he would arise for our help, and go forth, to the "cutting off the remnant of Baal," and for the setting up of that "kingdom which is to stand for ever." (Dan. ii. 44). Moreover, albeit sinful England, in many of her infidel, her hypocritical, her apostate, and her rebellious sons, have cast a sneer upon the appointing of this "*Day of Humiliation*," still, we desire to view it as a token for good, that, perhaps, never was there a day in which so many thousands, and tens, and hundreds of thousands flocked to the appointed sanctuaries where prayer was offered, and where exhortations were given. We must believe that very many thousands of the true Israel of God did, on that day, as well as on other days, most solemnly appeal unto the Majesty of Heaven for deliverance, and for "the end of these dread calamities." Beside all this, let us view a gracious Providence in other things. Had this revolt in India been parallel with the Crimean campaign, the two together *might* have completely overturned "the gigantic resources" of our beloved home land, and in one united stroke we might have been hurled to dismay and to ruin. With Canon Miller we say,—

"We have to thank God for that extraordinary providence that our troops when on the way to China were within reach, months before any assistance could arrive from this country. We have to thank God for the four-fold harvest he has given us. Our fields have abundant pasture; our granaries are full to overflowing of all manner of wheat store; the orchards are laden with beauty; the hop-gardens are more luxuriant than they have been for many years. We have to thank God, also, for the *timely outburst of the conspiracy*. Sir John Pakington says, the Governor of Ceylon assured him that the outbreak at Meerut *had saved the English in India*. There was a conspiracy throughout the whole length and breadth of British India by which at a given time every European who was in it would have been massacred, and there was

good reason to believe that if they had not been a little too hasty at Meerut in giving the alarm, not a solitary Englishman would have come home to tell the awful tale. So that under God that premature outbreak at Meerut saved the lives of pretty nearly every Englishman now in India. With all these facts before us, some very bright beams of God's mercy and long-suffering seem to have been vouchsafed to the nation in this sad affair."

Again: to pass by events of this character, would prove us unfaithful to our commission. It is from the ever-unfolding Book of Divine Providence that we are to gather food for the true Church of God, and warnings for the slumbering and drowsy world; and, certainly, we must confess (and we do so without the slightest hesitation) that, as we have read and reviewed the records which this Indian rebellion has brought forth, as we have turned over the pages of the immense number of books, sermons, letters, and papers which has been given to the world on this subject, we have observed more of the fulfilment of the sublime and emphatic prophecies of Holy Writ, and more of the development of sound principle, and of the powers of sanctified minds, than perhaps it has ever been our lot to reflect upon before.

We cannot, after many a pause, much reflection, and, we hope, some prayer, we cannot but believe we shall be useful to our readers, and to the cause at large, by carefully surveying that subject which has awakened up the drowsy energies of this dusty world; and made every man ask his neighbour,—*"What can all this mean? from what has it arisen? and where will it end?"*

There is a three-fold view which we take of this matter, as introductory to some consecutive papers which, perhaps, we may give in some future numbers. First, Naturally and Simply; secondly, Biblically or Prophetically; thirdly, Practically.

First, for the information of our less read, and but partially educated readers, let us take a simple and natural view of the subject.

"All eyes (says the Author of *Look at Home*) all eyes are turned abroad just now. India, of late, has been a scene of horror enough to make the hardest heart to weep, and the stoutest heart to tremble." But,

WHERE, AND WHAT IS INDIA?

India is in Asia, fifteen thousand miles

across the sea. Or if you go to it by what people call the overland route, you must travel a month or six weeks, day and night, night and day, before you will arrive at this far-off country of India.

"And how large is it?" You may well ask. Let the ship put you down at the most southern point of India, and it is so big, that go straight as the crow flies, and travel fifty miles a day, and you would take seven weeks or more to get from Cape Comorin to the most northern parts of the country. Or, let it put you down on that side of India nearest England, in the town of Bombay we say, and you want to get from Bombay to that part of India farthest off,—the towns of Madras and Calcutta,—why, could you go straight as an arrow, you would find them as far from Bombay as Gibraltar and St. Petersburg are from London. For this India is not a little bit of a country like Great Britain; it is about twelve times as big, nearly one-third as large, indeed, as the whole of the Continent of Europe.

"Now let us look at the sort of country it is, and what is to be found there. There are a few cold parts, mountains on which the snow never melts; but in the greater part of India the weather is hot, so hot that our warm spring days are like winter to it. Then there are large plains of burning sand on which here is neither tree, nor shrub, nor weed; and others covered with rich, deep soil, where palm, and cocoa nut, and banyan trees grow, these last so large, that thousands of people can lie at one time under their shady boughs. There are some parts of the land, too, like a garden with bright flowers, and cool fruits; and there are others covered with wood, and long thick grass, and canes crowded and twined together, called *jungles*, where elephants, tigers, serpents, and other wild animals dwell, such as we know nothing of in this country. Then in the fields of India grow not only wheat and barley, but rice, sugar, cotton, spices, and other useful things. Precious stones, too, such as diamonds, and other brilliant jewels, are to be found there;—things under, in, and above ground,—which being year after year sent to England by our traders, have done much to make ours the rich country that it is. It is said that the clear gain that India has yielded to England yearly, is as much as ten millions of money.

"Now look at the people. Hark! there are drums and trumpets sounding, and more people are coming. Some of them are dressed with flowers. What for? There is a temple close by, and in it an idol called Kalee. She likes human blood, they say, and they are going to offer her their own. Look, there is that man having his tongue cut; another is having an iron spike run through it; there is a third, with a hook driven through the flesh on his back, and now he is swinging by that hook. Blood is wrung out of them, and pain is given to many, and all to please their goddess Kalee. Do you wonder? The Hindoos are idol-worshippers, heathen. They have more false gods than any other nation in the world. In that country of India alone, there

are millions of people, who pray to millions of false gods.

"Look again. Do you see that large town! It is full of temples, and mosques, with round tops, and tall slender towers. Let us go near one. There is a fountain close by, and many people are washing in it, thinking to please God by clean hands, instead of a clean heart. Now they go into the mosque. There is a preacher there. Listen! not a word does he say about the Lord Jesus Christ, about pardon of sin through him, or holiness of life by the power of his Spirit. No; for neither preacher nor hearer look to Jesus for salvation. There is one God, they say, and Mahomet is his prophet. They must pray to this God five times a day, these people are Mahometans. In that country of India alone, there are millions who look to the God of the false prophet Mahomet to save them, and not to the God of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"India is so full of people, Hindoos and Mahometans, and so large, that it is said to contain nearly double as many men, women, and children, as Great Britain, Ireland, and North and South America together; in all somewhere about one hundred and sixty millions of people.

"And yet it is this large crowded India, lying fifteen thousand miles away across the sea, that little England calls her own. How came this about? It is too long a story to tell in full here. Let me just say, however, that when Great Britain was a rude, poor land, and the people in it not able to read and write, India had its towns and temples, its skilful and learned men, and was one of the richest countries in the world. The Hindoos only lived in it then. The Mahometans, however, who had spread from Arabia, into the wild lands to the North-West of India, and forced everybody they could to take up with their religion, thought they should like India for themselves. A little while before William the Conqueror overran England with his French soldiers, the Mahometans began to overrun India with theirs. In the course of five hundred years or so they made themselves masters of a great part of it; they robbed and ill-treated the Hindoos, and set up a king over the whole country, called the Mogul. He lived in the town of Delbi. So you see the English were not the first conquerors of India. Well, about one hundred years later, when Elizabeth was Queen in England, and England began to be great both by land and sea, people thought that trade with India would make it greater. So ships were sent, and traders in them, and these settled in India and sent us home both goods and gold. But others settled there too, the Portuguese, Dutch, and French, for instance, and before long quarrels began. The Hindoos and Mahometans quarrelled, and the settlers took up their quarrels. And, besides this, the settlers quarrelled amongst themselves and then, of course, there was fighting; and in this fighting, England, with her handful of brave soldiers, sent to protect her traders, almost always proved the strongest, till by little and little we conquered them all, and became masters of nearly the whole land. I

say, we did it, but you know where it is written, "Power belongeth unto God." And again, "By me princes rule." Without doubt God "gave the nations before us, and made us rule over kings." But mark this, "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required."

And are we masters of India now? No; we were so at the beginning of 1857. But what sad changes a few short months have brought about! We had then a large army of soldiers—*sepoys* they are called—in India, made up of Hindoos and Mahometans, with English colonels and captains over them. They seemed true to us, and all was quiet and orderly in India, when suddenly, in the month of May, 1857, one regiment after another of these Sepoys refused to obey their English officers. And now begins that tale of horrors of which our newspapers have lately been so full.

Thus, the Author of *Look at Home* has, in the most simple style, furnished a literal history of India and its terrors, in few words. The brevity of our space compels us to hasten to

The second branch; that is, a *Biblical* and *prophetic* view of the subject. A large number of "Fast-day Sermons" have been published, and *fast-day* sermons indeed they are, for the most part, for with few exceptions they are as dry and as empty as the withered leaves now falling from the trees around us. The only discourse we have seen as yet (and we have run through many) that is of any value, is the one preached at St. Saviour's Church, Southwark, on the evening of the Fast-day, by Mr. Bickers-dike, one of the chaplains, or curates, of that district church. It is headed,—"*Japheth in the Tents of Shem,*" and forms No. 2,844 of "The Penny Pulpit," published by James Paul, in Chapter-house-court. This gentleman is evidently a close and careful reader of the Bible, and one that watches rather closely the outward works of Providence as fulfilling the predestinated purposes of Heaven. "He says,—*It is more than probable that this great struggle in Hindostan will prove a most deadly blow to all the false religions of Asia.*"

This is the conviction of our own mind; and, while ministers of the gospel (many of them, at least), editors of our public prints, and scribblers out of number, are disclaiming against governments, companies, rulers, and regiments, we rejoice in the great and glorious declarations of Him who is the FAITHFUL WITNESS, and who could write at the bottom of all he said, "*These sayings are faithful and*

true." And from his blessed lips these golden words did come,—“All power in heaven and in earth is given unto me.” Again,—“As thou hast given HIM power over all flesh, that He should give eternal life to as many as thou hast given Him.” “All things are put under His feet, and He is given (of God) to be Head over all things unto the Church.” We have, individually, been led to see an amazing glory in that beautiful little star which shines in the dark horizon of Zephaniah’s prophecy,—we mean the sixteenth verse of the third chapter of that Book,—“*In that day* (the day when “God’s severe judgments shall come against Judah for divers sins,” the day when he will “consume man and beast, fowls and fishes,” when he will “cut off the remnant of Baal,” when he will “punish them that worship the host of heaven; the princes, and all the king’s children who wear strange apparel,” when he will search Jerusalem with candles,—in that day) *it shall be said unto Jerusalem, FEAR THOU NOT; and to Zion, let not thy hands be slack.*” Surely, this is Zion’s mercy,—her God is her Refuge when storms of deep distress invade. “This struggle in India (as Mr. Bickerdike observes) will, under God, cause men everywhere to think, and feel,” and inquire too. Such a shaking of nations is predicted, and is necessary. “The strongholds of Hindooism and Mahomedanism are at present not to be stormed by a few gospel missionaries. The way for such men must, it appears, be prepared by wars, and fightings, and tremendous revolutions. So far as concerns men, nationally, the sword of steel must in many instances precede the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God.”

In the early part of Mr. Bickerdike’s discourse there is a Biblical light thrown upon the *past* and the *future* of India, which, we think, will run nearly parallel with the faith of all whose eyes are anointed to look into those holy mysteries which the Bible contains.

Mr. Bickerdike’s text was Gen. ix. 27 —“*God shall enlarge Japheth; and he shall dwell in the tents of Shem;*” and having taken his stand in this most ancient prophecy, he thus proceeds:

In the nineteenth verse of this chapter, it is said: “These are the three sons of Noah; and of them was the whole earth overspread.” And it is manifest from what is said in the

twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh verses that God intended the posterities of these three men should, throughout all generations, constitute three distinct classes of people. And so it has come to pass: the Europeans are the descendants of Japheth, the Asiatics are the descendants of Shem, and the Africans are the descendants of Ham. And consequently the words of the text are a prophecy—a prophecy which is at this present moment receiving its accomplishment. * * * Let us therefore take heed unto the prophecy contained in the text. And let us consider, First, The enlargement of Japheth, and the fact of his dwelling in the tents of Shem; Secondly, The purpose for which he dwells in the tents of Shem; and, Thirdly, The present conflict in the tents of Shem, and its probable results and advantages.

I. “God shall enlarge Japheth.” God has enlarged Japheth; he has not only given him the whole continent of Europe, he has given him the vast continent of America. The Americans, north and south, are Europeans, the descendants of Japheth, except a few who are descended from Canaan, the son of Ham; but these are slaves, the servants of Japheth, and hence the concluding words of the verse from which the text has been selected.—“And Canaan shall be his servant.” God has also given Japheth the continent of Australia. In fact, the sons of Japheth are overspreading the whole earth. They not only people three continents, but they are to be found in every kingdom, and in every tribe of the other two. They possess every ocean, every sea, and are found on every navigable river—they are to be found at every sea-port, and in every commercial town, on the face of the globe—they, and they alone are the great traffickers of the earth. Nor is this all, God has not only given to Japheth a vast extent of dominion and of commerce, he has likewise given him a great power. What is the power of all the kingdoms and tribes of Asia and Africa compared to that of one of the great nations of Europe, or to that of America? The Asiatics and Africans have no fleets, and what are all their armies compared to one European army? Moreover, God has given to many of the sons of Japheth a moral power, which will ultimately prove irresistible, and will decide the politics and destinies of all the kingdoms of the world.

“But the text speaks particularly of Japheth dwelling in the tents of Shem. This prophecy was partially fulfilled by the Romans dwelling in the land of Canaan and other Asiatic countries, but it has been more fully accomplished by the English dwelling in Hindostan. About one hundred years ago England gained a firm footing in Asia, and she has ever since been penetrating further and further into the tents of Shem. In the first instance she entered Asia for the purpose of carrying on commercial operations with its inhabitants. After doing so for a length of time, an attempt was made to expel the English merchants and that without the least ceremony—their lives and property were in danger. This of course could not be submitted to;

and in order to prevent a similar attempt in future, England must have possessions in Asia. And when an attempt is made to drive her from these, she must in order to secure them, add others to them. And thus has England during a period of one hundred years continued adding new territories to her already acquired dominions in Asia; until they now extend, from north to south, a distance of about two thousand miles, and not much less from east to west, and contain a population of one hundred and fifty millions of people. It may be that England in thus extending her dominions in Asia has been guilty of some apparent injustice, but I think that her conduct will bear looking into. God commanded the Israelites to take possession of the land of Canaan and to exterminate the inhabitants. It is true that he has not commanded England to exterminate the inhabitants of Hindostan, but he said thousands of years ago, "Japheth shall dwell in the tents of Shem," and so it has come to pass. God commands in the ordinary dispensations of Providence, as well as by an audible voice, and the language of inspiration. God has no doubt commissioned England to take possession of Hindostan, and that for some good and wise purpose."

We think these remarks lay a solid foundation for all future reflection. We are the descendants of Japheth; the Indians are the descendants of Shem. God said he would "enlarge Japheth;" he has done so, and is still progressing. He said Japheth should "dwell in the tents of Shem." This prediction also has been accomplished; and now Satan, knowing that his kingdom there is tottering, that his dominions there are falling, has come down with great force, malice, and wrath. But the word of our God shall stand for ever; and he will overturn, overturn, and overturn, until "He shall come, whose right it is; and he shall reign for ever."

Opposed to this view stands the feeling of many, whose thoughts run like the following:—

It is a question which I cannot answer to my own mind, whether or not a nation professing Christianity has a right to possess a country of idols, and promise the idolators to protect them in undisturbed exercise of idolatry. Should not such a nation leave the idolator alone? or, if God gives an idolatrous country into the power of Christian nations, what must be His object? Should Christians not confess their religion as boldly as the Hindoo and the Mohammedan confess their false religions?

We cannot enter upon this objection now, but pass on.

In this Scriptural view of the question we are tempted to pause, and reflect

upon some circumstances which bespeak the power and presence of the ALMIGHTY GOVERNOR OF NATIONS in this calamity.

Mr. Cadman, the rector of St. George's, Southwark, delivered a plain and sensible address to his parishioners, in the course of which he shewed how England, as a nation, had not only been careless of her Christian character, but had, moreover, absolutely endeavoured to shut out every ray of gospel light, and every movement of spiritual life, in those immense dominions.

William Thorpe, of Bristol, in his work entitled "*The Destinies of the British Empire*," has more fully unveiled the downright wicked countenance which England has given to India's gross idolatries, than any writer we ever read. We have published Mr. Thorpe's unveiling of Britain's bad doings in her adopted India, in a penny pamphlet, entitled "*ENGLAND'S APOSTACY IN INDIA, with Notes, Narratives, and Illustrations*." That pamphlet must be read by millions; and if the Lord will nerve our arm, and aid our effort, we will not rest, until all the churches in Christendom are made more fully acquainted than ever with the inexpressibly awful traffic which this country has carried on with India's heathen gods, and, surely, over this dark and deep-stained page of our country's history the true Church of Christ shall yet have to say, "*And we know that all things work together for good*," &c.

But, in reviewing some of the circumstances surrounding this gloomy Indian epoch, we shall quote from Mr. Cadman's sermon (J. A. Berger, Publisher, Queen's Head-passage) the following. He said,—

We have to thank God, indeed, for many benefits conferred on India by our government; but it is a remarkable fact that should not be lost sight of on this day of humiliation, that those very men whose hands have been imbued with the blood of the best of England's children, whose atrocities have been almost unparalleled, who had no pity even for innocent children and defenceless females,—that these very men are the class of all others in India who have not been allowed, so far as Government influence has gone, to be brought into any acquaintance with the light of the glorious Gospel of Christianity. There is one instance mentioned, in our missionary records, of a Sepoy, who, after perusing the Scriptures, was led to a chaplain at the station, (no longer ago than 1819), for further instruction, the result of which was that he embraced Christianity: a court of inquiry was accordingly instituted by order of the Government; the clergyman was reported to his bishop for

baptizing the Sepoy, and the Sepoy soldier was dismissed from the army for embracing, the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Very remarkable was that man's testimony before our officers, when he said, "You will allow me to serve your king, but you will not allow me to serve your God." This was done, no doubt, from motives of policy; our rulers then thought that it was not wise to allow such an instance to pass unnoticed, that it might introduce rebellion in the Sepoy ranks, and so lead to the loss of our Indian Empire. The result of such a policy we have now seen. The Jews of old said, with reference to our Saviour, "If we let him alone, all men will believe on him, and the Romans will come; and take away both our place and nation." They put him to death, and the Romans did come and scatter their nation, the very evil that they dreaded was thus brought upon them by their *sinful departure from God's truth*. Such seemed to be the feeling of our rulers.—"If we let the Missionaries thus alone, the armies will rise, the Sepoys will become rebellious, and we shall lose our authority and dominion." And mark the result!—It was in that very place, at that very station where that man was dismissed from the army, that the Sepoys first manifested that awful cruelty and bloodshed which we have to lament. It was at Meerut that the Sepoy embraced Christianity, and it was there that the first outbreak of rebellious Sepoys took place, attended with such awful cruelties. I mention this not as professing to be able to trace the course of God's judgment, but I mention it as a remarkable circumstance which at least ought to be observed by those who believe there is a God who judgeth in the earth, and is jealous of his own honour and glory."

This is, truly, a most solemn fact! We could dwell on it a long time, and attach thereto a variety of incidents, all expressing the certainty that "*Our God is in the heavens,*" and that "*by his actions are weighed,*" but we must defer, until our next, the deduction of many Biblical and practical lessons which "*India's Mutiny*" is calculated to teach. We have occupied too much room, but the vastness of the subject must be our excuse.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXXVII.

My good Theophilus, before closing what I have to say to you upon the final judgement of the righteous, I shall, in this letter, begin to set before you those laws by which the unrighteous must be finally judged; and those laws may be summed up in these three—the *legal*, the *natural*, and the *dispensational*.

1st. The Legal. By the legal I mean

the law of God as transgressed by Adam and all his posterity in him; and you must be careful here to distinguish between sovereignty and justice. And I here speak of sovereignty in relation to the *lost*. Now it is an act simply of divine sovereignty to pass them by, leaving them in the fall. This is an unfathomable deep—a deep which none but the Creator can fully sound. There stands the awful fact in the Scriptures, that "whom he will he hardeneth."

It was an act of divine sovereignty to place man in the garden of Eden on grounds conditional. It was act of divine sovereignty to constitute Adam the federal and natural head of the human race. It was an act also of sovereignty to give to Adam the kind of law he (the Lord) thought proper. Nor can I scarcely say that he gave such law because it was a just law; but rather that such a law was just because *he gave it*. For in his own natural existence, he is above and beyond all external law. The laws of his own self and eternal existence are what no finite being can comprehend. Whatever, therefore, he does, is right: if only for this reason, that it is right because he does it. He therefore, in the region of pure sovereignty, determined upon whatever plans and counsels he pleased; but, mind this, his plans once fixed, he *will not* alter; and therefore they cannot be altered. His counsel must stand, and he will do all his pleasure.

To make my meaning clear, take it thus—his plan with Adam was that if he ate of the tree of knowledge of good and evil, he should die; fairly implying, that if he did not eat thereof, he should not die. Now, here you see, whether Adam eat of the forbidden tree or not, the counsel of God would stand—his counsel could not be overthrown; for the counsel was, that if he ate, he should die. Well, he did eat, and he did die—virtually, at the time, and actually, at the "appointed" time. Now, if he do not eat of the tree, still the counsel of God would stand, in the fact, that Adam would not die; and thus, either way, the counsel of God would stand.

But now, mind that, while as a matter of sovereignty, God gave what law he thought proper. Now this law thus given, becomes the fixed eternal rule of right and wrong in the sight of God. It was not sovereignty, but justice that condemned Adam, and all his posterity: whether we can see the justice of this terrible order of things or not does not alter the fact—that all sinned—all died in Adam.

The great God foreknowing every thing does not associate him influentially with the fall. The devil was the agent, not God. Therefore sin is of the devil. Sin, in the commencement of it, was a flat contradiction to God's law. "Ye shall not surely die." That the devil was a *liar* from the beginning. And all men being in relation to eternal truth,

led by him, are therefore called *liars*. "Let God be true, but every man a liar."

Thus, my good Theophilus, you will see that in order for the blessed God to be the *author of sin*, he must tell *lies*; in a word, become a liar; for sin is a deadly lie. Who would not tremble at the thought of willfully making God a liar? Truly then is it written that it is impossible for God to lie. The man, therefore, who says God is the author of sin, can never know what he is saying; he cannot be conscious, that so speaking, he is making the God of truth one with the old serpent—the devil. We cannot speak too reverentially of our Maker, nor too broadly mark the everlasting difference between the delusions of Satan, and the truths of the blessed God.

Thus you see that the great God instituted that order of things which seemed good in his sight: but sin has come in upon that order of things, and death by sin.

Now, my good Theophilus, let us tremblingly look upon the fall of man; let us see *what* and *where* he is by that fall.

Now, as to what he is. He is dead in sin. The satanic falsehood which he has received into his soul is his death. He is loathsomely dead: yet nothing under heaven is so dearly hugged, loved, followed, and abode by, in some form or another, as that very same falsehood, which is at once our death, our deformity, our sin, our curse. Man is every way corrupt; and yet he may do many works in the moral and social relations of life, which are accepted in the sight of God, for what they are: so if Cain, in these respects, had done well, he would have been accepted to family pre-eminence, but *nothing more*. For when the *heart* is put to the test of God's holy law, in the *spirit* of that law, it (the heart) can produce nothing in the sight of that law, but all manner of concupiscence; there is not one thing there that the law can sanction. So that we can be neither sanctified nor justified by the law. Not sanctified, for the law has nothing in such a case but wrath to minister. Not justified, unless the law can justify sin and unrighteousness; for the sinner has nothing else that is really his own, nor can this be by any creature-power altered for ever; for ought man can do must the sinner remain in the image and likeness of Satan: and so they are called by the same names that Satan is, such as dragon, viper, serpent, devil.

But it is not only *what* man is by the fall, but also *where* he is. He is under the law and its curse. The same law that appoints the body to a literal death, appoints the whole person to a second death—a death that never dies.

Man is *in the hands* of the law; it has fast hold of him; it holds him with an almighty grasp: there is no escaping; it is a prison whose walls no one ever scaled yet, or

ever will; it has bars which cannot be broken; its chains are *everlasting* chains; not one link will ever give way; not a jot or tittle shall or can fail.

But man is not only *under* the law, and in the hands of the law, but also on his way to the judgment seat of God; and what thousands of the human race are daily called to appear at the bar of God! probably, upon the average, from fifty to sixty thousand a day; from two to three thousand an hour; nearly *fifty a minute*! What, to angels, to the Saviour, and perhaps to the saints, must such a scene be!

Man, I say, is on his way to the judgment seat of the Judge of all. Can none go back? No, not one minute; but minutes *will* mercilessly flow, and could man stay for awhile the wheels of time, and give to himself an antediluvian longevity on earth, this would only make it all the worse; he would have the more to answer for; and although it is for the elect's sakes that days are shortened, still the lost will not be wronged thereby. Every moment renders the distance between the bottomless pit and the unrighteous man less and less.

First, then, *what* men are by the fall, and *where* they are, will form one rule of final judgment; yea, already are they in this awful state judged. The judgment already given of them is two-fold: First, that there "is none righteous, no, not one;" and second, that they are already under condemnation; for, "by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation."

Well, then, in the final judgment they will be judged according to what they are, and also according to where they are; if tares, they cannot be taken for wheat; if goats, they cannot be taken for sheep; if dogs, they cannot be taken for children, but must be taken for what they are. God is Judge himself.

And also as to *where* they are; for if in bondage to sin, they cannot be taken for free; and if one with the beast, the wild beast of this world's religion, then they are not on mount Zion; and if born only after the flesh, then they cannot see, much less be in the kingdom of heaven; and if one with the ungodly, they cannot be one with the godly; and if they put off one livery of Satan, to serve him in another (as comely, may be, as angels of light), then where God and the Lamb are they cannot come; and if standing on first Adam ground, then such ground is cursed, and not blessed; and if standing on law ground, then devouring fire, everlasting burnings, not everlasting consolation, must surround and swallow them up; and if in a spirit of enmity against the truth, then they cannot be taken for friends, but must be dealt with as enemies, and so must all enemies perish; but them that love him shall be as the sun, when he goeth forth in his might.

Thus all are already, both in what they are, and where they are, in a state of condemnation; and here the Lord, taking that holy law for his rule, which he hath given, taking this law for his rule, he might justly have left the whole human race finally under sin and wrath, and so his wrath would have abode upon them; and if from this state any are taken, then election, mediation, regeneration, and a sworn covenant, all join to do the wondrous work.

Now, having shewn that man is as to *what* he is, and also as to *where* he is, that in both these he is in a state of condemnation, you will observe that I have said nothing here about *personal works* for which men will be condemned. This I hope to do in my next; the subject is indeed solemn, but still it endears the Saviour; and that we may love and honour him more and more, is the sincere desire of your humble servant in the Lord,
A LITTLE ONE.

THE SON OF GOD :

AN ANSWER TO "ONE OF THE LEAST,"

BY MR. SAM'L. COZENS, OF SOMER'S TOWN.

MR. EDITOR,—Dear Sir; In answer to your correspondent, "One of the Least," I respectfully say, that I perceive nothing particularly remarkable, in the fact, that, the Greek *aner*, (i. e. *an adult male person*), and not *anthropos* (i. e. *an individual of the human race, a man or woman, a person*) occurs in the original text—John i. 30. If *anthropos*, and not *aner*, had been in the passage, He would have been no less "*emphatically man*."

If "One of the Least" entertains the idea that the "Son of man,"—Matt. viii. 20—as the "*Son of man*" was *anterior* to John, let me remind him that John was his senior by six months.

I would ask, reverently, If Christ was a *man*—a *real man*—a *substantial man*, *before* John—before he was born of the virgin, What became of that man which existed *before* the divine conception in Mary's womb? And will it not follow, that, if Christ was a "real" man before his assumption of our nature, (in what is denominated "The fulness of time," that is to say, getting on for nineteen hundred years ago) and, then, a man after, or, at that assumption, that there must be *two men*. I know that he is spoken of as a man in the Old Testament, but "God calleth things that are not as though they were," Rom. iv. 17. I may be referred to his appearing in the form of a man to the Hebrew fathers; but, if we come to appearances, we may argue in favour of a plurality,—for *three men*, and not *one man*, appeared to Abraham in the plains of Mamre, Genesis

xviii.; and those "three men" he addressed as his Lord. Now, if it be argued that Christ was a man before his incarnation in time's fulness, then it may be as reasonably proved that the Father was a man, and that the Holy Ghost was a man, because Jehovah was pleased to reveal the trinity of his Being in the form of *three men*.

The preference is not in order of time, but in order of dignity, (John i. 27.) At least, I think so. I cannot conceive that it has any reference to anteriority, or posteriority of existence; but to the superiority of the august Person of whom John was the herald.

To illustrate my idea, I observe that Cain was before Abel in existence, but Abel was before Cain in preference. Ishmael was before Isaac in the order of his birth, but Isaac was before Ishmael in Heaven's favour. I may be referred to the 15th verse; but I argue, he was not before John as the "Son of man," but as the "Son of God." The passages taken altogether, seem to me to speak thus, "He was before me," as the Son of God, and "came after me," as the Son of man.

But though I thus write, I would not be thought an apologist for Socinianism, whose Christ is a mere *time* thing, or thing of time. There is not a single ray of eternal Deity or dignity in the Christ they preach.

I believe most cordially the doctrine declared in Prov. viii. 23,—"*I was set up from everlasting*." Here we have a personal pronoun, in connection with personal properties, and personal acts. We learn from this, that Christ existed before his incarnation. Yes, say some, as God. Truly: but, Do you mean to tell me that he was *set up as God*? If so, Who was the *Setter up*? Do you answer, God? Then God must *set up* God, and therefore, there must be *two Gods*—a God *setting up*, and a God *set up*—which is preposterous.

But, says some, If he did not exist as a real man before his advent, and was not set up as God, and yet, was a person, What person was he? I answer, the *SON of God*. And as the Son of God, he was set up from everlasting. We can't define the *setting up* of the Son of God, no more than we can explain the *sending* of the Son of God. Whom did God *send* into this world? His Son. Then it follows that he had a *Son* to send. (John iii. 17.) And the Son *sent*, was the Son *set up*: and he was set up for the same purpose that he was sent.

I hope "One of the Least" will not think these remarks impertinent; but should he do so, I trust he will moderate his displeasure when he knows it was written by, less than the least.
Yours,

S. COZENS.

12, Queen-street, Camden Town,
Oct. 4, 1857.

THE PRAYER MEETING AT HIGH WYCOMBE.

WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7, was fixed as a day for fasting and prayer; it had been previously arranged that I should preach at Newland Chapel, High Wycombe, on behalf of the Sunday-school Lending Library. An alteration in the running of the trains rendered it necessary for me to leave London in the morning of that day so early that I reached Wycombe in time to hear the Fast-day sermon which was preached in New Land on the occasion of the Indian disturbances by Mr. Cawse, the pastor. He read the words of Peter for his text—"Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, and he shall exalt you in due time." It was a reasonable and judicious discourse. I only wish the nation at large, and the churches of Christ especially, could be brought to such a humbling as he described! In the afternoon of the same day a special meeting for prayer was holden. Six godly men poured out their hearts in prayer, with a verse or two of a hymn between, and certainly it was "*a prayer meeting*:" there was a pleading power, an earnestness, and a Scriptural and spiritual consistency throughout the whole which is not always to be heard at meetings of this kind. I thought Mr. Cawse, the pastor, must be much encouraged to be supported by such a number of brethren who could go to the mercy-seat and thus plead with the Majesty of heaven. This prayer meeting made me think of the following remarks which I had read that same morning while journeying to Wycombe. The preacher said—and everybody will know who he is when they read—the preacher, speaking of the Lord Christ in glory, under the character of a *Lamb*, said:

"Oh! how some people do pray to Christ as if they thought He was some great lion, forgetting that he is a Lamb. Look at our prayer-meetings. Do you go to prayer-meeting together? I shall not inquire. If it is at Burnley as it is every where else, there are very few think of going to the prayer-meeting. 'It is only the prayer-meeting,' when it ought to be said, 'That is just the most important meeting of the week,' man. That is just the one which they ought to attend, if they omit every other. Aye, but shall I tell you why there are few at the prayer-meeting? Part of it is a want of earnestness, a want of love, and a want of a spirit of prayer. But there is another reason, and my friends must excuse me. Those persons who are usually called upon to pray do not pray in the style that is likely to bring out many persons. Our dissenting friends cannot bear forms, any of them, but I have heard some of them say the same prayer twenty times, and whenever they get up, I know what they are going say, and yet they hate forms, all the forms except

those they make themselves. They think it a very dreadful thing to read a prayer out of a book, but when they get up you know all they are a going to say, and you know how and where they will end, and feel very glad when they get to the close of it. And the stupid things people do sometimes say to God in prayer! Ever since my boyhood I can remember a respectable old horse that I used to see trotted out in most of the prayers that I heard at my grandfather's chapel, 'O Lord, we would not rush into thy presence as the unthinking horse into the battle.' Well, when I was a child I used to think that was a very singular horse, that 'unthinking' horse and I was rather struck that any of our friends at prayer-meeting should call any particular horse an 'unthinking' one, and I turned to my Bible I can remember. I thought that must be a Bible passage, and I found that there was not a word about 'unthinking' horses there. I found the passage about men rushing into sin as a horse into a battle, and nothing about rushing into God's presence at all. I have heard that horse a great many times galloping since, and I should like to see him transferred far, far away. Then in our prayers down south—I don't know whether you ever get it here—I hear my friends say, 'O Lord, go from heart to heart as oil from vessel to vessel.' Of course you don't say that up here, I should hope, because that is just about the most stupid piece of nonsense that anybody ever heard. I asked a friend the other night what he meant by it, and where he got it from; because oil does not go from vessel to vessel, that is the first thing. If you put oil into vessels you will find it keep there, unless the vessels should be cracked, and then it is likely it might run out, but not else. But suppose oil does go from vessel to vessel, does grace go from heart to heart? This I am sure of, the Romanist thinks it does; he thinks it runs out of the priest into the man who supplicates him; but we as Protestants don't think so. I am sure if the grace ran out of me into you, it would soon be spoiled in going it would be of very little use to you. And the reason why they thus pray to God is this, that they think it such wonderful work to pray that they must not just speak as the Spirit gives them utterance, not just simple words, but they fancy there is a particular way that they have got to pray, or else it won't be liked; something peculiarly serious, or else it won't tell; and so they cannot just pray in earnestness. Now I have the pleasure of seeing very generally a prayer meeting of 1,200 to 1,500 persons, and I don't know that we ever come below a thousand at prayer-meeting, except it should be a terrible wet night; and I know the reason in a great measure is this, that when I call upon a brother to pray, he knows how long he is to pray; he is not to pray twenty minutes till we are tired, but he is to be short; and then he knows too that he is just wanted to ask God for what

he wants, and not to preach a sermon. So he begins, and perhaps he makes many blunders, but he warms and improves as he proceeds. My good deacon was telling me this very day of what a friend said on Saturday night, at prayer meeting; he said, "O Lord, I don't know, I'm so ignorant, I can't put six words together properly; but take the meaning, Lord; take the meaning!" Well that was a very sweet thing for him to say, "take the meaning;" and he prayed for me in this fashion, "Lord, bless our minister; help him when he comes to preach next Sunday, and may he preach the Lord Jesus Christ: grant that he may set the Lord Jesus right a top of the Bible, and stand right behind him himself, so that we can see nothing but the Lord Jesus and him crucified!" Now when people hear a prayer like that breathed by an earnest man, they say, "I'll go to prayer-meeting: but you don't catch me going when I know what they are going to say; it is not likely; I may as well stop at home and think it over."

The prayer meeting at Wycombe was no stereotyped, or cold expression of an unmeaning phraseology; it was one current of solemn asking God to have mercy on us as a nation, to stop the awful massacres in India; to preserve our highly favoured land, and to revive his churches "in this gospel Jerusalem." In the evening we had the chapel almost filled, and the Lord, I hope, helped us to praise his dear name. The collection was for The Sunday-school Lending Library; if any of my readers have books, which are laid by almost useless to them, but which might be suitable and useful to the rising generation, they might be forwarded per post to Mr. Cawse, Baptist Chapel, New Land, High Wycombe, Bucks.

C. W. BANKS.

THE CONVERSION OF AN ISRAELITE.

A BRIEF REVIEW OF

"THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS."

By EDWARD SAMUEL, MINISTER OF FORD STREET CHAPEL, SALFORD, MANCHESTER.

LAST month we introduced this volume to the special notice of our readers, anticipating some pleasing seasons in going over the sacred portions which make up this, to us, most acceptable work. Since our introductory remarks were written we have visited Farnham, and have there conversed with some, to whom the ministerial labours of Mr. Samuel were very powerful and effectual in leading them to the Rock of Ages for a shelter, and for salvation; and not a few in those parts would be thankful if it had pleased the Great Head of the Church to have kept him in their midst. But how frequently are good men removed from the very sphere where their work seems most successful! We hope, however, our Israelitish brother finds in Salford the promise

true—"Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end."

There are three things absolutely essential to prove that the LORD HIMSELF has called a man into the ministry of the Word. First, he must know for himself, and he able, in some measure, to testify unto the church, that his conversion to God, his faith in Christ, and his hope of salvation, is of the operation of the Holy Spirit in his own soul. Secondly, he must be led, *not* by the abstract reading of authors; *not* by the outward hearing of the gospel, but by the Eternal Spirit, he must be led, experimentally and deeply, into *all* the vital branches of new covenant truth, and be so rooted in it, and it so powerfully and so preciously rooted in him, as not only to deliver him from the delusions of men, but also so to keep him in the realization, liberty, and holy contention for TRUTH, as that neither frowns nor smiles, adversities nor prosperities, friends nor foes, can ever remove him from it. Of all the sacred and deep sentences of Paul, concerning the real character of the ministry, we have thought there are none more emphatic, none more expressive, none more conclusive, none more desirable, than those words to Timothy, "Therefore I endure all things FOR THE ELECT'S SAKE, that they may also obtain the salvation which is IN CHRIST JESUS with eternal glory."

Thirdly, it is of great importance that a man's ministry be *evidently* employed by God in calling in some of the vessels of mercy, in building up those who have believed, and in comforting and confirming the sorrowful and the sickly.

We fearlessly ask the immense multitude of men who are now going forth in the profession of the ministry, to produce these credentials. If they have them, they have Heaven's broad seal; if they have not, we fear they only burden the church, ruin their own families, and bring the truth into much contempt, which consequences are very serious indeed.

We have no fears but that the work before us, and the fruits of Edward Samuel's ministry in many places, abundantly prove him to be a minister made by JESUS CHRIST, and a blessing to some parts of Zion. By a further notice of the work now issued by Mr. Samuel, we hope more extensively to prove his happy position.

Passing over several interesting chapters of his early childhood, we quote the following facts, leading up to the solemn period when the delightful command went forth,—

"Almighty love, arrest that man!"

Of his education, and upward training, Mr. Samuel says,—

"I was educated from a child in the Mishna and Talmud, I also read the Old Testament; but this was only a secondary consideration; the former was the principle. When seven

years of age I could repeat from memory the whole book of Psalms and Songs of Solomon.* At nine years of age I had to learn daily three or four pages of the Talmud, which consists of questions and answers of the various rabbis. At my grandfather's annual visit, he always examined us boys, to know what progress we had made through the year. I recollect once in my presence he told my father that I would become a rabbi, which was pleasing to my father. This was rather an unfortunate remark for me, as I was often kept more closely to my lesson. But God had something better for me in store; he has raised me to a higher dignity than that. He has made me king and priest unto the living God, and put me among his family, although unworthy of the least of his mercies. Oh, the depth of the riches of his divine grace.

"I continued at school until I was about sixteen, when a circumstance transpired in providence that I left home. The cause of my leaving home was fearing that I should be forced to be a soldier. When Alexander, the emperor of Russia, was on the throne, he took no Jews into the military service. He was rather a friend to the Jews than otherwise. After his death Nicholas his brother succeeded him. After his coronation he issued a law compelling Jews to serve in the army and navy. This law was a terror to all the Jews in his dominions; and the reason was, that they must eat and drink those things which were prohibited by the law of God to them as a nation; break the Sabbath day, violate other festivals, and indeed deny their whole religion. They would rather die themselves, or follow their children to the grave than see them turn from their religion, which I had painfully to experience when called by divine grace. The law obliged them to serve from fourteen years of age. They were sent to academies, where they were trained for the army or navy, according to their abilities. The method they had of taking the Jews was so many from a thousand; the exact number I cannot remember: and the heads of the synagogue were obliged to return the numbers. At first they took the lower order, as already said. The town we lived in was small, therefore they were soon picked out. I witnessed at sundry times when these young men were sent away, that the cries and lamentations of parents and relations was most distressing and heart-rending. I remember on one occasion being so affected that I fainted away. They rend their garments on these occasions, as mourning for the dead. After the lower class were picked out, it of course came to the more respectable families, which was done by casting lots; and knowing that sooner or later it must come to our turn, my grandfather advised that I and a brother, a little younger, should quit the country. My eldest brother being married was exempt, and the other too young. When this law was issued, there was also another law passed, not to give any passports for males from fourteen years of age to twenty, to prevent them leaving the country. I have known fine young men chop

* Some who have read Mr. Samuel's work question this; but we have appealed to him.

one and two fingers off from their right hand, to disable them from service. At length it was resolved that we should leave home, for the purpose of going to Konigsburg in Prussia; and as there were no passports allowed, we left in the middle of the night—a banker's son, myself, and brother. It is a night much to be remembered by me; my grandfather and grandmother, father and mother, brothers and sisters, all weeping. My grandfather, who was seventy years of age, with a long white beard, placed his hands on our heads, and, with tears trickling from his eyes, pronounced a blessing. Some of the words I have not forgotten, although so many years since. The words were these—'May the God of our fathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, bless and preserve you; protect and defend you from all harms, keep you in his fear, help you to study his laws, strengthen you to obey him, nor suffer you to forsake him.' The last words were these, 'If you forsake the Lord, he will forsake you; but if you cleave to him, he will cleave to you.' They then kissed us all affectionately, wishing us the presence of the Lord, and bid us farewell. Now began the prophecy of my grandmother to be fulfilled, that I should forsake the Jewish religion. My spiritual birth was appointed by God to be in London; place, means, and time are all by his divine appointment. His will cannot be counteracted, nor his council disannulled—'My council shall stand, and I will do all my pleasure.' As London was to be the place, so death and hell could not obstruct the way, 'Oh the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out.'

We must not proceed further this month: but hope not to leave the work until we have fulfilled our mission, constraining many of our readers to send to the author, No. 1, Moliere-terrace, Lower Broughton, Manchester, for "THE TRIUMPH OF CHRIST ON THE CROSS."

[Since this second notice of Mr. Samuel's work was in type, we have received a letter from an aged London pastor, pointing out some apparent errors. We hope to notice these in our next paper.—Ed.]

"SONGS IN THE NIGHT:"

OR,
DROPPINGS FROM THE PEN OF RICHARD EVE,
OF BALHAM HILL.

(Continued from page 205).

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God hath led thee these forty years in the wilderness," &c. Deut. viii. 2, 3.

DEAR BROTHER.—Since I last wrote you, great has been my affliction of body; I thought, ere this, I should have been employed in singing the high praises of Him that hath loved me; but it hath pleased God it should be otherwise, so that I am helped by Him who is the strength of Israel to resume my narrative of his gracious dealings with me, a poor, weak, unworthy sinner. After the death of my first little boy, the Lord was pleased to try me

severely; my whole family (consisting then of three little girls) were down with the measles; and my second child had the water and inflammation on the brain, who, after laying more than a fortnight in an insensible and delirious state, died, six months after the other. O, my brother! language cannot convey to your mind, neither can I utter what passed in my soul at that time. Deeply impressed with the solemnity of the state I then stood in as a lost sinner, without gospel hope; ignorant of God's way of salvation: expecting soon my time to come, to endure the wrath of a justly offended God, I stood weeping with my sorrowing wife, who was then equally, with myself, ignorant of God's mercy, though she did not feel her need of it, then as I did. I fear here to tell the workings of my heart against God. Shame and confusion have often covered my face since then for the hard thoughts I felt against God; but, though so utterly unworthy of notice, and ignorant of his love, it did not hinder his compassionate heart from watching over me. My long tried affliction made me very poor, and much tried in providence; but the Lord, who has the hearts of all, sent my master to see my suffering child, and its careworn mother, and his heart was melted to give me a sovereign, and sent my wife a bottle of wine, and wrote a letter to one of the chief physicians of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, who was then residing on Clapham-common: but it pleased the Lord to take the child. Many, my dear brother, many at this time were the cobweb dresses I spun, to cover my guilty soul from that damnation which thrilled through my soul in the teashop referred to in my last. I reformed my outward conduct, I slid away from my wicked companions, I set up family prayer; I remained at home with my family; and to outward observers, I was an altered man; but the arrow was within, the poison whereof was drinking up my spirit; my flesh was consuming off my bones; and many thought me going into a consumption. "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear?" Thus I went about for four years, as it were with a sword in my bones, striving for holiness of heart and life, to make myself fit for the compassionate heart of Jesus. O, what fools we are! and how blind by nature! for with all my striving I appeared to get further from both. I have even put my finger into the flame of the candle, so sure was I of being damned, to see if I could bear the torments that awaited me, as I then thought. One morning, Satan helped me to kindle a fire, and with the sparks of which I attempted to warm myself for awhile. I made a covenant as it were with the Lord, if he would be pleased to give me ease from my heavy burden, that I would live a holier and better life; and this conceit wrought pride in my heart, and self-consequence; but through the mercy of the Lord, he soon pulled me down, for my young master, who was a bitter enemy to me, and who has since gone to his account, came into the stable, and tumbled my horses' cloths off, and patted the horses, to see if he could find any dust, or rather to make me speak, that he might have occasion against me. He then went

into my harness room, and threw down the saddles, and bridles, and offered me every insult, so that nature could stand it no longer, and I turned him out of the harness room in a passion. My strength was all gone, and all my free-will; and I felt myself a wretched being indeed; and as I stood at the door, like a man drunk, and bewitched, Satan set in hard upon me, and told me it was no use me trying to be religious, God's children were perfect; but "look," said he, "what a wicked sinner you are. *Give it up! give it up!*" He said, "*You must go to hell.*" O, I said, I will give it up; and I heaved a heavy sigh, as I found my hopes of heaven again blasted. I shall only bring disgrace upon true Christians, and deceive my soul at last; and I went to the harness room, but the thought darted into my mind to pray; I fell down upon my knees to attempt it, but such awful blasphemies darted into my soul that I jumped up like a man beside himself, and walked about the stable with my hands clenched, begging of the Lord to have mercy upon my soul; when this little word dropped into my soul like honey from the rock, "Who can tell?" and with it such light, such love, such hope, sprang up in my soul, that made me almost leap from the ground, it came with such power, "Who can tell," but you may yet escape hell, and be with Jesus Christ in heaven? Here language fails me to tell out what I felt within; I seemed in a new world for a time, but if you are not tired of following me in my zigzag path, you shall hear more in my next.

R. EVE.

A DRY AND THIRSTY LAND.

A SINCERE believer in Christ, in the North of England, says—

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS, I take opportunity to express gratitude at seeing friends come forward to "VESSEL" Redemption Fund. I should dearly love to hear of your entire freedom. I forward you these few stamps. I wish we were blest with such a gospel as the *Vessel* maintains; but never did I experience such a day as now; nothing scarcely in the pulpit but duty-faith preaching. We expect about 10 of us in the church, which I make a part of, will be cut off, because we cannot sanction the doctrine advocated by our minister. What step to take we know not. My poor heart often cries out, "*Lord, guide and protect me, that I sin not against thee nor thy people.*" Some times I think I will be silent in the matter: then again, when I consider what the dear Lord hath done for me, in opening my blind eyes and unstopping my deaf ears, I cannot be silent. His cause is like a burning fire within me which it seems impossible to quench."

When and where the gospel is preached in the power of the Spirit, and so heard and received, it is a blessed privilege indeed. We rejoice to know in a multitude of cases THE EARTHEN VESSEL is an instrument of great good to many of the Lord's hidden ones. We hope for the writer of the above, and his friends, "*the Lord will appear.*" Ed.

QUESTIONS ON BAPTISM.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

SIR—I shall feel greatly obliged if you will insert the annexed questions on Baptism in the VESSEL, hoping that some of your Correspondents will have the kindness to answer them. Your's truly,

A VILLAGER.

I.—Why was Christ baptised *alone*, and not any of his disciples with him, if he was *not* baptised as the Head and Representative of his people, but merely as an example for them to follow? Christ was not baptised *with* John, but *by* John, and *for* John, and all the rest of the family of heaven.

II.—Why did Christ not once after his Baptism, name it, nor make any allusion to it, nor give any directions to his disciples at any time to follow his example in being baptised?

III.—Why are we to be baptised, and not circumcised, when Christ was both: and were they not both ordinances antecedent to Christ, or the gospel dispensation?

IV.—Why did not Christ himself baptize, and where is the proof that his disciples during his ministry baptised by his authority and positive command? His first disciples are said to have been baptised by John, and therefore as followers of John, and not of Christ, they baptised others: for when did Christ authorise them so to do?

V.—Where is it once commanded by Christ, that his disciples and followers, or believers, should be baptised in water? In Matt. xxviii. 19, and Mark xvi. 16, water is not named, neither is there any word either in our version, or in the original of those two texts, that has any allusion to water.

VI.—Why is nothing said in the four gospels about the apostles, or the Samaritan believers (John iv. 39, &c.), and many others (John viii. 30, &c., x. 37, &c., and xi. 45, &c.), being baptised?

VII.—Why did Paul thank God that he had not baptised more than he had, if baptism was a command of Christ? and who sent him to baptize, if Christ did not? 1 Cor. i. 14, &c.

VIII.—Why has the Holy Ghost given us such a particular account of the institution of the Lord's Supper as in 1 Cor. xi. 23, &c., and not any account of the institution of water baptism, &c.

IX.—Why is there not one command, exhortation, or precept, to be found in all the twenty-one Epistles in the New Testament relative to the observance of water baptism?

X.—Why did Paul say, there is "*one baptism*" (Eph iv. 5), if he believed in two—

viz., water baptism, and the Spirit's baptism? and that he believed in the latter is undeniable from 1 Cor. xii. 13, "*By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body.*"

XI.—Why is the Christian's Sabbath, or the first day, called the "*Lord's-day*," Rev. i. 10, and the Supper called the "*Lord's Supper*," 1 Cor. xi. 20 and water baptism not called the "*Lord's baptism*?" The phrase "*John's baptism*" we meet with, but no where in the New Testament do we find named the "*Lord's baptism*."

XII., and lastly—Why should we have recourse to Greek Lexicons, or the writings of learned men, either ancient or modern, to ascertain the true meaning of the word baptize, when the Holy Ghost by the apostles, have told us in plain language that it means "*to shed forth*," Acts ii. 33, "*to pour out*," Acts x. 45, or "*to let fall*!" Acts xi. 15.

THE BELIEVER'S SURE MERCIES.

SKETCH OF A FUNERAL SERMON FOR MR. LAY,
OF HAVERHILL.

BY MR. JOHN PELLE,
Of Clare, Suffolk.

"I will give you the sure mercies of David."

My text contains a promise of the greatest possible magnitude that can either be conceived or described: it embraces blessings temporal, spiritual, and eternal; it grants the promise not only of this life; but of that which is to come. I shall notice—

1st, Whose mercies they are said to be—David's.

2nd, Notice the mercies referred to.

3rd, Their security, they are called "sure mercies."

4th, Their personal application, "I will give you the sure mercies of David."

1. *Whose the mercies are said to be—David's.* Many things that David speaks of in the book of Psalms, which many think he spoke of himself, conveys to us the idea of his being a lively type of Christ, and that what he does speak, as in the language before us, in its true import, can apply to none in its direct application but to the Lord Jesus Christ; in a secondary point of view they might be David's, and sure they were; they were his by gift; but, mark you, they were not his to give. I am certain that a greater than David is here, and while we may be disposed to view him as a type of Christ, yet if we minutely observe the language of my text, we shall see the type swallowed up in the great Antitype. Our David will appear here but as a shadow, and Christ the great substance. It would prove just as easily for me this night to give salvation to you all, as for any one, or even David himself, to give to any individual the mercies here referred to. You will observe, by referring to the following passages of holy

writ, that the language will apply to none but our spiritual David, the Lord Jesus Christ. In the Prophecy of Jer. xxx. 9, "But they shall serve the Lord their God, and David their king, whom I will raise up unto them." Ezek. xxxiv. 23, 24. "And I will set up one shepherd over them, and he shall feed them, even my servant David; he shall feed them, and he shall be their shepherd!" "And I the Lord will be their God, and my servant David a prince among them, I the Lord have spoken it." Ezek. xxxvii. 24, 25. "And David my servant shall be King over them, and they shall have one shepherd; they shall also walk in my judgments, and observe my statutes, and do them; and they shall dwell in the land that I have given unto Jacob my servant, wherein your fathers have dwelt; and they shall dwell therein, even they, and their children, and their children's children for ever: and my servant David shall be their prince for ever." Hos. iii. 5. "Afterward shall the children of Israel return, and seek the Lord their God, and David their King, and shall fear the Lord and his goodness in the latter day." I trust, beloved friends, you see with me, that David in my text evidently refers to the Lord Jesus Christ, our all-glorious antitypical David; and that all covenanted blessings are treasured up in him, the great covenant Head of a covenanted people, even all the election of grace, for whom it hath pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell. And for the confirmation of the dear child of God, the Holy Spirit under whose divine ministry we are favoured and privileged to be found, as was our dear brother, he being deprived of the ministry of truth, through the gospel of the Holy Spirit, was pleased to exalt his precious Head by giving out of his fulness, these sure mercies, said to be "the mercies of David," and so raise the precious standard, when the enemy had come in like a flood, endeavouring as it were to drown his soul, blast his hope, and remove him from the hope of the gospel.

II. *Take notice of the mercies themselves.* Mercies signify blessings; and the question now to be solved is, what are the mercies, or blessings referred to in my text? The mercies contained in my text are incomprehensible, and in number innumerable: a few must suffice. First, there is the Father's electing mercy; to this some may object; be this as it may, I feel sure and positive that my standing would not be worth a rush if it was not founded in the electing mercy of Jesus Christ; the Father's electing mercy, the Son's redemption mercy, and the Holy Spirit's quickening mercy, is what our dear brother, rejoiced in here below, but is now basking in the full enjoyment of above; for this trinity of the mercies of God, first being made acquainted with the Holy Spirit's quickening and calling mercy, he was then led to Christ for redemption mercy: "in whom," says the apostle, "we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace:" when led thus far, he was enabled to discover that the whole sprung from the everlasting love,

and eternal electing mercy of the other. How great the mercies of redemption, pardon of sin, regeneration, salvation, and eternal life! These all spring from the grace and mercy of God, as it is said, "The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting to them that fear him." The term mercies in my text includes all the blessings of the covenant that is ordered in all things and sure. And, O, how wonderful is God's preserving mercy to the heirs of salvation, during the days of their unregeneracy, made manifest, in our departed brother, under the malignant diseases with which he was visited. Why was he not cut off as a transgressor? Because, although he knew it not, he was interested in the sure mercies of David; therefore, preserved in Christ. After being called by divine grace, how short and how rugged was his pilgrimage from earth to heaven; but amidst it all, he had upholding, sustaining, and supporting mercies, in which he greatly rejoiced, realizing in them a part of the sure mercies of David in which he was interested. Depend on it, beloved friends, the mercies of God are bestowed upon his people when most needed. It may be the blessings are delayed in our judgment, but not as it regards God's purpose; but it will be found in the end that our visited time is the choicest part of the mercy. In the days of our pilgrimage the Lord has fixed our lot: the things we should enjoy, or love, all are ordered by the covenant in which is found all the sure mercies of David.

Could we, under spiritual guidance, and in the light of the Spirit, always read truth, and the covenant in settlement, how it would cause us to triumph in our affliction! Our departed brother thus experienced it, for when harassed, perplexed, and tempted, he realized the succouring mercy of Christ, his Elder Brother, who knows what sore temptations mean. For he has felt the same; under which he was helped to say, "thanks be to God who giveth me the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

III. *Their security*—here called "*sure mercies*." And well may they be called sure, for they are sure as a Triune God could make them. The covenant in which is treasured the mercies spoken of, is an unconditional covenant of grace, and peace; its date and duration everlasting; if the Father's love was from everlasting, Christ the Son was Mediator of the covenant from everlasting, and its blessings secured before the door of time was opened; therefore it must have an everlasting covenant, and as it contains all the mercies to which my text refers, they must of necessity be secure. How rightly then has the Holy Spirit called them "*sure mercies*;" the covenant being made with Christ, these mercies were put into his hand for the whole election of grace, and come through his blood to them; hence, they are said to be sure ones; they are in safe hands; Christ, who is entrusted with them, faithfully distributes them: by his death he made a way for the communication of them, consistent with the justice of God; as also he rose again, and lives for ever, to distribute, them and to see that there is an application of them made to the persons for whom they are designed.

IV. *The personality of the promise made.* "I will give you." O my Friends religion is a personal thing. A proxy religion God will not approve, nor will it suit the sinner. The poor mistaken Jew said, "we have Abraham to our father," but it availed him nothing. No, it will not do for either you or me. David could rejoice in the *personality* of the promise; yes, in the very depth of trouble he exclaimed, "although my house be not so with God, yet hath he made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure; this is all my salvation and all my desire, although he maketh it not to grow."

It will avail us nothing that God has made a covenant, unless that covenant be made for and *with us*. We must not be satisfied with a bare assent to the truth of God, a mere head knowledge and notional religion; this will not be sufficient for us, the Spirit will make us feel a void the world can never fill, and we shall feel the need of these mercies experimentally. What a blessed consideration, when the Holy Spirit brings a poor worm of the earth into this position! He will not leave him unsatisfied or unblest. O! no! that is far from Him! nor will he leave or forsake us when we are called to cross Jordan's stream, then we shall hear him say, "I will give you the sure mercies of David."

"Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

May God of his rich mercy grant us grace, thus to live, and thus to die, then shall our end be like our departed brother's: his was peace through the blood of the Lamb, and he now sings, "Worthy the Lamb that once was slain to receive honour, power, glory, for ever, and ever. Amen."

CHRIST'S PREEMINENCE,

By MR. JOHN CORBET,
Of Norwich.

"The first-born from the dead, that in all things he might have the pre-eminence." Col. i. 18.

THIS Scripture is most certainly spoken in reference to Christ the Son of God, and the Son of Man, our glorious Saviour, and is what could not be spoken of any other, and a matter most blessed for a tried Christian to reflect upon, seeing all that Christ has is his. Christ was the first that rose from the dead to die no more. The Shunammite's son was raised from the dead by Elijah, and Dorcas by Peter, and Lazarus by our Lord; but they all had to die again, but he died no more; their souls were recalled to a natural and mortal body, but Christ was raised with a spiritual and immortal body.

Again, Christ was the first to enter heaven from the grave. Enoch had entered it by translation, and Elijah by a fiery chariot, but neither of them saw death, or entered the grave; hence, Christ is the firstborn from the dead that entered heaven, to the admiration of angels, who had never before seen the fruit of the grave, of which Christ is the

sample, and first fruits of them that slept, for as he rose triumphant from the dead by the power of God in himself; so must all that die in him, for God has promised that his "dead men shall live, and that together with his dead body shall they rise," and all this that he might have the pre-eminence.

Again, he was the one and only one that God pre-eminently trusted. In his hands God trusted his elect, his law, his covenant of grace, his justice, his gospel, his holiness, his honour, yea, all the rule and authority of earth, hell, and heaven; for himself saith (Matt. xxviii. 18), "All power is given unto me in heaven, and in earth." Hence, he in all things hath the pre-eminence, "being highly exalted above all principality, and powers, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come" (Eph. i. 21), "that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, in heaven and in earth." Phil. ii. 9. Here is his pre-eminence clearly seen.

Again, he is pre-eminent in his nature; for though there is a likeness between him and his in their nature, after regeneration, yet there is a great disparity between them: Christ's nature, both human and divine, is perfect (sin is mixed with all they do); his is pure, just, and holy, without a flaw; no word of passion ever escaped his lips; no unhallowed frown ever distorted his countenance; no lust flashed in his eye; no anger burned in his bosom; he was pre-eminently proof against them, and all other passions, being pure in his human nature: and having the Spirit poured on him without measure, He thus was pre-eminent above all angels, men, and devils, "for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily," and his church is complete in him. Col. ii. 9, 10.

Again, he is pre-eminent over sin. There is no other that had to do with sin but was defiled by it; but he could bear the whole of the sin of his church to be laid on him; and he could take it upon his almighty shoulder, and carry it into the land of forgetfulness, and then shake it off into the sea of oblivion, as Paul did the viper into the fire, and feel no harm, but return in perfection, and triumph, having trodden down strength, spoiled principalities and powers, and made a show of them openly, and triumphed over them. They having thus conquered sin and reigned pre-eminently over it, so hath sworn for the encouragement of his followers that sin shall not have dominion over them, for they are not under the law but under grace; and grace shall reign through the righteousness of Christ, unto eternal life. Thanks be to God who hath given us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Again, he is pre-eminent over death, "O death, I will be thy plagues; oh grave, I will be thy destruction!" repentance shall be

hid from mine eyes; he gave himself into the hands of death, and there could have lived for ever, had he pleased, so that death could never have killed him; and had he not given his life a ransom, it could not have been taken from him, nor sacrifice given and atonement made for his church; but he was pre-eminent over life, and death; he could live as long as he pleased, even in the jaws of death; he could lay down his life when he pleased, and could take it again when he pleased; thus he was and is pre-eminent: "I lay down my life (said he) that I might take it again: no man taketh it from me; I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again." John x. 17. 18.

Again, this pre-eminence extends to the whole race of men, angels, and devils; and the last day will discover this, when he shall take to himself his great power, and shall reign, then shall he come in the clouds with great power, and glory, and every eye shall see him, and every soul will be arraigned before him, then will he ascend his imperial throne, crowned with majesty, and honour, without pomp or ceremony, in his own self-sufficiency, to give the last touch to his greatness, without recorders, briefs, accusations, or depositions; counsellor, witness, or jury, he will commence the strange work of judging in righteousness, without confusion, or partiality, and in such wisdom, love, and justice, that none shall consider him unjust; and in such power will he pronounce the sentence, *Go, ye cursed*; or, *Come, ye blessed*; as shall make all the ranks of *unbelievers* fall back and sink into perdition, and cause all *believers* to bow at humbled distance and then march forward towards him with holy admiration and wonder; and he shall walk before them into glory as their King, Head, and Saviour, and introduce them as the trophies of his conquest on earth, and then deliver up his kingdom to his Father; and so Christ's mediatorial kingdom on the earth will become "the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." Rev. xi. 15, "And there shall be no more night there, and they will need no candle, neither the light of the sun, for the Lord their God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever." Rev. xxii. 5. Thus the Lord will be unto them their everlasting light, and the days of their mourning will be ended, and their God their glory. Thus Christ had, now hath, and will ever continue to have, the pre-eminence; and blessed in deed will they be who can adore him as such here, for they shall praise him as such hereafter for ever!

But you are ready to say, you have not solved the long disputed point about whether Christ will have the pre-eminence in number by saving more than were lost. In answer to this, I would say, the question is one you must put to him that reigneth in

righteousness, if you would know it, for no other can solve it; and it is my belief you have no more right to ask such a question than Adam had to take the apple; both the act and the question ariseth from a proud curiosity to interfere with what you have no right to know any further than it is revealed. It is said, that, in "all things he might have the pre-eminence;" and as far as we can trace, it is so, and that which is secret belongs unto God, and only what is revealed unto us and our children; the answer given unto Daniel (xii. 13), ought to suffice us, and if not, no other will be given, "Go thou thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand in thy lot at the end of thy days."

Reader, may it be your and my lot to know that our lot is a *free-grace one*, then hereafter it will be a *free glory one*, for ever and ever with him that hath the pre-eminence.

MARY, OR THE POWER OF PENITENCE.

MARY, of sinners was the chief;
She ran to Jesus for relief;
Her weight of sins, she knew full well,
Would sink her guilty soul to hell.
Despised, rejected by mankind,
Behold the wretch! she stands behind
The great eternal King of kings;
Fain would she rest beneath his wings.
Behold the tears! how fast they flow!
Down to her Saviour's feet they go,
To wash his feet, and thus with care
She wipes them with her curling hair.
This woman still behold her lie,
Helpless and ruined, Lord, as I!
Thy Spirit, Lord, and that alone,
Could bring this rebel to thy throne.
"Woman (cried he), thy sin's forgiven;
Go thou in peace, and wait for heaven;
Go, live by faith, and you shall find
To share the vast eternal mind."
Now Mary's freed from charge of sin;
No mortal dare her soul condemn;
Spotless as an angel stands,
And everlasting life demands.
Now angels wait with strong desire
To bear her 'midst the heavenly choir,
There to mingle in the song
Which warbles from angelic tongue.
Now Mary's gone, exalted high,
Where angels all their pow'rs employ
To praise the Lamb, who once was slain
To honor man with heaven again.
Exalted there upon a throne,
Near the Great Eternal One,
Else in her Saviour's arms at rest,
Reclining on his sacred breast.
I, like Mary, fain would lie,
With aching heart and weeping eye,
'Till I am called to rise, and soar
'Midst angels, bright as golden ore.
No more shall care, nor sin, nor pain
Molest her sacred heart again;
A heavenly calm hath seized her breast,
And now is her eternal rest.

Dartford.

S. MITCHENALL.

"THE EARTHEN VESSEL" PULPIT.

THE LAMB OF GOD.

By MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD.

PREACHED IN SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, DEAN-STREET, ON LORD'S-DAY, OCTOBER 4TH.

"The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sins of the world!" John i. 29.

The principal theme in the ministry of the gospel is the personal majesty of Christ as the incarnate God, who came into the world to secure by merit, and power, the salvation of a great number, which no man can number. The object of the Saviour's mission was one of mercy, one of love; he, by coming into the world, was the manifestation of the love of the eternal God to poor fallen sinners: Christ, by his personal dignity, by his official relationship, was in every way qualified for the great work which he came into the world to perform: "He was mighty to save," and a light to those who sat in darkness. The man who feels his danger, and drops his head on account of sin, rejoices to hear of one who can raise him up; he who feels his captivity is happy to hear of the Great Emancipator, one who can break the bonds and set the captive free. The minister's work is to say to such, "behold the Lamb;" not to preach ourselves, not to say behold me, but stand behind, and hold up the tapestry that Christ may be seen, saying to the law-condemned, sin-distressed sinner, "behold the Lamb of God."

1st, We propose noticing the precious Lamb here spoken of.

2nd, "The removing of sin by him who taketh away the sin of the world."

3rd, The gospel direction, "Behold the Lamb of God."

First, the precious Lamb here spoken of. Not a lion, though he is the Lion of the tribe of Judah. He is a Lamb in his grace, and in the gospel to his people; he is the Lion that will return to execute justice upon his enemies. *Christ is the sacrificial Lamb.* Other lambs were offered up in prefiguration of the Lamb of God. Other sacrifices were offered but could never put away guilt; but Jesus hath appeared once in the end of the world to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. How beautifully did the types and shadows adumbrate, or set forth, the great anti-type, ere Jesus in his sufferings and death was slain upon Calvary,—that blood-marked hill,—to put away the sins of his people! Again, *Christ was the immaculate Lamb.* John saith, "ye know that he was manifested to take away sin; and in him was no sin." In Jesus there was unstained purity and dignity, and glory which will never fade. In him the scrutinizing eye of the world could find no guile; even his vacillating judge said

he could find no fault in him. The law of God could find no blemish. Well might Peter say, "He was the Lamb without blemish, and without spot." Again, *Jesus was the submissive Lamb.* Is there any thing like passion, folly, or murmuring, in the life of Jesus? No, he was a mourner, but not a murmurer, he mourned, and wept as it were tears of blood. His submission the prophet saw through the vista of ages, when he exclaimed, "he was led as a Lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb so opened he his mouth." Jesus endured the buffetings of satan, the scourging of men, and the burning ire of his father's anger against sin, yet murmured not. He was in agony of soul, he came into depths where there was no standing, in the garden of Gethsemane. Listen to his cry, when he says, "Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me, nevertheless not my will, but thine be done." How little can we imitate the Lord Jesus in his submission over the rugged pathway of life: we say, Lord, take this trouble away, but seldom say, not my will but thine be done. *Christ is the exalted Lamb.* When the door of heaven was opened, John saw a large company, and heard the sound of "worthy is the Lamb which has been slain." Oh, ye travellers to Zion above, would ye not hail the presence of the Lamb? Do ye not long to join in the hallelujah's around the throne, "where all tears shall be wiped from off all faces?" Jesus was the Lamb appointed by God ere sin had an existence in the world: he was the Lamb provided, the Lamb accepted, and the Lamb honored of God.

Second, *The removing of sin.* There are four ways in which sin is removed. First, by imputation, so that sin is not charged to man's account, hut on the sin-hearer, even Jesus, "on whom God hath laid the iniquity of us all." "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity." This is very beautifully set forth in Levi. xvi. 21, 22. And it is most beautifully preached by the Psalmist, when he says, "as far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us;" and by the apostle, "who can lay any thing to the charge of God's elect?" Secondly, Jesus hath taken away the defilement of sin: there is a moral defilement in sin. What is it that accuses us of sin? The law of God; the conscience; the world, and the devil, are the accusers of the brethren; but God listens not to the accuser, for there is one who standeth at God's right hand, to judge the poor and needy. The whole range of Scripture shows that there is a moral defilement in sin; the Psalmist saith, "Wash me, and I shall be clean; yea, whiter than the driven snow."

Thirdly, Jesus hath taken away the penalty due to sin, God is strictly righteous,

as well as tenderly merciful. He never gave up his rights in giving man freedom from the wrath to come. Jesus took the sinner's place by being their surety, by bearing their punishment due to transgressors. Oh, wondrous love! that God should have sent the Lamb, to satisfy stern justice, that we might be delivered from the wrath to come—again, Jesus hath taken away the dominion of sin,—the apostle saith, "sin shall not have dominion over you;" yet sinners, sin hath woven its web around thy soul, and in thy afflictions, why is the Christian at times so cast down, so feeble in prayer, so afraid to approach the throne of grace; feeling in his own soul so little of spirituality? is it not sin? but by and bye, we shall be for ever freed from the indwelling of sin: by and bye, the old tabernacle shall be taken down, "and fashioned like unto Christ's glorious body."

Lastly, *the gospel direction*. "Behold the Lamb of God." To whom is this addressed? These words were spoken to the crowd who were near Jesus. John had told the people "he it is who coming after me, is preferred before me, whose shoes I lachet, I am not worthy to unloose;" doubtless many were in nature's darkness to whom these words were addressed; they saw Jesus with their natural eyes, but we cannot address the people in this way; it would be useless to say to those that are blind, see Jesus; but we can say to those whose eyes are opened; we can say to those who are crying, "men and brethren what shall we do to be saved?" "Behold the Lamb of God." "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." We are to point those to the Lamb who want to know how their sins are to be washed away; thus we say "behold the provision made for every needy sinner." "Herein is love, not that we loved God." In this provision is seen the unutterable love of God. "There remaineth now therefore no more sacrifice for sin." And sinner if you are not concerned about the atonement, if careless about the blood and sacrifice of Jesus, or trusting in thine own righteousness, it may well be written in thine heart, and o'er thine head, "there remaineth no other sacrifice whereby we can hope to join in the song of the ransomed around the throne of God and the Lamb." J. KERRAL.

THE SOUL AND SYMPATHY OF CHRIST.

"And his soul was grieved for the misery of Israel." Judges x, 16.

THE marginal reading of the above words is—"His soul was *shortened*," as if its happiness was lessened by their trouble. Some think the words refer to the soul of Israel; and then it would read, "*Their soul was grieved for the misery of Israel*;" which would be contrary to the word "Lord,"

which goes before them, and deprives them of that consolation so evidently in them, as expressed in our version. Some say, as Deity cannot be grieved, they denote the outward dealings of God, which sympathizing men manifest to those in trouble: and thus by a foreign sense seem to fritter away the literal meaning of the words, which, if understood of the pre-existing soul of Christ, are both easy and interesting.

Of his soul, it may be said, it was the soul of him who was Jehovah, the great God, the Creator of heaven and earth, whose throne is for ever and ever, whom all the angels worship, and every saint adores. The soul of a mere man is the noblest part of his nature; but the soul of Jehovah Jesus, though it is infinitely lower than his divinity, it is vastly superior to all others; it is the highest, the holiest, and the happiest that ever existed, or ever will. It is high in nature—nearness to God—the office it held as Head and Mediator: the place and power it still has, and will hold. The saints on earth are near to God, and saints above are very high, but which of all the inhabitants of heaven has he honoured so highly as the soul of his Son? The saints are inseparably one with God in Christ; but the soul and body of Christ are so united to his divine person, that he is worshipped as God. Whatever may be their ultimate conformity to him, they can never rise to an equality with him. The soul of Christ was and is the *holiest* of all. It was the head of holiness to all his mystical members, the fulness from which they were to be well supplied, by which they should all be sanctified in due time. However holy other souls may be they have no holiness to part with; they want all for their own use; but Christ has enough for all that come to, and call upon, him for it. The soul of Christ was so pre-eminently holy that it was impossible it should be otherwise. It was the happiest soul in existence; the exceeding highness and holiness with which it was endued must have been no small part of the happiness it enjoyed. The most holy souls are the most happy on earth; and in heaven, where holiness is complete, happiness will be the same. Where sin is wholly banished, perfect blessedness abides. The soul of Christ was with the Father; lay in his bosom, enjoyed his love, was as one brought forth by him, and brought up with him, and was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, (Prov. viii. 24, 30), and thus had the glory of his blissful presence before the world was. (John xvii. 5). And this his happiness he will have his given people see, and with him enjoy for ever. (John xvii. 24).

"Jesus thy power and grace employ
To raise this soul of mine
Up to the heights of heavenly joy,
And make it more like thine."

The soul of Christ was the *first* in being :

not only in the divine purpose, but also by an act of divine power. Had it not existed till his body was born in Bethlehem, many other souls must have been in heaven before his; but to me it seems quite right his soul should be there before them; yet this opinion would neither satisfy me nor others without Bible proof. We beg to introduce it therefore in some degree to the attentive reader.

In the 8th chapter of Proverbs, verses 22 and 23, we have Christ speaking of himself in language evidently too low for abstract divinity, and which nevertheless is very suitable to him as a complex person, wherein his soul "was possessed and set up by Jehovah ere the earth was." Hence we find he was "the firstborn of every creature, and among many brethren, and the beginning of the creation of God." [See Col. i. 15; Rom. viii. 29; Rev. iii. 14.] As divine, he could neither be born nor created; but both are true when understood of his firstborn or first created soul.

The objections sometimes made to the ancient existence of the soul of Christ are so frivolous and weak that I have now no wish to answer them. I believe the above Scriptures cannot be easily understood in any other way.

"Thy soul was high in heavenly love,

The first of all that are

Chosen to be in realms above,

And see thy glory there."

The soul of Christ was *human*. This appears in its being grieved for the miseries of Israel; though he is often called an angel on account of his perfect purity, spirituality, and immortality; yet he is expressly distinguished from the angels, (particularly in Heb. i. & ii.) and his soul is not to be confounded with them.—"He taketh not on him the nature of angels." But we are glad to know he took the nature of man, both in soul and body.—"And it behoved him in all things to be made like unto his brethren." We conclude, his soul, like theirs, was human; with understanding, will, affections, capable of joy, grief, &c., yet without sin. It was the same soul that became incarnate, was made an offering for sin, was poured out unto death, was exceeding sorrowful under the awful punishment due to his people, which the prophet foretold, and the evangelist relates. (Isaiah liii. 10, 11, 12; Matt. xxvi. 38.) It was *with* God, one with his divine person, and so he *was* God. (John i. 1.) Not that either of his natures were changed or mixed by the union, for they were still distinct—influently different—yet so united as to constitute but one complex person. Thus the Old Testament saints had a real mediator as well as we.

"Thy heaven-born soul and glorious mind,

With most superior powers,

Was with the nobler nature joined,

Aud near akin to ours."

The soul of Christ was *sympathetic*. "His soul was grieved for the misery of Israel." The wickedness of the world was grievous to him, and so he destroyed it with a flood. (Gen. vi. 6.) And the sins of the present world are preparing it for destruction by fire. The people of Israel had been distinguished from all others by a rich variety of civil and religious advantages; but they did evil against the God of their mercies in forming an affinity with the Canaanites, serving their gods, and forsaking the Lord; (Judges x. 6.) so that he delivered them into the hands of their enemies, by whom they were oppressed many years; nevertheless, when they repented he regarded their affliction, and heard their cry. (Psalm cvi. 44.) They rebelled and vexed his holy Spirit; yet in all their affliction he was afflicted; and the angel of his presence saved them; in his love and pity he redeemed them. (Isaiah lxiii. 9.)

As these things were said of him before his coming in the flesh, they are well suited to signify the actual existence of something human in his person. In confirmation of this might be added the several scriptures in which he appeared in a human form, and is called a man in the Old Testament. And we find him with the same sympathizing soul after his incarnation as before. He beheld the city of Jerusalem and wept over it. (Lunke xix. 41.) And of him it is said when at the grave of Lazarus, "Jesus wept," John xi. 35. Their sorrows excited the compassion of his soul, and raised in it a fellow feeling for their assistance. And it is well that—"We have not a high priest that cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities;" but we have one, in the soul of Jesus, that can and does sympathize with us in all our troubles of soul, body, and circumstances. And this appears in the pardon of our sins, the removal of our maladies, the supply of our wants, the sanctification of our woes, the acceptance of our services, and the salvation of our souls. Let this encourage us to hold fast our profession, and come continually to the throne of grace for all we want. (Heb. iv. 14, 15, 16.)

"When Israel fell beneath their foes,

Thy sympathizing soul

Feels every pain our nature knows,

And makes the wounded whole.

Thy soul an offering was for us

Who hate the power of sin;

While we are saved to praise thee thus,

With joy and peace within."

Little Grandsen, Sept. 11. T. Row.

Died on Fast-day, Mrs. J. TAPP, of Union-street, Poplar, a godly and consistent member of the church of "Bethel." She had just left her home to call for a friend who had promised to accompany her to chapel, but was seized with illness, and in a few moments her spirit was "present with the Lord." Previous to her flight she said to her friend, "The Lord knows what He is doing." Her life and end were peace.

OUR BRITISH BAPTIST CHURCHES.

MR. BAKER'S ORDINATION AT CHELMONDISTON.

MR. EDITOR.—As I saw my ordination referred to in "*Earthen Vessel*," it devolves on me to give a true statement of what I was enabled to say on that occasion. I would say Brother Foreman told me to be as short and as simple in my statement as I could.

After singing and praying, Brother Collins stated the nature of a gospel church. Brother Felton then called on me to state the manner in which I was brought from darkness to light. I arose in bondage and darkness, and said, "I could not tell what it was o'clock when the Lord commenced a work of grace in my soul, but I felt thankful that I descended from parents professing godliness, and that my mother carried me when young with a heavy heart six miles on Lord's-days, believing it was her duty, as a parent, to take me where the gospel was preached. After this, I became a scholar in the Sunday-school, and in the course of providence Mr. Elven, of Bury, preached the anniversary sermons on behalf of the school. I remember he spoke of the sinner's heart by nature as a dark room, and the gospel as a candle, shining therein, discovering the nature of sin; from that time I thought it a true picture of my heart; and I continued praying from fear of death and hell ten years; and what I went through is not possible for me to utter. When about fifteen years of age, I, by the kind providence of God, was led to reside at Bury; I attended under the ministry of Mr. Elven, and in hearing him preach, sin became hateful; and I was enabled to look to the Lord Jesus Christ for comfort; and out of love to his name was constrained to follow him in the ordinance of baptism; and when looking through the sign signified, the joys I shall never forget. After this, I felt more extensively the depravity of my nature, and my inability to stand, unless kept by the power of God. I could not understand a yea and a nay gospel; but by reading some numbers of the *Gospel Standard*, and Mr. Irons's sermons, under the teaching of the Spirit, I was led to see the permanency of the covenant of grace. I would just say here, although I did not see eye to eye with Mr. Elven, he behaved like a father in the advice he gave me. Mr. Elven would shame many who profess to be sound in the faith. When he wrote my dismissal to the church where I preached, he wrote as follows: "We want the doctrines of the gospel in the head, the grace of God in the heart, and gospel practice in the life. Doctrine is soul supporting; experience is soul-comforting; and practice is ornamenting. O! for more about the perfections of our Lord, and less about the imperfections of one another, as we are brethren." But to return; as to my call to the ministry, I cannot say much; therefore, all that I did say ought to have been inserted. I had no particular passage lay on my mind, declaring to me my

ability to preach: but I did as I was asked to do; and for the first time, addressed the school children; after which my name was put on the village plan, which plan specified the village in which we were to preach. After I had fulfilled my engagements specified in the plan, my name found no admittance on the next, without being spoken to by the plan-maker; but being told by an individual, I made man a mere machine, I drew what inference I pleased. After this, I supplied at Ashfield, from thence to Crowfield; but for obvious reasons I left, and followed my business at East Dereham, and the minister of the cause there allowed me to preach on Lord's day evenings, he not being able to attend; and it is; remarkable how the Lord did bless the word through me in opening blind eyes, and leading many from duty-faith and arminianism and constraining them to follow the Lord in the ordinance of baptism. I just mention this, to show that I did not leave off preaching when I left Crowfield, as has been stated: my employers having no more employment, I left, and received a call from the leading men of the Home Mission to preach at Stonham; and being informed that a great many obstacles were in the way relative to the carrying on of that cause I was advised to accept a call from the church at Chelmondiston. I did so; and as I feel in some measure the preciousness of the truth, and the value of immortal souls, God helping me, I intend to proclaim the sovereignty of eternal grace to perishing sinners. I do not write this to aspire after pulpit fame; but to set forth God's goodness in raising me from sin to preach to a people which I think have a little discernment the contemplation of which, under God's blessing, often melts me into nothing. As to the church over which I am placed, I would say, I do not think they would knowingly embrace a young minister who aims at pulpit fame, but having been broken down they want to hear of the fame of Christ; and they knew before I was ordained that I received the blessings of the gospel in a sovereign way, and the effect is to love the same. Mr. Pegg said he did not want to quarrel with pastor or people; I do wonder where his discernment was in not discerning his self-applauded discernment, and I wonder where his discernment was—blessing with his tongue upon that which he afterward's found fault with by his pen. I hope next time he writes he will write the whole truth. SAMUEL BAKER.

Chelmondiston, Suffolk.

A NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL FOR REDHILL.

(To the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL).

DEAR SIR.—We are thankful to have to acknowledge the Lord's good hand upon the cause here, in answering prayer, that faithful ministers may be sent to preach his truth, and that the word may be spoken with, and re-

ceived in, power and joy. Many have witnessed that it has not been in vain, for they hungered after, and found, the bread of life; *signs have followed*, to our encouragement as a church, and to strengthen the hands of those who, under God's blessing, have been made instruments of good to our souls: "Thine, Lord, is the power; be thine all the praise and glory, for *thou alone givest the increase!*"

Last Lord's-day morning (October 11th), at their own desire, and on satisfactory evidence of their love to the Lord, six persons publicly put on the Lord Jesus, and were not ashamed to be known in his Church before the world, as his disciples, by obedience to his command. It was a good day to many; Mr. Miller, of Horley, lent us his chapel, for the morning service, and our friends feel thankful for the attention and brotherly kindness shewn to us; it was quite filled, and much seriousness and interest in the solemn, yet delightful, ordinance, was manifested; and some were led to desire they might, in God's time, be made proper subjects thereof by his Spirit's grace and teaching; while others began to consider their ways and reflect how long they had professed to know the Lord, yet disobedient to his own plain command by which to witness their attachment to his truth.

In the evening, at our usual meeting place, Redhill Institution, after a suitable discourse from Phil. I. 5, "Your fellowship in the gospel," the members were received, and the Lord's Supper administered, uniting in gratitude for what the Lord had done for us, and in them. One person had been brought to know the Lord, near sixteen years ago, under Mr. Foreman, but was hindered in her profession of Jesus' name by fear, doubt, and timidity, but now felt sure it was the Lord's time. The Lord shone upon her, strengthened her heart, set her soul and tongue at liberty, removed every impediment, and made her find the words that had been blest to her quite true, "Them that honor me, I will honor."

We hope, ere long, we may have a chapel here, which is much wanted; after many refusals to sell us a piece of ground, we would thank the Lord that his hand is seen in providing us with a suitable plot, freehold, and near the station. The fund commenced by the "Reigate Baptist Building Association," near five and a-half years since, still increases by constant small subscriptions, its supporters having scrupulously adhered to its fundamental principles and rules, from which we regret some of its early and zealous friends have swerved to new doctrine, and practices, and order. After completing the purchase of the ground, we had near £200 towards the building, so we hope next spring we may see a building of the place in which we trust—

"That many sinners round
May come to hear of and to love
The Saviour we have found."

To which may you and all that love his salvation be kept steadfast in this lukewarm day, prays, yours in dependance on a good Master,
Oct. 14, 1857. E. H.

RYE LANE CHAPEL, PECKHAM.

On Monday, October 5th, a sermon was preached in the above place in the afternoon, by Mr. James Wells; after which, tea was provided in the vestry; and in the evening, a public meeting was holden on behalf of the parsonage, just completed, behind the chapel. Mr. Moyle opened the meeting by reading the sixty first Psalm. Mr. John Bloomfield engaged in prayer. Mr. Moyle, (who was in the chair) said, as his brother Bloomfield had another meeting to attend, he should at once call on him to speak. Mr. Bloomfield then addressed the meeting upon the "Shewbread," in an interesting and practical manner.

Mr. Moyle then said—Christian Friends, many, many changes have passed since first I came among you: ten years have gone—I came in October, 1847, and now it is October, 1857—but I feel just as happy now as then. I have been to the settlement of many men since then, and at some of them the deacons have declared Mr. So-and-so to be just the very man! oh yes, in every point—but in a few months they have found out their mistake, and perhaps called a meeting, and presented their pastor with a something to send him going: our brother Milner was once presented with a silver inkstand, and sent about his business. But here, they have not, my brother, (Mr. Moyle speaking to Mr. Milner) presented me with an inkstand, but they have built me a neat, comfortable house, and I have a vine and a fig tree, and I can sit under my own fig tree, and I hope none shall ever make me afraid. As to the future, I shall not attempt to look into that, but I will do you all the good I can while I stay. If I knew I should leave you this time ten months I would feed you all as well as I could. Let us thank God for the past: and now to business.

Mr. Congreve then stated that the contract for the house was £315; the interest on loans, laying out the garden, &c., £15; making a total of £330. Gathered by loans and subscriptions £295. We want therefore to get this evening £35 (Mr. Moyle said I wish you may get it,) and we think nearly, if not all, the £35 was collected, when they sung,

"Come let us join our cheerful songs."

Mr. Milner then spoke on the *Ark*, in a most instructive and able speech—it was to us the richest part of the meeting; Mr. J. A. Jones on the *Altar*; Mr. Meeres on the *Candlestick*; and the pastor closed the meeting with prayer.

BETHEL CHAPEL, HUNGARY-HILL.

Nor far from the Bishop of Winchester's Castle, near Farnham, Surrey, stands a neat little chapel, called Bethel, erected in 1835 by a dear man of God named Smith, whose labours in that part of the vineyard were useful to many souls for some years. At his decease there were two brethren willing to lead the services—Mr. Joy (now of Ripley), and Mr. Drake, the present minister. The church decided to call the latter, whose ministry stands in a profitable acceptance and usefulness, both in calling in, and building up. Ever since the Lord called him to work in the ministry, he

has laboured hard, suffered the loss of all things, and proved himself an honest and a faithful servant of Jesus Christ; many times walking on the Sunday morning twenty miles from Staines (where he resides) to Hungary-hill (where he preaches), without fee or reward, or any prospect of a wealthy incumbency. All who know the "*Hungary-hill pastor*" speak of him as one that labours purely out of love to Christ, love to the truth, and love to the souls of the people. We understand he is shortly to be publicly ordained, and then we hope to give an interesting account of his conversion to God, through the instrumentality of Jonathan George, now of Walworth.

On Monday, Oct. 5, the harvest thanksgiving meeting was holden at Hungary-hill by C. W. Banks preaching afternoon and evening; the chapel was crowded with friends; nearly one hundred sat down to tea; and the services of the day were rendered a blessing to many. We were glad to hear that through the instrumentality of our friend Drake, the little Bethel is secured to the Particular Baptists, free of all expence.

ANNIVERSARY AT ILCHESTER AND HARDINGTON.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I am sorry to hear of your heavy domestic affliction, which caused so great disappointment. I was at the station to meet you; when I found you was not come, many things crowded upon my mind. I was sad. A few words dropped into my mind, which seemed to decide the matter; so that I was prepared to receive your letter on this day. I went on to Ilchester; found four ministering brethren waiting; brethren Blake, Wisloch, Kirk, and Mr. Roberts, from Cornwall, all these send their love to you. Brother Kirk read and prayed; and brother Roberts preached a good, sound, savoury sermon, which was heard with great satisfaction. We had good congregations, and the Master's presence made the service very cheerful.

On Thursday I went to Hardington, communicated to them the illness that had happened, and found the sanctuary filled with attentive hearers; there the Lord shone into my soul gloriously, and the streams of gospel truth flowed freely. This was a great change to me, after having many months captivity. We did rejoice in God, and glory in the rock of our salvation: the smiles of a sin-pardoning God makes amends for all.

G. KELLAWAY.

WILLIAM SCANDRETT'S END.

(Concluded from page 229.)

WE have often felt persuaded that no happier position could be found on this earth, than is that of "*THE FAITHFUL, THE DEVOTED, AND THE USEFUL PASTOR.*" And although our course has been one of deep trial, and painful anxiety—and, although we have seen many pastors in most humiliating afflic-

tions, we still think, that, (where the Lord is pleased to give a man a clear call into this office, richly anointing his head, softening and comforting his heart, and prospering the works of his hands), there is no position in all this world, more interesting, more important, or more influential, than is that good man's who is, by Jesus Christ, anointed to feed the Church of God. But how painful to *nature*—to find that even ministers *wear out*—their friends *wear out*—their enemies and their usefulness *wear out*—and the *finale* of this, the best of all earthly positions, is to be *carried to the tomb—to be laid in the grave*. Others beside Paul, however, have often been in a strait betwixt two, knowing that to depart, and to be with Jesus, is *far better*. Be of good cheer, ye poor, tried, servants of God!—"there is a rest which remaineth for you;" and when on that glorious rest you enter, never shall thy poor brains be overheated, nor thy poor souls be sorely tempted more, the crown and King's smile will make amends for all.

You know, dear reader, we have seen William Scandrett's early ministerial career. After he had laboured nearly twenty years at Sible Hedingham, a change in his peace and prospects took place.

Thomas Jones, in his pretty book "*Jubilee Jottings*," closes up the first pastor's memoir in the following manner:—

In the early part of 1822, a dark cloud came over the tabernacle. Mr. Scandrett, whose ministry had been so successful, and his reputation unsullied, through a combination of second causes, became embarrassed, and much trouble ensued. As is common to all such cases, a variety of opinion existed. Bitter words were not wanting, and perhaps, all parties, made work for repentance. There is no feature of humanity more prominent than this, every man knows his neighbour's business better than his neighbour does; aye, better than he knows his own. Hence, hasty conclusions, and uncharitable and unjust judgments. We cannot wonder that such a subject should be prolific of reproach, censure, and maliciousness. It led to the vacation of the pastorate, and a temporary division of the church, and caused sore distress to many minds. "The valley of Achor is the door hope." Here was an able minister of Christ's gospel flooded by a torrent of prejudice and cares; and at Godmanchester there was a faithful few, who wanted a man to guide and feed them. They sent a deputation to Sible Hedingham, who searched out the matter, and came to the conclusion that there was no wrong which charity could not cover. So they arranged with claimants, and carried off William Scandrett bodily. And their courage and kindness were amply rewarded in the long-continued and devoted services of their adopted pastor, who, for many years, waved the banner of the cross among them, and was instrumental of much good both to saints and sinners. "Honour to them!" we say, without implying or intending any reflection on his former charge,—"*Honour to the men,*" who liberally and

wisely came to the rescue, and secured a benefit to themselves by overstepping reproach, and setting a fallen soldier on his feet, that he may again do battle with the King's enemies. Their estimate of his worth, and their affection for his person, are recorded on a tombstone in the Baptist Chapel Burial Ground, Godmanchester, of which we subjoin a copy:

In memory of William Scandrett, the faithful and esteemed pastor of the particular baptist church in this place during seventeen years. The peculiar doctrines of the gospel which he warmly advocated in life were the joy of his soul in affliction and death. He was called home to glory, June 25, 1841. Aged seventy-four years.

Thus, then, we have recorded William Scandrett's pastorate. We have some more richly edifying memoirs of pastors now in glory. We hope to give a series of them.

* * * "Jubilee Jottings" may be had, post free, to any address for five stamps sent to T. J., 3, Spencer-place, Blackheath, Kent.

REVIEWS.

DR. CUMMING'S "BAPTISMAL FONT," AND "PHASES OF APOSTACY," &c., BY "PHILOLOGUS."

Both these works are now before us: they are before the Church at large: they are within the reach of every intelligent and truth-seeking Christian: and they give rise to questions which are closely identified with the declarative glory of God, and the holy, the happy, and the consistent walk and worship of the real Christian. These Works have been thrown before us; we dared not pass them by without notice; we could not notice them without expressing our mind freely, frankly, and fully. By so doing we have lighted a fire which we suppose will not easily be extinguished. Letters from ladies and from gentlemen, epistles from "scribes well instructed," and scurrilous notes from arrogant spirits, have assailed us, simply because we announced an exposure of the fallacies of Dr. Cumming's "*Baptismal Font*." Perhaps before the matter closes some portions of these offenses may be introduced; at least, if we should require illustrations of overheated zealotism, we shall have a full supply. But we desire to write soberly, seriously, and effectually, or never to write at all. May the Lord give us *his Spirit, his mind, his will, his truth*; may he pardon in us anything like a Jehu-tone, and only let us be used for his glory, and his ransomed people's good: then, although a host should rise against us, we shall feelingly exult in the fact, that "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." Wherefore we shall have no real ground for fear.

Dr. John Cumming, the "Minister of the Scottish National Church, in Crown Court, Covent Garden," is one of the most prolific Christian writers of the present age. He is, in fact, a most clever, and talented book-maker: and his success in obtaining circulation for nearly all his works, is, perhaps, without

parallel. A list recently sent us by one publishing-house, announces between thirty and forty volumes, written or produced by Dr. Cumming. There is scarcely any one branch—theological, devotional, practical, or controversial—but Dr. Cumming has taken it up: and his style is so perfectly easy, pleasing, and intelligent,—his researches have been so immense—his powers of application and adaptation, so clever—his controversies, generally speaking, so captivating and triumphant, that he has obtained a place and a position in the professing Christian church which but few men can reach in any one given period of time. Dr. Cumming's Works are all the world over, and it is only for him now to announce a new one; and edition after edition are rapidly taken off. "All hail to the Dr." we say, "Honour to whom honour." And when we reflect upon his small beginning—his obscure exodus—his struggles—his labours—his most incessant toils in reading, writing, preaching, and lecturing; we say, again, as an industrious man—and perhaps, as a man sincerely desirous of doing good, he deserves the esteem and "praise of all the Churches." More especially, if, when Dr. Cumming and his Works are well weighed in the balances of Eternal Truth, it cannot be said—"Thou art found wanting."

There is, in all the Dr.'s works, a large proportion of gospel truth, most beautifully expressed; and worked out with so much natural sympathy, softness, and affection, that none but an eagle-eyed discriminator could ever dare to question the soundness of the same. He has so avoided all the sharp and certain points, as to sail smoothly down the stream; and if the Dr.'s work, called "*The Baptismal Font*," had not been so directly opposed to New Testament practice, if a review of his work had not been so imperatively called for, if "*Philologus*" had not—unintentionally—plunged us into such hot water, we had never presumed to have even named the Dr. in our humble VESSEL; but as it is, we must go on next month, if the good Master of us all will permit. In the meantime, we must recommend Baptist ministers particularly to read "*Philologus's Phases of Apostacy*," published by Piper, Stevenson, and Spence, price sixpence.

"THE SEVEN SEALS, CONSIDERED IN THE LIGHT OF LIFE EMANATING FROM THE RESURRECTION. To which is added, A Parallel of the Mystical Numbers of the 1,260 Days and Months. Also, the Name and Number of the Beast. By GIDEON. London: Houlston and Wright, Paternoster-row.

It is neither pleasant nor easy to review works of this character. In the first place, while we are assured that "*Blessed* is the man that reads and hears the words of this prophecy," we also believe that the opening of the seals—the understanding of the mysteries—the defining the periods—the simplifying the metaphors—are privileges only enjoyed by men favoured as Daniel and Ezekiel were. It is in "the visions of God," that highly fa-

voured men come to a knowledge of the "deep things" of heaven: and although such men may very clearly see the mind of God in high and holy matters, they cannot convey to others, that anointing oil wherewith their own eyes have been so sacredly enlightened.

In the next place, almost every minister, and careful student of prophecy, has his favourite theory, notion, or principle, which, in many cases, we have found to be exceedingly wide and conflicting.

Nevertheless, when we meet with a man whose whole soul is devoted to God, whose whole mind is given up to the diligent study of God's Word, whose whole aim is to exalt the Saviour, glorify his Maker, and benefit his fellow-creatures, and who, as the rich reward of these his labours, obtains special light, and heavenly understanding, we feel gratefully constrained to listen to such an one. To sit at his feet, and to catch, if possible, a little of the unction which, by God's grace, from his teaching, may descend. Such a brother, we trust, is "Gideon:" and although he may tread in some paths never opened up to us, nor trodden in by us, still, we must believe he is searching for truth. Let the elders of the Church carefully peruse this sixpenny pamphlet; and if they can discover any anti-Christian mixture, let them declare it. We feel anxious to go over this work again with ten-fold more care, and report accordingly.

"THE SHUNAMMITE.—FAITH AND PROVIDENCE—PROVIDENCE AND GRACE—A WORD TO PILGRIMS." By the Rev. John Waters Banks, Assistant Chaplain, Portsmouth. London: Partridge & Co.; Robert Banks & Co.

In taking up this three-penny pamphlet just issued, we felt a strong desire to draw a map compassing the journeys which the writer of this review, and the author of this "Shunammite" have travelled, since that eventful Sabbath when both of us set out together in the public ministry of the word. But, it is Saturday night—it is nearing the end of the printer's month—and room in the *Vessel* is very scarce; we can, therefore, this

month, only refer to a much and most dearly beloved brother's book, by saying—we have read it with pure delight, and special profit. It is chaste, spiritual, encouraging, and evidently designed to help many a poor pilgrim in his heavenward journey. After making all the deductions we can for predisposed affections for one who is a brother both by nature and by grace, we must confess we do wish that thousands of Zion's pilgrims may enjoy "The Shunammite" as much, and even more than we have done.

"THE PILGRIM SISTERS:" An Original Poem, by George Bartlett, a Living Witness of the Boundless Grace of God. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, Long Lane.

We know nothing of George Bartlett, but we exceedingly delight in the beautiful, the bold, the fearlessly-outspoken, and, to us, most precious description of character he has appended to his name—"A Living Witness of the Boundless Grace of God!" Not a witness merely, but a living one. Not simply a witness of the grace of God, but of the boundless grace of God. Ah, George, if this be true, then "*Happy art thou,*" and happy shalt thou be, when this vain world shall be no more.

This work contains a poetic dialogue between two sisters, in which the sacred deeps of a divine experience, the emotions of a Christ-extolling heart, and the confessions of a grace-taught spirit, are declared in a strain of purity, simplicity, and greatness, which makes us wonder whether these poems are of recent production? or are they fetched out of the old stores of ancient, and giant-like times, when divinity, faith, love, zeal, and gospel-hope, were as so many strong men, who rejoiced to run a race, looking into the glories of Immanuel, and triumphing in his most delightful name?

There is no answer to be found in the book; but there are evidences sufficient that it has been written by "An Israelite indeed." Some quotations we wish to give another day.

REDEMPTION FUND, FOR ENTIRELY EMANCIPATING "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

Sum announced last month, £67 4s. 11½d. Ashampstead, 1s; I. J., a Lover of the Truth, 1s; Mr Moneyment, 1s; A Member of Birch Meadow Chapel, Broseley, 1s; Collected by Mr C. Merritt, from friends at Mendlesham, £1 17s; Mrs Solomon, 10s; Mrs Beeden, Grimston-park, 6d; Friend, by E. C. Bird, Thame, 1s; Mr R. Collins, High Wycombe, 10s; W. Arnold, 6d; E. Carr, 6d; Friends, by Mr E. Mower, Shipton, 10s; W. Prouse, Devonport, 1s 3d; "A Blind Believer," 6d; "H. E. C.," Clapham, for the Redemption Fund of the *Vessel*, expressive of our sympathy with the Editor, 10s; Watkin Morriss, Preston, 2s; Lady, by Mr Wallis, Bexley-heath, 2s 6d; Captain A. Dale, Chelmondiston, 2s; A Reconciled Sinner, 1s 8d; Thomas and Mary Johnson, 2s 6d; C. W., and Friends, Cheltenham, 2s [C. W., Cheltenham, says: Ac-

cept the stamps towards redemption of *EARTHEN VESSEL*, from a few friends. I would say, I have cause to love the *VESSEL*: the contents have often been blessed to my soul]. A Friend, by Mr Beacock, Wantage, 1s; E. H., Red-hill, 2s 6d; E. Belsham, Wendover, 2s 6d; M. J., Shalford, 1s; Mr Gideon White, Cattleford, 1s; Mr John Keal, Chelsea, 5s; Mr Glaskin, 6d.

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14, Clarendon-road, Notting-hill.

The Great Power of the Pulpit,

THE SECRET OF ALL REAL SUCCESS IN THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

For a long time have I been afflicted and grieved in spirit through the death and deadness which appeared to cover the churches, and to darken the minds of even the most lively of the Lord's people, among whom I have moved. No tongue could ever tell the inward pangs of my soul when I have attempted to plead with the LORD for his blessing on the preached word, while, time after time, I have witnessed the coldness, the dreariness, and the divided condition of the people. Oh! I have thought I would plead and pray incessantly; and oftentimes I have felt a craving to get to the mercy-seat; for there I have many times found, I could speak as I could speak in no other place, or to no other person. But, frequently, of late, my prayers have been so unlike Jacob's, that even here I have been as though my very heart would break: for it was as though I could not cease labouring to "take hold of his strength—" but then he would not come near enough for my faith and fervent cries to embrace Him; and so often times, I have sunk down under the fear that either I never did know the LORD—or, that he was so angry with me, as that do what I would, he would not be reconciled. Oh! how painful this is! I have almost feared—from the continued course of inward conflicts, and heavy outward trials, that I should be left as an out-cast; as a desolate wanderer, as one that should never "see the King in his beauty," nor enter into that land that seems, to us poor tempted souls, so very far off.

"You that love the Lord indeed
Tell me is it thus with you?"

I had endured a great fight of afflictions one whole week: I had passed through a hard and unfruitful Sabbath: I had entered upon the duties of another week; and in visiting the sick, and attending to my many labors, I was favoured with no smiles from heaven, no cheering prospects, no pleasant nearness, no freedom nowhere. Tuesday evening was approaching. I must preach again; or try at it; but, oh, the total emptiness of my poor soul, never can I declare. I went to my study, I fell on my knees, I looked in my Bible, I turned to the Concordance—I opened some volumes of good men's writings, I looked, I tried to read—but all was death, and a desolate wilderness everywhere. If I *could*—I think I should, have stolen a text, or a train of thought, or even a sermon, from any one. I was hungry—I was needy—I was expected to go up and feed the people: yet not one crumb

could I find. I gave up the search—beg I could not—steal I dared not, but what to do I certainly did not know.

I went, and sat down in total darkness. I had power to give myself up to the Lord to do with me just as seemed him good. A little Jonah-like feeling came to my mind—"yet WILL I LOOK AGAIN." I had scarcely cast a glance toward the holy temple, when, if ever Ezekiel's words were true in me, they were then; for surely "I heard THE MAN speaking to me out of the house, and the Man stood by me." (Ezekiel xliii. 6). And what do you think He said? He spoke with all that softness and silence—with all that certainty and tenderness which so surely belongs to Him when speaking to his own poor sheep in the wilderness. He spoke with such holy anointing influence, that, in a moment all my despairing darkness and deadness was gone; and I had the earnest that he would help me. These were his words (I did not read them—I did not simply recollect them. No, no, I say, He *spoke them to me*: they were the precious life-giving words of his own dear mouth. He said, *in me, and to me*)—"AND I, if I BE LIFTED UP FROM THE EARTH, WILL draw all unto me." I am not certain that he said (from the earth) but I am certain he said—"AND I, if I be lifted up, will draw all unto me." I ran back again to my study—I opened the book—I found the words in John xii. 32. "And if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me." It was nearly chapel time. I had a long way to go; but immediately the blessed Spirit appeared to open them to my mind; as though he said—consider the words,—

I. The glorious Person—"AND I."

II. The Proposition—"If I be lifted up from the earth."

III. The precious Promise—"I will draw all men unto me."

IV. The Proofs—If we are manifestly and experimentally His, then we are drawn by his own power unto himself.

I never stopped to thank him for this precious deliverance—ungrateful creature I am—but off I went, and thoughts rolled ir so sweetly. Oh, when the Master come brethren, how sweet it is! how holy, and how good!

In setting out with my work, I said, how much my mind had been tossed about as to what remedy the Lord would use in order to build up Zion. I had thought of prayer and many things; but I could see that we might be left to build upon *mea*, and to

lean upon forms; and so come short of the blessing. Prayer meetings, and special seasons for supplication, are good; they are Christ-like, and have frequently been wonderfully honoured,—but, if we set up even prayer meetings as our remedy, and have not in them a single eye to the glory of Christ,—a living faith in the covenant purposes and promises of God, and a loving and humble laying of our souls in the hands of the eternal Spirit, our prayer meetings will not bring the blessing. No, plain as could be, the Lord seemed to say to me, “Let a man honestly and affectionately—faithfully and experimentally, lift up my name, my power, my blood, my righteousness, my truth, my promises, and my kingdom; and if thereby sinners are not drawn to me; not simply to the means and to men, but drawn to me; and, if saints are not thereby drawn to me, it is a proof that God has a controversy with that place, or with that people,—it is like the ‘miry places’ spoken of in Ezek. xlvii. 11, ‘and the marishes thereof; they shall not be healed; they shall be given to salt.’”

I never was more powerfully persuaded of anything in my life, than I was that night in that pulpit, that if *Christ be preached*, in the light, love, and liberty of the Spirit, if God does not bless that preaching, the place is a miry and a marshy place, and there is nothing under heaven, nor out of heaven, that will do it any good. It is given to salt, to perish and to die, or to stand like Lot’s wife, as a pillar, expressive of God’s power to punish transgressors, and I fear there are not a few churches and chapels who stand in this very plight.

I have a hope that if I can gather up a few of the thoughts which that evening flowed through my mind, they may be helpful to some of my brethren, and the Lord may bless them to some of his dear saints who in the valleys, and in the deserts, have their lodging-place.

First, then, think of the glorious Person, “AND I.” That is a pretty and a very powerful “*And*.” “*And I*.” In connection with these words the Saviour is represented in a four-fold point of view, all exhibiting the certainty of his mediatorial conquests. The Bible is full, very blessedly and comprehensively full of those immensely precious positives concerning the eternal certainty of Christ’s victories,—and the certainty of his most glorious conquests and rewards. “*He* ^{shall} *all see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.*”

At the 12th of John, see the four wonderful revelations of his greatness. First, in the corn of wheat. “*Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*” What on earth is more valuable than the corn of wheat? It is a pure, a powerful, a precious

grain; but as respects its generative and fruit-bearing properties, it is of no real value unless it fall into the ground and die; but, if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.”

Who in the heaven, or on the earth, is to be compared unto the Son or God,—the Saviour of the body—the Great High Priest of our profession, of whom God the Father said, “*Mine Elect, in whom my soul delighteth!*” Of whom the Spouse says, “*My beloved is white and ruddy; the chiefest among ten thousand; yea, he is altogether lovely;*” of whom the great Apostle said, “*Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord.*” “For of him, and through him, and to him, are all things, to whom be glory for ever. Amen.”

Nevertheless, great and glorious as Christ is, and ever must be, had he not, like the corn of wheat, have fallen into the ground, and died, he had brought forth no fruit in the way of redemption, regeneration, and restoration. I had almost said, he would have had his love to himself, his offices to himself, his glory to himself, his kingdom to himself, for no ransomed, no justified, no saved sinners could have ever sung “unto him that loved us and washed us,” &c., if he had not fallen into the ground and died. But,

“His cross a sure foundation laid
For glory and renown.”

Away pride, ambition, creature comforts, earthly honors, and church advantages too, if I have not Christ! Let me say, with all the powers of my soul, “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.” This precious corn of wheat did fall into the ground indeed; and there it died; and so sure shall it bring forth fruit. Oh, yes! Jesus can never fail; the commercial glory of America may fail, and her million merchants become beggars; the great Glasgow bankers may break, and become paupers; England’s immense revenues may decline, and Britain’s boasted strength come to nought; but, “blessed be the Lord our Rock, he lives, he reigns,” and all for whom he died shall rise and live for ever and ever. The certainty of his mediatorial conquest is here declared; therefore he says, “And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, I will draw all men unto me.”

How beautiful, to my mind, are the words of good old Caryl, on this great figure of the corn of wheat! He says, “Death is a dying to live; we die from a life, and we die to a life, even unto a life which is better than that from which we die; as Christ argues concerning his death—“Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone, but if it die it brings forth fruit.” A man dies, as a corn dies, which dies so as to spring out into a blade, and then to bring forth the ear, and at last the

full corn in the ear. Indeed, if a man were to die, and then rot, and never rise more, this were terrible; but to die *only to live*, and to die *from a miserable life*, that he may live a joyful life; to die as a grain of wheat dies, to grow up in greater beauty than he had, yea, in a glory that he never had," this fact surely disarms death (to the believer) of all terror.

As a pure and precious corn of wheat, CHRIST, from God the Father's hand, was dropped into this earth, that he might die instead of his people, and that in dying he might give life, beauty, grace, glory, and eternal happiness unto all them the Father gave unto him.

The second expression of Christ's mediatorial power in that chapter, is his raising Lazarus from the dead. The *Almighty power* of Christ, and the *perfect work* of Christ, is there displayed. He said, "*Lazarus come forth!*" If you read the eleventh chapter of John carefully through, you will find—(the Holy Spirit enlightening your mind)—a most delightful chain of events, figuring out the condition of God's elect in ruin, and the methods of grace in rescuing them therefrom. Mark you,—it is expressly said of Lazarus—that Jesus *loved him*; "he whom thou lovest is sick."—"Jesus *loved* Martha, and her sister, *and Lazarus.*"—Ah, it is LOVE that sets all the mediatorial springs of the dear Redeemer's heart in motion. LOVE set its eye on the elect seed from all eternity. Love was the key which unlocked the door of the everlasting covenant, and there Love wrote down all their names in the BOOK OF LIFE! Then LOVE gave them all over into the heart and hands of the glorious MEDIATOR. There Love received them; had all the guilt and misery of their sins transferred unto another, and another's righteousness imputed unto them; and there "the purpose and the grace" of an ever-loving heart, secured to them eternal life; and because LOVE could swear by no greater—*He* swore by himself—being willing, most abundantly willing, to shew unto the heirs of promise, the immutability of his counsel; therefore, because the new covenant is one undeviating development, display, and dispensation of everlasting love, and because "He that is our God, is the God of salvation—that is, the God of the Salvation-Covenant, therefore, it is said, "God is LOVE!"

Now love, in the lowest degree of it among men has its peculiar properties; as, for instance, it acts sovereignly—it will *love this*, and it will not, cannot love *that*. Jacob will love Rachel, but he will not love Leah; CHRIST will love Peter, but he cannot love Judas; and so it is all through. Love is a sovereign, and it will labour and suffer, and bleed and die, to serve the object of its desire. Love brings Jesus to Lazarus. But then he is dead—he is in a cave—he stinketh—there

is a stone upon the cave's mouth—and no one ever expects to see him rise again, until the resurrection morning. How correctly does this lay out the condition of all the chosen! Sin has sunk them down into the cave; they are sick; they are dead; they are corrupt; and the curse of the law, and the powers of darkness, like the grave-clothes, and the stone, seem to defie all hope of being saved. But LOVE comes to the grave, and says, "Take away the stone." Love lifts its eyes to heaven. Love brings forth the dead, corrupt corpse into a living man; and the same power which *raises, delivers*:—"Loose him, and let them him go!" and the SAVIOUR—Jesus and the *saved Lazarus* came to Bethany, and there they made them a supper, and, see ye, how distinctly the Holy Spirit speaks. He says, "Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with Jesus." Here is LOVE's complete and certain conquest. Love comes to the grave, rolls away the stone, prevails with heaven, raises the dead, removes away corruption, takes off the grave-clothes, brings the risen one home to supper, and crowns him with everlasting glory. Well, indeed, might Jesus say, "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me."

I fear I am filling up too much space, but the third expression of the Redeemer's Mediatorial conquest is seen in his riding into Jerusalem.

"When they heard that Jesus was coming into Jerusalem, much people took branches of palm trees, and went forth to meet him, and cried, Hosanna! blessed is the King of Israel, that cometh in the name of the Lord. And Jesus, when he had found a young ass, sat thereon; as it is written, "Fear not, daughter of Sion; behold, thy King cometh," &c. "These things understood not his disciples at the first."

What was there, then, in these things? This appearance of Zion's King was full of holy mystery. This is like one of the ancient pomegranates; the more you can unfold it, the richer you shall find it to be. But there is one thought which filled my mind with much pleasure. The Jews held it as a good sign, that if a man took palm-branches in his hand, he was sure of victory. These palm-branches were expressive of the many and the mighty conquests and victories Jesus would bring unto his people. These palm-branches preached this one most expressive sermon—that many things would overcome the Lord's people for a time; but through their gracious Master's power they should overcome them all. There are five cardinal antagonistic and adverse powers which have, at different times, overcome the spouse of Christ, and to a very large extent these "five kings" are reigning now in their several dominions; and most painfully do they oppress the church of

God. I have been grievously afflicted by them all; and I see many of the Lord's chosen ones still in their furnaces; neither am I altogether free from them now; nor hardly expect to be until I see and inherit a better kingdom, live in a holier house, walk on higher places, keep better company, wear better clothing, and more clearly see the King in his beauty, than is at present my lot. These five powers are, Satan, Sin, Death, the World, and Antichrist in every shape and of every size.

I find it impossible to clear myself of the first branch of this discourse in this paper; there yet remains to be noticed "the voice from heaven;" shewing Christ to be "*The Glorified One of Heaven*." "I have both glorified thy name, and will glorify it again." This completed the consideration of his *Person*. Then there is that most important proposition, "*if*," "if I be lifted up from the earth." Herein lays the essential power of the pulpit, and the secret source of all real success in the gospel ministry. The many things implied in that "*if*," as applicable to the preaching of the gospel, I defer giving now, as also the promise, "I will draw all (*my friends*, the Persian version reads it) unto me;" and the *proofs* that we are among the drawn ones. I most solemnly promise to finish this in January, if I am spared, and the Lord will permit. Forgive the length of these remarks. God help us all, in a right way, to lift up the Saviour. I wish I could do nothing else, either as editor or preacher. Brethren, sisters, and friends in Christ, readers and patrons of the EARTHEN VESSEL, pray for me. Nearly fourteen years have I labored in this work. My trials are only known to Him who has upheld, and still supports, Your willing servant in the gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

2, Eldon-place, Upper Grange-road,
Nov. 13, 1857.

PRE-EXISTERIAN ERRORS.

REPLY TO MR. ROW, OF LITTLE GRANSDEN.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—I see Mr. Row, of Little Gransden, has thrown some wild gourds into the November number of the VESSEL. After two years' repose he is as fresh at his old pre-existerian trade as ever; and he *assumes* that the soul of Christ pre-existed; he *assumes* this with as much confidence as though it was a revealed and an established Bible truth, that the soul of Christ did pre-exist; and he reiterates assertions which have been refuted a thousand times twice told. But Mr. Row (page 250, Nov. number) says, that the objections sometimes made to the ancient existence of the soul of Christ are so frivolous and weak that he has no wish to answer them. Well, objections that are made only *sometimes* are weak

and frivolous; implying that objections made at other times are strong and powerful.

Well, now, Mr. Editor, if your reader will just turn to the September number of the VESSEL for 1855, page 207, he will there find my reply to a piece previously sent to the VESSEL by the said Mr. Row, of Little Gransden; and my reply has never yet been refuted; and while the Bible remains what it is, never can be. I have there met nearly every point contained in his piece in this November number. Let the reader, then, just turn to the September number of 1855, to the piece headed, "A Reply to Mr. Row, of Little Gransden," and signed "Naphtali." Let the reader turn to this piece, and see if he can gainsay ought therein contained.

I will come to Mr. Row's text and his interpretation, again just reminding the reader that, as in my reply to Mr. Row more than two years since I have there met nearly every point in his present piece, I shall notice only such parts in his present communication which my former reply has not taken up.

Mr. Row's text, if I may so call it, is Judges x. 16—"His soul was grieved for the misery of Israel." The main texture of Mr. Row's piece is made up of *gratuitous assumption, self-contradiction, and error*.

Of gratuitous assumption; he assumes that the soul of Christ pre-existed; and as to the proofs he (Mr. Row) gives, they are every one brought to nought in my former reply to him. *Self-contradiction*,—for he says the language of the 8th of Proverbs is *too low* for his divinity, but is very suitable for his *complex* person. Here is the self-contradiction. First, it is too low for abstract divinity, yet suited to his *complex* Person. Divinity cannot be set up from everlasting; yet his complex Person, God and Man in one Person, *can be set up* from everlasting; which amounts to this,—Divinity by itself cannot be set up; but add a human soul to Divinity, then it can be done: and so the conclusion is that God *cannot* be set up. God *can* be set up. My friend, let me tell you, as I told you in my former reply to you, that the speaker in the 8th of Proverbs is not a man, but a *woman*. Do not forget this, then, that the speaker in the 8th of Proverbs is a *woman*. As to *who* this woman is, I have shewn my opinion in my former reply to you.

So much, then, for the gratuitous assumption and self-contradiction. Now for the *error*. I do not here mean the error of the pre-existence of Christ's human soul, but *other errors*, arising out of and connected with this doctrine.

First, That (Mr. Row says) Christ's soul was the *holiest of all*,—but if the souls of his people are to be made perfect, and be as perfect as the Holy Spirit by the Saviour's blood can make them, will they not be pure, even as he is pure, and righteous, even as he is righteous? They are to be like him, and see him as he is.

Secondly, "It was (says Mr. Row) the head of holiness to all his mystic members." Well, if so, what became of this fulness when he *emptied* himself, as pre-existerianism says he did? The Bible says he humbled himself,

but the Bible nowhere says he *emptied* himself. This doctrine of emptying himself is an elegance created by pre-existerians for their own convenience. I should like to see good men empty themselves of such a piece of nonsense.

Thirdly, This pre-existerian doctrine, making the human soul of Christ to be the head of all things to the church, gives hereby to the church, a more *human* fulness, and would make the life, the sanctification, and justification of the church, to be merely human; whereas Christ is in his Godhead, as well as by his manhood, the life of the church 1 John v. 9. And this same John says,—“Little children, keep yourselves from idols.” And this fabled pre-existing error is one of the idols from which I would ever wish to stand aloof.

Sanctification is by God the Father; it is by Jesus Christ, and by the Holy Spirit. “Feed the church of *God*, which *he* hath purchased with his own blood.” “And this is the name wherewith he shall be called—*Jehovah* our righteousness.” And God hath said, “I will dwell in them and walk in them.” And we are partakers of the *Divine nature*—we have the Spirit of God, the love of God, the life of God, and the glory of God, and all by *Christ Jesus*.

Now to the text:—“His soul was grieved for the misery of Israel.” Now, we are assured by Mr. Row that God could not be grieved; therefore when it is said his soul was grieved, we are not, on pain of Mr. Row's disapprobation, to believe that the soul of God means God himself; indeed we are not to believe it means God at all; he has nothing to do with it; but he created a soul—when, nobody knows; and this mysterious soul was grieved for the miseries of Israel. God had nothing to do with it; so when it says, “*Jehovah* repented that he had made man, and it grieved him at his heart,” we are not to believe it, but must believe that it was not *Jehovah* at all, but a soul that he had created; and when it says “Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God,” we must not believe such a thing to be possible; or we must believe that when the apostle says the Holy Spirit, he does not mean what he says, but that he means not the Holy Spirit of God at all; he has nothing to do with it; but that it means the human soul of Christ. Now, courteous reader, if you be not prepared to go thus far, then you cannot honestly side with Mr. Row's interpretation of the text.

Well, then, let us set ourselves down at the feet of the Word of Eternal Truth, and let us listen to its sound, and labor to get the *sense* and *meaning* thereof; not taking the word in a *sense*, on the one hand, which would carry in it an impossibility or absurdity; nor, on the other hand, creating doctrines unknown to the Bible, just to help ourselves out of a difficulty, and at the same time fall into error and delusion.

Now, that the great God can repent, and be grieved, in the same sense and manner that mortal man can, we cannot for a moment admit; but as the terms *repent* and *grieved* are applied to God, even to God abstractedly,—

“Grieve not the holy *Spirit of God*.” Now, as these terms are applied to God, let us see in what sense it is Scriptural and reasonable to understand them when so applied.

Mr. Row suggests that some take these terms when applied to God to denote certain outward dealings of God with men; for myself, while I reject Mr. Row's interpretation, I do not fall in *altogether* with the one he suggests as adopted by others; not but they have, to all intents and purposes, as the word of truth shews, a reference to his outward dealings with men, either for judgment or for mercy.

The words *grieve* and *repent* when applied to the Lord have under different circumstances opposite meanings; in the one case, it indicates his *displeasure*, as when it is said, “It repented *Jehovah* (for so is the original) that he had made man and grieved him at his heart.” Is it then proper or even reverent to say that it was *not Jehovah* but a human soul that repented and was grieved at his heart? Is it not better to take the words as meaning the *deep* and solemn displeasure with which he bore with the wickedness of men; and the *consequence* of this displeasure was that he destroyed man from off the face of the earth. And that when it is said, “Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God,” does it not mean that anything contrary to his testimonies and purity is displeasing to him, and *grievous* in his eyes. This I take to be the solemn meaning.

“And they put away the strange gods and served *Jehovah* and his soul was grieved for the misery of Israel.” Does not his soul being grieved carry with it a similar idea only of the opposite kind; as, “And grieved him at his heart.” His soul was grieved for the misery of Israel. Here I think it means the depth and reality of the pity he had for Israel when they cried unto him. His soul therefore will mean *himself*. And so when he is said to repent, it indicates *his decision for his truth*, for when men did evil, he repented of the *good* he had promised, and when men turned from their evil ways, he repented of the evil he had threatened; in each case changing his position but in both abiding by his word. I have not space to enlarge, but a hint to the wise is enough.

His soul then I say will mean in the emphatic sense, *himself*. Where would Mr. Row with his imaginary pre-existing soul lead us to? It will not at all bear the test of truth. Just look at it; here the great God speaks of himself after this form of speech; we are to believe that he does not mean himself, and so when (Jer. xxxiii. 41) *Jehovah* saith “Yea, I will rejoice over them to do them good, and will plant them in this land assuredly, *with my whole heart and with my whole soul*,” we are not to believe that this means that God himself rejoices to do his people good; but we are to take Mr. Row's word for it that it means that a human soul only can rejoice and so *Jehovah* is to be set aside, and a human fable put into his place, for what is this doctrine of pre-existence, at the best, but a human device, and I do think that men who hold such a doctrine ought not to trouble the churches

with it; if they must have faith in such a doctrine, let them have it to themselves, for if they are determined to put their doctrine forward, they must not be surprised if some should be found who are determined to stand against it, nor suffer it uninterruptedly to steal its way into the churches. And never could there be a more *unseasonable* time than is the present time to provoke controversy upon such a subject as this; a time when ministers are compromising their credentials, and joining with anything the most approved by the populace, — churches divided, — duty-faith rampant, — souls put off with formal instead of vital conversion, people received into churches that are neither out of the spirit of the world, nor out of the spirit of error, nor dead to the law, nor married to Christ, nor conformed to the order of eternal truth.

I hope, therefore, when Mr. Row writes again he will write upon the essentials of godliness, and keep his hobbies at home, and use them not for exportation, but merely for home consumption.

Deplorable, truly deplorable, that the wondrous, the delightful, the supremely precious theme of an Almighty Saviour's complexity should be deformed by the doctrines of men. Let us then keep our non-essential peculiarities to ourselves, for these little foxes spoil the vines. I do not like fox-hunting, but if they come in my way I must meet them, and stop them if I can; at the same time pray that we may be kept more in the weighty matters of faith, judgment, and mercy.

Nov. 9th, 1857.

NAPHTHALI.

From my Watch-Tower.

QUERY—WHEN ARE THE ELECT OF GOD JUSTIFIED?

DEAR BROTHER.—Will you, and brother Wells, and brother Cozens, oblige me by giving their thoughts (through the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL) on the following subject—“Are the called of God justified in his sight from all eternity? or, not till conversion has taken place; and they then enabled to lay hold of it by faith?” I should esteem it a special favor.

J. JAMES.

111, Stow-hill, Newport, Nov. 12.

REST IN JESUS.

Becalmed and quiet, floating on life's wing,
What joys the Spirit to my soul doth bring,
Of Jesus living there!

He reigns supreme! He takes of all I have,
Refusing nothing that I have to give,
On me bestows His care.

How good my Lord is when he takes my sins,
Weaning my evil heart from earthly things,
Makes me his will to know!

He takes my crosses, fills me with His love,
And, as my Surety, sits in Heaven above,
While I sit still below. F. P. H.

[Is “Rest in Jesus” thine own?—the fruit both of thy spiritual and natural mind? If so, then write again, we pray. Let not thy spirit slumber, nor thy pen lay still.—ED.]

THE TWELVE QUESTIONS ON BAPTISM, CONSIDERED AND ANSWERED.

A REPLY TO THREE OF THE QUESTIONS OF
“A VILLAGER” ON BAPTISM.

[We gave last month Twelve Questions urged by a Lincolnshire “Villager,” touching the ordinance of believers' baptism. It is, to us, a painful mystery, that even many of the Lord's own dear people are bitterly opposed to a New Testament ordinance, which is as clearly commanded, as evidently practised by the first churches, and as signally honoured as any one branch of public worship in the church militant. While we confess it is a mystery, we firmly believe that, in the great majority of cases, that opposition arises from prejudices engendered by the teaching and training to which the opponents have been subjected. Let us, therefore, who see and believe, calmly and consistently contend for that external test of a loving obedience binding (as we are persuaded) upon every ransomed, regenerated, and truly espoused follower of the Lamb. We have received many replies; all cannot be inserted. We commence by giving the following, although they occupy too much of our space. Others may be expected.—ED.]

A PAPER, under the signature of a “Villager,” has appeared in THE EARTHEN VESSEL for this month, “on baptism,” to which the writer requests a reply. It is certainly an unprovoked attack, scarcely needing an answer. The baptism in water of professed believers is an undoubted New Testament ordinance, and nothing new can be now written thereon. But to prevent the “Villager” from even dreaming that his questions cannot find an answer, I will venture, old as I am, to mend my pen, now nearly worn to its stump, and write a few lines (once more) in defence of one of my Lord and Master's own despised ordinances.

But why sign “A Villager?” Is the man ashamed of his name? I would rather look him full in the face, and meet him fairly on New Testament holy ground. His twelve questions are very easily answered; though some of them are put in a Pharisaical form, with a view to “entanglement” (see Matt. xxii. 15). However, I will briefly reply to three of his questions just now, these appearing the best of the bunch, and leave the other nine for some young Bible Christian school-boy on the first form in Christ's school, to answer. Although that great Baptist polemic, Dr. Gill, is no more, and the renowned Abraham Booth has long been gone to his heavenly rest; and although, alas! many of our professed baptist

ministers, with their churches, keep not the ordinances "as they were delivered," still, the New Testament remains the standard of decision.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,
When men's devices fail."

QUESTION 1.—"Why was Christ baptized alone, and not any of his disciples with him, if he was not baptized as the Head and Representative of his people, but merely as an example for them to follow? Christ was not baptized with John, but by John and for John and all the rest of the family of heaven."

REPLY.—Christ had no disciples when he was baptized. He had not then entered on his ministry. After his baptism, not before, he began to choose his disciples—(see Mark i. 9—13, and also verses 16—20). Certainly Christ was not baptized with John, and my querist cannot tell me whether John himself was baptized or not; but that is of no consequence. John was warranted to baptize, for God sent him to do so. "He (saith John) that sent me to baptize with water," &c. John i. 33. But this first question finishes queerly; assuming that Christ was baptized "for John, and all the rest of the family of heaven!" Surely the man is in a dense fog here; and there I leave him.

QUESTION 4.—"Why did not Christ himself baptize, and where is the proof, that his disciples, during his ministry, baptized by his authority and positive command? His first disciples are said to have been baptized by John, and therefore as followers of John and not of Christ, they baptized others: for, when did Christ authorize them to do so?" I am asked, "why did not Christ himself baptize?" My reply is, Christ himself did baptize. So my Bible tells me; and I most assuredly believe what the sacred Scriptures declare. (See John iii. 23). I am entitled, grammatically, to supply the *ellipsis* in this text, that it may be plain to an ordinary reader. It may, therefore, be read as follows: "After these things came Jesus and his disciples (not John's disciples) into the land of Judea; and there he (Jesus) tarried with them, and there he (Jesus) baptized." And again, my Bible tells me (John iv. 1). That "Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John." Now these Scriptures are plain and conclusive. John baptized very many, (see Matt. iii. 5, 6), but Jesus made and baptized more disciples than John. He made them his disciples, before they were baptized, that is by his Spirit and grace, and then they were baptized in water. That Jesus himself did baptize, the sacred Word declares. I most readily grant that he did not baptize them all with his own hands, but having made them his disciples by his grace, his own disciples baptized them, in his presence, with his approbation, and, by his authority. What they did by his orders was as though done by himself. In a word, the Lord Jesus Christ is, as it were, the *Baptizer* now. "Go, (said he), preach and baptize; and lo, I am with you even to the end of the world." I have immors'd in water, some hundreds of men and women, in my long

ministerial day, and, blessed be the name of my Master, I have frequently realized his gracious presence in the very midst of the water. Who can solemnly declare this while engaged sprinkling a few drops of water on the forehead of a poor unconscious baby; for which there is no Bible warrant?

Now the disciples of Jesus, then with him in Judea, were Jesus' own disciples, and not John's disciples, as "a Villager" would wish to insinuate. They were, some of them, directed by John to Christ; saying to them, "Behold the Lamb of God;" and we have their names, as Andrew, and Philip, and Nathaniel, see John i. verses 35 to 51. They followed Jesus, and were made choice of, by Jesus, to be among the number of his apostles (see Matt. x. 2, 3).

I close my remarks on this fourth question, by an illustration. In St Paul's Church Yard I look up at the great Cathedral, and enquire who erected this stupendous edifice? I am answered that "it was built by Sir Christopher Wren!" I exclaim "what a great nest to be made by a little Wren!" Now I query if Sir Christopher Wren ever laid one single trowel of mortar or placed one solitary stone on that amazing building. He formed the plan, and superintended the whole, from first to last. Hundreds of workmen wrought under his direction; what they did was put down as his doing; so that up to the present day it is stated, that, "St. Paul's Cathedral was built by Sir Christopher Wren." This is the case with every master builder, and of every manufacturer that employs men under him. What they do, is put down as his doing.

QUESTION 7.—"Why did Paul thank God that he had not baptized more than he had, if baptism was a command of Christ? and, who sent him to baptize, if Christ did not? 1 Cor. i. 14 &c." Concerning this text, which perhaps is more frequently used, and more confidently pleaded against the baptists, than almost any other; so strained and *distrained* to pay what it never owed; surely never man was so racked to confess what he never thought of; than was the apostle Paul, when they torture his words, as implying somewhat like the following,—"I thank God that I have at length seen my error and have baptized so few; for Christ sent me not to baptize." Why it is a gross libel on the apostle, even to suppose that to be his meaning. John Bradford, in his celebrated, but anti-scriptural sermon, entitled "*One Baptism*," almost wickedly impeaches the conduct of the apostle Paul, and other disciples of our Lord. He says, "the apostles did that which they had no right to do, as Paul did; and he also was convinced of his mistake, and confessed it. He tells us in so many words, that, Christ did not send him to baptize. Yet, at first, he thought he was to do as others did. I believe that all the apostles did it, that is, baptized, at first; one did it because another did; they had been used to it; it is a hard matter to break through long and deep rooted prejudices. I cannot see that the example, even of the apostles, can be any rule to us for baptizing with water. The disciples often did wrong, and that which

they had no right to do!" I shall not pollute my pen, nor defile my paper in the transcribing any more such libellous matter; but shall proceed at once to lay before the reader the meaning of the apostle in 1 Cor. i. 14. In doing this I shall stand on one side, and give the views of Dr. Gill on the passage, to which I subscribe my amen.

"I thank God that I baptized none of you, but Crispus and Gaius: lest any should say that I baptized in mine own name." GILL: "Not that the apostle disliked the ordinance of baptism, or the administration of it; and much less that he thought it criminal or an evil in him to perform it; nor was he at any time displeas'd at the number of persons who desired it of him; but, on the contrary, rejoiced where proper subjects of it were brought to a submission to it; but inasmuch as some persons in the church at Corinth made such an ill use of his having baptized them, he was therefore greatly thankful that it was so ordered in Providence that the far greater part of them were baptized by other ministers."

"Lest any should say that I baptized in my own name."—GILL. "This gives the true reason why the apostle was so thankful he had baptized no more of the members of this church, lest either some should reproach him, as having done it in his own name, as seeking his own honour or interest; or lest others should affect, from their being baptized by him to be called by his name, as he was the author and patron of a new sect."

"For Christ sent me not to baptise," &c. (ver. 17.) GILL.—No doubt Paul had the same mission as the rest of the disciples had; which was to baptise as well as preach. And indeed if he had not been sent at all to baptise, it would have been unlawful for him to have administered baptism to any person whatever. But, his sense is, that baptism was not the chief and principal business he was sent about: he was not sent so much about this work, as to preach the gospel, for which he was most eminently qualified, had peculiar gifts for the discharge of it, and was greatly useful in it."

After the above long explanatory quotation, surely the latter part of a "Villager's" question, viz., "Who sent him (that is Paul) to baptise, if Christ did not?" is too frivolous and paltry to merit a sentence of reply. Paul never meant that Christ did not send him to baptise; that he did it of his own head, having no warrant; and, that, as soon as he saw his error, he was thankful that he had baptised so few, and would do so no more. Yet, in the teeth of all this, and even in this very letter to the church at Corinth, he praises that very church, that although he had seen his error and renounced it; still that "They continued to keep the ordinances, as (says he) I delivered them to you." 1 Cor. xi. 2. Is this that honest apostle, that could write to the same church (2 Cor. i. 17), and say to them, "Do I purpose according to the flesh, that with me there should be yea yea, and nay nay?" O no, says he, we are not as many which corrupt the word of God: but, as of

sincerity, but as of God, in the sight of God, speak we in Christ," 2 Cor. ii. 17.*

If a "Villager" can prove from the *New Testament* that I am wrong in immersing believers in water, according to my Lord's commission in Matt. xxviii. 19. I will then renounce the same! thank God that I have at length seen my error, and will do so no more. "We have not followed cunningly devised fables."

JOHN A. JONES.

Jireh Meeting, London.

[Mr. J. A. JONES, being, we believe, the oldest Baptist minister now preaching in the metropolis, we have given him precedence. A number of valuable papers are to hand; but we next select one by a young, but zealous penman, Mr. Samuel Cozens. He says:—]

MR. EDITOR.—Dear Sir, the questions of "A Villager," are for the most part exceedingly *irrelevant*, and egregiously impertinent; and if you will give me a little space, I will answer the 12 questions *seriatim*.

QUERY 1.—Is it not impious in a worm of the earth to ask the "why" of the proceedings of Him who is God over all and blessed for ever? Had the "Villager" been a little more *modest*, we should have given him credit for sincerity! but, when he asks a question, and imposes his own answer, I think it looks more like the conduct of a *dictator*, than the solicitude of an anxious *enquirer*. His own answer to the first question, proves nothing against *water baptism*.

QUERY 2.—"Why did Christ not once name his baptism?" Because he was not ostentatious. But let me ask the "Villager," if he would have been silent, providing he had been baptized as the Representative of his own people? We argue that as his baptism was not *available* for others, there was no necessity for naming it. The disciples were not only directed to observe his example, but they were positively baptized by him, and this is palpable to the commonest capacity whose eyes are not blinded by prejudice; for what can be plainer than the

* A certain well known living minister and writer, in a printed letter signed, "Keseph," addressed by him to the Hon. Baptist Noel, on his leaving the Establishment, and becoming a Baptist minister, says to him as follows, "I hope, sir, you are not so deceived, or so presumptuous, as to attribute infallibility to the apostles, or to charge upon God their acts of dissimulation, their sinful fear of man, and (alluding to baptism) the continuance of their legal Jewish ceremonies!" And again Keseph says, "the dissimulation of the apostles recorded in the Acts, &c., shews us that they were men of like passions with ourselves." The disciples of our Lord, then, are not to be depended on, and what is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles is no rule to go by. "Arise, let us go hence," I charge a "Villager" with being "a garbler of the word." A garbler is one that invidiously, and to answer a certain purpose, separates one part of the sacred scriptures from the other. I would have the whole Bible taken, and not a part cut out of its connection, in order to make it seemingly speak what it never intended. The Bible is an harmonious book, and its unaccommodating language, "I will permit no alteration, no addition, no subtraction; take me as I am, or leave me alone." Rev. xxii. 18. 19. "Old-bible menders and New bible makers, are alike enemies to God."

following,—“Jesus and his *disciples* came into the land of Judea, and there *he* tarried with them and baptized,” viz., the disciples with whom he tarried. “And John *also* was baptizing in Enon,” &c. And some who had seen Christ baptizing came to John saying, “Rabbi, *he* that was with thee beyond Jordan, to whom thou barest witness, behold, the SAME baptizeth.” &c. John iii. 22, 26. If we go on into the fourth chapter we shall learn who were the baptized. “Whentherefore the Lord know how the Pharisees had heard that Jesus *made*, and *baptized* more disciples than John. Though Jesus baptized not (or *none*, as the word might be, and is sometimes translated) but his disciples.” If Jesus did not baptize, he did not make disciples; for he who *made* disciples, *baptized* the disciples he made.

QUERY 3.—“Why are we to be baptized, and not circumcised, when Christ was both?” Because he that is circumcised is a debtor to do the whole law; but he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. “Were they not both ordinances antecedent to Christ or the gospel dispensation?” Yes, and what of that? Zion’s king could dispense with what ordinances he pleased.

QUERY 4.—That Christ baptized I have proved under Query 2. Why his disciples did not baptize during his ministry is no business of ours. Where is it written that Christ’s disciples were baptized by John? “When did Christ authorize them to baptize?” When? Why when he said go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.” Matt. xxviii. 19. If you tell me that that means they were to baptize them with the Holy Ghost, I answer, *firstly*, they were commanded to baptize in the name, and not with the Holy Ghost; and secondly, if it means they were to baptize with the Holy Ghost, then it will follow that they were to baptize with the Father, and with the Son also, which is preposterous.

QUERY 5.—There was no necessity for water being mentioned in Matt. xxviii. 19, and Mark xvi. 16, because they had never witnessed baptism in any other element, neither is it possible to baptize in any other element. We live in the *air*, and therefore we cannot be baptized in this; the earth is unyielding, and therefore we cannot be baptized in that; the fire is burning, and therefore we cannot be baptized in that; perhaps the “Villager” in his philosophic researches has found out a *fifth* element, or why the question?

QUERY 6.—Because church order was not observed till after the day of Pentecost, after which a church was organised of baptized believers.

QUERY 7.—Paul’s thanking God that he baptized so few of the Corinthians is not to be understood as militating against the ordinance, but seeing that they were so factious, and so carnal—some being for Paul, some for Apollos, and some for Cephas, as though they had been baptized in the name of Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, he was grateful that however many Apollos or Cephas had baptized, that he had only baptized a few of that dissentious church.

We ask if Christ sent him not to baptize, why did he baptize at all? The idea is that baptism was not the *main* business of his mission.

QUERY 8.—Because the Lord’s supper is of frequent recurrence, and to be observed oft; but baptism is only to be attended to once.

QUERY 9.—Because those epistles were addressed (with two or three exceptions) to organised churches who had been taught the ways of the Lord.

QUERY 10.—Because there is but *one* pre-eminent baptism (if he meant the baptism of the Spirit). It is quite evident that he believed in *two* baptisms or he would not have been baptized by Ananias, Acts ix. 18, or he would not have baptized Lydia, Acts xvi. 15, and the jailor, Acts xvi. 33, and Crispus, Acts xviii. 8, and others.

QUERY 11.—Is an idle, inquisitive question. QUERY 12.—Because the original is not fairly translated, and conveys no definite meaning to the English reader. The quotations from Acts refer to the spirit and not to the ordinance of baptism, and is therefore foreign to the subject.

I will favour the “Villager” with the observations of some of the greatest Lexicographers and divines that ever took pen in hand. The Jews dipped themselves entirely *under* water, and this is the most natural notion of the word baptism.—*Calmet’s Dict.*

Baptizo.—To dip all over.—*Young’s Latin-English Dict.*

Baptizo.—To plunge, to immerse, to dip into water.—*Mintert.*

The word *baptizo* signifies to immerse.—*Calvin Institut.*

Baptism is dipping, and it was used by the primitive Christians in no other sense than that of dipping.—*Bailey’s Dict.*

To *baptize*, to dip into water.—*Wilson’s Dict.*

Baptism, dipping.—*Bucanus: Institute.*

Baptized, plunged in water.—*Diodatis Anno.*

Baptizo, to plunge under water.—*Leigh. Crit. Sac.*

Baptizo, to immerse; as we immerse anything for the purpose of dyeing.—*Scapula.*

To be *baptised*, is to be dipped in water.—*Pool’s Anno.*

To *baptize*, to plunge.—*Bossuet.*

The word *baptize*, signifies to dip to plunge.—*Ellswood’s Sac. His.*

In primitive times, *baptism* was administered by dipping the person baptised into water.—*Dr. Newton.*

In primitive times, the manner of baptism, was by dipping the whole body into the water.—*Dr. Clarke.*

I grant that the word *baptize* signifies to dip.—*De Courcy.*

Baptism, was anciently administered by plunging into water.—*Bishop Nicholson.*

Baptism, a dipping.—*Luther.*

Should the “Villager” require any more authorities, I can supply him with a **VESSEL** full.

Hoping that you may be kept stedfast in the faith of the Gospel, I am, Mr. Editor, yours in the truth,

S. COZENS.
12, Queen-street, Camden-town, Nov. 3.

"IS THERE ANY HOPE?"

OR,

THE LOSS OF "THE DUNBAR" AND ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-TWO PERSONS, AMONG WHOM WAS THE DAUGHTER OF MR. HENRY DOWLING, BAPTIST MINISTER, AT LAUNCESTON, HER HUSBAND, AND THEIR SIX CHILDREN.

"*Is there any hope?*" These were nearly the last words of an immense group of precious souls who were passengers in that lost vessel "the Dunbar," and who being awoke out of their sleep in the middle of the night in the end of August last, had rushed up on deck, and almost frantic at the yawnings of death which here surrounded them, they cried out to the sailors to know if any spark of hope remained? The captain said, "Yes!" but in a moment, the deck burst, the ship was shattered in a thousand pieces, and every soul on board, the captain, the crew (James Johnson excepted), the passengers, husbands, wives, children, servants, and all, were hurried into the foaming sea; and there they sunk, never, in this world, to rise again. What a sudden, what an unexpected transition! For months they had anticipated a safe arrival in Sydney, they had been carried kindly over many a dangerous sea, and thrown hither and thither by many a threatening wave. But the Lighthouse was in sight, the desired haven was near: they retired to rest expecting that perhaps the next few hours would find them in their adopted homes. But, alas! alas! Oh! heart-rending thought! while they were dreaming of their new destination, the ship struck, the top masts were driven to the winds, "*Breakers a-head!*" was loudly called; from their quiet beds they fled with shrieks and screams which none can describe, and ere reflection could survey the indescribably awful crisis, the waves washed their bodies down to the deeps; and their spirits returned unto God who gave them. *Where now they are, we cannot tell.* We shall be truly glad to learn that any of them were true believers in the exalted PRINCE OF PEACE; because to them, painful as to sight and sense the scene appeared; to them, the entrance into glory was certain, although the passage, for a moment, might be terrific, and dark.

How truly blest are they who in THE LORD believe; and who, covered beneath the shadow of His wings can never perish! Reader! Art thou a heaven-born soul? Hast thou fled for refuge to lay hold upon the Hope set before you? Art thou in Christ? Then, thou hast nothing to fear from seas or storms, for though they may carry thee out of this dying world, thy FATHER-GOD will safely take thee to His Home, to his heaven, to dwell with all the glorified for ever. Amen. But, if in nature's deadly cavern still thou art, or if with only a name to live, a mere empty lamp without one drop of oil; if neither in covenant-love, atoning blood, or gospel-power thou standest accepted, we dare to

say to you, in such a plight, there is "NO HOPE;" the next rolling wave of life's uncertain sea may wash thee, body and soul, into everlasting woe! But, if at Mercy's door, with a sense of thy danger, and a deep-wrought desire to be found in Christ, thou art asking, "*Is there any hope?*" we answer, "Yes, there is hope, and assurance too; for our Captain has, in ten thousand cases, verified that precious promise, "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."

Our highly esteemed, and much revered brother in Christ, Henry Dowling, of Launceston, has sent us *The Launceston Review*, with full particulars of this most painful event. Mr. Dowling has an excellent son and his family, who have recently arrived in London from Australia; an excellent Christian lady, Mrs. Solomon, also a member of Mr. Dowling's church, has this last summer come to England; from hence, and other sources, we have ample proof of the very high position (as a minister of Christ, and as a most useful member of society) which Mr. Dowling occupies in Tasmania. He has passed the three-score and ten, but is hale, cheerful, full of energy, fruitful, devoted, and increasingly honored. This must have been a severe stroke to his most affectionate heart; but we are persuaded that, like another ancient saint, he has submissively bowed his head, with, "IT IS THE LORD, let him do as seemeth him good." We have only room for a very brief extract from the paper referred to. The Sydney papers say,

The first class ship Dunbar, which sailed from Plymouth on the 31st of May, had arrived off the light house late on Thursday night, August 27. The wind was blowing in gusts at the time, and a drizzling rain. The captain made for the heads, but must have mistaken a gap near the lighthouse for the entrance: as the vessel struck immediately beneath the lighthouse. The first shock was fearful, the three topmasts were carried away at once, and the mizen masts went immediately afterwards. The sea was making a complete breach over her, and she broke up with a fearful crash five minutes after striking. There were sixty-three passengers* and fifty-nine officers and seamen, every soul of whom perished, with the exception of one seaman named James Johnson, who was most miraculously preserved, and alone left to give particulars of this fearful calamity. This event cast the city into deep gloom, and every place of business was closed on the day that the few bodies that were recovered were buried.

* Among them Mrs. Kilner Waller (Mr. Dowling's daughter), her husband, their six children and servant.

HEAVEN IN VIEW:

A TRUE ACCOUNT OF THE REMARKABLY HAPPY DEATH OF ELIZABETH PETTIT, WHO DIED AT CHESHAM, AGED TEN YEARS.

BY JOHN PARSONS.

MR. EDITOR.—I send you this short account of a dear little girl, aged ten years, whom the Lord has been pleased after much suffering, to take home to glory.

Elizabeth Pettitt, the subject of these few remarks, died on the ninth of October, 1857, at Chesham, Bucks., after living in this tainted world the short space of ten years. But during that time she has been at times much afflicted, and reduced to great weakness, through affliction, and loss of blood. She was much subject to a bleeding at the nose; her nose has bled thirteen hours at a time. This kept her in a very delicate weak state. But without doubt she has done with suffering now. Her patience when a sufferer here, was remarkable. A proof how the Lord can make us like lambs in the hottest fire. This child was a very intelligent and interesting little girl. She was sharp in mind, though truly affectionate, and as grave in conduct and manner, as an old woman. Her mental faculties seemed far to outrun her age. When the Lord first put the rich treasure of his grace into her heart I know not, but by the knowledge I have of her I have no doubt but it was there; and there have been some blessed symptoms for some time past. She was decidedly fond of good people, and remarkably attentive if their conversation was spiritual. She has been for some time past subject to three fears,—a fear of doing wrong; a fear of death; and a fear she should not go to heaven, when she died. About two years ago, a friend lent this little girl that very interesting little book, "*Matthew Hepburn*," she felt much interested in reading this little book. One evening when reading it, she seemed in a great deal of trouble, and she cried very much. After a time her mother asked her what was the matter. She said she was afraid she never had prayed, and she was sure there was no heaven without prayer. She wept much before she went to bed, and seemed very much concerned about herself. She retired to rest with the other children, but said, the next morning, she could not sleep. She tried to pray the Lord to have mercy on her; and she said there was some thing like a voice spake powerfully to her, saying "*don't cry, Elizabeth, you have prayed.*" This had a soothing effect on her mind. After which she went to sleep. This was about two years ago. And would this little dear, be so much concerned about herself, about prayer, and an interest in the mercy of God, if she was wholly destitute of the grace of life? I think not. She was also the subject of much feeling for those who lay on the borders of time. If she heard of any one in dying circumstances, the first thing would be "*are they good people?*" As an instance of this, a few days

before her death, I was speaking to a friend in her bedroom respecting a very dear friend I had lost at Peckham; this little dear looked up and said "*Was she a good woman?*" I said without a doubt she was. "*Well, it don't matter then,*" she replied. She expressed much concern about a young person who was very ill in this town a few months past. She said she was afraid this young person knew nothing about prayer; and she was quite sure she could not go to heaven unless she knew what prayer was; again, she said, "*I think I should pray day and night if I was as ill as she is, for the Lord to have mercy, and take me to heaven if I died.*" She was pitying the state of this young person when in bed one night, and her little sister about eight years old said, "*I wish you would hold your tongue, and go to sleep; you are always talking about praying and going to heaven. I say my prayers as well as you.*" "*Yes, Sarah Jane,*" said she, "*But saying prayers is not praying.*" "*What is praying then?*" said her sister. "*Well,*" said she, "*suppose you had done anything wrong to offend your mother, and you was sorry, you would go and beg your mother to forgive you: now (said she) we have done wrong and sinned against God; and praying is to beg the Lord to forgive us. That's what I call praying.*" "*But (said her sister) I have done nothing wrong, so I have nothing to ask the Lord to forgive.*" "*Ah, Sarah Jane, that's because you know nothing about it,*" said she.

Now, these things, Mr. Editor, with many others I have past by, similar in nature, convince me that a work of grace was commenced in her soul before her last illness; and while there was not that deep distressing sense of sin, as some can speak of, yet there was a sense of sin, and a feeling need of pardoning mercy; and there was to be traced in her the operations of that Spirit who alone can create a real spirit of prayer in hearts like ours.

In September, she had a desire to go to an aunt in Kent for a change: her parents thought the change would do her good. She went with her grandfather into Kent. But in a few days a letter was sent to say she was worse, and that she would return home next day. The next day she was too ill to be moved home, so her mother went to see her; but it was some days before she could be brought home. She had a great desire to get home to see the rest of the family. She was brought home in her mother's lap just a fortnight before her death, and her medical attendant gave no hope of her life. When her mother arrived in Kent, she asked if she thought she should get better, she replied, "*If its the Lord's will for me to get better, I shall get better; but if its not his will, I shall not.*" She said, "*I should not*

mind dying if I was sure I should go to heaven, but I am not sure, I hope I shall, I believe I have prayed, and I know it must be the Lord to save, and its no use to look anywhere else." At another time she said, "I hope I shall go to heaven, for I never can bear the other place to be with the other company, the wicked." The day she came home, I called in the evening to see her, but she said but little, and as she was so exhausted by the journey, I said but little to her. But when I was leaving she said, "*Call again, for I want to have a little talk with you.*" I said, "Yes, my dear, I will." I called again, but she was too ill to converse, so I did the talking part. I spoke to her a little on the solemnities of death. I asked her if she thought heaven was hers. She said, "I don't know." Her mother said, "Elizabeth, did you not say you believed you should go to heaven?" "No," said she, "I said I hoped I should." The little dear was remarkably careful how she expressed herself. But she was too ill to bear much talk, so my stay was short. I made a third call. Found her a little better, and I stopt with her some time, and after a few words she began speaking of sin, and in a very faithful way she spoke of it. She spoke of her sufferings as the fruits of sin. "It's all sin," she said. "Yes," I said "and one sin brought all this misery into the world." "Yes," said she, "but his blood don't only cleanse from one sin, but all." "Yes," said I, "if he begins to save he will completely save, and if he begins to cleanse he will perfectly cleanse. Let me see is there not a passage which reads thus, 'The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin.'" "Yes," she said, and spoke as if she knew the comfort of it. After this she said, "I am sure I pray, prayer does not lay in words, but in thought, in feeling." I asked her if she thought she should go to heaven if she died, as she felt so sure she prayed. She replied, "Yes." "But," I said, "how are you going to get there?" Her answer was, "Not by my own goodness." "No," said I, "nor any one else will get to heaven that way." "But how are you going to get there? Not without prayer," she said. Here I thought she was looking at prayer as meriting heaven, but I found to my satisfaction it was not the case, but she viewed prayer as a key by which we enter heaven. As the poet says,

"We enter heaven by prayer."

There was more said than this. But I took no particular account of what was said, for I had no idea of sending this to the VESSEL then. But what I write my mind clearly serves me in, and the rest I leave out. I believe this dear child knew something of Christ the way of salvation, and she was brought to rely wholly on him for salvation. I saw her again on the 7th of October, five days before her death, but she was so extremely ill it seemed cruel to talk to her. This was the last time I saw her alive. I left home early the next morning, and returned on Friday morning, and heard she was gone. She had a particular wish to know when she was dying, and told her mother if she knew she was dying to tell her, for she did not want to be in the dark

about it. Then she said, "If I know, I will tell you, mother." A friend asked her if she should like to get better. "No, said she, for I should have to go through it all again." To a friend she said, putting up her poor bony arms, "The worms won't have much of a feast here, but I shall have the feast." The friend said to her, "And what will be your feast?" "My feast, she said, will be in heaven." When she first was seized with death, her sufferings were dreadful, and she seemed much agitated, but after a few minutes she looked calmly and pleasantly up, and said, "*I am dying now, mother, I am dying now, but I am going to heaven.*" Her mother said, "Are you sure, my dear, that you are going to heaven?" "Yes," said she, "*quite sure.*" And although similar questions were often asked by parents and friends, there was no wavering in her mind about her safety. Her mother, thinking her sight was gone, said to her, "Can you see me, my dear." "Not so well as I can see heaven," said she. Her natural sight was nearly gone, but heaven seemed open to her mind, as pleasingly as it was to the martyr Stephen. Her mother said, "Can you tell me what heaven is like." "No, said she, I cannot, its so splendid, I cannot." She thought she heard her father weeping. She said, "Father, are you crying?" "No, Elizabeth," he answered. "No," said she "there is nothing to cry about, I am going to heaven." And she seemed to have heaven in her soul, and heaven in her look, and her senses as sound as ever. A few minutes after this, she said "*How beautiful, how beautiful!*" Again she said, "*I can see the angels, there they are, there they are, all round the bed,*" and her little hands a-going as if to point them out to those present, and after a few minutes she said, "Now, they are gone, they are gone in now, and they say, '*she won't be long, she won't be long.*'" No doubt some will say she was delirious. I would just say here, there were eight or nine persons in the room at the time, and in the midst of these, she was asked many questions, and she answered them as reasonably as they could be answered. She knew every one in the room by their voice to the very last. But to return. After a few minutes she said, rather mournfully, "*O how long they are.*" Her mother said, "You are willing to wait the Lord's time." She replied, "He is willing, he says I am to come." She did not quite understand her mother here. After a time she said "I never saw my grandmother, but I see her now, and little Ann." Her grandmother being in the room said, "I am here, Elizabeth." "Not you, grandmother, my grandmother in heaven, I mean" This grandmother died triumphing in Christ, years before she was born, and little Ann was a sister of her's who died in infancy. Two or three years ago, a friend said to her, "When your grandmother died, she said,

'Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly.'

She is not singing that now. She has no need of it." Her mother speaking to a friend said her sufferings were dreadful. Said she, "No, beautiful, beautiful." Here she thought her

mother said her sufferings were now dreadful. Little before her death she wished her mother not to leave the room, she said her grandfather would attend to the shop. "You may all leave me soon, said she, for it will soon be over now." Again she said, "Sarah Jane said she thought it was time to think about dying, when she came to die, but if Sarah Jane was as ill as I am she could not think much about dying then."

After this a friend said to her, "Are you quite happy, my dear?" "Yes," said she, "quite happy." Again she laid a few minutes as if she had some pleasing views of the upper world, and then she once more raised her poor withered hands, as if she was going to climb to the skies, and as Dr. Watts says,

"With mortal paleness on her cheek,
And glory in her soul."

She said, "I am coming now, I am coming now," and her happy spirit took its flight to join the choir above where suffering is unknown. There were several friends who witnessed the last few hours of her life, and some of them have known the Lord for twenty years, and ought to be judges of things spiritual. These persons were delighted with the things which proceeded from her lips, and the way they were spoken will not easily be forgotten by them. I very much regret that our friend did not draw a little more freely from this little dear. The last three hours she was like an overflowing spring, and all we have to report came almost spontaneously from her, which makes the report rather one-sided. But I quite think that if her friends had drawn more from her by a few questions differing a little from those which were put to her we should have had a greater variety, which would have enriched these lines very much. But,

She's gone, sweet lamb, for ever gone,
From sorrow, pain, and sin;
She's entered now her longed-for home,
Where peace for ever reigns.

She's gone, sweet lamb, for ever gone,
To be where Jesus is;
To stand before his glorious throne,
And see him face to face.

She's gone, sweet lamb, for ever gone,
And to the brim she's filled
With light and love and joy unkuown
Which flows from Christ the Lord.

She's gone, sweet lamb, for ever gone,
To join the choir above;
Her harp no more will be unstrung,
But sound redeeming love.

She's gone, sweet lamb, for ever gone,
To bathe her soul in bliss;
She's wearing now her blood-bought crown
Where full enjoyment is.

JOHN PARSONS,
Baptist Minister.

Chesham, Bucks.

THE salt of the covenant was a symbol of incorruption: that is, of perpetual continuance in the covenant of God.

THE CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE OF E. WARREN.

(Addressed to a Friend).

As you wished me to give you some account of the Lord's dealings with my soul since he has, I hope, called me by his grace out of darkness into his marvellous light, I will do so. I was, as you are well aware, brought up by christian parents, which is, I think, a very great blessing; but I had no desire for an interest in that covenant ordered in all things and sure to all the elect, until the death of my dear sister, which took place on the 25th of February, 1856. I then saw and felt that I had a soul which must live for ever, either in that place where hope can never come, or at God's right hand where there are pleasures for ever more. I then felt the necessity of being born again. I felt that without that change, hell must be my portion; and I felt that God would be just in cutting me down as a cumberer of the ground. I endeavoured to approach the throne of grace, but found no mercy there. I feared that I had sinned beyond the reach of mercy; and that there was no hope for me. I felt that my dear sister was gone to be with Jesus; and I could not grieve for her: my concern was that I might follow in her steps as far as possible: and be found with her at last. But I thought that was too good for me, so vile and unworthy as I felt myself to be. All my past sins seemed to stare me in the face, and say "no hope for you." I used to go to the house of God but could get no comfort there. I used to think when I saw a dog, oh, that I was like you: you have no soul, but I have one which must exist through all eternity, I always envied you, and others, who I knew were the children of God; and used to say, "oh that I were like them." These feelings continued for some time, until I thought I must give up all for lost; but these words were applied with power to me one night "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," and I was enabled to do so for some time. But again my darkness returned worse than ever, which made me think there was no hope for me; that it was all a delusion; I had better give it all up, and go into the world as much as I could; but I found that was not what I wanted. About this time I was expecting to go to London, and hoping to hear that highly favoured man of God, Mr. Roffe, while he was at Great Ailey-street; but here my expectations were cut off; for the day after he left, was the day fixed for me to go; and I went and stayed there a fortnight. After I returned, Mr. Emery came here for two nights and preached at Reading. We were conversing on the best things, and I was enabled to tell him a little about the state of my mind; he asked me, whether I was a member here? I told him I was not. I told him I thought a person ought to have a manifestation of their sins being pardoned before they ever thought of joining a church. He asked me whether that was the desire of my heart to have that manifestation? I told him it was, and had been

for some time, but that I feared there was no mercy for me. I felt myself so vile and unworthy. He said, "*the desire of the righteous shall be granted*:" and went on to shew that the vilest of the vile might obtain mercy, which gave me a little hope; and that hope has never left me since, although at times very low. Mr. Emery mentioned our conversation in his prayer at night, which made my heart sink within me, for Satan immediately told me that I should turn out nothing but a deceiver, and that it would be so much the worse for me, as my dear father knew of it, and that it would break his heart to see me turn my back upon the people of God, and his cause in that place; but hitherto I have been kept. On returning to rest that night my feelings were such that I cannot describe. After this, Mr. Evans came here: and I felt a very great union to him as he was the first minister I heard with any degree of profit, and him only once: but that once will not very soon be forgotten: his text was the 31st Psalm, last verse. I should have said that before, and after my conversation with Mr. Emery, I often used to endeavour to pray with such words as these "*Lord, remember me, when thou comest into thy kingdom. Lord, save or I perish*." But there seemed no way of access to the throne of grace for me, and I came away with my burden heavier than ever. I can indeed say with the Psalmist, I have watered my couch with my tears, both from joy and sorrow; for I can say that the sweetest time with me now, is when all nature is hushed in silence around me: then to lie and think of him who neither slumbers nor sleeps and to find his presence with me, is sweet indeed: and that sweetness I have felt. You know, my dear young friend, what this is better than I can tell you. Last Wednesday after seeing Mr. Martin, I felt very much cast down in my mind, fearing that I should turn out nothing but a hypocrite after all. I took up my Bible and searched for a word of comfort, but could find none, and laid it down again in despair. Well, I thought it will do me no harm if I read a little, so I opened it again in the Psalms, when these words fell with sweetness on my soul "*He will regard the prayer of the destitute, and not despise their cry*," and I blessed and praised God for again delivering me, so that I was enabled to leave it in his hands. But on Thursday night I was as bad as ever and felt my flesh rise in rebellion against him who had done so much for me. I went to chapel but felt that it was solemn mockery of God for me to go to his house and mingle among his saints: after which I met two of the deacons. I was very much cast down and could not say but very little, and returned home ashamed of myself, and all I did. After entering my own little room on Friday night these words were very precious to me (639 Gadsby's Selection.)

"Return to thy rest my soul, and rejoice,
Make Jesu thy boast, for thou art his choice."

I found them very precious and was enabled to say feelingly.

"He that has helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through."

I was helped to tell my mind in such a way to Mr. Sykes on Sunday night, as I never did to any one before, and I was astonished at myself after I had done. Baptism has been very much impressed on my mind for some time and two or three have spoken to me on the subject. But when I went to Knowl-hill, you know Mr. Bloomfield mentioned the subject in his morning's discourse. And a few days after I awoke in the morning with the words "*If ye love me keep my commandments*," and "in keeping my commandments there is great reward," though not for keeping them. My mind has been very much harassed for fear that I should have any thing like a spirit of resentment towards those who are in office here as deacons of this church; and I hope if you should see anything of this sort in me you will tell me of it or anyone else who may observe that in me; I feel perfectly satisfied to leave it in the hands of him who makes all things work together for good to those that love him. I feel whether I am one amongst you or not, that nothing will ever alter the union I feel towards those who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and in truth. Oh, that I could love him more and serve him better for his many mercies bestowed on me so unworthy as I am, and yet I am surrounded with blessings. One Sunday about two months ago when I was coming to chapel very much cast down in my mind, and thinking over the changes of the week then passed away, these words were applied with power to me "*They have no changes therefore they fear not God*" which made me go on my way rejoicing again. Thus my dear friend I have endeavoured to give you an outline of the dear Lord's dealing with my precious soul.

Oh that you and I may both be found with him at last in the sincere prayer of your sincere though unworthy friend and companion,
13, Whitley-crescent, E. WARREN.
Reading, Aug. 6, 1857.

A VISIT TO THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE IN DUKE'S PLACE.

(To the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.)

SIR,—I was in Duke's-place, last Saturday morning: many Jews were entering the noble building; I enquired if they allowed strangers to go in? "O yes, yes," he said, "come along with me." So he took me in and it appeared to me a very singular sight. The place was very full; every one had his hat on: most of them were covered with something like a large white shawl, I suppose the meaning was, they were covered in sackcloth; though some of them appeared to be made of rich silk. In the gallery, on each side, are all the females by themselves; no female is allowed to be below among the males. In the centre of the building is a raised platform; railed all round, with steps to ascend to it: On this platform, there were about sixteen readers and singers: they appeared

to be very zealous while engaged in their ceremonies. One of the old gentlemen had a very musical voice; he appeared to be a very devout worshipper of the great Jehovah. Oh! that he knew Christ Jesus, the Saviour! that he might worship him with the same zeal! Some part of the service he read alone: then the whole congregation joined, which made the whole building resound with the multitude of voices; then the sound gradually died away to the silence of death, when the reader again commenced, and the services went quietly on.

At the extremity of the building, there is a place where the sacred books, ancient rolls, and all the sacred utensils are kept locked up, and hidden from view, by a large veil, or curtain, suspended by brass rings; this veil was drawn aside; and one of the elder Jews, (I suppose the High Priest,) took out a large roll in Hebrew writing, bound round with crimson silk, and on the top was fixed, by silver chains, the pomegranates, and the little glittering silver bells, and as he bore them along towards the platform, the little bells gave a peculiar tinkling sound, which led my mind back to the temple worship at Jerusalem, where God authorised and ordained the way in which he would be worshipped. I believe I did now humbly and feelingly worship the Lord; for I saw him through the ceremony; and felt my heart and soul go out in prayer to the God of my salvation. I was enabled to worship him in spirit and in truth. I felt the presence of Jesus with me, although I was in a Jewish synagogue. The old gentleman read a great deal out of this large roll; and the whole congregation appeared highly to venerate its contents; and as it was being carried back to the holy place, several of the Jews touched it and kissed it, and then it was deposited in its place, and the veil was drawn to again.

A good part of their service is by singing; their singing is beautiful: there is a youth apparently about eighteen, who sings *soprano*: he is a delightful singer; his voice is like a sweet musical instrument in the hands of a skilful player: their tenor was good, but rather faint; their bass was very good, and had a fine effect with the thrill voices of the youths. My feelings were excited by their singing; I believe my prayers and praises ascended up to heaven to the Lord Jesus Christ, and by faith was enabled to enjoy and taste a little of that blessed fountain, the streams whereof make glad the city of God. I pray that the Lord might hasten the time when the veil shall be taken from their eyes; so that they may see that Christ Jesus is the true Messiah whom they have rejected for hundreds of years; that there may be one fold, and one Shepherd, that we may all unite in that one grand chorus "*unto him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father, to him be glory and dominion for ever and ever Amen.*" I have no reason to regret my visit to the Jewish synagogue. Yours, &c., T. HALL,
Salmon's Lane, Limehouse Oct. 26, 1857.

MR. COZENS'S THOUGHT-BOOK,
AND
THE CRITICS.

[We very reluctantly publish the following letter: but we are constrained from two special motives:—first, our brother Cozens has laboured hard to expound and exhibit "*the beauties of the Bible*:" and his labours to many have been a great blessing; we wish, therefore, to strengthen his hands. Secondly, there are many men (idle, ignorant, and injurious), who run about the country and London as professors, sowing the seeds of discord and ill will:—we say the time is come when all habitually unholy conduct in professed Christians ought to be exposed and abandoned.—ED.]

(*Mr. Samuel Cozens to the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.*)

MY DEAR BROTHER.—You enquire, "How is your 'Teacher's Thought Book' moving?" Better than I could expect, considering the indefatigable industry of some orthodox gentlemen, whose gratuitous patronage is in speaking to the prejudice of the work to all within their popish domination. Indeed, sir, you would be surprised, if made acquainted with all the animadversions of accredited men of truth. One said to me, "I am afraid you will make *too* many persons." I replied, "Indeed, sir, why?" "W-h-y, you have given them ideas enough for a thousand sermons," was the answer. Of course he was one of those who feared the danger of the ministerial "craft," and who liked to have everything from the Lord. One of this heavenly minded sort (who never reads books), was at my house some time ago, and he favoured me with such a wonderful account of how the prophecies had been opened up to him that I was perfectly surprised at his exposition of some of the dark passages of the Old Testament, but I was more surprised a few days after, when a book containing the very wonderful things he had named fell into my hands. I know a gentleman who professes not to read: but it is a marvellous fact that he knows almost every theological author from the fathers until now. Well, if he does not read, he has read: and if he had not read, he would read.

One of the cloth, when asked, "Have you seen Cozens's Teacher's Thought-book?" answered "Ah!—The Teacher's Thought-book—ah!—yes,—a very happy little title,—a good book, no doubt—exceedingly useful—exceedingly useful—exceedingly useful to the uninitiated—*but*,"—"But what, sir?" was the demand.—"But—alas! master, it was borrowed." "Borrowed! indeed, sir! Then you have seen it." "No—I—have—not—seen—it, but I saw an extract in the—in the EARTHEN VESSEL, and he said something about the Jewish law, and of course he must have read that." "Certainly, sir, he must have read or heard something about Jewish law, or he could know nothing about it; but, sir, I heard you preach a sermon the other day

about Joseph, and I was quite familiar with all the historical facts you named, because I had read them." "Read them?" "Yes, sir, read them; and I was equally sure you had read them too, or you could not have given us such an accurate history of the patriarch. And I would ask you, sir, if you ever preached upon any subject about which you had not read or heard? I would also ask, is it manly, is it just, I will not ask is it Christian, to pass such an unequivocal verdict against a work you never saw? and, I will be bold to say, that there is no book extant that contains in the same number of pages (160) so much valuable matter, and so much variety of thought. I esteem Mr. Cozens for the service he has rendered to the cause of truth by his former publications, and no less for his honesty in his preface to the present work, in which he makes no pretension to perfect originality of thought, at the same time he claims (and justly too) a tolerable share of that."

This ended that little squabble, which brings to our mind the words of the logical poet,

"All looks yellow to the jaundiced eye."

I will give you another sample from the same "sort." "Yes (said one to me the other day), it is wonderfully instructive, but it ought to be confined to teachers, for if the people are allowed to have them they will know more than most of their instructors." My brother, we must have "no popery" over all our chapel doors. Many of these gentlemen would be thought very zealous for the Lord, and sticklers for the truth, but, how is it if they are what they profess to be, viz.—*lovers of truth* that they use every effort to hinder its circulation?

But I am happy to inform you that while many of our *little-minded, mean-spirited, jealous-hearted* parsons are endeavouring to crush your humble servant and his work too, that he is receiving letters of encouragement and congratulation from educated men in all parts of the kingdom, and I have more than once received a sovereign for a single copy with the high encomium that that was not its value. I have also received high compliments from not a few gentlemen in the Establishment, one of whom after seeing it sent me an order for twelve copies to give away.

Thanking you for your kind enquiries, I am, dear brother, yours in the truth,

12, Queen-street, S. COZENS.
Camden Town, Nov. 3, 1857.

P.S.—The foregoing may appear fulsome to some, but while I am willing to take the lowest seat as the chief of sinners, I am not willing to succumb the gifts sovereignly bestowed upon me, nor will I be robbed of my own. Some are trying to do so by asserting that my book is culled from Keach; but it is a fact that I had written seven volumes before I ever saw Keach. I will not deny that I have made use of that author; but let any one examine my types with his types, and say which are the most full? For instance, he makes Adam a type of Christ in three particulars: I make him a type in twelve; He

makes Isaac a type of Christ in five particulars; I make him a type in fourteen. I should not presume to compare myself with so great a man as Keach, if I had not been charged with republishing his thoughts. I say again, I have made use of some of his thoughts to amplify some of my articles, but let any one take my book and fairly compare it with Keach, or any book extant, and produce one of the seventy articles in my Teacher's Thought Book, and I will present him with the whole of my works, about 5,000 copies.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

LETTER XXXVIII.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS, I have—after shewing in my last the condemnation we are brought under by the fall of Adam—I have now to set before you two more rules of final judgment to the ungodly—namely, the *natural* and the *dispensational*. Upon the first of these I will say but little. We learn from Romans i. 19, 20, that the works of creation demonstrate to the natural conscience of every man the existence, eternal power and Godhead of the Most High; and therefore, for the gross idolatries and revolting practices into which they have plunged they have *no excuse*. They did not like to retain God in their knowledge, or do him that homage of which, as moral and responsible beings, they were capable of doing; therefore God in *sovereignty* and in *justice* gave them up to vile affections; he gave them up in sovereignty, as *not choosing* to have mercy upon them, and in justice, as Adam-fallen, and as practical enemies to God; the *degree*, therefore, of their punishment, will be in proportion to the amount of their guilt. This guilt arising from their Adam-fallen state: here all are alike; there is no difference; but in their guilt arising from *practical* wrong, there is a difference. Upon this subject of the final judgment of the heathen a volume might be written, yet I shall here say no more upon it, but pass on to the final judgment of the so-called Christian world who shall be lost. These will be judged by the laws of the dispensation they are under. When the Saviour and John the Baptist began to preach they said, "Repent, for the kingdom (the dispensational) of heaven is at hand." And had this dispensational kingdom been sent to Sodom and Gomorrah they would have received it. Both the Saviour and the apostles demonstrated to every man's conscience (within its range) the divinity of their mission; they therefore had no excuse for persecuting, much less for crucifying the Lord of life and glory; and the dispensation of the mission of the Saviour is come down to us with such clear evidence to every man's conscience (except those who are

practically given up to blindness, and of reprobate mind), that no one can have any excuse for persecuting the people of God, or for despising the gospel dispensation. Every natural man ought to walk in the light which the New Testament brings him into; and God will accept and honor such conscientious walking, and accept it for what it is. But not only so; the natural man feels he ought to regard the Sabbath, go to a place of worship, listen to the words of his Maker, and do homage to the Son of God, in whose hands is his breath (for all judgment is committed unto the Son), and by whose government of the nations he—the natural man—has fruitful seasons, and his heart filled with food and gladness; for the nation or kingdom which will not thus submit to the Son of God must perish, even when his wrath is kindled but a little. This, then, is the (superadded) condemnation, and men loved darkness rather than light, because their deeds were evil. I say, *super-added* condemnation, because “by one man’s offence judgment came upon all men to condemnation.” This is one condemnation; but then there is the condemnation belonging, not only to the fall, but also to practical wrong.

Thus, my good Theophilus, you see there is a great and solemn principle of moral responsibility that men are under, and the greater light and the more privileges they have, the greater their responsibility. Where much is given much is required; some will be beaten in hell with many stripes, some with not so many stripes; some shall receive the greater condemnation, and that for their sinning *against* light and knowledge, as Judas did when he betrayed the Saviour, or as Ananias and Sapphira did, when they kept back part of the price, and as thousands do in our day. Thus it is that it will be more tolerable in the day of judgment for the worst of heathen cities than for these light and truth despisers.

Now, if men walk in the light while they have the light, as some do, then the Lord is with them in that respect as his creatures, nor will their condemnation be so heavy as those who do not so walk, for the wrath of God will come upon some to the uttermost, and some shall have judgment without any mercy or mitigation. But after all, to be lost is of all things the most awful; hell is hell, even to those whose place shall be in a less intense part of the lake, and upon whose devoted heads the thunderbolts of vengeance shall descend the lightest, and on whose backs shall fall the fewest stripes; “It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God.”

Now the *non-possession* of the faith of God’s elect is the *spot* which marks the character of the lost. Not having this faith of God’s elect, they are *for their sins* con-

demned. But “who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect?” And thus, not having this *faith*, the wrath of God abideth on them; they are condemned already. But what are they condemned *for*? I answer, for their sins. But *why* are these condemned for their sins, while others are saved and not condemned? The answer is that they are condemned for their sins because God over all is not pleased to have mercy upon them; and the others are not condemned, because God is pleased to have mercy upon them. And as those upon whom he will not have mercy never did, never will, and never can possess the faith of God’s elect, therefore, as I have said, their non-possession of this faith is the spot, the mark, and as it were the seal, the earnest of their condemnation.

Thus, then, destitution of the faith of God’s elect is the *evidential* cause of their condemnation, as, on the other hand, the possession of the faith of God’s elect is the *evidential* cause of salvation. But are they loved, redeemed, blessed and saved, for believing? I trow not. So the lost are condemned for their sins, but it cannot, in the very nature of things, be any sin in them *not* to possess that faith which accompanies eternal salvation. Take their unbelief, or non-possession of the faith of God’s elect, as the *evidence* of their state, if you please, or, as I have worded it, the *evidential* cause of their condemnation, then the word of God may be rightly understood. And so I understand it thus,—“He that believeth (that is, he who liveth and believeth, or is born of God,—for no faith short of this can save the soul,—he who thus believeth) shall be saved; he that believeth not (who is not born of God) shall be condemned.” Thus, the reason the one is not condemned for his sins, is *because* he is a believer; that is, he is born of God, and for him it is that Christ died; but the other is condemned for his sins, *because* he hath not believed on the only begotten Son of God. He might have believed mentally and morally, but *not vitally*; he is *not* born of God.

You know the old wives’ fable, often connected by men with the truth of God: it is this,—that it is the work of God that we receive (savingly, I suppose it means) the gospel, (*true*), but it is the work of men to reject it. Reject it, in the doctrine and practice of it, they do; abuse it, as a dispensation, they do. Christ himself was despised and rejected of men; but this is not what our duty-faith, universal-invitation men mean; they mean,—if their words have any meaning at all,—that men are lost *for* not savingly receiving the gospel. My good Theophilus, I trust you feel the same contempt for such a gross insult upon the gospel, and upon God himself, as I do. Was the gospel in its *vitality* ever *offered* to any man? Did the Lord *offer* to bring the

dry bones in Ezekiel's vision to life? Did the Saviour offer Lazarus life from the dead? Did he offer to stop Saul of Tarsus? Does he offer his sheep eternal life? Men reject the gospel in the vitality of it! As well may we say that Adam refused to exist before he was created; as well may we say that they that are in the graves will at the last great day refuse to come forth. Reject regeneration! Is it possible that men can be found, professing to believe in the certainty of eternal redemption, who yet hold that those who are not saved reject what was never meant for them? Satan certainly did get many of the old Puritans, as well as moderns, to do him the service of resting this abominable falsehood upon the head of God's truth; as though this vile duty-faith insult to God was a crown of honour to his truth, whereas it is nothing but a crown of thorns, intended by the enemy to degrade eternal truth. To advocate this duty-faith heresy is nothing but wilful rebellion against the sovereignty of God; and if I begin to bring charges against it, where shall I stop?

First, it (this duty-faith universal-invitation system) is a perversion of the Word of God. Secondly, it is a root of bitterness against the new covenant counsel of God. Thirdly, it obscures the true light of the gospel. Fourthly, it teaches people in God's name to tell lies. Fifthly, it nourishes the vilest enmity and slanders against the truth and people of God. Sixthly, it sets thousands down for real Christians, whose conversion is merely mental and formal, but not vital, and thus deceives by thousands the souls of men. Seventhly, it helps forward with fearful rapidity the interests of the kingdom of Satan. It is at the root of every erroneous *ism* in Christendom; and it always tries to make God's truth a subservient means of establishing itself in the churches. Many a man will preach half-a-dozen straightforward gospel sermons, sound in the letter, to put the hearer off his guard, to reach and bring in this pestilential doctrine of duty-faith; while such will stoutly deny that they are duty-faith men, being ashamed to own their own favourite doctrine.

How easily could I substantiate every one of these assertions! but you know them to be true bills.

Now, it will remain for me in my next to shew more clearly the meaning of those Scriptures upon which duty-faith rests its claims, and thinks itself entitled to a place in the temple of God, though at war with every truth in the new covenant.

The Lord bless thee out of Zion. So prays
A LITTLE ONE.

DEATH OF MR. SWAINLAND.

MR. SWAINLAND, when first married to his now beloved widow, was a professor of religion, but

destitute of the power, having a name to live while dead. It pleased God, soon after his marriage, to direct his steps to Bethel Chapel, Poplar, where, under the ministry of Mr. Bennett, then preaching at the above chapel, his soul was quickened into life; his eyes were opened, and he was brought to see and feel his state as a sinner, and was also, after a time, brought into the liberty of the gospel. Mr. Bennett soon after left Bethel. The pulpit was then occupied by a blind man of the name of Rowland, whose ministry appears to have been much owned and blessed. Mr. Swainland by this time had been baptized by a Mr. Burnett, of Woolwich, and then stood deacon of Bethel. When Mr. Rowland first came to Bethel he (Mr. Rowland) held open communion views, but while there he was led to embrace and defend the ordinance of believers' baptism. In consequence of this he was obliged to leave, they being opposed to strict communion. The pulpit afterwards being supplied mostly by men who were opposed to believers' baptism, Mr. Swainland gave up his office, and seldom attended. He afterwards sat much under the ministry of the late Mr. Allen, of Cave Adullam, until the time of his decease, also under the ministry of Mr. Bowles, of Poplar; then at 72, High-street, Poplar; himself and wife regularly sat under the ministry of brother Wells, at his week-night services, so long as he was able to travel; but at last, finding the ministry of Mr. Bowles, of Zoar Chapel, Poplar, so blessed to his soul he ultimately made it his home, and has often borne testimony to the soul profit that of late he had received. It pleased the Lord some six weeks before his death to lay him on a bed of affliction, during which time his tabernacle was being pulled down, though hopes at first of his recovery was entertained; but his time was come to be absent from the body and present with the Lord. Mr. Bowles visited him up to the time of his death. He spoke calmly of the Lord's gracious dealings with his soul, and of his long forbearance with his perverseness and rebellion in the wilderness. On the morning of Good Friday last, Mr. B. read and prayed with him, but he was then very low and weak; he was asked if he could hear the prayer. "Yes, yes (he said), and have joined in with every word. God bless you, and make you a blessing to thousands."

He gradually from this time sank lower and lower, but up to the last he gave (whenever he could gather strength) some testimony that

"His hope was built on nothing less
Than Jesu's blood and righteousness."

A little before his departure a friend repeated the verse, "When this lisping stammering tongue," &c. He smiled, lifted up his hands approvingly, and soon after, at 12 o'clock on the night of Tuesday, 14th April, 1857, he breathed his last, without a struggle or a groan. And on Wednesday the 22nd, his body was committed to the ground, to mingle with the clods of the valley until the resurrection morn.

On Lord's-day evening, April the 26th, Mr. Bowles improved his death from Philippians i. 21, "For to me to live is Christ," &c.

Our Churches, their Pastors, and their People.

[Some fresh channels of information are opening up respecting the history and present movements of our churches in Great Britain, in America, and the colonies. We hope the details will be useful, not merely to interest the readers of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, but to stir up the hearts of the Lord's people to seek for a fuller development of the great truths of the gospel.—*Ed.*]

THE CHURCHES IN NEW YORK.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Having seen a request in one of your *Earthen Vessel* numbers, that some one would inform you of the state of the churches through the United States, I would like to have been able to have done so, but not being familiar with any of them, that is impossible, not having been absent from New York on a Lord's-day since I have been in this country; but, notwithstanding I shall endeavour to give you a faint idea of this metropolis. It abounds with churches of all denominations; consequently one might imagine it to be a most religious city; but, lo, it is far, very far from it; no city can be more profane. Although the churches fill well it is more for a fashionable appearance, than a gracious desire after truth. This is not to be wondered at; for Arminianism, Universalism, Fullerism, Wesleyanism, and every other ism, are the tonets advocated both from the pulpits and the press. There are a few who love the truth as it is in Jesus, some of whom attend either at a Baptist Church meeting in 36th Street; or at the Old School Baptist Church meeting in a hall in Woorster-street, being the only two churches professing the truth that I know of in this populous city.

The church in 36th Street is attended by about one hundred hearers; the present minister being an Englishman of the name of Bennet, late of London. I and my wife have attended at Woorster-street for about seven or eight years. We have no settled minister; being supplied generally from the country, and from what I have been informed, I suppose the country towns and villages are more enriched with the truth and truth lovers than the city of New York. There is one who usually comes once a fortnight; he is sound as a bell in the truth, and very sweetly preaches the experience of the doctrines in the heart. I say experience of the doctrines, because there is so much experience talked of, of so dark and dismal a character, and set up as a Christian standard, that I think a distinction should ever be made; a christian experience must emanate from the blessed teachings of the Holy Spirit, the Comforter, the Remembrancer, of whom saith Jesus Christ, "He shall bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

A Christian experience is that which emanates from the doctrines of Christ being applied by the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, the enlightener of the understanding, whereby the Christian may know what is the hope of his calling and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints, and what is the exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to the working of his mighty power: all of which must produce joy in believing.

But to return to our little cause. There are from thirty to forty who attend there; we have also an aged man who preaches occasionally, and another whom you know, and that is our Brother Neeve, late of London. He is a member of the church, and I must confess I should not object to his being pastor. I think well of him. He is clear both in doctrine and experience.

He is thinking of returning to England if his way should be made clear. I cannot help expressing the desire of myself and many more of those who have heard our beloved brother Mr. James Wells, that our Lord will wholly restore him to his labours of love. His letters are well received here.

WILLIAM MOTT.

37, Jane-street, near 8th Avenue,
New York, Oct. 26th, 1857.

TIDINGS FROM TASMANIA.

BY THE VENERABLE H. DOWLING.

[We are much gratified (in common with many others in this dear old England of ours) at any time to receive communications from that faithful and much honoured servant of Christ, the aged Henry Dowling. Some day, we hope to give some record of his labours in Australia. Perhaps he will furnish us with some leaves out of his own book. The following letters should have been published before.—*Ed.*]

MY BROTHER IN THE LORD.—In your May number your correspondent, G. Dyer, of Andover, has given you an account, from his own personal observation, of the number and sentiments of the Baptist Churches in Melbourne and Geelong, and I believe that they stand much about the same at the present time. Your correspondent refers to a minister of the name of D. Allen, and of whom he writes faithfully, but was at a loss to know his former residence. As every foot print of the Head leading of his church and ministers are interesting, I cheerfully supply that deficiency, which can only be important in connecting the chain of events under which the sovereign love and power of Jehovah become manifested to his elect family.

The said D. Allen was left when a boy at service at Ipswich, Suffolk, his mother being dead, and his father having come to this Island. When grown up to a young man, and

having secured his wages, he felt a strong desire to seek and find his father (who had sent money to England to bring him out, but the captain could not find the young man). He went to Sydney, but not finding him there, he wrote to me, as a baptist minister, and subsequently I found his Father, and the young man arrived in due time in this colony, when both his father and himself became attendants at our chapel. After a time the father was received into membership, having some years before been baptized in Suffolk. Subsequent to this the young man was brought to the knowledge of the truth, and nourished in the faith of Jesus in our midst, was baptized, received into membership with us, and left for the gold diggings, where he felt the Lord's-day was neglected, and spent the sacred day reading the word, praying and speaking to the people concerning the kingdom of God. Having left there he came to Melbourne, and he who can alone provide a minister for the people, and raise up a spiritual seed, under the declaration of eternal truth, opened a way for him to certify. He is, I am happy to say, now ministering to a good congregation, to whom I have reason to believe he is a blessing, through the unctuous power of the Holy Ghost. Their present place of worship is the *Protestant-hall, Melbourne*.

Yours in the gospel of our God,
HENRY DOWLING.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I was gratified in reading the account your Andover correspondent gave of his interview with a converted Jew at the Cape of Good Hope, and if you deem it a subject of sufficient interest for the Vessel, I hand you a copy of an entry in our church books respecting him.

"The conversion of one of the seed of Abraham is not only to be viewed as an act of grace and mercy to the individual so distinguished and blessed, but is to be viewed by us Gentiles as a fulfilment of the word of God, and a sacred earnest of blessings in covenant store for that people who are yet to be gathered in: For when they shall turn unto the Lord whom they now reject and despise, the vail shall be taken away. The young man I this day baptized had been intimate with a brother in Christ at Hobart, to whom sometime since he communicated his doubts as to the religious profession of the Jews, and no doubt, under God, that conversation was instrumental in leading his mind to investigate the truths of the New Testament. However, a mere rational faith of that blessed book would not have induced me to baptize him, but there was evidence of a divine change, and that he had by faith of Divine operation embraced the Son of God as his Saviour. Up to this time, we saw the marks of a soul impressed with its own personal sinfulness, followed by a discovery of the glorious ability of Jesus Christ to save, conveyed in his own words to me: "The Lord in his great mercy has permitted me to know, to see, to feel him; he has diffused his grace into my heart, has permitted the light of his countenance to shine upon me, and has given me that peace

which passeth all understanding; brought to repentance, and trusting to the redeeming power of the Lamb without spot or blemish. I am accepted as his: he has taught me how to love, how to honour and obey him in all things." I not only baptized him in the name of Jesus my Lord, but affectionately commended him to God for the grace he will need until he shall inherit the rest of the justified.

How true it is that the "election hath obtained it." Yet in that sacred line, "God is no respecter of persons," as to country, character, or condition, Jew or Gentile, they are one in Christ. Yours in bonds of grace,
Tasmania, July 16. H. DOWLING.

HEPZIBAH CHAPEL, DARLING PLACE, MILE END.

On the 24th of Sept., 1857, a series of services were held for the double purpose of ordaining Mr. J. Vaughan as pastor, and recognising the church as a strict Baptist, instead of an Independent church as heretofore.

During the time of the late Mr. W. H. Wells's pastorate it was free communion: no strict church order being observed. The ministry of Mr. Vaughan proving acceptable, after six months' probation, he was unanimously chosen to the pastorate; the majority of the church being Baptists, and Mr. Vaughan having made a public profession by baptism, it was put to the vote at our church meeting whether we should alter the constitution of the church? it was agreed that no future members should be received but baptised believers, and no person be allowed to commune with us but members of strict Baptist churches. We have at present fifty-two members, and many more now before the church, waiting to make a public profession by baptism. The ordination-day will be long remembered. In the morning, we had an excellent sermon by Mr. Jas. Wells, on the nature of a gospel church.

In the afternoon, our esteemed friend, Mr. C. W. Banks, asked the usual questions, which were replied to by Mr. B. Wire, senior deacon, in a very clear and satisfactory manner, respecting their circumstances as a church and people from Mr. W. H. Wells's death, to Mr. Vaughan's coming among them, through the instrumentality of Mr. Banks, his acceptance by the Lord's people and the manifest tokens of the Spirit's blessing resting upon his labors.

Mr. Vaughn gave a striking account of his own call by grace; and of his call to the ministry under the late Joseph Irons, of Camberwell. In reply to questions respecting the doctrines he ever hoped to preach, his statements were to this effect—He would preach the doctrines of free and sovereign grace; the entire fall of man in Adam; the recovery of all the elect by Christ, in agreement with the eternal covenant purposes of Jehovah; and of the effectual call; the full deliverance, and justification, the final perseverance and ultimate glory, of every elect vessel of mercy, the ever blessed Trinity in unity, Three distinct Persons in one essence—eternal in duration, infinite in wisdom—and Almighty in

power. Shewing also, that Christ had appointed two ordinances to be observed by his people,—baptism by immersion, and the Lord's Supper, and that only those baptised on a profession of their faith in Christ, were the right recipients of the same.

The enquiry was then put to the church whether they wished Mr. Vaughan to be their pastor? A unanimous shew of hands was the result. Mr. Banks then joined the hands of the newly chosen pastor and deacons, and offered up a very solemn prayer—the elements of the Lord's Supper were distributed to, and partaken of, by the church, for the first time, as a Strict Baptist Church.

About two hundred sat down to a good substantial tea; and in the evening a solemn charge was delivered to the newly ordained pastor, by Mr. James Nunn, of Zion Chapel, Camden Town, at the close of which Mr. Banks addressed the church and congregation in a searching and edifying manner; and although the place was literally crammed, and almost unbearably hot, a solemn stillness pervaded the services. Thus was brought to a happy, and we trust profitable conclusion, one of those days which stand out as an epoch in a lifetime. At our last church meeting, we had the gratifying intelligence that our income had covered all our expenditure, and had left us a balance in hand of £4, which was unanimously voted to our pastor as a small token of our regard for him.

Surely as a church and people we have great cause for thankfulness. We are free from debt. Our Sabbath services are crowded, in fact, in the evening numbers go away, not being able to obtain an entrance. Our prayer meetings are well attended, and our Wednesday night service is excellent. We are about establishing a Friday evening service.

And now join with us, brethren in the common faith, in giving thanks unto our covenant Father, for what he hath done for us, in remembering us in our low estate.

JOHN.

ZION CHAPEL, MILL STREET,
WANTAGE.

This chapel was opened for the worship of Almighty God on the 25th and 27th of October. On Lord's-day 25th, brother Bowles, of Zoar Chapel, Poplar, preached a very powerful sermon in the morning from 1 Kings. viii. 29.—“*That thine eyes may be opened towards this house night and day, even towards the place of which thou hast said—my name shall be there.*” the mind of the preacher was fruitful and savoury, the blessed unction of the Holy Ghost attended the word with power. How sweetly Christ was exhibited as God's house and the dwelling place of his people, before the mountains were brought forth, or ever he had formed the earth and the world, and that dear and precious name was as ointment poured forth. The afternoon subject was from 1'salm. ci. 2. “*I will behave myself wisely in a perfect way,*” none but a precious Christ can be said to behave himself wisely in a perfect way; he behaved himself wisely in a perfect way in the c. uncils of eter-

nity; in covenant stipulations; in his Suretyship engagements; in the majesty of his person; in his federal headship as the lawful Husband of his dear bride; and, blessings on his dear name, when he came into the world he behaved himself wisely in a perfect way from the cradle to the cross; for when he was reviled, he reviled not again; he never did wrong, nor spake wrong, nor thought wrong, but was holy and harmless before God, and he behaves himself wisely in a perfect way, in his blessed manifestations and divine communications to all the objects of eternal love, and redeeming blood, and sanctifying grace. Glory, glory, hallelujah! amen. “*O when wilt thou come unto me?*” My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me? why art thou so far from helping me and from the words of my roaring? O, my God, I cry in the day time, but thou hearest not, and in the night season, and am not silent; all thy waves and billows go over me. As the Surety and Substitute of his people, Christ is forsaken, left in darkness, overwhelmed with divine wrath, and suffers all that hell of punishment due to his people as transgressors of his holy law; but blessings on his holy name, it became him for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of our salvation perfect through suffering.

Hail! all hail! thou brightest fairest One, that eyes have seen or angels known! thou art the altogether lovely, and dost thou not walk in thy house, thy temple, as a son over his own house, whose house are we, and with a perfect heart, perfect in love, and faithfulness for ever and ever!

In the evening Mr. Bowles preached to a crowded congregation from Zeph. iii. 16, 17, “*In that day it shall be said to Jerusalem, fear thou not, and to Zion, let not thine hands be slack, the Lord thy God in the midst of thee is mighty,*” &c. The fulfilment of this blessed scripture was realized by us. Our God was in the midst of us; the preacher's heart was full; his tongue at liberty; pure gospel truth shone forth with lustre and brightness.

On Monday 26th, believers' baptism was administered; brother Bowles preached from, “*If thou believest with all thine heart thou mayest.*” I never witnessed such a happy season. We proceeded through that blessed ordinance to the satisfaction and comfort of most present. We hope this is a first fruit of a plentiful harvest.

On Tuesday, 27th, Mr. James Wells preached in the afternoon; and the subject was the 17th Psalm, “*They shall not be ashamed; but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.*” We can never sufficiently thank God for raising up such a champion for God's truth in this dark age of the church: no mincing the truth with Mr. W.; his eagle eye, his penetrating mind, his eloquent tongue, are constantly and fearlessly employed in exhibiting the foundation truths of the everlasting gospel, without deviating or swerving one hair's breadth therefrom. After the afternoon service, about 80 persons sat down to tea; and at half past six, our service commenced: again our attention was di-

rected to the prophecy of Zech. iii. 10, " In that day, saith the Lord of hosts, shall ye call every man his neighbour under the vine and under the fig tree." There was a profound depth of solid matter in the sermon, flowing from a warm heart and tongue, and an evidential testification of the Holy Spirit's revelation to the mind of the speaker, setting his seal to the soul-endearing truths in the hearts of the lovers of truth. Our collections were good. The Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Our fund is still open; hoping that some of the churches in London will lend us a helping hand, that the gospel of Christ may continue to be preached in this dark part of the land.

J. BEACOCK.

THE ORIGIN OF THE BAPTISTS IN PLYMOUTH.

OUR zealous and faithful brother Greenslade has favoured us with the following account of the struggles of our devoted fathers in former times. In Plymouth, Stonehouse, and Devonport, the gospel has flourished in times past and gone: and some old relics still remain: but, the beauty of Zion has, for a time, departed from these towns. What is "Charles Church" now? what is the state of Stoke, of Trinity, of Mount Zion, and of some other once highly favoured places?—Alas! alas! what lectures could we read from events which have transpired within these towns during the last half century, and more recent days than that! when Robert Hawker flourished in the Church, when brother Triggs was full of Christ in Trinity pulpit, and Trinity chapel full of happy people: when the beloved Cartwright shouted "Salvation is of the Lord" to his ten or twelve hundred hearers in Mount Zion; when the stern but sterling Goddard broke up the bread of life to his united band in Stonehouse; and when others we might name proclaimed a full and finished salvation through our adorable Mediator, and glorious God-Man, the Lord Jesus Christ; then, indeed, the cause of Christ was like an army with banners; but now, the harp is on the willows; and there are few with divine authority who can effectually say—

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take,
Loud to the praise of Christ your King
Bid every string awake."

No; tumults, confusion, carnal jealousies, parsonic tyrannies, and dry, unsavoury, or ridiculous twaddling, have occupied the place of that God-like and gracious power which once bound up the churches in holy peace, and secured unto them a measure of prosperity. There are good men in these parts still, the brethren Doudney, Babb, Foord, Brewer, Easterbrooke, Bull, and some others, have doubtless, a single eye to

the glory of Christ, and some enjoyment of his presence, but the powerful operations of the Eternal Spirit are not known as in the ancient days. We say no more now, as we wish to introduce brother Greenslade's letter respecting good old Abraham Cheare, and the Baptist Church in Plymouth.

DEAR BROTHER—I have found the history of the Baptists in Plymouth: if it will do for the VESSEL, I will take off the whole for you. If you recollect I told you of a man who was in prison for life in Drake's Island, and who wrote on stone in the wall of the prison. I will give you a sample from Abraham Cheare's own hand writing:—

HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT PLYMOUTH.

Under the reign of James the First a treatise originally written in Dutch, was translated, and published by the baptists in England, entitled, "A very Plain and Well-grounded Treatise on Baptism:" in which they likewise avowed their disposition towards the civil government. This piece gained them many friends and followers, though it did not abate the spirit of persecution against them. However, from this time they began to separate themselves into district churches, though many of them (unable to support a stated ministry), continued to unite with the pious Puritans from about the year 1603; until 1633, when they more effectually separated. In the country, where the number of the inhabitants were small, and the preachers few, many of the residents in little villages united together for the maintenance of the gospel, and its preachers. It is under these circumstances we find Loo, Penryn, Falmouth, and Holdsworth in Cornwall, connected with the history of the church before us.

Its original formation, we have no authentic records of. Our papers, however, lead us back to the year 1648, chapter I. containing a general account of the church at Plymouth, from the calling of the Rev. Abraham Cheare, in 1648, to the calling of the Rev. Philip Gibbs, in 1748, in How-street chapel. The faithful servant of Jesus Christ, Mr. Abraham Cheare, appears to have been a native of Plymouth, born of believing parents, who were fullers; and brought up their son to the same business. Judging, however, by certain Greek criticisms in a posthumous publication of his sermons, entitled, "*Words in Season*," and by several MS. letters, it seems that he acquired a good education, which united with an early delight in, and study of, the sacred writings, qualified him nobly to defend the cause he espoused. It is not clear, how long he preached the gospel. The church records say he certainly was in the ministry before he was convinced of the ordinance of believers' baptism, to which he had not submitted till the year he received the church's call. He was ordained pastor of this church in 1648. Who was his predecessor, we know not; nor is there any account by whom he was ordained. The church

at the time of their calling him to take charge of them in the Lord, must have been in a flourishing state, as his call is said to have been signed by one hundred and fifty members: but where they then met for worship does not appear on record. In the year 1651, the church purchased the land in the pig market, and appropriated a house for divine worship. In 1658, we find Mr. Abraham Cheare at the Western Association, held at Dorchester, and in the year 1661, the comfort of the church was marred, by his being committed to Exeter goal for encouraging religious assemblies from whence he was liberated in about three months. In the next year on the 26th of the fourth month, which was June (the year then beginning with March) he thus writes—"as for my part, my Father graciously indulges me, and the lambs here, giving us an undeserved covert, even where satan's seat is, while other flocks are dispersed and scattered, some from our neighbouring parts are sent to that place of ancient experience, where they have a stock of prayers and presence to begin upon, they begin on straw, as learning to endure hardness as good soldiers, the Lord make that word good to them, which often hath been, in that place sweet to me—" And ye shall serve the Lord your God, and he shall bless thy bread and thy water, and I will take sickness away from the midst of thee." Exod. xxiii. 25, and Eccles. iv. 14, "For out of prison he cometh to reign; whereas also he that is born in his kingdom becometh poor." I expect daily the same lot." His apprehensions were not unfounded; for the blessing of liberty was soon snatched from him, from his people, and from thousands of others, by the act of uniformity in 1662: and he was committed to the aforesaid prison again, for holding unlawful conventicles, and not conforming to the established church. Several of the letters he wrote from this place are in good preservation, and one of them is here subjoined; it is addressed to Mr. William Punchard, London, bearing date the 17th of the seventh month (September), 1662:

“At Plymouth.

“The beauties of the Father's ornament set in majestic upon you, my deare. I received yours of the 11th of the seventh month, and in it a testimony of teaching and supporting grace and presence continued to you abroad, which he is pleased not to denie his poore worms here in these holes of the earth, where violence has thrust us, as into so many slaughterhouses of men, but overruling grace makes them as the presence-chambers of the great King, where he brings and feasts his favourites with the best things, and proclaims amongst them, “Thus shall it be done to them the King delighteth to honour.” This honour hath not all that yet are saints; much less have any this mercy who, either through the feare or formalitie of their unconverted soules, are enforced shamefully to putt off that profession which hypocritically they did put on in a day of promising prosperity: not but that these walls, as a draw-nett, may and do enclose good and bad: but, at length, a discoverie is made more manifest of those he

chooseth in the furnace of affliction; a week in a prison giving a plainer discoverie of a man's spirit, than a month in a church. Of these experiments I no way doubt but you have obtained a good degree, by the long exercises you have gone under this way in prison; and have not only taken out lessons for yourself, but wherewithall to teach, warne, and support others, with the same that you have obtained from the Lord; whereunto I pray that you may make your advances beyond others, who, having faerd tryalls a great while, are at length persuaded to give way, to the staine of their former standing, and staggering of such as have learned no further yett to behold the power of the Lord to support, than only as it is either manifested or clouded in creatures like themselves; meanwhile neglecting that inspection they ought to have therein, directly and immediately through the promises, that are of power to supply those that waite on the Lord with renewed strength,—even then, when youths faint and are wearie, and young men utterlie faile.

“This afternoon there is to be committed to the earth the dust of our sister Firkle, whose spirit was yesterday commended to heaven, after she had sustained a long conflict between the two inmates,—her better part breathing after that state for which she hath been long preparing. We are left to bewaile that losse, of which few are truly apprehensive, according to her worth, and to learne some living lessons from her dying dispense, who hath left divers lively testimonies of her fixed faithfulness. One is this,—She desired that, if the reader approached to compliment her into the womb of her mother earth, they that attend her should leave her (bones, as lyons are scattered) at the grave's mouth (Psa clxi. 7). The poor Lamb's lambs that I left have been visited by the constables again and again at these meetings, summoned before the mayor, fined for not coming to church, yet have a little strength left to meet in the same place; exposing their goods to be spoiled, &c., rather than consent to promote that which their soules is grieved at. Those with you are as formerly. Your old persecutor is come home, but hath hitherto done nothing. Brother Stone, who I hope is by this time with you, well escaped him. Clement Jackson, pastor of East Loo, Cornwall, was yesterday here with me, with whom I have refreshed. Our bishop Ward came to this city last week, and was received with great state, but hath been ever since ill, it is said with the black jaundice. The deputy-lieutenants are sitting, and it is said we shall be brought before them, but to what end is not known. Two or three troops are in town, and going forth this morning; of their design we know nothing; but it is reported to be to take up the non-conforming pious; perhaps to give security. They at Dulwood and Loughwood, in Dorsetshire, have a very large and increasing meeting, where the Lord is present as a covert to them. At Loo they are also hitherto quietly and comfortably kept. Fear and fury disperseth others hereabout. Mr. Steed, of Bovey, Devon, is here at

present to give us a visit. There they are yet preserved. The lieutenants are now going to Castle, and we expect a call to be tried, so that I have not time to enlarge; but I desire to be remembered to all that love and fear the Lord Jesus. Yours, loving, &c.

After remaining in this confinement at Exeter three years he obtained his freedom; but here he was again seized, and committed to the prison under the guildhall, and was banished to the island of St. Nicholas, in Plymouth Sound. During his imprisonments, he wrote several little tracts, and also some hymns and verses, that were afterwards printed in 1672. One of these pieces, originally written on the wall of his prison, is selected, as containing a brief history of his sufferings, and as displaying the fortitude and resignation of his mind.

Verses affixed to the wall of the prison where Abraham Cheare was confined from 27th September, 1655.

Nigh four years since, sent out from hence
To Exton gaol was I;
But special grace, in three months' space
Wrought out my liberty.

Till Bartholomew, in sixty-two,
That freedom did remain;
When, without bail, to Exton gaol
I hurried was again,

Where, having lain as do the slain,
'Mong dead men wholly free
Full three years space, my native place
By leave I come to see;

And thought not then, I here again
A moment's restraint should find;
But to my den, cast out from men,
I'm during life consigned.

But since my lines the Lord assigns
In such a lot to be,
I kiss the rod, confess my God,
Deals faithfully with me.

My charged crime in his due time
He fully will decide;
And until then (forgiving men)
In peace with him abide.

In this isle of Plymouth, where he was prisoner under military guards, a violent sickness in a few days seized him, by which he kept his chamber three quarters of a year: but recovering in some measure, he wrote a little form of grateful acknowledgement to his Saviour's praise, and dedicated it thus:—"To his truly sacred Majesty, the high and mighty Potentate, King of kings and Lord of lords, Prince of life and peace, Heir of all things, and Head over all to the church, the humble prostrature and thankful acknowledgement of a poor prisoner of hope, whose life upon all accounts hath been marvellously preserved and delivered with a great salvation from the pit of corruption."

[If my brother Banks thinks well, I will continue it. J. GREENSLADE.]

THE CONVERSION OF AN ISRAELITE.

(Continued from page 251).

MR. SAMUEL LEAVING HOME.

WE left our author, last month, under the blessing of his aged grandfire, who on parting with him pronounced a sacred benediction. We shall not attempt to follow him through Prussia and other parts to England, but simply take here and there a sample of the dangers through which he passed, and, preserved by a kind Providence, not only came safe into England, but fully also into the knowledge and enjoyment of another kingdom,—the peaceful and gracious kingdom of the once despised, but now risen and exalted Lamb of God.

The first part of Mr. Samuel's expedition from home toward this country is very singular. He says:—

"We left home at midnight disguised in female clothing. A banker's only son, my brother, and myself. A kind of chaise with two horses belonging to the banker, and four men, were waiting outside the town, joining the Prussian territories, to the house of a Gentle, where were waiting twelve men with guns and pistols to escort us into Prussia, which is separated from Russia by a deep valley. This valley was watched by Cossacks; about every five miles there was a cottage, or kind of station, from which stations they rode to and fro. The people of the village had a perfect knowledge of the movements of these patrols; when one had passed there was about half an hour's interval, which time we embraced for crossing the valley. Here time must not be lost, as the danger is very great. If these patrols overtake any person, and resistance is made, they are allowed to shoot them dead on the spot.

"We left our female clothing at the cottage before mentioned, and prepared to encounter the danger of which we were sensible. As we advanced towards the valley, two men of our company were previously placed on the look out; when at their signal we had to run as fast as possible: but we three boys, with fright and fatigue, could not run as fast as the rest, therefore we were sometimes carried, and sometimes dragged. After we had crossed the valley, there was a small mountain to climb; when arrived at the top we were safe—which we scarcely reached, when we saw a patrol galloping on his horse after us, as fast as he could, but was about three minutes too late. On the Prussian side there were six men waiting for us, with a waggon and fire-arms. When they saw us on the top, they all cried with one voice, "All right;" and great was our joy, as it was the first time we had heard a voice since we left the cottage, being compelled to cross the valley without speaking. While writing, methinks I can see myself in the valley running; sometimes falling down, sometimes dragged by one, and then by another. Thus my pilgrimage began with danger,

and is still encompassed with the same; being in an enemy's land. I had to watch them then, but much more now, as the danger is greater; the greatest enemies being within. Well may the Son of God say, "What I say unto you I say unto you all, Watch!" It is no small mercy to be kept from carnal security and false peace. That covenant God who has delivered me, doth deliver; and I trust will continue to the end.

"My dear reader, we have seen the cause of my leaving the land of my navity, not to return again; and arrived on the borders of Prussia. We will now proceed on our journey to Konigsburg. We remained that night at the first village in Prussia, in the house of one of those Prussian men who were waiting for us. It is true we all three went to bed in one room, but no sleep; there was a candle burning in the room, and we were talking during the remainder of the night. Now and then a secret tear stealing from our eyes; again, one would burst into a flood of tears, and the others follow. On the one hand leaving affectionate parents and friends weeping; and on the other hand the thoughts of facing an unknown world. These things would alternately pass and re-pass in our minds. Sometimes we encouraged each other by saying, we were young, and we will go to England, and make our fortunes. Thus passed the first night."

Similar dangers and difficulties accompanied him all the way. There is, however, a three-fold value in this volume, which will render it an interesting companion to many of the Lord's tried people. First, there is a *descriptive* value in the details of the countries through which he passed. Secondly, there is an *experimental* value: he makes all events to illustrate the inward kingdom of grace; and thirdly, there is a *providential* value in the rich displays of an overruling and ever-faithful hand. How sweet, thus to recount the mercies of a covenant God!

Passing over some portions of Mr. Samuel's early career as a wanderer from home, we have been greatly delighted with the following compound of the spiritual with the providential:—

"Through the covenant mercy of my God, I again reached my uncle's at Konigsburg, who at the sight of me was greatly surprised, and told me to be easy, as he would get me another passport; which he did. I then stayed with my uncle a month, after which I informed him that I should like to proceed on my journey towards England. He advised me to go to Dantzic by water: kindly paid my fare, and provided me with every necessary for my journey. There is a certain path we must tread, ordered by the God of providence. Mine was to be a trying one, therefore I could not escape any more by sea than by land. On crossing the Gulf of Dantzic, we encountered a violent storm. The vessel was loaded with wheat, which was all obliged to be cast into the sea. The main-mast and rudder were destroyed, and the captain discovered a hole

in the vessel; so that sailors and passengers had to pump alternately day and night expecting every moment to sink. There were a great number of passengers, male, female, and children, whose cries and lamentations were heart-rending; and they being all strangers to me, I had to keep my grief to myself. The captain told us there was no hope for our escape, we must perish. The signal of distress was hoisted. One night we were informed that a vessel was approaching us, which afforded us no small joy; but, alas! it was but short—it was a mistake. The morning following the captain told us that we were drawing near to a port, where we should most likely meet with vessels. The same day a vessel came to our assistance, and all the passengers were taken on board. When we got on board we began to feel the effects of fright and want of food. Many of them, with myself, were very ill; but at length we arrived safe at Dantzic, after many days toil and fright. The captain and sailors remained on the vessel; the day after we arrived at Dantzic, I heard that it sunk. Here again I have cause to erect an Ebenezer unto my covenant God and Father, who once more "plucked me like a brand" from the abyss where hope never cometh.

"My dear reader, since I was quickened by the Spirit of God, my soul has had to encounter many storms. Often am I tossed with tempests and not comforted; sometimes with doubts and fears, almost despairing of life; at other times with darkness and the hidings of God's countenance—shut up, and cannot come forth. Sometimes with presumption and pride, which makes me exclaim, "Save me, O God, for the waters are come in to my soul. I sink in deep mire where there is no standing; I am come into deep waters where the floods overflow me." How distressing is it to a living soul when he cannot feel his standing upon the Rock of eternal ages, and no promise applied by the Spirit of God to the soul. These things I have to experience, tossed sometimes by the north wind, and at other times by the south; but hitherto hath the Lord helped me. Blessed be his name!

I stayed in Dantzic a month. I resolved to see a little of the country; instead of taking a direct course to England; having heard of Leipsic, I made up my mind to go there, and proceeded thither on foot. My journey to Leipsic has made an impression on my mind not to be forgotten. One Friday afternoon arriving at a small town, to spend the Sabbath (Saturday,) as it is prohibited to travel on that day, in the evening, I went to the Synagogue, and met with a very kind reception from my brethren Jews; one, a very rich man, the head of the synagogue, invited me to spend the Sabbath with him. The next day, among other conversation, he enquired where I was going I told him to Leipsic. He then said, if I stayed until Monday, which was market-day, I could cross a river, as there were vessels plying to and fro, which would save me a day's journey. I thanked him, and took his advice. On the Monday evening I proceeded to the water-side, and

took my place in a vessel. There were only a very few rough fellows in the vessel, and they were intoxicated, besides the manager of the little sailing boat. The men seeing by my dress that I was a Jew, and a foreigner, began to tease me first, and then ill use me; they at last resolved to throw me into the river; and they would have done so, had it not been for the interference of the manager. When we arrived at the other side, we got out, and they all walked off and left me; I felt too ill to walk; and it being late at night, I remained by the river side. Being in the summer season, early in the morning, a gentleman, taking his walk on the river side, came to me, and seeing me very ill, asked me how I came there; I related to him the circumstance. He was a Jew, and recognized me as one: he took me to his house, and there I remained for a full month under medical treatment, with little hope of my recovery. Here again I was "plucked like a brand" from the jaws of death. Upon the mount of danger the dear Lord appeared—his ways are past finding out. The holy apostle speaks of perils of robbers, and I have experienced somewhat of the same both literally and spiritually. Sin, O, what a robber it is, it robs me daily of my heavenly comforts, it robs me of the manifestive presence of my dear Redeemer. Satan also is another robber who spoils my heavenly peace. The world is another robber, which steals my better joys. I feel that I am in danger of these robbers daily. I am sensible if it were not for the power of God, the Holy Ghost, keeping me every moment, I should fall a victim, and bring a disgrace upon the dear Redeemer's name and cause."

Since our first notice of this volume, some queries respecting its truthfulness have been forwarded to us. We laid the queries before Mr. Samuel; he has answered them in a Christian spirit, and with satisfactory evidence. Before we take a final farewell of the book, we may notice both the queries and the answers.

PRAYER MEETINGS.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I hope the remarks you have made respecting the prayer meeting at New Land Chapel, High Wycombe, may have a salutary effect among the churches in general. That prayer meetings are Scriptural, and of the greatest importance, no spiritual-taught soul will deny. But, alas! how often instead of a lively soul-animating prayer meeting; may not the meetings be termed prating meetings; it is a fact individuals will occupy twenty, twenty-five and thirty minutes of the hour set apart for a prayer meeting, to the discomfiture of those that are obliged to keep their seats until the Amen; and thus through one person occupying three times the length of time he ought, only two individuals can engage, especially if long hymns are sung be-

tween. There is no doubt, that if short hymns were sung, and four or five were to take up the time, instead of two, prayer meetings would be better attended, especially as the word of God is so pointed to the subject, as, "let your words be few," &c.

May the Lord pour out upon his living family a spirit of grace and supplication; for if ever there was a time for Zion to be on her watch-tower, and pray, surely this is the time. Oh, for more simplicity and less form!

From one who knows the privilege of attending a prayer meeting.

[It Certainly is time that some consideration be given to this subject. It has long been a matter of much thought with us.—Ed]

BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

"GOD IS LOVE: OR, GLIMPSES OF THE FATHER'S INFINITE AFFECTION FOR HIS PEOPLE." By the Author of "The Brother Born for Adversity." London: Darton and Co., Holborn-hill. 466 pp. 12mo., price 5s.

There has, for many years, been a kind of mist over our mind, with reference to that most emphatic and descriptive sentence,— "GOD IS LOVE!" We never questioned the fact; but in contemplating the character, counsels, attributes, doings, and developments of the Deity, we have scarcely ever thought of the words, "GOD IS LOVE," but difficulties have immediately presented themselves which would so becloud the spirit, that if any one had said, "Expound clearly to us that most mighty sentence, 'God is Love,'" we should at once have replied, "We cannot." For many years, in hundreds of places, and to thousands of people, we have attempted to unfold the beauties and blessednesses of the gospel of Christ; but in no one case could we ever, with perfect satisfaction and clearness, enter upon a subject so profound and mighty as this, that "GOD IS LOVE." It is (we have sometimes said) a *relative* term. In the everlasting covenant of grace, in the glorious Person of the dear Redeemer, in the essential work of the Holy Spirit, in the gospel dispensation, and in all his providential dealings with his saints on the earth, "GOD IS LOVE." And in each, and every one of these grand mediums of Divine manifestation, we are persuaded it is a most sublime reality that "GOD IS LOVE." Nevertheless this silent thought would arise again, "That is not all that is intended by that most decided and comprehensive sentence, 'GOD IS LOVE.'"

The other morning we saw the announcement which stands at the head of this brief notice. What! we said, has the author of "The Brother Born for Adversity" (that purely spiritual balm for afflicted minds) written a volume on this very subject, "GOD IS LOVE?" Yes, he has. Presently the book was in our hands. We have begun to seek for something from it ontirely to chase away the mist referred to, and we have an hopeful

expectation that we shall not be disappointed. The author is a powerful, conclusive, yet easy writer; he is one of the most laborious literary men of the day; his works have been eagerly sought for, and much honored. The present volume, "GOD IS LOVE," has been favourably reviewed already, and the demand for it has been considerable. We purpose thoroughly to investigate every particle of the work (the Lord permitting), and if this precious Bible-sun, "GOD IS LOVE," shines more clearly in our souls through the instrumentality of this beautiful volume, it will be to us a pleasure to endeavor to comfort our readers with the same consolation which we ourselves hope to enjoy. We would extend this notice, but cannot this year.

"THE TWOFOLDNESS OF DIVINE TRUTH:"
by R. GOVITT. London: James Nisbett and Co.

Unquestionably reviewing religious publications is not the least responsible department of an Editor's duties. If the work placed in the Editor's hands be of God, it is an insult to the Most High to throw it aside as waste paper; or, if in animadverting upon it, we speak disparagingly of its contents, and thus hinder its circulation, we damage that interest whose God is the Lord. On the other hand, if we should patronize, by our Editorial recommendation, that which is not of God, we do thereby promote the interest of anti-Christ: for, all evangelical publications whose father is God, is identified with Christ: while all other religious works, however fine the title page—however flattering the preface—however flowing the language—however fascinating the contents—however philological the composition—however logical the arguments, whose pedigree is not Divine, ignores Christ, and is, to all intents and purposes, *Antichrist*. With these convictions we feel it an important and difficult task to discharge our reviewing responsibilities.

The work before us is evidently written by a clever and educated man, and from his philosophical style of writing, we are inclined to think his talents might have been more advantageous to the scientific, than to the religious world. He ignores arminianism and calvinism; and yet hugs both. He lives between Sinai and Zion; he hears the sound of thunder, and the voice of mercy; but he is so remote from Zion, and so distant from Sinai, that he cannot define the sound of either. He is a spiritual polygamist; and, while, he would retain Sarah, he will not let Hagar go. He is the servant of two masters, and loves Moses as much as Jesus. He wears a linsey-woolsey garment, because he lives so far from the torrid zone; there pure linen is enough. He sows his field with mixed seed, that he may insure a crop; even, though it be of tares. He ploughs with the ox and the ass, because two are better than one; even, though one should be an ass. Hence the peculiar aptness of the title page which is indeed prophetic of what was to follow. We would not say that Mr. Govitt is not a good man, but he has

a deal to learn before he will be an able minister of the *New Testament*. When he has been to Joshua's school (*Zech. 3*) he will know how to distinguish "Things that differ," and instead of lisping *sibboleth* we shall hear him shout *sibboleth* (*Judges 12. 6*).

DR. CUMMING'S "BAPTISMAL FONT."

It is singular that our attention should be called to Dr. Cumming's work on Baptism, and to "A Villager's" Questions on Baptism at the same time. The quantity of papers which have rolled in upon us this month have put the "break" upon our progress with the Doctor's "Font." Two letters are already in this number on the subject. We must not occupy more room now. We shall carefully tie up all the papers we receive, with Dr. Cumming's volume, and peruse them as opportunity serves, giving our readers, and the Doctor too, the full benefit of those valuable communications with which our brethren have favoured us. There is so much that is true, and so much that is contradictory and unproved in the Doctor's work, and in the views of our opponents, that we feel too much care and prayerful caution cannot be exercised in dealing with the subtle and popular advances made upon us by adverse powers.

MR. JAMES WELLS'S NOTE RESPECTING "PLAIN PAPERS OF THE MILLENNIUM."

[We have had these "Plain Papers" by us some weeks, intending to notice them. Our brother Wells has stepped in before us with the following note, which we cheerfully give, although we consider Mr. Palmer's Papers worthy of a more extended notice. The subject itself, the views now in existence upon that subject, and the able and comprehensive manner in which Mr. Palmer has brought it before the churches, all demand what we hope to give—a more enlarged review.—ED.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Could you kindly afford me a little space in the December number of the *VESSEL*, just to say that Mr. William Palmer, of Homerton, has published eleven successive tracts, or "Plain Papers," as they are called, to be had of Houlston and Wright, Paternoster-row, and by order, of course, of all *respectable* booksellers?

These Papers are upon the Millennium; the object is to shew the reign of Christ is not temporal, earthly, or local, but *spiritual*. And what I can but wonder at, is that these "Plain Papers" should not, ere this, have been read by every lover of the Bible throughout the land, especially by everyone who believes that the kingdom of Christ is not of this world. I say nothing of the unbounded researches of the author, or of his uncommon industry, or of his full acquaintance with all the millenarian theories, from the first of the ancient fathers, down to the present day. I say nothing of the literary excellencies of these Papers. I trouble not myself to make any remarks upon the strength of the lan-

gauge he employs, the force of his sentences, the propriety of arrangement, clearness of diction, and sonorous collocation of words; nor will I stop to notice the masterly way in which he sets principle by the side of principle, leaving them both room fairly to struggle with each other; nor will I describe the terrible plight into which the earthly-millennium principle is brought.

I have read these Papers with much interest, and have been edified and confirmed in what always have been my feelings and sentiments upon the millennium. I can imagine three chief causes of these Papers not being universally read.

First, they are not in their real value much known. Secondly, many who would like to read more, really have not the time to spare so to do; the world, of necessity, absorbing nearly all their time. They have to struggle hard for the bread that perisheth. Great allowance must be made in this department. But the third cause of good substantial books—requiring close attention and some little labour to understand—one reason such books are not more read, is the almost universal custom now of reading almost exclusively books and periodicals of mere gossip and comparative trash; our theological skies are covered with these clouds without rain; and these wells without water are found everywhere; these upas trees overhang and poisonously shade thousands of professors, who deal so largely at these sweetmeat shops that the purity and healthiness of their taste are gone; wholesome food cannot be enjoyed by them; it is enough to tempt one to think that the churches are being prepared for some fiery judgment. We all no doubt like a little bit of light reading now and then; nor shall I be either so fastidious or hypocritical as to deny this; but then, to take a little bit of sugar candy now and then is one thing, but to attempt to live upon it is quite another thing. Therefore I wish I could see, in place of so much light reading, a little more solemn *laborious* reading; it would be better for us all.

Now, my object in speaking so highly of these "Plain Papers," written by Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, is that I wish others to be profited by them, as I myself have pro-

fit by them; and the apostle says, "It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace." A good thing! well, then, if it be a good thing, it is a *gospel* good thing; and gospel good things are the *best* of all good things.

We cannot be too well established in the *truth*; we shall yet have plenty of trials, and plenty of adverse winds to shake us; and it takes but very little to shake some; it is then a good thing to be rooted and grounded in the *truth as it is in Jesus*.

I do not speak of the "Plain Papers" from the impulse of the moment; weeks have elapsed since I read them, and I have marked, learned and inwardly digested. May every lover of the truth be enabled to do the same.

I am, dear Mr. Editor, yours sincerely in the truth,
JAMES WELLS.
6, St. George's-place, Brixton-road,
Nov. 16.

L I N E S

ON THE DEATH OF MISS ELEANOR BAILEY,
BY HER NEPHEW.

To mourn for dear departed friends

Is sorrow most sincere;
However strong—the friendship ends
When God the solemn message sends,
And loved ones disappear.

Yet weeping o'er the tear-drenched grave
Will not restore our loss,
Rather rejoice—thank Him who gave
His life—yea, more, the soul to save,
Expiring on the cross!

The coffined dust of one now lies
Mouldering in death's embrace,
Whose spirit lives in yonder skies
Midst all the joys which heaven supplies,
Where Christ unveils his face.

Though short her illness, yet her soul
Travell'd with hopes and fears;
She felt how hard was sin's control
And longed to reach the heavenly goal,
To rest with Christ's joint heirs!

Nor did she linger long in vain,
Nor did she once despair,
For soon was snapp'd the mortal chain,
And life resigned its feeble reign;—
The Saviour's hand was near!

Now she rejoices near the throne,
The radiant throne of God;
While mourning friends are left alone:
Until, O Lord, "Thy will be done,"
We wait thy sovereign nod! F. B.

R E D E M P T I O N F U N D ,

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