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THE
EARTHEN VESSEL :

AND

Christian Record ;

FOR

1860.

VOLUME XVI.

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THE EARTHEN VESSEL ;

AND

Christian Record.

The Ominous Aspect of the Times :

A PLEA FOR THE THREE ESSENTIALS :

VITALITY IN THE SOUL ; UNITY IN THE CHURCHES ;
ACTIVITY IN THE PEOPLE.

'THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD' is no longer a stranger either in the church or in the world. During the last year, more than *one hundred thousand* copies of it have been issued ; and it is well known that its circulation extendeth to the utmost bounds of the nations of the earth. Circumstances have transpired which have caused it to be noticed in nearly all the secular and literary journals in the kingdom ; and the demand for it has been greater every succeeding month. It has, by some high authorities, been recognised as, and declared to be, the leading organ of the Particular Baptist Churches in this country—although it never assumed to itself any such important position. Nevertheless, its almost universal reception has thrown upon the Editor no small amount of responsibility ; and never, during the whole of his fifteen years labour in conducting this work, did he ever feel that responsibility more solemnly than he has done in commencing this sixteenth Volume. That the providence of God should have so long preserved him, and helped him, is, indeed, most marvellous ; especially when he reflects upon the meanness of his origin ; the dangerous and difficult course he has had to pursue ; and the evident imperfect manner in which his work has been done ; surrounded as it

ever has been by trials and temptations of no ordinary kind.

There are four classes of persons to whom sincere grateful acknowledgements are justly due ; because, it has been through them, as instruments, that THE EARTHEN VESSEL has reached its present useful position. To kind brethren in the ministry who have recommended it : to correspondents who have freely contributed articles to enrich it : to charitable donors who have helped to support it : and to the thousands and tens of thousands of readers, who have welcomed it to their homes and to their hearts. To one and to all, we tender thanksgiving most sincere ; and if the will of God be so, may we long be spared to publish the name of the LORD ; and to afford instruction and consolation to the multitudes of the spiritual Israel who are coming up from the wilderness, leaning on the arm of their beloved Lord. Brethren, pray for us : that great grace may be given unto us ; that we may prosecute our work with a devotion, a decision, and with such an untiring determination as the times in which we live imperatively demand.

Before we quit this introductory note, we must say a word on four points.

First. *Our Independence.* No man on earth can be more dependant upon the purpose, the power, and the providence of God, than has been, and still

is, the conductor of this small periodical; no man was ever more determined, in the strength of God, to be free from all mere paltry trammels, influences, or creature direction. 'God is our refuge and strength,' he has been to us, 'a very present help in the time of trouble.' We wish, and are willing, to render service to every good man in the Gospel, we desire that every brother should, through us, freely speak his mind on things which are divine; but *speculations*, hard controversies, and cruel contentions, we cannot abide. Oh that we all lived more with CHRIST, more like CHRIST, more for CHRIST, more blessedly beholding his glory; and more fully declaring the things flowing immediately from his delightful Person, and precious work! To the very end of our career would we gladly occupy John's position; and aim to do like him, when he said, 'these things write we unto you, that your joy may be full.'

Secondly. *Our Design* is chiefly to open up the mysteries of Grace as wrought in the souls, and exhibited in the lives of God's dear chosen people. This is the work we love. *The doctrines of grace!* We delight, with holy unction and heavenly power, to declare them in all their fullness, richness, and glory. *The doings of grace!* to exhibit the mighty triumphs of JEHOVAH'S grace in the souls of the people; is most exceedingly precious to us. To see poor wretched sinners plucked from the jaws of death: quickened by God the Holy Ghost; convinced of their hopeless and helpless condition; led to look to, to fly to, and to find shelter in the person and work of the adorable God-man the Redeemer, to behold them putting on Christ in baptism, in communion, and by a conversation becoming the saints: to hear them express their faith in the Father's electing love, and everlasting covenant; these are joyful realities indeed. We wish the EARTHEN VESSEL was full of them every month.

Thirdly. *Our thoughts upon the present, and the future state of things.* Look where you may; there are signs of coming sorrows. Look at our social state; the strikes have filled our cottages and our humble homes with want and with woe. Look at our political position, everywhere preparation is making for war: we are preparing to defend our happy land from invasion and destruc-

tion. But, alas! the secret assassins of our Protestant life are thickly hidden in all parts of our nation. They are indeed; yet we sleep on. Look at our *evangelical* movements. What mean these extraordinary out-works of the professing church? Are they really for God's glory? For Christ's honor? for the people's good? We will try and hope that they are; but while we behold their blindness, and their enmity to the glory of the Gospel, we cannot help fearing. Look at our *spiritual* state. There is a voice, a kind of mournful voice, in the courts of the Lord's house, it comes from the thousands who stand looking at the visible church as she sits bemoaning her weak and forlorn condition. The voice says, 'whither is thy beloved gone, oh, thou fairest among women? Whither is thy beloved turned aside, that we may seek him with thee?' Ah! Christ has been insulted; and, in a great measure he hath withdrawn himself. We enter not into any details; but we ask, is there not a solemn absence of the fear of God, of the manifest glory of Christ, of the power of the Holy Ghost, in our churches, in our ministrations, in our souls? *Vitality, unity, activity* in the right direction, and upon sound principles! Of these things there is a lack. We fear, we do, brethren, indeed, fear, that while *forms* of godliness are increasing, the *power* is departing.

The appeal to Britain, by the author of her future destinies, may seem harsh; but, to us, they are weighty words.

'O, modern Babylon! with riches stor'd,
And yet but poor, as left of ME, the Lord,
What wilt thou do, when I contend with thee,
If nations terrible should seize on thee?

Think on Jerusalem that favour'd place,
The type of thee, but not so rich in grace;
For thou, for long, with gospel light hast shin'd,
For privileges they were very far behind;
And if God spared not that comely tree;
Take heed, O England, lest he spare not thee.

We must conclude with a word on the last point.

Our Convictions and Desires touching the Churches' present mission and duty. And this shall be given in the words of another. Our excellent brethren, Wale, of Reading; and Swan, of Manchester, have favoured us with the following communications. In some measure, they *speak* our mind: we may add, they speak out the feelings of thousands in this and other lands.

Brethren, we invite your prayerful attention to these letters; and, may the Lord arise, and have mercy upon Zion; so prays, your devoted servant,
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I was glad to see brother Palmer's letter, on the necessity of more extensive and united action among our Churches and congregations, in publishing the great truths of the everlasting Gospel to our perishing fellow-sinners. Let us ever remember the commission has come to us, "Go into all the world, and *preach the Gospel to every creature.*" We, as a body, have been too prone to stand aloof from all active measures for sending abroad, either in our own or distant lands, the Gospel of the Lord Jesus. We, indeed, have raised objection after objection to all that has been done by other religious bodies: their missionaries, their system, and their movements, have all been pretty unanimously condemned by us; in my opinion, far too *sweepingly* and self complacently. But let that pass. What I wish to ask is, What are *we* doing, and going to do? Are we to content ourselves by putting a negative upon all propositions for immediate and united action? Shall we content ourselves with censuring and condemning all that is done by others, and make their errors an excuse for our idleness? I confess that I am sick and ashamed of the *everlasting* 'No!' That delicious pillow of sloth sewed under so many armpits! While we censure the movements of others, let us seek to do better ourselves. We believe we have the *pure* Gospel: let its light be seen in the world, and let it no longer be hid under a bushel. I mourn over the lack of the missionary spirit among us. Had this been the characteristic of Apostolic christianity, where would have been our knowledge of the truth in which we rejoice? *The Gospel travelled some thousands of miles to reach us!* Christ's commission ran thus,—"*Beginning at Jerusalem, Judea, Samaria, and to the uttermost parts of the earth.*" That is his language to us. May the Holy Spirit stir us up to carry out the Saviour's mandate. I hope no obstructions will be thrown in the way of brother Palmer's suggestions by any of my ministerial brethren. I should like to see all act in the unity of the Spirit, for the glory of God, and the extension of a Saviour's kingdom. Let 'minor differences,' where no great principles are involved, be sunk and forgotten. Let brother Wells be asked to take the leadership and the presidency. Let him rest assured that all his ministerial brethren will rally round him in so noble a cause as the formation of a Particular Baptist Missionary Society, whether for home or foreign labours; and ere he passes home to his reward, he will leave behind him a me-

memorial of his yearning love for souls, and his devotion to his Master's service, which will hand down and endear his name to future generations. *Brother Wells, do it, and don't say 'No.'*

The aspect of the age is ominous, terrible, and hopeful; the increased potencies and activity of all the agencies of evil are stirring and appalling. Things are converging to a crisis. The Lord is coming out of his place, to punish the inhabitants of the world for their iniquity; but as a forewarning of this—the separating voice of the Holy Spirit is going forth, calling his people out of Babylon ere her deep damnation cometh: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins; and that ye receive not of her plagues."

Let Special Prayer Meetings be convened in our chapels, to ask the Lord for his guidance, and for the out-pouring of his Holy Spirit, remembering and pleading the Saviour's promise, that whatever *two shall agree to ask*, shall be done by our Father who is in heaven.

Among my own people, I am grateful to say, that there has for the last six weeks been an increasing earnestness in prayer, for the out-pouring of the Holy Spirit; and we have a *special prayer meeting* at the close of the Sabbath evening service, for this special object.

I remain most cordially yours,
Reading.

B. WALE.

Without comment, we also add the following from Mr. Swan, of Manchester.

MR. C. W. BANKS.—DEAR SIR,—Having observed in this month's VESSEL announcement of a public meeting of our Baptist Churches, to be holden on the 6th inst., in Unicorn Yard chapel, London, "for prayer, consultation, &c," it is earnestly hoped you will be good enough to give the Churches in your next issue, as full details of the meeting as possible, as many of the brethren, in various parts of the country, are anxiously watching the progress of this movement amongst the metropolitan Churches, anticipating the time when there shall be a universal co-operation and re-union amongst our Particular Baptist Churches generally; for the better dissemination of our principles amongst the masses of our population, many of whom have hitherto only heard of us by an evil report.

It is to be lamented that our Churches have so long remained isolated and divided in action, in propagating the truth; whilst other denominations around us have been united in their efforts, and concentrated in their operations to spread abroad their respective tenets—though few of them can lay claim to the amount of Scriptural evidence embodied in our excellent standards. The ominous aspect of the times in which we live, declare plainly the necessity of more union amongst our Churches generally, and more Christian love and fellow-feeling amongst our members.

If the present gatherings will be the commencement of a more pure, peaceable, and prosperous state of our poor distracted Zion, you will not have cause to regret the benevolent efforts you are now making to bring this important subject before the minds of the people throughout the country. Some

have thought that as our causes are so widely scattered abroad, if there were local or provincial meetings held within a given distance from each other, where Churches, congregations, and Sunday-schools could be registered and formed into the general union, it might be the means of reviving our causes. Reports of their condition and statistics of their number, &c., might be transmitted by deputation to a general meeting held in London annually, to deliberate, prayerfully and impartially, as to the best method of aiding and encouraging the work of the Lord amongst our poor fellow-sinners in the different localities thus represented. Whilst all this brotherly care and inspection might be exercised without altering our independent form of Church government, or in the least degree infringing upon the liberties of the private members to settle their internal affairs at their usual Church meetings. Many of our causes are at this present time languishing and withering for want of the encouragement and stimulus which they would derive by such scriptural care and oversight being exercised towards them by their brethren. I have been labouring myself during the last three years in the large and populous manufacturing town of Oldham, near Manchester, where the cause of God and truth has been maintained during the last thirty years, under the most discouraging circumstances for want of sympathy and advice from their more prosperous neighbours, whose implied, if not their avowed sentiments have been, "Am I my brother's keeper?" This was not the way the apostles and early Christians acted towards their brethren, &c., whom they often revisited throughout the provinces. "Confirming the souls of the disciples, and exhorting them to continue in the faith, and that we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God;" and so were the Churches established in the faith, and increased in number daily. And so ought our Churches to be.

I have to acknowledge your kindness in the favourable mention you made of my little pamphlet, on the "Doctrine, Worship, Government, and Discipline of the Church of God," as appeared on the cover of your magazine last month. It was intended only for local distribution among the working population here; and being very imperfectly revised, hardly deserved your friendly notice; yet it shewed me there is yet remaining amongst us a spark of that heavenly fire that ignites and reciprocates by contact, and that however it may be suppressed by the freezing influence of party strife and contention, neither Satan, nor the world, nor the remaining corruption of our own fallen nature will ever extinguish or eradicate it from the soul where God the Holy Ghost has once kindled it; "The fire shall ever be burning upon the altar, it shall never go out."

May the Lord make you more and more useful in your day and generation, and enable you to prove daily that "it is no vain thing to serve the Lord," who hath graciously declared for our encouragement in well doing, "Them that honour me I will honour, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed." I trust you will excuse the freedom of this note from one who is a stranger to you in the flesh, though it is hoped we are not strangers as we stand related to each other as fellow members in our common Lord. Let us continue to pray for the peace of Jerusalem, "They shall prosper that love her." Yours truly,
JOHN SWAN.

A LETTER FROM MANCHESTER,

CALLING OUR CHURCHES TO ACTIVITY IN THE SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

If our ministers and Churches could be united in a Scriptural effort to carry THE GOSPEL into the highways, bye-ways, lanes, and alleys, of our mighty metropolis; we do believe the Lord would bless them. Some hearts are touched with a desire to work in this direction. Most earnestly we would cry unto God that He would arise, and have mercy

upon Zion, clothing her ministers with SALVATION; causing her saints to shout aloud for joy.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER,—I have read your opening account in the Vessel, of your 16th anniversary, which has given me great joy, and I would say much; but I would briefly notice that if you and the brethren are *determined*, set about your mission practically; choose a young Timothy, give him a salary for that *one special* object of going from street to street, and house to house in business style with Bible and Gospel tracts and prayer; and work six days in the week, and render an account every week to a superintendent. Let him work on a district which you can mark out on your map; and try to hold two or three meetings for prayer and address weekly, and as that succeeds, increase the number of missionaries; surely your 100 metropolitan Gospel ministers could manage that at once! I shall be glad to see it. Again issue a short Gospel sermon every week, suitable for a *cottage lecture*, with an interesting anecdote of Biblical narration; this could be circulated, and good Gospel tracts spread. In Pendleton, in Salford, a great outpouring of the Spirit, has, within these last three months, commenced in a cottage meeting for prayer; people flocked by hundreds round the door; sinners have been converted: the people in two adjoining districts have opened their cottages; for prayer, which are crowded in some cases to excess; and souls are crying out for mercy under a conviction of sin. The Lord direct you, prays your affectionate brother,
J. HUDSON.

15, Renshaw-street, Greenheys, Manchester, 3rd December, 1859.

LIVING WATERS.

(Rev. xxii. 17.)

Living waters, never failing,
Trickle from the village spring;
No strong fence, or iron railing,
Keeps the Crystal treasure in.
All may come and take their fill,
Welcome! whosoever will.

In the vale of Bethlehem
Other living waters rise,
Mingling with the mighty spring,
Rushing downward from the skies;
Both unite on Calvary,
Fountain flowing full and free.

Jesus says, Come take it freely!
Living waters flowing still,
Purifying, cleansing, healing,—
Welcome! whosoever will!
Sinner, try its wondrous power,
Drink, and thirst for sin no more.

Listen to the Spirit's whisper,
That still voice is heard within;
Hark! the Bride, the Spirit, calls thee!
Haste salvation's joys to win!
Gospel streams are flowing still,
Welcome! whosoever will.

Holloway. JOHN TROTSMAN.

Idleness is the very source of sin. Standing pools gather mud, and nourish and breed venomous creatures; and so do the hearts of idle and slothful Christians.—Brooks.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

THE KING'S CHAMBERS.

(Canticles I. 4.)

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

THERE is a most precious promise—'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.' This is *spiritual progress*. The true EXCELSIOR of the renewed heart. The onward and upward walk of the Pilgrim, who having steadfastly set his face to go up to the *better land*, turns his back on all the cities of the plain, and climbs up to the *mount of God*, singing, as he goes:

'With my scrip on my back,
And my staff in my hand,
I march on in haste,
Through an enemy's land;

'The way may be rough,
But it cannot be long;
So I'll smooth it with hope,
And cheer it with song.'

There cannot be the *pilgrim spirit* without the *citizenship in heaven*. It is when we know that God has prepared for us a city; and when, with sure and certain hope, we look for 'the city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God;' that we truly begin to confess that we are 'strangers and pilgrims on the earth.' We are taught blessed things as to *assurance* and *progress*, by the experience of the figurative bride. The King's chambers—or the inner-chambers as the original really means—are the place of his own special presence and not the apartments in use upon state occasions. It is a Queen's privilege to be brought into the inner-chambers and set down in familiar and endearing intercourse at the *King's table*. This privilege the bride now possesses. She met her Lord when she cried:—'*Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth.*' She had received the tokens of his love when she could say: '*Thy name is as ointment poured forth.*' She pledges herself to him alone, as she declares: '*thy love is better than wine.*' Her affection burns forth in ardent longings after him, when she says:—'*Draw me, we will run after thee.*' Now she meets the ready response, and rejoices in all the delightful confidence of mutual love when she says:—'*The King brought me into his chamber.*' This figure, then beautifully expresses that assurance of faith, confidence of love, consciousness of security and joy of communion, which the child of God ought always to possess.

David was speaking of the *King's chambers*, when he said 'He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.' He was desiring to be always in them, when he cried:—'One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after: that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple. For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me: he shall set me up upon a rock.' Isaiah gives us the experience of one who was in the *King's Chamber*: 'I will greatly rejoice in the Lord, my soul shall be joyful in my God: for he hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, he hath covered me with the robe of righteousness, as a bridegroom decketh himself with ornaments, and as a bride adorneth herself with her jewels.' The apostle was shewing the Hebrew converts the blessedness of the *King's Chambers* when he wrote:—'Having therefore, brethren, boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of Jesus, by a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh; and having an High Priest over the house of God; let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith.' It is one thing to have grace; and another thing to know that we have it, and rejoice in its possession. The knowledge of grace possessed is connected with *faith*; and the doubts and fears, which torment so many of God's children, are the offspring of unbelief. There is no such thing as the *mixing of faith* with unbelief. Sooner can oil mix with water. Faith is *precious*, the gift of God. Unbelief is *sin*, the fruit of the old man. One is from *above* the other from *beneath*. The two things meet in one individual, they do not *mix* in him. They struggle and fight in him. Sometimes the one is uppermost; sometimes the other. As faith has the ascendancy, God's word is received and rejoiced in, with all its blessed fulness. The individual, strong in faith, says: my sins are put away for ever, and I can no more come into condemnation. I am now a new creature, fully justified in God's sight. I am his adopted child:—all things are mine—all things are for my sake—all working together for my good. God my Father,

in his own unmerited love, gave Christ for me; and gave me to Christ. Christ has given me eternal life and I can never perish. I need fear no enemy. I travel, in God's strength, to that kingdom which is already mine; Christ, my Forerunner having taken possession for me. The Holy Spirit dwelling in me, guides and leads me.' By that Spirit I am 'sealed' and thus secured; having been, by the same Spirit, quickened into resurrection life—the resurrection of the soul into that life which is hid in Christ with God. Thus the old man is ready for destruction; and I am enabled, though with many struggles, to 'crucify the flesh with its affections and lusts;' so that even my own wicked and deceitful heart cannot separate from Jesus. I continually draw down upon myself the Father's chastisements; but I cannot put myself out of the Father's family, or the Father's love. All these trials and afflictions are his own love-tokens, the proofs that I am indeed one of the sons whom he has adopted. He puts me into the fire to melt out all the dross, but he will not lose a grain of his own precious gold. I am that gold, considered as the new man in Christ Jesus. The purchase of his precious blood, I am unto him the pearl of great price. In a little while I shall shine in Immanuel's land brighter than the noon-day sun. I shall be a jewel, a glittering diamond in his diadem of beauty. Thus feels the 'poor sinner saved by grace' as he sits in 'the King's Chambers!' Is it any wonder that he lifts up his exulting voice and joins the bride in her Song of Songs, 'We will be glad and rejoice in thee?'

The King's Chamber in the Song of Songs, is to be distinguished from the *King's Palace* in the 45th Psalm. The former is what we now enjoy through faith; the latter what we look for in the day when Christ shall gather all his people together, glorifying them with himself. David says, in that Psalm: 'the king's daughter is all glorious within; her clothing is of wrought gold. She shall be brought unto the king in raiment of needle-work; the virgins her companions that follow her shall be brought unto thee. With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the *King's Palace*.' That will be emphatically the day of our gladness of heart. The glories of that day was to Christ himself 'the joy set before him,' which led him to 'endure the cross and despise the shame.' To us it is the 'blessed hope' which brightens all the journey onward. Nevertheless, having such a hope, and possessed of a place in God's eternal love; supported by Omnipotent power; guided by infinite wisdom; continually supplied from inexhaustible grace; we say, and that even now, under the severest trial in the darkest hour,—'The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.'

* What cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternal days,
'Tis with the righteous well.

In every state secure,
Kept as Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.'

THE CHRISTIAN IN A DARK NIGHT AT SEA.

[Every month, a number of 'The Family Treasury,' comes to our hand. It contains a beautiful variety of choice reading. The following paper is a proof that the Editors and Contributors are no strangers to that inward conflict, and that living faith, which characterises the people of God. The quotation is headed 'Still off Pladda!'—we call it 'The Christian in a Dark Night at Sea.' The writer says:—]

MANY years ago, on the afternoon of a fine winter day, I left Greenock on board a steamer bound for various ports on the north coast of Ireland. But the wind was rising and the sky beginning to lower, and the short-lived winter sun soon went down with a fiery glow behind ominous masses of black clouds, which were rapidly overspreading all the south-western horizon.

'It was a remarkably stormy season, and the waves scarcely had time to subside after the lashing of one gale, before another sprung up to raise them again in redoubled fury. A heavy sea was in consequence running even in the usually tranquil Firth, and long before

we reached Arran all the passengers had betaken themselves to their berths. By this time, moreover, the threatened storm had come on in real earnest, and we afterwards learned that not another deep-sea steamer ventured out that night.

A long, long time of tossing to and fro had passed, and we were told we were still 'only off Pladda, steaming against the wind.' Hours passed on. The labouring ship groaned, and quivered, and staggered to and fro, as the great billows of the Atlantic came rolling upon her. In the words of Psalm cvii., 'We mounted up to the heaven, we went down again to the depths; our soul was melted because of trouble.' Through it all—through the noise of the waves, the roaring of the winds, and all the mingled miseries and terrors of a stormy night at sea—I possessed my soul in patience, upheld by a hope. In imagination as time passed on, I traced the well-known route. Now, Pladda's warning light must

have faded away in the far distance; now, we are off the Mull of Cantyre; now, we have crossed the open channel; now, we are encountering the aggravated jumble and tossing of this ever stormy north coast of Ireland. Every wave that meets us we have one less to cross,—every new hour of terror and suffering there is one less to endure. Through it all and by it all, we are ever drawing nearer and nearer to the place where we would be.

At last I concluded that we must be drawing near to Port Rush, which might prove at least a temporary harbour of refuge, and was rejoicing in the thought, when I overheard some one asking, 'Whereabouts are we now?' I cannot attempt to describe how my heart died within me, nor the violent revulsion of feeling which made the remainder of that dreary voyage more dreary than ever, when I heard the reply, 'Still off Pladda—still off Pladda!'

Many a time since, in the stormy voyage of life, has the memory of that night been brought to my mind, and in bitterness of spirit the cry has sprung to my lips, 'Still off Pladda!'

In a time of affliction, for instance, when wave has been calling to wave, and trouble to trouble—when God's hand was laying me low with pining sickness, and driving the ploughshare of his providence through my most cherished hopes and plans, I have been upheld and consoled by the sustaining thought, that 'so he was bringing me to my desired haven.' When I have been enabled to trace the 'needs be' of trials,—their peculiar adaptation to my peculiar case, the wonderful way in which they were made to run counter to besetting sins, hindering me from making provision for them, and so cutting off the supplies that they have seemed to starve and die away altogether,—then there has been a strange sweetness in the sorest trials and a willingness to endure, when the process was so manifestly a purifying one.

But by-and-by, when a time of refreshing rest succeeded to a time of trouble—when my wounds were healed, and health and spirits revived and restored, then temptations and sins I had thought dead and gone for ever began to raise up their heads anew, and to make their power felt. The root of bitterness was not destroyed, though its flourishing shoots had been cut down to the ground. Then in anguish of heart I have been forced to cry out, 'Have I suffered so many things *in vain*—all this discipline, all this chastening? Am I just where I was? Only dreaming of progress—anchored off the same spot, my voyage still to begin,—'Still off Pladda—still off Pladda!'

For a long time this often-recurring and deeply humbling experience of the *inve-*

teracy of the plagues of my own heart filled me with discouragement, made my knees feeble and my hands hang down, and caused me to write bitter things against myself, ay, and against my God and his grace too.

But I think I have been learning a more excellent way—a more profitable use to make of such hard lessons—a more *scriptural* one.

I am beginning to suspect that (in one sense at least) I will never get past Pladda all my life,—never see my heart grow any better nor my character any lovelier. Each pilgrim in the interpreter's house, after being washed in the bath of Sanctification, thought his fellows very fair to look upon, but wist not that his own face shone. So I suspect that the child of God never sees his own face shine—never feels himself to be any thing but the chief of sinners. He cannot be satisfied with outward cleansing, whilst increasing light is only showing more and more the ever-widening spiritual nature of the exceeding broad law, and his own continual short-comings and transgressions of it. If at any time he is ready to regard himself with complacency,—to say, "I am rich and increased in goods, and have need of nothing," surely he is then on the brink of a fall, when he may find himself with broken bones, or so plunged in the mire that his own clothes shall abhor him." I am learning now that growing in grace and in the knowledge of Christ implies a growing in the knowledge of our own deceitful and desperately wicked hearts, and that deeper and more precious views of the one, necessitate deeper and more humbling views of the other. The two experiences are parallel lines, which must run side by side. The one will terminate only in the grave; blessed be God, the other will run on to all eternity.

But some one may say, "Of course you are not referring to sin *cherished* or sin *reigning*; but do you mean to assert that, from the beginning to the end of his course, the same besetting sins will continue to tempt, harass, and ensnare the child of God?"

'Yes, *essentially* the same sins, but under a thousand different guises; the same shoals and quicksands, but shifting shape and position with every tide. Of course it is no longer sin in its outward forms, undisguised, unmistakable, by which the deceiver is likely to tempt the Christian. The more quick-scented the latter becomes in the fear of the Lord, the more easily does he take alarm at what looks like evil, or at what he has learned by bitter experience might lead to evil. But while he carries within a deceiving heart, prone to feed on ashes, the remembrance of the bitter taste of the apples of Sodom will not hinder him

from being tempted by the more subtle and spiritual grapes of Gomorrah. Never, indeed, is sin more dangerous than when it lurks in subtle forms, putting on the garments of an angel of light.

Pride, for instance, Protean in its shape, sprouting out in conceit and vanity, in childhood and youth, detected, repressed, mortified by a riper experience, takes refuge in spiritual places, and is never more hateful, more deadly, than when it apes humility, or puffing up the soul in self-complacency, causes it to seek for admiration for the very comeliness which the Lord himself has put upon it. In such a case, nothing but the word in the Spirit's hand, like the touch of Ithuriel's spear, can cause the disguise to fall off and the sin to appear in its own black shape.

Never, in all the journey through the enemies' land, will it be safe for the Christian to lay aside his armour, or cease to watch as well as to pray. Never, till his body has been laid in the grave, and his soul has joined the "spirits of just men made perfect," can he expect to be safe, or exempt from the attacks of that body of sin which made Paul groan, and the man after God's own heart roar and tremble. Never, in becoming a saint, does he cease to be a sinner, nor cease to need the Lord Jesus Christ as his 'all in all.'

Now, then, when in searching my heart and trying my ways, and 'remembering the days of old,' I find that in subtle forms, and under different names, the sins that so easily beset me are essentially the same as ever, my exercise is different. I am not now driven away from my hope confounded and discouraged. I say to myself, 'Do you think that the Scripture saith *in vain*, The spirit that dwelleth in you lusteth to envy?' that "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked? No; my experi-

ence only tallies with the Scripture testimony. I have *much* sin, but He has *more* grace. Ho receiveth sinners. His name is *Jesus*. He has promised, 'Sin shall not have dominion over you.' And so I betake myself anew to the Fountain, flee into my Refuge, commit my cause to my Advocate; and cleave to Him only with a firmer and closer grasp, because I feel more than ever that he must be *all* my salvation.

Now, also, I am inclined to think that not upon summer seas, nor even when gales from heaven are softly blowing, is my progress heavenward most real and steady. For when faint and weary with labouring at the oar, when the waves are high, and the winds are contrary, my eyes are kept looking to, and my heart leaning on Him who only can bring me safely through, and who, when his own time comes, can bring my frail bark 'immediately to the land where I would be.'

And now, too, when remembering all the way whereby He hath led me in time past, my soul is humbled in me to see how I have caused him to serve with the same sins, and wearied him with the same iniquities,' still I cannot but bless and thank God. For now, when, deeming that I *ought* to be drawing nearer that better land, I take my soundings and consult my chart, and see that, though the outline has varied, I am lying off the same rocks and line of coast as when I first set sail, how can I but thank God for the beacon of his own word, which then showed me their true character and awful danger! How can I but bless him that I have not, long ere now, made, as many have, utter shipwreck on them! Have not I, indeed, reason to bless him for the restraining grace, which alone has kept me in a position to cry, 'Still off Pladda! still off Pladda!'

"THE SEA IS HIS, HE MADE IT."

PSALM xcvi. 5.

His way is *in* the sea, marvel not therefore that Jesus walked upon the sea; to him the sea is as the dry land. That restless rolling, roaring sea, becomes a solid foot-way for him, who goes to overtake his loved disciples. Once the manhood slept, and during those soft slumbers, the wind and waves held carnival; storms were frequent on the sea of Gennessaret; but this was no common storm, Christ's fellow-travellers realized the marvellous description given in the 107th Psalm: they reeled to and fro, they staggered like drunken men; they were at their wit's end; then they cried unto the Lord, even unto him who

lay sleeping on a pillow in the hindermost part of the ship, "Master, carest thou not that we perish?" Ob, that cry; that death wail; see how it moves his arm, whose power rules the world; behold how it calls forth a rebuke from him,

"Who held his Godhead still;"

listen to the words, soft words, sweetly uttered, "Peace! be still." Mark the effect, "and there was a great calm." Reader, you have oftentimes journeyed with Christ in the vessel, and have smiled at the storm; but have you never, at any time, concluded the Master to be asleep, and altogether regardless of thee and thine? of old the

Church said, "The Lord, hath forgotten me;" but still the church of the living God finds with the sainted Cowper, that—

"Blind unbelief is sure to err
And scan his work in vain."

What dost thou say? That thy peaceful projects have been crossed; thy most precious schemes thwarted; the delight of thine eyes snatched away; or thy darling first-born torn from thy embrace; that thou hast realized the tempest

"Bursting o'er thy head,"

and that, as though Heaven and earth were jostling together, whilst thy religion seemed as if it would ebb away, that even then hope rallied, and thou criest "Lord save, I perish." Thou needest not that I should explain to thee, the great calm, consequent upon his interference, who is mighty to save.

This matter forms a part of the experience of the writer; happy they who know that "tribulation worketh patience," and leadeth unto the kingdom. Of course, you have gazed upon the sea; *earth's swaddling band*, the great *lavatory of the nations*, and you have thought of it as a "*vast mausoleum*." Start not—nor think we would induce gloominess; far, very far, from us, be this; we would rather shew the sanctity of the grave dug in ocean's depths. Where on earth has there not been a grave yard, or a grave, and where has not the spirit of enterprise gone, to the disturbance of our dead? But who shall desecrate the tombs cut out of the bowels of the mighty deep? Here such is the vastness of area, and so ample is the provision, that each may have a "new tomb wherein never man lay."

In our great cathedral, as also in our venerable abbey, we have heard the death *requiem* sung over the ashes of departed

greatness; but anon the mournful song has ceased, and the mourners have gone by the way of the streets. Not so in the vasty deep; there every new-born wave utters its moan, and continually pours forth its complaint over those who come to increase the population of the dead. The census of the sea will one day be taken; yea "the sea shall give up its dead." Pharaoh, whose tomb was built during his life-time, but who rested not in it after his death, he shall come forth with myriads also of lesser and of greater note.

Has not my reader often thought of the sea, as the world's highway? Such it is; but who will become lessee of its tolls? Who will undertake to repair its paths? Who, like another Stephenson or Brunel, will make for us here a path, east or west? Such considerations are simply unnecessary, beloved, seeing that our God has so formed the sea, that there the dolphin plays; there the great leviathan swims;—there the tiny wherry, and there the monster Eastern, plough their way, but leave no furrow behind. The daily tide providing for all the requirements of this great highway. All things are double; thus the sea, is at once the scene of life, and the abode of death. What saith the Scriptures? Or rather what hath the 'Strength of the seas' declared? "I will make thy seed, as the *sand* of the sea." "I will cast *their* sins behind my back, into the *depths* of the sea." Thy righteousness shall be as the waves of the sea;" and "they shall suck of the abundance of the sea; yea, from its *depths* will I bring my chosen." The sea is a type of sinners: it symbolises the grace of Jehovah; but when sinners shall have been driven away, and grace shall no more be needed, there shall be "*no more sea*."

Colnbrook.

J. BRUNT.

A GLORIOUS ACCOUNT OF THE CONVERSION, TRIALS, REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE,
AND HEAVY PERSECUTIONS, OF
LAWRENCE SPOONER,
WHO LIVED NEAR LICHFIELD, IN THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD.

[TAKEN FROM HIS OWN MANUSCRIPT, BY HIS GRANDSON, MR. SAMUEL JAMES.]

It was my mercy to be born of christian parents, who not only professed the form, but felt the power of Godliness; my reverend father gave me the best instructions; but my parents dying when I was young, I was left to the care of some christian friends, who greatly valued me for my father's sake, I being his only son. As I grew up, I became very careless about my soul, wasted precious time, fell into bad company, and was addicted to drinking, and other excesses, to the great grief and concern of those who had the over-

sight of me. I dread to tell the particulars; but one thing, among many others, hath distressed me exceedingly; namely, that I tempted a poor harmless inoffensive man, to drink to excess. He is since dead; and when I think of his precious and immortal soul, it even pierces and rends my heart, and for ought I know, will follow me with sorrow to the grave. I did as bad by others, but they having a greater share of natural reason, were more capable of viewing the danger, and withstanding the temptation; besides they

are still living, and who can tell but the grace of God may reach them before they die? Thus I walked in the ways of my own heart for several years, and was suffered to run such lengths in vanity and sin, and to cast such slight on the whole counsel of my friends, that they were ready to give me over for lost, some of them even ceased to pray for me; particularly one good woman, who, after conversing in a serious manner with me, said, she had left off mentioning me at the throne of grace. This expression affected me for awhile very much, for I, all along retained an high opinion of the prayers of the righteous, though, alas! I had little or no desire to pray for myself; at times indeed I was under convictions of sin, and a secret dread of the Divine wrath, which put me upon prayer, and making promises in my own strength, of forsaking my wicked companions, and leading a new life, but these impressions soon wore off, and to my shame be it mentioned, I grew as bad, nay, worse than before. O matchless mercy! love unsought! boundless grace indeed! which spared such a wretch as I, who ran such lengths in wickedness, and sinned against God, and the dictates of my own conscience. Being invited by two friends, to go with them to visit some godly man, at that time in prison for conscience sake; at length I consented. The morning they set out they sent for me, but as the weather was wet, and being willing to make excuses, I declined the journey. Soon after they were gone, I felt great remorse attended with such reflections as these. Surely I shall be condemned at the last day, because I refuse to visit prisoners who are confined for Jesus' sake, while I live in ease and pleasure; this conviction wrought so powerfully, that I immediately took my horse and followed them. I no sooner entered the prison, but I was much affected with seeing these servants of the Lord, insomuch that I could not refrain from tears, though I would fain have concealed them; they soon beheld it with joy, and the conversation of one of them especially, made a deep impression on my mind.* On taking leave of these good men, I desired a share in their earnest prayers; and when I came home, I began to pray for myself, which till now, alas! I had seldom done for several years. I bowed my knees in secret before the Lord; but such was the dreadful hardness of my heart, I knew not what to say; however, as enabled, I prayed for softening grace, that I might see the evil of sin, and be helped to mourn over it, and that the Lord would bring me to the knowledge of my miserable lost state and condition. I was under many fears, lest this concern should wear off, as formerly; but these fears made me cry more earnestly to the Lord, that convictions might be continued, and that I might be as a brand plucked from the fire. I now loved to be alone in the house, or in the field, where I have spent a

great part of the night in frequent supplication, deep examination, and soul-searching exercises, begging that I might see more of the evil of sin, and be led to the blood and righteousness of the Saviour.

I was much affected with free-grace, and unmerited, unsought-for mercy. These have been wonderful words, Is. lxxv. 1. 'I am sought of them that asked not for me; I am found of them that sought me not.' And now I began to love the company of good people, whose society I had for a long time shunned, but their conversation now was very sweet and delightful to my soul. Soon after my former wicked companions began to assault me with great violence, striving with all their might to turn me aside from the Lord and his people; likewise my inbred corruptions began to struggle, and seemed to rage more than ever; and Satan set upon me with no small fury, tempting me to leave off prayer, and for some little time he prevailed, but still such thoughts as these would follow me, 'where can I go? whither, O whither can I fly? those that are afar off from God must perish,' &c., which brought me again upon my knees with shame and confusion of face before the great Searcher of hearts. At length, he who loves to pity souls, had pity on me; the Lord heard my voice, and my cry came up before him, my fears were quickly turned into faith, my despair into hope, and my darkness into light, my sorrows were turned into joy, my pain into ease, my bondage into liberty, and my storm into a sweet calm; in short, my fetters were all knocked off, and my poor imprisoned soul set at liberty, my wounds were all healed with the balm of the covenant, my filthy garments taken away, and there was given unto me a change of raiment. Now was my head lifted up above all mine enemies, my heart was filled with joy and gladness, and a new song put into my mouth; 'bless the Lord O my soul.' In this delightful frame I gave myself up to the church, where I quickly had the sealings of the Divine spirit, these words were impressed with great power, soon after my entering on a public profession, Matt. xxv. 23, 'well done good and faithful servant,' this was followed with that exceeding great and precious promise, Heb. xiii. part 5th verse, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.' My heart was now even ravished with a sense of the love of God in Christ Jesus; and so rich were my entertainments in the kingdom of grace, that I seemed to be in a new world, 'old things were now passed away, behold, all things were become new.'

But this sweet frame was short, it pleased the Lord gradually to withdraw himself, and to abate these sweet refreshments, and to mingle some bitterness therewith, till at last he suffered me to fall into very deep exercises and distress indeed, which continued about the space of one whole year, during which season I was sorely buffeted and tempted by Satan; and especially to three things. One was to entertain horrid blasphemous thoughts. Notwithstanding all my former evidence of unseen things, so frail is human nature

*The person referred to, was one Mr. Pardo, a useful minister in these parts, who afterwards wrote him several very friendly and affectionate letters, which were greatly blessed to his further conviction and establishment. This was about the year 1675.

when tempted, I began greatly to question the state of my own soul, the truth of the Holy Scriptures, the reality of a future world, yea, and I may say, the very being of a God.

I none can conceive, but those who have experienced the same. What distress and terror my poor soul was now in. I was like a person falling into an overwhelming destruction; and such a sense of sin and dread of the terrible majesty of an angry Almighty God soon followed, that I feared living justice would immediately strike me dead, or the earth swallow me up: yea, with reverential tears I write it, I thought the very air began to wax hot about me; it is impossible to express what I felt; but God knows my heart, I had rather undergo the most exquisite torments that mortal creatures can inflict, than feel the like again; I seemed as though I had been with Israel upon mount Sinai, and had heard the giving forth of that fiery law, which made even Moses exceedingly fear and quake.

'Let Atheists tremble, and bold sinners fear,
Who may hereafter this relation hear.'

Another temptation was concerning my dear Saviour, affixing to all in question his love towards me; and so fiercely were Satan's fiery darts cast at me, that I was forced to make a perpetual verbal resistance, which, with the ardent striving of my spirit, and the season of the year so affected me, that I think I may truly say, I was almost smothered with the heat, having hardly time to lift my head for a little air, as I lay struggling on the ground, during this sore conflict. I frequently replied to Satan, saying, 'I hope I shall love him; I hope I shall, I hope I shall.' At last, through great mercy, these words, 'I believe I shall,' were put into my mouth, whereby my courage increased, and the power of the temptation very sensibly abated.

But a third assault in this sad season, was that of spiritual pride; I no sooner perceived this coming upon me, but I think I should have run through a burning fire to have found a place of shelter; but since that could not be, I immediately retired, using these words a great number of times during my resistance of the Adversary, 'Lord hide me, hide me: O remove pride from me! &c.' But this conflict, through mercy, was shorter than those I before met with.

During the continuance of these sore temptations, I frequently retired into the fields, where I have spent a great part of the night in earnest cries, and strong wrestlings with the Lord, till at length I conceived some small hope; by degrees my spirit revived, the cloud broke, the day began to dawn, and the Sun of righteousness arose with fresh healing in his wings; and I hope these sharp conflicts were profitable on many accounts. Hereby I was perfectly cured of those Atheistical thoughts which used to trouble me. I was likewise helped to engage in the duty of prayer, both in my closet and family, with greater reverence and seriousness, and with more awe of the Divine Majesty, which was henceforth inscribed on my heart in the deepest characters; I also saw more of the plague

of my own heart, appearing to me self nothing else but an emblem of spiritual Babylon; the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

One thing especially these fearful combats taught me, namely, 'never to desire a sight of sin without a view of the Saviour.' I had many times intreated, with almost as much vehemence and earnestness as ever I asked anything, that the Lord would give me a greater sight and sense of sin, and open to view all the corrupt channels of my heart. He answered my request, but so terribly in righteousness, that it made me ever after very careful how I asked for such discoveries; in short, I was hereby taught to pity the tempted, as well as prepared for those future trials I was to pass through, which I shall now briefly relate to the glory of God, and the encouragement of others.

In the year 1683, on the 1st day of October, we had a considerable meeting at my house, not only for our own friends, but also several from other Societies near us, who were assembled together to hear a worthy minister that came many miles to preach the gospel among us. When he was engaged in prayer, two informers came in unknown to us all, and after being silent awhile, one of them began to speak aloud, and to disturb the assembly. A little before he began to speak, I had a sudden strong impression on my mind, that some informer was there, and that in case he should give us any disturbance, I should go to him and endeavour to prevent him; accordingly I went, and called them both aside, desired them not to interrupt us in our worship, adding, that if aught was done contrary to law, they knew what advantage they had against house or hearers; they told me they wondered I would keep such unlawful assemblies at my house; I replied, 'I was not careful to answer in that matter, having rules for our practice long before those laws of the realm were made.' Wishing them again not to interrupt the meeting, they then desired to know the preacher's name, and said they would depart; this I refused, yet they withdrew without any further interruption.

A few days after, they went in great triumph to a meeting of justices, to inform against us, and calling on one of our Societies by the way, told him with an air of contempt, that they were going about our business, but the justices only gave them for an answer that they would consult with their fellows, and appoint them a time to come again. Perceiving the enemy now likely to come in like a flood, we concluded to set a day apart for solemn humiliation, fasting and prayer. At the close of this meeting, two questions were debated: the one, whether we should continue our meetings at the usual place, and keep them openly as before; the other, whether we should dispose of our goods privately, or, if God in his providence should permit, suffer them to be seized?

With regard to the former question, it was determined to keep our meetings as usual, not only as the place was most commodious, but lest our seeking more privacy, should em-

bolden our enemies. And that word was brought to my mind, Isaiah li. 12, 'Who art thou, that thou shouldst be afraid of a man that should die, and of the Son of man which shall be as grass?' As to our goods, we determined nothing, only these queries were proposed to consideration, whether those great and precious promises made to such who suffer for Christ and his gospel, are not beyond any of God's creatures here below? Whether those practices which are most use in a time of suffering are not plainly forbidden in the word? And whether any affliction that befalls the people of God, is not for the trial of their faith, and for their profit? and if so, whether Christians may not take joyfully, the spoil of their goods?

Having thus by prayer and supplication, made our requests known unto God, and committed the keeping of our souls—our bodies, and our substance to him, as to a faithful Creator; we agreed to wait on the Lord, to keep in the path of duty, and to strengthen the feeble-minded, to support the weak, and to shew ourselves patient towards our enemies. The next Lord's-day, the informers went to break up another meeting, but missing their aim, they came to our's about the conclusion of the same. While we were commemorating the death and sufferings of our blessed Saviour, they rushed in very hastily, I suppose, thinking to have surpris'd us; they began to speak very confidently what they pleased, but perceiving the minister make no pause, nor any of the people rise from their seats, it gave a check to their boldness. After they had sat some considerable time, and one of them especially, appearing to be under convictions, they withdrew, and our meeting ended in comfort and peace.

After this they disturbed our worship but once, when they kept silence till prayer was ended, then one of them in a confident manner, began to cast several severe reflections, to which I was helped to reply; a short debate passed between us, on which they seemed ashamed, and in a confused manner they all quitted the place. From this time our meetings were not interrupted. Perceiving they had got nothing by coming thus among us, and knowing that we had already forfeited as much, or more than some of our personal estates, they had recourse to their main design, which was to strip us of our outward substance, in order to enrich themselves. Accordingly they went again to the justices at their next meeting, and laid a fresh information, by which means they obtained warrants for £100, 60 of which were laid upon me; besides which, several other warrants were issued out for lesser sums, &c. Information thus given, and warrants produced, occasioned no small consternation in the neighbourhood, nothing but utter ruin was now expected, unless the course of law was stopped, or my goods secured; my neighbours discovered great concern both for my person and family; several, who were no ways related to me, were greatly afflicted, insomuch that it broke their natural rest; these blamed me at the same time for endangering

my person and property, by continuing to keep open meetings, and refusing their counsel, which was to get my goods secured; and some of my dear Christian friends were also ready to join in with them, eliding me for my rash and unreasonable conduct, and telling me that they could direct me to a more safe, yet lawful methods, and to say the truth, when it came to the trial, I had enough to do to silence the bold reasonings of my own flesh and blood. Amidst the hurry and confusion of my mind, under these circumstances I constantly sought the Lord for wisdom and prudence to direct my affairs; desiring I might take especial heed of hasty proceedings, knowing that he that believeth must not, in these cases make haste. I had also some passages of Scripture strongly impressed on my spirit, from whence I firmly believed that the Lord would so bridle mine enemies, that they should not have their full designs against me, particularly Isaiah xxxvii. 39, 'I will put my hook in thy nose, and my bridle in thy lips, and I will turn thee back by the way by which thou camest.' Such support and comfort these words afforded, that amidst all my sorrows I was ready to sing for joy.

'When God supports, who then fears; cast us down? His smiles are life; but death sends his frown.'

When the officers came to execute the warrant, I suffered them to enter my house without the least opposition, and when I read it, I spoke to this purpose, that I had done nothing to deserve such a seizure, yet, forasmuch as I made conscience not to conform, or submit to the laws I lived under, I would quietly bear what God should permit them to do. I confess this was trying to me, who had always lived in great plenty of outward things, and who had relations of some account in the world, to see myself stript of all my goods at once, which I had honestly provided, having at the same time a family of small children about me; my neighbours also discovered great concern upon this occasion; but especially my wife, poor heart—burst into tears, to think that her house should be plundered, and all her goods seized and sold in her sight; yet, after awhile, she recovered herself, saying, that if it was the will of the Lord it should be so, she desired to submit. My goods being thus seized, and an inventory taken, the officers gave a strict charge that nothing should be removed; they cried them the next market-day, at Litchfield, my wife was present at the time; 'all sorts of cattle, hay, and household goods to be sold very cheap, &c. When they were at first proclaimed, several ill-minded persons began to covet them, and offered to buy; but as God would have it, a terror soon fell on the minds of most, and the people in general so discouraged one another, that not a single person appeared at the sale. This enraged my adversaries so much the more, and put them upon driving all my cattle that were fit for the market, to Litchfield, which was about a mile distance, it was with great difficulty they could force them out of the field, and when they brought them to market, no man would buy them; after which they drove

them to another market, but sold them not there.* Finding their hopes thus frustrated, they obtained leave of the justices to fetch my goods to Litchfield, and there sell them at their leisure, urging the shame and disgrace they should fall under, in case they were not sold, and that Lawrence Spooner himself, would laugh in their faces, &c. Accordingly two of them came to my house, and giving me very lofty language, began to rifle the rooms, demanding the keys of the chests, and coffers which my wife, with some reluctance, delivered, to prevent their being broken in pieces; but when they had got possession of my effects, they could not hire waggons to carry them away, though they proffered the price of carriage; at last indeed, they procured two teams, which were very weak, and the ways being then very bad, they were for some time by that means hindered; then they importuned a neighbour who was no friend to dissenters, to come over his ground, but prevailed not. Thus Providence, prevented their designs, till those men with whom they had agreed, refused carrying the goods at any rate.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, they hoped, ere long, without fail to compass their end; in the mean time while they drank exceedingly hard; one of them said, in the hearing of a person of credit, 'come fill us a thousand jugs we will have them all paid for,' and boldly sang,

'One hundred pounds will buy a soul from hell,' &c.

My friends replied, it was best not to drink too hard, for they might not be able to accomplish their designs. He answered, although they had received no money as yet, they should hereafter; adding, that the king would place a loyal subject in my house shortly, and then asked what would I do?

But I desire, with awful reverence to mention the following circumstance; this same person, either by excessive drinking, or, as some have thought, by a secret stroke from God, declined by little and little, drooping away, and soon died. Before he died, he was smitten with a wounded conscience, and almost in his last words said, 'God forgive me, I have greatly injured those I have informed against, which troubles me more than anything I have ever done in my life, bidding those present to mark his setter on, saying, that Divine vengeance would certainly follow him,' and much more to the same purpose. This being noised abroad, it greatly daunted some daring sinners, and so awed the minds of all, that none durst buy any sort of goods belonging to me, nor come to fetch anything out of my house.

The informers growing quite weary with this way of striving, some of the justices took me in hand, and were fully determined to have the warrants executed, especially as they had met with so much trouble in this affair, and I had never in person, or by others, sought any favour from them; my character as an honest man, was alone in my favour; notwithstanding which, when they had heard

that we still kept our meetings as usual, they threatened the constable, and at last, which I long expected, I was summoned before them. The next morning I set forth, attended by a Christian friend; and as we rode along, I spake to my companion as follows; 'could we now see the heavens open, and God Almighty as sitting on a throne, governing all the world, and holding both men and devils in chains, saying to them, as to the sea, 'Hitherto shall ye go and no further, and here shall your proud waves be stayed,' how fearless should we be to-day of those persons before whom we are going to stand! adding moreover, that although sense could not see this, yet faith discerned it, and through grace, of this truth we had a most convincing evidence, for when we came to the place, the constable presented the warrant, saying, I was there; upon which the justices after consulting together, returned this answer, that he might take me home again, for they desired not to see me. I returned with great admiration, and that very evening the Society had appointed to meet in order to take their leave of me, expecting it would be a night of sorrow, and that I should be sent to prison the next morning, but the Lord made it a season of great comfort and joy, not only as I was so wonderfully restored, but also in sending a precious servant of his providentially among us, who preached that night from Jer. ix. 7. 'Therefore thus saith the Lord, behold I will melt them and try them, for how shall I do for the daughter of my people?' he spake so affectionately and powerfully from the words, shewing God's gracious ends and designs in trying his people's faith and patience, that it greatly affected us all; and I could not forbear singing after such an unexpected deliverance as this.

'O! world of wonders, what a providence
That I should thus be brought from thence;
My foes enthrall'd, myself set free
To speak his praises in my liberty.'

After these things had passed, my enemies knew not what course to take in order to hinder our meetings, and to revenge themselves on my person or goods; they were like men tied hand and foot, and could do me no more mischief; therefore from this time, through mercy, we had rest; and so remarkable was the providence of God, that my adversaries themselves met with abundance of trouble throughout the whole of this prosecution. The chief informer complained he lost by me, the constable was charged with being bribed from a due execution of the warrants, and the justices were wearied in about two years perplexity in this affair, so that I may say with the Psalmist, Psalm ix. 15, 16, 'in the net which they hid is their own foot taken; the Lord is known by the judgment which he executeth; the wicked is snared by the works of his own hands.' Higgsaion. Selah. At last, King Charles the II. died, which put a stop to sufferings for the present, and although after two years they were revived, and I endured many hard things for conscience sake; yet after all the storms were over, and my enemies had done their utmost, I think I lost

*At last it pleased God to permit the bailiff of the hundred to purchase them.

not from first to last, above £30, for which I had so large a crop of experience, that I have the greatest reason to forgive them; and do heartily pray that God would not lay their sin to their charge, most gladly would I serve the worst of my enemies, especially in what concerns their souls; this I find to be the very life of Christ, who always went about doing good. And the perfections of the glorious Deity, perhaps, we are not more imitable in anything more than in this, 'for he causeth his sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust,' Matt. v. 45.

In the midst of my trials, I had many precious promises, and secret supports and comforts from above, that strangers intermeddle not with; insomuch that I durst not have exchanged my condition with the greatest men in the world, who live at ease, and free from sufferings; and as I had the promises to stay and support me all along, so I have since seen them fulfilled in a way least expected, I mean in the Lord's blessing me abundantly with all sorts of temporal blessings, so that what I lost is more than made up; my cup is not only full, but it runneth over. I have found

such a manifest difference in my temporal estate, that it does not seem to be the same inheritance, but one far more large and fruitful. I have enough, and enough of all kinds of earthly comforts, and perhaps something considerable to spare, notwithstanding my yearly expense. I mean something where-with I can shew kindness to the Lord's ministers, and his poor people. In short, my mind since these exercises, has been more calm, comfortable, and composed, and I have had Christ Jesus my Saviour more constantly in my heart and eye than ever before; so that I have come out of this wilderness leaning upon him, who, I hope and trust will still guard and defend me from men and devils, and present me without fault, before him, with exceeding joy.

LAWRENCE SPOONER,

Note. By his biographer, Mr. James.

This excellent man lived several years after his sufferings; and was not only an exemplary Christian, but a useful minister, much known and valued in those parts. He died and was buried at Curburov, near Litchfield, where he was born, and in which place he had always dwelt, but his age, and the year of his death, I cannot discover.

RIGHTEOUSNESS AND SALVATION.

A Sermon

BY MR. W. LEACH, OF NORTHAMPTON.

"Drop down ye heavens from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together; I the Lord have created it."—Isaiah xlv. 8.

In numberless instances men unintentionally and unconsciously fulfil God's will and pleasure, in advancing the interests of His people; if the church want a friend she shall have one, for the Lord can make 'the earth to help the woman.' And we read 'that the king's heart is in the Lord's hand;' that is, his guiding hand, 'and he turneth it whithersoever he will.' A striking illustration of which we have in the case of Cyrus, as the destroyer of Babylon and the deliverer of his people, for which services he was to receive wages—'I will give thee the treasures of darkness, and hidden riches of secret places.' Let us not lose sight of two things here, that in all the interpositions of God throughout the world, his favour is manifested towards his people, as we read in the 4th verse of this chapter, 'For Jacob my servant's sake and Israel mine elect, I have even called thee by thy name;' from which beloved we may conclude, 'that all things are for our sakes.' The next thing is the design of God by it, 'that they may know from the rising of the sun, that there is none beside me, I am the Lord and there is none else.' Whilst he is pleased to get praise from his people for his delivering mercy, he gets honour at the same time from their enemies, and thus advances

the glory of his great name. In the 7th verse we have the following declaration—'I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil,' &c., in which there is doubtless an allusion to the religion of the Persians, in which Cyrus was cradled, who like all other heathen nations wandered far off from the light of truth, and the saving knowledge of Jehovah. The Mageans accounted for the existence of all evil and good in the world, to two principles or gods, one of which was called light, and the other darkness; the former being the author of all good, and the latter the author of all evil. Here, then, there is to be a relinquishing on the part of Cyrus, of his former notions; and he is to learn that the evil as well as the good is subject to the permission and control of Jehovah.

'For the Lord so rules by his command,
Nor good nor ill can stir a hand,
Unless he send them forth.

From the text we observe that heaven and earth agree and unite in the well-being of the people of God; a fact that may well excite joy and praise in their hearts, 'Hallelujah, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.' We notice then,—

I. The blessings specified.

II. The peculiar language employed concerning them.

I. The blessings specified in the text are two, righteousness and salvation—blessings, dear friends, which unless we are interested

in, we shall not be able to stand in the judgment; blessings which will never be appreciated but by those who feel their need of them. And, therefore, if the Lord hath not stripped us naked, and made us sensible of our need of his righteousness, if the Lord hath never convinced us of our lost and perishing condition, the two blessings in the text will be of no importance to us; but if on the contrary we have been made sensible of our sinnership, and our need of a better and more desirable clothing than our own, we shall listen with some degree of attention to the subject. We notice them separately and conjointly.

1. Righteousness, which we require to justify us for we have none of our own, consequently it must come from another, and this is what is meant by imputed righteousness; one that we had not previous to its imputation. The righteousness we require is a *perfect one*, yea, one so perfect as to answer all the requirements of God's law, a righteousness without a spot or flaw, to cover our deformities, and justify us before a holy God; and blessed be God, we have such an one revealed in his word, the righteousness of the God man, which in every respect suits us so well that when arrayed with it we outshine the sun. It must also be one of perpetual duration to last for ever, and we read in the word of God of an everlasting righteousness, which is the very one we require, by which we stand with boldness, acquitted from all blame and charges made against us by the law, sin, or Satan.

Salvation and righteousness are two blessed words, friends, and I have been learning a little of their blessedness for some years past, but there is a beauty and excellency in them, that far surpasses the consideration of them by man.

2. Salvation, which must be a *real one* to do us good, and not one that leaves us at last to sink into hell—the salvation of God is a real salvation, and is worth more than ten thousand worlds to possess. Who can describe the pleasing sensations that arise in the mind of those who realize their interest therein? None! for they are unspeakable. It is also a *complete* salvation. It attends the sinner every step of his pilgrimage here, rescues him from every foe, delivers him from sin, temptation, and everything that opposes him, and administers unto him an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven. It is a *great salvation* also, as great as it is complete, and as complete as it is great.

Now we will look at them conjointly. Righteousness takes the lead and opens up the way; salvation follows after and secures us from all harm, 'for righteousness shall go before him, and set us in the way of his steps'—his steps, his own salvation, which attends us throughout the journey of life, puts in its last stroke at death, when we receive the end of our faith, even the salvation of our souls. Righteousness secures salvation. If the righteousness of Jesus Christ be mine, I shall assuredly be saved as well as the apostle Paul, who was fully persuaded of this; for

they are so connected that they cannot be separated, but must ever go together.

Righteousness places salvation on an honourable footing; there is something beloved, very pleasing in this thought that we are to be saved honourably, in such a way that no reflection can be cast upon the character of God; saved so that the Divine attributes shall remain unsullied, and receive all due honour thereby. 'Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other,' in the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ, so that Jehovah can remain a holy and just God, yet the Saviour and justifier of them that believe. Is this blessing ours?

II. We were to notice the peculiar language employed respecting these blessings: 'Drop down ye heavens from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness,' &c. There is a richness and fulness in the Word of God which distinguishes it from all other productions. How poor and shallow the writings of men appear when compared to it; there is a depth in it which far exceeds the writings of the best of men; a mine far more valuable than we can meet with in any human compositions; a mine as inexhaustible as it is valuable. By the words of the text there are three or four things suggested to the mind.

First. The conjunction of the two natures in the person of Christ. He had a nature from heaven which was opened to let down that nature to earth; he had also a human nature which was the 'new thing created in the earth; such an event never transpired before, and never will again. He was, therefore, both human and divine, God and man in one glorious person. Oh, how mysterious is he in the complexity of his person! His name is the Lord our righteousness, and he is Jehovah the Saviour; we have then our righteousness from Jesus Christ. Only think of this, friends, how glorious and honourable is our position, 'we are made the righteousness of God in him.' He is likewise Jehovah the Saviour. Look at the language in this chapter, 'a Saviour, there is none beside me;' nor do we want any other, we feel satisfied with both his righteousness and salvation; we embrace them and rejoice in his salvation, as one that suits us well.

Second. The text may teach us the concurrence of heaven and earth, in bringing about these great events we have spoken of. Heaven was the council chamber where these events were planned; and methinks it will afford much pleasure to the soul to know, when it reaches heaven, that it has arrived at the place where the everlasting covenant of grace was framed and entered into by the eternal three in one. Earth is the place where those events were consummated. Christ appeared on earth to save his people, and deliver them from the wrath to come; by which translation we may rest assured that God will make heaven and earth to work together for the good of his people.

Third. It may signify the causes to which both the blessings mentioned may be attributed. I say causes, for we have both the

original and efficient cause hinted at in the text. The original cause is *the grace of God*; both righteousness and salvation are gifts from him, as free as the rain which descends from heaven to earth, and tarrieth not for man. Come poor sinner, then, however needy thou mayest be, there is no shadow of consideration why you should be excluded from these blessings, which are all so full and so free, without money and without price.

'That a soul though as wretched as thine,
May venture to hope and rejoice.'

Nothing could merit them from God's hands at the first, and no demerit can hold back his heart or close his hand from communicating them afterwards. No! bless his dear name, for he imparts them according to *the riches of his grace*. Then we have the efficient cause, 'let the earth open;' he that prepares the rain for the earth, prepares the earth for the rain; and he that hath blessings for a sinner, prepares that sinner's heart to receive them. It is God's work from first to last, friends, man is no co-partner in it, for the preparatory work in a sinner's heart is solely by the Spirit of God. What is here spoken of, 'the earth in its opening to receive the rain,' is figuratively applied to the living soul, thirsting after those blessings of righteousness and salvation which God has to bestow; and as sure as you are the subjects of spiritual hunger and thirst after these blessings, so surely you shall eventually be filled with them. If your constant prayer is 'say unto my soul, I am thy salvation,' you will realize the blessings of salvation by and by; for, '

'Can his pity, or his power,
Suffer thee to pray in vain?
Wait but the appointed hour,
And thy suit thou shalt obtain.'

And in speaking thus freely to you, friends, we have sure ground to go upon; for if this is your case, the Lord hath these blessings in store for you. O, how pleasing to know this!

Fourth. We notice *the consequences*. When the rain descends in copious showers upon the earth, it makes it fruitful; and this is the effect when God showereth down righteousness and salvation in a sinner's heart. The fruits of the same will appear, 'For as the rain cometh down and watereth the earth, maketh it bring forth and bud, so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth,' &c. Whenever the sinner is brought to experience the power of God's salvation, there will be the fruits and effects of the same visible in his life, walk, and conversation; if we have righteousness imputed to us, the effects of it will appear in a life corresponding therewith; if God hath saved us from the power of sin we cannot wallow therein, for we shall discover in our lives a development of those principles planted in us by the grace of God, 'which' not only 'teaches us,' but also enables us 'to deny all ungodliness and worldly lusts, and live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world.' Besides, in this particular we glorify God; 'herein is my Father glorified that ye bear much fruit.' Grace, friends, is always operative, it always produces effects; if implanted in our hearts, it will assuredly be developed in our lives.

THE LIFE OF A LAD FROM THE CRIMEA:

NOW A MEMBER OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

PART. II.

Our ship being an hospital, it was at first proposed we should lay in Balaklava harbour, and take the wounded troops on board, but however we lay there several days before anything was done; so we got leave from the captain to go ashore, which we did at nine o'clock one morning, and was travelling about all day, up one hill, and down another, climbing up rocks, going into houses that had been deserted by the Russians, and as night came on I was very tired and could not keep pace with my mates; so I sat down upon a rock to rest for a while, but unfortunately fell asleep; and when I awoke which was in the morning, about five o'clock, I found to my great surprise, I had caught rheumatic cold. I could scarcely move a limb; there I sat in the cold and fog rubbing, first my legs, then my thighs, then my arms, wondering what I should do, for I knew not where to turn. Oh, I thought, let my home be ever so bad, I was never like this; and I began to cry, and sat there for some time wondering what I should do;

at last I made an effort to move, and managed to get to the sentry's box; at first he thought I was only a spy, but he saw, when I showed him how my limbs had swollen, that I was no spy. I was removed to the hospital; and after laying there a few days, I was removed to the ship I came out in; with the intention of bringing me home to Engand again. But I was in such a state and in such pain I could not bear the weight of the bed clothes on me; so they had to be supported by means of half hoops laid across the bed: in this state I lay for several days; my attendant (a lad about 16 years of age) was very kind to me, but the pain and agony I endured I cannot describe, but will leave it with those who have had the rheumatic fever, to judge what I suffered. I used to scream aloud for hours, I could not help it, and I could hear as I lay in bed, the sailors language and conversation. At one time I heard a remark from one, that he 'wished they would give that boy a dose, and put him out of it.' This seemed to go right

through me; I began to wish I was dead, for I seemed to have no one to care for me; then I thought, ah, but if I should die, father will rejoice; for he said he hoped he should never see me again, perhaps this is his prayer being answered. At that time I heard the one doctor say to the other, he cannot last much longer; though very weak, I exclaimed aloud, 'what, Sir! am I going to die?' I told the boy that attended me to write home to my mother and tell her I was dying; then could I see I was not fit to die, I could see I was going headlong to hell; all my sins seemed to crush me down; I began to cry to God (for the first time in my life) to have mercy on my soul, and save me from the jaws of hell: and, oh, what I promised to do if he would but spare me! What a vast difference between the one that is brought under a sight and sense of what he is as a sinner to pray, and the mere formalist, who, with his prayer book open, reads out, 'Lord, have mercy upon us miserable sinners.' Under this excitement I sank into a sort of sleep; and remained so for three days quite unconscious of anything around me; and when I awoke, I found my head had been shaved, and was kept bathed in vinegar, but my pains had nearly all left me; and I had reason to believe the Lord had heard my prayer. I then began to be very serious, I began to read my Bible with great interest, and a book that my brother had given me before leaving England, it was a volume of sermons preached by Mr. Snape, (now pastor of a church in the Kent Road.) By this time we were taking troops on board, to sail for England; and I began to get well again; but still I could not forget the narrow escape I had had. Alas! alas! as I got stronger in my body, I seemed to get more careless of my soul. I became like the stony-ground hearer. When I was first asked to sing a song after my illness, (as I have done many many a time before to the amusement of the whole ship's crew, even to the officers) I refused, and said it was wicked to sing songs, I would read the Bible to them if they liked, but that seemed to give very great offence, and because I would not satisfy their desires by amusing them as I had done heretofore, they vowed vengeance on me and declared if ever they caught me reading that book, they would pitch me overboard; this frightened me. I began to fall away from my former feelings; and after a short time I became as bad as I had been before; I felt I was strong again; my Bible was laid aside; and the song book took its place. I amused them night after night, till we arrived safe (after a rough passage) to Portsmouth; now, thinks I, let me once get away from this ship, and I will never go in another. I was paid off, and the scene that I witnessed there, would have made the most hardened sinner weep to see there

the mother clasp her sons to her breast, that she had given up all hopes of ever seeing them again; sisters clasp their brothers; fathers their sons; wives their husbands; and children their parents. I stood aghast; I never beheld such a scene before. Well, I thought, perhaps my father may meet me in that manner. (I had written and told him I should be up in a day or two.) I accordingly went to London; it was on Tuesday, I arrived at London Bridge at half-past 8 in the evening: the first of my friends I called at, was my beloved brother who rejoiced to see me: we both started for my father's house; but he had gone to the theatre that evening. I saw my mother, who was so overcome that she fainted away. I saw all my brothers and sisters that night, and was determined to see my father in the morning. I accordingly went into his shop at half-past nine, he was at the bottom of the shop; I went up to him, put out my hand and said, 'well, father, how dy'e do?' he answered, pointing with his finger, 'there is the door; and the sooner you walk out the better.*' I accordingly walked out; but can scarcely tell you how. I thought, had I have been even as the prodigal, he would have treated me better than that. I wrote him a letter, asking him, if I had ever done anything to cause such treatment, if he would only forgive me, it was all I would require; but no, it had no weight upon him. I foolish like, taking this so much to heart, thinking I was the only one of our family that was refused the home in which I had been born I did as some thousands have done before me, I flew to the cursed bottle, (young as I was) to try and drown my cares. But oh! foolish young man that I was, for it was only trying to extinguish a fire, by pouring oil on it. Would to God I had had a throne of grace there to have carried all my troubles. After remaining at home some days, and all my money was gone, I engaged again in the Transport Service, to return to the Crimea, the war having then got just to its middle. I arrived there safe in the midst of a bloody battle. We were engaged in removing away the wounded from the field of battle. It is impossible for me to try and describe either my feeling at the time of the scene; suffice it to say, it was such a scene that all those engaged in it will never forget it; I mean the siege of Sebastopol. Canister shot, shell and musket balls all flying around you, and the only miracle is that any one was ever spared at all. Bless the Lord.

(To be Continued.)

*We wonder if this worse than fiendish brute is still living? That such a monster should be called father, is a libel upon the name and character of a parent. We believe with a dreadful conviction, that the cruelty, the licentious conduct, the careless habits, and the unholiness of those living pests called parents, is the chief cause of more than half the misery of this unhappy world.—Ed.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.—LETTER LXIII.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS,—Although there be a slight analogy between the sovereignty of God and an earthly monarch, yet remember that after all, the analogy is rather in the relation of government, in which God appears to man, than in the sovereignty in the abstract; for there cannot by possibility be any human prerogative like unto the abstract and absolute sovereignty of the Most High. And one object of this letter shall be to show to you, the impropriety, and I may say *blasphemy*, of judging the sovereign rights of the Most High by laws which belong simply to man; nor must you be moved by the superstition of men, who would fain persuade you that the sovereignty of God, standing in the midst of the garden of the Gospel, is a tree of forbidden fruit. We must not go near it, lest we die; this hedging off a part of God's truth, smells too strong of Rome to be listened to by Theophilus. You are made I hope of better material than that, and believe that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable; and even those who would forbid us to take all the Bible, and would try to blind us to the sovereignty of God in judgment, and would keep us looking at the side where there is only mercy, yet even these admit that there is a hell, that hell is eternal, and that the Most High could have prevented the fall both of angels and of men. But he has not prevented those dire events, yet we are not to enquire too far into these judgments and mysteries, and although the Bible occupies actually a *larger space* in setting forth judgments than in describing mercies, and the Scripture (*all Scripture*) is written for our learning, yet we must not search too deeply. Well I must set such a sentiment down to human infirmity.

But let us leave this, and proceed with our subject, which is to show you that there is none to whom we can liken God; for it will very easily and very soon appear, that where God is righteous, man, place him something apparently analogous, would not only be unrighteous, but would be execrated by all the world, and yet in those very things God must be received with a consciousness of his undisputed right to do as he pleaseth, and he must in those awful matters (if we will profit by what is revealed), be spoken of with fear and trembling.

Let us then just humanize upon the fall of man, the state of the world, and the destiny of the lost.

Here then is a man with a family, but

an enemy comes, and he sees that enemy coming. The enemy comes, draws them all into crime, makes criminals of them all; they are taken, tried, and condemned, and sent to the penal colony for life. But a father finds a ransom for a part of them, but leaves the others to perish, but yet he has it in his power to redeem, release, and save the others also. He sits down perfectly happy with those he has redeemed, but leaves the others in remediless woe; what would the world say to such a man? Would he not in the first be designated everything that was bad, for not preventing his children so falling? But above all, in leaving part of them, not because he has not power to release them, but simply because he does not choose to release them. What should we all say of such a man! why the worst word we could say would be too good for him; and suppose this same man should tell us that he once loved all these banished ones, foresaw their fatal, and final ruin, *loved* them, yet would not move a hand to prevent their becoming criminals. Should we believe he ever loved them? I think not.

Now my good Theophilus, the great God saw the enemy coming, knew that he would succeed, and could have prevented the fall, but did not; could release both fallen angels and lost man, but does not; not because he cannot, but because he will not, and men tell us that as the creation was pronounced good, that God once loved those finally lost, yet he has not so loved them as to hold out a particle of hope of their ever being released from hell. Yea, he did not so love as just to put forth his hand for a moment to prevent their fall in Adam; *prevention* would have been a very simple and easy act, yet man tells us that God did love once even these, but does the Bible anywhere tell us that God once loved these? Ah, no! the Bible does not tell us so; it is only proud, knowing, wise-above-what-is-written man, who telleth us that God once loved Esau.

That then, which would be in man unrighteous, is in God righteous; he could and did suffer the fall to take place, and suffer a number to be lost. Yea, he *willed* to make his power known on vessels of wrath as sovereignly as he *willed*, to show mercy on vessels of mercy. It is whom he *will* he hardeneth, as well as to whom he *will* he sheweth mercy; he shows his wrath as a matter of justice, but as to *who* the persons are to be on whom this wrath shall be shewn, and the way in

which it shall be shewn, together with its duration, *these are matters of sovereignty.*

To whom then will ye liken God? the reasons beyond those which are revealed of these exercises of his sovereignty, we dare not attempt to pry into. Seeing secret things belong unto God, do not then let us suppose that because man would be condemned by the above circumstance, that we are so to deal with our Maker! No; there stands the testimony that he doeth as he pleaseth, and although it is true he can do nothing contrary to his nature, yet when men leave his sovereignty in whole or in part out of the account, they most egregiously err as to what his nature is.

Some tell us that God in his *nature is love*, and that he *must* love, so according to this definition, he does not love from choice but of necessity; that *God is love* to his people, I can and do believe, and that he is love to them from choice and not from necessity I firmly hold, but the doctrine that *God must love* (as given by my friend Mr. Barringer, in last month's *VESSEL*), is what I cannot exactly receive; you, my good Theophilus, must remember that he is sovereign as well as loving, and that he is just as well as merciful, but above all do not slight his sovereignty, his sovereignty is the manifestation of his absolute supremacy, he is under no external law, except those laws of truth which he has been pleased to place himself under, and if you stand out for the absolute supremacy of the Most High, they will call your decision a *libel* upon God. They say this to frighten you, for the real truth is, it is only *their creed* and not the attributes of the Most High, that you have got into collision with, and so being unable to refute you, they fall to accusing you of libelling the Being of God, and threatening the poor Editor if he allow another to speak as well as themselves. Well all this we must as heretofore set down to human infirmity.

But look again at the sovereignty of God as seen in the suffered state of the world; suppose there were a man who could by one sermon savingly convert all the world, and yet would not, not could not, but *would not* preach that sermon, what should we say to such a man, and where is there a minister of the Gospel who would not with infinite delight preach such a sermon? Now the blessed God could preach such a sermon, but he does not; what then becomes in this matter of the fact that God is love? Why just this becomes of it, that God is love to those whom he hath chosen, and to none others. Sin, man, Satan, make the world as to its evils, just what it is; God sovereignly leaves it under this solemn decree, hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, here shall thy proud waves be stayed;

but can you, dare you attach any blame to the Most High, in thus leaving the world to walk in its own way, he suffers it to be justly and sovereignly?

Again, suppose there were a man on earth who could release from the prison of hell all who are there, repair the injury they have done, give them new dispositions, so that they should never sin again, what should we say to the benevolence of such a one who could without injury to himself do all this, yet he chooses not to do it? Now the great God could do all this, but he does not do it, for he has sovereignly and justly willed otherwise, and who can stay his hand, or say unto him, *what doest thou?*

Thus my good Theophilus, there can be no sovereignty like the sovereignty of God, nor any supremacy like unto his supremacy, nor any rights like the rights which belong unto him, we are but as the clay, he the potter. Let us, then, judge of him, not by what man is, but by what God is as revealed in the Holy Scriptures; and before I close these letters upon Divine sovereignty, I hope to give you some proofs of the fact that this Divine sovereignty fully admitted, is an easy key unto many things, which can be got at in no other way.

But as I have referred to Mr. Barringer's letter in the last month's *VESSEL*, I will close this letter with one more reference, for the sake of noticing no less than four very singular doctrines, which my friend Barringer has, I suppose from oversight, advanced in his remarks on my 61st to Theophilus.

The first is, *God must love*; that is he loved not from choice, but from necessity. 2nd, That *God must* give a law to Adam. 3, That to love your enemies is inconsistent with God's hatred to Esau, so that love your enemies I suppose *must* mean devil and all. And 4th, that two opposites cannot dwell in one breast, that is, I suppose, that we cannot at one and the same time, love God, and hate the devil, so that God had no freedom in placing his love where he would, and no freedom in giving law to Adam, but he must give a law to Adam; I should like to know what breakable law is given to unfallen angels? and then as we are to love our enemies, God having given this law, he must love all his enemies, devil and all of course. Thus we get rid of the sovereignty of God in the fixation of his love, in legislation, and in discrimination; he cannot at once hate one, and love another. But my friend Barringer, does not really mean this, no, certainly not; he *pushed himself into this position*, by attempting to thrust aside the rock of Divine sovereignty, but I hope he will soon get right again, and help, and not oppose

A LITTLE ONE.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

A WORD UPON ANNIVERSARIES,

BY MR. JAMES WELLS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—As invitations to next spring and summer anniversaries are already reaching me, would you kindly allow a little space in the January number of the *Vessel*, just to explain to the Churches how I am situated, and how it is I have been obliged to decline two-thirds of the requests made to me?

I preach three times every Sunday, and on Wednesday and Friday evenings; this is my regular weekly home work; and I very naturally feel that the people at the Surrey Tabernacle have the first claim upon me; indeed, it is a fixed principle with me never to be absent from my own pulpit if I can possibly avoid it. To that people belong all my time and labours; and certainly no people can be more worthy of the cares, the services, and most earnest devotedness of their minister than they are. I, therefore, must not, cannot slight them. Being thus constantly employed at home, I have not been, consistently with the service I owe to them, able to do so much service for other Churches as I could wish. I cannot, for instance, spoil two days for one anniversary; it takes me away from the Bible dreadfully; it makes me so poor I am ashamed to go into the pulpit; I am but poor at the best of times, and when I go into the pulpit without a message well received, well understood, and well comprehended, from beginning to end, unless I be somewhat thus furnished, I flounder about, and catch at what I can, and a pretty catch it very often is; for I do find that if I have due time to gather, that I can thereby the more easily and the more freely scatter. I know that the Lord is able to make ministers useful without any premeditation on their part, but then it is not what the Lord can do, but what he does do: he has his *order* of things; and I know the more we are with him in secret, the more powerfully, as upon the House tops, we can preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of his grace: for we cannot well speak that of him which we do not know; and if the good man is to bring forth out of his heart good things, then those good things must first be received into the heart; and 'They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength.' I wish, therefore, to serve other Churches consistently with the claims which the people at the place of my stated labours have upon me; and this can be done by simply economising time. Supposing, for instance, a Church ninety or a hundred miles from London, want me to preach two sermons at their anniversary, I am so situated that unless I can go and return the same day, I cannot serve that Church. The remedy is—let the morning service begin at half-past 11, or say 12 o'clock, it would then close at half-past 1. Begin the afternoon service at 3; then the minister can return, be home, upon the next morning at his Bible again. It is true, many cannot get to chapel until the evening, but then they could get a neighbouring minister, or one whom the people wish to hear, and so situated that he could better spare the time. Let me thus economise my time, then I could attend Tuesdays and Thursdays, and sometimes, when near London, on Mondays and Wednesdays also; so that I could all through the anniversary season, attend two, three, and sometimes four anniversaries a week.

Also, I think, ministers going to anniversaries always ought to go in the first class, as there he can much more comfortably read the Word of God; meditate thereon, silently pour out his heart to God concerning the great errand he is upon; in the spirit of diligent search, and of hard thinking, and earnest prayer, is the only right spirit in which to go to an anniversary; and a few paltry shillings ought not to deprive an earnest servant of God of any advantage which tends to the furtherance of the Gospel, and the good of the souls of men; and if the minister

be not worth this little extra care, then he is not worth having at all. I have gone in all three classes—third, second, and first,—and I have in the first read ten chapters with soul-refreshing meditation thereon; when in the second or third, I have hardly been able to look at the Bible at all.

It is too late now to make light of, much less despise, anniversaries; they are become a kind of little annual harvest to the Churches. Let us seek, and labour, and pray, that they may be more than ever useful. I hope Ministers, Deacons, Churches, and good people will kindly forgive me for the liberty I have taken to make the above suggestions. I am, Mr. Editor, your's in the truth,
J. WELLS.
6, St. George's-place, Brixton-road, London,
December 14th, 1859

A NEW TESTAMENT MISSION CHURCH.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, AUSTIN ST., HACKNEY ROAD.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—It is now rather more than three years and a half since our appeal to you, was attended with so much sympathy and assistance by you; the remembrance of your kindness revives feelings of gratitude for the service you rendered us in our low condition. I am persuaded you will be glad to receive a favourable report of our progress. The last Lord's-day in November, our Pastor, Mr. John Russell, baptized six young men, and one young female; all of whom gave a pleasing and satisfactory account of the Lord's gracious dealings with them in calling them by his grace to a knowledge of Himself. A large increase to the church and congregation has attended the zealous and efficient labours of our Pastor; harmony, and Christian love, and zeal for the salvation of souls, I am happy to tell you prevails amongst us. Besides our Sabbath School, Tract Visiting, and Dorcas Societies, about 15 or 16 brethren have banded together as Missionaries, and go about our dark and heathenish neighbourhood, proclaiming the glad tidings of the Gospel to lost and ruined sinners; and considerable encouragement has attended their zealous co-operation in this direction, and several interesting cases can be reported. Pray for us, that this gratifying state of things may continue; and these useful efforts may abound more and more. Then, as regards our financial position, I never knew our circumstances to be in so promising a condition, from our adoption of what I believe to be the primitive practice of the Christian Church. *The weekly Offering*: upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God has prospered him.' 1 Cor. xvi. 2. We completed our first year, 30th Sep. last, so that I am able to give you the results of this (to us) new management of receiving the contributions of our people, both the church and congregation. The two years previous to last September twelve-months, our expenditure exceeded our income more than £200; but the last year, commencing October 1st, 1858, and ending Sep. 30, 1859, we paid all our expenses, including 25 per cent to our Pastor beyond what we paid him on the preceding years, and had £65 surplus, which we made up at our annual tea meeting to £100, to pay off our sixth instalment of £100 off the debt on a bond of £900, reducing it to £800. We have now relieved ourselves from pew rents and collections, both monthly and annual, all is done quietly but effectually. From our experience of this change of system; I cordially recommend the adoption of this plan to our beloved brethren, ministers, and Deacons of our Baptist Churches. I am, dear brother, yours sincerely in the Lord, THE TREASURER. Dec. 19th 1859.

CHATHAM, KENT.—MY DEAR BROTHER, —Since our last communication, the Lord has constrained seven more to unite themselves to us; two of whom were baptized by our old and esteemed

friend, T. Jones; the other five by our good brother Player. Our hearts have been much cheered with the relation of the loving-kindness and tender mercy of a covenant God, in calling them 'out of darkness into his marvellous light,' and bringing them into the liberty of his dear children. How it gladdens the hearts of all who love Zion, thus to find the promises of a faithful God fulfilled, in bringing 'One of a city, and two of a family,' to a knowledge of the 'truth as it is in Jesus.' We would, therefore, close the year by erecting a stone of help, inscribing on it, 'Ebenezer; hitherto hath the Lord our God helped us.' On Tuesday, the 6th inst., we had our annual tea-meeting for the Sabbath school, when some good addresses were delivered by the friends present, (regretting, at the same time, the unavoidable absence of our beloved brother Jones), proving that the instruction imparted has not been in vain in the Lord. Two from our Sabbath-school have lately followed the Lamb, through the liquid grave, having given a pleasing and satisfactory testimony of the work of grace upon their souls. After tea, brother Terry proposed that our old and sincere friend W. Peppoe, of Blackheath, should preside, intimating his intention to make him perform double duty on that occasion. Our brother, after a seasonable address, brought to view a very handsome edition of the immortal Bunyan's Works, in 3 vols., bound in morocco, gilt edges, as the second part of the double duty imposed upon him, which the members and friends had subscribed for (unknown to our brother Terry), and which were presented to him as a token of their esteem and sincere affection as the senior deacon of the Church, which office he has honourably sustained for a period of twenty-five years. Our good brother Terry was wholly taken by surprise, and was too full to give utterance to the feelings of his heart.

We are happy to state that we spent a most delightful evening, the Lord being in our midst, which you know can alone make the souls of His dear children truly happy. Upon a review of the past, we may well "thank our God, and take courage," and pray that His presence may still abide with us, and that He will be graciously pleased to guide and counsel us in the future.—A WEEPER.

CROYDON.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, PUMP HILL.—

On Friday, December 2nd, we held our meeting to welcome Mr. Thurston to his twelve months' labours; a goodly number sat down to tea at five o'clock; at half-past six the public meeting commenced, the chapel was comfortably filled. Mr. Wyard introduced the business of the evening by saying, "The friends here, after hearing our brother Thurston several times, have thought well to invite him to supply the pulpit for twelve months; we are here this evening to give him a hearty welcome, trusting time will prove him to be the right man in the right place among the right people. I shall now call upon our brother Thurston, who will no doubt confirm the remarks I have made."

Mr. Thurston then spoke to the following effect,—"I am pleased to see so large a number of friends upon this occasion; it affords me much pleasure in meeting with my brethren in the ministry who are strangers to me, except brother Bloomfield. I did not think it possible to feel so keenly as I have done the separation from the friends I have just left; I love them dearly in the Lord; but still, I think, I can love the friends here as much as I did them. Never do I remember ever enjoying so much liberty as it has been my lot to do when preaching in this pulpit; and I believe the friends have enjoyed the same liberty in hearing; this, and the prospect of a larger field for usefulness have induced me to respond to the invitation of the friends here, believing the Lord's hand to be in it. I pray it may be for the union, peace, and prosperity of this Church."

Mr. Bloomfield then rose to speak upon the subject given him,—“The Theme of the Ministry,” remarking, that Christ—His person, work, office, and character were the whole burden of the Gospel, without Him there would be no Gospel,

and He is the great theme of the ministry. Mr. B. spoke decidedly and warmly upon the great truths of the Gospel, shewing the variety the Gospel contained; most solemnly did he speak upon the necessity of the Spirit's work, without whose Divine aid, speaking and hearing would be vain.

Mr. Meeres was the next speaker; he said, "Christian friends, it was not until ten o'clock this morning our brother called upon me to request my attendance here, in the absence of brother Hanks, who is ill; as I feel a little interest (and not a little either) in this cause, I am here to speak, as God shall enable me, upon 'The Design of the Ministry.'"

Mr. Wyard then spoke of the advantages of the ministry, and said, "If what our brethren have said be true (I do not doubt but it is true), then we have a sure and certain salvation; that, I think, is of some advantage; if what they have said be true, then we are heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ, that is of everlasting advantage to us; if they be right in what they have said, then all the blessings and promises of the Bible are ours; and that I take to be no mean or common advantage; in fact, the advantage we have can never be told out. God grant we may realize some of the advantages here, and the blessed advantage hereafter of being forever with the Lord." After singing the doxology, and prayer, the meeting closed, being one of the happiest that has been held for many years in this ancient sanctuary.

REVIVALS IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I felt my mind inclined to send you pleasing tidings: the great Master has not forsaken the little gardens in this part of the west. We have had several refreshing meetings at the Baptismal services which have taken place. 1st. The Lord appeared for Road church, after great dearth; 3, pleasing characters were baptized in the river Sep. 20th, in whom the wonders of sovereign grace were very conspicuously displayed. About 200 persons witnessed the solemn ordinance. Mr. Huntly, of Limply Stoke, baptized, his first-born son prayed at the water, and preached in the morning; and his second-born son delivered the address at the water, and preached in the evening. The father taking the candidates into the church in the afternoon. It was a very refreshing day. The church at Road, is quite aroused and active, and their prospects cheering. The next Lord's-day, our Bearfield friends had a very pleasing addition. Mr. Henry Huntly, baptized five persons in the river Avon, at Bradford, his brother John, delivering the address at the water. This little cause seems to be wonderfully favoured with the smiles of heaven; their sanctuary being crowded to hear a thorough free grace gospel proclaimed within its walls. At Limply Stoke, also, we have had tokens of the dear Lord's quickening power. On Lord's-day, October 30th our beloved pastor, Mr. Huntley, baptized five persons in the river; although the earth was covered with snow, and very cold. Yet there was a blessed inward thawing, experienced in the hearts of God's living family. Our pastor's second son, addressed the assembly, pleasantly and refreshing. Here the dear Lord has wonderfully favoured his people, and their beloved pastor.

We also had a happy day at Ebenezer, Bath, late Mr. Cromwell's, on Lord's-day, Nov. 6th, eight persons were baptized in the river by our brother Pearce, of Willenhall; making fifteen to Ebenezer this summer. Mr. John Huntley, addressed the people, and preached in the morning, and in the afternoon. Brother Pearce, took them into the church in the old interesting style, and preached in the evening. It is worthy of remark that two of the brothers came all the way from Wilton near Salisbury, to be baptized, where a very interesting Baptist cause is being raised of the right sort! You know what sort that is! Wishing you great success, your's sincerely, J. HUNTLEY

Limply Stoke, Dec. 1st, 1859.

A LETTER TO MR. JAMES WELLS,

(Minister of the Surrey Tabernacle, Borough Road.)

BY MR. GEORGE WYARD,

(Minister of Zion Chapel, Deptford.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

MY DEAR SIR,—Your Correspondent, who signs himself 'A Little One,' has been pleased to allude to me by name; you must therefore in courtesy permit me to reply, although I be less than 'A Little One,' and far more obscure than he. It is, I believe, pretty generally known by your readers, that 'A Little One' is Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, at any rate, I shall take it for granted that it is so, and shall therefore address myself accordingly to him. There are many things I should like to say, but I can only say a few.

I. Some things *to* him, by way of rebuke.II. Some things *of* him, by way of caution.III. Some things *for* him, by way of commendation.

I am not certain that our good friend James will take the few things I may have to say, in as kind and as good a spirit and feeling, as I think what I say is dictated. However, that I must leave; I know my own motives, and he is informed hereby that I only intend the vindication of truth, and the character of the God of truth, together with a right spirit, and conduct of all that profess to receive the truth in the love of it.

Having premised these things, Mr. Editor, you will, I am sure, permit me to speak through your VESSEL, to Mr. Wells, by saying,

DEAR BROTHER WELLS,

I scarcely think you have done me justice, either in what you say by way of quotation,—your way of arguing upon what you have made me to say, or in the reflections and insinuating manner in which you have referred to me and my position, with other poor unfortunate things like myself, who have not been so successful in the ministry as you have. You seem to forget that every man's work is measured. But a word or two of this by and bye.

With respect to the quotation made. You have not quoted fully. My definition of the word Sovereignty, is contained in forty-four words, whereas you have made it consist of five words only. This is not fair, James. Should you think well to quote again, it will look more like straightforward dealing, to give the number of the page, that your readers may read and judge for themselves. Yet short and concise; as my definition is of the term Sovereignty, you express your approval of it. I am glad I please you in some things, though I do not see how a man professing to take the word of God for his guide, as to matter of belief, could do otherwise than be pleased with my definition, seeing it is in Scripture terms, Ps. cxv. 3, also cxxxv. 6; in the 'Laconic' style is, perhaps, the best; for if we can say much in a little, why use many words? The wise Spartans, who inhabited the province of

Laconia, (which gave rise to the word laconic) in Peloponnesus, were noted for using few words. A few words well said, is better than many blunderingly said. A bushel of words to a thimble full of thought, is only calculated to bewilder and confuse; hence there is difficulty in understanding what some people mean, simply because of volubility of expression. Excuse me, dear brother, but this, in the particular we have in hand, viz., the Sovereignty of God, is your fault. You have said and unsaid, so that it is difficult to come at your meaning. You have said that my definition of the Sovereignty of God is good. I am glad you think so, as I take it for granted you mean what you say, you ought to do so at any rate; though there is a feeling that steals over my spirit, that it is but a pun upon my words, and you are but passing a joke, and mean rather to convey that my definition is ludicrous and insignificant. Well, be it so, I am willing to abide by the definition given, believing it to be perfectly scriptural, and perfectly applicable to the whole conduct of God; whether he create, or govern, save, or destroy, bless, or curse, pardon, or punish, choose, or refuse, elect, or pass by; yes, in all these he will do as he please; but O! my satisfaction of feeling, and pleasure of delight, arise from the fact that he will *never please* to do contrary to his own, or another's right. I wish I could say of your definition of Sovereignty, as you have said of mine, 'it is good,' but I cannot in conscience say so, because I do not think so; I think it anything but good: and I think your arguing or reasoning too upon my definition, anything but good or just. Let us however examine it.

You say that supremacy is the basis of Sovereignty. Are you quite right in this? Is it not rather the seat, the origin? The emanation of it? And the higher the Supremacy, the wider and more extensive the Sovereignty whether it be good or bad. The throne is the seat or centre of Supremacy, and has a right to act. The throne is established in equity, or in iniquity.—God's throne is established in justice and in judgment, and his Supremacy over all, and sovereignty emanating therefrom is exercised in, or based upon righteousness, equity, truth, and wisdom. Surely that must be what the Holy Ghost means in Psalm lxxxix. 14. Permit me to insert it, 'Justice and judgment, are the habitation of thy throne, mercy and truth shall go before thy face.' How beautiful and sublime the language! The marginal rendering of the word habitation is 'establishment.' Justice and judgment are the establishment of thy throne. the meaning of which is, God will never exercise his sovereignty contrary to his righteousness, equity, truth, and wisdom. No creature in the vast empire of God will ever have just cause to complain of God's

dealing unrighteously by him. I do not see, therefore, that my logic is so very bad; it appears to me to be what is Scriptural, and lands us in the truth, and therefore lands us in safety. Let Mr. Wells pass his jokes as he pleases.

But we are told it is bad divinity. Well let us see where this bad divinity appears. I perceive in our friend James's statement in the VESSEL, there is either some misprint, or else there is a great deal of ambiguity in his way of showing up this bad divinity of mine. Whatever, therefore, Mr. Wells means by what he says, which is very difficult to get at, I am quite certain that no rightly disposed person, or kindly inclined brother would come to the conclusion he has respecting my definition of Divine Sovereignty, that is, that God would not have acted righteous, &c., if he had not chosen as he has, &c. And brother Wells seems to have some smittings of conscience at these his daring sayings, for he says, 'Of course Mr. Wyard does not mean this.' My dear sir, how came you to know what I did not mean, if my definition were not sufficiently plain to inform you of what I did mean? And if you know what I did mean and properly understood my hypothesis, how dare you draw such inferences from premises which you know, in your conscience, could not be deduced therefrom? James! this is not honest—this is not doing as you would be done by. Never, sir, try to make a man speak what you know he does not mean. I therefore, only know the badness of my divinity by your unbrotherly and reckless reasonings, at which I am more grieved than ever I expect to be harmed by them.

No, it is not my bad logic, but your bad reasoning. Would any man accustomed to think, argue so foolishly as you have done? You dare to say, that because my logic insists upon God's acts always being based upon righteousness, that therefore it would have been unrighteous in God not to have chosen as he did. Fine reasoning, certainly this! You must have got up some morning earlier than common, and before you were wide awake, and sat down to write with your night cap slouched over your eyes, when you penned that beautiful bit of reasoning. To show its stupidity, I need only refer to the following. 'It was righteous in God to make the world; he would have been equally righteous had he not made the world. God is righteous in choosing, God would have been equally righteous had he made no choice at all.' Do not, my dear sir, let your partiality to this strange doctrine of your's, this crotchet of your's lead you contrary to your better judgment into such wild vagaries.

With respect to the reflections made, and the insinuating manner in which you have referred to me and others, I think perhaps you would not have made them, if you had a proper sense of your obligations to God, for your attainments and position in society, and in the church of God. I wish you understood the doctrine of Sovereignty better than you do. There has been always a difference, there is a difference now. There were cap-

tains over fifty, and captains over a hundred; it is so now. Have you ever thought who it is that maketh us to differ? This boasting spirit was rife in the Apostle's days, but how promptly he rebuked it, (see I Cor. c. 4, v. 7.) It is true we have not all such large congregations as you have, but I would venture to say, and that without egotism, on behalf of myself and brethren, whom you unwarrantably reflect upon, that we all preach as much truth as you do, and preach it according to the ability God has given us, (1 Peter, c. 4, v. 11.) You seem to forget, brother, that promotion cometh not from the east, nor from the west, but from the Lord. It is not truth simply that attracts, there are other things that attract and induce persons to go to one place of worship rather than another; and all of us have not those kind of articles at command. All of us are not facetious, witty, and humorous; all of us can't be funny and create roars of laughter: all of us have not the daring to pass puns and jokes on the most solemn occasions, and make people grin when perhaps they ought rather to weep. Some of us are remarkably sedate and do not think any man is justified in stooping beneath the Gospel to deal in things not connected therewith, and of which we have no instance in the conduct of our Lord, or his disciples and apostles. Many of us would not think of saying from certain portions of Scripture that which we have heard others say; the interpretation has been far too fanciful, and what could never be substantiated by the best rule of interpretation, viz., comparing Scripture with Scripture. When, therefore, brother, you contrast your position with others whom God has not been pleased to honour as he has you, guard against self applause. Nebuchadnezzar talked very haughtily and proudly when he said, 'Is not this great Babylon that I have built?' I would not, brother, predict the same end concerning you as befel him, but this your boasting is very grieving to many of us. Be thankful that Sovereignty has done for you what it has denied to others, and never forget that to whom much is given, much is required. As I am speaking to you, and venturing to rebuke you, permit me to say I have heard you some few times, and heard you most blessedly, but I have not always thought you have given the sense of the Holy Ghost in the Scripture you have taken to explain: and what has pained me most, is that I have been obliged to think you have *known* that you have not given the sense of the Holy Ghost as contained in that Scripture, but that you have rather studied to please than to profit,—to create wonder and *eclat* rather than admiration of and reverence for the Great and Eternal Lord God. I have sometimes said after hearing you,—what a pity we could not have all those great and precious things without so much that is only flesh-pleasing, and what only the carnal part of man can feed upon. But alas! alas! it is after this latter that hundreds run; and excuse me, dear sir, if I say, I believe James Wells knows it, and is ensnared by giving way to it. It is well to get people under the

word, but I do not know that it is safe to adopt measures to obtain that end, which will not bear reflecting upon in a dying hour. My dear sir, if I did not esteem you I would not thus write you.

But one word more let me say to you. I think you have misrepresented me when you say that I will pray against and what I will preach against. I have not said I will do these things against God's Sovereignty, but against your representation of some of the acts of God's Sovereignty; and here you must permit me to tell you why, and this I will do in as 'laconic,' that is, in as brief and as concise a way as possible. Now, sir, you know we may sometimes discover better the wrongness of a position, by examining very carefully where it will unavoidably lead to; that if we admit such and such a doctrine, we must necessarily admit such and such an one too, the monstrosity of which will appear to all, and sufficiently convincing of the untruthfulness of the former. Now let us try your hypothesis by this rule. You say '*that God hates without fault.*' Now to hate without fault, is to hate without a cause; for nothing but fault can be the cause of hatred justifiable, for as I have said in my book (page 42), the creature must become what its Maker never made it, before it can be the object of his positive hatred; for God cannot hate what is made in his own likeness, unless he hate himself, and surely you will not admit that, yet you must to maintain your own hypothesis. Oh! my dear sir! do consider. In my own apprehension it is a fearful thing, and however you may think me too cautious and wanting in boldness, I think you are far too venturesome, and wanting in reverence for the Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God. I have said that to hate without fault, is to hate without cause, that is, understanding the term hatred in the sense in which you use it, though I do not believe that is the Scripture sense of it (see as above p. 42). But if it must be taken in that sense, then let us see the awful and fearful conclusion we must necessarily arrive at. Permit me to put it in the following form, 'God hates without cause, but to hate without cause is wrong, and unrighteous, and much to be lamented, and was lamented and complained of by our Lord Jesus Christ. Ps. xxxv. 19, also xxxviii. 19, also 69, iv., but (according to your statement, for it is not mine through favour), God hates without cause; therefore God is wrong, unrighteous, and may be justly complained of.

O! my dear Sir, it cannot be right what you say,—my heart all but palpitates while I think of it. It is this fearful matter, sir, that I intend, God helping me, to write, and preach, and pray against. I hope never to be left to seek popularity at such a fearful price. Better to preach to a few with a clear conscience, and that our places be thinly attended, than that they be crowded with persons who can applaud such fearful representations of the Just and Merciful Lord God, who has devised means by which he can consistently with His holiness pardon the

guilty penitent, and who is too righteous and just either to hate or punish the innocent. Let a man prove his innocency and he need not be apprehensive of God's hatred. Let a man feel, repent, and lament his guiltiness, and he need not despair of pardon, for to whom God gives repentance He gives remission of sin. Sin repented is sin forgiven.

God will not censure in others and yet practise what he censures. Psalm xciv. 21. How could God judge the world if that were the case? The innocent are not to be hated as the guilty; to hate without cause is contrary to law and Gospel. If, therefore, the finally lost are in perdition as the effect of God's hatred, then every finger in hell might be pointed to the Great Eternal with unutterable scorn and contempt, while every voice would be raised to thunder forth the God-dishonouring fact "*He hated us without fault!*" O my soul, this is dreadful! Can any good man read it and not shudder? Yet I do not think I have drawn the picture too strongly, or arrived at any false conclusion, but what is necessary and natural from the premises laid down by Mr. Wells.

I have only one word more to say to you, dear sir, and that is respecting the influence of this doctrine, as set forth by you in your sermon on the memorable words, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated." I mean the influence of this doctrine on some of our young sprigs in divinity—the rising ministry. I was told the other day of a young blustering minister taking this said sermon up into the pulpit, flourishing it over his head, and vociferating to the effect, 'Ah! this sermon is as true as the Bible. I believe every word of it. I believe that God does hate some of you, and that He always will! do what you will He will hate you, whether you believe or not—whether you pray or not—whether you repent or not—God hates you and will hate you!' O sir, would it not have been much more like a Gospel preacher to have proclaimed after the *Master*, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out;' or after the Apostle, 'Be it known unto you, men and brethren, that through this man is preached unto you the forgiveness of sins: and that by him ALL that believe are justified from all things, &c.; or 'Whosoever calleth upon the name of the Lord shall be saved?' This surely would have been speaking more in accordance with the *Master's* directions, viz.,—'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature, he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved.'

Having said this much, I say no more at present; though there are many things I thought of saying. But perhaps this is more than will or can be admitted into the *VESSEL* unless the Editor's sympathies are greatly moved towards less than 'A Little One,' and thinks that he ought to be heard.

GEORGE WYARD, Sen.

Zion Chapel, Depford.

P.S. Perhaps something commendatory of Mr. Wells may appear another day, if less than 'A Little One' should be permitted to speak a second time.

The Soul Saved! What it is.

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

[There is so much wholesome Divinity in the following discourse by BUNYAN, that we purpose to give it, as an antidote to that speculative mania now so prevalent, and so destructive of Zion's spiritual prosperity.—Ed.]

WHAT IS IT TO BE SAVED?

This question supposeth, that there is such a thing as damnation due to man for sin: for to save supposes the person to be saved, to be at present in a sad condition; *saving*, to him that is not lost, signifies nothing, neither is it anything in itself: *to save, to redeem, to deliver* are in the general terms equivalent, and they do all of them suppose us to be in a state of thralldom and misery: therefore this word *saved*, in the sense that the apostle here doth use it, is a word of great worth, forasmuch as the miseries from which we are saved, is the misery of all most dreadful.

The miseries from which they that shall be saved, shall by their Salvation be delivered are dreadful; they are no less than sin, the curse of God, and flames of Hell for ever: what more abominable than sin? What more insupportable than the dreadful wrath of an angry God? And what more fearful than the bottomless pit of hell? I say, what more fearful than to be tormented there for ever with the devil and his angels? Now to *save*, (according to my text) is to deliver the sinner from these, with all things else that attend them.

And although sinners may think that it is no hard matter to answer this question; yet I must tell you, there is no man that can feelingly know what it is to be saved, that knoweth not experimentally something of the dread of these three things: as is evident, because all other things do even by their practice count it a thing of no great concern, when yet it is of all other, of the highest concern among Men: 'For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Matt. xvi. 26.

But I say, if this word *saved* concludeth our deliverance from sin, how can he tell what it is to be *saved*, that hath not in his conscience groaned under the burden of sin? Yea, it is impossible else that he should ever cry out with all his heart, 'Men and brethren, what shall we do?' that is, 'do to be saved?' Acts ii. 37. The man that hath no sores or aches, cannot know the virtue of the salvo, I mean, not know it from his own experience, and therefore cannot prize, nor have that esteem of it, as he that hath received cure thereby: clap a plaster to a well

place, and that maketh not its virtue to appear, neither can he to whose flesh it is so applied, by that application understand its worth. Sinners, you I mean that are not wounded with guilt, and oppressed with the burden of sin, you cannot, I will say it again, you cannot know in this senseless condition of yours, what it is to be saved.

Again, this word *saved* (as I said) concludeth deliverance from the wrath of God; how then can he tell what it is to be saved, that hath not felt the burden of the wrath of God? He, he, that is astonished with, and that trembleth at the wrath of God, he knows best what it is to be saved, Acts. xvi. 29.

Further, this word *saved*, it concludeth deliverance from death and hell. How then can he tell what it is to be saved, that never was sensible of the sorrows of the one, nor distressed with the pains of the other? The Psalmist says, 'The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me, and I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord: *Mark*, then called I upon the name of the Lord: O Lord, I beseech thee, deliver my soul, then in my distress, when he knew what it was to be saved, then he called, because (I say) *then* he knew what it was to be saved,' Ps. xviii. 4, 5; Ps. cxvi. 3, 4.

I say this is the man, and this only that knows what it is to be saved; and this is evident, as is manifest by the little regard that the rest have to saving, or the little dread they have of damnation. Where is he that seeks and groans for salvation! I say, where is he that hath taken his flight for salvation! Because of the dread of the wrath to come. 'O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?' Matt. ii. 9.

Alas! do not the most set light by salvation? As for sin, how do they love it, embrace it, please themselves with it, hide it still within their mouth, and keep it close under their tongue? Besides, for the wrath of God they feel it not, they fly not from it; and for hell, it is become a doubt to many if there be any, and a mock to those whose doubt is resolved by Atheism.

But to come to the question, *what is it to be saved?* To be saved, may either respect salvation in the whole of it, or salvation

in the parts of it, or both: I think this text respecteth both: to wit, salvation completing, and Salvation completed; for, *to save*, is a work of many steps, or to be as plain as possible, to save, is a work that have its beginning before the world began, and shall not be completed before it is ended.

First then, we may be said to be saved, in the purpose of God before the world began. The apostle saith, that he saved us, and called us with an holy calling, not according to our works, but according to his own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ before the world began, 2 Tim. i. 9. This is the beginning of salvation, and according to this beginning, all things concur and fall out in conclusion: 'He hath saved us according to his eternal purpose which he purposed in Christ Jesus. God in thus saving, may be said to save us, by determining to make those means effectual for the blessed compleating of our salvation. And hence we are said, to be chosen in Christ to Salvation. And again, that he hath in that choice given us that grace that shall compleat our salvation. Yea the text is very full, he has 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, Eph. i. 2. 4.

Secondly, As we may be said to be found in the purpose of God, before the foundation of the world, so we may be said to be saved before we are converted, or called to Christ. And hence, saved is put before called; he hath called us, and saved us, but he puts saving before calling. So again, we are said to be preserved in Christ, and called, he saith not called and preserved, 2 Tim. i. 9; Jude i. And therefore God saith again, I will pardon those whom I reserve, that is, as Paul expounds it, those whom I have elected and kept, Jer. l. 20, Rom. xi. 4, 5, and this part of salvation is accomplished through the forbearance of God. God beareth with his own elect for Christ's sake, all the time of their unregeneracy, until the time comes which he hath appointed for their conversion. The sins that we stood guilty of before conversion, had the judgment due to them been executed upon us, we had not now been in the world to partake of an heavenly calling. But the judgment due to them hath been by the patience of God prevented, and we saved all the time of our ungodly and unconverted state, from that death, and those many helles, that for our sins we deserved at the hands of God.

And here lies the reason, that long life is granted to the plea before conversion, and that all the sins they commit, and all the judgments they deserve, cannot drive them out of the world before conversion. Manasseh, you know, was a great sinner, and for the

trespass which he committed he was driven from his own land, and carried to *Babylon*, but kill him they could not, though his sins had deserved death ten thousand times, but what was the reason? Why he was not yet called, God had chosen him in Christ, and laid up in him a stock of grace, which must be given to Manasseh before he dies: therefore Manasseh must be convinced, converted, and saved. That legion of devils that was in the possessed, Mark v. with all his sins which he had committed in the time of his unregeneracy, could not take away his life before his conversion. How many times was that poor creature, as we may easily conjecture, assaulted for his life by the devils that were in him, yet could they not kill him, yea, though his dwelling was near the sea-side, and the devils had power to drive him too, yet could they not drive him further than the mountains that were by the sea-side. Yea, they could help him often to break his chains and fetters, and could also make him as mad as a Bedlam, they could also prevail with him to separate from men, and cut himself with stones, but kill him they could not, drown him they could not; he was saved to be called. he was, notwithstanding all this, preserved in Christ, and called. As it is said of the young man in the Gospel, Mark ix. 22, he was by the devil cast oft into the fire, and oft into the water to destroy him, but it could not be; even so hath he served others, but they must be saved to be called. How many deaths have some been delivered from, and saved out of before conversion? Some have fallen into rivers, some into wells, some into the sea, some into the hands of men; yea, they have been justly arraigned, and condemned, as the thief upon the cross, but must not die before they have been converted. They were preserved in Christ and called.

Called Christian, how many times have thy sins laid thee upon a sick bed? And to thine, and others thinking, at the very mouth of the grave, yet God said concerning thee, let him live, for he is not yet converted; behold, therefore, that the elect are saved before they are called. "God who is rich in mercy, for his great love wherewith he loved us, even when we were dead in our sins, Ephesians ii. 4, 5, hath preserved us in Christ, and called us.

Now this saving of us, arises from six causes.

1. God hath chosen us unto salvation, and therefore will not frustrate his own purposes, 1 Thes. v. 9.

2. God hath given us to Christ; and his gift, as well as his calling, is without repentance, Rom. xi. 29, Job vi. 37.

3. Christ hath purchased us with his blood, Rom. v. 8.

4. They are by God counted in Christ

before they are converted. Ephesians i. 3, 4.

5. They are ordained before conversion to eternal life; yea, to be called, to be justified, to be glorified, and therefore all this must come upon them, Rom. viii. 29, 30.

6. For all this he hath also appointed them their portion and measure of grace, and that before the world began, therefore that they may partake of all these privileges, they are saved and called; preserved in Christ, and called.

Thirdly. To be saved, is to be brought to, and helped to lay hold on Jesus Christ by faith; and this is called saving by grace through faith. "For by grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God," Ephesians ii. 8.

1. They must be brought unto Christ, yea, drawn unto him; 'For no man (saith Christ) can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him,' John vi. 44. Men, even the elect, have too many infirmities to come to Christ without help from heaven, inviting will not do. 'As they called them, so they went from them,' therefore he drew them with cords, Hos. xi. 2, 4.

2. As they must be brought to, so they must be helped to lay hold on Christ by

faith, for as coming to Christ, so faith is not in our own power, therefore we are said to be raised up with him, through the faith of the operation of God. And again, we are said 'To believe according to the working of his mighty power, which he wrought in Christ when he raised him from the dead,' Col. ii. 1, 2, Eph. i. 18, 19, 20. Now we are said to be saved by faith, because by faith we lay hold of, venture upon, and put on Jesus Christ for life; for life, I say, because God having made him the Saviour, hath given him life to communicate with sinners, and the life that he communicates to them, is the merit of his flesh and blood, which whoso eateth and drinketh by faith, hath eternal life, because that flesh and blood hath merit in it sufficient to obtain the favour of God; yea, it hath done so that day it was offered through the eternal Spirit a sacrifice of a sweet smelling savor to him; wherefore God imputeth the righteousness of Christ to him that believeth in him, by which righteousness he is personally justified, and saved from that just judgment of the law that was due unto him, Job v. 26, chapter vi. 53-57, Ephes. iv. 32, chapter v. 2, Romans iv. 23-25.

To be continued.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

"BLACK, BUT COMELY."

(Canticles i. 5.)

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

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We have here two pictures presented to us in the way of contrast. Two scenes, the very opposite of each other, and yet illustrating two conditions found in the same person—found also, it is most important to observe, in the same person at the same period of time. The figurative bride does not say, 'I was black, but now am comely.' She says, 'I am black, but comely.' Black as the tents of Kedar, *comely*, as the curtains of Solomon. Kedar was the second son of Ishmael, of whom the Lord had declared, 'He will be a wild man; his hand will be against every man, and every man's hand against him.' From him are descended the Bedouins, or wild Arabs of the desert, in whose habits, as modern travellers describe them, we have the exact fulfilment of the prophetic declaration. Their tents are woven of camel's or black goat's hair, and they are the habitation of untutored and untameable men, whose almost constant employment is plunder, carried on amidst scenes of violence, bloodshed, and

death. Hence the exclamation of the Psalmist: 'Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar. My soul hath long dwelt with him that hateth peace. I am for peace; but when I speak, they are for war.' These tents were often placed amidst the rocky sides of the hills or mountains, which bordered the desert. This was for security for themselves when they had provoked retaliation, or as hiding places from whence they might the more unexpectedly come forth and overtake the unsuspecting travellers. Isaiah alludes to this circumstance, when, looking forward in prophetic vision, he sees some of the glories of the latter day, and knowing that even Ishmael's wild sons shall share in the general blessing, he calls for the universal song, 'Let the wilderness and the cities thereof lift up their voice, the villages that Kedar doth inhabit. Let the inhabitants of the rock sing, let them shout from the top of the mountains.' The bride, then, declares

that these black tents in those rocky hiding places, inhabited by these wild men, are the picture of her condition. It is the old Adam nature. 'Behold I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.' 'And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.' Are we entirely delivered from this old nature when we are converted and manifested as the Lord's children? From its condemnation and curse we are, as well as from every risk of its having ultimately a victory over us; but from its existence we are not, as we are continually made to feel. It is Paul the Apostle who says, 'I know that in me (that is in my flesh), dwelleth no good thing;' and it is the same blessed servant of Christ, when he had been thirty years an assured Christian, that writes—'Sinners, of whom I am chief.'

Let us now look at the other picture—the curtains of Solomon. Some would make these to be merely the adornings of a royal tent or pavilion; thus one writes:—

'In her Saviour comely—fair to view
As the rich curtains of the regal tent,
Where the true Solomon vouchsafes to dwell.'

It would appear, however, far more likely that the allusion is to the curtains or vail of the temple. With those the contrast would be the more complete. The Lord said to Moses, 'Let them make me a sanctuary, that I may dwell among them. According to all that I shew thee, after the pattern of the tabernacle.' The command is accompanied with the promise:—'There I will meet with thee, and I will commune with thee from above the mercy seat, from between the two cherubims which are upon the ark of the testimony.' The tabernacle was erected according to God's pattern; and in it were ten curtains and 'a veil' of 'fine twined linen, and blue, and purple, and scarlet, with cherubims of cunning work.' This tabernacle was succeeded by the temple which Solomon built. David gives the pattern to Solomon, having received it from the Lord. We read, 'David gave to Solomon, his son;' 'the pattern of all that he had by the Spirit, of the courts of the house of the Lord.' Amongst other things recorded of this temple, it is said that Solomon 'made the most holy house,' that 'he overlaid it with fine gold;' 'the gold was gold of Parvaim;' that he 'made two cherubims of image work, and overlaid them with gold;' and that he 'made the vail of blue, and purple, and crimson, and fine linen, and wrought cherubims thereon.' This we believe to have been 'the curtains of Solomon.' How comely this vail or curtain must have been, made meet to hang in such a place! It was the curtain of the *holy of holies*. Inside that golden chamber which it inclosed, was the ark of

the testimony, containing the tables of the law. The covering of the ark was the propitiatory or mercy seat—the type of Christ our propitiation. On each end of the mercy seat stood a golden cherub, each stretching forth his wings. Between the cherubims there rested the 'Shechina,' or manifestation of the glory of the Lord. To this the psalmist alludes when he says, 'The Lord reigneth; let the people tremble; he sitteth between the cherubims; let the earth be moved.' Immediately in front of this glory, and hiding it from common eye, hung this vail or curtain of Solomon. The bride says, 'I am as comely as that.'

Now arises the important question, as we look at those two pictures,—How can the church or the individual believer be, at the same time, as black as the one, and as comely as the other? The question is easily answered. The Christian is a man of two natures, the flesh and the spirit. He has been enabled to receive Christ, and therefore has received power to become a son of God. As one of God's children (through faith in Christ Jesus) he has been 'born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man'—and therefore not a natural birth—'but of God,' and therefore a spiritual birth. He has been, then, the subject of two births, the natural and spiritual, and is therefore the possessor of the two natures. This is what our Lord refers to when He says, 'That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the spirit is spirit.' Whatever we have by *natural* birth comes from Adam, and being tainted with Adam's sin, is *black* in God's sight; whatever we have by *spiritual* birth comes from Christ, and—bringing with it His righteousness to be imputed unto us, even as our sins were imputed unto Him—we are without spot and comely. The blackness is *inherent*, the comeliness is *imputed*. The child of God knows more of the *blackness*, the more he understands the *comeliness*; or in other words, the better we understand and realize what we are in Christ, the more we feel and mourn over that which we are in ourselves. We have already followed the bride into 'the king's chambers.' It is there in his immediate presence, as she gazes on his beauties, that she is constrained to cry out, 'I am black.' Then, as if she got a view of his condescending grace, and was enabled to rejoice in his enrolling love, she adds, 'but comely.' It is most instructive to notice that throughout the whole story of this '*Song of Songs*,' there is not one expression of doubt ever comes from the bride, as to the love of her beloved. We have a variety of experiences. Sometimes we read of uninterrupted fellowship—'*His left hand is under my head, and his right hand doth embrace me.*' At other times we read of

separation—'I sought him, but I found him not.' Still under each condition and in all circumstances, she grasps the unchanging fact—'My beloved is mine, and I am his.' It is not always so with the Lord's people. We are too often tempted to say, 'I am so black I doubt he can never love me.' We ought rather to see that our very blackness exalts the grace of His free and unmerited affection. In the prophet Ezekiel we read about the comeliness we are considering, and from whence it proceeds. 'I passed by thee, and looked upon thee, behold thy time was the time of love' This is God's free grace choosing us. 'I spread my skirt over thee, and covered thy nakedness.' This is the wonderful plan of salvation, whereby God, in Christ, reconciles us to himself. 'Yea, I swear unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee, saith the Lord God, and thou becamest mine.' Here we have the everlasting security of all those who are in Christ Jesus. 'I clothed thee also;' 'I decked thee also with ornaments.' 'I put a jewel on thy forehead,' 'a beautiful crown upon thine head.' 'Thou wast exceedingly beautiful,' and thy renown went forth among the heathen for thy beauty: for it was perfect *through my comeliness*, which I had put upon thee, saith the Lord God.' Here we have the Christian clothed in the righteousness of Christ!

The apostle Paul was conscious of the existence in him of the two natures, and

painfully he felt the struggle going on between them. He says, 'I delight in the law of God after the inward man.' There he speaks as the new man in Christ. He adds, 'But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind.' Now he speaks of the old nature still cleaving to him. 'Then under the constraining power of the strong conflict going on within, he cries out, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' It is as if for the moment he is almost tempted to despair of the result; so deeply does he feel the strength of his inward corruptions, and the power of outward temptations. But it is only for the moment. The feeling may remain whilst he looks at himself; it departs when he looks to Jesus. The next moment he adds, 'I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord;' as if he had said, Jesus has already destroyed the power of this old Adam nature. This body of death may struggle, but it cannot conquer. It is crucified. It may continue a lingering existence, but it must perish. It may cling to me all through the wilderness—it cannot follow me into the promised land.

'Since, therefore, I can hardly bear
What in myself I see,
How vile, how black, must I appear,
Most holy God to thee!
But, oh! my Saviour stands between
In garments dyed in blood:
'Tis He instead of me is seen,
When I approach to God.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.—LETTER LXIV.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD.

MOST EXCELLENT THEOPHILUS.—Before I go on to the sovereignty of the Most High, as shewn in the most glorious truth of eternal election, a truth which will indeed strongly contrast with the dark ground over which we have been travelling; there we shall breathe freely—feel at home, and exult only with solemn pleasure; there we shall not perhaps have quite so many, at least of our brethren trying to pull us down. But before rising into those table lands, I must occupy the whole of this letter in a sort of desultory way; just to give you a few intimations and cautions upon several different parts of truth.

You are, then, now led to see clearly the difference between sovereign hatred, and that of condemnation; that Esau was not condemned on the ground of God's hatred to him, but (to put it in a lower and softer form than that in which the Scriptures put it,) simply this, as God was not pleased to set his love upon Esau, he left him where sin had placed him, namely, under the curse

of the law: the Bible says, God hated Esau; but mind, God did not lay Esau's heritage waste, because he hated Esau; no, not because he hated Esau, for that (namely, the hatred,) was a matter settled before Esau was born. Esau have I hated. You see it is put in the past tense, Esau *have I hated*. Now the result was, that he was (as all his mystic posterity are) left in his sins, and as Edom was the border of wickedness, God hath indignation for ever. Here then, you must be careful to maintain both the sovereignty and the *justice* of God; nor must you be moved by men telling you that this doctrine of (so-called) causeless and groundless hatred is contrary to the *nature* of God; for this objection is easily met by an opposite consideration, namely, that God is *holy*, and that therefore it would, according to man's notion of his nature, be contrary to his nature to love sinners; but he did love sinners; yet if he had taken the mere apparent natural course with them, he must have hated them, but instead of this, he in

apparent opposition to his holiness *loved* them, and has undertaken to make them holy as Christ is holy. Thus you must be careful to distinguish between things that differ. The *reasons* beyond the solemn truth that it is so, that he has hated one and loved the other; the reasons beyond the truth that God in the unfathomable deeps of his sovereignty has so ordered it; and that in both he must be glorified; the reasons beyond this, no man knoweth. That it is so, we do know; but the reasons the Most High may have in his mind for so doing we do not know, for secret things belong unto God, but those which are revealed, belong unto us.

Nor must you be moved by men supposing that God himself is bound by *all* the laws that binds his creatures; or that he never (to use a polytheistic term) does that himself which he prohibits in *others*. I call this mode of speech *polytheistic*, because it sounds like the doctrine of a community of gods. Let us see whether he does not do that which he prohibits in *others*; does he not prohibit his people from avenging themselves? yet will he not take vengeance? Take then also the following clause, do to others as you would others should do to you. This is a just, a noble, a most advantageous and christian precept when applied between *man and man*; but I dare not utter one word of the blasphemy into which it would lead, were we to attempt to bind the everlasting God by this law, because with him there are *no others*, nor does it follow that because it was sinful in the Jews to hate the Saviour, seeing they ought to have received him, as the Ninevites received Jonah, and as the queen of Sheba, came to hear the wisdom of Solomon, but because it is unrighteousness and wicked to the last degree, to hate the Saviour, would you, most excellent Theophilus, would you deny your Maker his right to hate one and love another, and though no cause be assigned but that of his own will? Have you never read the 9th chapter to the Romans, especially from the 18th to the 22nd verse? why, surely men must think themselves gods, or they would never suppose that God, *over* all, and blessed for ever more, is bound by all the laws, by which creatures are necessarily bound. It is little short of a wonder that the same important creatures do not set to, and reprobate the doctrine of *causeless love*, for surely there is no cause in the sinner, why God should love him? yet he *dors love*, and that for ever. 'So whom he would he has hated, and whom he would he has loved; and so hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth.' You read No. 13 of the Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit again, that sermon has had, and is still having an immense circulation.

But now most excellent Theophilus, as you

must not be moved from the sovereignty of God, so you must not be moved from the *holiness* of God. Stand at an infinite distance from, and in immoveable opposition to that doctrine which would make God the *author of sin*; remember that sin is a *lie against God*, and he who would make God the author of sin, must make *God a liar*. And this would be to make the high and lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, and as whose name is holy, to make God, I say, the author of sin, would be to degrade him to a level with Satan—Satan (not God,) is the liar, for it is impossible for God to lie; besides, how can the *pure* fountain of truth, be the source of falsehood; how can infallible holiness be a fountain of unholiness? nay, most excellent Theophilus, you will see that sin is so infinitely abhorrent to God, that none but Immanuel could reach far enough to so cast it out from his presence, that a sinner may by the blood of Christ draw nigh unto God; if then, sin in the root and essence thereof be a lie against God, what must be the state of the world? Aye, even if the professed Christian world, as sovereignty is almost everywhere railed against, the salvation counsels in their order and immutability despised, or if not directly despised are dreadfully compromised; you see how men who *profess* to have their hearts in the truth as it is in Jesus, you see how quietly the duty-faith error travels about, and they are not disturbed by it, but as soon as the rights of the Most High are advocated, they are up in arms to cast him down from his sovereignty. And most excellent Theophilus, some of these men will hate *you*, as though *you* had put those truths into the Bible, and as though *you* hated half your fellow creatures, whereas you hate no one; and as though *you* were the author of men's condemnation; but all this you must quietly bear. Many who now kick at they know not what, will by and bye see the way of God more perfectly; they, at the present, mistake both you and your position. But you must give them time to read—mark—learn—and inwardly digest. They will then be—(with the pure water and wholesome pulse; we have given them)—fairer and fatter, and will be of more use in the king's court, and will have better understanding in matters pertaining to the king's affairs, and to the kingdom.

They misunderstand, I say, both you and your position, they think you are *glorifying* in the awful destiny of the lost. They think that the solemn truths you receive relative to the hated, the condemned and lost, are pleasant. Never were you more misjudged. It has been a path of trembling to you, yet shall no harm come to him that trembleth at God's word. Also, they think of you as though you set aside the justice of God, but

you do no such thing; you know that the chief bases of the justice of God are his *supremacy* and *integrity*: his supremacy wherein he has given such laws as seemed good in his sight; and he abides faithfully by those laws. And man is condemned not on the ground of sovereignty, but on the ground of sin; man is condemned by a just process of law, and sinners are saved by grace in entire accordance with law, and justice; but, nevertheless it laid with God as to *who the persons* should be, which were to be loved or hated, saved or lost. Thus then, most excellent Theophilus, abide in the truth, and thou wilt be in safe-guard. I hope you will be kept from letting the

enemy have any dominion over you in any sense, for you see what men are.

There is another point which I should like to touch upon, but I must leave it to some future opportunity, and that is to point out to you, how you ought to encourage your humble-gifted minister. You may by right conduct towards him, help greatly to improve his gifts, and which improvement would of course make him more useful, not that you are to esteem him for his gifts merely, but for the grace that is him. I can sincerely sympathize with the humblest in the household of faith, seeing, I myself, am but

A LITTLE ONE.

THE LIFE OF A LAD FROM THE CRIMEA:

NOW A MEMBER OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

PART III.

(Continued from page 22.)

BUT before I proceed any farther with my life, let me pause here a moment, just to observe the vast difference between us, when we are (under a sight and sense of what we are as sinners) made to cry aloud for mercy, and when we are left to ourselves, as you will observe I was when I had quite recovered from my illness. For, during the latter part of my time previous to my return to England, though standing in such a perilous position as I was, namely, in the battle-field, exposed to all danger, not knowing but what the next shot would kill me, hearing the screams and groans of the dying, seeing thousands falling around, and hearing them as they lay there, some crying, some praying, some swearing, others laying senseless with the loss of blood. I say, though standing in the midst of all this, yet I had no desire after God, no desire to hear his word; I seemed utterly careless of my own soul. And yet how is this? Men tell us that we can have those desires when we like; they say we can come to God when we like; we can tremble at his Majesty when we like, and that Christ wants to save us but we won't be saved; and I don't know what beside, and they set too and scold us because we won't come to Christ.

Poor things, what rubbish they do talk. Should this meet the eye of a duty-faith man, or free-willer, I would just ask him this question; if it lays with the creature to reject or receive Christ, just which he pleases, how is it that at such a solemn time I had no desire after God? Surely if anything reminded me of hell, that did; and if I ever did need a Saviour's protection, I did there. Well, then, I would ask you again, how is it that I had none of these desires

that you free-willers seem to think are easy to have? Can you answer me that question? you know you cannot. Then let us turn to the Saviour's own words (John vi. 44), and there you will get an answer; I might mention many more, but will make this suffice. Are there not thousands, yea, tens of thousands in our country, that will sit down and read of the sufferings of their fellow-mortals, and will shed tears? Some will sit in the theatre and see a tragedy performed, and will weep over that; yet those same persons would read of the sufferings of Christ, and would not be in the least moved. *How is that?* because they have never felt what sinners they were; consequently they have no real love to the Saviour. God has, indeed, by a deep experience, made me feel that it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of him that sheweth mercy.

Coming back to my career, our ship arrived at Woolwich, and as soon as our ship was moored fast alongside, I went ashore as far as they would let me go; my mother and sister were waiting there to see me, and they were very glad to see me safe back. I cannot remember what transpired between us, for I was not over sober at the time, for we had not been in bed for three days, consequently they had given us a great deal of spirit in order to keep us at work; however I came to London the next day, received my money, and got my discharge from the service. I was then puzzled what course to pursue. I did not trouble my father with my presence this time, but took the advice of my mother and elder brother, and stopped at home. I took a situation in the Walworth-road, at a tea dealer's, &c.;

I engaged as porter at £20 per annum, which was not so bad, considering I was rather a rough sort of chap. I stopped there some time, I never attended any place of worship until the first time Mr. Spurgeon preached in the Surrey Music-hall, which was the night of the accident, when I went just out of curiosity to see him. Of course I could not understand, vitally, the few things he was able to advance, but I seemed to like him.

After this, I occasionally went to hear him at his own chapel, not for anything I could get spiritually (for I was yet in the dark) but because I liked his singular sayings, and I used to come home and imitate him to the amusement of them all at home. But I must tell you, that as my mistress thought I could scrub and clean pretty well, having been used to that at sea, she at once discharged her servant, and in addition to my usual work in the shop, she wanted me

to clean her rooms and her stairs. I accordingly agreed to do so, if she would give me the servant's wages in addition to my own; this she refused to do, so I left the situation. I soon obtained another, but did not stop there long.

Alas! alas! it is too well known what depraved man is before his conversion. I was desperately fond of drink; I have spent as much as six shillings per week in drink. Such was my dreadful state at that time. I obtained a situation in the Edgware road, which was a very comfortable one; I then resolved to reform a little, which I did, but I used to feel very miserable, as I could not go home on Sundays. I soon got over that difficulty, for I formed an acquaintance with a young lady, and I received great kindness from her friends; I felt myself then quite a reformed character, and gave up all my acquaintances.

The Christian Philanthropist.

A MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. JOSEPH PRATT, OF MANCHESTER.

It is at all times a most pleasing part of our duty to pay a passing tribute of respect to the memory of departed worth, in whatever sphere of life it may have been exhibited, and we prefer to do so where a good reputation has been won in the humbler walks of life, than where, aided by adventitious circumstances, the lives of some men are made remarkable, more by their fortunate position in the world, than by what they themselves have built up and established.

In noticing the recent death of Mr. Joseph Pratt, of Manchester, the well-known printer and publisher in that city for upwards of forty years, which took place on the 19th of November last, we speak no undue word of praise in saying, that he was a man who had in many respects served his day and generation, and studied to leave the world better than he had found it. Of humble parentage—his father having been a little master printer in those days when the art was more orthodox than ornate, and newspaper columns not so prolific as now—with little or no scholastic learning, he was placed at an early age in the establishment from which was issued the earliest newspaper of the town, 'Wheeler's Manchester Chronicle.' There, first in the capacity of office boy, which he has often been heard to say was by no means a sinecure post, he was duly apprenticed; during which term he acquired the habits of industry and perseverance, and imbibed those principles of moral rectitude to which through life he unflinchingly adhered.

Setting out in life's future way, intent upon getting on in the world, after embarking in one or two partnerships of short duration, he was at length fairly settled down and established as a printer and bookseller. From this

time the plan of his future course seems to have been well drawn out before him. 'To do good in his life,' was the grand incentive to all his actions; seizing every opportunity of bringing before the public anything of interest or excitement, his name soon became popular; at the same time he had the strongest aversion to that which was of a trashy nature, and scrupulously avoided anything issuing from his press or shop which might not be termed strictly moral. The religious element soon manifested itself in his business. Devotedly attached to the Established Church* of which he was to the close of his life a meek and consistent ornament; the clergy soon became his warmest patrons; and he might with the strictest propriety be styled the clerical printer of Manchester. For information of any kind respecting the Church, his shop was the place where it was always sought. The Bible and the Church Missionary Societies, the Societies for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews, and the Due Observance of the Lord's-day, and a host of other kindred associations he had much to do with in a business point of view; also the Religious Tract, and Prayer Book and Homily Societies. There were also few local charities with which, in some shape or other, he had not been associated.

He was for many years a warm patron of,

* Mr. Pratt, from his commencement in business up to within twelve months prior to his death, sat under that eminently pious minister of God, the Rev. John Hollist, incumbent of St. James's, who after a laborious and faithful pastorate of forty years, retired from his charge, in consequence of advanced years, at the close of last year. During his illness he was frequently visited by his pastor, as well as other ministers and religious friends.

and took an active interest in St. Mary's Lying-in Hospital, and rejoiced to contribute to anything which had for its object the benefit of the poor. His private acts of beneficence were many. To the oppressed, the unfortunate, and those who needed a helping hand to raise them in the world, he willingly lent his influence; and there are many now living who can testify to the valuable assistance rendered by him. In his own immediate locality his name will ever be cherished with deep respect; charitable almost beyond his means, he delighted in almsgiving. His counsel and advice were frequently sought; and always relied upon. He never took up his pen but it was in the cause of truth and justice. In no respect may he be said to have been more at home than in matters affecting the interests of the community. Gifted with a keen perception and sound common sense, he was quick to expose misrule or mismanagement wherever it might appear. Conservative in principle, he was yet an advocate for all wise reforms; and as a ratepayer of long standing he strove to lighten the burden of taxation. Nor should it be forgotten how indefatigably he laboured in many parliamentary contests, and in the municipal elections of the city.

One of the latest philanthropic efforts of his life, to which he devoted much time and attention, was in bringing before the notice of the public, and the authorities, the great importance, in cases of fire, of there being prompt and efficient means not only for the preservation of property, but also for the rescuing of human life, by fire escapes so disposed in respective parts of the town, as to be available within the shortest possible time. His attention was more particularly directed to this subject, from an occurrence of fire near his own dwelling, where, but for the heroic conduct of two individuals, the lives of six inmates would have been greatly imperilled. Through his exertions, and by a pamphlet published at his own expense, these men were brought before the notice of the Watch Committee, their praiseworthy conduct rewarded and acknowledged by their testimonial as well as by public subscription; and to one of them was awarded the medal of the Royal Society of London for the Preservation of Life from Fire.

The most conspicuous part of Mr. Pratt's career, and in which he may be said to have become a public man, was the stand which he took, much to the prejudice of his business, against the aggressions of Popery, and the wide-spreading influences of socialism and infidelity. Some twenty years ago, when the warm pulse of Protestant zeal was at fever heat in the veins of that mighty champion of Protestant truth, the Rev. Hugh Stowell, there were wont to assemble, in a little saucum at the back of his shop, a noble band of Christian warriors eager to do battle with the legion of Antichrist. There from time to time might be seen, with that Christian Nestor at their head, Churchman and Dissenter, merchant and tradesman, and laymen of all classes, met together in holy consultation

to stem the influx of that foul tide of Popish iniquity which threatened to overspread the land, and which made the name of Manchester so odious to the powers of the Vatican. Mr. Pratt entered most enthusiastically into the cause. His shelves and counters now teemed with tracts and publications setting forth the glories of the reformation and the vital truths of Christianity. Year after year he was entrusted with the organization of public meetings, and it would be difficult to compute the number of tickets which through a course of years were issued from his establishment. His correspondence became very voluminous, absorbing much time, and that too when the business of the day was over. His premises became as notorious as (to a certain portion of the community) they were obnoxious; and his windows, always blazing forth some fresh Protestant triumph, or announcing some impending struggle, were many times threatened with annihilation. He became literally a byword. Add to this, many a godly pile in the shape of petitions was by his own hands carefully arranged, the signatures to which he was very jealous that they should be genuine; and never was general prouder in despatching news of victory than himself, when the time came for sending off his yearly array of names denouncing the grant to Maynooth, wishing it God-speed on its errand to some parliamentary Spooner for presentation to the House of Commons. By degrees this state of things subsided. Chilled by disappointment, and the hostility he met with on all sides, and deserted by his early coadjutors, the zeal of the reverend and invincible antagonist of Romanism, though unquenched, became year by year less publicly manifested. Those platforms from which had reverberated the war cry of 'no peace with Rome,' no longer re-echoed the warning note; and the gradually-decaying ranks of those who once fought nobly in the cause were no longer rallied by the exciting cry of '*Nil desperandum.*' Still the Protestant bookseller was undaunted, and single-handed he, for some time, sent forth to the world his little weekly '*Protestant Witness*,' never forsaking the cause he had espoused, and ashamed not to own that Protestantism should ever find an abiding place with him.

Such is a brief outline of this exemplary and Christian man's career. And what were the secrets of his success, for success it must be called? They were these—truth, virtue, integrity; an inherent love of that which is right—a detestation of that which is wrong. Marked throughout by a beautiful consistency not only of habit but in every relationship of life, he won for himself the esteem of all classes. For the Sabbath he had a most sacred regard; to him it was indeed 'a delight;' and in proportion as that day was reverently observed, he attached every consequent blessing of life. Though encountering many reverses in trade, he was providentially enabled respectably to maintain a very large family; and had the same energies which he devoted to the cause of truth been applied to

the accumulation of wealth, prosperity must have been the result. He seemed not to live for gain alone. Yet it is to be regretted that his latter years were embittered by many harassing cares and anxieties. He suffered much too from the bereavements which had taken place in his family. He was a remarkable instance of how a man amid all life's changes and chances, may still 'keep the even tenor of his way.' 'Diligent in business,' he made it not only his duty but his relaxation; and this sublime, but solemn truth, was ever uppermost in his mind, 'that according to the employment of every day of time, each man's soul approaches daily nearer to

heaven, or flies farther away from it.' He placed an humble trust and confidence in God, acknowledging Him in all his ways; and the writer of this imperfect sketch will never forget, when life's feeble pulse was gradually ceasing to beat, hearing from his lips the gentle summation of his dying prayer, the precious words, 'through Jesus Christ our Lord,' in whose merits his hopes of salvation were humbly reposed. And thus bequeathing to the survivors of his family the noblest heritago in the world, that of a well-spent life, his spirit fled peacefully away to its resting place in heaven.

THE GREAT DOCTRINE OF DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

THE number of letters written—and the large amount of interest excited by the epistles of 'A Little One'—Mr. George Wyard's criticisms and other communications—have compelled us to issue two supplements, one with the January and another with the February numbers. In those supplements are given the minds of many good men on a subject of vast moment; we have published them—not because we love abstract controversy, but because we feel bound to act impartially in those matters with which the honour of the eternal God, and the edification of the people, are so deeply concerned. Besides, the clearer development of Divine truth is one of the noblest labours of our existence; we, therefore, send these letters forth, with a firm persuasion that the Lord will thereby stir up many hearts to look more closely into the beauties, the glories, and the innumerable mercies and blessings flowing from the Gospel of the grace of God.

There has long been a sore and bitter division among many who will be found around the throne of God. If we, instrumentally, could lessen, weaken, or in any measure remove this division, it would be a rich reward for all our toils and trials. We are determined—God helping—to try. The following letters are not given in the supplement, but in the current number, for reasons which will appear.

MR. BARRINGER'S NOTE ON MR. WELLS'S REVIEW OF HIS FIRST EPISTLE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As an act of common justice, you will, I trust, insert this note in your next issue, as Mr. Wells appears to have a most unhappy mode of distorting not only the Scriptures, but the opinions of those who differ from him.

Mr. W. asserts, I have advanced 'four singular doctrines,' which he very charitably concludes are oversights. From these points he draws his own conclusions which are most fallacious.

First. 'God must love.' I should suppose if His nature is love He must love. *The act*

must flow from the heart. The persons loved are according to His own choice. The necessity is that He must act *according to His nature*, and that nature is love. Is this wrong?

Second. 'God must give a law to Adam.' Can Mr. Wells find a creature without a law? Is such a thing possible? Can we by any flight of fancy suppose a created being with no law to guide him? We might as well suppose a planet without an orbit. If all are to glorify their Maker, then it must be by yielding obedience to the law of its existence. I therefore maintain Mr. Wells was wrong in asserting that 'God need not have given a law to His creatures at all!' (letter 61).

He need not form the creature at all, but when formed it is formed for a certain end, and that arises from the law of its being. God, therefore, must give a law to Adam because of His existence as a worshipful Being, to whom all creatures must bow. Mr. Wells does not argue fairly or logically when he enquires what 'breakable law was given to angels?' when I plainly stated that the *nature of the law* was entirely from the will of God. Is this a singular doctrine?

Thirdly. More unfairness still. What has my love to enemies to do with God's hatred to Esau? Mr. Wells himself affirmed that when a law was once given, even God would reckon himself unrighteous to depart from it (see letter 61). I reminded Mr. W. of a positive law given in these words, 'love your enemies,' and wished him to reconcile it with his own statement. It is merely blotting the paper to write of loving the devil. We have no command for this.

Fourthly. Two opposites may dwell in our breasts, we being *imperfect* creatures; but in the *one* Jehovah, *all-perfect*, there cannot be two opposites, or He must cease to be. Mr. Wells may very freely have the labour of proving this if he can, but I fear he will burn his fingers, if he tries. I love Divine Sovereignty as much as Mr. Wells, because mercy and goodness are its constant products, Isa. xvi. 6. Having noticed other ideas of Mr. W.'s in a letter last month, which I find you had not room to insert, I need say no more. If Mr. W. condescends to notice my letter at all, he will be kind enough to do it

fairly and by sound scriptural arguments; it may be a benefit to others, and a credit to himself. Your's, dear Sir, in the love of the Gospel,
W. BARBINGER.

11, Albert Terrace, Richmond Road, Bayswater, Jan. 9th, 1860.

YOUNG HOPEFUL'S REVIEW OF MR. GEORGE WYARD'S LETTER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Will you be so kind as to allow me a little space in your February number, as I feel constrained to say a few things to you and your readers, to vindicate (from my own personal knowledge) the character of that most faithful servant of Christ, Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, whom your correspondent, Mr. G. Wyard, of Zion chapel, Deptford, has thought fit to abuse, and I think very unjustly. The great God hath in His sovereign will and mercy made J. Wells the instrument of plucking me as a brand from the everlasting burning, and I should think any one who had real love for such an honourable servant of Christ, could not peruse your January number without feeling very much hurt at the gross misrepresentation made by Mr. Wyard, respecting the manner of his preaching, and also what he preached. First, then, as regards the manner; he says, 'all of us are not facetious, witty, and humorous; all of us can't be funny and create roars of laughter;' so much for Mr. Wyard's definition of his manner of preaching. Now, sir, I have had the privilege of hearing Mr. Wells at his own, and other chapels, for nearly two years, and I never heard one roar of laughter from the congregation assembled, and I am sure, if there had been, I must have heard it, as when the Lord leads my feet to Zion's courts, to hear His most blessed word, He also giveth me an ear to hear, so that I am not at all deaf as to what is being preached, neither am I ignorant of the manner. But, alas, sir, there are men who profess to be preachers of the Gospel, who, I fear, never knew the real value of that Gospel in their own souls, or they would, I am sure, preach more and more fully, and truly, and fearlessly, which they profess so much to love. For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh, and if the blessed God has enriched the heart of his faithful servant, J. Wells, with his glorious Gospel, he cannot but preach what the Lord hath put in his heart; and thus saith the high and lofty One, 'whose honoureth me, I will honour; and bless His holy name,' He has faithfully promised, therefore it must come to pass; yea it has already come to pass, for go into the Surrey Tabernacle and there you will see the promise fulfilled, 'whose honoureth me, I will honour.' So you see it is not the wit nor the humour that draws the multitude to hear him; no, sir, but it is this, because he preaches the unsearchable riches of Christ, and it is after those things that the poor and needy will run. So then, all I can say as to the manner of his preaching to your correspondent is, go and do thou likewise. Second, as regards what he preaches, Mr. Wyard charges Mr. Wells with perverting the Scriptures, and that wilfully, for he says when

he has heard him preach, he has thought he has not given the meaning intended by the Holy Spirit, and that instead of preaching to profit the people, he has only tried to please them. Oh, sir, what a dreadful libel on such a faithful Christ-exalting servant in the Gospel kingdom; but what surprises me most is, however Mr. Wyard can call a man his dear brother who has, he believes, wilfully perverted the Scriptures, I would remind him that the Scripture saith, 'cursed is he who preaches another Gospel,' and surely he also is cursed who wishes them God speed who do preach another Gospel, and is not wishing him God speed to call a man your brother who preaches another Gospel? Oh, I think so. Oh Mr. Wyard, I suppose you are afraid of offending Mr. Wells, so you think to smooth it over by saying dear Brother Wells. It was your duty, Mr. Wyard, as a professed minister of the Gospel, to rebuke your Brother Wells at the time you heard him, or as you think you heard him pervert the Holy Scriptures, and not have left it till now. This does not shew brotherly love on your part to him, but however, Mr. Wells does not require any words from me to justify him. Oh dear no. He, I am sure, has a clear conscience before God from all the false charges Mr. Wyard has brought against him; and therefore, dear editor, I hope you will not think me too tedious in bringing this little grievance before you. I felt it my duty so to do as a lover of Zion and her faithful ministers, trusting, sir, you may be kept by the power of God unto salvation; so that you and all God's faithful ministers may come to Mount Zion, the city of our glorious king Jesus, and there to sing His most worthy praises and ascribe salvation to God and the Lamb for ever and ever. YOUNG HOPEFUL.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Written after a Sermon on John x. 9, by Mr. R. Boules.

'I AM,' saith Christ, 'the living door'
To pastures fresh and green
My sheep shall have access by me,
Nor find a bar between.
The robber seeks some other way,
Or climbeth o'er the wall;
But in the midst, upon his head,
Shall sudden vengeance fall;
While those that know my voice shall come,
Though earth and hell oppose;
And till the last has entered in
Its portals cannot close.
For all who from the broken law,
And Sinai's thunder flee,
To seek a refuge from the storm,
This door is open free.
Repentant prodigal, return;
Your wanderings give o'er;
Your Father's mansion still displays
Its wide extended door.
Truth, Lord,—for hungry, thirsty souls,
This open door I see;
Oh, tell me, if within thy fold
There's room enough for me?
Ah! yes,—methinks I hear thee say,
Behold my wounded side;
Would I have suffer'd this, if thou
Could'st ask, and be denied?
Then if there's hope for such as I,
No sinner need despair;
Since e'en the chiefest may obtain
A happy entrance there.

W. TAFFS.

Reviews.

OUR LAST NOTICE OF MR. BAXTER'S "BAPTISM."

A Refutation of the Erroneous Statements and Criticisms contained in 'THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and Gospel Standard Magazines.' By A. J. BAXTER.

Such is the title of a pamphlet just issued, and purporting to be a reply to our review of his little work on Baptism. Let us see how far this 'refutation' answers its title. Mr. B. begins by stating that our 'review is 'unargumentative and satirical.' Well, if so, so much more easy and triumphant should be the answer. Is it so? Let us see. Our readers will remember that following the order of Mr. Baxter's book, we took, viz., first, the *geographical* argument; 2dly, the *verbal*, (base on *en* baptizo;) 3rd, the Scriptural argument, *i.e.* the teaching and practice of Christ and his apostles, or the *faith* required for baptism; and lastly, Mr. B.'s argument for infant sprinkling. And we supported our arguments by quoting a number of *unmutilated* texts of Scripture, and an overwhelming mass of corroborative and critical evidence. Let us see now, how far the refutation is a reply to this.

1st. In relation to one part of the geographical argument, the relative position of Bethabara and the Dead Sea, he corrects an error which we committed in the first part of our review; we were wrong, but Mr. B. is not right. The truth lies between our statements. We affirmed that the Dead Sea and Bethabara, were 54 miles apart. Mr. B. affirms they are scarcely *nine* miles apart. The exact distance between them is 27 miles, the latitude of the two places as given by Dr. Kitto, being as follows:

Dead Sea	31 30
Bethabara	31 57

We made the distance 27 miles *too much* and Mr. B. 18 miles *too little*. Here then, let us confess that Mr. B. is *nine miles nearer the truth* than we are, and only 18 miles distant from it. But for the purpose of our argument, 27 miles is as good as 54; the rapidity of the Jordan at Bethabara, in consequence of its *nearness* to the Dead Sea, being the subject under dispute. On the next point, *i.e.* the Baptism of females, Mr. B. tries to throw dust into his reader's eyes, by talking about 'purification by *sprinkling*,' being a legal rite performed by the Jewish Priests, but what has this to do with the Baptism of *Greek* women, who had nothing whatever to do with Jewish rites? It is this quiet, but *unfair* amalgamation of things that differ, of which we complain both in the book and the 'refutation.'

3. Sand on the banks of the Jordan. To refute our statement on this subject, Mr. B.

quotes the following passages from Gadsby's *Wanderings*.

'We soon left the wild meadows of Jericho, and entered on a *sandy* desert, reaching the banks of the Jordan in less than (two) hours. That part of the plain which is now *sand* might easily again be cultivated, as there is an abundance of water near.' (*Wand.*, p. 502.)

What does this quotation prove? That Mr. G. passed through a *sandy plain before he reached the Jordan*, not that the banks *immediately* washed by the Jordan were sandy. And this quotation *agrees exactly* with our statements (p. 135 of our review.)

Passing to the Scriptural argument, he says.

'In the second part of his Review (p. 161) my Reviewer desires his readers to believe that my views cannot be entertained or sustained without a new translation of the Scriptures. It may well be asked in return, can his?

What a question! When the answer is so palpably before him in our review itself; where all our arguments are supported by *unmutilated* texts of Scripture; in none of which have we desired or found it necessary to *alter* or *retranslate* one *single word*; While Mr. B. to support his theory is compelled to mutilate, or partially retranslate nearly every text he quotes. At p. 4. of his refutation, Mr. B. says.

'What then has he proved? Why only (what I never denied) that sometimes the Greek prepositions must be rendered in English, *in, into, and out of*; and thus, to the illiterate, he has made it appear absurd not to render the words *in, into, and out of*; with reference to Baptism. (Pp. 161, 162.) Now I will put all this in so simple a form that no unlearned person need misunderstand it. In my book I never said that '*at, with, and by,*' were the only meanings of the Greek preposition *en*, and that it never meant '*in, or* that *eis* always means *unto, near, or towards* (although Bretschneider gives this as its leading signification), and never meant *into.*'

In reply to this we cannot do better than quote the following passage from p. 162, of our review, in which we have laid down the rule which every translator, who understands his duty, must rigidly adhere to. Let our readers mark the passage in italics.

'The facts are these. We admit with Mr. B. that always to translate *eis* and *en*, by *in* and *into*, would make many passages ob-scure, absurd, and meaningless. But what does Mr. B. gain by this admission? Nothing! What Mr. B. *ought* to have done, to have made his argument of any value, *was to prove that the words eis and en when they occurred in connection with the words baptizo, made the passage absurd and meaningless*, (as they do in the texts quoted above,) then he would have shown the *necessity* for another rendering of the words. *But this he has not done.* Why? Simply because he cannot. We challenge Mr. B. to produce a text referring to water baptism, in which the words *eis* or *en* is translated *in* or *into*, which is rendered ridiculous or meaningless by such a translation.'

Now Mr. B. has nicely passed by this passage in his 'Refutation' and taken no notice of it. Why is this? The *whole force of our reply to Mr. B.'s 'preposition argument,'* is comprised in that passage. Why then is he silent upon it? The rule laid down in it, is sound, or it is unsound. If unsound, why did not Mr. B. refute it in his refutation? If sound, then all that Mr. B. says on the part of the subject in his refutation, is mere chaff, and our argument stands unassailed and unassailable. Mr. B. and his friends may call his pamphlet a 'refutation,' but in the face of such a glaring piece of legerdemain as this, an impartial and unprejudiced reader will probably give it another name. We now pass to a part of the 'Refutation' still more extraordinary, and after examining which, our readers will probably think that they have had enough of Mr. Baxter. In p. 5. of his refute, he says,

1st. My Reviewer declares (p. 163) that the writers in the New Testament always express dipping by the verb *baptizo*. This they never do, but always by *bapto*, the word never used for the ceremony of baptism.

The 'EARTHEN VESSEL' told its readers the word *bapto* was used in both these places (p. 164); but the *Standard* is right! for it is only *bapto*.†

The 'EARTHEN VESSEL' has been huddling the two words together all through its Reviews, the same as Mr. Orchard.

In support of the course we adopted in 'huddling' the two words together, we give the following extract, by one of the most eminent and learned Biblical critics of the present day, and an infant sprinkler, Professor Stuart, of America, in which it will be seen that he 'huddles' the two words together, the same as we did, and as Mr. B. 'huddles' them in his book.

'*Bapto* and *Baptizo*, both mean to dip, plunge or immerse. All lexicographers and critics of any note, are agreed in this.' (Biblical Repository, April 1833, p. 298). The Professor then quotes passages from *Homer, Pindar, Aristotle, Xenophon, Plutarch, Lucian, Strabo, Heracles, Plato, Herodotus, Epictetus* and *Josephus*; all of whom use the words to express immersion; he confesses that *he cannot find one case in any classic Greek writer, in the Septuagint, Apocrypha, or New Testament, where they mean anything inconsistent with immersion.*

It will be seen that in the above passages Mr. B. treats the words *bapto* and *baptizo* as being altogether different, and conveying different meanings, and charges us with ignorance and untruthfulness, for treating them as one and the same. Will our readers credit it? Mr. Baxter in his book, treats them as we have done, admitting that the words are one and the same in their signification! In our review, we answered Mr. B. on that admission, (knowing at the same time that the identification of the two words, had been contended for and successfully maintained by many of the most learned writers on the subject of baptism) now in his refutation, he contends that they are altogether different. We quote the following

passages, the first from Mr. B.'s book; the second from his refutation; and it will be seen that the two quotations most amusingly 'refute' each other without any 'refutation' on our part.

At p. 18 of his book, he says, speaking of *bapto* and *baptizo*, I shall proceed to treat them as one and the same thing.

This is what we did. Now at p. 5. of his refutation, Mr. B. says, 'my reviewer declares that the writers in the New Testament, always express dipping by *baptizo*, but this they never do, but always by *bapto*.' Thus here he treats the words as altogether different. Which opinion does Mr. B. hold? the one in his 'book' or the one in his 'refutation'? As far as our opinion is concerned we contend now, as we did in our review, that the words are identical in signification; and in so treating them we acted upon Mr. B.'s own admission, and our own conscientious conviction; and if we err, we err with the great body of the most learned Divines, Dr. Gill, and Moses included.

(To be concluded next month.)

"An Alarm for Zion: the Church of God Shaven and Shorn; her beauty gone; her strength lost." A Sermon. By JOHN LINDSEY, Minister of Wooburn Green, Bucks. Published by Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row. Price one penny.

ALL who have heard, and all who have acquaintance with John Lindsey, will be quite prepared for the bold, out-spoken, and fearless style and spirit of this sermon. There is no mistake about it, no ambiguity, no mysticism. John Lindsey is like the parson who once said, 'If a man don't believe this, he ought to be shot!' We suppose he meant—the man ought to be shot through the heart with the convicting power of the Spirit of God, as Saul of Tarsus was, when Jesus said, 'Why persecutest thou me?'

We heard John Lindsey preach once, 'we shall never forget it.' But we did not think there was one half so much mental power and literary genius in him as this sermon displays. If our blessed Lord spares John's life, deepens his experiences, unfolds more and more of the beauties and glories of Zion's most precious Redeemer in his soul, and enlarges his knowledge of the varied features of the Bride's existence in this imperfect state, then, we say John will make a good and useful preacher. This sermon is an exposition of Samson sleeping upon the knees of Delilah; and it is a discourse worth the serious attention of the whole church of Christ. We say this, although we do not think that Zion's beauty is gone; nor is her strength lost. They are both secured and complete in the covenant of grace, and in the Christ of God; but zealous young men generally commence by thrashing Zion, and by making a dreadful outcry against ministers—deacons—the state of the churches—editors, &c. &c. We have been so many times soundly thrashed by these young men when they first set out, that we are quite inu-

red to it now. Contrasted with them, of course, we are all wrong, and they are raised up to set us right. There is a good number of zealous young men now in the service. We hope they will be instrumental in producing a better state of things. We love to see them go a-head in the truth, and in this John Lindsey is straight at present. We believe he came out of good old John Warburton's church; and that he is a true Israelite in whom there is no guile. Mr. James Wells's letter on Anniversaries, dreadfully excited John's spirit, and a sharp reproof for James was the result. It was quite hot when it came to us. We are keeping it a little while until the storm is over. Sincerely do we hope that John Lindsey and his sermon may be of great use to our churches. We want arousing bad enough, and if the Surrey Tabernacle pastor would take a few of these young men and encourage them, keep them, and kindly advise with them, he would confer a great good upon Zion. At least, we dare to think so.

"*A Word of Instruction for Duty-faith People.*" Such is the title of No. 61, Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit.

Mr. James Wells here expresses in broad terms his faith touching the duty of man; and his responsibility to his Maker. No believing man in Christendom can object to this sermon, unless that objector is blind to the essential power of God the Holy Ghost. Between the warm admirers of Mr. Wells, and the hearty friends of Mr. Wyard, we have been lately in a regular fire; but we are not yet consumed.

'Tell it unto sinners, tell,' &c.

We shall be compelled to show, ere long, that while these good men have different mannerisms and different modes of expression, there is no material difference in their faith. We expect to notice this sermon, &c., in our Supplement published with the February number; but the communications pour in upon us so fast, it is a wonder we retain our senses. If this month's EARTHEN VESSEL seems to indicate that the Editor is not *very far from Bedlam*, no one must be much surprised.

"*The Doubter Delivered: a Memoir of the late Mrs. Elizabeth Pook.*" To be had of G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row, price four pence.

There is a large class of seeking, believing, sighing, and doubting disciples of Christ, to whom works of this kind are useful. Our Brother Pook witnessed, for many years, the sorrows and the sufferings of his devoted partner. He also saw the faithfulness of the Lord in her deliverance; and from such scenes he has prepared a Memorial full of holy experience and savoury truth. 'It will live,' and be a blessing when his head is silent in the grave, and his spirit in eternal glory.

'*A Defence of Christian Baptism.*' By D. Allen, Pastor, Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Mark Lane, Bourke Street East, Melbourne. Published by G. Abbot and Co., Near Post Office, Melbourne. This pamphlet (like others of his works which we have not fairly noticed) prove Mr. Allen to be a man of great

research, a minister of much spiritual discernment, and an unflinching, yet affectionate advocate of every Gospel principle and New Testament practice, which he believes to be in accordance with the revealed will of God. It is most gratifying to know that in the metropolis of South Australia there is a witness for God so qualified and useful. We wish Mr. Mills—the faithful friend of D. Allen—would issue a cheap edition of this pamphlet for the benefit of the English and American churches.

'*Ireland's Welcome to the Christian Minister.*' A Discourse by Francis Wills, of Kingsgate chapel, Holborn. Published by Stevenson, London; and Pratt and Sons, Manchester. Our friends who look upon the Irish revivals with much suspicion, certainly should read this sober, matter-of-fact discourse. Mr. Wills is not the man to exaggerate, nor easily to be deceived. He has gone right into the house and into the hearts, too, of the Irish people, and he tells you the result in a manner most simple, sincere, and convincing. We hope he will go to Ireland again. He says the real Christians there are experimental Calvinists to a man. What do you say to this, Elias Griffiths?

Our Australian Mail.

MOUNT ZION PARTICULAR BAPTIST CHAPEL,
LITTLE RYLIE STREET, GEELONG.

The anniversary of the above place was held on Lord's day, November 6th, 1859, when our pastor Mr. John Bunyan M'Cure, (being favoured with his dear Master's presence), proclaimed two good Gospel sermons. The attendance was good; and we felt it was a high honour to be thus remembered, and blest of the Lord. The text in the morning was from Deuteronomy xxxiii. 29; "Happy art thou, O Israel; who is like unto thee? O people loved by the Lord, the shield of thy help, and who is the sword of thy excellency, and thine enemies shall be found liars unto thee, and thou shalt tread upon their high places."

I will only give you the divisions of the subject. I. *The congratulations.* Happy art thou, O Israel." 1, because of the love of God to them, "yea he loved the people," 2, because of the suitable provisions given to them, "the precious things of heaven, the dew, and the deep that coucheth beneath, &c." 3, because of the safety he always affords them, they shall dwell in safety alone. 4, because of the support and strength by which they shall endure. "Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be."

II. *The Enquiry.* "Who is like unto thee?" As a separated people, as a holy people, as a fortified people, as such there is none like unto them in life, they live not unto themselves, but unto God. None like unto them in death; they sleep in Jesus. None like unto them in the judgment day, they shall be owned and welcomed as the blessed of the Father; none like unto them in glory, they are before the throne.

III. *The loving cause of this blessedness*

declared. "O people, saved by the Lord." To be saved by the Lord, is to be honourable saved, fully saved, everlastingly saved; they are defensively saved by the shield of their keeper; the Lord is the defence and protection of His people; but thou O Lord art a shield for me, my glory, and the lifting up of my head; the Lord is the help of His people. God shall help her and that right early; they are saved offensively by the sword of thy excellency. 1, Saved by destruction; for this purpose was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil. 2, Saved by vengeance; your God will come with vengeance, He will come and save you. 3, Saved by justice; the sword is an emblem of justice. 4, Saved by authority by the blood of thy covenant, I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, and awake a sword against my Shepherd, and I will save the sheep. 5, Saved by power, the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. 6, Saved by triumph, we are more than conquerors through Him that loved us. Therefore, the consequences are 1, Saved from all thy enemies; they shall be found liars unto thee. 2, They shall be destroyed. Thou shalt tread upon their high places.

In the evening, the text was from the 27th Psalm, 4th verse. "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in His temple. 1, the one thing desired, that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life. The house of the Lord, 1, the invisible house, composed of all the loved and chosen ones. 2, The visible house composed of all those who being redeemed by precious blood, are born of the Holy Ghost, "who continue steadfastly in the apostle's doctrines, fellowship, breaking of bread, and in prayer." 3, The holy spiritual worship of God, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, according to the order of the New Testament. "That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life." First, to be at home in the glorious doctrines of the Gospel, in a living experience of the same in the soul, and a clean and holy practice in life, bring forth good fruit. Second, to abide therein, like the stone in the building, the branch in the tree, and as a seal upon his heart, his arm, and his hand. To abide in the grace by which we are brought into the house of God. To abide in the profession of His name by which we appear before men to be in the house.

2, The great object of this desire: to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple—1, the priests in their robes, their sacrifices, the sprinkling of the blood before the mercy-seat, the sound of the golden bells &c.—Our Messiah, Lord Jesus, is the meaning and substance of all this, and thus we behold the beauty of the Lord. 2, The unity of the Divine and glorious Persons in the blessed Trinity. 3, The harmony of all the perfections of Jehovah in the Person and work of Christ. 4, The harmony of all the persons in the undivided God, in their offices, and charac-

ters in the everlasting covenant. 5, The Lord's presence to his people; in these things we have some glimpse of the beauty of the Lord.—And to enquire in his temple. 1, to enquire, is to ask questions. 2, To seek for truth or information by enquiry, by prayers.

3, The grand decision:—that will I seek after. 1, As one who is not ashamed, 2, As one who is greatly concerned for the honour and glory of God. 3, As one who likewise is earnestly desirous to maintain the answer of a good conscience toward God.

On the Monday following, we held a public tea-meeting, and I assure you it was such a meeting we have never had before; our chapel was filled in every part directly after the public meeting was commenced. Mr. Friend, one of our deacons, presented a very handsome purse containing £22 10s. to our pastor, as a token of love for his work's sake, as a minister of Jesus Christ to encourage him. The whole matter was kept a profound secret from him until the moment of it being presented; therefore you may judge of the pleasing surprise. The subject for the evening was, the love of God.

1. Brother Allen's subject was, what do God's children understand by this expression, the love of God.

2. Brother Friend, How is the love of God made known to the soul.

3. Brother Cakebread; The effects of the love of God in the soul.

4. Brother Ward; The effects of the love of God for the soul.

The brethren spoke well to their subjects; the people appeared to be at home; the collections at the close of the meeting, amounted to about £22 15s. We all had cause to sing,—

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

THE APOSTASY OF BRITISH CHRISTIANS IN CALIFORNIA.

[The following letter furnishes a dreadful proof of the frailty of that religion which stands only in "a name to live." In the hour of temptation it falls away; while in the metropolis, and in this country, we are greatly privileged, yet how doth it become us to search and see that "the root of the matter" be found within.—ED.]

MR. EDITOR.—Although separated from you by the wide Atlantic, yet I anxiously look for the arrival of the VESSEL, as it is frequently laden with the good old wine of the kingdom, which alone can cheer the heart of the soul that hath been taught by the Spirit of God, to feel a thirsting after that righteousness which alone is to be found in the Lord Jesus Christ. In the January and March numbers of the VESSEL, is the memoir of Samuel E. Pierce, furnished by J. A. Jones; at that time I had never seen any of Mr. Pierce's works, but since then, after a great deal of trouble, I have procured several volumes of them; and I am free to confess so far as I have read them, that they have been a precious feast to my soul: such exalted views of my all glorious Redeemer I never had before; they are a mine of precious treasure, and pourtray our covenant God, the ever

adorable Trinity, with greater effulgence than any writer I have seen. I should bless God if I could be privileged to hear the "True Gospel" in this city, but alas, it is not to be found; it is all a "yea and nay" gospel; preaching we have plenty of it, but it is not the Gospel the Apostles preached.

I have been a resident of this city twenty-three years, and have heard, I believe, nearly all the resident Baptist ministers that have been here, during that time: but I never heard but one sermon in any Baptist Church on the doctrine of election; and that was delivered by a Presbyterian. There are five or six Baptist Churches, and a population of over 250,000 souls in this city. I have no doubt my brethren on the other side of the Atlantic will think this is a dark picture, but alas, it is a true one. I will here give you the result of this "yea and nay" gospel, as copied from the "New York Examiner" (Baptist) of February 17th, 1859, it is headed "A Dark Picture," and reads as follows. The Baptist Circular, published at Sacramento, California, makes the following statement, which for the honour of our common Christianity we hope is over drawn. Let us say then, that in California there are perhaps 10,000 people, who before coming to this country were members of Baptist Churches in other places. Out of this 10,000 the startling number of about 9,000 are more or less living at this very time in a state of downright apostasy. These apostates are found in every rank and class of society, from some of the highest officials of the state, down to the lounging idler. This fearful extent of backsliding in California, is not however peculiar to the Baptists, but every denomination her-, we are assured by their ministers, occupies the same relative position in this thing. To stem this mighty tide of apostasy, we need more ministers, more zeal, more prayer, more benevolence, and more instrumentalities; above all we need more humble hopeful trust in God.

Brethren in Christ in Great Britain, you (though little you may think of it) are a highly favoured people; let me intreat of you to highly prize your Gospel privileges, and you "Watchmen on the walls of Zion," continue to blow the trumpet with a certain sound, and may the Holy Spirit continue to unstop the deaf ears of the Lord's redeemed ones, that they may hear the sound thereof. Brethren, pray for us that the Lord may raise up some in this land of boasted "Gospel light," who shall preach a *finished salvation* through the merits of a crucified Redeemer; truly my soul thirsteth for the Gospel as proclaimed by the "Living preacher," that hath been taught the plague of his own heart, and have been brought to renounce all refuges of lies. I have a few authors, such as Hawker, Gill, Goodwin, Romaine, Toplady, and recently Pierce, who with my Bible I have to peruse and meditate on, and precious moments they are. Yours in the Gospel of Christ,

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

Baltimore, United States, Nov. 22nd 1859.

HEAVENLY REST.

Lines suggested on hearing a Funeral Sermon preached by Mr. Pells, of Oxford Street, on the Death of Mrs. Hull, January 15th, 1860.

'Where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'

In the deep, cold, and silent grave
Our dear, beloved friend is lain;
No more shall sin her mind deprave,
For soul and body's rent in twain.
Long did she tread this vale of woe;
Her spirits oft were much deprest;
Sighing at heart, she long'd to go
To where the 'weary are at rest.'

But say, Can friendship check the tear?
Can love restrain the rising sigh?
Ah, no; but still one thought will cheer—
She's now in brighter worlds on high!
High where the ransom'd wave the palm!
High in the mansions of the blest!
Where all rude storms are hush'd in calm,
And where the 'weary are at rest.'

And dare we wish her back once more,
'Midst all her sorrows, trials, and pains?
Or, leave the throne she's now before,
Where joy eternal ever reigns?
Away! Begone! Vile, selfish thought!
She now is number'd with the blest;
She gazes on the Lamb she sought
There, where the 'weary are at rest.'

For forty years or more she shar'd
The sorrows, joys, and ills of life,
With him whom Mercy yet has spar'd,
A loving, kind, devoted, wife.
He still remains but for awhile;
But with the heavenly truth impress—
When he beholds his Saviour's smile,
He'll feel the 'weary are at rest.'

C. G. OLIVER.

WAITING FOR THE LORD.

Waiting for Thee, my Lord,
Waiting for Thee.

Waiting Thy love to feel,
Thy smile to see.

Jesus! appear to me,
Make all my sorrows flee;
Thy love is all my plea,
Waiting for Thee.

Come quickly, Jesus! I'm
Waiting for Thee;
Come in Thy robes of love,
Come, Lord, to me,
Come with a robe for me,
Thy spotless purity;
Open my eyes to see
I stand in Thee.

Then, Lord, I'll feel no fear
Waiting for Thee,
Although my path be drear
Waiting for Thee.

Thy love shall be as light,
Giving me day for night,
Making my heart delight
Waiting for Thee.

Jesu's love in my soul
Better to me,
Better than this world's wealth,
Better to me:
Makes my soul sing with joy!
Joy which knows no alloy!
Joy foes cannot destroy,
Better to me.

Still am I waiting, Lord,
Waiting for Thee;

Waiting till Thou dost say
'Come unto me!'

Then, with the wings of love
I'll fly to Thee above,
There live a life of love
Ever with Thee.

DIOPHUS.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

FORMATION OF A NEW GOSPEL CHURCH AT GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK; AND THE RECOGNITION OF MR. JONATHAN MOSE, AS PASTOR.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—On Tuesday, December 13th, special services were held in Providence chapel, for the purpose of the formation of a Gospel church, and the recognition of Mr. Mose as the pastor thereof. The afternoon service was opened by brother Whorlow, of Sudbury, reading the first part of 2nd chapter to the Phillipians, and seeking divine blessing on the services of the day. Brother Dickerson then delivered the opening address upon the business of the afternoon, the formation of a gospel church; after which he called on those who were to be united to stand up and signify such desire by holding up their right hand; to this 33 persons responded. He then said, as you have been united in that relation before, have you a letter of dismissal for such purpose? To which one of the Brethren stated, we have addressed two communications to the Church of which we stood members, one in the form of resignation, signed by thirty, to which no reply was given, having learned this was irregular, on December 4th, we addressed another to the Church, begging to be dismissed, with the view of taking the present step. We have received a communication from the Church on December 11th, but as we cannot look upon it as a reply to either, we do not feel called upon to read it, but, perfectly at liberty to take the present step. Brother Dickerson then called them again to publicly signify their desire by holding up their right hand, stating most forcibly the nature of their present engagement. He then said they were in a capacity to act as a body, and wished to know if there were any of the body they had chosen to bear office among them. To this Brother Braybrook stated, that at a meeting held December 4, Brother William Ford, W. Mirrington, Thomas Dust, and Thomas Prentice, were nominated for the office of deacons for the ensuing twelve months, subject to confirmation then if desirable. Brother Dickerson then asked Brother Pooek to give the right hand of fellowship to the deacons upon their appointment to office, which was done. He then asked them for their articles of faith, upon which their union was founded, which were publicly read by their minister Brother Mose. These being approved, Brother Pooek gave the right hand of fellowship to each member, individually making suitable remarks, as he did so, especially to the aged. The Church thus formed was commended to God, and Brother Pooek delivered an address to the newly-formed Church on the relation to each other of deacons and members, and the reciprocal duties of each to each other, and concluded the service with prayer. At half-past six the evening service was opened by Brother Pooek, of Ipswich reading part of the

4th chapter of the Ephesians, imploring the divine blessing on the solemn service; after which Brother Pooek opened by a few remarks, and called upon the newly-formed Church to signify their election of Brother Mose to be their future pastor, which was cheerfully done. He then called upon him to signify his acceptance of the call, to which he publicly responded saying, the dear people had long had his heart, he therefore could cheerfully give them the hand. Our brother then asked the deacons to give them an outline of the Lord's hand leading to this event, to which Brother Mirrington replied. Having been deprived of our late beloved pastor Brother Barnes, by death, our Brother Mose was in the providence of God brought amongst us in the month of October, 1853. We bless God his ministry was made a blessing to us and also to the congregation; but when the time came for the Church to decide upon Brother Mose being called to the pastoral office or not, we found ourselves in a small minority, but such was the interest we felt in the ministry of our brother, and such the feeling in a large portion of the congregation, we felt we should be justified in procuring another place, and thus secure the services of one who had been made a blessing to us, and we pray may be made a greater blessing still, especially as the Lord has gone out before us and disposed the heart of a friend worshipping with us, and who was now present to give us the piece of ground upon which this chapel now stands, with enough also for a vestry and burial-ground. That step has occasioned the services of this day, by means of which we hope God will be glorified here and elsewhere, in the ingathering and edification of the Lord's redeemed people. Brother Pooek then said, as you have given such a plain statement of the Lord's hand in leading our brother to you, and your unanimous choice of him as your pastor, I shall go a step further and ask this large congregation to signify their approval of your choice, and the interest they feel in the ministry of our brother, to which a very large proportion of the congregation responded by holding up their hands.

Brother Pooek then called on the newly elected minister to give an outline of the Lord's dealings with him in bringing him to the knowledge of Christ, to which he answered by relating his very early convictions while in the Sabbath-school; but more particularly in the Lord providentially directing his way into a dissenting family; his parents being attached to the Establishment, and inimical to dissent; this led to his attending Matfield Green Chapel with a fellow apprentice, whose father was a deacon there; he had reason to fear his master was

a stranger to vital godliness, though he held the doctrines of grace, there being little or no religion in the house. During the two years of his attendance there, his convictions were often very pungent, and the exercises of his mind respecting his state before God very great; his understanding was enlightened in the doctrines of grace, as clear as at the present time, so that at times he could talk freely on those things. At the expiration of two years, his master absconded, and he has never seen him since. He returned to his native place with the hopes of an enlightened understanding, and the seed of Divine grace in his soul. He then spoke of the fourteen years of most solemn struggle between the principle of grace and the power of depravity, brought into full play by the circumstances he was placed in. After about twelve years of painful struggle, in which I can only describe myself as borne on the bosom of a mighty torrent to a precipice just before me, without any power to stem or arrest the mighty force which was hastening me on to certain destruction.

About this time, the Lord in his providence brought the good men into his native town to preach; and under their ministry the Lord powerfully wrought, and I was brought to know there was something in religion more than I had ever felt, and I must realize it or perish. My cries to God were now more incessant and solemn. The Lord, by a chain of providential events, at last led me from my native town, into the place where I was first apprenticed, so that I was enabled to hear the ministers again, whose word had been before blessed to my soul; at first I attended Matfield Green Chapel, walking there in the morning, round to Tunbridge Wells in the afternoon, and home in the evening; a journey of 19 miles; but finding my soul blessed under the ministry of the late Mr. Kewell, pastor of Hanover Chapel, I after some time attended there, this I did the more readily, as I really was profited, and the distance not being more than twelve miles I could take my two little sons. The state of my mind now was distressing; while under the sound of the word I could hope, and sometimes believe the Lord would be merciful and make known my interest in redeeming mercy; but this would seem to die again, and darkness and gloom follow. There was one spot of ground between Tunbridge Wells and Tunbridge I can never forget; there I had the most solemn struggles of soul; it was used as a place to deposit the stone broken to repair the road, near to the top of the hill running to Bidborough. After leaving chapel on my way home, the conflict began. Well, said the enemy, you are a miserable creature; I would throw myself down there, and not get up till the Lord delivered me. I have stopped, stood still, and been half inclined to adopt the hellish design, but was kept from it by God. What if the Lord should not appear? my doom is sealed—I dare not. But if the enemy was foiled here, he would try another scheme. You are a poor miserable wretch, I would not go home to make every one else miserable. Under this

suggestion I would wander for as long as I could, crying and praying, but no relief appearing, I would go home sunk in distress.

In the month of May, 1857, Brother Kewell came to see me, and before he left asked me when I intended to join the Church of Christ. My reply was very decided, never sir! and if you knew me, you would not think of asking me such a question. He left me, saying, I shall see you this day fortnight, and we must talk farther about this matter. This made me tremble and cry day and night unto God; my conflict had been, whether the power and thought of sin would ever be broken, or whether it would always have dominion over me, being assured that would prove me a reprobate, as the Lord said of, and to his people, "Sin shall not have dominion over you." Though bless the Lord, so far as the outward life was concerned, the Lord had separated me, but the inward struggles were terrible. At the end of the fortnight my dear friend again visited me; we walked together to hear the late Robert Stodhart preach at Pembury Chapel; we returned together to Woodgate, where we parted. He again most affectionately put the question to me combating my objections; my answer was the same. He then took me by the hand and said, I shall propose you to the Church of God, to which I replied, If you do so, you must do it upon your own faith, not upon mine. We parted: I with a fresh burden which caused me to cry most earnestly to God that I might not be permitted to join myself to the Church of God, lest I should be left to dishonour that cause which I dearly loved, and cause the name of Christ to be reproached, which would be worse than death.

I was proposed and accepted by the Church, and on the last Sabbath-day in May, 1837, was baptized in Hanover Chapel, Tunbridge Wells. I shall never forget that day, the Lord mercifully was with me. I had always been afraid or ashamed to own myself on the Lord's side, lest by any act I might dishonour him and wound his cause; but on that day the Lord broke that snare, and I could have testified my attachment to Christ and his cause before an assembled world. My great fear was, that Jesus would not accept and own me. In this state of mind I still continued, my Sabbath-days were good days to me, I heard the word with gladness; my hope was bright, and my soul fed upon the word, but my fears and darkness would return upon me almost as soon as the sound of the word ceased.

Sometime in the month of August I had, as usual, spent the day in hearing the word, but I could not feel any sweetness therefrom; it was a day of gloom and darkness even while hearing. This being a new exercise, caused me solemn searchings of soul. After the afternoon service I returned home, and after tea took my Bible and walked up and down my little back yard, to try to read what I had been hearing in the day, but to no purpose; I was truly sunk in gloom and distress. In this state I returned to my family, and sat down to read with them. I took down a

small volume of letters by the Rev. William Romaine, and was in the act of reading Letter 23, when a most solemn change took place in my soul. It appeared as if a most glorious light illuminated the room, the gloom and distress was all gone in a moment; light, joy, and peace filled my heart, the time of mercy was come. I tried to tell my dear wife and children what I felt, but that was impossible, we knelt together, I tried to pray, my heart was filled with praise, my whole soul was filled with heavenly peace and joy. After a short time my wife and children retired to rest, I spent the night I know not how, sometimes danced in my heart, sung, wept, and tried to pray and praise till about four in the morning: my good wife, from the top of the stairs, called to know if I was not coming to bed; I at once retired to my chamber, but not to sleep, for the first time I thought I knew and felt what the spouse in the Canticles meant, when she said, 'I sleep, but my heart waketh.' It was indeed a time of love, Christ was in my heart and in my arms. This heavenly reality lasted all the following week. I lived with my Lord. Every moment I could get from my business and family I spent in my closet. I talked with my blessed Lord, and He answered me in the joy of my heart, I found it as hard to get my mind down to earthly things, as I have since felt it difficult to arise from earthly things to heavenly. More than twenty-two years have elapsed since then.

Many changes I have seen,
But have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but thou?

Brother Pooek made some remarks on the dealings of the Lord thus distinctly related, and said there were many points so exactly agreeing with his own experience, that his heart was glad the deliverance was as clear as the bondage had been distressing, and said I must now ask our brother to tell us how the Lord opened the door into the ministry; to which he replied.

(Mr. Mose's deeply interesting reply will be given in March.)

WHAT DOES THE GOSPEL HOME MISSION PROPOSE TO DO?

The *City Press*, (A powerful and useful London Journal, published by our indefatigable friend Mr. Collingridge) and the *Christian Cabinet*, (decidedly the best and the cheapest religious paper in London) have both given reports of the inauguration meeting of the Gospel Home Mission, which we here transcribe.

On Tuesday Jan. 3rd, a public meeting was held at Shaftesbury-hall, Aldergate-street, for the purpose of inaugurating a new missionary-society, under the auspices of a number of gentlemen holding the principles of Calvinistic Baptists. The Chair was taken by T. Pooek, Esq., of Southwark.

The proceedings were opened by singing a hymn, and prayers having been offered up. The Chairman said,

The society they had met together to inaugurate, had for its object the dissemination of the pure gospel of Jesus Christ. When he was asked to take part in the business of the evening, he ques-

tioned himself whether, with the many missions already established, another was really wanted; but when he looked around and saw the great moral degradation which existed every where in this great metropolis, he no longer hesitated—no longer doubted the expediency of establishing new missions. He liked the word 'Home' as part of the title, for he thought every sensible man should first look at home to see what might be done, and then direct his efforts, if need be, to the amelioration of the condition of those thousands of miles away, and not neglect those who were perishing around him, as was too often the case. They would endeavour to secure the services of earnest, energetic, truth-loving men to carry out the gospel to the dark corners of mighty London; and he trusted, by the blessing of providence, they might reap an abundant harvest.

C. W. Banks said, he felt it an high honour to move the proposition he was about to submit to the meeting. It must be gratifying to every Christian to watch the great efforts now made for the spread of the gospel. Ministers gathered strength—the Church increased—religious publications multiplied. The evidences assured him that the hand of God was upon our country for good. The resolution he had to propose was, 'That a society be formed on the doctrines of free grace, for the spread of the gospel.'

The proposition having been seconded and carried,

Mr. Cracknell proposed, 'That the society be called 'The Gospel Home Mission.' He thought there was ample scope, and the greatest necessity, for renewed missionary enterprise; for sending forth men who should preach a free-grace gospel. It should be disseminated in the theatre, the court, the alley, the lane, and byway; every opportunity in fact, that presented itself, should be embraced.

Seconded by Mr. Webb.

After a few remarks from Mr. J. Palmer,

Mr. Flack moved the last resolution, 'That the means used shall be the holding special services for prayer and preaching of the word in chapels, halls, or open air; carrying the gospel to the homes of the poor by missionary agency; the distribution of approved tracts; the establishment of preaching-stations in the destitute neighbourhoods, &c.' He related many instances of the good effect of a word in season, which had come within his own experience as a missionary in London.

Other gentlemen having addressed the meeting, the proceedings were closed by prayer.—*City Press*.

It is asked, "What does the Gospel Home Mission propose to do? First, we will endeavour to UNITE the sympathies, the energies, the hearts, the heads, and the hands of all who love THE TRUTH, and walk according to it, in order that the Churches of our Lord may more extensively carry the Gospel into the dark and desolate parts of our metropolis, and of our land; the Lord knows, it is indeed high time an effort was made to cement together the little material we have; it has been, it is most woefully and awfully rent and divided.

Secondly, the Gospel Home Mission proposes to employ such agency as the Lord may give her, in order that the cottages and lodgings of our different localities may be visited; that Bibles, sermons, tracts, and Gospel truth may be carried to the people, who are sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death. As Nehemiah was scorned and reproached, so will the Gospel Home Mission; nevertheless, there are a few who are resolved to pray and persevere. May God Almighty give them His smile and blessing; and their labour then will

not be in vain. We expect to have more to say presently.

Our most devoted and benevolent chairman Thomas Pocock, Esq., kindly presented the treasurer with £5 to begin with. The Lord reward him ten thousand fold,

HOW MUCH OUGHT WE TO GIVE TO THE CAUSE OF GOD?

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—In accordance with my promise, I pen a few lines for the February number of the *VESSEL*. The Church at Daere Park, over which it has pleased the Great Shepherd to place me as pastor, held their new year's meeting on Wednesday, January 4th, to record God's goodness to them in the past by enlarging their border and giving tokens of His special favour. They with grateful hearts raise an Ebenezer to His praise, and say with Israel's priestly judge, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us" 1. Sam. 7 chap., 12 verse.

The question of finance having more than once occupied the attention of the Church, they invited the Rev. John Ross again to expound his well considered plan of "Storing for God," and giving systematically and conscientiously to the Lord;" he kindly responded, and gave a very able address, and proved that where churches have tried the plan it has supplied the deacons with all needful funds, and answered the long unanswered question, "How much ought to be given to the cause of God by those who are partakers of its spiritual blessings, and are themselves the spiritual temple of the Most High?"

Our Friends have resolved to give the plan a trial, and hope to report a successful result. I would advise any and every Church, whether with struggling means or large income, to examine on Scriptural grounds this system, and believe they will then "go and do likewise." The address of Mr. Ross is, Tryons place, Hackney, N.E., who will cheerfully send tracts, and give every information on the subject.

It would be ungrateful were I not also to record personally the Lord's goodness during the past year; His hand has sustained me. His grace and mercy have solaced me, and His spirit has put strength into my ministry, making it truly the power of God unto salvation, and I desire ever to acknowledge Him in all my ways, believing He will direct my path," for I daily feel the importance that my ministry should be without blame, that I may preach the *Gospel* to the honour of *my Master*, exalting His free and sovereign grace in the salvation of sinners, and the glorifying of His beloved Son.

Before I lay my pen aside, I would venture to call attention to the eventful days in which we live. This year appears to me to be pregnant with signs we do well to consider, some of which may be perplexing to our minds, but others call for gratitude and joy. To the latter I would allude. The Church seems to be infused with a *spirit of prayer*, communities are in earnest for God to pour out upon His thirsty waiting land, the early and the

latter rain; nor is this spirit confined to our section of the Church, but everywhere and every section are moved by it. Again a growing desire is manifest to go out of the *beaten paths of formalism*, and refer back to the first commission of our great Master; "Go ye out into all the world and preach the *Gospel to every creature*." The importance of which is stirring good men to the very depths of their soul, and they are *uniting* upon the broad basis of the doctrines of distinguishing grace, *without party names*, to instrumentally make the Gospel known to all classes in every place, as opportunity offers.

Success, therefore, to the "Gospel Home Mission," whose interests I shall strive to promote, and for whose prosperity it is my pray. Other cheering signs might be alluded to, but I wish not further to trespass upon your pages, and therefore subscribe myself your fellow-labourer in the kingdom of Jesus Christ.

JOHN EDMUND CRACKNELL.

2, Dryden-terrace, Lee, S. E.

MR. JOHN CORBITT'S ADDRESS, AT ORFORD HILL, NORWICH, JAN. 2ND, 1860.

MR EDITOR.—A very interesting meeting took place last evening in our chapel. About 170 persons assembled, and took tea under the management of our deacons, and some kind ladies who volunteered their services for the occasion. The tables being cleared, the doors were thrown open; and arrangements made for public addresses to be delivered. Our esteemed pastor, Mr. John Corbitt, opened the meeting by reading the 146th Psalm. Brother Laffin prayed. Mr. Corbitt rose and said, that he did so on the present occasion under a mixture of pleasure and sorrow; of pleasure, to see so many friends around him who gave evident signs that they had some serious thoughts about Christ and his gospel; and of sorrow, when he reflected on the thousands in this city, who seemed perfectly indifferent about the eternal welfare of their immortal souls. He said that most men had a motive to prompt them in their various occupations in this life. The gardener for instance, had a motive in planting his shrubs and flowers in such aspects as they were most likely to produce that effect which would do him honour as a man of skill and industry. The minister to have a right motive must show to sinners what an awful state they are in, while in open rebellion against God, and to exalt Christ as the only refuge for sin-burdened souls. The motive of any one to join a church should be to give himself up to the Lord and to his people, and to exercise whatever talent he may possess in his Master's cause. Brother Field then alluded to the various gatherings which generally take place at this season of the year (Christmas); and would advise us each and all to ask that solemn question, when the last gathering takes place, where shall I be? There is no lasting comfort here. Look at Gethsemane's garden. Did he die for me? Many of us know what it is to wade through darkness, but who can enter into the feelings of our Lord, when he said in the agony of his soul, *My God, why hast thou forsaken me?* Brother Clares said, the best way for a man to walk, was that way which is set forth in the gospel of Christ, but this is not the way of the flesh: *'Ye must be born again.'* God, he said, has engraven on the hearts of most men that he is good in providence, but he is doubly good to his chosen people. He is good to them both in providence and grace. Free-will is opposed to free-grace; those who embrace the first, talk much of sinless perfection; when they are too often strangers to that tribulated path. They want to amalgamate all sects into one, so as to embrace all the fashionable

professors of the present day; but God's people are and always were a despised people. The free-will we want is in reality the will to live without sin in the Saviour's love. Our brother Musket, then ably followed up the subject by explaining the humbling effect of the grace of God. He compared the last great day to a charring day at an election; and graphically depicted the bursts of joy when they shall cry, 'Hosanna in the highest!' When the gates of heaven shall be thrown open, and the question shall be asked, 'Who is coming?' 'Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors, that the King of Glory may come in.' After our brother Musket sat down, and a hymn sung, Mr. Corbitt announced that an outlay of upwards of £8 had been expended in repairs of the baptistry and floor of the chapel. Now, he said, we do not intend to make a collection at the door, nor to hold the boxes; but suppose we try and meet it in this way, I will put down half-a-sovereign; and with the word he laid it on the table. In a moment it was responded to by several others, and a complete shower of shillings, sixpences, and half-crowns came down from the galleries like a snow-storm. The sum was raised in less time than it takes me to write these few remarks. Brother Robinson then said, he was one of those who were obliged for conscience sake to leave a church in consequence of the practice of open communion being introduced; but which, he said, had proved a complete failure. They exulted in the idea, that if they could but be rid of these twelve or fourteen strict folk, they should soon have an increase of at least forty communicants; but the contrary was the result; for, instead of forty, the most they have had was six; sometimes one and sometimes none. It was an encouragement to the Christian to consider, that though we may be expelled from our home in this world, God has provided us a home where troubles and trials will never disturb us. Brother Rapley, secretary to our Sick-Visiting, Relief, and Burial Fund, gave a few details of the excellent working of the society, which, though but in its infancy, (being established no farther back than March 28th, 1853.) is in a position to afford relief to females 3s., and to males 5s. per week, in all cases of ordinary affliction, and to allow 30s. for every funeral to our poorer brethren. The society being so simple and effective in its working, may with safety be recommended to any other Christian church or community. The concluding speech was delivered in a warm-hearted, affectionate spirit, by a lay friend, who spoke of the necessity of united efforts in all members to support the honour of their minister from slander, and evil reports of cunning and designing men. The meeting was then dismissed with a few words in prayer by Mr. Corbitt, and there seemed but one voice, which was, that it was one of the most social, instructive, and soul-stirring meetings they ever remember attending.

October 13th, Mr. Corbitt baptized three persons, after delivering an impressive discourse from these words, 'Why baptizest thou?' Peculiar interest was excited from the fact, that these three persons all came from the country: one walks ten miles, another seven, and the other five miles, to hear the Gospel preached; and let who will be absent, John Purling, John Pearson, and James Moore, are sure to be found in their places. A bright example this to many who 'cannot by any possible means attend the morning service,' though they may have only to cross the street for that purpose. — GEORGE BARBER.

BETHNAL GREEN.—SQUIRE'S STREET. The New Year's Thanksgiving and Congratulatory Meeting was held on Tuesday, Jan. 10th. Mr. J. Bloomfield preached in the afternoon. Our brother spoke of the heirs of salvation, and the ministry of angels. The congregation was good. The venerable brother of the late John Stevens, led the devotional services; the hymns and singing being a treat, as the venerable man poured out his fine strains of harmony in praise to God. A good number sat down to tea; we were favoured with the presence and help of several of the friends of the

surrounding churches. Brother Banks having to attend other meetings, it was arranged that he should give his address. As the dear friends were drinking their last cup, our dear brother did speak of 'the Church's need in this day of great profession.' He hoped to hear and see the prosperity of the church much increased, and God's blessing resting upon his brother Flory and friends. The public meeting was well attended; the chapel full. After prayer by brother Smithers, a son of one of the late pastors, and deacon with brother Barnes, Mr. Flory, made a few opening remarks, stating this was a New Year's Thanksgiving Meeting; it had been a year of great trial; but still the Lord had been with us; so that the chapel was generally full; some baptized; others waiting; several additions to the church; and the financial department yielding this quarter four or five pounds for our pastor's services. He said he wished well to the neighbouring, and all causes of truth; he was well persuaded Brother Haslop could not do his work, nor brother Parker, each had all real work planned and squared by the Great Head of the Church. He said, God bless each; and make each very useful in this thickly populated district. He believed brother Banks's ministry on Friday evenings, was made a blessing in that place. Mr. Wyard next addressed the meeting, 'the Grace of God;' in a sound, animated manner on the Nature and glorious effects of Grace. Mr. Pells spoke of the elevating subject, 'The Mercy of God.' Brother Wallis, of Bexley, next spoke on the 'End; the Glory of God and Glorification of the Body Elect.' He made some reference to the late Mr. Flory; and how well he remembered his speaking thirty-five years ago, from 'some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, &c.' Mr. Anderson made some touching remarks upon 'the Salvation of God.' The Lord was in our midst; we sang his praise; departing in hope thus to meet again on earth, and in the world above.

ONE THAT WAS THERE.

THE EDITOR TO HIS SUFFOLK CORRESPONDENTS.

— Seeing unholly attempts are made to injure us, because we have noticed the anonymous letters sent us, and the success which has attended Mr. Mose's ministry, we wish to ask 'R. C. N.' if we are at liberty to make use of his letter? When we find a people determined to injure a brother minister simply because they cannot drive him as they would a donkey, we cannot unite with such people in such cruel proceedings. Their threat to burn our book, and to shut us out of all the pulpits, is of no moment with us. Presently, we shall all appear before the Judge of all the earth. Let us, then, while we live, labour to live in the fear of God, and in a faithful, and in a fruitful course of devotion to his name and people. Twenty years have rolled over our heads since Satan first made his deadly assault. During that period of twenty years the most determined opposition, secret, open, single, and associated, has been waged against us. But it has worked for good. Many of our hottest enemies have withered; not a few are gone to their last account; we are still spared. The Lord our God has kept our souls alive; and out of dangers deep, and temptations terrible, he has delivered us. As regards the ministry, the Lord enables us to speak in his thrice holy name nine, ten, and more times in the week, and in that work we are often truly happy, and greatly blest. Our publications are increasing on every hand. We are doing our utmost to open doors for deserving brethren, and to supply destitute churches. Our labours (the Lord knows) are immense; and we covet the closest investigation into all our motives and movements. Let no anonymous writers, nor secret workers, think to frighten us. Poverty and persecution will attend us to the end. We are resigned to it. We are supported under it. Nevertheless, to our real friends we still say, we need your earnest cries to God on our behalf.

WOOLWICH.—On Monday, Jan. 2nd, a large meeting was holden in Carmel Chapel, Anglesea Road, Woolwich; when about 200 friends sat down to tea; and a large concourse assembled afterwards, to listen to the addresses delivered. Mr. Honks, the pastor, was in the chair, he opened the meeting; Mr. Thomas Chivers prayed for the Lord's presence and blessing. Mr. John Foreman delivered a thoughtful address; Mr. George Wyard followed with an excellent speech; Mr. John Bloomfield, with a warm heart, an overflowing mind, and a happy utterance cheered us gladly, cheered us greatly, Mr. Cowell, one of the deacons, in the name of the friends presented Mr. Hanks with a purse containing £15. We rejoice with our highly esteemed brother Hanks and his church; and would ascribe praise unto the Lord for the permanent prosperity granted unto them.

DEAR SIR.—Knowing the lively interest you take in the welfare of Zion, and that you are ever ready to follow out the apostolical injunction, 'Rejoice with them that do rejoice.' I therefore send you another attestation of the soul-cheering fact that our covenant God is still working in our midst, at Carmel Chapel, Woolwich. The last Sabbath in the year which has just closed, our beloved pastor Mr. Hanks, baptized six persons in the name of our true Jehovah, several of whom bore their testimony to the sacred power which had attended his ministrations in their own personal experience. And on the following Sabbath, they were received into church fellowship, with one other, from a sister church. The next evening, Monday, Jan. 2, we held a most delightful thanksgiving service to commemorate the third anniversary of the opening of our new chapel, and also the fifth year of Mr. Hanks's pastorate amongst us; about 250 persons partook of tea; after which our public service was commenced by singing that sweet hymn,

'Kindred in Christ for his dear sake.'

Then Mr. Chivers, from Bermondsey, addressed the throne of grace with much fervour and unction; after which, very appropriate and savoury, addresses were delivered by our esteemed brethren, Mr. Foreman, Mr. Wyard, and Mr. Bloomfield, each speaker expressed most cordially their gratitude to God, for the great measure of peace and prosperity vouchsafed to us, with their earnest and hearty desires for our dear pastor's increasing usefulness and our yet greater enlargement, as a church. A purse containing fifteen sovereigns was then handed over to our pastor by one of the deacons, being a small testimonial, expressive of the esteem and affection, in which he is held by the church and congregation. This happy, and I trust also profitable evening service was closed by singing,

'All hail the power of Jesus's name,'

Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
'And crown him Lord of all.'

The venerable Mr. Woodland, minister of Union Chapel, Independent, offered up the concluding prayer. All our hearts seemed to glow with gratitude for the abundant goodness of our God and with one accord to unite in the Psalmist's acclamation of praise. 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.' May the Great Head of the Church bless our thus meeting together. May it tend to the furtherance of his kingdom and the glorifying of his presence, and ever adorable name. ANN.

NOTTING-HILL.—Commemorative services of the opening of Johnson-street Chapel, were holden Lord's-day, Jan. 8th. The pastor, Mr. P. Williamson preached in the morning; Mr. John Foreman, in the afternoon; and the oldest Baptist pastor in London, Mr. Christopher Woollocott, of Little Wild-street Chapel, in the evening. The following Tuesday afternoon Mr. James Wells, delivered a most impressive discourse, on the churches description of her beloved; the testimony came from a heart richly imbued with a holy knowledge of the Friend of sinners; and all who know his name, delight to

hear of the glories of His person; to them he is 'the Chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely.' Such sermons and such services, concentrate and fasten the affections of believers, none on God's anointed Son; and unite in one holy bond, the living saints on earth. Oh! that such Christ-exalting discourses, accompanied with the Holy Spirit's power might more than ever abound amongst us! A large company were furnished with tea in the School Room; at a quarter past six, the public meeting commenced; the chapel was filled with an anxious audience: Mr. Williamson, (who had been presented with a substantial and handsome chair, which beautiful and useful present evinced the practical attachment of his people toward him); presided; and called upon the brethren Woollocott, Cracknell, Bloomfield, Ball, Foreman, and C. W. Banks to address the meeting on given texts of Scripture. It was a happy meeting. Mr. Williamson conducts his meetings with much precision and good feeling.

CLAPHAM—GARNER BAPTIST CHAPEL.—New mercies demand new songs of praise, our grateful souls would God adore; and raise our sacred pillar more. For, on Jan. 3, we held our anniversary of the opening day; Mr. J. Wells, preached in the afternoon a most solemn, sound, gospel sermon, full of marrow and fatness, from Col. i. 20. In the evening, Mr. J. Foreman, came with his vessel full of heavenly treasure; text, Acts viii. 17 'the time of the promise drew nigh,' with energy and sublimity, he set forth the previous promises of God. His doctrine dropped as the rain; his speech distilled as the dew. Through those two highly favoured, God honoured servants, the Lord showered, down his blessings. We had good gospel provision; good congregations; good collections; (a good tea,) the good hand of our God was upon us; not one good thing hath failed of all that he hath promised. Our souls were satisfied with the goodness of his house;

'We praise him for all that is past,

And trust him for all that's to come.'

Moreover, our esteemed pastor Mr. Hall, with the rest of the family, got so refreshed and filled with good things, that on Sabbath day he came and issued a second edition of Mr. Foreman's subject on covenant promises, from that positive text, 2 Cor. i. 20, 'all the promises of God in him, amen.' The Lord fulfilled his gracious promise of being where his name is recorded. Both pastor and people feasted together, and had another good day.

'Hosannah in the highest! ! !

W. ODLING.

CAMBERWELL.—TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF SETTLEMENT OF PASTOR AT CHARLES STREET. DEAR MR. EDITOR,—The first day of the new year being a quarter of a century since the formation of the church and settlement of the pastor at the above place of worship, the Lord put it into the hearts of some of his dear people to mark this period of time, by giving a purse of money to their esteemed pastor, Mr. Attwood. A committee was accordingly speedily organized, and we all set to work collecting small sums from those who had a willing heart. The object of our faith and hope was to obtain twenty-five sovereigns, but we could not see clearly that we could obtain half that sum. However, by God's blessing, we had obtained above twenty on the 2nd of January; and at the public meeting it was soon made up to twenty-five sovereigns. We had a goodly company to tea in the school-room, and at half-past six we held a public meeting in the chapel, which was well filled by an attentive and sympathizing audience. The worthy chairman, Mr. Baker gave out the hymn,

'Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake,'

and called on Brother Smith to offer a prayer for the Divine blessing. The chairman having offered a few remarks on the object of the meeting, called on Brother Hayward (a deacon and secretary of the Church) to give a brief statement of the various seasons of adversity and prosperity the Church had

passed through. This short, but deeply interesting sketch was very impressive, and many present were melted to tears, at the recital and remembrance of past bereavements and bitter experiences. The Pastor then gave an account, in a few words, of the number of texts he had preached from, naming the books, which proved that he had visited all parts of the Gospel coast, from Genesis to Revelation; and after this we were told how many chapels he had proclaimed the truth in, and also how many counties he had preached in. We then sang a verse of a hymn whilst the pastor left; and the memorial purse was made up to £25 2s. 9d. The pastor being recalled, Mr. Clapp, the senior deacon gave an address, in which he compared the little cause to a ship—not the Great Eastern—but still safer to arrive at her destination; and amidst much apparent and deep feeling, presented the purse. The pastor was evidently surprised, and although overcome with his people's testimony of love, thanked God for putting it into the hearts of his people thus to show their affection: then he thanked the ladies of the committee and the collectors. And Mr. Dickerson then rose to give an address on the 'Past,' in which he referred very feelingly to his own Ebenezer's past events.

Mr. Cracknell then gave a very powerful address on the 'Present;' he said the Church in these days needed two things—a spirit of love, and unity among themselves, and the pure Gospel faithfully preached. He especially honoured the person and work of the Holy Ghost, and said that his blessed power was needed in the present. Mr. Moyle concluded by saying, I am to be a prophet—a difficult task to represent the future; he then gave us some 'patient and particular prophecies,' thus ending the happy evening in a most pleasing manner by an anecdote of Dr. Beecher.

We now broke up, all pleased and satisfied; and we trust that this Ebenezer of praise will be as a memorial stone—a stone of help to pastor and people for many a day; we are now seeking the baptism of the Divine Spirit, by special prayer meetings on Lord's-day afternoons and Friday evenings. Brethren, pray for us and with us. Yours most sincerely,
Jan. 1860. W. J. L.

BARNSTAPLE, NORTH DEVON.—

Throughout this district there have been meetings, in most cases daily, in some more than once in the day, for special prayer to Almighty God. These meetings have been held through an invitation to united prayer from India, which has been cordially responded to throughout the whole world. At Barnstaple the meetings commenced at six o'clock a. m., on Monday, the ninth January; when to the surprise of many, something like 500 people assembled; the large Music Hall continued open all day, towards evening was well filled, and from 7 to 9 nine o'clock was crowded in every part with a dense mass of people. Each day in the week the meetings continued, and on Lord's-day, the 15th four sermons were preached in the same hall by Dr. Bell, of Lynmouth. The first sermon commenced at half-past 8 a. m., when between 400 and 500 were in attendance. The preacher stated his desire to present a course of Divine truth, under the threefold division—Christ—the Church—and the Christian; and his first address was taken up with Christ. At half-past 1 p. m., a large audience again assembling, the preacher directed attention to the church, and stated that as such numbers had come to listen to the sermons, he was encouraged to announce an additional service beyond those advertised, viz., at a quarter past 8 p. m., when he would address them on Christ weeping over Jerusalem. At half-past 4 p. m., Dr. Bell spoke an hour on the Christian, from the words 'I knew a man in Christ,' and 'Jesus Christ is in you, except ye be reprobate.' At this service the spacious hall was well filled, but at the concluding meeting it was crowded in every part; and Mr. Bell spoke for an hour and a half on the touching theme he had selected, to many

hundreds, numbers of whom were melted into tears. A most solemn impression pervaded the whole assembly, and it is hoped that the Lord was indeed glorified in the awakening and conversion of sinners. Christians of all denominations were present; but Dr. Bell distinctly brought forward in strong and powerful language, the distinguishing doctrines of grace, and especially dwelt upon the eternal security of all who were in Christ Jesus.

COGGESHALL, ESSEX.—Special services have recently been held in Salem chapel, with a view to aid the cause of truth now struggling for freedom in that place. Mr. Joseph Winfield is now fulfilling a six month's probation; and on Sunday, December 11th, 1859, Mr. E. Samuel, (the minister of Ford-street chapel, Salford,) and the author of four volumes:—'Memoirs of his conversion,' 'The Triumph of Christ on the Cross,' 'The Triumph of the Holy Spirit over Sin in the Sinner,' and 'The Jubilee,') preached three sermons; the power and presence of the Lord was known in Salem that day in a large measure; many were favoured, and the house was filled. Mr. Samuels preached again on Monday morning; in the afternoon, an address was given by C. W. Banks; tea was taken in the large school-rooms of the Congregational chapel; after which the public meeting commenced; C. W. Banks was voted to the chair; an historical review of Coggeshall in the days of Dr. John Owon, and a spiritual definition of the Gospel, was given in a beautiful address by Mr. Samuels, which excited an unusual interest. Mr. French, of Marks Tey, gave an experimental testimony to the power of grace in his own soul. Mr. Dale, the Congregational minister, related many incidents connected with his recent visit to Ireland; and the meeting closed with praising and thanking the Lord. There are few Churches in England needing the sympathies and prayers of the spiritual Israel more than Coggeshall.

HULL.—TO THE EDITOR.—A poor little flock of slaughter having met for worship for the last twenty years in the Mechanic's Institute, George Street Hull, not seeing their way to get a chapel before, but now, being fully persuaded that their position is too private for them to make any greater progress as they are, and feeling the need of better accommodation, together with recent prosperity, we are stirred up to the determination (by the help of our God) to build a chapel and school-room; for we do see the good hand of the Lord with us, to give us success, and dispose the hearts of our dear brethren and sisters in the faith to help us in the good work. We have asked of Him, and believe we shall obtain. We are disposed to use all lawful means for the purpose; we have formed a trust, chosen the site, and hope to have the land conveyed in a few days; we will do our best amongst our selves, and expect to raise enough to pay for the freehold land, which, considering our circumstances, will be doing much. Therefore, to get the building up, we must press our case on the benevolent (especially the lovers of the glorious doctrines of Christ in the covenant of grace, ordered in all things and sure), for their kind help for the Lord's sake; so that the lovers of the whole truth as it is in Jesus may be able to meet together in peace. And, as we are in so private a position, and the EARTHEN VESSEL is so widely circulated, your kind sympathy in publishing our case, and earnest appeal will, with God's blessing, bring us help.

The smallest donation will be thankfully received and acknowledged from all whose hearts the Lord may dispose to aid his needy people in the above object by the Pastor of the Baptist Church, located as above, viz., Charles H. Walters, 17, Hopwood Street; also the Treasurer, Mr. William York, 3, Trippett, Hull, Yorkshire. I remain, dear sir, yours affectionately in Christ. C. H. WALTERS.

STOKE NEWINGTON.—Our venerable brother *Dovey*, and the *New Baptist Chapel*, at *Stoke Newington*.—We noticed some months' since, that brother *Dovey* was being both 'baked and boiled alive' in his over-crowded, hot little oven, called a chapel, in *Stoke Newington*; and that an effort was making to build him and his friends a new chapel as speedily as possible. When it is remembered, that Mr. *Dovey* has spent a long life in Gospel labour; a life of unblemished and persevering toil for Christ's sake, surely, if the young *Timothies* will not aid, the aged and beloved *Pauls* and *Johns* will. Come, friends, be up, and let us give this struggling cause a lift. But you say, *What have the people done themselves?* Thank the Lord, we can meet this query nobly. At the New Year's meeting, January 4th, when those cheerful and happy brethren, *Boonfield* and *Hazelton*, ourselves and others, pleaded the cause; we were delighted to learn the results to be as stated in the following note:

'DEAR SIR—At our late tea meeting, collecting cards produced £66 18s. 1d., independent of about £50 in donations and subscriptions, among ourselves in the course of the year, and which with the amount produced by the cards, £116, and is placed in the Savings-bank in the name of two Trustees, members of the church, be kind enough to notice any donations, however small, will be thankfully received by Mr. W. Dovey, pastor, or by myself,

Church Street, Stoke Newington. J. R. DODD.

[The people having strained their utmost, surely, many, with their littles, will now come in to their help.—Ed.]

NEW YEAR'S MEETING AT WHITTLESEA.—On Monday, the 2nd of January, the Friends of Zion Chapel, had another heart warming and soul-cheering meeting, it being the sixth anniversary of our dear pastor's settlement amongst us. In the afternoon, the members assembled for fellowship and prayer, when a short statement was given by Mr. Ashby, of the Lord's dealings with us as a church, informing us that one of the members, (Mrs. Martha Ruff), had a few hours before peacefully fallen asleep in Jesus, leaving behind her three orphan children, who were affectionately commended to the Lord, in the earnest prayers of Mr. A. and the friends present. A very touching and spiritual address was given by Mr. Ayrton, now of Somersham, taking as a motto for the coming year, 'my grace is sufficient for thee.' After the members had partook of tea, a public meeting was held, which commenced with singing, and a spiritual and fervent prayer by Mr. Blake, of Wisbeach, when Mr. Whiting, after presenting a tangible token from the friends of their affection to our dear pastor, which was by him suitable acknowledged, Mr. W. then addressed the meeting in a very solemn and telling manner upon the minister's theme, and the pastor's work.' Mr. Ayrton followed, giving us some of the evidences of a regenerated state, with many pleasing facts as coming under his own notice as to where true Christian character, was seen and from Mr. A.'s extensive knowledge of the churches, and his own christianity, he seems admirably adapted to interest, and profit his hearers.

Mr. Irish, of Ramsey, then spoke very lively and pleasingly upon the signs of spiritual prosperity in the soul and in the church. When by the request of friends, our pastor presented a copy of the 'Standard Tune Book' to one of our young friends, as a token of esteem for her services at the harmonium, and after a parting song and prayer, the friends separated, expressing their delight with what they had heard.

Such hearty and united gatherings of ministers and people are indeed pleasing, but it is to the persevering and earnest labours of the 'Gospel ministers' during the fifty-two weeks of the year, we look for God's blessing in quickening the sinner, and in building up the saint. We would not—we cannot forget those many peaceful and profitable hearings we have had during the past year, and those solemn gatherings around the table of the Lord, and in prayer and fellowship with our friends,

when the divine presence has cheered our hearts. We like those yearly festivities, but it is from the every day meal of life, our strength and health is maintained. The 'littles' of divine instruction communicated in timely and loving portions, are best suited and most welcome to A LEARNER.

WATTISHAM, SUFFOLK.—For some time, the work of the Lord here appeared to stand still; but recently the rich streams of mercy have flowed down to us through the excellent ministry of our devoted pastor, Mr. John Cooper, who baptized seven persons the first Sabbath in the new year. In the prayer-meeting week, we had prayer-meetings every evening, and was well attended. We hope the Lord is raising us up into a healthier state.

A FRIEND.
A VISIT TO GUILDFORD.—Dear brother,—At the request of the deacons and friends of the Baptist church, Barrack-field, Guildford, I furnish a few notes of my visit, while ministering to them for two Lord's-days. It was my good hap to be there during the memorable week of united prayer of all the saints throughout the world, for the Spirit to be poured out from on high, to revive his church and bless the dark world with heavenly light.

On Sabbath, January 8th, the Master was gracious to us while we meditated on his sweet promise, 'I will make the place of my feet glorious.' On Monday evening the special meetings commenced at the Huntingtonian chapel, the minister conducted the proceedings in a very impressive manner. The petitioners at the throne of grace were the ministers and brethren from each denomination in the town; the chapel was crowded.

Tuesday evening the service was held in the Independent chapel, at which the pastor, Mr. Jones, presided; he seemed very sanguine and hopeful on the aspect of the church; this meeting was well attended. The meeting on Wednesday, at the Wesleyan chapel; a large congregation; the minister of the place led the devotions; brethren from all the chapels took a part. Thursday, the old Baptist Chapel was crowded; the zealous pastor, Mr. Hilman, presided; he spoke very lively, loud, and long, and seemed determined that no one should mistake him for a Methodist. Prayer was made with much fervour by several brethren until a late hour. The Barrackfield Baptist Chapel, completed the series of these union meetings on Friday evening. The place was filled up before the hour appointed. It was your correspondent presided; the ministers and brethren who called upon the name of the Lord, seemed haptized with a spirit of deep earnestness and fervency. While the Spirit of grace and holiness pervaded the large assembly, knitting our hearts in unity, peace, and love. An extra meeting was held on Saturday, which was attended by many who had not the opportunity of being present at the former services; it was a sweet time; indeed during my whole stay at Guildford, it was an holy convocation unto the Lord, a refreshing pentecostal season to the Lord's people. It was pleasing to see the great bulk of the friends at the Baptist chapel here uniting heart and soul with Christians of every type and form to supplicate for a gracious out-pouring of the Spirit from on high. At present they are without a pastor—do think he must be one made on purpose for them; and from what I witnessed, have no doubt they will esteem him highly for his work's sake. May the great Lord of the harvest qualify, raise up, and send them one after his own heart. I was much refreshed in spirit by my visit among them. One gentleman at the close of my farewell service, said, 'If the testimony of one poor sinner to another is of any value, take it for your encouragement. I can set to my seal the word you have preached is of God; it has rested powerfully and sweetly on my soul to-night.' He added, 'the servants of Christ, have not often much of this world's good; accept this trifle as a token of affection,' and dropping a sovereign in my hand, bade me good night. Your's faithfully in the kingdom and patience of Christ, Hailsham, Sussex. CORNELIUS S.L.M.

Supplement to the *Earthen Vessel* for February, 1860.

MR. JAMES WELLS'S DUTY-FAITH:

HIS ROD FOR THE LAZY—HIS CRUMB FOR THE HUNGRY.

The church in the Canticles is described as calling for the *north* wind, as well as for the south; and although unto established and deeply settled believers controversy may seem unpleasant, yet to those who are coming out of obscurity, and see but very dimly, there does frequently arise much instruction by the thorough sifting and shaking of men's minds; by knocking their heads together, as it were, and thereby bringing out from their sluggish minds a few grains of that holy knowledge which the Spirit of all truth has implanted within. We are not fond of controversy. We love unity in the faith; fellowship among the saints; communion with a triune Jehovah; and a blessed alliance among the ministers of the cross. We delight in Gospel purity, and spiritual peace; but in this chequered and changing state of things, it is often interrupted.

The heavy tide of correspondence which has of late set in upon us, has compelled us to issue a few supplementary numbers. This is the second; in which we have given a little of the surplus matter which has crowded upon us. Before we come to the letters themselves, we would briefly notice one or two of Mr. Wells's sermons lately issued: because these sermons appear to us to contain most conclusive evidence that Mr. Wells does not believe—does not preach—does not hold—any of those so called awful doctrines which some have supposed; which supposition has arisen from some almost unintelligible sentences of his in letters and sermons. We have had no private interview, nor authority; but anxious to promote a good feeling in the hearts of the brethren, we ask them to read these prefatory words, before they further proceed. In No. 61, *Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*, we have the following plain affirmations:—

"I am no advocate either of infidelity or of irresponsibility. I am, no advocate, I say, for infidelity. I believe it was the duty of the heathen to worship their Maker; as his creatures to render that homage to him, as far as they could understand his supremacy. I believe it was the duty of the Jews to worship God, and to honor him, according to his command. I believe it is the duty of all men, wherever the gospel comes, to believe that gospel, to believe in Christ, and to repent, and to conform to that dispensation, regarding the holy Sabbaths of the Lord, and all the outward ways of the Lord. It would turn one and every nation upon the surface of the globe who thus repented, and thus reformed, and thus believed, it would turn the nations of the earth into a comparative paradise. And I believe that men will be punished according to the nature and the amount of their wil-

ful sins. I hold that it is the duty of every man, a duty which the natural man can perform, to believe in the Bible, to repent of his sins; and that every man must appear at last before the holy bar of God; and that man who is not a saved man will have to give an account for all his sins, but not one more, he will not have to give an account of sins that he has not committed, but he will have to give an account of sins which he has committed. But at the same time, while I hold firm this doctrine of duty, this doctrine of human responsibility; while I hold this, I dare not set this down for regeneration; I dare not say it is the duty of any man upon the surface of the globe to believe to the saving of his soul; that is another thing altogether; the two are as distinct as two things well can be."

There is nothing in these words to "set the Thames on fire." No; we really begin to think we have been more frightened than hurt. However, some things did require explanation; and although it has come in rather an indirect way, we are glad it has come. We only add the following short notice of another Sermon. It is entitled "*A Rod for the Lazy, and a Crumb for the Hungry.*" No. 63 of "*Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit.*" Mr. Wells, the preacher of this sermon, has for nearly fifty years, been a hard-working, energetic, and industrious man. He has reaped, and is reaping a large harvest—mentally, ministerially, spiritually, and provisionally—as the result; and this discourse is a powerful proof that although no man can rise higher than he does in a bold declaration of doctrines, there are few who come down to a more persevering course of practice. Nature has given him a wiry and powerful frame—God has given him an ingenious and rapidly working mind—the Holy Ghost has endowed him with much heavenly knowledge; the Gospel has given him thousands of real friends; and there he stands the envy of many; the instrumental joy of not a few. We can only give the following sentence:—

"I declare, that if I had to get my living by sweeping a crossing, if I would not sweep it as tastily as I could, make it look as nice as I could, keep my broom as nice, and myself as I could; so that I do believe that people when they saw me in the distance, would come to my crossing for the sake of giving me something. There are some good people get into a lazy, dawdling, mumping sort of spirit, as though they could not move; they are like stagnant pools; they want some one to rout them up well. I wish I had such persons where I could keep them under my ore for a week or two, or a month or two; I'd give them no peace until they found out that what they want is just to have plenty to do. I speak from experience; I have worked hard myself; I was but seven years old when I was turned out into the world; and I never wanted a bit of bread from that day to this; anything I could get to do I did it; and the consequence was I got on pretty well; at least as well as it was good for me to get on; and here I am now, above fifty years old, and a better man than some of you that are barely thirty; because you have been afraid of work, and I have not.

MR. WELLS'S VIEWS OF SOVEREIGNTY ANALYSED.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

DEAR SIR,—Our brother Barrenger has, I am happy to find, taken up the sword of the Spirit against the extravagant doctrines now so repeatedly asserted by Mr. Wells; and although I have not been a correspondent of yours since the suppression of my reply to Mr. W. in 1855 (who, as "Job," took what I still believe to have been a false view of Mr. Spurgeon's early ministry in London), I cannot forbear, on the appearance of still stranger sentiments, contained in his 62nd letter to the "*good Theophilus*," to put in a little protest against the truth and tendency of "A Little One's" logic and divinity.

Mr. W. seems to feel a difficulty in finding either goodness or justice in God's treatment of the condemned sinner; for I judge he includes himself when he says that "*no one*" can make the awful facts of the fall of man, the entailment of Adam's guilt, and the eternal punishment of the wicked, "*lie straight*" with any human rule of right or wrong, or with the moral perfections of God; and that it is mere custom that causes "*no one*" to dispute these things as facts! Nay, he positively asserts, that neither the goodness, justice or holiness of God, can explain the matter, and that the punishment of the *hated* is just only because *He* appointed it. What is the necessary deduction from this? Verily that God may do anything—even evil, but that *His doing it* constitutes it good! *Homer* makes *his* gods evil workers, but never draws from their conduct such a license to sin as this. Mr. W. should know that he has not yet measured the power of *every* believer's sight to perceive, not the *holiness* alone, but even the *goodness* of God in dealing with impenitent sinners.

It is not a new thought, that the Lord has acted in that tremendous affair as he has in a multitude of lesser matters—permitted a great evil that its results and punishment may be a sign, a warning, and preventive of a greater. Every afflictive chastisement has somewhat of this nature in it. The overthrow of the rebellious in the wilderness, the ten-fold plagues of Egypt, and the repeated captivities in the days of the judges, were at

the same time punishments justly brought on by transgressions, and warnings against the repetition of an obstinate disregard of the Lord's voice. Did not the Babylonish captivity (in which doubtless were many innocent sharers) effectually punish the guilty, and cure succeeding generations of idolatrous practices?

We have been accustomed to hear of *sin* as an infinite evil against an infinite God. Does it not "*lay straight with*" divine justice to award it an infinite duration of punishment? "A Little One's" words appear to imply an *unmeasured* punishment; but the doom of the ungodly is no where thus represented, but according to the measure of guilt, the knowledge or ignorance—the malice or the provocation, &c., that the iron sceptre of the King of kings sovereignly descends in judgment. It must be a very short sight, and a very hard heart not to see and acknowledge the *goodness* of God also in suffering long, in reproving often before inflicting the stroke. In meliorating and preventing providences and influences too, we trace a sovereign hand, but not a sovereign only. Oh, what fearful increase would prevail in the ultimate misery and punishment of the wicked, if *sovereignty, without* this wisdom, justice, and goodness, were the "*pure*" moving principles of the Lord's doings!

If Mr. Wyard's *logic* is bad, surely Mr. Wells's must be worse, in laying down such a rule of argument, that necessarily infers sovereignty, basing its acts upon righteousness or any other attribute, would cease to be sovereignty. Is not the throne "*established by righteousness?*" I say we must not do such violence as to divide asunder the supremacy and personal attributes even of our Queen, and God forbid that with *Him* we should dare to attempt it! No—they *reign* together—unitedly. *There* abides much of our happiness as a nation. *Here* consists all our triumph as believers. It is because the Lord is *supreme in his righteousness* that he acts *rightly*; *supreme in his love* that his eternal choice prevails; *supreme in his mercy* that his mercy reaches us. Is there "*pure*" sovereignty, or rather *mere* sovereignty in the sweet

truth, affording "everlasting consolation," that "it is impossible for God to lie?" Is a thing right simply *because* God does it? Then what confidence could I have in his keeping his own promises? If this were *sound logic*, He might break them, and *that* would be right because He did it,—but I am sure this would be very *unsound* divinity. Rome indeed dogmatizes thus of her head the infallible Pope! And what springs from this doctrine that the church cannot err? Why, indulgences for sin, and the convenient political maxim, that "the end justifies the means."

I must not conclude without adverting to Mr. W.'s not very brotherly or modest hint as to thin congregations, which is surely a weapon as sharp at back as in front, cutting indifferently both friend and foe; and if indeed "a Little One" mean this test seriously, then he must pronounce the much battered teachings of the Music-hall "sound as a bell."

I do not know, Mr. Editor, that your own closing remarks call for much comment, seeing it is hardly possible to discern from them which way your judgment leans. You "fear your writers are going too far." Do you mean Mr. Wells, Mr. Barringer, Mr. Wyard, or who? You say Mr. Wells has astonished many by his broad statements. I do not know whether *you* are one of the many—certainly many *have* been pained, grieved, and shocked, at what they believe to be (not *broad*, but) narrow, unworthy, and injurious views of the God of Glory. You have "thought that his words did not convey his meaning." Surely this is no subject for speculative or mystifying verbiage. Let us keep close to "thus saith the Lord," "to the Word and the testimony;" and God give us grace to "leave ourselves in his hands, and with burning love and zeal go boldly on to preach to others as freely as we ourselves have received."

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully

SAMUEL K. BLAND.

New Cross, Dec. 12, 1869.

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

DEAR SIR,—Some would say, that the sense of the word "hated," as applied to Esau, is merely "preference" of Jacob to Esau. That it is a Hebraism. Be it so. But in either acceptation are not the *results* to Esau precisely the same?

Could Esau be *more* than eternally lost, under this supposed more equitable and less abhorrent view of the matter?

If the human mind can entertain the faintest conception of what Jehovah is as infinite, yet definite in his nature and relations; it follows that from his unchangeable nature he cannot indulge or exert choice or preference among objects or things, or as among plans to certain ends, such plans being of various and uncertain value, in the same sense as *we* exercise the faculty of judgment and comparison to the ends *we* propose. Results flowing from a creature to a creature are widely discrepant in their character and as to their certainty of accomplishment, from results which have him for their author who is the Almighty, seeing before his omniscient eye "one eternal now;" whose mere volition is sufficient to cause, alter, or prevent the occurrence of any supposed future event. And here the teachings of revelation are in accordance with the conclusions of the soundest metaphysical reasoning when we speak of what occurs under the righteous government of an *infinitely powerful yet infinitely good* and omniscient being. "Causation" is not an equivalent idea to that of "permission," when we speak of men and their actions. But when we speak of the outgoings of the infinite sovereign, we are on a new platform, and need a new vocabulary.

From the poverty of language we are unfortunately apt, because driven, in our uselessly unpractical and abstruse speculations, incorrectly to apply to the Deity terms derived from their only possible source, namely, human passions and feelings, and to use them in parallel acceptation, thus justifying the reproof "*thou thoughtest I was altogether such a one as thyself*;" to be weighed in the balance of a mortal.

We hear much of the danger likely to arise from the existence and use of such terms as "hated," as applied to the infinite Sovereign, and that such expressions can only engender "horrible" ideas respecting him who is undoubtedly a God of love. Such words are said to be "abhorrent to every right-minded person." But my imagining in my depraved, limited, purblind, and necessarily imperfect conception of the Deity, that a thing is "horrible," does not inevitably constitute it horrible in the conception of him whose opinion is alone of any correctness or

value. He is the self-constituted judge of his own acts, and we know they are righteous. And it is little use shifting a difficulty one step backwards. "Abhorrent to every rightly constituted mind;" pray what is the *standard of right-mindedness*? For the Unitarian thinks the Deity of Christ to be abhorrent to rightly constituted intellect.

God (I humbly conceive) acts in sovereignty simply *from his own nature*, which is INFINITE PERFECTION, immediately and directly, and not from any rule of self-imposition. for that implies restraint from any other supposed possible course, as less wise or good. Not from any rule, implying a law of either justice, equity, or any other separate or combined attributes. In a word, that he ever acts, or must act in *consonance with* his eternal and infinite attributes, but not *from* them. Otherwise he is a subject, and the rule of obedience implies a higher or extrinsic authority, which in the case of the Infinite and Supreme is absurd.

I think there is sad confusion and hasty misapplication of words and terms in this controversy. I hope Mr. Wells will be directed by the Spirit of God to the use of sound, discreet, and well-considered words. Churches are not to be advised, in the defence and pursuit of truth, to "*go a-head*," or if they follow out literally the practise of the boiler-bursting, racing steam-boats of the Mississippi, it may be discovered too late that between steam-boats and churches there has no parallel been instituted in the word of God.

Sir, yours in the hope of the Gospel,
JOSEPH A. SMITH.
71, Clarendon-street, Oxford-st.,
Manchester, Dec. 31, 1859.

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

DEAR SIR—I have felt deeply interested in the discussions in the "*Vessel*" on the subject of Divine Sovereignty; and, as for years my mind has been strongly exercised on this subject, might I be allowed to say a few words?

There is much in the Great and Blessed God that is, to us, incomprehensible. But Divine Sovereignty does not appear to me to come within this category. Jehovah has been pleased to set himself before us in different capacities: and, I think, if this be attended to a little, it will help the servants of Jesus Christ to see the subject of Divine Sovereignty

with greater clearness. The Great Jehovah is glorious in every character which he bears, as Supreme, Governor, &c. But some of his Sovereign acts are the only basis of hope to sinners. Hence the preeminent importance of the doctrine of Divine Sovereignty. The sovereignty of God arises from the infinite perfection of his nature, from whence also arises his supremacy. Therefore, in God, supremacy and sovereignty do not necessarily involve each other, as in the case of an earthly sovereign. The sovereignty of God is, God acting in his private character; or, doing as he pleases, so as that there be no infraction of law.

As a Sovereign, God spake all things into existence. As a Sovereign, he instituted a system of moral government, by which the Divine conduct became judicial. Jehovah had sovereignly bound himself and the creatures by a law; holy, just and good, which could not be broken with impunity. And when, in the exercise of prescience, he saw that every man from Adam, down to his youngest posterity, was a rebel against his holy, just, and good government; while he left some to the consequences of the rectitude of his government, which their judgments will eternally approve, he resorted to his private character to devise a plan whereby he might be Just and the Justifier of the ungodly,—whereby his law might be infinitely magnified, and made honorable on the part of his subjects. And it is in accordance with this that the children of God often raise their joyful anthems and sing

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

This act of high sovereignty necessarily involved another, viz., that those on whose behalf the scheme was devised should be visited with direct Divine influence by which they should be made to appreciate the unspeakable gift of God. Sovereignty *delays* the penal inflictions of the wicked: and sends those salutary visitations which are intended as a benefit, and by which Jehovah supplies a testimony concerning the first Adam, and the importance of another and a better Adam, the Lord from Heaven. Sovereignty is good to all, although in different degrees. It sends the shining of the sun upon the evil and the good; but it cannot act contrary to government, and

therefore, the penal consequences of rebellion against the Divine government must proceed from the just Governor, and must necessarily alight upon the transgressors, or an adequate substitute.

From these considerations does it not appear that God in his private character is all goodness, and that government is the occasion, not the cause, of all the real calamities of mankind; and that the cause of these calamities is opposition to the Divine government?

Ashton Clinton.

T. AVERY.

Jan. 7th, 1860.

THE SOVEREIGNTY OF GOD— A GLORIOUS THEME.

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

Will you allow me through the medium of your excellent periodical, to publish a few remarks on the letter of "a Little One," contained in your last number?

The Sovereignty of God is a glorious theme: "He doeth his will in the army of heaven, and among the inhabitants of the earth." And what he does is good, because he does it. Sometimes the agreement between his operations, and the benignity of his character is clearly apparent: but at other times it is not so. Some of his ordinances are hard to be understood, but others such as those regarding conjugal love and parental affection are perfectly consistent with our notions of what is right, and just and good. It is true that his way is in the sea, his path is in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known. But then as a kind Father, he has told his children that for the present they only know in part, and when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. The candles and the lamps go out at the rising of the sun, and soon our imperfect knowledge shall give place to the perfect light of everlasting day. Till then let us trust God where we cannot trace him, and adore him where we cannot understand him.

It is true, as "a Little One" has said, that the sovereignty of the Queen rests on her supremacy, and not on the amiability of her character. But then we cannot safely reason upon the character of God by comparing him with an earthly sovereign: the fact is, that all such analogies can only hold good to a certain extent; carry them to any length, and they will break down. Now, for instance, God is love, and therefore to say with

Mr. W. that his sovereignty rests upon his moral character is much the same thing as to say that it rests on his supremacy, because God's supremacy is the supremacy of love. He never can deny himself, or act inconsistently with his own blest name of love.

Now to say that God created men in order that he might damn them—that in this world, and in the world to come they might wake up to the dreadful reality, that between them and salvation there was a wide and impassible gulf which from all eternity he decreed that they should never be able to pass—would not only be contrary to the character of God, but would be contrary to the notions which he himself hath given us of the nature of love. It would be God contradicting God.

One thing has struck me very forcibly with regard to this subject, and that is, that we should speak of it very modestly and charitably. "Let the potsherders strive with the potsherders of the earth," "but the servant of the Lord must not strive; but be patient to all men." Even "a Little One" might well say with regard to this sovereignty, "such knowledge is too wonderful for me; it is high, I cannot attain unto it," and we are all too little to reach a theme so exalted, and so intimately blended with the incomprehensibility of Almighty God.

May I suggest to "a Little One," or even some great one, to speak more frequently upon plain subjects, such as those found in the sermon on the mount. Many high flown professors talk loudly enough on certain abstruse subjects, while they are sadly deficient in the fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ unto the praise and glory of God. Heaven is a blood bought free reward, and salvation is all of grace; but it is not wrong to say, "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life," &c.

Let no one cry out in derision, "'tis all do, do, do—a duty-faith man—a free-willer—a yea and nay minister." Such slang ought not to be put into the "Earthen Vessel;" for hard words and nick-names prove nothing except the want of brotherly kindness and charity in those who make use of them.

Your's in the Gospel,

PHILIP CATER,

Baptist Minister.

Peckham, Dec. 8, 1859.

MR. SPURGEON'S VIEWS OF RESPONSIBILITY AND SOVEREIGNTY.

A LETTER FROM JOHN WESLEY TO THE REV. B. DAVIES.

DEAR BROTHER DAVIES.—In your letter, bearing date June 28th, 1859, you wish me to get and read Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on "God's Sovereignty and Man's Responsibility," and to give my opinion upon it. After a deal of trouble to procure it, I have it through the kindness of a friend who lent it to me. I have read it over, and considered it, and now make an attempt to answer your request, by way of shewing my opinion.

I have wished there was something more in it than there is, so that I could have spoken or written better of it. He certainly has the form of the doctrine of sovereign grace in it, and as much of the power of it as any intelligent mind might attain, and be altogether carnal. However, I believe I may say with truth, that I knew the doctrine of sovereign grace further than Mr. Spurgeon has gone into it in that sermon, when I was as dead in sin as a stone is to natural or animal life. Yes, I believe I knew that doctrine, and contended for it because of its truth when there was not the slightest pulsations of spiritual life in me. The truth is, if Mr. Spurgeon has no better testimony to the power of sovereign grace, in his own soul, than he has given in that sermon; I believe it is quite possible he may be like King Saul, have *another heart*, but not a *new one*. Both he and you too, must remember, that gifts are not always accompanied with grace. And I do think that if Mr. Spurgeon knew the power of sovereign grace to any great degree in his own soul, he would not have been so bigotted as to say "there were men he knew preaching it who were doing ten thousand times more harm than good." Nay I even believe if it was proclaimed pure as it is in Scripture by

one of the vilest characters living, even another Judas, accompanied by the power of God, it would be productive of the best results. How can the preaching of the truth do more harm than good? I mean the truth by itself; the unmixed seed of God's sovereign grace.

Has he forsaken the counsel of the old men, and consulted with the young men that have grown up with him.— See 1 Kings, xii. 6 to 12? Seeing he hath contemned the mature thought of Huntington. For, says he, "I can go as high as Huntington in matters of salvation; but question me about man's responsibility, and you will get quite a different answer." Of course Mr. Spurgeon is the best judge. But has he gone high at all? O yes, you'll say; certainly he has; for he says its all of grace, grace. Even so might any one say who believed it in the mere letter of the truth. This I say, and am able to prove it, that he has gone no higher in his sermon on that doctrine than any intelligent man might attain to that gives his mind up to the study of theology from the mere letter of the Word.

Dear friend, I shall leave you to think what you will of the gaudy coat of mail he has put upon the Apostle's testimony of his conversion; and chose the simple testimony as recorded in Scripture for myself. I hope I shall not offend you; you must bear with me, and correct me where I am wrong, I don't pretend to infallibility you know.

Well again, he says the truth in his opinion, lies at the two extremes, and not between. I should like to know what he would call them. Does he mean to say that absolute sovereignty is one, and man's freewill the other?

In my opinion, let the truth lie where it will, man has nothing to do with it (no more than he can make it serve his purpose) until God implants it within, and then neither the devil norten thousand freewill preachers can remove it. Because God prepares better soil for it to grow in than depraved human nature. Every one must be born of the Spirit before truth will grow within. And truth without, or only in the head, never will save any man. And with respect to this "being born again," I say that man is not active no more than he is in his natural generation; but only passive. But as soon as God the Holy Ghost has brought forth a new creature—for, be it remembered, that it must be begotten of God, as well as born of God, therefore it is the work of God alone to bring forth a new creature, which shall be saved eternally,) it will show signs of life; for there are none of the children of God still born, by crying out for the breasts of Zion's consolations; the same as a natural child will cry for its mother's breast. So I bid adieu to the two extremes.

Now, dear friend, what must I say about his doctrine of contradiction, as he calls it. This I say; I believe he would leave his hearers in as dense a fog with regard to the doctrine of their responsibility as they were before, unless the Holy Spirit taught them what Mr. Spurgeon neglected to do.

I wonder what Mr. Spurgeon would say if he was told that the heathen had got a great image built on a great rock in which was a great cave capable of sheltering them from the burning heat of the torrid sun, and a safe refuge from all sorts of wild beasts and hurtful things, and besides it was well stocked with provisions, an inexhaustible supply! And, this image is built in the attitude of a man with his arms stretched out, and was daily crying out Come unto me, come unto me, to a lot of poor helpless creatures, bitten with serpents, yea bitten so badly that from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot there is no soundness in them, and

consequently could not move a joint. What sort of a Saviour would such an image prove to these poor creatures so destitute of power to move? Suppose in addition to their present misery there are a host of enemies in all shapes, some in the shape of parsons too, exerting the utmost of their power to keep them away. And what is worse, they themselves are determined not to go. Now I consider this is precisely the state of all men by nature. They are said to be dead in sin, and have no soundness in them, and that salvation is not of the will of men, but that all men by nature are led captive by the devil at his will. Now Mr. Spurgeon says that God stretched out his arms daily to save them (the Jews), and yet he didn't save them; which I say is positive proof in itself, that he did not stretch out his arms to save them. I also maintain that such a saviour would not be a degree better than the image I have given for an illustration, which could neither move itself, or give power to those to whom it was crying come, come.

Now, dear friend, I ask you why need there be so much contention about man's responsibility, seeing that it is so plainly set forth in Scripture, that he who runneth may read, and the wayfaring man though a fool need not err therein. Does not the Apostle in the seventh chapter to the Romans tell us that we are all by nature married to the law our first husband, and that we are responsible to our first husband as long as he liveth; but when our first husband be dead we are at liberty to be married to another man, even Christ Jesus, and then we become responsible to our second husband Christ Jesus, who ever liveth (not to condemn us, but to make intercession for us, and whose commandments are not grievous. But I should suppose according to the tenor of Mr. Spurgeon in that sermon, that one husband (the law) is not enough for natural men now a days, o be responsible to; although he (the law) requireth truth in the inward parts; and

I feel persuaded that man cannot get it there himself.

Will Mr. Spurgeon make his little finger thicker than his father's loins? Will he chastise us with scorpions instead of the whip? see 1 Kings xii. 10. I hope he will not go over to Popery, for I see he has been to the absolution in the Church of England Prayer Book for the word 'rather,' and quoted it with the Scripture text. Ezek xxxiii. 11, and so makes it appear that God is foolish for neglecting to do something he would rather have done.

Now, dear friend, I have a few words to say about his conversion to God, and then I shall conclude for this time. He says, "I sought the Lord four years, and then I found him; and I think I began to commend myself for the good success I had made; till one day I was walking, and the thought struck me, How came I first to seek the Lord?" &c? Was the commenda-

tion due to him? For the word says, 'I was found of them that sought me not, I was made manifest to them that asked not after me.'

As it hath been requested that this letter should be published, I would beg of all who read it to beware lest they condemn the innocent. I am not an enemy to Mr. Spurgeon. No, in no wise. Neither do I wish to lessen his popularity. But it was a request made to me by a friend in the ministry near London, and a friend of Mr. Spurgeon. And as the truth and honour of God is at stake, I have consented to its publicity, and do hope that by God's blessing it may be productive of much good, by causing a more diligent search for the real truth as it is in Jesus. May God add his blessing, is the prayer of your brother and advocate for the unadulterated truth of the Gospel.

JOHN WESLEY.

Lticester, January, 1860.

JAMES WELLS DEFENDED.

MR. WELLS says, "My Good Theophilus, this punishment eternal was, (on the ground of sin) sovereignly appointed."

One of the Least says, "This is an Antinomian sentiment." I say nay, and affirm, fearless of contradiction, that it is the language of the Bible. Might I venture to ask the writer a question?

Is not eternal punishment for sin? And was not eternal punishment sovereignly appointed? Reprobation does not damn a sinner, it only leaves him: it is his own sin that damns him: hell is the just reward for his iniquity. If this is Antinomianism, thank God it is the Antinomianism of the Bible.

Secondly. The writer says, that "Mr. Wells cannot give the readers of the VESSEL, chapter and verse for such a sentiment. Would the writer

humble himself to read the following scriptures:—

"In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die," *i.e.*, every form of death. Gen. ii. 17.—Romans v. 12. Is not this eternal punishment on the ground of sin? and was not this eternal punishment sovereignly appointed?

Again, the apostle says, "For the wages of sin is death." Romans v. 23.—Galatians vi. 7.—James i. 15.—Revelations xxi. 8. Many more Scriptures might be quoted, but these are enough to testify, that eternal punishment, (as Mr. Wells says,) "is on the ground of sin; that damnation is for a fault; that a man's own sin merits his own punishment." "One of the Least" ought to have put on his spectacles, and read carefully.

RICHARD BICKELL,

PREACHER OF THE WORD.

LEW DOWN, DENON.

Two Deacons taken away by Death from One Church in One Month :

A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO DEPARTED WORTH.

(To the Editor of the Earthen Vessel.)

BELOVED BROTHER BANKS,—With this I send you for insertion in the VESSEL, if you think proper so to do, a short account of the death of the two deacons of this little church. I think, perhaps it could not be found in all the annals of history such a solemn circumstance, for the only deacons of a little church to be taken at one time. I feel the loss of brother Price very much, as we were of one heart in the things of God. Your ministry was precious to him. I have heard him speak about the blessing we have enjoyed by your ministry many times, especially when you were here with Mr. Pells, and spoke in the morning about the watchers in Daniel. I have talked to him on that subject; but he is gone now to see, hear, and adore without a cloud. What the Lord is about to do for or with us I know not. I hope I have found him most precious of late. My path is very trying; but O, the holy outgoings of soul I have had of late. Sometimes I think I shall not be here long, but the Lord only knows.

JOHN DILLISTONE.

James Price, the subject of the following lines, was born into this sin-blighted world in the parish of Keddington, Suffolk, about thirty-five years since, and as he was born after the flesh, so he walked after the flesh, and in the ways of his heart, and manifested the same by bringing forth fruit according thereunto, until after his union with his now bereaved widow. The Lord directed his steps to Bury St. Edmunds. While he was there the Lord secretly and powerfully impressed upon his mind his condition and position. In this state, with sighs and groans not a few, he went to chapel and church, and from church to chapel, but like the dove found no rest for the sole of his feet. But in this state the Lord met him with the following words, "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." This arrested him so powerfully, that

hope sprung up, mingled with strong cries and mighty wrestlings of soul. In this state he went to hear Mr. Baldwin on a Wednesday evening, then at Rehoboth, Bury. Mr. B. spoke from the words—"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance, Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." This discourse was made very precious to his downcast soul, and brought him out of darkness into light and liberty. He was enabled to cast in his lot with the few that constituted the church, and was baptized by Mr. Baldwin, and received into communion, and stood an honourable and consistent member with them until the Lord shut up his hand of Providence at Bury, and then directed his steps within four miles of his native village to occupy a small farm. After settling down in business, and seeking food for his soul, at a place or two near his residence, and could not find that savory meat his soul loved and longed for, and the ordinances of God's house as he was led to see was scriptural, he was directed to Keddington to hear Mr. Powell, and finding the doctrine and order of the church more congenial with his own views and experience, he with his dear partner cast in their lot with the little church worshipping at Rehoboth Baptist chapel, Keddington; having received an honorable dismissal from the church at Bury, they were both received into communion. After standing an honourable and useful member a few years, the deceased was chosen as one of the deacons, which office he was enabled to fill with honesty and integrity until his decease, which occurred on Lord's day evening, the 8th of January, 1860. At the commencement of his affliction, which was inflammation terminating in a rapid consumption, the Lord most blessedly visited his soul with precious love visits, that he said that he was quite ready and willing to leave all and go home, and all through his affliction the Lord dealt kindly and

mercifully with him, and his soul was for the most part stayed and solid on the rock, although he was a very great sufferer, and sometimes the Lord gave him his word so powerful, and distinct, and he was helped and led out to comment so sweetly, and pray so earnestly and solemnly, that it was amidst all his sufferings most comforting to be privileged to attend upon him. The enemy was not permitted to come near him but little, and after about five weeks of great suffering, the Lord took him home very gently and quietly, never more to go out. For the last few years he was the subject of deep trials, arising from an increasing and rising family, with losses and crosses not a few in connection with a small business. But these in the hand of the Lord were sanctified to him and blest in deepening the work in his soul. Oh, the many deeps and holy deliverances we have witnessed, we hope, with a real sympathising heart, under many circumstances with the deceased! In him his surviving partner has lost a loving and sympathising husband, and a dear brother in the Lord; the five dear children a kind and affectionate father, the church an excellent deacon, the pastor a good friend, the scribe a brother beloved in the Lord, and Heaven has received an addition to its number. Not to eulogise the dead, but as a neighbour he was esteemed much by those around him for his honesty and consistency of conduct. In proof that the hearts of all men are in the Lord's hand, some weeks before the deceased left this lower world, he had a rich relative that died, who left him some property, which it is gratifying to know will supply the dear bereaved wife and children with enough for the bread that perisheth. Bless the Lord, what has he wrought! As the deceased, during his life, resided not far from the village of Stambourne, where the venerable Mr. Spurgeon, (grandfather of Mr. Spurgeon, of London, resides,) and presides over a people as their pastor; and as the deceased expressed a wish to be laid in the burial ground of the chapel belonging to Mr. S., beside a child of his buried a few months since, it was deemed advisable on the part of the survivors to ask the favour to inter his mortal remains there, which was readily and cheerfully granted, and which took place on the 16th of January. It was a very solemn and interesting scene. Mr.

Powell officiated at the interment, and it was solemnly cheerful to hear the testimony he bore to the truth, and the character, and position of the deceased. On the Lord's day following, Mr. Powell in connection with the solemn event, spoke from 1st chap. of Tim. 1st v. We hope it may be made useful. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." We had a crowded and attentive congregation.

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Died on Jan. 11, 1860, Thos. Thompson, sen. Deacon of the Baptist church, Keddington. He was called to the knowledge of the Lord many years since. About thirteen years since Mr. Powell being directed to this place, the deceased heard him, and was confirmed in the truth, and was led to walk in the ordinances of the Lord's house according to New Testament order, and soon after was chosen as deacon. He was a man of few words, and retired habits. His judgment in many things was rather weak; within the last two years he was left to walk after the flesh, against the wish, and to the grief of his friends, which caused a blight to come over him. But sometime before his decease it was evident the Lord restored him in some measure. The last Lord's day he was at chapel, he expressed himself very much blessed under the preached word, and said it appeared to be all for him; this was the second Lord's day in Dec., 1859. During his affliction the Lord visited him; at times he spoke to some friends very solemnly, and said it was all right with him—he was trusting in the Lord. As expressive of the state of his mind a few days previous to his decease, he quoted that sublime hymn of Watts, commencing "Keep silence all created things;" also "For ever blessed be the Lord." After his interment, Mr. Powell spoke from "to die is gain." The last twenty-four hours of deceased's stay in the wilderness, he lay almost motionless and speechless. His end was peace.

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[We have known these good men for several years; and sympathise most deeply with our brother R. Powell, the pastor, in the loss he has sustained. May the mighty God of Jacob support him; and make this seemingly dark dispensation the means of arousing and reviving the cause in those parts. To brother John Dillistone we return many thanks.—Ed.]

MR. GEORGE WYARD, AND MR. JAMES WELLS:
THEIR DIFFERENCES CALMLY CONSIDERED.

[There was a difference between Paul and Barnabas. Paul was a red-hot shot man: Barnabas was hardly so firm and determined. There was a difference between Peter and John; but it was more *constitutional* than *evangelical*. There is a difference between our brethren James Wells and George Wyard; but, in all things which make for the salvation of the Church of God, they are the same. We love them both: we pray that their usefulness in the gospel may more and more increase; and that, *in the gospel*, they may be like Jonathan and David, "Loving one another with a pure heart fervently." These are not times for men of truth to be divided, we have no strength to spare. We heartily wish that every heaven-taught man of God, could practically unite together for the spread of the PURE GOSPEL of GOD'S Electing, redeeming, calling, sanctifying, justifying and preserving grace! Brethren, do not give the enemy occasion to laugh at us; let us be "terrible as an army with banners."—ED.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I have no doubt it grieves your generous spirit, the dissension of Messrs. Wells and Wyard. If you think the following observations will act as oil to still the agitated waters you will give them a place in the VESSEL. I must not put all the blame on one side, let me first direct Mr. Well's attention to one or two passages that may arrest his noble spirit. "Take heed that ye offend not one of these little ones." The parable of the unforgiving fellow-servant. I'll quote no more, a word to the wise is enough, "A good man is of an excellent spirit." I know he can better instruct me than I can him, yet I am emboldened to give my thoughts, because of examples of a like kind. For instance a little maid, an observer of things around her, counsels a great general how to get a cure, and his servants corrects his judgment, and he gets the benefit by listening to their advice Mr. Wyard has said some pithy things about who qualifies and gives success and appoints to this or that field of labor. But I do not think Mr. Wells meant for one moment to vaunt and boast of himself and his doings, though I must confess, the implications of Mr. Wells's remarks were calculated to irritate and provoke. After all, the whole affair may be looked upon as we look on a large family where there are various temperaments; some slow and quiet; others quick and vivacious, or rather hasty. Here's James with his flow of

spirits gives John an ugly push, and says wake up, don't go to sleep. And John takes it so much to heart, that he disturbs the whole family to help him to be avenged on James for his rough and hard usage and insult. Well now, would it not have been better had James used gentler methods to arouse John to a sense of anything he saw desirable for him to be more awake to. Then again, had John's reflections ran in this channel, have I not given some cause for this hasty burst of James's temper. I know he is a good brother, and means well in general, I'll see him alone and make all right. Would it not have been better than nourishing his wrath, and seeking to enlist all he can to be avenged, by making such a serious matter of it, as if the interests of the whole family were at stake? I cannot help suspecting, in spite of all the solemn tirade of John's, in last VESSEL, on it, and his apparent concern only for truth's sake, and James's own particular good, not forgetting his concern for the great interests involved to all the family, that John's dear own self lies close at the bottom, and that the revenge is intended to be far worse severe and damaging than the affront. With reference to the great truths involved in the misunderstanding, John and all he enlists to help him, will have a difficulty to prove James wrong in the main. Who put enmity between the seed of the woman and the seed of the serpent? Are there not two distinct seeds? However, my object is

not to enter into this part of the dispute. "Who by searching can find out the Almighty?" "What we know not now we shall know hereafter." Yet I have no wish to muzzle the Lord's ox that treadeth out the corn. We all know that however beautiful Zion's King is, and condescending and kind to instruct his people in heavenly mysteries, yet all will not be revealed in this time state. A good man and learned Editor has been lately expatiating on the eternal Sonship of Christ. I doubt not with the purest motives, and to the edification of many, but when such a statement as this is made,—“The Father is eternal, the Son is eternal, and the Holy Ghost is eternal.” *Ergo*, the Father is no older than the Son, nor the Holy Ghost; for the Son is as old as the Father, and the Holy Ghost, of course. This clashes with all our finite comprehensions, but you must not dispute this, or you detract from the Person of God the Son. We are told now we can comprehend that where there is a Son there must be Three Persons; and here we find Three Persons; a Triune Oneness. And, we can understand, that a natural son is not inferior to his father; his nature the same, so that he is in no way inferior, and we can conceive of a father, mother, and son, all exactly of one mind; harmony and concord to preclude the possibility of discord or disarrangement, and of father and mother so delighting in Son, and to put all things under him. Thus, if it were possible, rendering the Son the greatest of the Three. And we can understand that our nature is as old as Adam's, and that we existed in him. But I must forbear this digression.

I will cheerfully join any good, well-meaning men to take the Papal Bull by the horns, to prevent him devouring and destroying Zion's provisions. And, sure I am, good men, men of truth, must sink their little differences, and jealousies, and join heartily to oppose Rome's aggressions in this land.

Mr. Editor, in conclusion, let me direct your attention and your readers to Dr. Campbell's noble efforts to do battle against this common adversary, for which purpose I have sent you a copy of his *British Ensign*; see in it an article on Napoleon and Victoria, and may Zion's true soldiers buckle on their armour and go forth, as in days of old, to encounter this dangerous, aggressive foe. M.M.

“THE
WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS,”
HIS PRAISE OF,
AND PRAYER FOR C. H. SPURGEON.

There lives a man in Leicester's ancient City, who, for years, has been known by the curious cognomen of “The Watchman on the Walls.” In a series of papers entitled “*The Valiant Men of Israel*,” he has exhibited, in poetic photograph, the ministerial features of several of the servants of God. Among them, we find the following, which we quote, expressly for the purpose of aiding “The Watchman” in the circulation of these, his good-tempered rhymes.

“SPURGEON of whom the country rings,
Holds forth some great and glorious things,
His soul seems all on fire;
The flame sits on his flowing tongue,
While melting numbers roll along,
Of which some never tire.

Come heavenly wind, fan, fan the flame,
Till rocks dissolve at Jesu's name!

And trembling mountains bow:
Till rocks and mountains melt and move,
Till stoutest hearts dissolve in love,
And tears like rivers flow.

Rend! rend the heavens, O mighty God!
Send holy fire, thy melting word,
Till boiling waters flow;

Till conscience burns or boils with fears,
Dissolve in streams of scalding tears,
And thy salvation know.

Not the salvation partly done,
Finished by works and will of man,
Arminian's boasting story:
But mercy's sovereign, full and free,
Salvation finished on the tree,
By Christ to God's own glory.

Mr. Garrard's pen has lately been exceedingly prolific. He has in store, some excellent MSS.: the title of one is “The Devil Among the Parsons.” Another, which we expect shortly to publish, is entitled “God's Eternal Decree Without Sin,” &c., &c.

There is a rich, a racy deepness—a Christ-like spirit, in many of Mr. Garrard's writings. He has withal, much of the good old Puritan quaintness, and original genius about him. He is a modern Christopher Ness; and we hope he will wake up in these busy days.

THE DOCTOR AND THE DIVINE.

DEAR SIR,—I perceive you have inserted my letter to "a Little One" in this month's *Vessel* (supplement). I am free to confess that my letter was not written in that spirit of courtesy it ought to have been, and for which I am sorry; because many will suppose that I am totally opposed to him in doctrine, whereas such is not the case, but on the contrary, I highly respect him as a great and good man, and bless the Lord he has raised up and made him so useful; nevertheless, we cannot endorse every sentiment a great and good man may write or declare. As you truly remark "they are men," fallible men—neither are they inspired as the Apostles, who wrote as they were moved by the Holy Ghost in penning the canon of Scriptures.

It appears I have misunderstood the meaning of "a Little One," about sin being sovereignly appointed, as in page 273 of last month's *Vessel*, but I think nine persons out of ten would have understood it as I did. The printer has not even put a comma after the word sin. If the words "on the ground of sin" had been put in a parenthesis (as they ought to have been) all would have been clear; however, I am glad to find in the cover that the writer repudiates such a doctrine most heartily. To tell the truth, had it not been for that line or two, I had not written at all, but was perfectly astounded that such a long and such a strong champion for free and sovereign grace should advocate such a monstrous doctrine. However, am glad to find it is not so, but certainly think, as it stands, it is very ambiguous, and very liable to be misunderstood. I beg to offer him an apology for having misrepresented him, and feel sure that he is generous enough to forgive me.

You have not inserted all my letter, especially that part where I highly approve of Mr. Barringer's interpretation of the word "hate," and hope you will allow me to quote a few words of what Dr. Gill says upon it. I do not know that we can have a better authority than such a good and *learned* man. On Rom. ix. 13, he says, "Everlasting and unchangeable love is the true cause and spring of the choice of particular persons to eternal salvation, and hatred is the cause of rejection, by which is meant not positive hatred, which can only have for its object

sin and sinners, or persons so considered, but negative hatred, which is God's will not to give eternal life to some persons; and shows itself by a neglect of them, taking no notice of them, passing them by, when he chose others; so the word *hate* is used for neglect, taking no notice, where positive hatred cannot be thought to take place, in Luke xiv. 26." I think this definition is good.

There is much that is good and solemn in Mr. Wyard's letter to Mr. Wells, one part of which I wish he would take to heart, which has been very painful to thousands of the Lord's people, in hearing Mr. W., *i. e.*, uttering puns, jokes and witty sarcasms in such a sacred place as the pulpit. If one place is more sacred than another upon earth it is the pulpit—Such things are not becoming a Gospel minister, at any time, as may be fully proved from 2 Peter iii. 11, "What manner of persons ought ye to be?" &c. By omitting such language, he might starve the swine, and they might go away, but the sheep would be better satisfied. It is a common thing in my neighbourhood to hear people say, "We'll go to hear old — to-night, we shall have some rare fun." Half the time is spent in laughter, in which the Preacher joins audibly, and when the service ends many may be heard saying, "It is as good as a theatre." And all this done by a man who preaches the doctrines we believe in. Is it not awful? Is it not enough to make us say with the old patriarch, "O my soul, come not thou into their secret, and unto their assembly mine honour be not thou united." I am not charging Mr. W. with going to this excess, I know he does not, and I feel sure he does not believe the sentiment Mr. Wyard charges him with on page 28, or seems to charge him with, "if, therefore, the finally lost are in perdition as the effect of God's hatred, &c." A man must be a monster indeed (and worse than an antinomian) to believe such a doctrine as that, and one I should be totally averse and repugnant to my feelings to own as a brother. He appears to have drawn the picture far too strong here, and which I hope and trust he will be sorry for ere long. If we differ as brethren, let it be done in a good spirit, and mortify the old man with his deeds. I must not further trespass on your pages or patience, and as a low stool is a safe place (if not the most honourable), you must still allow me to subscribe myself ONE OF THE LEAST.

A LETTER FROM MR. DOWLING, ON THE ARGUMENTS OF "A LITTLE ONE."

MY DEAR BROTHER,—In reading over your April number for the third time, I feel disposed to reply to my highly esteemed brother in the ministry of the everlasting Gospel of God, who signs himself 'A Little One.'

He has given us his views on the long controverted subject of *close and open communion* at the Lord's table. He is candid and unreserved, and is entitled to have these views of his private judgment, and is bound to advocate, for the instruction of the church what he deems essential to *good order*; my object is not to follow our highly esteemed friend and brother, as to the conduct of the Apostles as to the administration of the ordinance, for in that case they must have lost sight of the terms of their commission, and would go to break in upon an order for which there was no authority, nor indeed any requirement. No one ought to shut their eyes against 'Little One's' arguments, nor venture to charge him with bigotry, while offering his opinion, on a subject he admits is not essential to the enjoyment of grace here, or glory hereafter. And I am sure I shall not be charged by 'Little One' with indifference to revealed truth, while offering my opinion on the subject of an *open table* to the objects of divine love and mercy. He considers that the new-born soul, by the power of the Holy Ghost, has no right to enjoy a free access to the ordinance of the Supper, unless they have under his gracious teaching, arrived at the possession of a perfect vision, and to the order of a church relation, founded under the oversight of the Apostles at Jerusalem, and that such must conform to that exact rule, before they can be worthy recipients of the table of the Lord. Thus making one ordinance dependent upon the other, and thus, though such discern the Lord's body, they are forbidden by strict communionists, to follow Christ's directions, "do this in remembrance of me;" the neglect of which to a mind enlightened, must be sinful.

It is admitted, that the example is clear, as to an organised church, in which we have set forth faith in our Lord's person, Baptism as a symbol, and the table as an ordinance of instruction, and fellowship in the death of our divine substitute.

It will be, I suppose, admitted that the positive law which admits to the table, is founded in the words of Jesus, "Do this in remembrance of me." Surely that remains as the law of command to the living members of the mystic body to it. The order of a Gospel church seems to be brought to us under a rule of example, by the apostles, who, no doubt, were guided by the Holy

Ghost, and gifted by that divine agent, to show the pattern for future guidance, in the formation of a Gospel church, from which no departure can consistently take place, and the advocates for an open table have their reasons for that, while they contend for a close church. In the days of the Apostles there was no difference of opinion or of feeling; nor could it be foreseen by them, as to the position of the church of God in this age. Most certainly if the truth of God's Gospel in word and ordinances, had never been obscured, our path would have been plain, and the subject of communion undisturbed.

Many who submit rigidly to primitive order in rule as to water baptism, are governed principally by a duty enforced, and go no farther than conformity to the Apostles' rule, while others wait for clearer light on the divine subject of ordinances, in the hope of the more spiritual realisation of the intimate connection subsisting between Christ in person and the shadow of him in material element. The writer of this was waiting for two years for a man of faith to baptize him in the spirit of the figurative glory of the divine substitute, not being held by the mere letter of the commandment, and during that time never felt any conscious neglect, while participating of the elements of the supper, not supposing that it could be wrong to do so in obedience to the command "Do this in remembrance of me." It was a season of long preparation for a season of great faith and joy, when the suited minister was found in the person of S. E. Pearce, not a moment was lost in subjectional obedience to the Son of God. Having the spirit of the subject, I could not neglect the letter. The mind ought to be open to Scripture investigation on all matters revealed for our instruction, but we cannot enter into any truth spiritually but by the light of the spirit's teaching. The mind cannot be forced, but drawn into fellowship through ordinances unto Christ.

Experimentally it is generally found that both in doctrinal truth and Gospel ordinances, that which is first in order is very often last in manifestation.

Vast multitudes of the called of our God, under progressive light, opening the mind to truth, have gone from the Word to the Lord's table, and from the table to the font, and from the doctrine of regeneration to that of election, without any conscious wrong, tho' it has been a matter of astonishment to me, that facts so obvious has not appeared more clear to their vision. We may lament that so many of the dear children are kept so long in the twilight of privilege, when the light of

revelation shines to some as clear as a sun-beam; but so it is, and so it will be until a greater outpouring of the Spirit of knowledge rest upon the militant glory of our blessed Lord. Let it be admitted that the New Birth relation introduces the members of the one universal church of God's first-born to divine ordinances. It will then be seen that such have a *right* to embrace the ordinances as opened to their view, under the teaching of the Spirit of truth, who sometimes makes the ordinance of the Supper to be a guide to Baptism. We should say, instruct the ignorant, by shewing them that they err in their neglect of thus following Christ in Baptism. But never prevent them in doing right, by remembering Jesus in the emblem of his love and favour, under the seal of authority "Do this in remembrance of me."

The exclusion from the table of such is sometimes justified, by the fact, that the unbaptized can commune with churches of their own views. That may go to establish their right of communion, but it imposes upon them a line of conduct their preference for the Gospel ministry in connection with themselves, will not. Besides, according to the views of close communionists, such have no right to sit down at the table, any where. They cannot submit to infant sprinkling, and they wait to see into the representative ordinance of Baptism, while their vision is perfectly clear as to the ordinance of breaking of bread.

If we shut the door open for free communion, because the order of a rule which places Baptism first, is not strictly observed, then consistency demands that we discard all such ministers as Romaine, Toplady, Hawker, Irons, and Rees, who separated their ministry from immersion, when the command and the order under the commission, stands. Go preach the Gospel, and baptize the converts in the name of the Holy Three. Whoever thought of rejecting such men, because they broke down an order, given in terms so plain? Their ministry was accepted by strict communionists, and their aid sought. Can there be any real difference? It is not said you shall not preach, until you are willing to yield full obedience to Christ's command; and shall we deal less tenderly with saints who may be limited in judgment, as the result of education, or habits of thinking? If one is turned away from the Lord's table because they do not fully observe the order of Apostolic rule, then every minister that has not been baptized, should be ejected from the pulpit, for the non-observance of the same rule. Baptists ought not to encourage their ministry, or indeed hear them preach.

In my humble opinion, we may be sometimes justified by adopting expedients, and that without a sacrifice of principle.

If indeed from carnal motives persons ne-

glected to attend to Baptism, when they see it to be a plain duty, certainly such could not be allowed to shelter their neglect by indifference, and enjoy a privilege common to the church of God, as partakers of the Supper. Errors of judgment may exist, when the mind is free from wilful neglect.

Order is beautiful, in itself, and we lament when it is deranged, but no one would allow such derangement to disturb the part which is correct in its utility.

To me it presents itself as a solemn question, of more than 50 years' thoughtful reflection:—an unknown number of the ransomed have gone into the immediate presence of God from the sacred table of the Lord on earth, who were never baptized. Did God reprove them for participating of the Supper, or withhold the sacred influence of the Spirit while thus attending to the command, to do as he said in remembrance of him? Open to conviction, I have yet to learn the right of any to exclude from the privilege of the Supper any of God's called ones, to whom he has not only given a right by spiritual relationship to the substance of all ordinances, but has sealed upon their hearts in tokens of his love, the evidence of his approval, in the observance of one of his divine institutions.

I think our close communionist brethren, do well to keep in mind, that the untranslated word baptizo into baptism, instead of immersion, has led to much misconception on both the subject and the mode, though falling under the foreknowledge and permissive will of Jehovah, call for much forbearance alone, towards such as see the Supper under a clear command, and wish to yield obedience by observing it, who nevertheless are dark as to the substance of the Christ-reflecting ordinance of immersion.

I must think that Paul's counsel in iii. Phil. 14 v., in which we have him for an example of faith and duty, "I press toward the mark"—"and if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal this unto you," has a hearing on this controversy. It is evident Paul referred to the light of the Spirit to be given in greater measure, on subjects essential as well as non-essential to salvation. The open table should lead to the instruction of such, and the oversight of the church to moral department.

In affectionate regards to our brother "a Little One," I subscribe myself

LESS THAN THE LEAST,

who believes a close church maintains the integrity of Gospel order; and an open table meets the limited knowledge of the weak in faith, waiting for clearer vision.

[In this Supplement we have allowed many men to speak freely: the venerable Dowling could not, therefore, be denied.—E.D.]

LINES SUGGESTED ON READING MR. BLOOMFIELD ON CALVARY.

When God, the Saviour, from on high,
On Calvary's mount was doomed to die,
Deep darkness in her dusky car,
Came rolling onward from afar.

And swiftly threw with solemn wand,
Her suit of sable o'er the land.
The streaming glories of the sun,
Extinguished ere his race was run;
And reeling from the awful sight,
Entombed him in the vault of night;
And conscious nature felt the thrall,
And robed her in her funeral pall.
The rocks their native founts forsook,
And earth unto the centre shook.

London.

The world was pulcres, all svae man,
And mute as when her course began.
Now from that darkness light is shed,
Salvation's sun hath glory spread:
God's covenant was then fulfilled,
When guiltless blood for guilt was spilled.
The ransom's paid, the work is done,
And truth hath sealed what love begun.
From Calvary sounds of music float,
And mercy swells each heavenly note.
His promise is fulfilled to men,
The temple's veil is rent in twain;
And past the portals of the skies,
Is God's atoning sacrifice.

ALEXANDER KERR.

LINES WRITTEN AFTER A SERMON BY MR. HAZELTON, ON

"But we have the mind of Christ."

When God the Spirit doth reveal,
A precious Christ in me;
I then the union, oneness feel,
That joins my soul to thee.
The Spirit takes the precious blood,
And sprinkles me within;
It speaks the pardoning love of God
That blots out all my sin.
This union is a sacred thing,
It seeks its native sky;
It bears the soul on eagle's wings
To glorious realms on high,
Sweet foretaste of eternal bliss,
It calms the troubled breast;

Lambeth.

I rise upon eternal things,
And enter into rest.
There where my Lord and Saviour reigns,
I would for ever dwell;
Beyond the reach of earthly things;
Beyond the rage of bell.
Now in my dear Redeemer's hands,
I leave my precious soul;
To him who died my soul to save,
I now commit the whole.
This union perfect then will be
In that most holy place;
When I within the veil shall see,
My Saviour face to face.

JOHN TAYLOR.

"THE CHURCH OF THE LIVING GOD, THE PILLAR AND GROUND OF THE TRUTH."—1 TIMOTHY III. 15.

A few petitions and sincere desires for the redeemed Church of God generally, and more especially that part of it, who are gathered together in union, at Ebenezer Chapel, Bermondsey New Road, under the pastoral care of MR. THOMAS CHIVERS, of which I am a member.

GREAT God attend our prayer,
And bless this church of thine;
Still may it live beneath thy care,
And in each member shine.
Still may we dwell in love,
And with thy presence blest;
Press forward to the realms above,
The land of joy and rest.
In bonds of sacred peace,
Constrained by glorious grace;
O may our praises never cease,
Till we behold thy face.
Another year has fled,
What mercies have we shared!
We own our gracious Covenant Head,
For us has daily cared.
Another stone of help,
We to his name will raise;
And own it is our God Himself,
Demands our sweetest praise.
While thousands dead in sin,
Still throng the road to death;
He, in his fear, has kept us in,
And gives us heavenly breath.
While snares and dangers roll,
Around us as we go;
He does the power of hell control,
Who aim our overthrow.

We have this year begun,
Still trusting in his care,
With glory to the Great Three One,
Since his, by grace, we are.
O may we daily grow
In faith and holy fear:
And may we more of Jesus know,
And more like him appear.
The pastor deign to bless
With gifts and graces too,
And may this church of God increase
With comforts small nor few.
His labors kindly own,
And bring thy chosen in;
Still call the sheep of Jesus's fold,
Who yet are dead in sin.
Let sinners here be fed,
Who have believed through grace;
And may it prove a house of bread,
To all who seek thy face.
Thus bound by cords Divine,
May we press onward still,
Till all who form this church of thine,
Shall stand on Zion's hill.
Lord, keep us by thy power,
Till we thy glory see;
Prepare each for that happy hour,
When we shall dwell with thee.

BRADLEY.

The War Yet to be Made with the Lamb, AND ITS FINAL RESULTS.

THERE is now an unusual movement in this, and in other Nations, professedly to advance the triumphs of the Cross; all the *isms* are busy; and thousands of godly people, (the wrestling Jacobs, the believing saints,) are going in to the Holy Place to pour out their hearts in prayer, that THE SPIRIT of Life and Power might descend upon our Churches; and upon the world. Almost everywhere the word of God, and the Gospel of Christ, is circulating. May the Lord in mercy revive us! and lift upon us the light of His countenance; and make us holy; make us useful; make us glad. These are the silent, the burdened prayers of our hearts, as we labour on in our calling from press and pulpit, for Zion's good, and our Master's glory. As to the progress and the perfection of the great enterprise now in motion, there are many thoughts, and many minds are moved in many ways; but whatever confusion or darkness there may be amongst us as to the future, the GRAND AND GLORIOUS TERMINATION is as certain, and will be as triumphantly and as permanently complete, as the throne of our Immanuel itself. Amid the bickerings and childish quibbles, the jealousies and envyings of good men all around us, how blessedly soul-transporting it is to be carried—now and then—upon the wings of an heaven-created faith—up into the purer prospects, and more happy provisions of the kingdom of Christ! When, for a little season, we have thus been favoured, we have most ardently desired that all our brethren with ourselves, could lay aside all our weights, and the sins that do so easily beset us; and run with patience the race that is set before us, LOOKING UNTO JESUS, the author and finisher of our faith. Our churches would soon find the benefit of such a spiritual and more powerful state of things.

These lines are to introduce an extract from a sermon now in course of publication, preached at Barnstaple last January; entitled—*The Branch of*

the Lord Beautiful and Glorious. In that excellent discourse, Dr. Bell, speaking of the great lack of peace in all this earthly ball, says—

The time of peace is coming. Jesus shall reign a king, in righteousness and peace. But oh, that man could receive the testimony of God's word, as to the manner of introduction. It comes on gradually as one soul after another becomes the abode of peace. It will be finally ushered in by war and desolation. "Behold, the whirlwind of the Lord goeth forth with fury, a continuing whirlwind: it shall fall with pain on the head of the wicked." "A noise shall come even to the ends of the earth; for the Lord hath a controversy with the nations. He will plead with all flesh; he will give them that are wicked to the sword." "The slain of the Lord shall be at that day from one end of the earth even to the other end of the earth." Then shall the infatuated nations of the earth, led forth by Anti Christ, "make war with the Lamb:" then shall be such war as the world has never seen: such destruction as the world has never felt. Thanks be to God, it is the tumultuous rolling of an ocean which rocks itself to sleep; it is the death struggle of the serpent, on whose head the foot of the conqueror is already placed; the last throes of creation groaning and travailing in birth for a new, and brighter, and happier, even a glorious state. *The war will end.* "The Lamb shall overcome them." The storm will cease. The rolling billows shall be hushed, and the tumultuous ocean become a sea of glass. The night shall pass away and the day shall dawn. Creation 'itself' also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, and shall rejoice at the "manifestation of the sons of God." God's peace will come in. "He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth." "Men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, *neither shall they learn war any more.*" It is then, in that day, when a glorified Church shall wave the palms of victory, and a restored creation shall be crowned with the laurels of Peace—that "the Branch of the Lord"—the true Branch of Peace—*shall be beautiful and glorious.*

Oh! how sublime and soul stirring the words of the Psalmist, taken in their right connection; applied, as they undoubtedly

ought to be, to this glorious reign of peace. 'He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth. In his days shall the righteous flourish; and abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth. He shall have dominion from sea to sea, and from the river unto the ends of the earth. His name shall endure for ever; His name shall be continued as long as the sun: and men shall be blessed in him: all nations shall call him blessed.'

'ZION'S LAST TROUBLE; AND THE
HYPOCRITES' LAST TRIUMPH.

Such are Mr. Huntington's words when treating of the last times before the glorious Gospel harvest! There is a fear resting on our spirits, that a deadly and determined spirit of opposition to vital new Covenant Truth is now secretly slaying the 'Witnesses.' We cannot speak with manifest authority on this head; but we are watching events, trying spirits, and listening to the 'still small voice.' If we can do nothing more next month, we will give Mr. Huntington's 'Views of the Last Struggle.'

THE WONDERFUL SIGHT.

I oft hear the world talk of 'wonderful sights!'
Of eye-pleasing treasures, and all their delights!
Of nobles, of riches, of all that is grand,
The great and the mighty, of sea and of land!
Some talk of the sights that in nature are seen,
Far richer than Solomon's glories have been.
But the sight that I saw was more splendid than
these,
The glories outnumbered the sand of the seas.
'Twas a Man I beheld—'twas the glorious One;
His face it was brighter by far than the sun;
He was clothed in a vesture of crimson, like dye;
And as I beheld him love beamed from his eye.
His conquering brow with thorns was once crown'd;
And as he approach'd me, I fell to the ground;
With music that thrilled me, with rapture he spoke,
With whispers of love, 'till my hard heart was broke.
He shew'd me the marks in his hands and his feet;
And he said, 'My beloved, my love is thy meat;
Come banquet and feast on my flesh and my blood,
And wash your black garments in Calvary's flood.
O rapture divine! O glory untold!
O riches far greater than all the earth's gold!
To banquet and feast on the love of my King!
A heart-broken sinner his praises to bring.
I know I am black, but I'm comely as well; [hell.
For my lov'd One has sav'd me from death and from
I am vile in myself, but in him I'm complete;
He smelt me, a brand, to bow at his feet.
O saw et sovereign grace! my soul seems to burst;
To see him again I pant and I thirst!
I want to embrace him! to gaze on his face!
To hold my Beloved, and shout his free grace!
My soul seems to mount on the wings of the wind,
And soar far away, her Beloved to find;
He has taken my heart, and my soul cannot rest
Until she reposes upon his sweet breast.
O come, my Beloved, quick hasten the time,
When I can thus feel thee eternally mine!
My poor sinful nature shall vex me no more,
But be drown'd in the ocean of love evermore.
January, 1800. ROBERT WILSON.

The Voice of the New Covenant.

[SENT FROM IRELAND.]

We want you to understand that the salvation of the church of God was a matter of common arrangement before the worlds were; when Christ was set up as the mediator of the church; that the church was given to him; that he saves the church that was given to him; that he saves the church according to his covenant engagement, and that the Holy Ghost tells that church that 'tis saved. Do not you imagine that any part of the office of the Holy Ghost is to take dead men, and fit them by some sanctifying power to go to heaven of themselves; the office of the Holy Ghost is to take of the things of Christ, and to shew them to God's people. It is the work of the Holy Ghost not to glorify men, but to glorify Christ; to bring that precious blood home to the heart and conscience of the sinner; to shew him the righteousness in which he stands, even the righteousness of Christ: to shew him the faithfulness of a covenant God in Christ. Then we say this union to Christ stands upon the foundation of God's own purpose and will, and it is really effected by the Holy Ghost.

There is an expression in the 5th chapter of Romans, that seems to be marvellously overlooked by some, when one hears it plainly stated in the present day, that the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ has not effected that for which it was shed. That there were millions of souls who were ransomed by that blood who were never saved by it; when we are told that that blood was shed for 'Judas' as well as for 'Peter.' Why it strikes away the very foundation of my hope; all my hope hangs upon the blood-shedding of Christ, and if I am told I must add to that atonement my faith, my repentance, my prayers, anything of my own, you take away from me at once the foundation on which all my hopes rest. Now in that passage in the 5th of Romans, I am told of being justified by the blood of Christ. Thus I learn that it is his blood that justifies. I cannot, brethren, make those distinctions that some men make between the passive and active obedience of Christ imputed to his people. I look upon his whole work as a covenant work; I believe that Jesus came to save his people; I believe he came to fulfil his covenant-promise-oath; I believe he came to do the work that was committed to him, and he did it. Therefore, I cannot understand that the blood-shedding of the Lord Jesus was a kind of experiment upon the tender hearts of men, to see whether they would not yield to such an exhibition of love as he manifested. I believe he came to save the people who were given to him by his Father, and I believe his people are justified by his blood; or if not, if that blood were shed for all, then let me rather go to the greatest extent of universalfulness. Let me say the Lord has done it, all are redeemed, therefore all must be saved.

“THE REPROACH ROLLED AWAY.”

Substance of a Sermon

By MR. WILLIAM LEACH, of NORTHAMPTON.

To the Editor of the *Earthen Vessel*.

DEAR SIR,—Permit me again to trouble you with the outline and substance of a sermon, preached with great unction and power of the Spirit in our little Zion, by our beloved brother Leach, whose testimony in our humble opinion, is well worthy of being fully reported, and extensively circulated amongst the lovers of, and adherents to the doctrines of distinguishing grace. Our little chapel is constantly filled with attentive listeners, who hang as it were, upon the lips of the preacher, to catch the stream of the words of truth which flow herefrom. Many applicants for sittings cannot be accommodated for want of room; which, we trust, will be speedily removed by the opening of the new chapel, now in course of erection, which will contain from 500 to 600 people. The advance in the kingdom of our Immanuel at Northampton, is mainly to be attributed to the full measure, and lumping weight of the testimony delivered from time to time. Thine to serve,

JOSPH.

‘Thus hath the Lord dealt with me, in the days wherein he looked upon me, to take away my reproach.’ Luke i. 25.

MY DEAR HEARERS,—It is well to be qualified to speak of the Lord’s dealings with us, both in a way of providence and grace, but more particularly to have it in our power to testify what he has done for our never-dying souls; and nothing can qualify us for this, but a personal acquaintance with the Lord’s goodness, mercy, love, and power. It is profitable for the Christian to trace out at all times the Lord’s dealings with him, for he will discover a landmark here, a hill Mizar there, and an Ebenezer in a third place.

‘And each sweet Ebenezer we have in review, Conforms his good pleasure to help us quite through.’

As these things are discovered to us, they will cause our hearts to overflow with gratitude to our loving and gracious Lord, for his great mercy and loving-kindness towards us. Many of the Lord’s people are silent from fear, because they cannot speak out so fully and freely as others; but, beloved, do not let this hinder you, for there is the simple prattle of the babe as pleasing to the ears of the father, as the now eloquent speech of the full grown son; and it is not so much what we say, as to say it with feeling hearts, for it is better to have a religion of our own than to gather one by piece meal from others; keep within the bounds of your own knowledge, manifestations, and feelings, and tell out with all godly simplicity and sincerity what God hath done for your never-dying soul.

It is pleasing to meet with those who can say in the language of the text, ‘Thus hath the Lord dealt with us,’ for on listening to

the testimony of such, we find our spirits refreshed, our faith strengthened, our hope confirmed; and conversation of this kind proves very profitable. Marvellous are the events recorded in this chapter, which is well worthy of a more careful perusal by us. The appearance of the angel to Zacharias, and his being struck dumb for lack of faith in the glad tidings—the annunciation by Gabriel to the virgin Mary, the meeting of the two cousins, their respective song of praise and spiritual conversation with each other, (in which particular, O ye women who love and fear the Lord, it well becometh you to imitate them;) the birth of John the Baptist, the unloosing of the tongue and prophecy of his father thereupon, are all enumerated herein. The words I have read for a text, dropped from the mouth of Elizabeth, the mother of John, who was full of the Holy Ghost from his mother’s womb, and contrary to the received order of things was thus spiritually born before he was born naturally into the world, for upon the entrance and salutation of Mary, ‘The babe leaped in the womb for joy.’ O what a surprising instance this, of the power of our God. Looking at the words as they apply to the people of God, we notice therein, 1st, a confession; 2nd, a testimony.

I. A CONFESSION. Elizabeth had been under reproach from a state of barrenness, which was formerly, and still continues to be considered as a cause of reproach amongst the Orientals; hence we often meet in the word with the vehement desire of married women to bear children, and their bitter grief and cutting disappointment when the fruit of the womb is withholden from them as in the cases of Rachel, and Hannah. But we proceed to notice how the Lord’s people are under reproach in a five-fold way.

1. *Federally*, considered by the fall of Adam, we came under the reproach of apostacy; for by his misdoings we are all of us affected, so the word of God declares and in answer to the question how can it be? we will illustrate it as follows. Take the case of a nobleman with a large family, who has become guilty of treason, and he is not the only one affected thereby, but the members of his family likewise are included in his disgrace, and in a similar way we come under reproach by the doings of our father Adam.

2. *Personally* we are under reproach; as it is written, ‘Sin is a reproach to any people,’ and we are all sinners by practice as

well as by nature; 'for all have sinned,' and incurred thereby the righteous displeasure of God. We little think of all that is included in the word sinner, when we confess ourselves as such before God, and what a lamentable fact that many of the human family continually make this confession merely with the lips, but have no perception of the same in their hearts by the convincing power of the Holy Ghost, for to confess it with the lips, and to know it from personal experience, are two widely different things.

3. *Legally* considered we are under reproach. We consider the man who is under the sentence of death by a violation of the laws of his country in a painful and ignominious condition. And are we in anywise better than he? Having broken the law of God, and incurred thereby its sentence of death! No; for as many as are under the condemning power and sentence of the law, are under the curse.

4. *Experimentally* we are under reproach; if you have ever felt your sinnership, you have been filled with shame on account of it before God, and have realized the solemnity of your position, one of reproach. When God the Spirit convinces, and our consciences accuse us of sins which we had committed, but had forgotten, then experimentally we come under reproach. Ephraim knew something of this when he said, 'After I was turned I repented; and after that I was instructed I smote upon my thigh,' which was expressive of deep sorrow. 'I was ashamed, yea, even confounded,' because I did bear the reproach of my youth.'

5. *Accusatively*. The devil reproaches the Lord's people, hence he is called the accuser of the brethren, and it is astonishing what an adept he is at this practice. See the case of Job, 'Take away' said Satan, 'his property, his comforts, and he will curse thee to thy face.' 'The world is very fond of reproaching the people of God, by laying things to their charge, which they are not guilty or worthy of. False professors will reproach them on account of their principles and sentiments, which they call dangerous doctrines; notwithstanding they are God's truths, and being on the side of truth friends, we are on God's side. Our own brethren will reproach us also, we don't act just as they want us, and because the Lord hath given us an independent judgment, and we are brought to disown all men as masters, and own but one even Christ, we meet with reproaches from them. Hart knew something of this when he wrote.

'From sinner as well as saint,
We meet with many a blow.'

II. A TESTIMONY we discover in the words of the text. The testimony of Elizabeth contains deliverance from reproach, and here we must go over our ground again to see how

the Lord takes away the reproach of his people.

1. *Relatively*. In Adam the first, they are under reproach, but in Christ the second Adam, they are delivered from it, for no reproach can be brought against those who are in Christ, if so, it would be against the Lord himself, he and his people being but one, and that from all eternity. 'One with Jesus by an eternal union one.' O what an exalted position is the Christian's! Union and oneness with Christ.

2. The Lord brings us out of reproach *actually* by regeneration. You will remember why the name Gilgal was given to a certain place in the Old Testament. Circumcision had been neglected amongst the Israelites, during their wanderings in the wilderness, but they were not to go over the borders of the promised land with the reproach of Egypt upon them. Command is given to circumcise them at Gilgal by which the Lord rolled away their reproach. Now uncircumcision sets forth spiritual reproach, and we must be circumcised with the true circumcision, not by hands, but by the power of the Spirit before we are meet for the kingdom of God, and when the heart of a sinner is thus circumcised, the Lord rolls away the reproach of Egypt in his nature-state from him; yea, removes it so far and entirely from him, that it cannot return to him again, for when once quickened, we cannot go back again unto spiritual death.

3. *Legally*, by the Lord Jesus Christ, through whose life and death, our Reproach is taken away, 'Who shall lay anything to the charge of God's elect?' Mark, it is God's elect for whom the challenge is given, and if this is given by God on their behalf, who, I ask, shall condemn them? Sin cannot, for it is put away; Satan cannot; 'The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan,' Zech. iii. 2. 'There is now, therefore, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus.' Where there is condemnation, there is just reproach, but our reproach was laid upon Christ, who, by his death, removed it away from his people; God, by an act of grace, imputed our sin unto him, and he met all the claims law and justice had against us—answered them so fully, and satisfied them so completely, that law and justice are both on our side.

4. *Experimentally*. Look at Zech. iii. and there is Joshua, the High Priest (a fit representation of a sinner) clothed in filthy garments, which were a reproach to him, for they set forth his shame, and his consciousness of it. 'And the angel said, take away the filthy garments from him,' which set forth the pardon of sin. What glad tidings to poor Joshua, whose heart must have trembled at his position? 'Clothe him with a change of raiment,' an act typifying justification, 'and put a mitre upon his head,

to show forth his dignity. Thus it is, my friends, we enter feelingly and experimentally into the mercy of our God.

5. God rolls away the reproach of his people *openly*; he did so in Job's case. Satan, you have charged Job with hypocrisy, I will now prove him to have a sound heart; and as God then vindicated in his own time and way the cause of Job, so he will your's. Joshua upon being resisted by Satan, looked solely to the angel, he did not answer his accuser, he referred him to the Lord; and beloved, do you the same, for you have 'a friend who loveth at all times, and sticketh closer than a brother,' in the Lord Jesus Christ, (whom the angel preferred in his character of Mediator). Christ speaks loudly on behalf of his people, he will open his mouth wide for those for whom he stood

silent at Pilate's bar. Then with reference to the reproach you meet with from the world. Just leave your cause and character in God's hands, and ask him to plead it for you. 'For the rebuke of his people will he take away from off the face of the earth.' And as to what professors may say, just prove to them that your doctrines are better than their's, in that they make you more savoury than they in your conversation and diligent in every good work. Then with regard to the brethren, I will leave them, but let us endeavour by our silence to shew our disapprobation of their conduct, and remember that when the Lord did thus roll away our r-proach, and looked upon us, it was a look of mercy, a time of love, and the set time to favour Zion.

PILGRIMS AND PILGRIMAGE.

By MR. JOHN BRUNT, OF COLNBROOK.

"Ye have not passed this way heretofore." Joshua iii. 4.

'Fellow pilgrims bound for glory,
Plodding on life's narrow way,
Listen to a brother's story,
We shall thus beguile the way.'

A SCRAP.

Thus we recognize our audience, and thus we indicate our subject. We speak of pilgrimage to those who are themselves pilgrims. There were 'pilgrim fathers' of whom we have all read; a part of their pilgrimage was from the scenes of persecution, to the land where they found

'Freedom to worship God.'

These have long since passed home, they have reached the goal, and stand the

'Blazing throne around.'

Pilgrims are of all ages. Children in whose heart is found some good thing towards the Lord God of Israel—young men and maidens who have overcome the wicked one, fathers and grandsires. Pilgrims are of all conditions. Yonder we see one who wears a crown, jostled by one who sweeps a crossing; some of these pilgrims are heavy in wealth, whilst others are rich in faith. Again, some of those who are now passing under review, have long worn the uniform of the militant church, whilst others have but recently put on the armour of God. Yonder old man was called by grace when but a child, his has been a long pilgrimage, he can say,

'My soul through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.'

That pilgrim who goes so gaily has but lately come in at the head of the way, he has not yet even spent his bounty money, and hence he is light of heart and light of heel.

We proceed to define, then explain, then enlarge, and finally to illustrate our subject. Pilgrims are persons who travel from this world to that which is to come, that is, out of a state of nature, into a condition of grace, who pass through a variety of experiences, and who finally make their exit from a world of sin and sorrow, passing into a world where there is fullness of joy and pleasures for evermore. Nature to grace. This transition is called the new birth, and is effected by the power of the Spirit of God. The Spirit of God as the Great Mover in this mighty act of progress, convinces the subject thereof of his imminent danger arising from the position he occupies, 'far from God and far from righteousness, without Christ, and far from the kingdom of God' in a state of sin, and therefore a child of wrath, exposed to ruin, already condemned, with but a step between his soul and endless death. Thus taught, he is shewn the way of escape by the way Christ Jesus. Being thus moved to feel his danger and to have some glimmerings of the way to escape the wrath to come, he cries for mercy, sues for pardon, and so comes unto him who has said, 'him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.' The Holy Ghost having thus brought the poor sinner into the presence of Jesus, explains the mystery of Christ, the greatness of his salvation, the love of his heart, the efficacy of his blood, the perfection of his atonement, the completeness of his work, the righteousness of his life, and the sacrificial character of his death. And thus, while the Holy Ghost takes of the things of Christ, and Jesus himself cries, 'Behold me,

behold me, if any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' The power of God descends, and this poor soul exclaims, 'My Lord and my God,' finding peace through believing in Jesus. Thus our pilgrim is really translated out of the kingdom of darkness, into the kingdom of God's dear Son.

We will now, in accordance with our method, proceed to explain the names which pilgrims bear. 'New creatures, or a new creation, to denote the origin, made and, end of their being. For as at the creation God spake, and his will was done, so these are called into being by his grace. The mode of their life, it is *in Christ*. In Adam they have no new relationships, in the flesh no advantages, and in the world no friends; as to the end of their life it is 'that whether they wake or sleep, they might live together with him,' who is the author and finisher of their faith, even Jesus. Again, these pilgrims are styled 'children of God, brethren of Christ, the family in heaven and earth, the household of faith, and finally temples of the Holy Ghost. These names are given to bespeak their dignity in unalterable relationship, in inalienable rights possessed and promised, and as destined to the full glory of that world, the brightness and glory of which are so brilliantly set out in the apocalypse. Let us now proceed to enlarge, not the subject, but our method of exposition.

Pilgrims, *in the purpose* of Jehovah, are more than the stars for multitude; *relatively* they are a remnant; *manifestly*, a little flock; practically the salt of the earth and light of the world; experimentally, they walk by faith and not by sight; spiritually, they are not of this world, as Christ was not of the world, and by divine recognition, as those of whom the world is not worthy. We hasten to close with illustration. There can be no illustration more apt to teach, than that afforded by the history of the Great Apostle of the Gentiles. In him we see a man called by grace, taught by the Holy Ghost, tried, tribulated, persecuted, cheered and sustained by revelations, cast down but not destroyed, in troubles oft, yet not in despair, within were fears, without were foes, hastening on to the end of his race, pressing towards the mark, leaving the things which were behind, reaching forth to the things which are before, not counting himself to have attained, but longing, agonizing, praying, that he might attain unto the resurrection of the just. He finished his work, he fought the fight, and has entered into rest, finding it far better to be with Jesus, than even to have Jesus with him.

At this stage we take up our pilgrims 'as the subjects of many experiences.' Some have a long and weary way to travel; faint, foot-sore, and heart-sore, they still go with patience unto the end—others, as if borne

on angels wings, make their journey rapidly, yea, as rapidly as did the thief on the cross, whose pilgrimage was not of years, or months, or days, but of hours, and as he died, found themselves in paradise

'A child at home.'

There have been pilgrims who have forced through cruel mockings, scourgings, and death, to reach their end; some in finding Christ have had to endure the loss of all things, yet have not counted their lives dear unto them, so that they might win Christ and be found in him. Many of these 'pilgrims bound for glory,' have suffered much from false teachers, from bad food, and from vile training, tempted by their own hearts, and drawn aside by the world's allurements, they have forgotten to put off the old man with his deeds, and so have gotten into bondage, into carnality, into sin, and if it had been possible they would have sold their birthright, and never more have gone on pilgrimage. But Ephraim, the idolater, is in the heart of Jehovah a pleasant child, and hence he is recovered and restored; he is turned and so repents, he deploras his backslidings and departs from his evil ways. In old times pilgrims always passed through Jordan's streams on their way to the promised land, but somewhen during the third century one Rhantizo, of the Do Do tribe, built a bridge across this ancient river for the convenience of those who were given to a change, ever since which time thousands have passed over instead of through the waters, making a compromise with conscience by being sprinkled with a few drops of the holy water, for which they pay a toll called 'conscience salve,' and so bewitched are they by availing themselves of old Rhantizo's bridge, that they positively affirm, and, as we suppose, really believe themselves to be baptized into Christ. We may be permitted to refer to a very ancient work styled 'ye waies of pilgrims,' wherein it is written, 'If any man will be my disciple or be a pilgrim, let him take up his cross and follow me.' Now it is well known that Christ who here speaketh, led his pilgrims or disciples into home interests, and into family relationships. Hence, all 'ancient pilgrims' were members of the visible church, and for all such a general supper was instituted, that at given times they might come together for their good unto edification; but alas, now-a-days, people go on pilgrimage—or they think they do—who are not brought into the family, who believe neither in washing or in supper, or who if they admit the advisability of the supper, ignore the washing, and justify themselves by the practice of a certain thief who suffered crucifixion in the first century. These persons also try to justify themselves further by the teachings of one John Bunyan, who

said, 'We should receive one another as God receiveth all,' viz., on the ground of faith—forgetting all the while—that our rule is 'what God says, and not what he does.'

There are pilgrims who, instead of scattering their mannan on the road, to find it all returned with interest at the end of their journey, carry their bags with them much to their cumbrance all the way. Such are very careful, lest they entertain strangers;

nor do they seek out the cold, the naked, and the hungry. How dwelleth the Son of God here? all things have an end, and so shall our 'story.' Pilgrims, by the time they get within the sight of Jordan, become tired of self, of sin, of all beside, and longing to pillow their head on the breast of Jesus, say, 'come, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

JOHN BRONT.

Colnbrook, Jan., 1850.

SALVATION AND SEPARATION.

OR, THOUGHTS ON DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

BY 'A SON OF PEACE.'

BRETHREN, MINISTERS, AND MEMBERS, of the Particular Baptist churches in and around London,—It is with unfeigned regret, in common with many others, I find that, for some time past, there have been some unhappy differences of opinion between you relative to the doctrine of the sovereignty of God. As in other cases of difference, these have engendered strife, personal ill-feeling, hard speeches, aspersion of motive, and division. Satan has got an advantage over you,—weak believers are laid open to his temptations thereby,—your hard thoughts and hard words of one another make their tender hearts bleed,—'Aha, aha,' is shouted in the camp of the common enemy,—Arminians misrepresent and triumph,—infidels chuckle,—and 'DISCORDANS' smiles with fiendish delight. Hear a word from a Son of Peace.

Concerning the absolute sovereignty of God, you are all at a point. You seem principally at issue on the basis of it, and the manner of stating it. Grant me, brethren, a patient reading of what follows, remembering that my object in addressing you is your hearty union in the truth.

To God, then, we say belongs supreme, absolute, and universal sovereignty. How know we this? By the testimony of his own word. One testimony is as good as one thousand. 'I am the Lord,' he says, 'and there is none else; there is no God beside me.' What is the interpretation of his sovereignty? Hear him—'I will work, and who shall let it?' But the basis—what can the basis be but *supremacy*? Surely nothing, nothing but supremacy, and that too in the very simplest form we can entertain the idea of it. 'I am God—I will work.' No doubt the sovereignty of God is always exercised in 'justice and judgment;' no doubt it is matter of highest comfort and satisfaction that supreme sovereignty is in the hands of Him who is holy, just, and good; but what is the ground of our confidence that the sovereignty of God is ever exercised with justice and judgment? Is it some foregone

conclusions formed of the character of God independent of his word? This would be fallacious ground. Is it a power we possess to comprehend the justice of his ways according to human notions of the principle of justice? Impossible; our knowledge of the ways of God is utterly insufficient to enable us to pronounce upon them. They are to us a great deep, an inscrutable mystery. What then is the ground of our confidence that the sovereignty of God is always exercised in 'righteousness, equity, truth, and wisdom?' Simply this, the testimony of his own word. It is, and while we see through a glass darkly it must ever be, as much a matter of faith in the divine testimony, as that 'the worlds were framed by the word of God.' Associate with your thoughts of the Divine Being, his goodness, his knowledge, and his power, and take but one step back beyond the creation of Adam, and you will find that the very lightest evil which ever afflicted mankind—to say nothing of the awful solemnities of hell—is a mystery no human mind can explicate, and a subject about which no satisfaction can be found, save only in the Scripture testimony of God's sovereignty, and the righteousness of that sovereignty. Our brother, then, was no doubt in error when he said that 'righteousness, equity, truth, and wisdom' are the basis of divine sovereignty. He mistook the rule for the foundation. But might not another and a kinder method, with other and kinder words than 'very bad logic, and worse divinity,' have been chosen to correct him? And, moreover, the logic employed to correct his bad logic, and worse divinity, is perhaps not faultless. Does it necessarily follow always that if it is righteous and wise to do a certain thing, that it must be unrighteous and unwise not to do it? Might there not be equal righteousness and wisdom in doing or in not doing the same thing? We are not, be it remembered, speaking of a judicial, but of a sovereign act. Certainly we may speak of the righteousness of God's sovereignty with-

out just cause of rebuke; and when we so speak of any of his sovereign acts, we resist the inference that his not doing any of those acts, which we may say are done in righteousness, would logically imply unrighteousness.

You differ in your manner of stating the doctrine of divine sovereignty, and the consequences involved. One advances the proposition with the highest confidence that *'God hates without a fault,'* while another *shudders* at it as *'dreadful.'* But when God hated Esau he was not yet born, and consequently had done neither good nor evil. Where then was the personal fault? But perhaps some of you will say, Esau was hated on the ground of God's foreknowledge of his fall in Adam, and of his own personal transgression. Where is the Scripture for this fancy? If such were the case would not God require some grounds whereon he might love Jacob? My brethren, notions like these are a replying against God, and deprive him of his absolute sovereignty. The truth is, the doctrine of God's hatred, like every other doctrine of the Scriptures in some respects, is immeasurably above the level of our little capacities, and we may each *'tremble at his word'* which reveals it: but other testimony of his word which we have is a sufficient preservative from *shuddering*. Some commentators, to soften the difficulty, have adopted the *'love less'* theory; and to be consistent with themselves, they ought to explain divine love to Jacob by *hate less*. It is vain for us to attempt to explain God's conduct herein according to human rules of wisdom and right. We can only fear God in the matter by faith. Leave, brethren, the exposition of what is dark to a brighter day. It is the truest wisdom to be ignorant of much, yea, of everything which God has not revealed. Who, according to human notions of justice, can explain even the righteousness of that wondrous act of divine sovereignty, the substitution of Christ? No man. Some of you may perhaps tremble for the credit of the Scriptures and the doctrines of grace with the world. You may, if your thoughts lie that way, safely leave God's honour, and the credit of his Scriptures, in his own hands; he needs not for himself, nor for his word, any of our apologies. He will rather receive any apologetic interference from us as a gratuitous assumption, and an officious meddling with what does not belong to us. If we suppose we shall gain for him and his word an increased acceptance by any toning down process, we may easily undeceive ourselves by the testimony of Christ. If the world will not receive him and his word as he has revealed himself therein, neither would they were one to rise from the dead to enforce the acceptance. The infidel will be infidel still, after you have done all to shape the word to his liking. You have heard the story of the Catholic priest on shipboard, who, when a

Protestant had fallen into the sea, bargained with the drowning man to rescue him if he would recant. The miserable Protestant recanted, you know, and the priest reasoned that then was the best time for him to die, and so drowned him. Make your Bible recant, and the world will despise and burn it as much afterwards as before. Numberless pious attempts on every hand have been made to make the Bible *'rational,'* and acceptable to the *enlightened minds of piously disposed* persons, who would feel otherwise an unconquerable aversion to the book. The learned Mr. Home has given a remarkable specimen of this softening meddling in his interpretation of the hardening of Pharaoh's heart. He has put the Hebrew language on the rack, and made it speak most softly; nobody knows what is in the *subjunctive mood*, but he has shrewdly ignored Paul's stubborn Greek, and has left that intractable witness to bear its untwistable testimony without a single question in cross examination. Brethren, when God speaks, hear what he says, and leave him to account for his own testimony when he pleases.

But the consequences involved. God, in the exercise of his divine sovereignty, loved Jacob and hated Esau. To put it in no stronger terms, he permitted the fall of both, but he made a sure provision for the redemption of Jacob. But what of Esau? He left him to be *'judged according to his works.'* In few words that is the sum. He who contends for a consequence of sovereign hatred beyond this is unwarranted by the testimony of God. The decrees of sovereignty relative to the non-elect are nowhere in the Scripture represented as the cause of their damnation. Judgment proceeds, not on the fore-appointments of divine sovereignty, but on the righteousness or unrighteousness of the judged. Death is the wages of sin—life is the gift of God through Jesus Christ our Lord. If I say, God loves the elect, and therefore they shall be saved; and, God hates the non elect, and therefore they must be damned; I may be speaking that which is incontrovertibly true, but I am—neither using a sound nor a Scripture argument, nor am I speaking on these solemn matters in the words which the Holy Ghost teacheth; and am, moreover, entirely forgetting what are revealed in the Scriptures to be the meritorious causes of both salvation and damnation. Far better is it, brethren, to abide by the words of the Holy Ghost than to syllogize unsoundly and unscripturally, and volunteer for God damnatory statements founded on his sovereign purposes.

Now the God of patience and consolation grant you to be like-minded one toward another according to Christ Jesus, that ye may with one mind and one mouth glorify God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ. Even so, prays Yours, faithfully,

A SON OF PEACE.

SINGING IN THE VALLEY OF ACHOR.

TO MY MUCH BELOVED SON IN THE FAITH, AND BROTHER IN CHRIST, SAMUEL FOSTER, of Sturry, near Canterbury, Kent,—This note, dear Samuel, comes from my little office, on this Saturday, Feb. 18th, 1860; written while suffering from bodily illness; and much exercised in mind; but I cannot refrain sending you a line, because I know you think it hard of me that I write not more frequently and fully; but, my dear lad, I am tied and bound by labours so thick and so heavy, that I cannot write to any as I desire. But I feel a strong inclination to send you one word this day; hoping the Lord may bless it to your precious soul, as you lay in that chamber of sickness, where now for more than seven years, you have suffered from that most mysterious affliction.

You ask me, if I think Mr. Edward Samuel, of Manchester, will come and see you when he is at Canterbury? I think he will. Certainly, no loving saint or servant of God can come within a few miles of your pretty little cot, and not come in and preach a short sermon to you, spend a few moments in prayer, and leave you something to nourish and support your poor burning and gradually decaying outer-man. Yea, I wish all the Lord's people would more practically consider that sentence which shall be spoken from the Great White Throne at the last day—'Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world; for I was an hungred,' &c.

You will be glad to know the Lord enabled me to commence this year in good earnest in the Gospel, although my health of late has not been good.

On Lord's-day morning, January 1st, 1860, I awoke early with a four-fould view of the kingdom of grace opening very sweetly to my mind. I had the substance of four sermons given me, as it were, in a few moments; and for four successive Sunday evenings, I followed up the train of thought; my son, Robert, had them taken down, and they are now publishing in one book called 'New Life' I hope they will be useful. On the last Tuesday in January, I baptized some believers in the Lord, who has lately given to me a few seals to the ministry, and on receiving them into the Church, we had a large body of the members, the presence of the Lord, and a most blessed enjoyment of Divine truth in our souls.

On Thursday, February 9th, we held our annual Church members' tea-meeting. At three o'clock our prayer-meeting began; it lasted until five. Above 150 of the members then took tea. The evening was

spent in prayer and praise, and the sanction and smile of heaven was upon us. More than ever would I pray to be the earnest follower of Christ and the Church's devoted servant, while I am in tribulation's path your brother and friend,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Upper Grange Road, London, S.E.

ROWLAND HILL WEeping OVER HIS SONS IN THE FAITH.

PERHAPS, no man in modern times has been more honoured than the Rev. Rowland Hill, as, the instrument of converting souls: his talent appeared more particularly in awakening the careless, instances of which the writer has had many opportunities of witnessing, and he does not remember ever having stayed two days with Mr. Hill in any town without meeting with one person or more to whom his ministry had been made useful. One case among many we cannot omit. The scene occurred at Devonport, Devonshire, after Mr. Hill had been preaching a missionary sermon to a crowded congregation in the large chapel in Princes-street. The people had withdrawn, and the deacons and a few friends had retired with Mr. Hill into the vestry, when two tall venerable looking men, upwards of seventy years of age, appeared at the vestry door. After a short pause, they entered arm-in-arm, and advanced towards Mr. Hill when one of them said with some degree of trepidation, 'Sir, will you permit two old sinners to have the honour to shake you by the hand?' He replied with some reserve, 'Yes, sir,' when one of these gentlemen, the other hanging on his arm, took his hand and kissed it, bathed it with his tears and said, 'Sir, do you remember preaching on the spot where this chapel now stands, fifty years ago?' 'Yes, I do,' was the reply. The old man then proceeded to say, 'Oh sir, never can the dear friend which has hold of my arm or myself forget that sermon; we were then two careless young men in His Majesty's dockyard, posting to destruction as fast as time could convey us thither. Having heard that an interesting young clergyman was to preach out of doors, we determined to go and have some fun. Accordingly we loaded our pockets with stones intending to pelt you; but, sir, when you arrived our courage failed, and as soon as you engaged in prayer, we were so deeply impressed that we looked at each other and trembled. When you named your text and began to speak, the word came with power to our hearts; the big tears rolled down our cheeks, we put our hands into our pockets, and dropped the stones one after another, until they were all gone, for God had taken the stones out of our hearts. When the service was over we retired, but our hearts were

too full to speak until we came to our lodgings: when my friend at my elbow said, 'John, this will not do, we are both wrong, good night.' This was all he could utter, he retired to his apartments, I to mine, but neither of us dared to go to bed, lest we should awake in hell, and from that time, sir, we humbly hope we were converted to God, who of his infinite mercy has kept us in his ways to the present moment, and we thought, sir, if you permit us, after the lapse of half a hundred years, to have the pleasure of shaking hands with you before we go home it would be the greatest honour that could be conferred on us. Mr. Hill was deeply affected, the tears rolled down his venerable cheeks in quick succession,

he fell on the necks of the old men quite in the patriarchal style, and there you might have seen them locked in each others arms, weeping tears of holy joy and gratitude to the Father of mercies. It was a scene at which Gabriel might have rejoiced, and infidelity must have turned pale. The writer is aware he cannot do justice to it by his description, though he feels at this distance of time something like celestial pleasure in recording what he then witnessed. We may say the three old men and the two writers were as St. Paul says, by one spirit baptised into one body, the multitude body, the mystical body, the Church, and have been made to drink into one spirit. P. S.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

VINEYARD KEEPERS.

'MINE OWN VINEYARD HAVE I NOT KEPT.'—CANTICLES I. 6.

BY THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

THE bride having been introduced to her beloved, by him conducted into his 'inner chambers,' made to sit down at the king's table, and constrained to confess that she is 'black' in the presence of that brightness now shining about her, goes on to speak of herself in the language of humble confession. 'Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me: my mother's children were angry with me; they made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.' The same speaker says afterwards, 'My vineyard, which is mine, is before me.' We see then a person in two conditions. First, keeping other vineyards, but neglecting her own, yet deriving neither pleasure nor profit from the employment. The burning sun scorches her, and she is working in the service of those who repay her only with anger. *Then* in her own vineyard and keeping it. The expression, 'my mother's children,' reminds us of two Scriptures. 'The Lord had said unto Abram, get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee.' 'Hearken, oh daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear, forget also thine own people, and thy father's house; so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty, for he is thy Lord.' The mother's children, then, are the men of the world, the speaker is a separated one; she has turned her back on former companions, given up her former employment, and is now taking a retrospective glance at the folly and wickedness of her past ways.

A vineyard is a place of culture, requiring

constant care, and in it are the plants from whence fruit is expected. Man's proper vineyard is THE SOUL. The world has many vineyards. These are carefully attended to. Some men are in business—it is their vineyard—the fruit they expect is wealth. They cultivate every resource and every opportunity. Up early and late, they eat the bread of carefulness; they add house to house, and field to field. They keep this vineyard, but *their own vineyard is neglected*. Some seek pleasure; 'vanity fair' is their vineyard. These are others in the same place seeking honour, fame, distinction, the praise or the envy of their fellow-men. For these things they will give up anything. Health, ease, friends, home, all are given up that they may diligently cultivate this vineyard—*their own vineyard is neglected*. There are others who drink iniquity like water, 'who sin as it were with a cart-ropes.' These are Satan's veriest drudges; they do 'his dirtiest work'; they keep *his* vineyard—*their own vineyard is neglected!* What do all these get in the vineyards they keep? Nothing but toil and hardship, nothing but disappointment. All is found at last to be vanity and vexation of spirit. That solemn word applies to it all, 'What shall a man be profited, if he gain the whole world, and lose *his own soul?*' When the grace of God lays hold of a man—when by the Spirit of God he becomes the separated one, separated from the world, separated unto God—he is then found in his own vineyard. It is before him, and it is there he expects his *choice fruit*.

We have now entered into a subject of

the deepest importance. The keeping of this spiritual vineyard has connected with it, not only our own joy in the Lord, but our living to his glory. There are many mistakes which bring in much spiritual weakness. There is great neglect in this matter, producing declension, worldliness, inconsistency of walk, and conversation. The very first element of strength enabling us to keep the vineyard of the soul, is *the assurance of faith*. We have a beautiful picture in the deliverance of Israel, on that solemn night when the destroying angel went through the land of Egypt and slew the first born of man and beast. The families of Israel were inside their houses, in full security, eating their passover lamb, because the blood mark was outside upon their doors. The man of faith—the true Christian is in a similar place. He is under the ‘blood-mark.’ No destroying angel can come near him. He sits in security and peace, and keeps the feast of unleavened bread. When we are ‘purging out the old leaven’—‘the leaven of malice and wickedness’—we are in our proper vineyard—it is before us—by God’s help we are keeping it. We say, by God’s help; and this help comes to us through the Holy Spirit within us, and by faith’s hold upon ‘Christ for us at God’s right hand.’ All true *vineyard keepers* are therefore *saved persons*; they are *true worshippers*. Their vineyard-keeping begins with the power and right to *worship* God. What awful delusions there are about this point! Men in their natural condition—God’s enemies—talking of ‘*worshipping*’ God, and that for the purpose of *seeking his favour*! We do not *worship* God in order to be *saved*. We are *saved* in order that we may worship. We cannot truly worship God until the blood of Jesus has brought pardon and peace to our souls. Jesus is revealed; God’s free love is rested in by faith; the Spirit’s witness is enjoyed; and then—but not until then—does the spiritual culture of this spiritual vineyard begin. Worship does not necessarily or invariably require the outward form. It lies deep in the heart, in the love and affection of ‘the new creature.’ But wherever there is true worship in the heart, there will be the open act confessing Christ before men, and there will be likewise the glad acknowledgment of the ‘communion of saints,’ leading to the assembling together for united worship. This is one way in which our heavenly Father, who works by means, helps us in the culture of our own vineyards; he makes us helpers one of the other, he commands us to bear one another’s burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ. This blessed communion of saints is only truly and blessedly enjoyed as the various individuals composing it understand and enjoy that communion or fellowship with

God and his Son Jesus Christ, which arises out of a knowledge of the place into which *grace* has exalted them. Accepted in the beloved, we stand in the marvellous light of God’s presence. All hindrance having been taken away by Christ, we occupy a place of blessing from whence there is no power existing to remove us. It is God that justified us! who can condemn? Jesus died for us, and rose again! We rose *in him*. In resurrection life we now stand. That is, spiritually we are above and beyond death, and the grave, and judgment, according to the word of Jesus, ‘He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die.’ We do not need, therefore, to be vineyard keepers, in order to secure God’s favour. We do not work in the bondage of slaves; we keep our vineyards that we may shew forth the praises of him who has loved us; we do it in the free and loving service of children. We are keeping the vineyard of the soul when we seek to know the will of God, that we may obey it. The first utterance of the new creature, the first breathings of faith, after finding rest in Christ is, ‘Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?’ The love of Christ to the saved one is the constraining power, producing love to Christ, and in exact proportion to the depth of his love to Christ, is the strength of his desire to be *like* Christ. Here, then, is another means which God gives to help us in our vineyard-keeping; he presents the Lord Jesus as our great example, and by his Holy Spirit he keeps us studying the blessed pattern that we may diligently copy it. This truth, as well as others, is surely referred to by the apostle when he says, ‘Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, *looking unto Jesus*.’ The *race* here certainly represents the same thing as the *keeping of the vineyard* in the Scripture we are considering.

So far as we have gone, we have seen that the means by which we are enabled to keep the vineyard of the soul are faith, instructed and lively faith, the power to worship God in our hearts, and in the assemblies of God’s people; the word of God making known to us the will of God, and the blessed example of the Lord Jesus Christ: all which means are continually applied to our souls in living power by God the Holy Spirit. There will be much additional light thrown on this subject of vineyard keeping, if we consider the true Christian as a man of two natures. To keep our own vineyard is to seek the strengthening and growth of the new nature, and to keep under and bring into subjection the old man. Hence the many exhortations in the epistles. ‘Let not sin, therefore, reign in your mortal body, that ye should obey it in the lusts thereof.’ ‘Mortify

therefore, your members which are upon the earth.' 'They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.' 'Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God.' 'Be not conformed to this world.' 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.' 'If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.' 'Walk as children of light.' 'This is the will of God, even your sanctification.' Many other scriptures might be quoted, showing how much the Spirit of God would have us strive to glorify Jesus in our *vineyard keeping*. Let us now consider the picture which a garden or vineyard presents to us, and may the Lord help us to read its instructive lessons. There are plants in it, and weeds grow in it. The gardener needs skill in his business, that he may know plants from weeds. He needs also to know the nature and appearance of plants, that he may see when they are healthy or when sickly. He needs to know how and when to apply the different resources for restoring, strengthening, or increasing the health or beauty of his plants. He must know when to put on the glass, and give his plant the cooling shade; when to give it the full heat of a summer's sun; when to cut out the too luxuriant branch; when to give the refreshing water, or change the soil about the roots. He needs also continued watchfulness and unwearied diligence. Five minutes of a burning sun will scorch up the beauty of his flower if he forget to give it shade. A single night's frost will lay many a plant low if he forgets to give the shelter. The flower will wither if he neglects to water it—it will perish if he gives too much water. If he desires his garden to be kept in order, he will need to be always weeding; or his plants to be seen perfect in beauty, he must be often pulling the dead leaves, and destroying the grubs or caterpillars. If he be, indeed, constant at his work, his work is easy; but if he neglect his work for weeks or months, what a scene does his garden present! One mass of weeds! you can hardly distinguish the plants. Instead of his fingers pulling up here and there the little tiny weeds, he needs the hoe, nay, almost the ploughshare, to cut up all before him. Perhaps some reader is saying, enough of that! what has all this to do with the subject before us? Ah! dear reader, it is all full of solemn warning and profitable instruction to us as '*vineyard-keepers*.' You say with the bride, referring to your soul, 'My vineyard, which is mine, is before me.' You are going to keep that vineyard, 'to till it and to dress it,' that it may present, unto your Father in heaven, fruits of righteousness. How are you going to do it? Read over again what has been written about the

garden; apply it to *your* vineyard keeping. Have you heavenly skill to distinguish between the plants of God's planting—'the fruits of the Spirit,' and the weeds of nature, the 'lusts of the flesh'? Look over your plants; see that one there? You say it is a flower; you call it 'faithfulness.' Look again, perhaps it is a weed—'anger.' Weeds are sometimes like flowers. Be careful, 'for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.' 'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance.' You may call that a catalogue of the plants in your vineyard. Look in and see how it fares with those plants now. Are they all thriving? Take the first—love. Is your heart full of Christ? Do you, indeed, love 'with a pure heart fervently; all who love him? Take the next—joy. Is that plant in perfection? It does not look so. Whence comes that sad, down-cast look? Why those tears? God's hand, you say, is heavy upon you; and is not all that a proof of his love? The child of God is a plant in God's 'nursery ground.' The plant is training up for another place. It will shortly be transplanted. It will bloom for ever in God's garden above. Many a time when God's hand is heavy upon us in suffering or affliction, and we are tempted to say all things are against us, God in richest love is loosening the earth about the roots of his plant, that it may be ready for planting in the upper garden. We cannot now go through all the catalogue. Ask yourselves a few more general questions. Are you well versed in the way of dealing with those spiritual plants? Do you know when to withdraw the drooping grace from the burning sun of man's observation, into the cool shade of closet communion? or when to bring the withering grace, at whose root some worm is eating, into the full light of God's own life-giving truth? or when to bring down, through believing earnest prayer, 'the dews of heavenly grace' to water the thirsty plants? and how to go out into the church and the world, and seek for your sickly graces the bracing and invigorating breezes of God's providence? These are instructive questions on which to meditate. May the Lord give us understanding in all things—spiritual discernment—his own gracious and Almighty help, that we may be skillful, diligent, and successful *vineyard-keepers*.

"O Lord, forgive—forgive Thy Church, and all her members, each their sins; Forgive, that each the vineyard of his heart Has often slighted, while he toil'd, perchance, To cultivate some less known spot outside."

A watchful soul is a soul upon the wing, a soul out of gunshot, a soul upon a rock, a soul in a castle, a soul above the clouds, a soul held fast in everlasting arms.

Our Young Men in the Ministry.

'ANOTHER JOHN FOREMAN.'

We have deferred notices of this kind for some time, because of the severe criticisms which have fallen upon us. Nevertheless, unto the churches generally we feel certain that records of God's grace and mercy to young men whom he is qualifying for the ministry will be acceptable and pleasant. The following little account of the conversion and call of

MR. ROBERT EDWARD SEARS,

NOW OF LAXFIELD, IN SUFFOLK,

will be read with much interest by many who have known and loved him in Christ. A correspondent (writing from the church at Laxfield) says:—

'Mr. Robert Edward Sears, member of Mr. J. Foreman's church, London, has accepted the cordial and unanimous invitation of the church to become their pastor. God has in a marvellous way blessed us; all praise to his grace. On Thursday evening, February 9th, our brother descended the sacred pool of baptism, and immersed eight lovers of the Great Redeemer. "Who is a God like unto our God, who only doeth wondrous things?"'

The following was written by Mr. Sears himself to a friend. He says:—

I was born in London, May 22, 1838. My parents both members of Mount Zion. I was brought up in the way I should go; and was preserved from running into open sin. Often did I feel the pain of a guilty conscience; for neglecting to say the prayer my mother taught me. I grew too proud to say that; so left it off. I often felt that I was a sinner; and that if I died as I was I should go to hell. The Holy Ghost was pleased to deepen my convictions when about 15 years of age. The place was the Sunday school; the means, a description of the Judgment day. I now began seriously to ask where I should go if called to die? I knew the righteous in this world were praying characters; this led me to bend the knee, and cry, 'Lord teach me how to pray.' I now made resolutions to reform; thinking that if I was good, God would save me. The more I tried, the worse I got. I remember one night in agony falling upon my knees, thought I should be lost; thought I should be damned,—thought there never could be hope for my guilty soul. In the midst of this soul trouble, I cried, '*God be merciful to me a sinner.*' When I thought I should perish, God thought to save me. I was now led to see Christ's ability to save; also, the power and efficacy of the atonement. My daily concern then was, 'Did Jesus die for

me?' Oh! thought I, if Jesus died for me, I'm safe for glory; for hell can never hold one of Christ's blood-bought lambs. I met with my first deliverance at a meeting of the Bible class, in connection with our school, conducted by Mr. John Timson. The subject that night was *Mercy*: and mercy rolled into my soul, and I was happy. This happiness soon vanished; and left me again in the dark; doubting my interest in Christ. While under the sound of the Gospel I had hope, (the Gospel was a joyful sound to me.) but after leaving the house of God, I returned to my doubting state. Some months' after this the Lord directed my dear pastor, Mr. Foreman, to speak from the words of the prophet Elijah—'Go again seven times. 'Keep on going until you get what you want, I thought,—

'I can but perish, if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away I know,
I must for ever die.'

I received a blessing at a watch-night service, held in our school room. In that school room I saw the commencement of 1855; which brought with it a trial never to be forgotten. My dear mother was taken ill the next day, and in three weeks she fell asleep in Jesus. Methinks I see her now triumphing in her death, shouting victory through the blood of the Lamb. When I beheld her happy death, Oh! thought I, this is the religion for me! with tears and groans I prayed that my dying mother's God might be my God. I now felt again the guilt of sin; I wept and sighed for release from this double trouble. About six weeks after this I went to hear Mr. Spurgeon, at Exeter Hall: he took for his text—'The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?' The Spirit led me to Calvary that night, and I could rejoice that I was a pardoned sinner through Calvary's blood. Before Mr. Spurgeon closed he said, 'and we've got our cups to drink; perhaps there is one here that has lost a mother; that's a bitter cup, but drink it up brother, you will find it sweet at the bottom; that's more than your Lord did!' I could then willingly resign my mother, for I knew we should meet again, around the throne of our exalted Christ. After this I was tempted by Satan again to doubt; but the Lord preserved me. In October, the same year, I met with a brother in the same state as myself; we told each other our joys and sorrows; and being carried almost to the gate of heaven during a sermon preached by my pastor, we spoke to him that night about joining the church. Being accepted, we, with seventeen others, were baptized the last Sabbath in January, 1856. I now drank deeply into Mr. Foreman's ministry. I loved the Christ he preached,—the Gospel he

preached, it was marrow and fatness to my soul; electing love and predestinating favour make my heart rejoice. Often did I exclaim, 'This is the gate of heaven!' I now began ardently to long to tell to others the glories of my Christ, and now commenced a season of trial to me, far greater than I had ever before experienced. I could not banish from my mind the thought of the ministry. I prayed against it; and I could not think why I was exercised about it; seeing I had not the slightest gift. I was called upon several times to speak in the school at various social meetings, God was pleased to bless these feeble attempts. My soul burnt for souls, but the ministry seemed such a responsible work, the pulpit such a sacred place, that I trembled lest I should be tempted to go without being sent; thick clouds of darkness gathered around my soul at this time, and to make me doubt my interest in Christ; it was caused by thoughts of the ministry. For more than twelve months, more than half my secret prayers were for the hand of the Lord to direct me in this important matter. One night, when on my knees, wrestling in prayer, a voice said "four months." One month after this, my pastor spoke to me, and told me had thought I was intended for the ministry. He should consider himself at liberty to send to me for a minister. I said I was not gifted for the work, and we parted. My mind was now more than ever exercised; and after earnest prayer I came to the conclusion that I was the property of the Church; and if my pastor thought me gifted for the work, I was in duty bound to go.

Three months after, my pastor spoke to me; it was four months since I heard the voice. My pastor sent me to supply for the late Mr. Farmer, at Horsell Common. I entered the pulpit for the first time, October 1st, 1858, with Paul's determination to know nothing but Christ and him crucified. I preached there eleven Sabbaths, and supplied other pulpits, when by a remarkable Providence I received an invitation to supply the Laxfield pulpit for one month. I did so during the month of March, in the year 1857, I then received an unanimous invitation for a further three months, which I accepted, but had been sent to supply for two other Churches which had given me a call. The Cottenham Church gave me a unanimous invitation for six months, but this I could not accept, until I saw the leading of Providence; having supplied the Laxfield pulpit for three months, they were constrained to say, 'Brother, tarry with us,' giving me a further unanimous invitation for six months, which I accepted. There is evident signs of the Lord in our midst: sinners have been brought to the feet of Jesus; it is not a little remarkable that the first one brought to Jesus by my instrumentality, was John Foreman, cousin of my dear pastor. If spared until Sunday week, I shall have baptized ten; backsliders have also been reclaimed. Our congregations are large, averaging 1,000 in the afternoon; our prayer-meetings are well attended. May the Spirit be poured out upon us, for without his influence we can do nothing.

Reviews.

'A Refutation of the Erroneous Statements and Criticisms contained in THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and 'Gospel Standard,' Magazine. By A. J. BAXTER.'

(Concluding Notice. See pp. 41, vol. xvi.)

WE now pass to certain things which Mr. B. does not answer, and these our readers will observe are the principal things in our review and under discussion. The first is the nature of the faith required for baptism, which Mr. B. says is not saving faith. Let our readers refer to the August number of 'THE EARTHEN VESSEL,' p. 187, and they will see our reply to Mr. B.'s views stated at large. We quote one extract from it, but specially urge our readers to peruse the whole, particularly our remarks on *Christ's commission to his disciples*.

'All the faith that was required for baptism, says Mr. B. (p. 14), was faith in the divinity of Christ.' Now, here we meet Mr. B. on his ground, and prove from Scripture, that that faith in the divinity of Christ was, as understood by the apostles, saving faith. In 1st John 5th chapter, 1st verse, we read, 'Whoever believeth that Jesus is the Christ is born of God.' Here the faith in the divinity of Christ is declared by the Holy Ghost to be an evidence of the new birth, and was therefore saving-faith. In fact the Holy Ghost never recognizes any faith, but a gen-

uine and saving faith. It may suit Mr. B.'s theory, to make the distinction: the Holy Ghost never makes it.'

How does Mr. B. 'refute' this passage, or those immediately connected with it? *By passing it over in silence!* and boldly affirming that we have 'scarce attempted to answer him on this point.' So truthful are Mr. B.'s assertions! How has Mr. B. refuted the following grave charge (p. 187 of our review) when speaking of Christ's commission.

'The commission runs—'TEACHING and baptizing.' the teaching to come first. But as an infant cannot be taught, when it is a month old, Mr. B. gets over this difficulty by contending that the arrangement of the words should be altered, and that it ought to be 'baptizing and teaching.' For every Bible-student is aware that the order of things is frequently changed in Scripture, the last being placed first, and the first last.' (p. 120.) And this is all the respect that Mr. B. has for the words of him whom he calls Master and Lord! Undertaking to correct the (carefully expressed) meaning of Jesus Christ! Mr. B. might take credit for his boldness, were it not so very like profanity—'The order of things frequently changed in Scripture, the last being placed first, and the first last!!!' And therefore, we may transpose the words of Christ, and the Holy Spirit, as we like! What a terrible, and yet what a welcome doctrine to many!

How does Mr. B. reply to this? By taking

no notice of it! A tacit proof that he cannot, dare not defend his perversion of Scripture; but has not *honesty enough* to admit that he was wrong!

How does he refute our household argument against infant sprinkling? By passing it silently by! and simply affirming that he does not base the baptism of infants on this household argument. He makes the same assertion in relation to the circumcision argument, and yet he devotes no less than *eight pages* (p. 100 to 108) of his book to this two-old argument. In our review we replied to them at large, and now he shifts his ground, and says he does not base the practice of infant sprinkling upon either. This is characteristic of Mr. Baxter! At p. 10) of his book Mr. B. says, 'Two households baptized with water, (Lydia's, Stephenas's) are not described as believers. We proved in our review from *incontestible* Scripture testimony, that they were believers. How does Mr. B. 'refute' this? By silently passing it by! his favourite mode of 'refuting' what he cannot answer.

We adduced, it will be remembered, a vast amount of evidence corroborative of baptism by immersion from ecclesiastical history. What does Mr. B. reply to this? Calmly remarks that with ecclesiastical history he has nothing to do! of course not; because its *facts are dead against him!* Mr. B. has no objection to fight with any opponent, if you will allow him a real Damascus blade, and his opponent only a wooden one! But he *must be allowed* to choose his opponent's weapon; we charge him with garbling Scripture in relation to John's baptism. How does he answer this? By the following remarks.

'In page 185, my Reviewer refers to the fact of those baptized by John 'confessing their sins,' as proof that no infants could be among the number; but he quite forgets that on occasions of public confession of sin, so common with Jewish people, and enforced by legal appointment, infants were present with their parents, as on the occasion of Jehoshaphat, when 'all Judah stood before the Lord, with their little ones, their wives, and their children' (2 Chron. xx. 13).

Can our readers see any connection between this and John's Baptism? We cannot. But we can see one thing that 'little ones' are *expressly* named in the above quotation from Chronicles, and that 'little ones' are not named in connection with John's Baptism. Now a closing word in relation to certain charges that Mr B. brings against us.

1st. In relation to quoting in our review certain writers as the *opponents* of Baptism, who on the contrary are *really Baptists*. At p. 6. of his refutation, he says,

'2nd. My Reviewer asserts that all his authorities for the meaning of the word *baptizo* are none of them Baptists; and yet he introduces among them Drs. Gale and Campbell, both rigid champions of the Baptist party,' (p. 163.)

Now in a letter sent us by Mr. B. for in-

sertion in the 'VESSEL' there is the same charge, but *there* he says MACKNIGHT and CAMPBELL. Why in his 'Refutation' has he scratched out *Macknight*, and put in *Gale*? Because he is *wrong* in both cases. *Macknight* we did quote, but he was *not* a Baptist, and now Mr. B. has been told so by some friend, and erased his name (though he quotes him in his book p. 15 as a Baptist). Again in p. 24 he says in his most insulting letter to Mr. Orchard.

'You promise your readers Pædobaptist authorities, in p. 5, and after mentioning one (Professor Stuart, whose works *ungarbled* would consume your letters to ashes) you (like the 'THE EARTHEN VESSEL,') stealthily introduce under their colours the Baptist Drs. Gale, Carson, and Campbell. Is not this duplicity?'

Now here we regret to have to charge Mr. B. as far as we are concerned, with a *wilful and deliberate falsehood*, as we quoted neither Dr. Carson, nor Gale.

By referring to our review, our readers will find that they are not once referred to; and as to Dr. Campbell to avoid all mistakes, we expressly stated, that the Dr. Campbell we quoted was Principal of Marichal College, Aberdeen.

Mr. B.'s next charge against us is expressed in the following words (p. 6.)

'Nearly all his quotations from Pædobaptist authors are mutilations, with a few exceptions (pp. 163, 164,) as any person who will take the pains to examine the whole of the testimonies of Witsius, Vossius, Stuart, Wall, Beza, Zanchius, and others will discover.'

He then gives the following extract from the writers we quote as specimens of our abominable mutilations. But as our readers may see our sin in its most glaring light, we shall give our quotations side by side with Mr. Baxter's.

1st. *Witsius*, as quoted by ourselves (p. 164). 'It is certain that John and the disciples of Christ ordinarily used dipping as Vossius, and Hornbach have shown from numerous testimonies.'

Witsius. As quoted by Mr. B. 'The sacred rite (i.e. Baptism) consists in the application of water to the body of the person.'

Zanchius. As quoted by us. 'The proper signification of *Baptizo* is to immerse.'

Zanchius. As quoted by Mr. B. 'The word signifies as well as to tinge and simply to wash as to dip.'

Vossius, as quoted by Mr. B. *Baptizo* signifies *ablucere* (to wash or purify), and is transferred to the gift of the Holy Ghost, which was poured out as water is poured.'

Vossius, not quoted by us at all. So much for Mr. B's regard to truth in his charges against those who differ from him. From comparing Mr. B's quotations and our own from the two other writers, our readers will see there is no discrepancy, mutilation, or contradiction.

There is one other statement of Mr. B's p 10 in a foot note, which is such a wilful perversion of our language that we cannot help referring to it. Mr. B. says—

'It is almost amusing to find the EARTHEN VESSEL (p. 233), when alluding to Lev. xiv. 6, where we read of the living bird being *dipped* in the blood!

of its fell, contending for total immersion in the waters as well, for it is only *bapto*, and not *baptizo* that is found in the original. I wonder the *Standard* does not now severely chastise the *VESSEL* for such blunders.

Now in the passage referred to, we say the *exact opposite* of what Mr. B. puts in our mouth; the following is what we said:—

'So again, quoting Lev. xiv. 6, to prove that it was impossible to *dip* one bird in the blood of its fellow, Mr. B. quietly omits to notice, that the one bird was to be slain over *running water*, and the other bird to be dipped therein. But here there is an evident confusion of thought in Mr. B's mind, in supposing that *dipping*, must in every instance mean covering, an error which any school-boy could correct.'

But Mr. B.'s self-contradiction in the above passage is most extraordinary. *Immersion* in the waters could not be intended, because the original word is *bapto* and not *baptizo*. So here according to Mr. B., if the word had been *baptizo* it *would have meant* immersion, but because it is *bapto*, it does not mean immersion, whereas through the whole of Mr. B.'s Refutation, his constant purpose is to prove that *bapto* means to *dip*, as at p. 12 he says:—

'*Bapto*, the root of the word (in which the greatest power always lies) evidently has a two-fold application; sometimes denoting an *action*, when it is a wars, and properly, rendered *dip*.'

And that *baptizo* expresses no action at all. But it is a waste of words to reply to a man who publishes opinions one day, to 'Refute' them the next.

A pamphlet characterised by more reckless assertion, more intense and insufferable egotism, and more supercilious contempt for those who differ from the writer we never knew. He treats the editor of the *STANDARD* as anything but a gentleman, and accuses him (p. 21) as quoting his authorities but partially, leaving out what "won't suit his case," and in common with ourselves, mutilating all the works he quotes, Mr. Baxter's included, and making them 'assert what they never intended.' In his letter to Mr. Orchard, he soundly rates him for '*presuming* to criticise his statements;' (p. 24) as '*wanting understanding*;' as uttering lies in the name of the Lord; of '*abusing*' the authors he quotes (in fact, everybody *misquotes* except Mr. Baxter,—Matthew iii 5, 6, to wit). As far as we are concerned, he charges us with being '*abusive*,' '*ignorant*,' '*untruthful*,' '*suggesting falsehoods*,' '*perverting the writings we quote*,' of '*duplicity*,' of '*palpable falsehood*,' in quoting baptist authorities for Pædo baptists, &c. In fact, throughout the entire pamphlet he labours to pour all the contempt possible on the *VESSEL* and the review. For ourselves we are not quite sure that we ought not to go down on our knees and beg Mr. Baxter's pardon, for daring to breathe his name, or to criticise his book. And in the face of all these bitter and untruthful charges, he has the coolness to close his pamphlet with the following sentence:—

'Thus have I endeavoured to give my reader a fair and clear view of this bitterly disputed question, *without that vituperation* which, when reflected upon, ought to make my Reviewers truly ashamed of their conduct.'

What a striking comment on the note and the beam!!

Had Mr. B. met our charges as distinctly and honestly as we have met his, he would have shown more of the spirit of a true Christian, and an anxious enquirer after truth, and less of the angry partisan. He must remember that the attack commenced with himself. He in his book attacked the Baptists, and not the Baptists him. Did he expect his book would pass without examination or refutation? If he did not, how is it that he now whimpers like a boarding-school miss, because the lash of criticism falls rather sharply over his shoulders? The man that attempts authorship, ought to be thick-skinned, and then the lash would draw neither blood nor tears at every stroke, as it seems to have done in Mr. Baxter's case. But we have done; we are not fond of controversy. The Baptism of the Spirit is the one Baptism for which our souls yearn, and for which we would earnestly contend at a throne of grace. Elsewhere we hate contention, especially among the members of the household of faith. Let Mr. B. preach the gospel of the kingdom' in the sphere of labour where God has placed him, and according to the light given to him, and leave us to do the same, and we shall be serving the interests of our common Master, better than by bandying profless altercations upon non-essential points, upon which we must of necessity 'agree to differ.'

A CHRISTIAN CLERGYMAN'S CRITIQUE ON 'BAXTER'S BAPTISM.'

[The following brief, spontaneous testimony, is furnished with a desire to let the truth be fairly enunciated—Ed.]

DEAR SIR,—I send a line which I think may be useful in your review of Baxter's book on Baptism,

It is certainly a new thing to hear that immersion is not the scriptural way; or, that sprinkling is vindicated by any, except on the score of health. In the Prayer Book of the Church of England, immersion is prescribed, and sprinkling allowed only under certain circumstances.

But I wish to point out an error into which many fall.

The proper reading in John i. 28, is not *Bethabara*, as is given in our authorised translation, but *Bethany*. It is well known that this mistake was introduced through inadvertence by the learned Erasmus; and therefore Mr. Baxter may satisfy himself that *Bethabara* *alias* *Bethany*, was much nearer to Jerusalem than to the Dead Sea; and the original distance you gave was not far wrong.

I am, dear Sir, your's faithfully, J. W.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE STATE OF OUR CHURCHES IN THE PROVINCES.

Our position enables us to take, perhaps, a larger view of the condition of our Churches than many of our brethren who are quietly enjoying themselves in their own pretty parsonage; happy themselves, and thinking every body ought to be as they are. This is generally the conviction of those men whose path has been one of steady prosperity. No day passes but we have communications from different parts of the kingdom; and our interviews with ministers and members of our provincial churches are very frequent.

There is a dreadful increase of declension from, and of direct opposition to THE WHOLE GOSPEL OF CHRIST in our British isles, in America, and in the Colonies; and even where truth is held with some firmness, there are such divisions and bitter envyings; such cold, formal, polite, and pompous carriage, conduct, and controversial bearing, that renders it a most serious question with us, whether there is much real health in our midst, much godly devotion in our Churches. much heavenly zeal in our ministers, at this amazingly mysterious and momentous period of time. We would not alarm the people of God; but, like John Lindsey, we would cry aloud to the hosts of professors, and beseech them to ponder, if they can, the paths of their feet, and the state of their souls.

From time to time we may give a few notes which come to us in confidence. As no names will be given, no trust will be betrayed; but a little light may be thrown into the minds of some who are dark on this subject, and good may be done.

In one of our large towns in the north, the Particular Baptist Church had had a 'respectable' medium-make sort of a minister for their pastor for some few years. He was a quaker kind of being, in some things, excessively precise. The services of the Lord have always appeared a burden to him. He found it hard work to hold on until the clock said he might leave off. He was an iceberg in the pulpit, and good for nothing out of it. Pity the people who are plagued with such a pack of pride and emptiness in the shape of a parson in a neat suit of black. After a while the congregation became thin; the finances declined; the deacons looked blue at the parson. The parson looked black at the deacons, while but precious few of the people looked at either; for they walked off. We were sent for, as we frequently are, when there is "death in the pot." We went; the pulpit was very cold; the chapel very bare; and our harp was on the willows. The pastor, of whom we have spoken, did not, of course, condescend to honour us with his presence. However, we recommended the people to have a change. We sincerely hope we have found them a man suited, under God's blessing, to raise them. The good brother we recommended was anything but an extreme

man, but in creed, character, and general deportment, he was of the higher order. In every sense, truly a respectable and honourable brother. He went: there he is. Never mind *who* he is, nor *where* he is. *There* he is: where, we hope, the Lord sent him. Now see the effects of a cold, half-hearted, Calvinistic ministry, as our excellent brother's predecessor was. The following is a true picture of the awful state of many of our Churches, and we ask seriously, *what can be done?*—Our brother says:

No doubt you have often wondered I have been so long silent; and although I have often wished to write, yet I have seemed to have nothing but trouble to write about. But I hope our prospect is brightening a little; I may tell you as a friend, that I have never been in such a mess in all my life. I found most of the members nearly dead; twice plucked up by the roots. A mixed mass of various leaven: only a few of them have the doctrines of grace: the others called the doctrines I preached, (the everlasting, electing and sovereign love in a covenant Head,) BLASPHEMY. These have been hanging about with us, neither going nor staying away, trying to prejudice as many as possible, both in the town and in the church. But some of them are gone; bless God for it. I trust the Lord will make us a new lump. Those few who have the truth, are frightened to death at the truth being faithfully preached, lest these others should be offended; but bless God I have been enabled to stick to precious covenant love, and free-grace. The financial state of the church is very trying; still we have got through so far, better than was expected. The Arminian lot is much disappointed, that we can go on without them; I fear some of them are half inclined to come back again. But I intend never to have them. I bless God we have no fierce bickerings, or wars; the heavy surges moved off, just as if the good Lord himself had done it, and I believe he has done it; I have so believed all along. I could see the Lord's hand in it all. And that has greatly supported me in the midst of all; we have not been without other signs of his approval, and blessing. The congregations are improved considerably: the cause was in such bad repute, scarcely any body would come near. We have signs of improvement; we have added to the church several already; more stand proposed for membership, and several more hopeful cases. To God be all the glory.

ADDRESS OF

THE GOSPEL HOME MISSION.

A FEELING having for a long time been manifested among the ministers of the strict Baptist Churches, and lovers of the distinguishing doctrines of grace, that a society for the spread of those doctrines was greatly needed; a few men of God and truth have at last banded themselves together for the furtherance of this much and long desired object, with a full and firm determination, that by the help of God, nothing shall retard their efforts.

On the 3rd of January a public meeting was held in Shaftesbury Hall: T. Pocock, Esq., in the chair: when the following resolutions were proposed, spoken to, and cordially adopted.

'1st. That a society be formed, founded on the doctrines of free grace, for the spread of the Gospel.'

'2nd. That the Society be called 'The Gospel Home Mission.'

'3rd. That the object of the Society be, to carry the Gospel to the masses living in ignorance of the truth of God.'

'4th. That the means used shall be the holding of special services for prayer, and preaching the Word in chapels, halls, or open air. The carrying of the Gospel to the homes of the poor by missionary agency: the distribution of approved tracts, the establishment of preaching stations in destitute neighbourhoods, &c.'

A vote of thanks to the chairman having been proposed and unanimously carried; he handsomely replied by a donation of £5.

ADDRESS.

No one who knows the truth for himself; who knows and consequently appreciates vital godliness; and who knows that the pearl of great price must ever remain unequalled; and who feels (as every real Christian must) for the souls of men. No one thus taught can doubt the desirableness of any scriptural means within our reach, being earnestly, perseveringly, and prayerfully used for the extension of the truth as it is in Jesus. Is there not a promise that the hill of Zion and the places round about her shall be blest; that there shall be showers of blessings? Is it not desirable that the Churches of discriminating truth and grace should have an agency, at work both in the mighty metropolis, and in the dark places of the land? An agency who know *experimentally* the truth for themselves? An agency who will not in any shape or form say a confederacy with the free-will, duty-faith, or any other idol of the day.—An agency whose very watch words shall be, no surrender, no compromise, no quarters given or taken.—An agency who are not afraid to trust the bread of the Gospel upon the waters, and who know that the Saviour can be rightly reflected, and rightly represented, and rightly seen only in and by the glass of pure free-grace truth.—That the universal invitation system is a distortion and a misrepresentation of the holy and eternal three, Father Word, and Holy Ghost.—An agency that shall not and will not separate Christ and the truth from each other, as is the fashion in the present day.—And who shall not be afraid any more to trust the great truth of eternal election than any other part of the

Gospel?—Them that honour me (saith the Lord), I will honour, and if any of the old leaven should creep in, both it and the agent like the bond-woman and her son must be at once cast out.—The society must stand fast in the defence, as well as for the furtherance of the gospel, and as strict communion Baptists, not one law of the house can be relaxed or trifled with; *courteous to all*, but *unite* with none except by the pure ties of eternal truth. True vital conversion must be aimed at, and there must be a perfect willingness to suffer for the truth sake.

The articles agreed upon by the committee will be given next month. We want then two things, which we are aware are somewhat difficult to obtain, namely, *men and money*. The committee have decided to take no step incurring any material expense until a sum not less than £100 shall be in the treasurer's hands, which, if ministers of truth will at once go to work, may very quickly be obtained. The most difficult part will be to obtain suitable agents, men who know and love the truth, and can read the word of God with such remarks thereon, as shall, by the power of God, find their way to the heart, to convince of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment; men of this order are what is wanted, and they must be supported with such salaries as shall enable them to devote their time arduously to the work; and we hope many a young man may hereby be favoured to work out a standing for himself, and become the pastor of a flourishing Church, and a patron, after having been an agent, to the society. We hope there are somewhere some young men, true believers, (though now hidden), who can keep rank, who are swift as goats, and bold as lions, and who would not quarrel at a snowy day, nor shrink from coming to the help of the Lord against the mighty. Awake then thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light.

As soon as the committee can obtain this £100, and a few of the right sort of agents to commence with, they will then be in a position to call a general public meeting, of which, as to time and place, due notice would be given.

Signed in behalf of the Committee,
W. FLACK, *Secretary*.

Subscriptions or donations will be thankfully received by the Secretary, 40, Upton-road, Downham-road, Kingsland; or at the Committee rooms, 22, Great Queen-street, Lincoln's Inn.

RECOGNITION OF MR. JONATHAN MOSE, AT GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK.

HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY, ETC.

[Last month—(page 45.) we gave a lengthened account of the formation of a New Baptist Church, at Glemsford, Suffolk, over which Mr. Jonathan Mose was recognized as Pastor. We now give the reply Mr. Mose gave to the question put to him by our brother Poock, of Ipswich, as to 'NOW THE LORD OPENED THE DOOR INTO THE MINISTRY? Mr. Mose said.—ED.]

SOON after the Lord had thus delivered my

soul, I became very anxious that the Gospel which had been made such a blessing to me, might be brought into our town. There was no place in Tunbridge where we could hear the Gospel of free-grace. I had but one bosom companion with whom I could walk; we had sorrowed together, and been really united in seeking the Lord together; we were baptized together; and both having families,

we were very anxious not only for them, but for our neighbours also. Encouraged by a friendly association of ministers and churches which had united for fraternal intercourse, and to supply places destitute of the Gospel, my friend and I hired a room, which was opened for preaching, the ministers promising to come and supply the pulpit once a week, and we were to obtain supplies for the Sabbath as we best could. Our good friends, the ministers, came as often as they could, but it sometimes occurred they could not possibly keep their engagement, so my friend with myself were obliged to keep up the prayer meetings, also manage as we best could when we were disappointed by the failure of our ministering brethren. We were often without any help at our prayer meetings, though well attended; I was necessitated often to make a few remarks on the word of God I read, though very much tried in mind, yet the people seemed pleased and profited. At this time, I was much tried providentially—my way seemed wholly shut up; my mother died, and I thought my father was treating me unkindly; but when I reflect on the past I could expect no other; but what was worse than all, I prayed, and cried, and the Lord seemed to shut out my prayer; and to venture to open my lips in the name of the Lord seemed presumption, especially as I was now obliged to do so very frequently. I went to some Christian brethren in the ministry to ask advice what to do? All that I could get was, you must go on. I trembled at my position, I appeared like one about to be made a spectacle to men and angels. I determined I would not, and as a last effort, I went to my pastor—told him my difficulties—my state of mind; and begged him with tears to give me a note to say I had better not attempt to speak any more; all that I got from him was, 'no, I shall not bring the people upon my back'; this deterred me from seeking any more counsel of men, but I felt determined I would speak no more. On the very next service night, I was walking my room, it being nearly service time, my friend came running in, saying, 'the room is full of people, and no minister come, make haste down.' In the bitterness of my spirit, I said, 'I cannot.' He came and took hold of me, and said, 'do come!' I said, '*I will not!*' I thought I could have crushed him, such was my anguish and bitterness, but turning from him, my Bible lay on the table, I opened it hastily, and the words met my eye, 'Behold the Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save, neither his ear heavy that it cannot hear, but your iniquities have separated between you and your God, and your sins have hid his face from you, that he will not hear.' Bursting into tears, I said, 'if I can say no more, I can tell them feelingly what sin will do;' I went and spoke; the people blessed God, and said, we do not want any other minister, let Mr. Mose preach. But I determined not. Soon after this, I received a note on a Friday from my good pastor, saying, himself and the two deacons wished me to go over to Crowborough, on the following Sabbath, to hold forth the Word of life to the

poor foresters, there being a station there attached to the church, concluding, with requesting me to come over and spend Saturday night at the Wells, as I should be nearly 6 miles nearer, and then these words, 'no denial, can I take when I plead for Jesus' sake.' I dared not but comply. I went as requested. On the Sabbath morning, I started from Tunbridge Wells for Crowborough. I passed the High Rocks across Broad Water Forest, to Hamsell, where I met some friends in a trap, going to Tunbridge Wells, they were hearers of our good minister. Seeing me with my little Bible in my hand, they no doubt concluded where I was going, for they shortly turned and repassed me. And I well remember my reflections you are going to hear me, it is the first and no doubt will be the last time. By following the track of their trap in the sandy rock, after walking between 4 and 5 miles, I found myself at a barn which had been fitted up as a place of worship, and a few poor people assembled to hear some stranger. I, with trembling, opened my commission there from these words, 'The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon.' I preached again in the afternoon, but the text and subject was wholly lost from my memory, till the week I left that sacred spot, when the Lord brought a female into our neighbourhood from London, who hearing I was preaching my farewell sermon at each out station, came, saying, she heard me on the first day I came, and she felt desirous of hearing me the last day. After service that evening, she then told me she heard me the first afternoon I preached at Crowborough; this led me to ask her if she could remember the text or subject upon which I spoke. Oh yes! she replied, I believe I shall never forget it, for the Lord made it a blessing to my poor soul, to shew me my state as a sinner; the words were these, 'Who hath made thee to differ?' The whole came fresh to my mind, and I could well remember the text and subject, though thirteen years had elapsed. The poor people begged me to come again, I went alternate Sabbaths for upwards of three years, and the Lord blessed my labours there. At the end of upwards of three years, I went there altogether for nearly four years more; during which a little church was formed numbering at one time 46, and every member brought out from the world into the church by the blessing of God upon my labours. I continued in that sphere of labour thirteen years and upwards, the people being very poor they could not wholly support me, so that I was very much from home, to supply other more wealthy churches who had required assistance. This produced unsettledness, and not perceiving the blessing of the Lord with me in the work as heretofore led me at length from that dearly-loved spot. Looking back from this space of time, I now see and feel the service of this God, and now in the solid judgment of my mind, conclude the beginning of this was soul declension, the mind was entangled with forbidden objects; though through mercy, I was not permitted openly to backslide, yet the mind was far from God,

lifelessness was in the ministry as well as in the soul, and no blessing from God appeared to attend the word as heretofore. A chain of providential events ultimately led to my removal to Birmingham, where I have had to pass through a fiery ordeal for more than seven years. These have been seven years of furnace work indeed, but the Lord has overruled it for my good. He has in this process led me both to see and feel the necessity, beauty, and harmony of two most opposite passages of his most holy word. 'Nothing shall be able to separate you from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.' Jude 21. 'Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.' Having in the providence of God which appeared to open before me, been led into a secular engagement, my way providentially appeared smooth, but my trials as to spiritual things were great. I found secular things dried up the spirit, worldly engagements brought death within and death into the ministry, thus ultimately led me to give up the pulpit at John Street, Wolverhampton, where I went to supply for one Sunday, and continued for more than three years, and where the Lord gave some little testimony to my labours, and to some of the dear friends there I feel strong ties of attachment. I had not dared to break my secular engagement, but prayed the Lord that he would open the way out, that my whole time and mind might be wholly devoted to his cause. For more than three years I had done this, refusing, when requested by a dear minister to claim my name, to appear in his periodical, lest I should be even appearing to open the door out myself. My burden grew so heavy on this point, that though I was well provided for in my position, yet the meanest place in the Lord's service, seemed more to be coveted than affluence separate from my loved employ. Writing to my good brother D—, of London. I said as much as this, he passing through Suffolk, soon after hearing from me subsequently to the death of the late beloved Robert Barnes, mentioned my name to the church here, which led to an invitation being given, which I believed was an answer to prayer. I therefore, without hesitation, gave up my position with its income, to enter upon the work of my dear Master, casting myself unreservedly upon him, and this day's service is the issue of that determination.

Brother Poock then stated on the behalf of the church and brethren assembled, his entire concurrence in these statements, then requested our brother to give an outline of the truths he believed, and that he would prove the basis of his ministry. Our brother then took the book in his hand from which the articles had been read, and said those articles were transcribed by me nearly eight years since. More than thirty two years since the Lord opened my understanding to see the beauty and glory of the doctrines then stated, and never from that time has my mind swerved from the grand fundamental principles there expressed; they have for twenty two years been the ground of my hope, and the

subject of my ministry. It is true the last seven or eight years, which have led me to treat every doctrine in its practical aspect, Article 12, rather expresses what ought to be, than what really is. Brother Poock, then said, he was very glad to hear the last remark he quite concurred with it, and with this explanation could give his hearty assent and consent to that Scriptural and explicit statement and confession of faith and practice. He then most affectionately implored the divine blessing on the newly recognized pastor and the people of his charge.

After which, our brother Dickerson delivered a charge to the pastor from 'preach the word,' emphatically exhibiting the doctrines that would be expected to be the main features of our brother's ministry, as well as the order of the church as to her discipline and practice with regard to baptism and the Lord's Supper. After this he addressed the people from the words 'encourage him.' His remarks we hope will not be soon, nor easily forgotten.

Brother Poock, now stated there was one thing that he had entirely omitted which was to give the right hand of fellowship himself to the pastor of the church, and also to call on his ministerial brethren present to do the same. He then did so as well as the other brethren present; on brother Dickerson, giving his hand, he made some remarks on the pleasure it gave him in doing so, after nearly twenty years of intimate acquaintance with our brother, who kindly thanked him for the solemn charge he had given; and then turned to the congregation, and said, he had a witness in every one's conscience that had heard him during the 13 months ministry among them, that it had been his aim so to preach according to given ability, and he hoped that would be a pledge for the future. The evening service was closed by singing

'All hail the power of Jesus' name.'

and prayer.

Thus ended one of the most solemn services we have ever witnessed. The blessing of the Lord appeared to rest upon the assembly; and though the service was unusually protracted, there did not seem any inclination in the people to leave the place. A person present, observed that he believed if any other brother had intimated a desire to address the meeting, he had no doubt but the people would readily have stayed to listen.

It was emphatically a good day, and we may hope will be followed by the blessing of the Lord.

This report has been revised and corrected by the pastor, Mr. Mose, who has supplied truths that appeared wanting in detailing how he was led to this scene of labour.

HEATH END.—Our excellent friend and brother, George Wells, informs us that some are meeting in rooms for prayer, in that new neighbourhood near Farnham. It is the right way. The Lord will give his Spirit to his people; that Spirit will lead them to cry out as David did... 'O, send out thy light and thy truth! let them lead me,' &c. May thousands more be moved thus—we do hope they will indeed.

MR. BLOOMFIELD'S EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY. **SOHO.**—SALEM CHAPEL, MEARD'S COURT, DEAN STREET. The Eighth Anniversary of Mr. John Bloomfield's pastorate was commemorated on Tuesday, February 7th, by a tea and public meeting, when between four and five hundred sat down. Everything passed off with credit and uniform good feeling. The public meeting was well worthy the occasion, such as any minister might well feel proud of; the chair was occupied by Mr. W. Topley, a former member, now deacon with Mr. Hanks, of Woolwich. Around the platform were ranged the following ministerial brethren: there sat the anxious Griffiths, the grave Thurston, the placid Pells, the thoughtful yet pensive Meeres; there too were the reflective and careful Wyard, the ready and weighty Moyle, the open-hearted Dickerson, and the earnest Chivers, with several others. There also sat the honoured minister of the place, who asserted his cup, like many others, was mixed with bitters, but we must admit, while his career may be a chequered one, he bears his trials with a countenance beaming with intelligence and contentment. The meeting having been opened by singing and prayer, the chairman offered a few congratulatory remarks. Mr. Bloomfield proceeded to review his past labours, observing he was not about to speak with a flourish of trumpets; but to give a plain unvarnished statement. He would not try to make things better, and he should be unworthy of his position if he tried to make them appear worse than they were. Did time permit, he should like to speak of three things, viz., what they had experienced in the past; what they enjoy at the present; and what they hoped for in the future. He said, we have experienced in the past many troubles, various changes, great support, and much comfort. The past year had been one of union with one another, and I trust communion with our covenant God. It is but just, I should say with my deacons I have lived in peace, I know they would rather that I pass this subject over, but sometimes I take a fit in my head to do as I like. Therefore, I say though there has not been so much apparent fondness, or of the warm outward shows of affection, yet if I may judge from their prayers, there never was a time when I stood higher in their estimation as the minister of this church. Our church meetings have been characterized by peace, and the Lord hath increased our number. As to myself, my abode has not been always a paradise. I have had some bitters, some painful changes through which to pass, I never thought less of myself—less of my efforts—or less of my talents; likewise, I can say, I trust, I am actuated by purity of motive, sincerity of affection, and my aim is to serve my Master, and to do souls good. Mr. Bloomfield concluded by again thanking his deacons and all friends who rallied around him on that, his anniversary occasion. Mr. Pells, next spoke on 'the religious aspects of the age in which we live.' He observed there was a great stir in the present day about the 'revivals,' and the opinions of men were diversified. Some went so far as to say all was a farce, some thought all was right, others took a middle course, which was the opinion he (Mr. Pells) held; there was such a thing as for me to get up a revival, but a true revival must come from heaven. In conclusion, he thought 'Salem' that day presented a pleasing aspect, and the new work by Mr. Bloomfield, 'vital religion,' which was lying on the table, was also a pleasing aspect of the age in which we live. Mr. Moyle followed on the same subject. He thought it was a nice aspect to see a good congregation, a faithful minister, and happy effects produced by the power of God on lives of men. Some men were of a sombre disposition, of a gloomy mind, to such all things around appear in a sombre view. He reasons in his own mind, and concludes we are living in an awful day; the sun of England is set, the joy and prosperity which once beamed on our land, is waxed, is waned, and is gone. As for God's ministers, the good ones are taken to heaven, and what have we left, in the place of prosperity, we have sorrow. Protestantism

is sinking, and soon popery will swamp our land. But he (Mr. Moyle) found the sun still shining, the church still flourishing and faithful ministers still proclaiming the gospel; therefore he thought the 'aspects of the age' were not so bad after all. The aspects of 'Salem chapel' was good, it was true eleven years ago, they lost a great man, well instructed in the visions of God, then gloom seemed for a time to pervade Salem, but God had raised up another faithful man of God to proclaim the glorious gospel of peace. When he looked around he saw his brother Chivers, whose chapel at Bermondsey, was not now large enough, there was also his friend Wyard, whom God had blessed at Deptford, there was the chairman, deacon, with Mr. Hanks, of Woolwich, where the cause was prospering, also his young brother Pells, who was labouring at Soho with success. These things he contended were causes for thankfulness, and not for mourning. If they looked in distant lands, God's word was being distributed by millions, in the very strong hold of the pope; and he (Mr. Moyle) thought were it not for foreign bayonets, his holiness, would be glad to escape, and again accept the office of a gentleman's servant. Then let us take courage, and go forward, and with the Psalmist say, 'Now Lord send prosperity.' Messrs Dickerson, Wyard, Chivers, Meeres, and Williamson, delivered speeches worthy of recording; but we must forbear. Mr. Scott proposed, and Mr. Greenhaugh, (deacons,) seconded a vote of thanks to the chairman which was cordially responded to, also a vote of thanks to the ladies for their dexterous management of the tea which was also carried. The meeting then closed with the benediction.

DEPTFORD.—ZION CHAPEL. On Tuesday, Feb. 14, 1860, services were held in Zion Chapel, Deptford, to commemorate the Lord's goodness to them. The venerable and very respected Mr. J. Foreman delivered a discourse in the afternoon on 'faith, its origin.' Tea was provided at 5 o'clock, at which about 200 sat down. In the evening at six o'clock, the public meeting commenced. We noticed on the platform, Messrs. John Foreman, Wm Palmer, of Homerton; J. Bloomfield, G. Moyle, Dickerson, Meeres, Milner, Edgcombe, Bunterfield, Woodington, J. A. Jones, and Thos. Chivers. The meeting commenced by singing, after which Mr. J. A. Jones, read a psalm and implored the divine blessing upon the pastor, the church, and the service that evening. Mr. G. Wyard was in the chair, who said, my dear Christian friends, I am very glad to see so many here this evening. We do not live in London, but upon the borders of London, and we cannot get up such large meetings, as we are called sometimes to witness. Two years have now rolled away, since I first came amongst you as your pastor. I think I may say the church has never been in a more prosperous condition than now. Fifty have been added since I came; others are coming in; some are looking in at the windows, standing on the stairs; are looking at our towers. Mr. Bloomfield said the other evening, that his deacons were model men, I hope there are other model men beside those at Salem. I think I said last year that there had not been between myself and deacons a wry word, or a wry look, and I can say that now. Our finances are good. There was in the last year a considerable surplus. And the agreement was, that when such was the case, it should be divided, part go to the debt, and the other part into my pocket: but the good friends considering the deep afflictions through which I have been called to pass, voted it all to me, (loud cheering) for which I return my sincere thanks. These are small things, yet we should not over look small things. I am happy here. I like the chapel, I like my house, I love my friends, I love my wife, I love my family, and above all I love my God, and his kind disposition towards me. Mr. P. Dickerson then delivered a speech, intermingled frequently with poetry on 'faith'. Mr. S. Milner, gave an address on 'faith'

its subjects.' Mr. W. Palmer, of Homerton, in his usual logical, and deep manner, gave an address on 'faith: its matter.' The venerable Mr. G. Moylo, of Peckham, on 'faith: its influence.' Mr. John Bloomfield on 'its issue.' The meeting closed with the benediction.

WALWORTH.—EAST LANE CHAPEL. 67th Sunday School anniversary. On Tuesday, Feb. 7th, 1860, the 67th anniversary of the East Lane Chapel Sabbath School, was held. At half-past 5, tea was provided; a good company sat down: at 7 o'clock, the public meeting began. The school room owed its pretty appearance that evening to the teachers: it was decorated with flowers and banners, with suitable inscriptions. John Porter, Esq., senior deacon, gave out the hymns. Mr. John Foreman was in the chair: and gave an address to the point. He said he was a little older than the school. He was glad that it was still the same order of things as when it began. Mr. J. P. Edgcombe prayed for a blessing. The Report was then submitted to the meeting. It says that East Street Sunday School was founded on that spot in 1792, before the system of voluntary instruction was adopted in Sunday Schools, and its master was paid so much per head for children under his care; but in 1796, a committee of gentlemen was formed (prominent amongst whom, was the late W. B. Gurney, Esq.,) for the purpose of imparting gratuitous instruction to the young. The number of children on the books are 209; boys 93, girls 113. The number of teachers, male 6; female 14. A circulating library being required for the use of the scholars at their own homes; application was made to the committee of the Sunday School Union, who, in consideration of the payment of the small sum of £2 3s. 4d., granted a library worth £8, the teachers having the privilege of selecting the books. The annual treat was given on Thursday, Aug. 18. upwards of 200 children were conveyed, with friends, to Bew's fields, Dulwich Woods. It affords much pleasure to state that two teachers of the school have joined the church during the past year. The report, finished with a few verses of poetry, written by the worthy superintendent Mr. Walford.

Mr. Samuel Milner, moved the adoption of the report; Mr. S. K. Bland, who was once a scholar in the school, seconded the resolution in a very pleasing manner. Mr. Cracknell next addressed the meeting. Joseph Maitland, Esq., delivered a most pleasing and telling address. All seemed to enjoy the words as they came from the venerable sire. The meeting closed with prayer by brother Caunt.

CLAPHAM.—BETHESA CHAPEL, CLAPHAM RISE.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS. A thanksgiving meeting was held on Feb. 14th, at 'Bethesda,' being the 43th anniversary of my birth day. When, without display, we had a goodly number of friends met together for tea. That being over, and our house well filled, the services of the evening commenced by singing.

'Here I raise my Ebenezer,' &c.

Brother Munns asking the Lord's blessing upon the meeting. When, to my astonishment, our aged deacon (brother Rulton) arose to present me with a sealed token of 'affectionate esteem' from the church (or my children as he called them) and the congregation, which consisted of a beautiful *porte monnaie*, and nearly six pounds, in the interior thereof as a 'birth day present.' This, to some might be as nothing, but to me it spoke volumes; it bears up to it (to me) this inscription, 'Them that honour me, I will honour.' It proves that spiritual love is not dead; and that the gospel is still the power of God, bringing forth fruit unto God. Our dear brother Atwood spoke feelingly from 'Thank God and take courage,' brother Sack, with his heart full, from 'Hitherto hath the Lord helped me,' brother Cook, (of Waltham,) in his quaint and quiet way, made some telling remarks on 'We have a strong city,' &c. Brother Hall, finished with 'pray for the

peace of Jerusalem.' The choral society meeting here, rendered us good service under their able conductor (Mr. J. Phillips,) by their excellent singing of some choice anthems, &c. Thus ended one of the happiest times we have had as yet in our loved 'Bethesda; for as myself, I can only say while lost in wonder, love, and praise, 'What hath God wrought?'

R. S. BIND.

ST. LUKE'S.—JIREH MEETING, BRICK LANE.—On Lord's-day evening, January 20th, our aged pastor, Mr. J. A. Jones, now in his 81st year, preached an important sermon from Acts xviii. 8,—'And many of the Corinthians, hearing, believed, and were baptised; he went down into the water, and immersed two disciples, with apparently the strength of a young man. And on the following Tuesday, we held our annual meeting, and which might be truly called, 'a solemn assembly.' As usual, our chapel was crowded; and Mr. Ponsford commenced with prayer, and most important addresses were delivered. Mr. Foreman spoke on, 'What does the Gospel proclaim?' Mr. Milner on, 'Who are the preachers?' Mr. Bloomfield on, 'Where do they preach?' Mr. Hazelton on, 'What is the result of their ministry?' And lastly, Mr. Pells on, 'The importance of a faithful ministry!' Every word seemed tell. Our esteemed brethren were highly favoured of the Lord. A sweet savour of the name of Jesus was diffused abroad. In a word it will be a meeting long to be remembered.

THE GREAT GOSPEL GATHERING AT

GRAVESEND.—On Monday, Feb. 6, 1860, the Milton Hall, Windmill Street, Gravesend, was the scene of much mutual happiness and good Christian feeling, several hundreds having assembled together to encourage the friends who have there made an effort to publish the gospel of Christ, in that interesting locality. The number of friends who came to take tea, were so numerous, that preparations scarcely sufficient had been made for them; nevertheless, all were cheerful and gladly united in wishing one another good-speed. Soon after six, the public meeting commenced; Mr. Lingley, of Meopham, presided; and called upon Mr. William Chamberlain, of Stepney, to seek the Lord's blessing. The chairman's opening address was neat, decisive, and of a truly Christian tone. He had the cause of God at Gravesend, deeply in his heart; he believed the friends there had been wisely and graciously directed, and that prosperity would attend them. The singers sang delightfully; the long and brilliantly illuminated Hall was now one immense concourse of gladness faces. Mr. G. Wyard was called upon to address them on 'grace,' which he did carefully and scripturally. C. W. Banks was requested to speak on 'mercy.' Mr. Dickerson, on 'Peace.' The brethren Inward, of Ryarsh; and Nevill, of the Crays, engaged the attention of the meeting, speaking on 'faith, hope, and charity;' the meeting was crowned with the divine blessing. We believe many a heart was made glad.

BRIGHTON.—It is marvellous how Satan doth overthrow himself by all his attempts to overthrow the kingdom of Christ! He, our adversary, has been busy for some long time, both at Gravesend, and in Brighton! he has been labouring to destroy the churches, and to scatter the saints in those places! He has dreadfully broken the peace of some ministers' hearts; and stole their sleep from them; but while the storm has been beating, the counsels of heaven have been fulfilling; and presently, the large pale face will smile again; and 'the out-goings of the morning and the evening will rejoice together.' At least, this is the persuasion and prophetic prayer of our soul. We know all the movements: they will make a telling chapter in Zion's history when we shall have time once more to count her towers, and to consider her palaces. It is strange to us, that that beautiful promise recorded in Isaiah lix. 19, is so little regarded, 'the

enemy has been coming in' gradually for some time; at length, the flood broke in. What followed? A standard was lifted up; and we ardently hope that ere long both parties will be compelled to exclaim, 'What hath God wrought?' As to Brighton, there has been a continued spreading abroad of the church's tents for years; and still they multiply. And although each party may behold a mote in the eye of the other party, still, they must come to the happy conclusion of Paul to the Philippians 'What then? notwithstanding every way, whether in pretence, or in truth, Christ is preached; and therein we do and will rejoice' We decline to enter upon 'the review of Brighton churches,' until 'the advent, &c., is over.

LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.—

The remarkable workings of the Spirit of God in gathering in the elect family of the Lord, are now being displayed here. For several weeks past there has been a great quickening in faith and prayer amongst true Christians. During 'the week of prayer,' meetings were held twice each day; the meetings for preaching were crowded, and have been since. Many hopeful conversions have taken place, several of them amongst the young. Six boys from 14 to 16 years of age, have been united to the church, after satisfactory testimony of a work of grace in their hearts. Lord's-day, February 12th, was a time long to be had in remembrance. The day's engagements began with a meeting for prayer at 7 o'clock, a.m., at Lynton, at which a large number attended. At 11 o'clock, the usual meeting for preaching in the chapel at Lynmouth; this was quite full, and a very solemn impression was produced. At 3 p.m., the church assembled at the Lord's table, when Dr. Bell gave a solemn address to the new converts then received. At 6.30 p.m., the chapel at Lynton was filled. Dr. Bell preached from the words, 'Turn ye to the strong hold, ye prisoners of hope' There was much breaking down under the word—weeping on all sides. After the service, a meeting for prayer was announced, and those who desired it were invited to stay. Very few of the large congregation went out. Dr. Bell's son then gave an address to the unconverted, and especially the awakened, after which there was some earnest prayer. When it became necessary to close the public meetings of the day, some of the new converts, and as many as they could take with them, went to a room in a Christian's house, and continued in prayer for another hour. One found peace in Christ, and others were convinced of their sinfulness, and are seeking mercy. The church under the pastoral care of Dr. Bell has determined on another week of daily united meetings for prayer. This church is the only one in the place except the parish church, and it carries on much effort in the surrounding villages, which are all being much blessed at this time.

WILLENHALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.

—LITTLE LONDON BAPTIST CHAPEL. On Monday, January 2nd, our annual meeting of members and congregation was holden, when a goodly number sat down to tea; after which £5 was presented to our beloved pastor, Mr. F. Pearce. Our much esteemed father Maybury was with us, who had been occasionally in the habit of preaching amongst us for this past sixty years (being now in his eighty-fifth year). We found it good to listen unto his two interesting, humorous, loving, and well-arranged speeches; he was so lively and energetic, that one would have thought he had forgotten his age, and would have put to the blush many of our young pastors had they heard him. Our pastor, beloved, and senior deacon, also delivered suitable, affectionate, and congratulatory addresses; all appeared cheerful and happy. We found it, indeed, good to be there. On Lord's-day, February 4th, many were met in the sanctuary by 7.30, to implore the divine blessing. At 10.30 a numerous assembly gathered together, when our beloved pastor delivered an impressive

sermon from Job xxxii. 10. 'I also will show you mine opinion,' 1st, showing who should be baptized; 2nd, why we do baptize; 3rd, the meaning of baptism; 4th, answer some objections relative to the households, &c.; after which, four males and four females were led down into the water and immersed in the name of the sacred Three; when the first candidate was being led into the water, the front of the side galleries of the spacious chapel, in consequence of being so full, projected forward, and doubts were entertained that they would have given way; but through the good and timely exertions of the friends, nothing serious did occur. We had a great company at our prayer-meeting in the afternoon. In the evening the newly baptized were added to the church according to the Scriptures, Acts ii. 40, a few words being spoken to each. It was indeed to us a solemn reason, and we believe a day never to be forgotten. A LOVER OF GODLY ORDER.

TROWBRIDGE.—'A Traveller' says, 'I do not think there is a more universally gospel-professing town in the manufacturing districts than Trowbridge. Good old John Warburton did not labour here so many years in vain; and although, as yet no permanent successor has been found for him, the chapel is well filled; the gospel is truthfully preached; and the church is a useful part of this large population. Our very excellent brother John Webster has done a good work at Bethesda; he has stood there about eight years; has been instrumental in removing a debt of between three and four hundred pounds; and many have been gathered in; and established by his ministry. I could almost wish a more extensive sphere could be found for him; because in the midst of so very many churches as are here; and owing to the removal of many to the colonies; I do not think his ministry and pastoral labours meet with that increasing response, they are worthy to obtain; but this Mr. Editor, being from a traveller, who has only occasionally visited Trowbridge, you must receive impartially. I love brother John Webster, dearly; so do thousands beside me.

'AS DYING, YET BEHOLD WE LIVE.'
2 Cor. vi. 9.

By MR. B. WALE, OF READING.

By nature prone to sin	S. M.
And every evil work;	
About, around, without, within,	
Our foes by legions lurk.	
Meek, helpless and unclean,	
Now shall our spirits fight	
A pathway through this world of sin	
To yonder world of light?	
Thy grace, O God, can make	
The wounded conscience whole;	
The chains of sin and Satan break,	
Set free the captive soul;	
Can clothe that soul with power,	
Its fainting strength renew;	
Sustain it in the trying hour	
And bring it conquerer through!	
Thou art, O God, our strength;	
Thou art, O Christ, our stay;	
And we shall see thy face at length,	
Nor faint upon the way.	
Armed with the shield of faith,	
And with the Spirit's sword,	
We fight our way through sin and death,	
Victorious in the Lord!	
Then let the Tempter dare	
All that his rage may do;	
The two-edged sword of faith and prayer	
Shall smite that Tempter through.	
Rejoice not, O our foe,	
From Christ we cannot fall,	
Thy neck shall be our footstool yet,	
And Christ be all in all!	

A NOTE FROM MR. W. FLACK.

MY DEAR MR. EDITOR,—A false report having gone abroad, imputing to me a belief in the peccability of Jesus Christ, will you allow me the privilege of contradicting the same through the pages of your most excellent VESSEL? I beg to state, *most unequivocally, that I do not and never did hold any such awful heresy.* I could as soon believe in the Virgin Mary, or the pope himself, for the salvation of my soul, as in a peccable Jesus Christ; my soul trembles while I write these words. A peccable God! I hold, the dear Redeemer, though properly made in all things like his brethren—sin only excepted—to be properly, essentially and eternally God. One in every respect with the Father and the Holy Ghost. I could therefore, as soon believe in the peccability of the complex Son of God: or God the Son.

Hoping at no very distant period to give the church a more definite view of the Person and work of the Lord Jesus; this brief statement may for the present suffice. Yours, my dear brother, very truly in the Lord,

WM. FLACK.

We cannot allow this note to go forth without appending to it one word of caution—first to all believers, beseeching them never to receive a Report against any man of God without the fact of that report be proved to demonstration. How many servants of Christ have by false assumptions and report been cut to the heart and wounded for life! We hardly think there existeth a brother in the ministry more truthful and sincere than our excellent brother Flack; yet, even against him the evil tongue of slander has most falsely moved. Secondly, we would caution the wily and wicked spirit who propagated this serpentine report to be careful. When once a minister can lend himself to attempt to stab his brother, such minister is himself in danger.—Ed.]

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

'Sovereignty in Eternal Salvation; Equity in Final Retribution.' By W. Palmer, Homerton, (publisher not named.) We think some of the deepest and largest points in theology are here beautifully and clearly developed. The character and the conduct of JEHOVAH the FATHER, the Person, the position, and the pre-eminence of the eternal Son of God. The greatness of the grace dispensed by the Holy Spirit, with all the fruits flowing from the pure sovereignty of the Almighty, are detailed with a simplicity, yet eloquent dignity, worthy in deed of the careful perusal of every thinking mind. Many times, as an author, Mr. William Palmer, of Homerton, has done well; but here he excels; throwing the whole of us into the shade, and, like an honest Englishman, like a scholar, and as becometh a Divine, he nobly says, 'THIS IS THE TRUTH.' Henceforth, let controversy cease, the oracle has spoken; and the highest praise the church can consistently bestow upon any servant, is due to W. Palmer. In our supplementary number we have made some extracts.

'Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs,' &c. By the Rev. John Knapp, Incumbent of St. John's, Fortsea. Robert Banks and Co., 182, Dover Road. This compact little volume, contains 150 of the most excellent of all our well known and much admired Devotional and Experimental Poems. Mr. Knapp's Selection is choice, complete, and exceedingly cheap.

'The Happy Nation.' Two Sermons preached at Zoar Chapel, Great Aitoe Street, London, Oct. 11, 1859. By William Crowther. London: W. H. Collingridge. Mr. Crowther's discourses are the result of deep thought, a matured experience, and a comprehensive well-grounded knowledge of the foundations on which our Father's house is built. Both sides of the Christian's pathway are most consistently and fully defined.

'The Ways of God with Man.' Essays; by J. Palmer, to be had at 22, Great Queen Street, Lin

coln's Inn. We had purposed to notice this new little volume at some length; but for the present can only say, to the thousands of our young friends it will furnish them with some material for a careful inquiry into some of those theories and weighty matters about which even good men differ.

'New Series of Discourses, by Mr. B. B. Wale, of Providence Chapel, Reading.' The third and now edition of 'The Cloud of Witnesses' is now issued in demy octavo; followed by another entitled 'Jesus on BARABBAS' and others are to follow. Our churches will rejoice in the fact that we have, among the many young men now rising in the ministry, at least one (that is as powerful and as useful from the press, as he is deservedly popular in the pulpit. We have every confidence in the Reading pastor that he will abide in the truth.

'Signs of the Times.' Papers, bearing this title, published at Middleton, N. Y. have reached us; also some private communications, which prove the existence of serious controversial feuds among the churches on the other side of the Atlantic. There is a great necessity that TRUTH be spoken more clearly than it is; and published too with greater decision. A review of the American, and Australian heresies may tend to open more clearly some of those essential principles of the gospel touching, which Satan and his slaves are beguiling thousands.

'Our own Signs.' We have referred to the signs in America: what are our own? We are suspicious. We fear it is not all gold that glitters. In Mr. Well's sermon, the ('Good Wine') there is a short but comprehensive view of things now moving in our churches. He says in that Sermon, (No. 66, Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit,) I know a minister, I could mention his name, which I will not do, that in private conversation a little time ago, said he believed those *hypers* really ought to be put down; if there were any sect that the law of the land ought to put down, it was those *hypers*. So that really there are people now who think that if they could get rid of eternal election, or stop every one's mouth that speaks about it, they would do God service! I know other ministers too, and very public men, that have said that the evangelisation, or conversion, of the world will never be complete all the time these *hypers* are in it; and until we preach down, and write down, and reproach and revile down, and get rid of those *hypers*, we can never evangelize the world; and, therefore, the reason we do not get on is because those *hypers* are in the way. And thus in all ages the people of God have been in the way. But did the Jews save their nation by crucifying Jesus Christ? Did not that step which they took to save their nation, become with awful certainty its destruction? Were they not given up to that very power which they thought by putting Christ out of the way they should escape? And so now, my hearer, if you took every real high-doctrine preacher out of this country, were would old England be? Look at your church of England; why, it is becoming Romanised as fast as it can be; and there are classes among Dissenters that are getting parts of their services chanted; why, they are all by degrees leaning that way; and we have dissolving views, and lectures, and I don't know what all, now in places of worship, in order to attract notice, and to gain the attention of the people. Ah, my hearers, all these things savour not of God, but of men; all these things are from beneath, and if the truth were now driven out of this country,—you know what I mean by the truth,—I venture to say before this day twenty years, and that is a very short time they would all amalgamate, and go down into the traditions of men; and I would not give three straws for old England; I believe that in fifty, sixty, or one hundred years time, the foreign countries that are now trembling at us, would come and destroy us with perfect ease. But all the time we have the truth in our country, and all the time we have a people in this land that are determined to stand out for that truth, God will make this land a terror to the nations around.

Zion's Last Trouble, and the Hypocrite's Last Triumph,

OR,

MR. HUNTINGTON ON DANIEL'S LAST TIMES.

WE have seen the '*blast against False Peace*,' to which our attention has been most specially called; the challenge to review it we have received; and have some mind to do so; but having promised to give the following from WILLIAM HUNTINGTON'S works, we fulfil that promise first. To us, the things which follow are of mighty moment. Introducing his Sermon on '*The Foolish Virgins*,' Mr. Huntington says:—

SOME time ago I gave you a discourse upon the *wise* virgins, and now I will endeavour to give you a description of the *foolish* ones, that you may see the difference between them, and judge for yourselves which class you belong to.

Such scriptural accounts of hypocrites as these which describe their setting out in a profession, the name *virgin* being given to them, their taking their *lamps* as well as the wise, to show that they made in their profession, their constant company with the righteous, the lengths to which they run, and their continuance in their course, even till the midnight cry proclaimed the day of judgment at hand, and even then to awake and begin to trim their lamps, expecting to be admitted into the marriage chamber as the others; when, instead of that they were sent away as workers of iniquity: such accounts as these, I say, are very trying to young Christians. I see more and more the need of deep and heart-searching preaching in our days, for we swarm with professors: but what are they? They know not what they hear in the general, nor in what they believe. The *fan* therefore, must come, and will come, to purge the floor.

About seven years ago I was much exercised in soul, for many months. Scenes of calamities and troubles were continually before me, and destruction in various forms. After having carried this heavy burden for six or seven months, it wore off a little; 'God speaketh once, yea twice; but man perceiveth it not.'

At length the present war broke out, about which I have had many night visions. These things led me to search the scriptures and to seek the face of our heavenly Father, by prayer and supplication, for a little instruction in these things. It appears to me, that one of the heaviest times that ever fell upon Christendom, the most universal and the sharpest, is now before us. It may not last long: and it may lead on to the last

conflict that ever mount Zion will have with the children of men.

This is mentioned in Daniel: 'And at that time shall Michael stand up, the great prince which standeth for the children of thy people; and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, even to that same time: and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book,' Dan. xii. 1. Whatever sufferings fell upon the Jews under Antiochus, or whatever they suffered in their last desolations by the Romans, it is my opinion that this text hath never had its full accomplishment yet; and for this reason, because it is mentioned by John in his Revelations, which book was (I believe) written after Jerusalem's destruction. The words are these: 'Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world, to try them that dwell upon the earth,' Rev. iii. 10. Now this cannot have reference to the Jews, which were at this time dispersed: and, besides, these things were sent to the seven churches in Asia. If the time of trouble mentioned in Daniel had been fully accomplished by Antiochus, it would not have been repeated here as something yet to come; and if it had been fulfilled in Jerusalem's desolation, it would not have been revealed as a prophecy to the Gentile churches in Asia. Nor do I believe that this storm ever fell, with all its weight, upon any one of those seven churches to which these epistles were sent; but that it is something yet to come.

However, there is some consolation to the children of God in both these passages; for 'at that time Michael shall stand up.' He will not be a careless or an insensible spectator; he will stand up, as he did at the martyrdom of Stephen, and exert his power in the behalf of those who suffer for his sake; for, if he be a present, yea, 'a

very present help in time of trouble,' much more so in this time of trouble, which is to be such as never hath been since the world began. And he is 'the great prince which standeth for the children of Daniel's people:' by which is meant, not the Jews, but the people of God's covenant, as Daniel was; and his sort of people, real believers, and brethren in the faith, being the spiritual children of Abraham according to the promise. 'Michael stands up for these;' to support them, to give strength according to the day; to regulate the heat of the furnace; to stay the rough wind in the day of the east wind; to let the rage of his enemies out, and to restrain the remainder of their wrath; to give them presence of mind in times of trial; to furnish them with wisdom how to act; and to make a way for their escape; for it is said that, 'at that time thy people shall be delivered, even every one that shall be found written in the book,' Dan. xii. 1. God's elect shall be delivered, whose names are written in the Lamb's book of life, slain from the foundation of the world. And with this account in Daniel John agrees in his Revelation about the deliverance of God's elect: 'And, because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation,' &c. The word of Christ's patience is the gospel; keeping of it, is believing in it, holding it fast, and abiding by it, in the face of all opposition, and endeavours of the wicked to wrest it out of our hands.

1. It seems by this as if those who walk in craftiness, and handle the word of God deceitfully, and those that are hypocrites in their profession, and mere formalists, will suffer a little, if not the most, in this perilous hour. And no wonder, for such persons are often the most secure; and this storm will fall very suddenly, for Christ who threatens it, immediately adds, 'Behold, I come quickly' Rev. iii. 11; that is, I come quickly to inflict this punishment.

2. The righteous are, in some measure, in God's secrets, but the wicked are not. God will give his people some notice of it as he did to his disciples of Jerusalem's destruction, that they might flee from it, while the rest fled to Jerusalem for safety, and perished with the city. Moreover, this time of the most perilous and dreadful struggle is called an hour, a very short time, perhaps not a month; in which the Lord may hide his own in this day of his fierce anger: 'Because thou hast kept the word of my patience, I will also keep thee from the hour of temptation, which shall come upon all the world to try them.' Those that keep the word of his patience are called the 'few names in Sardis which have not defiled their gar-

ments: they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy.'

That which is to lead on, and pave the way, to this trying hour, is scattering the power of the righteous: 'And, when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people, all these things shall be finished,' Dan. xii. 7. By this power is meant, not the power of God, for who can scatter that? By this power I understand the strength and power of human laws, which keep the nations in order, and the wicked in awe, and which tolerate and protect those that fear God in their worship unmolested; and when these fences are broken down, and this power scattered we know what must be expected.

'And I heard the man clothed in linen, which was upon the waters of the river, when he lifted up his right hand, and his left hand unto heaven, and swore by him that liveth for ever, that it shall be for a time, times, and a half; and when he shall have accomplished to scatter the power of the holy people all these things shall be finished,' Dan. xii. 7. The man clothed in linen is Christ in his priestly habit. The duration of Zion's sufferings under Antichrist is to be a time, times, and half a time; which, in the prophetic style, is three years and a half, or one thousand two hundred and sixty years. And it appears that when these years are run out, or nearly so, the power of the holy people shall be scattered, and this perilous hour shall come on; and this, with the slaughter of the witnesses, will be the end of Zion's sufferings, by the hand of the wicked, and the last triumph of her enemies; and of this we are assured by the promise and oath of Christ himself. Now we must go to John.

'And there was given me a reed like unto a rod: and the angel stood saying Measure the temple of God, and the altar, and them that worship therein.' Here John, or those ministers whom he personated, is ordered to take the word of God, and to describe a real church, the altar, and the use of it, and the real spiritual worshippers of God. By the temple I understand the church at large; by the altar Christ, and the use that must be made of him by all believers; and by the worshippers to describe the true from the false. An allusion is here made to the temple, at Jerusalem, on the outside of which was a cloistered walk, called 'the court of Gentiles:' next to this, and in the temple, was the large court which held the national church of the Jews; next to this was the sanctuary, where was the altar of burnt-offering, and where the priests entered to perform their service; and next to this the holiest of all. Now, under the gospel, all real believers are called 'a royal priesthood;' yea, they are made 'kings and priests unto God.' The temple was a type of the whole visible pro-

fossing church; in which there are some real worshippers, who are priests in the sanctuary; some national worshippers, who worship with their bodies only, and are graceless and undevout worshippers; and without this court is the court of the Gentiles, the papists. The outward court is not to be measured because the Gentiles, who are in the cloistered walk, are to have it. 'But the court which is without the temple leave out' [cast out], 'and measure it not; for it is given unto the Gentiles,' Rev. ix. 2. This outward court I take to mean protestants who are unregenerate men, let them be of what sect, name, or party, they may, whether churchmen or dissenters: these are given to the Gentiles, they are ranked among the papists, and will be gained over to them. And, as to the spiritual worshippers, the real citizens of mount Zion, they shall trample upon them: 'And the holy city shall they tread under foot forty and two months.' Here Daniel's three years and a half are called forty and two months, which I believe mean the same length of time. This is the whole time of Zion's suffering under the man of sin; but when they began, or when they will end, I know not; the vision will speak in time. During this term of years the gospel shall be preached notwithstanding all the opposition made against it; for so it follows: 'And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth,' Rev. xi. 3.

'And when they shall have finished their testimony; when Daniel's time, times, and an half; when the forty and two months; when the one thousand two hundred and sixty years are expired; then their testimonies shall be finished; and then 'the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them,' Rev. xi. 7. This will be Daniel's 'time of trouble;' the prophets' last mourning days; the last furnace that men will heat for Zion, and Antichrist's last triumphant festival. This killing of them doth not mean so much the murdering of them as the silencing or slaying of them in their ministry, or as ministers; so that the word of life shall not be held forth by them as witnesses of God: for so it follows: 'And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified, Rev. xi. 8. This shows that, wherever these witnesses are there they will be slain or silenced, and, as the place where they lay dead is called the street of the great city, it is plain that the countries where the witnesses lay must be gained over to the Roman Church, or else they cannot, with any propriety, be called 'the streets of that great city.'

The time that they are to lie silenced, or

dead, as witnesses is three years and a half. 'And they of the people, and kindreds, and tongues, and nations, shall see their dead bodies three days and a half, and shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves. And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwell on the earth. By these two prophets I understand ministers and church, (read Rev. xi. 4) for the churches are the ground and pillar of what the prophets preached, or the living epistles of what the prophets wrote. It seems farther evident that this mystical slaughter of the witnesses will be universal, wherever they are, because different people, kindreds, tongues, and nations, shall see them; and shall make merry, send gifts, and rejoice on this occasion.

This, as before said, will be Zion's last trouble, and the hypocrite's last triumph; for so it follows: 'And, after three days and a half, the spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them that saw them. And they heard a great voice from heaven, saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud, and their enemies beheld them.' The Spirit of God inspires them afresh for their great work, and they ascend into a state of heavenly-mindedness, and appear again as a cloud of witnesses for God: and now Babylon falls; 'and the kingdoms of this world become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever.' Rev. xi. 15.

Now here are two different times of suffering mentioned. The one the slaughter of the witnesses, which will last three years and a half; the other, 'the hour of temptation, which is to come upon all the world to try them.' Now I take these two scenes of suffering to be distinct things, and to come on at two distinct periods, for the following reasons; namely, from the hour of temptation those are to be kept who keep the word of Christ's patience; and the world is to be tried; yea, all that dwell upon earth shall be tried: whereas, in the slaughter of the witnesses, the people of God are to suffer, and the world are to rejoice, make merry, and send gifts one to another. And there is also a difference in the duration of these two suffering seasons; the one is called 'an hour,' the other, 'three years and a half.' But what this trying hour is, or when the heaviest of it will come on, is unknown, though the thing itself hath been in a measure revealed to some already, and will be revealed more plainly to them who have kept the word of his patience; but to the whole crowd of professors at large I believe it will be hid, and will fall upon them when they are most secure. Rev. iii. 3.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

"THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK."

(CANTICLES I. 8.)

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

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THE first part of the history of the figurative Bride is one of perfect and uninterrupted communion with her beloved. Thus representing to us the case of one in whom the person and offices of Jesus, so fills the whole soul and draws out every affection, that there is continual peace and joy. In immediate connexion with so blessed a state, we see the desire for the enjoyment of 'the communion of Saints.' After the retrospective glance at her past condition, and the confession,—*'Mine own vineyard have I not kept,'*—the Bride seems to be looking round for the best means of most diligently and successfully keeping her own vineyard for the future. Thus she has her thoughts directed to her beloved,—now spoken of as a *Shepherd, King,*—and his 'companions.' '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 the flocks of thy companions?' The word translated 'that turneth aside,' means to stand aloof from others, and be solitary, or veiled, or hidden, instead of being with companions and enjoying intercourse with them. She says:—'Why should I be as one that stands alone?'—How frequently and strongly is the unity of Christ's Church brought before us in the word of God. If the Lord's people are spoken of as a flock, there is 'One fold and one Shepherd.' If they are referred to under the figure of a body, it is 'One body in Christ and every one members one of another.' If as a building, 'Ye also as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house; one house, or temple. So also, speaking of the same blessed company, under the figure of his Bride, the heavenly Bridegroom says, 'My dove, my undefiled, is but one.' How completely does all this stand in contrast with the condition of the Church in those days. This one body is rent into many sections; each section torn into many parties; division prevailing, and Christians everywhere saying, 'I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ.' Alas! how needful the solemn expostulation of the Apostle, 'For ye are yet carnal: for whereas there is among you envying and strife, and divisions, are ye not carnal and walk as men?'

The bride's question meets with a ready answer, 'If thou know not, O thou fairest among women, go thy way forth by the footsteps of the flock, and feed thy kids beside the shepherds' tents.' Observe, how uniformly the main idea of the picture is preserved: 'the shepherds' tents; the feeding of the kids; and 'the footsteps of the flock,' are all rural scenes. It is not in crowded cities, or in leading thoroughfares, that we shall find flocks of sheep grazing. It is on the green grass of the quiet pasture, or on the blooming heather of the open moor. So, likewise, it is not in the popular and thronged resort of this world's followers; not amongst the gay and thoughtless multitude; not in the places of power and influence; not amongst the great, and noble, and rich, that we must search for 'the footsteps of the flock,' and expect to find the sheep of Christ feeding on heavenly food.

In seeking out a few only of the 'FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK,' we would look to the history of God's ancient people ISRAEL.

That history is most instructive, as presenting us with a type or picture of God's dealings with the whole Church of Christ.

The brickfields of Egypt. 'And the Egyptians made the children of Israel to serve with rigour; and they made their lives bitter with hard bondage.' What a true picture of the natural condition of man, in a state of abject bondage, under sin and Satan. Yet in that dreary spot we get the first foot-prints: 'Hearken to me, ye that follow after righteousness, ye that seek the Lord; look unto the rock whence ye are hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence ye are digged.'

The banks of the Red Sea. 'Speak unto the children of Israel, that they turn and encamp before Pihahiroth, between Migdol and the sea, over against Baal Zephon; before it shall ye encamp by the sea. For Pharaoh will say of the children of Israel, they are entangled in the land, the wilderness hath shut them in.' The people, on their way out of Egypt, are thus brought into a net. Behind them where the pursuing hosts of their enemies, in front the deep waters and on either side impassable barriers. This is another foot-print. It is a picture of the awakened sinner. He sees the law's

avenging sword following him, eternity before him; he finds that turning away from open sin through reformation brings no peace. He is completely shut up, obliged to confess that he must be saved,—if saved at all,—by means beyond himself.

The divided waters. 'Moses said unto the people, fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord.' Man's extremity is seen to be God's opportunity. The sinner, brought to feel *no hope* in himself, has a *good hope* given him in Christ. The sinner's Substitute is seen by faith suffering in the sinner's stead. Just as Moses lifted up his hand and the waters rolled back, to open a way for Israel's passage through; so Jehovah made bare his arm, and the sword of Justice piercing through the sinner's Surety, the sinner enters at once into peace and joy, with the assurance of glory: 'By a new and living way, which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his flesh.'

The wilderness of Shur. 'And they went three days in the wilderness and found no water.' This world is a wilderness to the child of God. Here he must expect no waters of comfort, but such as come from above. If he has other comforts—if he finds this world a home—if the world does not hate him as it did Jesus—if the world takes pleasure in his company—then assuredly there is need for self-examination. He is conforming to the world; he is not denying himself, and taking up his cross to follow Jesus.

The bitter waters of Marah. 'And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter.' It is the appointment of the Lord, founded on his infinite wisdom, that the Church should pass 'through great tribulation.' This arises, in part, from the opposition in the world, and therefore is to be expected by the Church, or her individual members, in exact proportion to the faithful lifting up of a testimony for Jesus. We see, however, that much of our wilderness trials arise out of our own condition of soul. The continued struggles of the 'old man' in us, make a needs-be for the Lord's discipline and chastisement. Luther said, that 'the school of the cross is a school of light.' The Lord's teaching by the bitter waters of Marah, is intended to give us deeper and more influential knowledge of himself as a God of holiness; of ourselves as still encompassed with infirmities; and of the world as 'vanity of vanities.' By it we also learn more of the preciousness of Jesus, and the value of the promises of God; by it we have our thoughts and affections more entirely and abidingly placed on heavenly things. Trials also, when rightly used, mortify and kill sin in us, for trouble adds wings to our de-

sires after God; our prayers become more earnest and frequent; the Lord graciously gives the answer of peace, and our souls renewing their strength, rise up with eagle's wings to heaven. Let us then 'think it not strange concerning the fiery trial which is to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you.' The 'footsteps of the flock' have made a beaten track by Marah's bitter well.

The waters sweetened. 'And the Lord shewed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet.' Many years ago, an eminent servant of God, in the west of Scotland, having lost his dear and only son, went to his closet, and there poured out his soul freely to the Lord. When, at length, he came out to his friends, who were waiting to comfort him, and fearing how he would bear so heavy a stroke—he returned from prayer with a cheerful countenance, and told his friends, who asked him the reason of his cheerfulness, that he 'had got that in retirement with the Lord, which to have it afterwards renewed, he would be content to lose a son every day.' Thus the Lord sweetened for him the bitter waters. Jesus walking with his suffering people, in the very midst of the furnace, is to them what the tree was to Marah's bitter waters. We may call the following a few of the sweetening leaves of this precious tree. 'Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.' 'My grace is sufficient for thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness.' 'This sickness is for the glory of God.' 'From all your idols will I cleanse you.' 'The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness.' 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' 'Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me.' 'Behold, I have refined thee, but not with silver; I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction.' May you, dear reader, be able to rejoice even in your trials and afflictions, saying, with the Christian poet,—

'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!'

The Wells of Elim. 'And they came to Elim, where were twelve wells of water, and three score and ten palm trees; and they encamped there by the waters.' The following extract from a letter, giving the personal experience of a servant of Christ, may be a suitable illustration to this 'footstep of the flock.'

'Doubtless the Lord still leads his people

occasionally into the happy circumstances of which Elim's wells and palm trees may be the fitting picture. But the abounding iniquity in the world, the worldliness in the church, the divisions and cold-hearted jealousies of each other, which, alas! prevail amongst the Lord's people, make such an experience the very oasis in the desert of the Christian's history. I mean, of course, his history as it regards his connection with the world he is *passing through*. His true history is the history of his *hidden life*. There all is independent of circumstances; or, indeed, circumstances of every kind are made to bring in nourishment and strength to that *hidden life*. In regard to external things, I do not believe that the refreshing wells of Elim are so suitable for us, on our wilderness journey, as the bitter waters of Marah. The latter are the *tonics* which give sharpness to the *spiritual appetite* for that *bread of heaven*, which is made of the 'finest of the wheat.' We do not seem able to bear prosperity. The bleak, cutting winds of adversity are more bracing for spiritual health than soft and balmy breezes of comfort. It is good old Samuel Rutherford who says, that faith is all the stronger and the better for the wintry blast in her face as she climbs the mountain side. I had passed through a sea of trouble, when I came to B——; I entertained, for a little while, the idea that the Lord had graciously brought my tempest-tossed bark into a haven of rest. There appeared to be much of the communion of saints; much knowledge of divine things; meetings continually for fellowship; an appearance of devotedness to the Lord's service, not often to be seen in

these dark days. It seemed, truly, as if I had arrived at Elim. The threescore and ten palm trees waved above me, a cool and delightful retreat after the burning and drifting sands of the desert I had been crossing! The twelve wells seemed continually pouring forth refreshing and invigorating streams. Alas! it was one of those scenes in which distance lends beauty to the picture. I have found since that, all is not gold that glitters. All profession is not principle. All are not the Lord's who are loudly calling out his name. All the Lord's people are not '*walking with God*.' I can only derive comfort from the thought that the true Elim is not in the wilderness, but in the paradise of God, and that its waters are not those of creature sympathy, but those of that "pure water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb."

There are other 'footsteps of the flock,' but we cannot dwell on them now; we shall often come upon them as we go on to meditate on this precious 'Song of Songs.' They all lead in one direction, and are under the guidance of one Leader,—we travel with Jesus to glory! The loving intent of that precious Guide is ever to be quickening our steps, and keep us close to his own arm, on which he invites us to lean.

'Though dark be my way, since Christ is my Guide
'Tis mine to obey, 'tis his to provide;
Though cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word he has spoken will surely prevail.

'His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink,
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through.'

THE RICHES OF GRACE.

BY MR. E. J. SILVERTON, OF CARLTON, BEDFORDSHIRE.

'The riches of his grace.' Eph. i. 17.

I. According to the riches of God's grace he ELECTED his people; it was a mighty number that God chose for salvation, for he was not poor, but rich in his love. So he could and did choose a great number for everlasting day; but some will have it that there are only a few to be saved; and when these persons see many souls being brought to Jesus, they say that they can not all be right; God can as easily save a town as a man; God said, 'let there be light' in the unfinished world, and there was light, and he has only to say to the uncalled soul, 'let there be light,' and it shall be. Satan may have his thousands, but Christ shall have his ten thousand. Election stands the same whether there be many or few chosen, but we

rejoice to know that it was according to the riches of his grace. It must have been rich grace that loved so base a people as those were who are now saints; God did not pick out the best of men—not a body of the most moral and refined, but a body of the most black and profane. He saw them ruined in the fall, he loved them notwithstanding *all*; the people of the Lord were full of sin before conversion, and have been disobedient since conversion, and yet our all-glorious Father is not disappointed with them, for they are just what he knew they would be; had God been a changeable being he might have turned with hatred toward them, 'but his love is the same yesterday to day and for ever.' Therefore his people are

still the objects of his peculiar care, 'bless his holy name.' Oh! beloved, what a blest thought, that call upon heaven's King when we will he is always at home; always glad to see us, and always sets before us some of heaven's SWEEPING things; it is not so with those that know us, for if we call upon them, mayhap it is too early in the day for them, so they had rather that we had not called, if we go to another he is not at home; and if we go to the third he is much out of temper; man soon takes offence, and turns his back upon us; but the holy Three in One will never give the back to those who do and shall believe in Jesus. No; but will in love to their souls cast all their sins behind his back; the Lord loves his Zion with such strong love, that the devil cannot put it out, that man cannot KEEP it out, and that angels cannot MAKE it out; Satan cannot move the Lord to anger against his blood-bought ones. He tried it with Job, but in vain; with David and failed; with Jonah and lost him. MAN cannot keep the love of the Lord Christ out of his heart if the Holy Spirit means to go in; he may try not to be a saint, but if grace calls him, a saint for ever he must be, for, who can fight against the Almighty? Angels desire to look into this wonderful love; but they cannot reach the mystery, the height and depth, the length and breadth of God's redeeming love;

'Love so amazing so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all.'

II. According to the riches of God's grace he SEPARATES his people; all that have not God's grace are in the worst of poverty; and the Holy Spirit when he calls a man, does not call him from poverty to poverty, but from poverty to riches; from blackness to brightness; from bondage to liberty; from danger to safety; from death to life; from the path to hell to the path to heaven; and this heavenly path is a rich one to the child born for glory. Now this path is very rich, for three reasons, and first, because the king went that way; second, because the king cleared that way; third, because the king lives that way.

1. We like to see and go where kings and queens have been. It should be enough to make us glad to know that we are in the same path that the king trod, for he has left on the high road to glory many sweet and precious promises which assure us that he went that way; the church should follow her leader throughout floods and flames, and to death if needs be; for those that die for Christ shall live with Christ; when death comes for us, glory will come to us if we be saints.

2. The king cleared that way; Christ Jesus came to remove every obstacle out of salvation's pathway, by paying his people's debt; and this he did out of his abundant

riches; and in this act of love he did not spend his every farthing; Christ did not pay the debt of some, not because he was too poor so to do, but because he did not choose so to do. Now beloved there are great lions in this pathway, but Jesus has chained them. The God who saved Daniel from a den of lions, will save us from a world of lions; and to cheer us Christ said, 'be of good courage I have overcome the world;' when a king clears the way it is cleared indeed.

3. The king lives that way; beloved, every step we take must be a step homewards. We are bound for heaven, and we have good sight, with a proof that we are right, using the sword of all might, dressed in the garment that is white, looking forward to day without night, and for a crown that is bright, to sing songs of delight, where all will go right. We are going home to our father's house.

'Then, children of the heavenly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing,
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way your father's trod.
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.
Fear not brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of your land.
Christ, your Father's darling Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.'
'Ye pilgrim's in Jehovah's ways,
With music pass along.'

Beloved, we shall one day see his face who bore our sins, who came from heaven to earth, that we might go from earth to heaven.

III. According to the riches of his grace, he DECORATES his people; Christ will not have his saints go in the rags of their sins, so he gives to them shoes of iron and brass; a robe of righteousness, and for a strong hat, an helmet of salvation. When folks have fortunes left to them, they should not go about in their old clothes of poverty, nor must the Lamb's followers, for they are not poor now, but are rich for they are come to the fortune of eternal life; how can we be poor if Jesus is ours? God will supply all our needs out of the riches of his grace. The sons and daughters of the Most High, should be spiritually respectable and genteel, having heaven's coat on their back, and holy language in their mouths, for they belong to the family royal. Now one of the jewels that the holy Lord puts on the soul is faith, and with this the soul can see Jesus, and read its name in his wounds; faith unlocks the gates of glory, and hands down to the soul the fat things of the kingdom. It is when we get faith and not till then, that we can see the Lamb to be lovely; self to be ugly; sin to be hateful; Satan to be deceitful; hell to be awful; and heaven to be delightful. Another jewel is prayer,

and with this the Christian speaks to his Father, asking for sin to be killed in him; for peace to be made for him; for joy to be brought to him; for Satan to be kept from him; for the world to be put beneath him; and for a crown at last to be placed upon him. Prayer is a spiritual weather-glass to tell what sort of weather there is in the soul. When it is most stormy in the soul, prayer is most earnest from the mouth; no prayer, no Christ. Another jewel that the Father of lights gives to his people, is humility; what the ballast is to the ship, humility is to the soul. With the eyes of humility, we see self to be nothing, Christ to be all and in all, and all saints to be less than we.

Humility says, go forward when called, and work as for the Lord; but be not zealous if thou art not in office; those that climb mountains lean forward, so should pilgrims that are heaven-bound, go through this world, lest they fall from the mount of their profession. Humility tells us to walk lowly and slowly, prayerfully and carefully.

Now, there be many more jewels which God is pleased to put upon the people of his love, but which I shall not now name; may He, who is rich in grace make sinners pray, and saints praise. May you know, reader, that to die without grace, is to be damned without mercy.

THE EFFECTS OF GRACE.

BY MR. JOHN PELS, OF SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.

'By the grace of God I am what I am.'—1 Cor. xv. 10.

WHAT a delightful subject to contemplate, namely, 'the grace of God, and its effects as revealed to, and manifest by, those who have a personal and everlasting interest therein. Observe,

I. 'The grace of God.' WHAT IS IT? In reply to this important inquiry, I would say, it is, 1, The free, eternal love and favor of God, the spring and source of all the benefits we receive from him. 2, The free imputation of Christ's righteousness. 3, The free-will of the Spirit in regeneration, and all the after supplies of grace. 4, In its nature it is boundless, incomprehensible and glorious; large as infinity; boundless as eternity; glorious as Deity, and perfect as the Godhead. It is unutterably deep, inexpressibly high—none can fathom its depths, or reach its heights,—

'Its heights and depths there's none can tell,
For it is grace unsearchable.'

It is a sea without either bottom, brim, or shore. An ocean of permanent love. It is a fountain whose streams incessant flow, for

'Grace, which like the Lord, the Giver,
Ever flows from age to age.'

'Tis the fount of every blessing, source of every comfort, and spring of all our joys. 'Tis a sun that always shines in partial brilliancy here, but in immortal splendour and resplendent brightness hereafter. It is a sovereign power which rules and reigns from eternity to eternity. It is an inexhaustible treasury of unfading riches. A storehouse of eternal provision; and a sure defence and everlasting security to all whose names are recorded in the Lamb's fair book of life. Is my name recorded there?

II. ITS EFFECTS, as illustrated in the life of Paul, who said, 'By the grace of God I am what I am.' This implies that the Apostle once was not what now he is, and is now what once he was not. Observe,

1. 'By the grace of God,' he was what he was in his private capacity as a Christian.

2. In his public character and official position as an apostle of Jesus Christ, qualified and sent by the God of all grace, to proclaim among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. What once he was, he was not by the grace of God; what he now is, he is by the grace of God, which will be seen if you consider,

3. He was once a thief, made sad havoc among the churches, wronged his own soul, and robbed the saints of many comforts; but now, 'by the grace of God,' a shepherd, a feeder of the very sheep he once robbed, and which he would fain have destroyed.

4. Once a wolf both inward and outward, and took delight in tearing and worrying the sheep. 'By the grace of God' he is now a sheep feeding in the self-same pasture.

5. Once a destroyer, but now 'by the grace of God,' he preaches the faith which once he destroyed. Gal. i. 23. And when 'he preaches Christ in the synagogue, that he is the Son of God,' 'All that heard him were amazed, and said, Is not this he that destroyed them which called on this name in Jerusalem, and came hither for that intent, that he might bring them bound unto the chief priest?' Acts ix. 20, 21.

6. Once a pernicious persecutor, now 'by the grace of God,' a precious preacher, yea, a prime apostle of Jesus Christ. He preached

the Gospel of the grace of God, and when he declared how he laboured more abundantly than his brethren, he humbly acknowledges, 'yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me.' Dear reader, can you from the heart exclaim with Paul, 'by the grace of God I am what I am.' Then let us who know,

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in our song,"

What an out and out, and all the year round free grace man was Paul, in opposition to meriting salvation by creature doings. Paul reminded his son Timothy that salvation and calling were 'not according to works, but according to his (God's) own purpose and grace, which was given us in Christ Jesus before the world began.' See also Romans xi. 6, 'And if by grace, then is it no more of works: otherwise grace is no more grace. But if it be of works, then is it no more grace: otherwise work is no more work.' Let none suppose that Paul hated good works on this account, but rather on the contrary, for he loved good works such as were the fruits of grace, and not works considered as the root of grace. He loved good works as being evidential of spiritual life, and not as the condition of it. Romans viii. 1, 5, 14. He that has the grace of God for the foundation of his good works, builds upon a rock; but he who makes his good works the foundational cause of God's grace

towards any of his creatures, builds upon sand. The former alone can truly say,

"On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

The term grace does not, I believe, occur so few as a hundred times in Paul's Epistles to the Churches.

Speaks he of Calling, he says it is by grace. Galatians i. 15. Of Forgiveness, he says it is 'according to the riches of his Grace. Eph. i. 7. Of justification, it is by Grace. Romans iii. 24. Of Good Hope, it is through Grace. 2 Thessalonians ii. 16. Of Salvation, it is by Grace. Ephesians ii. 8. Of Heart Established, it is with Grace. Hebrews xiii. 9. Of Speech Seasoned, it is with Grace. Colossians iv. 6. Of Singing Melodiously, it is with Grace in the Heart. Colossians iii. 16. Of Differing from others, he ascribes it to Grace received. 1 Corinth. iv. 7.

Grace from eternity enrolled the name in the register above, and in time grace engraves the name of Jesus in the heart. Grace makes sin hateful, and Christ precious.

I pray the Lord to enable both the reader and the writer experimentally to rejoice in the blessedness of the glorious fact, viz., that 'Grace reigns through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.'

Soho Chapel, Oxford St. JOHN PELLE.
March 6th, 1860.

The Church:

WHAT IT ONCE WAS; WHAT IT NOW IS; AND WHAT IT WILL BE.

This is a large heading, and if a large and useful number of papers do not follow it, it will be so much like some persons who make a great show, but have no sense, that we shall wish we had never written the heading at all.

The study of the Church's history is beautifully edifying. It will wonderfully expand the mind, strengthen faith, and produce much heart-concern to be truly bound up in the bundle of life with the Lord for ever. These papers are not designed to be systematically consecutive, not abstractedly historical, not like a ladder, beginning at the bottom of the Church's *visible* and *actual* existence in the fall, and reviewing her steady progress through ages past, conflicts present, and conquests to come! No; but if the permission is given, I will throw in a few pages, sometimes looking backward, at other times coming nearer home, and then, if the sky be clear, and the telescope be at hand, I would (not do as Dr. Cumming

does—dash on, but), if the spirit of prophecy be given either to me, or to any good man's testimony with whom I may meet, I wish my readers to have the benefit. For instance, I have that sweet volume written by the Rector of Sutton-Bonnington, the Rev. Robert Meek, entitled "*Times of Refreshing*"—some numbers of that chaste and masterly little monthly, called "*The Interpreter*" are also with me. Ah, and a host of brilliant lights beside; from them I wish to throw in a page or two of genuine evangelical literature, for I love that kind of writing dearly, and I think there are many thousands like me. Perhaps in this introductory paper, I shall be like some parsons, *commence in the centre*, and leave off before I reach the beginning. Forgive that, take it as it comes; the Lord help us, and bless us, so shall his name be glorified.

In the second number of *The Interpreter* there is a mild paper on *Revivals*—THE PECULIARITIES OF REVIVALS. It is worthy

of perusal; it looks carefully at things as they are. Read the paragraphs appended, more will come after I hope. We know not who the Editor is, but he says:—

‘By ‘Revivals of Religion,’ technically so called, we understand the occurrence at different times and in different localities of certain unusual phenomena, such as the prevalence of a singular attention to religion in an entire community; the awakening of whole districts to religious earnestness; and the conversion of multitudes from the service of sin to that of holiness.

‘Since the emancipation of any man from the tyranny of evil, and his entrance into the freedom and happiness of a renewed child of God, is always the work of the Holy Spirit, we feel no difficulty whatever in saying that ‘Revivals of religion,’ so far as they prove their genuineness by their results, are indications of the Divine favour, and should therefore never be lightly esteemed, or spoken of with irreverence.

[We quite concur with this.—ED., E. V.]

‘Beyond this we cannot go. We are by no means prepared to admit that ‘Revivals’ are, in their theological aspect at least, special and peculiar outpourings of Divine grace,—Pentecostal effusions of the Holy Ghost in answer to the prayers of the Church, or indications of the way in which God may be expected to bring about that universal reign of righteousness and truth which most Christians consider to be in the future.

—‘That the origin of these movements is frequently concealed from human eye we admit; but their course is always more or less under human direction; for the awakening generally blends at a very early period with a particular order of religious emotions, and is commonly marked by strong theological peculiarities.

‘To these it may not be unadvisable to direct attention.

‘The first and most striking of these peculiarities is the keenness of the pain and distress which are then generally felt on account of sin; the vivid dread of Divine wrath which is in consequence experienced; and the force of the persuasion connected therewith that eternal misery is at the door. We do not say that this state of mind in an awakened sinner is strange or unnatural, but we say that its prevalence is a peculiarity in Revivals. It is deliverance from this terror by trust in Christ, that occasions the sudden transition from grief to joy, sometimes from a state of despair to one of actual rapture. In proportion to the depth of the misery is commonly the subsequent peace and blessedness.

‘Now Scripture presents to us two forms, and only two, in which conviction of sin manifests itself under an Apostolic ministry. One is, as a sudden and striking affection,—in which case it is always occasioned by the transgressor becoming all at once conscious of the guilt of some one particular sin,—some plain overt act of evil which he has been committing. Such was the case with the 3,000

who were ‘pricked to the heart’ under Peter’s first sermon. They were men,—many of them ‘devout men,’ who then first became convinced, under overwhelming evidence, that they had murdered the Messiah. What more natural than that under such circumstances they should cry out, ‘Men and brethren, what shall we do?’ Such too, stript of its miraculous accompaniments, was the conversion of St. Paul. He suddenly awoke to the conviction that, under the influence of a mistaken zeal, he had been persecuting the Church of God. The moment he perceives this, he cries out, ‘Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?’ Such also was the case of the Jailor. In a moment, under the terrors of the earthquake, the truth flashes across his mind that the men whose feet, by a refinement of cruelty, he had been placing in the stocks, were the messengers of Heaven and he exclaims, like a bewildered man, ‘What shall I do to be saved?’

‘In all these instances the excitement was in connection with special and peculiar circumstances, and it was marked by sorrow for one particular sin. When the agitation passed away, in each of these cases the disturbed mind quietly rested on truth, and growth in the Divine life commenced.

‘The second class of ‘convictions’ under Apostolic preaching are those in which no sorrow is perceptible. The cases of Timothy, of Lydia, of the Apostolic converts generally, nay, of the Apostles themselves, will naturally be thought of under this head. In none of these instances nor in any, we believe, that are recorded in the Scriptures, is there any manifestation of that overwhelming dread of God, or of eternal misery, or even that crushing sense of sin generally supposed to be felt even by the most amiable persons in consequence of their depraved natures, which, in modern times, seems to be regarded as a necessary evidence of true conversion.

‘How is this? we may well ask. Can it be supposed that these persons had no just sense of their sinfulness? Certainly not. The truth probably is this, that with them, as it assuredly has always been with multitudes of the holiest Christians, conviction of sin was a progressive work; it grew with their Christian growth, and strengthened with spiritual strength. The more they came to know of themselves, of God of the purity and perfection of the Divine law and of their own frailty and weakness, the deeper became their conviction of their own sinfulness, and of God’s exceeding grace and mercy in Christ Jesus.’

From this source we have more to come.

When Demosthenes was asked what was the first part of an orator, what the second, and what the third, he answered, ‘Action.’ The same may I say if any should ask me what is the first, the second, the third part of a Christian; I must answer, ‘Action.’ Luther says that ‘he had rather obey than work miracles.’ Obedience is better than sacrifice.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.—LETTER LXVI.

ELECTION.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS,—Eternal election is one of the sanctifying saving truths of the everlasting gospel. No man is rightly consecrated to God, unless eternal election form one part of his sanctification. 'Sanctify them through thy truth,' saith the Saviour, 'thy word is truth,' and no one chapter in all the Bible savors more strongly of eternal election than does the 17th of John, and it is in that chapter this request is made, 'sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth.' To those taught of God, then, eternal election stands manifest as one of the essentials of their salvation, and though men who hold election unrighteously, graft duty-faith and other errors of the like kind upon it, yet this shall not make void the faith of God's elect. What then, my good Theophilus, is election? It is this, that by election you were saved before you were lost; pardoned before you were guilty; justified before you were condemned; healed before you were wounded; washed before you were defiled; made white before sin had made you black; blest before you were cursed; loved before you were a child of wrath; God's son before you were Satan's servant; a king on the throne before you were a beggar on the dunghill; a prince of glory before you dwelt in dust; heaven was your's before you merited hell; your sins were, *every one of them foreseen*, and all, and every one of them imputed to Christ *before one was committed*. The whole work of Christ set to your account before old Father Time was born, and this perfection of Christ will be yours when Father Time shall grow old and die, and be buried to rise no more, but is passed away for ever; while young, fresh, new and verdant eternity rolls gloriously on; for eternity can never grow old, it is always the same, and its years cannot fail.

In election, Christ became your federal head—your Mediator—your Surety, *all things pertaining to your eternal welfare were given into his hands, and the will of God concerning those things was that of all he had given to Christ, he should lose nothing*. Here, in eternal election God the Father hath taken an eternal love, and power, and righteousness, hold of the people, and reveals unto them in due time, the *nature* and the immutability of his counsel; and sincerely and supremely are they brought to love him in this revelation, and to rejoice that after such an order of things, their names are written in heaven, to be blotted when some *deficiency* shall be found in him in whose *NAME* their names are in God's eternal book. Here it is that the Holy Spirit's

testimonies are very sure, making wise the simple.' Here the Holy Spirit of God works by one eternal and sure rule, all shall be taught and taught lesson upon lesson, until they come unto that great Peace, which is by the blood of the everlasting covenant; all these shall know Jehovah, they shall know him in this eternal election covenant, for the Spirit of the *living* creature is in these heaven-wrought wheels, these circles of eternity, and where these circles of eternity are not, there the Holy Spirit is not, for he is a Spirit of *truth*, even of that truth which liveth and abideth for ever.

And how stands the Saviour here? Does he not stand first in *present* and eternal possession? Other sheep 'I have,' mark this, 'I have,' I have them now, I possess them as my Father's gift now. Is not this, my good Theophilus, is not this divine, and true, and great, and eternal love, to put us into such good hands, hands out of which we cannot be plucked, and then see how this good Shepherd reads out unto us his responsibilities, 'them also I must bring'—I must bring—he will bring such, all such, and none but such. Men bring a great many others, but they will all be rejected, because being not his sheep they hear not (in the way that the true sheep do,) his voice, the voice of his truth. Mere men-made, mere conscience-made, mere letter Christians, glory in appearance in his truth, but not in heart, but glory rather, and shew themselves more at home in the deceptive universalities they graft upon the specialities of God's truth; they are, you can easily see, more at home in humanly-devised universalities, than in divine specialities, but the sheep of Christ will, in due time, find that such are strangers, and they will turn from them, for they approve not the voice of strangers; however *charming* that voice may be, they will not *long* follow a stranger.

Now my good Theophilus, for thy soul's sake, for Christ's sake, for eternity's sake, for the good of others sake, and for the honour of God's sake, be thou no more like them, than thou wouldst be like the ungodly man who makes no profession at all. Just look around at the present time, and see young and old in and out of the ministry, to whom also the words clearly apply, 'unstable as water thou shalt not excel.' But again, to the order of election. I *must* bring them, they *shall* hear my voice and there shall be one fold all folded in a new covenant, true Gospel fold; and there shall be *one* Shepherd, not two shepherds, but only *one* shepherd, even that Shepherd who never *invited* a soul yet

to come to him, and *never will*; he brings them by *effectual command*, whether it be 'look unto me, and be ye saved;' or, 'come unto me, and I will give you rest;' or, 'who-soever believeth on me.' There is nothing strictly speaking of the invitation about it; no, it is all after the power of an endless life; after the order of 'they shall hear my voice, and they shall all be folded, and there shall be one Shepherd.' But while I thus speak, I would not forget that human language is *not* human language, and therefore, although it is not by invitation, but effectual command, that he brings the soul to himself, yet through the poverty of language, we must still use, for want of a more suitable word, the words 'invite' and 'invitation;' but perhaps it would be only right to remember that the invitation is, shall I say, 'royal,' and so carries in it the authority and power of effectual command. The invitation, therefore, is invincible.

See then, my good Theophilus, how the blessed God was beforehand with sin and Satan; so whether as a sinner you were reckoned as a four-footed beast, cleaving with all your power to the earth, to Satan, and to sin, or whether you were a wild beast, a ravenous persecutor, or whether you were a high-flying pharisee, or a low-flying formalist, or a singing bird in the devil's paradise, or an eagle-eyed philosopher, or ignorant as the owl; or whether you were a creeping thing, a sly, low, cunning fellow, a kind of snake

in the grass, a crafty, self-seeking, despicable, sneaking wretch, caring not who you injured, if you could but serve yourself; or whether you included all these vile qualities, or whether you were so benevolent, you would to buy heaven give all your goods to feed the poor; or whether you were such a highly conscientious man, that you would give your body to be burned, rather than violate any known rule of right; be all this as it may, the great turning point in your eternal destiny did not lie with you, but with God. He it was that by eternal election put you into the vessel of mercy, even that vessel which Peter saw, and which, with all in it, were drawn up into heaven; and that which election had set apart, had sanctified, that which (not man, but) God had cleansed, we are not to call common.

This truth then, of eternal election will be one essential part of thy sanctification; as it sanctified thee in purpose in heaven, so it will sanctify thee in person on earth. Thou wilt walk with it, bless God for it, rejoice that it is in Christ Jesus, where all its blessings are, and thou wilt stand out for it, suffer reproach for it, see more and more glory in it, profit more and more by it, and see that there is no salvation without it. And I hope you will next month hear a little more upon this matter, and I hope you will not despise me for being such

A LITTLE ONE.

A VILLAGE PASTOR ON REVIVALS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—My mind is impressed to write to you on the revival movement, as it is called. I have been constantly supplied with many details from reliable sources; their appearance at first seemed of so extraordinary a nature, that I much doubted whether there was anything but the excitement of the flesh in them, but its great increase and power obliges me to reconsider the matter, and take a much graver view of these things, for they have forced themselves into my thoughts, affections, and prayers; so that I can no longer be a cold observer, but feel I must, in some way, put a helping hand to so good a work. It is my desire to stir up the pure minds of my brethren in Christ in this locality to fervent and united prayer, and from all I can see, it seems the determination of God, that he will be honoured in that way.

I have read and examined the subject closely. The first point on which my thoughts turned, was the coldness, worldliness, and death, there is among nearly all the congregations where we know truth to

be published; there is the form but not the power; we preach and the people come to hear, but nothing seems to be done. Iniquity still abounds, and as a consequence, the love of many are waxen cold. The next point was, to see the sort of people affected, and the agency employed. In nearly all cases, it is the last we should have thought of; the vilest of persons, the most ignorant and abandoned; boys and girls in reformatories; many old tottering people near their graves, these principally appear to be God's choice.

'Then the agency.' I, as a Calvinist, sought for the instrumentality of Calvinist ministers, and those of good standing and highly reputed for their clear truth, whose praise is in all the churches—but nothing of the sort. Means most unlikely were made use of. Men of the Arminian school, and in many cases the influence has been communicated from one to the other. Now these are facts, and look strange, and makes those who set at nought these things, wonder. It is a great cause of humbling, for it seems as if God set aside nearly all that, according to

our thinking, are zealous for truth and made use of them whom we think know very little about it. We may resolve it into God's sovereignty; he has a right to do what pleaseth him, but I think we tread on surer ground, where we found our afflictions in our sins. God does not prefer to honour that which is not truth over that which is; but the evil lies here, ministers and churches have trodden in that old condemned path that the disciples of Paul got into saying, 'I am of Paul, I am of Apollos,' &c., but they were rebuked, and told they were carnal, and walked as such, and ask, is Christ divided? Jude exclaims against this dividing spirit, and calls it sensual. 'And by it men separate themselves, and set aside the unity of the Spirit, and no longer regard the church as of one heart and of one way, and so they grow careless of the one body, not feeling if one member suffer all suffer, or if one is honoured all rejoice.' Now this separating spirit has wrought a schism in the body to the great dishonour of our heavenly Father, and to the grieving of the Holy Ghost the Comforter. Where is now that spirit in the churches which Paul speaks of in 2nd Corinthians, when the church of Macedonia prayed the apostles to take the present and to minister to the wants of other poor churches? They looked at the body as one, and lived and cared for it as such. Now there is nothing but party feeling and love for our own division. Another great evil connected with all this, is the dreadful amount of pride and self-esteem on the part of those who think themselves so bright in the truth, and who look down and despise all the so-called bastard professors of the day, and speak of them with contempt, and cherish their enmity against them and rebuilding that contained in ordinances which the apostle said, 'Christ brake down and made both one in himself.' It is not to be supposed that in non-essentials we shall all see alike until the time come when there shall be one Lord, and his name one. All these are grievous departures from the simplicity and true spirit of Christ in the gospel, and before we shall be blessed, we must retrace our steps out of disunion and pride, and learn how to have compassion on the ignorant and out of the way, as our High Priest does. Union is the thing required. In all these cases of success; it is in answer to united prayer, on the part of those newly raised up as a sister church. I do not wish to interfere with your arrangements, but I want to find a praying body; let us lose sight of party, and pray together as one family, and I am sure the result, if no other, will be to our own souls profit; let us aim at the glory of the Lord Jesus in these things. I have seen enough lately of an isolated and narrow party spirit, and far enough is it

from the spirit of Him who is rich unto all that call upon Him in every place both their Lord and our's. 'For all these things will I be enquired of, that I may do it for them.' Hoping the Lord will direct us in this matter, I am, your's in the Gospel.

Jan. 1860.

A VILLAGE PASTOR.

A

TRIBULATORY MEMORIAL.

THE LATE MR. ROSS,

Of Leicestershire.

(Continued from pp. 256, vol. xv.)

But his seasons of darkness and temptation were many. At such times he might often be heard to mourn the absence of his God: he would say to his daughter, 'I am tired of the world and myself too, and would gladly get home, but all my times are in his hands:

'Times the tempter's power to prove,
'Times to taste redeeming love.'

None need tell him it was his duty to pray, he could not live without it: he would often be missing from his daughter, and be found alone in his little chamber on his knees; and as he drew nearer the close of his four-score years, 'twas visible he strove to live nearer to his Lord, and was diligent in the business of his soul. Fervent in prayer at midnight, too, when (for aught he knew) all around him were asleep, his family have often been attracted to the door of his room where he could be heard pouring out his soul in the simplicity of a child, beseeching his heavenly Father to keep and direct him the remainder of his days, and vouchsafe his manifest presence, which of late was the burden of his supplications. The last temporal trial he was called to endure was the sudden death of his afflicted daughter, which took place a few weeks before he died. The stroke to him was severe indeed, for a time refusing all attempts to comfort him, and this seemed to be the breaking down of his poor tabernacle. On the 7th of October he was taken with an attack of the bile which brought him to his bed. Then followed the complaint he had been subject to for years (a retention of the water), and he gradually sank under it. I was summoned to his bedside on the 9th, and found to all appearance his end fast approaching. He gratefully acknowledged the kindness of his friends and neighbours, and was glad I was come to be with him; he appeared to be solemnly looking for the fulfilment of that promise, 'I will come again and receive you.' During his last moments there was no visible (what is called) death-bed ecstasies, but a solid reliance upon the faithfulness of his covenant God. On Sabbath morning, the 11th, I asked him if I should read a chapter to him; he replied, 'I want a chapter read in me, scattered waters are no use to me now, I cannot gather them up, I want something more.' He conversed freely on the glaring professions of the day, with some severe remarks, observing,

'With some the offence of the cross had not begun, with others it had seemed to have ceased; but that truth will ever be manifest in those who are taught by the Holy Spirit, and who are brought to live a *life of faith* on the Son of God. If ye will live godly in Christ Jesus ye shall suffer persecution; but if men live to and in themselves they may escape, but if in Christ Jesus there is no evading the cross—faith must be tried.' He looked with very great suspicion on the human efforts of the day to forward the kingdom of Christ (called Revivalism) saying, 'I cannot keep alive my own soul, and any work, in such matters, short of the Spirit's work manifested in the soul of the believer was worthless; that which is of the flesh is flesh, and will get no higher,' and as regards the trials through which the real Christian is called to pass in this time state, he remarked, 'tis enough for the servant that he be as his Lord.

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Reviews.

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In fourteen chapters, Mr. Bullock has dissected, and laid out, the different portions of that much controverted scripture, the Parable of the Prodigal Son. The author is a true Church of England man; he is evidently one of that large number of evangelicals now studding the villages and curacies, the incumbencies and chapelries of our land. Mr. Bullock has read the book of man's history rather extensively; he has studied human nature very closely; he has gone into the fields of truth, gathered 'some handfuls of purpose,' tied them together pleasantly; and put a title upon this modest literary sheaf, which will constrain many to read it: because in *the way home* there are so many travellers who often halt by the way; and ask with heart-aching zeal, *will this road bring me into the desired haven?* And is Mr. Bullock's book a faithful guide to *the Way Home?* We shall not answer that question here. The volume is worthy of a much closer review than can now be given; but that shall follow; because there is nothing in the whole range of New Testament theology which will so closely test a man's state of mind, as his attempt to de-

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suffer an attachment to gain possession of your heart, upon which you cannot, every morning and night, fervently and piously implore the blessing of Almighty God. If you do not, and cannot do this, you may well suspect that the friendship you are forming is worldly friendship, friendship that may speedily change to neglect, and even avowed enmity.

This is a solemn lesson indeed. We hope to resume it.

'Times of Refreshing to the Church of Christ.' By the Rev. Robert Meek, M.A., Incumbent of Sutton Bonington, Notts. London: Wertheim and Co.

How delightfully some good men spend their time in reviewing the old well-beaten pathway through which the church of Christ has travelled from that dark valley, fell up into the secret places of the stairs which lead to Zion's hill; and, after reviewing, pluck therefrom a few leaves to show how powerfully Grace has triumphed over her foes, and has onward sped her way, calling in and carrying home her favourite children to the happy shores of eternal bliss! We have never found any one—in this line of pure literature—who has pleased us better than Mr. Meek has done. To that large body of Christians who know but little of the days which went before them, this volume will be highly esteemed. We shall give another notice, with a few extracts.

'THE EARTHEN VESSEL.'

God speed thee, little Earthen Vessel—go
Where'er the breeze can waft or seas can flow;
With consolation for afflicted souls,
When trouble like a torrent o'er them rolls;
Balm for the wounded, drawn from gospel stores,
Cordials to strengthen, ointment for their sores;
Oil of the kind, down Aaron's beard that ran;
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man;
Pure milk for nourishment of babes in grace,
Strong meat for men who run the heavenly race;
And Bible wares of every kind and sort,
For Zion's citizens at every port.
Would there were nought but fair and favouring gales,
To breathe upon and fill thy swelling sails;
But fear not thou, the adverse winds may blow,
Nor winds, nor waves shall work thee overthrow;
Tho' human hands have launch'd thee on the deep,
'Tis Israel's God that doth in safety keep:
Protected by His hand, thy fragile form
Shall brave the tempest and outride the storm.
No pirate thou, to plunder and destroy,
But messenger of mercy, peace and joy;
Yet tho' to war thou makest no pretence,
'Tis meet to carry arms for self-defence;
Then should thy foes attack thee from beneath,
Unna-k thy battery—disclose thy teeth;
Nail'd to the mast-head let thy colours fly,
(White, with a cross of Calvary-crimson dye.) }
And firm of purpose, 'no surrender' cry.
Run out thy guns and heav'n-directed pour
Such heavy broadsides, that the foe no more
Shall vex thee, but resign his hop'd-for prey,
And leave thee to pursue thy peaceful way.
Then courage brother, let thy hand be strong;
With God to guide thee, steer the bark along.
Clear off presumptions, rocks, and free-will sands,
Towards Jerusalem, not built with hands;
Till he shall bid thee thy command lay down,
With 'come up hither and receive thy crown.'
Limehouse Dockyard, Jan. 13th, 1860. W. T.

*A naval term for a ship's armament.

THE NEARER KINSMAN.

[FROM THE BIBLE READER'S JOURNAL.]

The first kinsman whose claim must be met before Boaz can come in, is surely not the *flesh*, as R. C. M. suggests, but the *LAW*. For what is the object of the Marriage? To raise up seed of Ruth—to make Ruth fruitful. Boaz is able and willing to do this; but he cannot do it *yet*, because there is one who has a prior claim. If he can and will, the matter is ended; but he publicly confesses that he cannot, and submits to the shame consequent on failure.

Now, turning to Rom. vi. and vii., we find that the law first attempted to do the husband's part to poor human nature, the object being to bring forth fruit unto God (vii. 4). But it utterly failed to do this (vi. 21; vii. 5); and the cross is the public and shameful confession of this utter failure. Then Jesus in resurrection comes in, the ground being cleared of his rival, the law, and unites Himself in marriage to his chosen one, and does bring forth fruit unto God (viii. 3, 4).

Take it in another aspect. Ruth has lost her inheritance. Boaz is able and willing to redeem it for her, but he cannot do it yet, because there is a nearer kinsman. It is proposed to him to redeem it, but he declares, "I cannot redeem it."

Now Ruth is surely poor humanity, who has lost her inheritance, LIFE. What is the first attempt to recover it? The law. "If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments." Was not the whole history of Israel the trial whether the first kinsman could redeem the inheritance? It could not, without marring its own, without forfeiting its inherent and inalienable holiness. Then Christ comes in, the Almighty STRENGTH (Boaz) who performs the kinsman's part by redeeming the inheritance from the dominion of the strong one, and enriching his chosen bride with eternal life in resurrection.

P. H. GOSSE.

LINES TO AN AFFLICTED BROTHER.

Cheer up thou dear afflicted one;
Thy Maker holds the rod,
And every stripe is counted
By thy Saviour and thy God.
Think not he has forsaken thee!
Oh no! He hears thy cry;
And in the time of sorrow
He will be ever nigh.
When fainting with deep anguish,
He'll cheer thy sinking soul,
And either will sustain thee,
Or heal, and make thee whole.
Cling fast then to thy Saviour,
He bought thee with his blood;
He'll lead thee safe thro' Jordan,
To the Paradise of God.
Take courage then, thou dear one,
The warfare won't be long;
And when life's battle's ended
Thou'll sing the conqueror's song.

THE LAST OF THE HUNTINGTONIAN MINISTERS.

Death and Funeral of the late Mr. J. Vinall, of Lewes,

SUSSEX.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON has been in heaven between forty and fifty years. When he went home to glory, he left several of his own dear sons in the faith, and fellow-labourers in the ministry, who adhered closely to the faith and form of Gospel worship as contended for by himself. Among them were those good men who have also followed him to the better kingdom, such as the venerable Turner, of Sunderland, Chamberlain, of Leicester, (whose chapel we are sorry to hear is shut up), Brooks, of Brighton, Isaac Beman, of Cranbrook, and many others.

At length, the last Timothian son of the venerable 'coal-heaver,' has also been removed from his favoured 'Jireh' on earth, to behold the glories of 'JEHOVAH JIREH,' in the celestial world. We expect a memoir of him in a future number; for the present we give the following particulars, as furnished by *The Sussex Express*.

We have this week to record the death of the Rev. John Vinall, which took place on Saturday afternoon, March 3rd, at his residence, at Lewes. His illness was of short duration, and may be considered a decay of nature. He had what he desired—an easy dismissal, having died in his sleep. He was a great admirer of Bishops Latimer and Berridge, and of Romaine, Toplady, Hervey, and Hawker.

FUNERAL.

OF THE LATE REV. JOHN VINALL.

The interment of the mortal remains of this highly esteemed and aged minister, took place on Friday afternoon, March 9th, at two o'clock. We have been assured by persons competent to form an opinion that there could not be fewer than 2000 present at the interment.

For nearly half a century did Mr. Vinall labour in the ministry. He was, as most of our readers are aware, minister of Providence Chapel, Brighton, and of Jireh Chapel, Lewes. Born at Henfield, in Sussex, he followed his daily occupation for many years. When he had reached his 29th year, he preached his first sermon on the 1st September, 1811, at the Jireh Chapel, Lewes. Here he continued to preach with great success; and in 1825 it was found necessary to enlarge the chapel, which could already accommodate 800 persons; by skill, however, it was so extended as to afford comfortable

accommodation for 1,000. During the latter part of his life, Mr. Vinall was much afflicted. It was very consoling to him to find that in his affliction his numerous friends in the Gospel stood by him and cheered him. He departed on Saturday, comparatively free from pain, in the full assurance—"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord; even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours."

The friends of the deceased began to enter the town, in large groups, as early as 10 o'clock in the morning, and continued to arrive up to within a few minutes of the hour of interment. Such as desired to look upon his remains for the last time were permitted to do so at his residence in North-street, where he had lived for many years. Nearly 400 availed themselves of this privilege.

Shortly after one o'clock hundreds of mourners might be seen wending their way along the Cliffe to Jireh Chapel, which soon became crowded; aisles and every available foot of standing room was occupied; in short there must have been between 1,100 and 1,200 persons within the walls: while many hundreds remained outside unable to gain admission.

At two, the funeral procession started from North-street; there were a large number of mourners, the chief being deceased's two sons (the Rev. Ebenezer Vinall and Mr. Joseph Vinall), who were followed by many grandsons and other relatives. The procession passed along East-street, thence to the Cliffe, and round to the Jireh Chapel, at the back of which the vault had been opened. In this vault lie interred the remains of deceased's two wives and also those of the celebrated Huntington and W. J. Jenkins.

All being comfortably accommodated, as space would permit, Mr. Morris, (the chief trustee), took his seat under the pulpit, and said the hymns which the congregation would sing on this occasion were those selected by the deceased minister. He then gave out the 56th, beginning with the words—

'We sing thy praise, exalted Lamb,
Who sitt'st upon the throne.'

The congregation having sung the hymn,

Mr. Matthew Welland, the present minister of Jireh Chapel, offered up an appropriate and eloquent prayer. He then read part of the 15th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, commencing with the 20th verse, 'But now is Christ risen from the dead,' &c.

Next was sung the 72d hymn, beginning with the words—

'Bless the Lord, my soul, and raise
A glad and grateful song.'

John Grace (Brighton), now ascended the pulpit. After requesting the assembly to keep their seats, as the garden in which the tomb was could not possibly accommodate more than the mourners and a few friends, he said that if, after the mourners had retired, any of them wished to view the tomb, they should be at liberty to do so. Mr. Grace, who spoke with evident emotion, then said, little did he think, 43 years ago, when he first heard the dear man whose remains they were about to commit to the silent tomb, that he should now stand in that place to speak concerning him. Some years ago, Mr. Vinall requested that he might bury him—not to preach any sermon, but, if he was inclined to say anything at the interment, he (Mr. Vinall) would give him a text—the last words in Job, 'So Job died, being old and full of days.' Afterwards, however, he changed this text for another; 'Into thy hand I commit my spirit; for Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth.' But the last text which Mr. Vinall selected, according to his own feelings, was to be found in the Epistle to the Colossians, 1st chap. and 12th verse, 'Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.' The preacher proceeded to remark that there was one thing which was peculiar in the ministrations of their departed friend, and that was the sacred unction and power which rested upon him; and passed a high eulogium on his merits as a preacher, with which the congregation, or at least most of them, were well acquainted. Having asked for a blessing on his family, Mr. Grace read the following short narrative from the pen of the eldest son of the deceased (the Rev. Ebenezer Vinall:—

'The words of Eliphaz to Job were much on the mind of my dear father for weeks previous to his last illness, "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth; therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty; for he maketh sore, and bindeth up, he woundeth, and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. In famine he shall redeem thee from death, and in war from the power of the sword. Thou shalt be hid from the scourge of the tongue, neither shalt thou be afraid of the beasts of the earth. For thou shalt be in league with the stones of the field, and the beast of the field shall be at peace with thee. And thou shalt know that thy tabernacle shall be in peace, and thou shalt visit thy habitation, and shall not sin. Thou shalt know also that thy seed shall be great, and thine offspring as the grass of the earth. Thou shalt come to thy grace in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season. Lo this, we have searched it, so it is, hear if, and know thou it for thy good." His mind was continually dwelling upon these words, often wondering the import of them to him. I have reason to believe he had towards the end an insight into them, referring to his dissolution.

'My beloved father was taken ill on Monday, the 20th of February, attended with frequent sickness, and from that time his weakness increased daily; the greater part of which time his mind was stayed on the Lord; trusting in the Lord, he earnestly longed to depart and be with Christ.

'His pains of body were not great, but his suffering from thirst was intense; he once said he had had more fellowship with Christ in his affliction, when he cried, "I thirst," than he ever remembered to have had before.

'On one occasion he had such a deep sense of his low origin, and of the riches of God's grace as manifested to him, to his wife and children, as to be lost in wonder and adoration. He desired his Christian love to the friends he had laboured amongst at Brighton, and wished them to be informed his preaching would do to live and die by. He said to his son Ebenezer, "My son, this is your day; work while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work." And at another time, "I have no fear of death, no guilt, no wrath, no condemnation," and quoted two verses of Mr. Hart's hymns:—

'O my Jesus, thou art mine,
With all thy grace and power;
I am now, and shall be thine,
When time shall be no more.
Thou reviv'st me by thy death;
Thy blood from guilt has set me free;
My fresh springs of hope and faith,
And love, are all in thee.
This God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable friend;
Whose love is as large as his power.
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come.'

And remarked that this verse had been much blessed to him.

'Wednesday night, February 29th, he said, 'Come; Lord Jesus, come quickly! Oh, my precious Jesus, come and take thy poor servant to thyself! Oh, my Lord Jesus, thou art mine! I wait on the Lord, my soul doth wait, and in his word do I hope,' and much more to the same purport.

'On the day before his death he was very comfortable, though he said but little. On Saturday morning, he said, "Quiet rest," and a little after, "Whom he loves, he never leaves." Then he said, 'Happy! Happy! Happy!' and waved his hand, and was next heard to say, 'Joy!' and being asked a little after by his son Joseph if he was happy, replied, 'Yes.' Joseph said, 'You are very near home, father.' His reply was, 'I wish I was quite;' which were the last words he was heard to utter, and from that time sunk into a deep sleep, until the eyes were finally closed in death. And in this he had the desire of his heart granted.'

The coffin was then removed to the tomb, where the Rev. Mr. GRACE performed the funeral service. Having asked a blessing, those assembled round about sang "Before Jehovah's awful throne," and retired.

Large numbers afterwards visited the tomb, and by half-past four o'clock the numerous assemblage had separated.

'FOLLOWING ON.'

'Happy the souls released from fear,
And safely landed here!
Some of that shining number once I knew,
And sojourned with them there.
Nay, some, my elder brethren now,
Set later out for heaven—my junior saints below.
Long after me they heard the call of grace;
Which waked them unto righteousness;
How have they got beyond!
Converted last, but first with glory crowned!
Little once I thought that these
Would first the summit gain, [the plain.
And leave me far behind, slow journeying o'er
Dear upon earth, nor less beloved when gone.
Think not I envy you your crown;
No, if I could, I would not call you down.
Though slower is my pace,
To you I'll follow on.
Leaning on Jesus all the way.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

A VIEW OF TYNEMOUTH PRIORY AND ITS SUBURBS.

MEDITATION IN CONNECTION WITH BAPTIZING IN THE WATERS OF THE NORTH SEA.

It is Lord's day morning, March 4th, the air is braising, clear, and beautiful, the time is between 7 and 8 o'clock, as, before we take our morning meal, we stand upon the sandy sea beach that pertains to the northern town, marked out in England's map, South Shields.

We gaze with pleasure on the vast expanse of mighty waters which lie before us, tranquil as a sleeping giant now; hundreds of miles they stretch away, until they greet, with mutual sympathy, the far off lands, and wash the shores of other kingdoms—Norway, Denmark, Germany, and Holland. Silently they preach just now to man's attentive ear, as oftentimes they do in boisterous accents, the mighty power of Him to whom they all belong; for 'the sea is his and he made it.'

On our left hand is the mouth of 'coaly Tyne' of old renown. Ships of all sorts and sizes enter here, laden with fruits of distant climes; or make their exit, with coal and iron freighted, or other products of the people's industry, about these northern parts.

Across the river, on the northern side, is Tynemouth. Rocky prominences form the seaboard (black middens called); these wear a threatening aspect, and against which many a gallant bark, urged on by furious winds, has struck with fatal force, and sunk to rise no more. Upon the highest point a lighthouse stands, and, with revolving light during the nocturnal darkness, casts its welcome beams athwart the harbour's mouth, to guide incoming ships into the proper channel, or shew to passing mariners their whereabouts, with kindly caution: fine emblem of the written word of God, whose glorious light was meant to guide the pilgrim's feet along the narrow way to heaven's celestial mansions, and disclose the dangers that beset his path on either hand.

Contiguous to this tower stands an ancient ruin, called Tynemouth Priory, the handiwork of skilful men in bye-gone ages, in which to celebrate the rites of a superstition, still existing, though happily not predominant as once it was, when with unobstructed power it held in bondage the inhabitants of this, our now highly favoured isle, as well as those of other lands. May not the ruinous condition of this temple figure forth the future of that system, when it shall crumble into rottenness before the trumpet-tongue of gospel truth, and only shall remain a fragment to shew such things once were?

Within the same enclosure is a fort called Cliffords's Fort, where cannons stand, all in menacing attitude to guard the entrance to the port, and beat back boldly, if need arise, the foe that dares to invade this part. Barracks are also here, where soldiers dwell, and frequently perform their evolutions, and pre-

pare against the hour of battle, in case of cruel war.

We turn round now, and southward pass along, and here we see the busy sea gulls at this early hour, actively engaged along the margin of the rippling sea, seeking their breakfast at the hand of Him who doth supply the needs of every living thing; their eatables consisting of minute crustacea that cling about, or of some little fishes, that unsuspectingly disport themselves amidst the shallows of their watery home. These winged teachers also preach a lesson to the Christian, early to seek to have his needs supplied alone by Him, who gives its lustre to the lily, and feeds the hungry ravens when they cry.

Here and there, part buried in the sand, lie strewn memorials of some stranded vessel, that once formed part of a noble ship, that proudly rode upon the mighty sea, yet in some fatal hour, at once, became a useless heap. Ah! gentle reader, may grace and mercy ever to preserve us, constantly be given, never of faith and a good conscience to make shipwreck, so as to lie, upon the beach of time, a monument of folly, sin, and shame.

Every grain of sand is also vocal, to remind us of our sins and provocations, and as these atoms never can by man be counted, neither can, by man, our great transgressions be. Dismal reflection! apart from the consideration of the blessed fact, that the mercies of God, through Jesus, are even more multitudinous than these.

Just at the terminations of this sandy plain are rocks, which stand, like bulwarks, to resist the force of ocean's waves; and whilst they figure forth, the nature of our rocky hearts, that nothing but the hammer of God's word, in his own hand, can pulverize, they also shadow out the firm foundation on which believers build their hopes of heaven, and happiness, and peace; their building, too, shall stand secure, in spite of floods, and stormy winds, because 'tis founded, not on shifting sands, but on the solid rock. On these rocky masses hang with stern tenacity the tangled sea-weed, as nature's drapery, in fanciful festoons, and give an air of grandeur to the scene. Hard by these rocks, upon the sandy shore, is an excavation, the handiwork of nature, into which the sea advancing flows, and forms a natural baptistry of clean salt water, cool and refreshing; Fahrenheit's thermometer indicates the temperature at 38°, whilst that of the surrounding air is 42°. Indentations in the rock, form vestries, wherein to change habiliments.

Here now is seen a company of Christian men and women, with one accord assembled,

to their Master's will obedient, and ready to do his bidding.

'Tis true there is but one, on this occasion, to be baptized; but he, deeply impressed with truth of God's own shewing, feels a pleasure in being enabled to testify his love to that blest Saviour who died for him, and rose again, who bore the curse, and made an end of sin, whilst here on earth; and now is interceding in the court of heaven, but when below he shewed the way, and told us how to follow him, and an example gave, when in Jordan's stream he was baptized of John, and thought it part of righteousness, and gave command to all his ministers, by his own word, to teach all nations, and baptize. The voice of praise and prayer now ascends, re-echoed from the rocky walls of nature's temple, and with grateful melody accosts the ear of each true worshipper; and no less, we trust, the ears of Him who dwells on high, and ever listens to his peoples' songs, and prayers too. After a suitable address, they both go down into the water. The minister within the liquid element immerses the consenting brother, conformably to Scripture precept and example.

Returning to the chapel, the usual morning service commenced; the minister preached a scriptural, sound and savoury sermon, upon Acts 2, 41-42: 'They that gladly received

the word were baptised,' etc.' And they continued stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine, and fellowship, and in breaking of bread and in prayers.

In the afternoon, the baptized brother was received into fellowship, and sat down at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper with the other members of that church.

In the evening, by the desire of the minister and people, the writer of this sketch preached to them, upon Acts viii, 39, 'And he went on his way rejoicing.'

Thus ended a pleasant and joyful Lord's-day; characterized, not so much by excessive excitement, or furious joy, as by calm, peaceful, believing reception of the glorious truths of the Gospel.

May such opportunities be multiplied a hundred fold to the praise of our covenant God.

So prays the unworthy writer,

J. C. JOHNSON.

Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Mr. George Lawson, the minister of the Particular Baptist Church, Mile End-road, South Shields, has preached for many years the old-fashioned Gospel in this place. Seamen coming to the port may hear a good, sound, wholesome, free-grace sermon—it is hoped they'll come.

ARE THERE ANY SIGNS OF A REVIVAL IN OUR CHURCHES?

LONDON, MARCH 2, 1860.

DEAR BROTHER ROBERT, — It is a long time since I addressed a few lines to you; and I think you often conclude I am an ungrateful brother; I know, however, that it is not quite so. I feel deep love to you, because you fear God, love his truth, and your prayers for me were answered in the deliverance of my soul from the lowest hell. When I was in despair, your compassionate heart went to heaven for me; your kind letters sometimes comforted me; therefore I feel bound ever to acknowledge that Christian charity, and to shew you, from time to time, how the Lord has been pleased to carry on his work in me and by me. I have just commenced another ministerial campaign among the country churches—those poor little causes to whom the Lord has frequently sent me—and I am anxious to be found faithful to God, faithful to the people, and humble in my own spirit. I desire to bless the Lord that many are still moved to call me to speak unto them the words of truth and righteousness; and sometimes I am very happy in the work, although I live at a poor dying rate in my soul a great portion of my time. Nearness to God, and pure heartfelt devotion to him, is not with me as I could desire. Oh! I wish the Lord would be more frequently 'as the dew unto me.' Do, dear Robert, in your petitions at the throne of grace, remember your poor brother Charles. I want a revival in my soul every day. A few weeks since, I had a

refreshing season both in preaching and in baptizing. The text the Lord gave me was this: 'With gladness and rejoicing shall they be brought; they shall enter into the king's palace.' The friends who were baptised were all seals to my usefulness; and I do hope the Lord has still some work for me to do in London. Unicorn Yard, and the cause there has painfully perplexed me. 'The glory of Lebanon' has not come to us as I have desired. I often fear the Lord is angry with me. Mr. Spurgeon's sermon called 'A trumpet blast against false peace,' made me very sad. I will give you and the people my mind on that sermon in another letter if I can.

I am writing this in a North-Western, on my way to Derby. It is Saturday night, the 10th of March, 1860. I have travelled and preached, written and read, and run about all the week, and now into the north. The question everywhere is, 'What do you think of the Revivals?' I am asking, 'Are there any signs of a Revival in our own churches?' If we are 'hot-beds of hypocrisy,' as Mr. Spurgeon says we are, why then we need never expect any heaven-wrought Revivals; but I pray God that such an awful charge may never lie at our door; albeit hypocrisy does often plague my spirit—to be honest and to be pure is a desire which lives in my soul; but it is opposed and afflicted greatly. I preached last night at my Friday evening lecture, from Psalm 67, 'God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause his

face to shine upon us; then shall the earth yield her increase, and God, even our own God, shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.' These are the things, my much beloved brother, that I need and desire. Look at these four things: 1, *Mercy*; do not you and I feel the need of mercy? 2, *Blessing*; are we not poor miserable worms without a sweet sense of new covenant blessings? 2. *The shinings of his face!* are they not most precious?

'When I can say my God is mine,
When I can feel his glories shine,'

then, I think, I am blessed indeed; and then I say, 'Let all the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.' God's living children praise him when, by faith, they see the *completeness of salvation in Christ*; when they discover the *eternal certainty of salvation in the covenant of grace*; and when they realise the *comforts of salvation by the solemn anointings of the Holy Ghost*. These things lead not to looseness, nor to licentious living; but they lead to godly fear here, and an eternal felicity hereafter.

We are flying through the snow; the Lord preserve me safe, and you shall hear again. I shall give you a few notes as follows:—

DOWN, KENT.—I had a cold blow down to this sweet Kentish village, on the 7th of March. Our worthy brother Carter still stands there as an honourable witness for every branch of revealed truth, esteemed by all, beloved for his works' sake by many. We held a quiet and humble service in his chapel, singing and speaking of peace and pardon bought with blood. The next morning we tramped together to Farnborough, there the swift creatres took me home. One incident pleased me much, it may be useful to many; it shows the soft and sacred teaching of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the servants of God. Talking of the ministry as we sped on our way, Brother Carter said, 'Last Saturday morning, as I was leaving my bed-room, three words came to my mind, and they furnished me with text, sermon, and subject in a moment; the words were these—"THE FREE GIVER;" he said, 'First, I reflected upon the Great Giver, the eternal God; herein is love, and mercy, wisdom, justice, grace, and truth, all in harmony combined together. Secondly (said he), I thought of the gift itself, the free gift—

"God loved the Church, and gave His Son,"

and "with him freely gave us all things." When the heaven-taught mind of Paul was led to contemplation here, he burst out in rapture, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift!" A free gift indeed, not an offer, not even a proposal or presentation; it is a gift, a birthright bestowment, given in the covenant of grace before the scenes, and sins, and sorrows of time began their terrible convulsions upon the face of the earth. Thirdly (said my brother), I thought of the people to whom this gift is given; and lastly, of the manner in which it is received.' Could you have heard this good man relate this, you would have been convinced that the word of God, the Gospel of Christ, the seeking soul, all are dear to his honest heart. We parted in peace. As a brother in Christ I love him dearly. I think he will be this year making a tour into his native West of England, and I hope many of the little churches will hear Brother Carter, of Down, preach the glorious Gospel of God. If spared we are to hold public services in the neighbourhood of 'Happy Cottage,' at Knockholt, near to Sevenoaks, on Wednesday, May 30th. If, our Lord will, and the weather be fine, we hope to have open air services, and the presence of many friends.

WEST END, CHOBHAM.—About four miles to the right of the Woking Station, on the South Western line from London, is a pretty little village, called Chobham, at the extreme end of which, on a bleak common, stands a Baptist chapel. It is something like an old weather-beaten ship, over whose top-mast many a storm has broken, and around whose sides many a wave has dashed with violence and threatening power; still she holds on her way, and with certainty her inmates often sing—

'Twas grace that kept me to this day,
And will not let me go.'

In that pulpit John Stevens preached many years since, and by him God called in a sinner old in sin; in that pulpit John Andrew Jones preached some of his first sermons, and instrumentally drove in some Gospel nails, which were fastened home by the Great Master of Assemblies; there too the sweet and savoury new covenant notes sounded by George Combe have been often heard; and since then all the valiant men (as 'friend' Garrard calls them) down to John Bloomfield and Benjamin Waile, have with great acceptance preached the glorious Gospel of Christ. The last anniversary when John Bloomfield preached, the Lord gave him seals and souls too. 'Ah,' say they, 'John is a happy preacher of the Gospel.' That we cheerfully believe. At the present time Brother J. Lambourne is the recognised pastor, and with much acceptance he preaches to the people there 'the good will of him who dwelt in the bush.' By the instrumentality of Brother Lambourne the Lord is gathering, and reviving the cause. The people highly esteem him, and he is 'favoured to know the Lord has sent him there. I was greatly favoured on Monday, March 5th, to preach in the good old-fashioned place both afternoon and evening, and certainly I was never more at home in my life; the precious blood of Christ and a present salvation was my only theme that day. There was a good company, in the evening the chapel was filled, and a highly favoured time we had; it was to me a new beginning of country work. I would humbly hope another season of real usefulness in the vineyard is now opening up before us. May the Lord spare and prosper us more than ever.

DERBY.—March 13th, 1860. At eight this morning I left the Derby station for London; it was nearly midnight when I reached 'my happy Derby tent' on Saturday night; that happy tent I found in 'Grove Villa, Burton Road,' the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Wilme, which happy couple I had the honour of uniting in the bonds of holy wedlock some time since. Miss Barker, now Mrs. Wilme, is well known in these parts of the kingdom, the Lord having made her most extensively, and I may say miraculously, useful in healing and curing thousands of cases, where the regular medical practice has failed. I know this statement will be criticised, but I love facts when they stand connected with either the moral, the spiritual, or the physical healing of my fellowmen; and the fact is beyond all question that, with the means nature has supplied, and with the gifts God has bestowed, our common friend, Mrs. Wilme, has been, is, and I hope for very many years will be, a very great blessing to the afflicted part of the fallen family. I heartily wish Mr. and Mrs. Wilme had one immense hospital, with a staff of devoted, intelligent assistants under their direction; it would be a national blessing indeed. I was never more kindly entertained in all my life; the tender regard which both Mr. and Mrs. Wilme evince towards the Lord's people, and especially his servants, will be followed I am certain by heaven's sweet reward. In leaving them this morning my heart deeply said, 'May the blessing of Abraham's God rest upon you both for ever. Amen.' I crave forgiveness for this digression, but Paul wrote gratefully of those who helped him on his way, and I dared not stifle these simple emotions of a grateful heart, and who can tell but some dreadfully afflicted

child of God may, through this notice, be led to find healing? Now for Derby. As touching the Gospel, this large manufacturing town, with its 80,000 or a 100,000 people, is by no means behind in all those enterprises which, in this day, are seeking to extend the mental and moral improvement of the people. Besides these there are some ten or a dozen churches; the pulpits of a few of these are filled with God-fearing Gospel men, by whose instrumentality the truth as it is in Jesus is proclaimed. Then the Congregationalists and General Baptists are immense bodies, and they are building new chapels which bespeak the wealth and benevolence of their people; but as for our poor Particular Baptists, we are not so prominent nor so powerful as I think we ought to be in the midst of such a mass of immortal minds. AGARD STREET CHAPEL is, I think, the only strict Baptist cause in the silk-producing and cheese-creating city of Derby; and, although this Agard Street Chapel has been one of the most influential, although it is quite free, has famous school-rooms, galleries, vestries, organ, excellent choir, and an honourable and devoted minister of Christ's Gospel, it does not stand in that measure of prosperity and evangelical usefulness which I hope it will enjoy when the labours of our beloved and esteemed Brother Clements shall have found their harvest in the manifest deliverance of many precious souls, to whom I trust his ministry is a real blessing. I tried to preach twice on Sunday, the 11th. On Monday, the 12th, a large company of ministers and friends took tea, and then a public meeting was holden. It was truly an Evangelical Alliance, and the tone of all the addresses was purely of a Gospel character. Mr. Holland is a man of fine powers of mind; he has his own engaging manner of speaking, his matter is Biblical, experimental, and beautifully continuous. His description of 'a wear-marked Christian' led me to believe that he himself was no stranger to that text, 'We went through fire and water, but thou broughtest us out into a wealthy place.' Mr. Jones, a thorough gentleman and a Christian pastor, neatly and nicely expressed his conviction that there was more 'substantial oneness' among God's children in the different churches than many were aware of. This thought strongly impressed my mind while listening to the addresses of men I never saw before. Mr. Tarrant delivered a cheerful tale, Mr. Stevenson expressed his strong affection and desire for the cause, Mr. Clements acknowledged the kindness of the ministers in coming to help him, the charity of the ladies in providing the trays, and the friends generally for their attendance. The doxology and benediction closed the meeting, and all appeared to be happy in parting. I hope the day is not far distant when Agard Street Chapel will be filled with such as have found Christ, or who are in earnest pursuit after him. I am now passing Loughborough, Leicester, Kettering, Wellingborough, Bedford, and Hitchin, all famous to us for the Gospel of Christ.

On Tuesday, being safe home from Derby, I spoke at home about Jacob's weeping and making supplication; and a few words I would like to add; but I am going to Stoke, Manchester, and Liverpool; and am driven by a thousand things, therefore my thoughts about the Standard decision touching the begetting of Christ, and the cruel course pursued, must remain, until you hear again from your brother in the wilderness,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

HAILSHAM, SUSSEX.—Dear brother Banks,—Having relinquished the pastorate here, I shall be at liberty about June next to supply any church destitute of a minister, and who are determined to maintain the truth as it is in Jesus.—
CORNELIUS SMITH.

HITCHIN.—The 7th day of March will be a day long in remembrance by many of the blood bought family who were privileged to be present at the opening of Mount Zion Chapel, which has been erected for the church and congregation under the ministry of Mr. Wm. Tutker, who has laboured in the town the last five years, and the enlargement of whose borders required a more commodious place to worship in. After much deliberation and prayer, some few months since, a subscription was commenced for that purpose, headed by a donation from Mr. John Kershaw, of Roodhale, and Mr. A. B. Taylor, of Manchester, which being well followed up gave encouragement for them to proceed, the result of which is seen by the neat and prettily situated chapel, bearing the above name. The day of opening approaching, it was fully expected that the commencement services would be conducted by a well known leader of no small section of the professing church, who refused his services on account of the worthy minister, and others who might be engaged, not giving their adherence to the creed of one 'Athanasius,' in the strange doctrine of a 'begotten God,' or 'the generation of Deity,' and of course this led to others, who sheltered under bar wings, to make excuses, and with one consent refused to come, by which the minds of the dear people were much exercised, and there was much prophecy of the failure that must take place. But there is One whose counsel will stand. Two able ministers of the world of God were procured in the persons of the venerable Mr. W. Tite, of Potter, and Mr. Wm. Crowther, of Lockwood, Yorkshire. The morning service was conducted by Mr. Crowther who preached an able and truly Gospel sermon from Luke i. 4, 'That thou mightest know the certainty of those things wherein thou hast been instructed,' a noble vindication of 'the faith once delivered to the saints,' relative to the person, mission, and work of the Lord Jesus, as the eternal God, co-equal and co-essential with the Father and the Holy Ghost. At the special request of friends the sermon will be published, the profits arising therefrom being devoted for the liquidation of the debt on the chapel. Mr. Tite, in his usual honest and homely way, preached a heart-warming sermon to a full house, in which the clean provender, 'winnowed with the shovel and the fan, satisfied the longing souls, and caused them to bless the name of the Lord, after which upwards of 200 partook of tea provided gratuitously. The evening service commenced at six o'clock, when Mr. Crowther again preached a sound experimental sermon from John xiv. 23, when the place was filled to overflowing, and in gathering up the silver and the gold, of which the Lord is proprietor, it was found that upwards of £40 had been cast into the treasury, thus showing that it is not the might of an editor, nor the combued power of parsons that can restrain the Spirit of God. Pray for the peace of Jerusalem. 'Beautiful for situation is Mount Zion.'

KENT & SUSSEX ASSOCIATION.—To the ministers and churches of the Baptist Association in Kent and Sussex.—Brethren and well-beloved in the Lord,—Finding myself as your secretary, and placed in a very unenviable position, by the extraordinary way in which it was voted to meet at Chatham in May next, and notice of which appears in the 'Baptist Almanack' for this year, I have hereby to give notice that such meeting will not take place. The Church or Union chapel, Chatham, has forwarded to me the following resolution: 'That it is not convenient for the Association to meet here this year.' Our brethren there are taken by surprise, that without their knowledge or consent the Association should resolve upon meeting there. Under these circumstances, as no committee was appointed to carry out the provisions of that resolution, it may be supposed to devolve on me to indicate where the Association can meet and make arrangements. I must disclaim such responsibilities, and indeed were I willing am utterly unequal to sustain it, and as there is no probability of meeting an Associa-

tion I must avail myself of this opportunity, respectfully to resign the office of secretary to which you appointed me, and which I have held since 1852. Should you continue as a body, or, like the Phoenix from its ashes, rise again into fresh life, and meet at any future time, the books and papers in my possession relating to the Association, will be cheerfully handed over to any brother you may appoint to receive them. I will only remark that order, unity, and decision, are among the essential elements for practical usefulness; where these are wanting there can be no vitality or efficiency in the body. It is but a name to live a lifeless sham! Beloved brethren, I remain yours faithfully and affectionately,
CORNELIUS SLIM.

Hailsham, Sussex, March, 1860.

HUNGARY HILL.—Our brother Thomas Drake has resigned the pastorate at Bethel chapel, Hungary Hill, near Farnham, Surrey. This has been a painful step for him to take; the cause has laid very near to his heart; he has travelled thousands of miles to preach the Gospel, and his prayer now is, that the Lord may soon raise them up a man who shall be useful in feeding their souls, and in filling the place with anxious seekers for the bread of life. Brother Thomas Drake, (whose residence is New Town, Staines, Middlesex), is now at liberty to serve any cause where the people are content with a plain, yet faithful preacher of the Gospel of Christ. Our brother's bereavement and trials have been many; we pray the Lord to bring him forth as gold from the furnace of affliction.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.
—On Sunday evening, February 26th, 1860, Mr. Pells (pastor), preached to a large and attentive audience, from Acts xxii. 16, observing 1. The interrogation. 'And now why tarriest thou?' 2. The exhortation. 'Arise, and be baptized.' 3. The purification. 'And wash away thy sins.' 4. The invocation. 'Calling on the name of the Lord.' After this, Mr. Pells baptized six believers in the name of the ever adorable Trinity. A husband and wife, also the husband of a sister in the Lord, who was baptized (by our pastor) rather more than a twelvemonth ago, and three others. The Lord has done, and is still doing great things for us through the instrumentality of our beloved pastor, whereof we are glad.

WALWORTH.—EAST-STREET CHAPEL, was publicly re-opened on Tuesday, March 6th, 1860, when Mr. G. Wyard, preached in the afternoon; above 500 friends took tea, and in the evening Mr. John Foreman presided over a crowded meeting, at which the brethren Milner, Wells, Wale, Bland, Pells, Chivers, and a host of other ministers were present. We have given in the March supplement a notice of this re-opening, and purpose to review the report which was read by Mr. Bland in another number. The church at East-street now needs an able, an honourable, and an indefatigable minister. Rumours, letters, &c., we shall notice. It is painful to know that some of our metropolitan churches, as well as many in the provinces, are declining because they cannot find a suitable ministry.

THE LATE WILLIAM WISE.—WILLIAM WISE, Baptist minister, late of Tunstall, Suffolk, but more recently of Datchet, near Windsor, departed this life sixty-four years of age, on the 8th of January, 1860. He had been a good preacher of the truth as it is in Jesus for some eighteen years, and preached with a good deal of acceptance and some success. He was a thorough and hearty admirer of the late and deservedly beloved John Stevens. His sermons generally speaking, were full of Christ; his aim was to exalt the Redeemer in the hearts of the Lord's people, and at the same time to lay the sinner low in the dust of self-abasement. His heart was fully in his work, and perhaps never happier than when preaching the Gospel of the ever blessed God. His days of sorrow, and of joy, of

success and disappointment, are now ended, and he has entered upon his rest and reward. He finished his days very mercifully after a very short illness, triumphing in him who died to save. He has left behind many friends, one brother, affectionate sons and daughters, and a loving and weeping widow, all of whom are to follow in their turn. His mortal remains lie interred at Datchet, Mr. Wyard of Deptford, officiated on the occasion, and preached a funeral sermon in his own chapel at Deptford, from the words following: 'I have fought a good fight, I have kept the faith' &c.

'Tis finished, 'tis done; the spirit is fled;
Our brother is gone, the father is dead;
The Christian is living in Jesus' love,
And gladly receiving a kingdom above.'

GEORGE WYARD.

THE LATE MR. HASLOP.—THE STING OF DEATH.—Mr. Editor,—Your reporter, in the account you have given of my address as delivered at Shalom Chapel on the day of the funeral of my late dear son-in-law, Mr. W. Haslop, did not exactly, in one or two places, catch my words. But I only notice one particular, it being of some importance. Your reporter quotes me as saying (from S. E. Pierce), 'Christ went down to the grave to put the devil in his own regions!!' Now what I *did* say was taken from the celebrated John Ryland of Northampton's wonderful 'oration,' as delivered by him over the grave of Dr. Gifford in Bunhill Fields, and published by me many years ago. I give your readers now a more lengthened extract. *The divinity is grand, and the language almost unparalleled.* 'The full cup of God's wrath was put into Christ's hands, without the least cordial of mercy. God spared him not; Jesus drank it off to the last dregs, and ceased not to drink till he could say, "It is FINISHED." He came to grapple with death on the cross; and that horrid monster was armed with all his terrors: he had his full force upon him, and darted his sting with such violence and vengeance into his whole frame, that he struck that sting through the body of our Lord as he hung on the cross; but he could never draw it out again. So that this "king of terrors" has never been able to bring his sting to the death-bed of a Christian; nor will he to the end of the world. But this was not glory enough for our Almighty Conqueror! He went into death's dark dominions, he fought him upon his own ground, and in his own territory. He tore his crown from off his head, broke his sceptre to shivers, and, with the triumph of a conquering God, he cried out, "O Death! I will be thy plague. O Grave! I will be thy destruction" (Hos. xiii. 14). And now the Christian can follow his Divine Conqueror, with the triumphant apostrophe of the apostle Paul, "O Death! where is thy sting? O Grave! where is thy victory?" (1 Cor. xv. 55.)

'Sweet hour of death, or rather of my life,
Why tarriest thou? O tyrant, falsely call'd!
Thou king of terrors, rather king of smiles!
Porter of heaven! welcome messenger!
Who bear'st God's sons up to their Father's throne!
What stays thy hand? Strike here, and send me home.

O send me from this wilderness to heaven!
Thou death art mine, giv'n in the Father's will;
Friend, give me thy right hand, and, with the left
Unbar this prison, and set my spirit free
Grim as thou seem'st, I fear thee not; I know
Thy sting is gone, so I can welcome thee;
And boldly cry, "O death, where is thy sting?
And where, O grave, thy boasted victory?"
Why should I dread thee? My Redeemer lives.
I'm sure he lives, and sure he lives as mine!
Though worms destroy my skin, and then my flesh;
Though all my bones should crumble into dust,
Yet, in this body I shall see my God!
Yes, I shall see Him; see him for myself,
Not for another:—O most happy day!

Extracted by J. A. JONES.

[Our memoir of the late beloved WILLIAM HASLOP

has not reached us in time enough for this month. We noticed in the supplement to our March number that his mortal remains were laid in Abney Park Cemetery, on Wednesday, February 29th, 1860. The patriarchal John Andrew Jones officiated in the chapel, Mr. Chivers at the grave. Mr. Chivers also preached his funeral sermon. As no further particulars have reached us, it may be they are reserved for a memoir, which, if published, will be noticed in another number.—Ed.]

ANOTHER BAPTIST MINISTER GONE HOME.—I am now running through Trent Valley on to the Potteries; among the letters I am now reading, one is from Plymouth, descriptive of the death and burial of Mr. ISSLELL, late minister of Stoke, then of Stonehouse, frequently at Leicester, and last of Bath, where he died; his remains were removed to Plymouth Cemetery, where Mr. Bulted buried him; the letter referred to, and some particulars next month.

THE SEA WE ARE DRIFTING INTO.

WHAT sea is it? Is it into Ezekiel's river of everlasting love, of pure Gospel truth, of heavenly revelations of Christ, and his glorious kingdom? Or, is it into a sea of delusion, division, and deeper deceptions than ever? We tremble to decide. The profession of religion, we must not say the Gospel, is increasing, but the earnest contention for the faith once delivered unto the saints, cannot be said to be so manifest as the living in Jerusalem must desire. We think the following letter throws a great light upon very much which is now shaking churches, nations, thrones, and families. Oh! that the Lord himself may come, and cause his goodness to pass before us, for we feel as Moses did when he prayed that the Most High would show him his way. We verily believe that in many parts the Spirit of the living God is at work; but the TRUTH of the GOSPEL is so dreadfully slighted and insulted, that we cannot rejoice as we wish to do. Read the following, just as it comes to us.—Ed.]

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I have long been induced to write a few lines to you, although I am not certain whether they will reach you or not; if they should, I hope you will not fail to answer my scroll; the postage you need not pay, I shall be glad to hear from you at so small a cost. I have been in this country since 1851, and have not heard anything of you or the EARTHEN VESSEL, of which valuable work you are the conductor. Dear Sir, I am unknown to you personally, but that is of little consequence provided we love the same Lord, and are made heirs together of the same inheritance, and have been made to drink at the same fountain of life and peace; but of this vital and God glorifying truth I am sometimes afraid to lay claim, too often my soul cleaveth to the dust, and not only so but I get all besmeared with the mire of sin, and cry out with poor Job, 'O that it was with me as in days past, when the candle of the Lord shone upon me.' Ah, Sir, this is a poor country for the living in Jerusalem, for those that have been made alive by God the Holy Ghost, and if I have been savingly made to know the Lord Christ, and to know for myself and not another, I can truly say that I have not, in all the time I have been in this country, heard one that could describe the footsteps of the flock, or separate the precious from the vile; not that there is any lack of preachers, no, I may almost say their

name is legion, and if possible the professing world is divided and cut up into sects and parties in this country more than in England. But although they are so divided on lesser matters, they are all as one man, and one body, in opposing and warring against the great and glorious doctrines of the blessed God; and, at the time I am writing, the whole Union of these States are being shaken and convulsed by an invisible agency or power, professing to be of God the Holy Spirit; but really, Sir, I must say that I much question whether it be of so divine an origin. I have seen so much of this 'Finneyism,' that my heart sickens at it, especially when I hear it lauded in the following language, which is from the ram's horn of one Dr. Bellows, of New York or neighbourhood, in a lecture he gave lately on the 'Great Revivals of the Present Day.' The said Dr. is an Unitarian; amongst other things he said he could congratulate them on the fact, that there was a general rejection, and union of purpose, in this thing of discarding Trinitarianism, Eternal Damnation, Election, and such like doctrines that hitherto had separated them. Dear Sir, far be it from me to ridicule or speak lightly of the doings of the Most High, and although the Lord may have a few amongst this great host who thus profess to love God, yet it appears to me, as a general thing, to be from beneath, especially so when essential truths and doctrines are rejected. But I must leave them to their own master, they stand or fall, my motto is this, the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, 'The Lord knoweth them that are his.' O what joy, peace, humility, and holy resting on and in the Lord Christ, is the portion of the child of God, when that truth is realised, viz., 'The Lord reigneth.' Oh! Sir, what should we poor helpless worms do if such was not the fact, if we had not on our side, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no further,' and 'he that toucheth you, toucheth the apple of his eye.' Sir, my soul is full of these precious things; may the Lord grant you and poor me may be kept from the spirit of the power of the air, the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience. I don't know what your mind is on the state of things of the present age of the world, both in and out of Zion, but I think that this spirit of error and darkness is gaining ground rapidly, and if there were ever a time that the people of God needed an extra portion of His spirit, it is now. May the Lord grant it, and to him shall be the glory. But I see my paper is getting nearly full, I must therefore come to the subject for which I addressed these few unconnected thoughts, which is to learn of you whether you have any agent in this country for the EARTHEN VESSEL, a magazine I much esteem, and should be glad to get it if possible. Since writing the above, I have moved to this State (Missouri), and have heard the 'surc and certain sound of the Gospel' several times, by one H. Hill: he is an aged man, but one, I believe, of Zion's true watchmen. Yours in the truth,

OWEN GRIMSHAW.

Liberty, Clay County, Missouri, U. States.

The Great Question, "What Think Ye of Christ?"

J. A. JONES'S LETTER TO "THE GOSPEL STANDARD."

IN all ages of the Church's history, there have arisen disputes among good men touching certain points and particular properties in the Person, Existence, Work and Offices of the Son of God,—our Saviour and our Friend. We shall not now enter upon any review of those disputed points; our object being simply to call the attention of our readers to a pamphlet recently sent forth by Mr. J. A. JONES, Pastor of the Baptist Church, at Jireh Meeting, London, which bears the following title, "*A Scriptural View of the Sonship of Christ. A Letter addressed to the Editor of 'The Gospel Standard.'*" (London: J. Paul, Chapter-house-ct., Paternoster-row). From this published "Letter," and from other reliable sources of information, it is clear that a rather severe controversy has again arisen in certain quarters respecting "the Scriptural Doctrine of Christ's Sonship,"—and the fire has burned so warmly that resolutions have been unanimously carried by some Churches to exclude, to cut off, to treat as heretics, and to cast away entirely, all who would not subscribe their names to the documents, doctrines, and dogmas so profusely poured forth of late. Even some of the oldest veterans in Christendom,—who have been received as fathers in the faith for many years, have been most cruelly excommunicated because they would not subscribe to articles which they did not believe; and it has been literally impossible to move in any circle of Gospel acquaintance without having this one *test* presented as the only ground upon which you can possibly stand in their presence. To say nothing *for* or *against* the point at issue now, we must confess this course appears to us exceedingly popish; and unless it could be clearly proved that the doctrine at issue was one involving either the glory of Christ, or the essential good of his people, such a course surely cannot have the sanction of Heaven, or the countenance of any truly enlightened and Gospel-loving people!

There are not many ministers in our denomination more generally esteemed than is the Editor of *The Gospel Standard*; nor do we know of any religious publication which has been more really useful in spiritual matters than that periodical has been: this is sincerely our conviction; any remark we may make, therefore, is not from a want of deep-rooted love to those vital principles which the *Standard* has always contended

for; but we do desire, in common with many thousands of the Lord's professing people, to see that spirit of bitterness, and popish bigotry, so long rampant, abandoned, overcome, and entirely laid aside. And with this one object in view, we shall endeavour to continue to notice the *best things* possessed by, and connected with, the *best men*, irrespective of party, periodical, or petty feeling. Whether, therefore, a work be sent to us by "*Standard men*;" or "*Herald men*;" or "*Vessel men*;" or any other class of men—(terms we would not employ, were they not so much in use,)—if those works are designed for the elucidation of pure Gospel Truth, and for the separation of the precious from the vile; they shall always be as faithfully noticed by us, as our small abilities will allow; for we do take pleasure in being entirely free from all party bias, save and except that one blessed party—"*the household of faith.*"

Before we come to the extract we purpose to give from Mr. Jones's tract, we must confess, that in the ministrations of our several brethren, in the different sections of Zion where they severally labour, we have long feared that THE PERSON OF CHRIST has not been a sufficiently prominent feature in, and portion of, their preaching. One party has laboured hard to prove the doctrines of grace to be true; another party has worked hard to shew a deep experience to be essentially necessary. Both parties have done well, as far as they have gone; but to both, we think, it might be justly said, "*Yet, lackest thou one thing.*" and that is, a pure determination to know nothing among men, but JESUS CHRIST, and HIM crucified.

We sincerely hope that the controversy so warmly, and so ably commenced, will not be allowed to drop until this THEME OF LIFE DIVINE—this glorious channel of love and mercy, truth and vital power, has become ten thousand times more popular, prominent, and perspicuous than of late years it has been.

We have dared to think that the main-spring of Dr. HAWKER's universal acceptance among all the Churches in Christendom was this—JESUS CHRIST, with him, was everything: and if there be an illustration, or living witness of this in our own day, we venture—(at the risk of all that it may bring upon us)—most purely to affirm that the genuine cause and source of

JOHN BLOOMFIELD'S general usefulness in our Churches, is his constant concern to make the Glorious Person of the MESSIAH, His Names, Offices, Works, and Ways, the all-absorbing themes of his ministry. JOHN BLOOMFIELD must forgive us for making this use of him; but we wish him to persevere with all his might in an intelligent, Scriptural, experimental, and practical exhibition of THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE; and we also wish to impress this upon the minds of all our young men now rising up in the ministry, that the SAVIOUR himself proclaimed the great fact—"And I, if I be lifted up from the EARTH, will draw all unto me."

Hoping, ere long, to enter more fully upon this theme ourselves; and trusting that our few familiar remarks may lead the minds of many to think more, to speak more, to preach more, of HIM, we now turn to Mr. J. A. JONES'S pamphlet.

No words can ever tell the strong affection and abiding faith of our heart toward the essential, the eternal, and all-glorious Divinity of our adorable Lord Jesus Christ: therefore, let no man believe, for one moment, that we can oppose any point which tends to establish that great and eternal truth. At the same time, there are some terms employed by our venerable author which we will not adopt. Upon a subject so immensely mysterious and awfully grand, we fear to intrude or advance one step beyond the plain words of revelation itself. Still, there are some most excellent things in this letter by Mr. J. A. JONES; and we are verily glad, that neither his ancient mind, nor his long-used pen, are at all impaired.

In the course of this letter then, to the Editor of *The Gospel Standard*, Mr. JONES says:

I advocate inviolably the right of private judgment; but I demur to your consigning to eternal perdition, those persons, who, while they cannot adopt your views of Divine filiation, still most firmly believe in the glorious and essential Deity of our adorable Lord Jesus Christ.

I am an old man, more than eighty years of age, and have laboured in the work of the Christian ministry upwards of fifty years. I am considered to be sound in the truth by many, and one of the "old school." My writings are well known; being abroad in almost every direction in the length and breadth of the land. Bear with me then in a few plain remarks * * * You write and declare that, "Jesus Christ is the Son of the living God in his Divine nature; as his eternal and only begotten Son," &c. (p. 94).

After more quotations, Mr. JONES proceeds by saying:

When one wrote to Dr. Hawker of embalmed memory, and charged him with holding the tenet, "That the Son of God, as

Divine person, was eternally begotten of the substance of the Father;" the Doctor replied to him, saying, "I have never presumed to look into, much less enter, the hallowed ground of mystery, in relation to the *modus existendi* of the Divine persons in the GOD-HEAD. I have no conception of the nature of that relationship which subsists between the FATHER and the SON. I know, indeed, that some of our greatest divines have dwelt largely on the subject of what they call *eternal generation*; but I have never seen it defined by any writer to my satisfaction. For my part, I have always contemplated the subject, since I knew anything of the Lord, at an infinite distance, and with the most profound humbleness of mind!" O pray, sir, do condescend to borrow a leaf out of Dr. Hawker's book.

[This is really our own feeling.—ED. E. V.]

In reading and pondering, only a few days ago, Dr. Owen's elaborate treatise on the "*Person of Christ*," comprised in 200 folio pages, I was greatly struck with the following, in his *preface* to that work; which I would have deeply impressed on my mind, as well as all those who write or even speak on this most solemn and unfathomable subject. "He is unhappy, miserable, and most impudent, who desires to examine or search out his Maker. Thousands of thousands, and hundreds of thousands of millions of angels and archangels, do glorify him with dread, and adore him with trembling; and shall men made of clay, full of sins, dispute of the DEITY without fear? Horror doth not shake their bodies, their mind doth not tremble, but being secure and prating, they speak of the Son of God, who suffered for me unworthy sinner, and of both his nativities or generations: at least they are not sensible how blind they are in the light!"

THE LORD in the midst of the flaming fire, called out and warned Moses, when he was about to pry into the mystery of the burning bush, saying, "Draw not nigh hither: put off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground," Exod. iii. 5.

Mr. J. A. JONES then proceeds to lay before the Editor his reasons for writing, appending thereto his own creed; which may be noticed in another number; and having called the Editor's attention to the articles of faith, the venerable author closes his epistle in the following most beautiful and becoming words:—

Such were my views nearly fifty years ago, and such they are now. I have seen no cause to alter even a solitary sentence. I commend the same to your most critical perusal. Remember one thing, I am not alone in my views. I believe all the ministers in London, of our Denomination, who are reputed sound in the faith, are like-minded with me. I say to you, "Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest." But whatever conclusion you may come to, I beseech you, don't consign over to eternal perdition, an aged minister, just on

the verge of Jordan; whose ministry, *first to last*, has tended to the exaltation of Christ the Lord, his *Saviour* and his *God*; and whose labours have been owned and blest to the spiritual profit of hundreds of immortal souls. I pray you don't do *this*, merely because he cannot see with your eyes, and refuses to make use of your spectacles. But if you do so, remember, I shall *appeal* from your judgment to a *higher court*: "We must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ."— See Rom. xiv. 10; and 2 Cor. v. 10.

I pray you receive kindly what I have written. I hold my principles *firmly*; but in the *defence* of them I would use *kind words*, coupled with "great plainness of speech."

I remain, respected Sir, your Christian brother,
J. A. JONES.

50, Murray Street, City Road,
London, March 13th, 1860.

We think this closing paragraph most excellent and telling.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

"THE SHEPHERDS' TENTS."

(CANTICLES I. 8.)

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

IN meditating on "*The Footsteps of the Flock*," we might have considered the words of our blessed Lord, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they *follow me*." We must always see Jesus before us. "He putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice." We must ever remember, then, that "*The Footsteps of the Flock*" are "*The Foot-prints of Jesus*." We shall find these "Footsteps" and "Foot-prints" round about "*THE SHEPHERDS' TENTS*." The Lord is pleased to employ *under-shepherds*. These are said, by the bride in the Song, to be the "companions" of her Shepherd-King. How great the privilege to be a *fellow-worker* with the Lord, and thus a *companion* with the blessed Jesus! Peter was made an under-shepherd. "Jesus saith to Simon Peter, Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these? He saith unto him, Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee. He saith unto him, **FEED MY LAMBS**." Both sheep and lambs are regarded by the great Shepherd of the sheep, but for the lambs of the flock this good Shepherd has a special regard. It is the same precious One who gives the exhortation, "*Feed thy kids* (thy little ones) *beside the shepherds' tents*."

True believers are not required to pass through the world as isolated individuals. Christ's purpose is to *gather together* in one all the family of God. There is, therefore, not only the great and blessed truth that all God's people are one in the unity of Christ's body, the Church; but there is also the duty and the privilege of visible association in church-fellowship. It is to this, doubtless, the apostle refers when he says, "Not forsaking the assembling of yourselves together,

as the manner of some is; but exhorting one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching." "The shepherds' tents" may, therefore, be said to be the places where God's people meet; where he is worshipped in the collected assemblies of his saints; where his word is expounded and enforced, and where Jesus is specially present, according to his promise, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them." But the very important question, Who are the shepherds? yet lies before us. It is one on which much variety of judgment prevails amongst God's children. There is no difference amongst us as to this—that Jesus hath received of the Father the promised Spirit, and that the Spirit is now at work in the world gathering out those that shall be everlastingly glorified with Jesus; that the Lord the Spirit has now come forth, and is in the world, in the church, and in each individual believer, carrying on an *extensive* and *varied* agency, by which he is gathering together all the children of God. Then comes the question, What are the agencies or instrumentalities which the Spirit is working? Certainly the Holy Spirit uses every individual believer. He makes us helpers of one another. He employs each in some particular service. It may be to visit the sick, or to relieve the needy; to give away a tract, or read a chapter in a cottage; to speak a word by the wayside, or to preach the Gospel, or teach the Lord's people publicly in the assembly. To every man there is a work provided. But the work of each is according to the gift bestowed upon each. There is manifestly no need to prove that every child of God has not the gift to

minister publicly in preaching or teaching; neither have all the gift to exercise oversight and rule in the house of God. To do this, requires that the person possesses the special gift; and that gift can only come from the Holy Spirit. Wherever that gift is possessed and manifested, the Church is bound to acknowledge, receive and value it, as something direct from the Lord, given for the spiritual good of the whole body. "Remember them which have the rule over you, which have spoken unto you the word of God; whose faith follow, considering the end of their conversation." "That ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises." "Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so, as ye have us for an ensample." "Let the elders that rule well be counted worthy of double honour, especially they who labour in the word and doctrine." "Receive him therefore in the Lord with all gladness, and hold such in reputation." We beseech you, brethren, to know them which labour among you, and are over you in the Lord, and admonish you: and to esteem them very highly in love for their work's sake." "Obey them that have the rule over you, and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief."

It is said that the Lord teaches himself by his word through his Spirit. So he does, and *that* teaching we should each continually seek. But he also teaches by living men. When Jesus "ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men." These were the gifts of the Spirit. Observe the difference between the *gift* of the Spirit and the *gifts* of the Spirit. The first is common to and alike in all believers. The other varies in each. "He gave some apostles, some prophets, some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers." These,

then, are the under-shepherds. To what end are they given? The apostle goes on to declare, "For the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." Surely all this is utterly opposed to the opinions of some levellers in the church, who would represent it as a "pure democracy,"—putting down all rule and authority, and allowing each man to do according to the dictates of his own fancy! This is to make the Spirit of God the author of confusion and not of order in the church of God.

We say, then, that the ministry is undoubtedly an appointment of God, but for its exercise there must be in every case the call of God, with the gift from the Spirit. There must be the general call to service in the Lord's vineyard,—this we have declared to be given to each believer,—and there must be also, the special call accompanied by the special gift for each kind of service. From the low condition of the church,—at least, of that visible body professing to be the church,—we see in too many cases an educational preparation enabling an unconverted man to take the oversight of, and preach the word of life to, a congregation, like himself, spiritually dead. There can be no greater evil. If God has not bestowed the gift, man cannot confer it. If God *has* bestowed it, then God in his providence will bring about its full manifestation, and in his own time and way will cause it to be fully acknowledged, putting his own almighty seal upon it. Surely there is no greater proof that a man's ministry is from God, than to see scores or hundreds of souls converted under it, and saints gathered, edified and built up. Such ministers are as "householders, bringing out of the treasures things new and old;" and they are "Stewards, whom their Lord shall make rulers over his household, to give them their portion of meat in due season."

THE CONFLICT,—THE VICTORY,—AND THE HONOURS PROMISED.

A SERMON BY MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD, OF MEARD'S COURT, SOHO.

"He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life, but I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels."—Rev. iii. 5.

At a very early period of the Christian era, a Christian church was formed at Sardis. As far as we can gather from the history of this church, the members went on well for a time, and were united and decided for the Gospel institutions of Jesus Christ. But soon this church became cold and indifferent; so much so that the Lord sent by his servant

this statement, "I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and art dead." It is bad, friends, to be dead, but it is even worse to have a name to live while we are dead in sin. We had better make no profession of religion at all, than to make a hypocritical profession, which must sooner or later end badly. But some have life, and are in a state of coldness and indifference; this is not unfrequently the case: they are cold, but it is not the insensibility of death; they are indifferent, but it is not the indif-

ference of a state of hardness, being dead in sin. If we know anything of the Christian life, we know it is truly a bad state to be in; one of the worst states is to be in a state of drowsiness about our interest in the things of God. We had better be tossed about in a storm a thousand times than to be in a treacherous calm: better be driven by a terrible storm to seek refuge in the harbour of God's mercy, through the blood of the cross, than to be amid rocks, surrounded with shoals, and not to know our danger; better to be tossed about with affliction, and overwhelmed with sorrow, so that we are earnestly seeking to know our interest in the Redeemer's atonement, under a feeling sense of our need of forgiveness, than to have a name to live while we are dead in sin. Our Lord says to the wavering ones, "Be watchful!" As though he said, You have a little strength, a little life, hold fast by the truth. What are the best things to strengthen life? Pure air, good water, and wholesome food. What better atmosphere can a Christian breathe than the atmosphere of the cross, than the pure air of the mercy-seat? What better water than the water that floweth from the rock of eternal ages? What better food than the bread that cometh down from heaven? If these things do not strengthen the Christian, he must assuredly continue weak. The Lord addeth, "I have not found thy works perfect before God." What! does the Lord require perfection? Though perfection is not in man, the Lord requireth sincerity: whatsoever we do we should do with all our hearts, in harmony with the interests of the Saviour's kingdom. Perfect works are in contrast to hypocrisy, meaning sincerity of heart, confidence in our principles. Job was called by God an "upright man." He did not mean Job was without blemish, he did not mean he had no faults; but he was an "upright man," he was not playing the hypocrite. But with the church at Sardis, there were some who were not sincere, they were not upright. And after the Lord had, as it were, passed in review this church, he says, "Thou hast a few names even in Sardis, which have not defiled their garments." Who have not given up the great distinguishing truths of the Redeemer; who have not defiled their garments by departing from the ordinances of Christ. The Lord commendeth such: "They shall walk with me in white; for they are worthy."

Surely it is encouraging, "Thou hast a few names in Sardis." I shall alter these words a little, and adopt a name more familiar,—in the place of Sardis read Salem, The Lord saith to the church in Salem chapel, "I know thy works that thou hast a name," &c. He saith, "Remember what thou hast received," To Salem's members he saith, "Be watchful, strengthen the things which remain." To Salem's members he saith,

"Hold fast and repent; if, therefore, thou shalt not watch. I will come on thee as a thief, and thou shalt not know what hour I will come upon thee." But, he saith, even in Salem there are a few names "which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white."

We have in our text three points, to which I desire to direct your attention. First, *the conflict here supposed*; secondly, *the source of victory*; lastly, *the honours that are promised*, "Clothed in white raiment; and I will not blot out his name out of the book of life." Here is a three-fold honour: to be "clothed in white raiment;" "I will not blot out his name;" and I will confess his name before my Father, and before his angels."

I. THE CONFLICT. If we be strangers to conflict we shall be strangers to victory. If not strangers to conflict, we shall be and by not be strangers to a grand and glorious victory through the grace of God. Conflict presupposes enemies. I wish to impress this on your minds that the Christian hath enemies, and these enemies will most assuredly produce conflict. Let us not be mistaken, we shall find our enemies are not so much in persons as in principles; not so much from without as from within; not so much from the world as from our own hearts. It is bad to have enemies without, but it is still worse to have them within; it is bad enough to have them openly, but it is worse to have them lurking in one's bosom, in the very depths of one's spirit. There is not a solitary follower of Jesus Christ but who has painfully to feel that he has powerful enemies dwelling in his own soul. The great apostle of the Gentiles, under this feeling, exclaimed, "When I would do good, evil is present with me!" He did not so much fear enemies in persons, these he would boldly have withstood to the face; but those enemies which sapped at the very root of his communion with God, and marred his heavenly enjoyments; these dwellers within were not to be easily overcome.

We will here notice more particularly, *three enemies*: viz., ignorance, enmity, and scepticism. First, we may truly be said to be ignorant of what we are in and of ourselves; ignorant of what Christ is—of his offices, of his relationship in which he stands to his children, and ignorant of what he hath done for our souls; hence springs enmity, which is deeply rooted in the very nature of men, which rebels against God's sovereignty, and murmurs against the Divine supremacy. This enmity rankles sometimes even in the bosom of the godly; will display itself in the spirit that has been born again; and vents itself in murmuring against God's dealings with us in providence. We see the prosperity of the wicked when we are enduring a bitter day of adversity, envy springs up, which is the result of ignorance, and we

murmur against him who is "too wise to err, and too good to be unkind." Then there is scepticism, which is peculiar to our fallen and corrupt nature, and shews itself in various forms. Sometimes in doubts and fears with the children of God: doubts and fears seem peculiar to some minds far more than to others; if you talk to some good Christians, they seem always doubting, never rise higher than a hope in the mercy of God; they seem to view things through a cloud, which throws blackness where brightness otherwise might be seen; they take the worst side of things, drawing from little events painful conclusions. These doubts and fears will be overcome, but not by abusing the weak, or chiding them for their fears; but by perfect love will cast out fear. If the soul never get beyond this state in this life, it is far better to go doubting and fearing to heaven, than to go with giant-strides to hell; it is better to go limping to the regions of bliss, than to pace merrily onwards in the broad road of death. Notice the gentle means adopted by Jesus to convince his doubting Thomas, "Handle me; thrust thy hands into my side," says Jesus; "Be not unbelieving, a spirit hath not flesh and blood as ye see me have." Give these doubting ones all the possible worldly pleasures, still there is something lacking, they want that which wealth cannot purchase, and that which the world's frowns cannot take away. But the enemies of our souls, call them by what name you may, are all marshalled under the one great captain, the prince of darkness. How often, dear friends, when we would be studying the gracious character of God, closeted with the Most High, bowing before his mercy-seat, when we would be occupied in sweet, calm meditation on the beauties of Jesus, of the glories of yon heavenly world, do our hearts seem like a sepulchre, the abode of dead men's bones, emitting a most awful stench, when we would fain be inhaling the glorious and invigorating perfumes of Paradise. These things, Christian,—the common frailties of humanity,—the evil propensities of our fallen natures—never in this life, will be entirely eradicated; they must be subdued, though they will not be entirely overcome, till we put off dull mortality and are rebuilt in the glorious likeness of Jesus Christ, we shall have to complain that our worst enemies are those of our own household. I say, our evil passions will not be destroyed; but, mark, by grace they must and will be subdued: sin must be curbed, or what are we the better for our religion? If we can sin now as we did before, if we can now neglect God's word as we did before, and neglect his house of prayer, if we can still speak as falsely, as wickedly, and sin as greedily, I ask again, what are we the better even as men for our religion? But true it is, the grace of God will subdue our evil pas-

sions; where the Spirit of God is Satan cannot reign; where the love of God is, enmity to God will not dwell. What is it that makes the new-born soul to bow down his head like a bullrush? What is it that makes him to feel indifferent about his state, or careless about the things of God? Is it because he knows so much of God? or, is enjoying so much in communion with God? No! it is because there is so much in us so unlike God; so much in us that is worldly, and whereof we have to be ashamed.

II. Notice some of the SOURCES OF VICTORY. We shall never overcome in our own strength. Satan is too much for us; but if we trust implicitly in the great Captain, whose wisdom has never been baffled, whose arm has never been paralysed, who never turned his back upon the battlefield, through him we shall come off more than conquerors! Faith in Christ is a source of victory,—“This is your victory, even your faith.” Faith is the hand that lays hold of the strength of Omnipotence! She hath no strength in herself; like the ivy that trembles in the storm when unsupported, but let the ivy entwine its tiny arms around the firm oak, and the hands which grasp will not give up their hold. Take the vine from the wall, how weak it is: by the wall's side it is strong and will stand for ages. So faith in active exercise, lays hold on Jesus: if we trust in ourselves, our poor selfish strength will tremble at the first storm; but trust in Him who sways sceptres, who uncrowns kings, and crumbles thrones into dust, then your trust is in one who will “bring you off more than conquerors through him that hath loved us.” Another source of victory is we are clad in the best robe, and armed with the best weapons: the word of truth, and the robe of righteousness.

II. Lastly, a few words on the HONORS THAT ARE PROMISED, “The same shall be clothed in white raiment,” &c. To be clothed in white indicates princely dignity and glory. When Jesus was on the mount of transfiguration, he was clothed in white, being transfigured before his disciples; when the glory-cloud hovered over them, Jesus was clothed in spotless and unsullied white. Then to be clothed in white is an emblem of purity; it is also an emblem of festivity and joy. The Jews had clothing expressive of their state and situation,—if in trouble they were clothed in sackcloth and ashes; if rejoicing they were clothed in white.

I must leave these remarks by just adding, The Lord saith, “I will not blot out his name out of the book of life,” this does not mean that if our names are written there, they can be blotted out, but to strengthen the doubting and to confirm the weaklings of Christ's flock, that notwithstanding all your fears your names shall not be blotted out of the book of life. Amen.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. W. T. HASLOP,

Pastor of the Baptist Church meeting at Shalom Chapel, Oval, Hants.

In our Supplement for March we gave an account of the Death and Funeral of our deceased brother, and promised further particulars.

On Lord's-day evening March 4th, Mr. Chivers preached his Funeral Sermon from Psalm. cxxvii. 2, latter part of the verse, to a crowded and deeply affected congregation. at Shalom Chapel: in the course of which he read the following account:

Mr. William Thorp Haslop was born on the 14th November, 1809, at Needingworth, Hunts. His father was a Baptist Minister, for some years at Fenstanton, and afterwards at Over, Cambridgeshire. His mother was a member of the Baptist Church at Needingworth more than thirty years.

Being brought up in the fear of the Lord, and early accustomed to attend the house of God, he was always moral in his deportment. On being apprenticed at Cambridge, he attended the ministry of Mr. Charles Simeon, a popular Church clergyman, whose style of preaching he admired, and has left a manuscript containing reflections on, and sketches of his sermons. Many of you will doubtless remember his recent allusion to those startling words used by Mr. Simeon, and which sent him home crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner." Mr. Simeon was stating that out of the twelve Apostles of our Lord, *one* of them was a *Judas* and had a devil, (John vi. 70.) he said, pointing to the very spot where Mr. Haslop sat, "I doubt not if this vast congregation were divided into *twelves*, one in every twelve would be found to be a devil." He went home with the full conviction that he was one such, and remained in a distressed state of mind for a long time. After this he writes, (28th Nov. 1829) "The last fortnight has been a deplorable time with me. Every event in my life; the temptations I meet with: and my depraved inclinations, all bring me to the cross of Christ: I am deprived of every self-righteous plea; they shew me my nothingness and utter insufficiency, and place me on a level with the thief on the cross. Christ is all, and *must* be all. If he is not a complete Saviour, I shall never be saved. *Half* salvation is no salvation at all. This night I retire to bed in peace. Sweet are the visits of Bethel! O what a burden is sin! What a fascinating appearance; but, it has *poison* within! To the praise of Divine grace, and to my unspeakable comfort, before recording *this* I have wrestled like Jacob, and a glimpse of Jesus has beamed on my soul. While

with the apostle, I have had his views of *sin*, I have also had, in some degree, his views of the *Saviour* too." Romans vii. 24, 25. At the expiration of his apprenticeship he removed to London, and sat under Dr. Fletcher, but the Doctor's ministry did not satisfy him. He used to hear Mr. J. Irons, at Jewin Crescent, whose Lectures were greatly blessed to him. One in particular he has frequently named in this pulpit.—"Be something or nothing; be not as the shuttle-cock, tossed from the world to the church and from the church again to the world. Say not, "I will go to the *Theatre* with you to-night, if you will go with me to *Chapel* to-morrow."—This made a lasting impression on his mind; and by the help of God, he was enabled to throw off his worldly companions and unchristian associates. He was subsequently directed to attend at Mitchell Street Meeting, and the labours of Mr. J. A. Jones were owned and greatly blessed to him; in particular a sermon from those words, "Until the time that his word came: the word of the Lord tried him." Psa. cv. 19. This caused him to unite with the Church under Mr Jones's ministry, and he was baptized with six others in Jireh meeting, Brick Lane, Oct. 28 1838, being the first Lord's day after that chapel was opened. He was first induced to attend the ministry at Mitchell Street, in consequence of reading at his Father's house when in Huntingdonshire, Mr. Jones' work on *Baptism*, in reply to Mr Joseph Irons' "*Jazer*."

He was chosen one of the deacons, May 19th, 1847, and filled that office usefully for eight years; till indeed he was called to more public work in his Master's vineyard. He used often to say, that, he derived more real satisfaction, and solid gospel knowledge under Mr. Jones, than any one he ever heard.

It was in the autumn of the year 1854, that Mr. Keyworth asked him to speak for him at Jireh Chapel, Garden row, Southwark. He at first refused; but Mr. Keyworth saying that he should not ask any one else, and adding, "I have long thought, my brother, that you ought to be employed in the Master's service;" he consented. The next Lord's-day he supplied the pulpit at Dartford, and a few weeks after at St. Alban's, where he spoke with much acceptance for two years. God blessed the word, and many souls were given him for his hire. On Lord's-day, May 18th, 1856, he was asked to speak at Squirries Street. He was

heard well. The people were of one mind concerning him, and said "This is the man, anoint him." Mr. Langham, their beloved minister, went home to glory the *next morning* at 4 o'clock; and Mr. Haslop had a further invitation to preach to them, and did so, alternately with St. Alban's, till October, when he accepted an invitation for three months. With great reluctance, at the end of nine months he accepted the pastorate over them. His health was delicate, and he considered himself unequal to the duty of a regular minister. However he yielded to the *unanimous* wish of the Church and congregation; and during the three years he laboured there, many were added to the Church, and the chapel was in reality too small for the numbers that attended. His complaint also, being *asthma*, the closeness of the place greatly affected his breath.

"Ichabod" had long been written on these walls of Shalom; and many attempts to raise a *Cause* here, had failed. but the Lord's hand appeared to him, and many friends, in their removal hither. To use his own words, "The lame took the prey." Thirty members put down their names with his, and eighteen persons who had been standing without, were constrained to say "Add us to the number."

"No more strangers, or as guests,
But children quite at home."

His weakness gradually increased, but the many tokens he had of the Lord's presence and favour, in adding to the Church such as we hope will be saved, (Acts ii. 47.) together with the kindness and increasing love of the people, greatly encouraged him; and he hoped and expected to have been spared a few more years to blow the Gospel trumpet.

The three last months has been a time of great bodily suffering, but he was seldom absent from the pulpit of a Lord's-day: saying, "He did not mind what he suffered in the week, if he could but get to *Shalom*, to his beloved people, on *that day*." His natural energy of mind, and cheerfulness of disposition, concealed from nearly all eyes the near approach of the "king of terrors." "He anticipated with pleasure the intended Tea Meeting of the 21st and helped the friends in arranging for the occasion, expecting a good evening.

About a week before his death, he caught a fresh cold; his breathing was very difficult; and he said, "he was going home soon, his time was short." However he endeavoured to come up to speak to you last Lord's-day week, but could not; and another occupied the pulpit. He spoke a very few words from the Desk; felt encouraged by the pleasing aspect of affairs, congratulated you on the love and union which prevailed,

and exhorted you to cleave to each other, and to the Lord.

The next day (Monday, 20th Feb.) found him worse; but he was up and able to converse; he was cheerful, his mind was solid, fixed on Christ the rock. In the evening he said "he was better, much better." He spoke of the next day, being the Tea Meeting, and of the brethren in the ministry whom he expected. At two o'clock in the morning he said that he had had a most refreshing sleep, and had been thinking lately much on that sweet passage, "So he giveth his beloved sleep." (Psa. cxxvii. 2.) He said, "I have suffered much for the want of natural sleep; but *that* is not the meaning of the words, it means rest, support, strength, happiness, peace, eternal life, yea, *every thing in Christ*." He said "If I live to speak again, I will take *that text*. The truths I have been helped to deliver I have lived upon; they have supported me in affliction, and, *I can die upon them*. I want no other Christ. I have *known* him not only as a Saviour, but, as *my Saviour*, more than thirty years. I have proved his power: He *hath* delivered, he *doth* deliver, and he *will* deliver. I don't want to live for myself; I can face death, for death has no terrors for *me*: but I want to live for my people, I want to live for my *children*, I want to live for *my wife*." And again he said, "We have a good prospect before us, and I hope to live a little longer for my people."

He sank into apparent slumber about three o'clock in the morning, from which he never aroused, but kept gradually sinking, till half-past one o'clock on Tuesday Feb. 21st, when without a struggle or a sigh, he left the world with all its toys, for a better, a brighter world on High. May we not say "for so he giveth his beloved sleep!"

He sleeps in Jesus, and is bless'd;
How soft his slumbers are!
From sufferings and from sins releas'd,
And freed from ev'ry care.
Far from this world of toil and strife,
He's present with the Lord;
Painful the labours of his life,
But great is his reward.

The now *widowed* Church, not, as yet, knowing of her loss, met, with many others in the evening of the same day, to unite in social Christian intercourse; but the under-shepherd had only three hours before *joined the glorified-ones*, and entered into his *rest*. It was a most solemn meeting, one long to be remembered. The *ministers* invited were kindly there, and among them the brethren Foreman, Wyard, Bloomfield, Chivers, Bormond, and Webb, but as all description fails, we shall not attempt it.

What is death, that I should fear it?
What is death? 'tis a triumph!—'tis to join

The great assembly—Church of the First-born !
To join in their blest Hosannah's to the King !
In dying we live ! and, Then we live for ever !

An account of the funeral &c., has already been given in the *Supplement of THE VESSEL* for March, to which we refer our readers.

THE LAST MOMENTS AND PEACEFUL
DEPARTURE OF

MRS. MARY BURRELL,

WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, ON THURSDAY,
MARCH 29TH, 1860, AT TOTTENHAM, AGED
73 YEARS.

The sovereignty of our God is a mighty profound deep, and a subject of everlasting adoration to saints and angels. It appears everywhere in nature, providence, and grace, but perhaps nowhere more conspicuous than in the departure from earth to heaven of the Lord's beloved family. Death has lost its sting to all, but its form is sometimes ghastly even to the believer; the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle is sometimes attended with agonising pains, and many a saint has found the river of death to be cold, deep, and wide, but they have been supported and carried through. In other cases, how gently has the Lord taken the body down, and laid the flesh to rest! he has, as it were, kissed the soul away to everlasting rest. Such was the case with the departed. She was taught by God the Holy Ghost her ruined state in early life, knew well the plague of her own heart, and built her hope upon the Rock of eternal ages, the finished work of Jesus. She knew him as her refuge from the storm, and lived for many years to prove the truth of that portion which she often called her own. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that trust in him." It was the pleasure of the Lord to lead her through deep waters of affliction, and most powerful temptations. Once or twice, years ago, she was confined to her bed for twelve months together, but her sick-bed was made a Bethel to her soul, and she was favoured oft to sing, "Sweet affliction thus to bring my Saviour near."

About twenty years ago she was severely assaulted by the devil; for several weeks she laboured under a dreadful temptation to destroy herself. The enemy was permitted to take advantage of some painful circumstances of body and mind through which she was called to pass, and so far was he permitted to go that she was about to put the dreadful act into execution by hanging herself in the bedroom, but the thought rushed into her mind at that moment, "everybody will know it;" but undaunted, the devil suggested to her poor mind a mode by which she might do the deed and conceal it from all; it was to make some thick gruel, and thereby scald her inside, and so bewildered

was her poor mind that she was permitted even to make it; but

"Just at the last distressing hour,
The Lord displayed delivering power,"

broke in upon her soul by the powerful application of those words, "My grace is sufficient for thee;" laid her on a bed of affliction, and so effectually broke the snare of the devil, and so sweetly manifested his love to her soul, that for several days she lay talking of the deliverance, and saying to all, "Come all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." Such was the heavenly joy and peace she experienced then, we all thought she was going home, but she was again raised from her bed to carry about an afflicted body for another twenty years. The devil never tempted her in this way again, and it was a blessed means of strengthening her faith and hope in her covenant God, so that whereas before she seemed frequently loaded with cares and anxieties, the latter part of her life was marked with that childlike dependence upon her heavenly Father, that in a happy measure freed her from those cares. She could say with sweet assurance, "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

The last ten years of her life was spent at home; she could not get out, in consequence of a feeble frame, to hear the word; but just before she departed she said, "I have lived upon Christ and my Bible this ten years."

The Bible and Newton's hymn-book was her principal companion all her lifetime. She got at last exceedingly feeble and helpless, and took to her bed, which proved her dying-bed on Friday, the 23rd of March. That day was an exceedingly happy day with her; she lay and talked constantly of the Lord's goodness, and of the prospect before her, in language as follows:—

On her daughter going to her bed, and saying, "Well, mother, the Lord has laid you aside again," she said, "Yes, and for the last time; the poor body is very, very sore, but the inner man is well. I am like Paul, 'ready to depart.' I long to go home." Upon entreating her to take some nourishment, she said, "No; I want nothing. I have meat to eat ye know not of. I have got my Christ, and that is all I want." Her daughter said, "Perhaps, mother, the Lord is about to take the poor old tabernacle down." "Ah, yes," she said, "it is falling." Then with uplifted hands, her eyes beaming with holy joy, she said, "Yes, yes,

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

Then I shall be at home, sweet home, in my house up there (pointing upwards), not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where I shall for ever dwell, with my Jesus for ever. He has," she continued, "been a gracious Friend to me, faithful these seventy-three

years. He said he would carry me quite through, and so he has."

On her daughter leaving her to return to London, her last words to her were,

"A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me on fair Canaan's coast,
Where I shall sing the song of grace,
And see my Saviour face to face."

We all thought she might lay, however, in this state for some weeks, but the Lord thought otherwise. On Thursday morning, her aged partner had dosed off for a short time by her side, and on waking he found that her spirit was fled. She lay as in a sweet sleep, and must have fallen asleep in her dear Redeemer's arms without a struggle or a sigh. Her mortal remains were deposited in the cemetery at Tottenham, on Good Friday, April 6th, and followed by all her children, except the eldest, who is in Australia, and who was much laid upon her mind at last. She said in a tone of confidence. "The Lord has called two of my children, and Sarah is in the covenant, to be called yet (meaning her daughter in Australia)."

Thus as a shock of corn fully ripe was she gathered into the heavenly garner.

Her happy soul's to glory gone,
But we've no cause to weep;
No cause whatever we've to mourn;
In Christ she fell asleep.
An object of eternal love,
A chosen blood-bought sheep,
Born by the Spirit from above,
In Christ she fell asleep.
Borne up amidst temptation's fire,
And through affliction's deep,
She's gained the summit of desire;
In Christ she fell asleep.
Down to old age and hoary hairs,
The Lord her soul did keep:
In death he banished all her fears;
In Christ she fell asleep."
Just as the weary traveller rests,
And finds his rest is sweet,
So leaning on her Saviour's breast,
She sweetly fell asleep.

G. BURRELL.

"A STRONGHOLD IN THE TIME OF TROUBLE."

DEAR EDITOR,—Will you allow a small space for a record of the mercy and goodness of our covenant God, in sustaining under, and delivering from, a deep and heavy trial?

My object in writing is two-fold: to glorify the God of my salvation; and to encourage his tried afflicted children to trust in him, and call upon him in every time of trouble.

Last autumn, my dear wife was brought very low in bodily weakness; her medical attendant advised her to go into the country. She did so for a time, but to no benefit. She continued to get weaker in body, and at times showed symptoms of weakness of mind, so that we feared something serious

would be the result. We were advised to consult an eminent physician. The first time she saw him, he told the friend that was with her, that she must not be left alone on any account, and if possible, let the children be taken away from her. Other things he said, which quite assured us our fears were not groundless. I will not attempt to describe what my feelings were upon hearing what the physician said; but will here speak of the supporting hand of the Lord. For some time these words had been upon my mind: "It is the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be delivered out of it," Jer. xxx. 7. I cannot say that these words, at first, left any impression; but they were continually in my thoughts. One night, as I was returning home, the words came with more power than usual—"It is the time of Jacob's trouble; but he shall be delivered out of it." I said, "Lord, what does it mean?" when these words darted into my mind: "I have told you before it come to pass, that when it is come to pass you may know that I told you," John xiv. 29. Neither scripture is exactly as it reads, but that is as they came to me. When I arrived home, I found my wife worse; and she continued to get worse from that time. I then believed the word of God was not given to me in vain; and I can truly say it has been a support to me all through the trial.

But to return. We attended as far as we could to what the physician ordered. Each time he saw her confirmed his first impressions. This was a time of great anxiety; as we were every day expecting things would come to the worst. Her sufferings were great; the enemy also sorely tempted her to despair. The word of God, which had been her delight, seemed all against her. She told the friends who tried to comfort her that they were all deceived in her; for she was nothing but a hypocrite. Solemn and earnest prayer was made for her continually by the church with whom we have the honour to be united, and I can truly say we have received the greatest kindness and sympathy possible both from the church and from our beloved pastor, Mr. Thos. Chivers. May the Lord return them seven-fold in their own bosoms! How different to the dear Saviour! when he (humanly speaking) most needed sympathy, they all forsook him and fled. "He trod the wine-press alone, and of the people there was none with him." Bless his precious name! He has said, "Call upon me in the day of trouble, I will deliver thee." And I am a living witness of his faithfulness; but oh, what work for faith! And alas! mine sometimes was very weak; at other times, when the promise the Lord gave me was uppermost, I did feel a solid assurance he would send deliverance. The physician advised that my wife be

removed from home; and our friends endeavoured to persuade me to the same, as they felt sure it would be for the best; but I could not reconcile my mind to it; neither did the dear Lord permit it, for just as means were about to be adopted for that end, she began to amend, and continued to do so, and I rejoice to say, she is now perfectly restored.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his mercies toward me? Had I ten thousand thousand tongues, not one should silent be,

in speaking forth the praises of him who hath delivered, who doth deliver, and who has promised to be with us in six troubles, and in the seventh not to forsake us. "Trust in him at all times, ye people; pour out your hearts before him. God is a refuge for us."

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review.
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through."

Bermondsey New Road. W. STRINGER.

THE BAPTISTS, AND THEIR PERSECUTORS, ANCIENT AND MODERN,—THE RECTOR RECTIFIED, ETC., ETC.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow a corner for the insertion of a few lines upon the Lord's ordinance of baptism, after your and the *Standard's* battle with that Scripture-distorting and learned gentleman, the Rev. A. J. Baxter? The mode and subjects of scriptural baptism are so notorious and definite that a child of ten years old must perfectly understand both. Why did John baptise where there was "much water?" And the manner in which the Head and example of Zion was baptised is as explicit and plain as language can convey it (Matt. iii. 16): "And Jesus, when he was baptised, went up straightway out of the water, and lo! the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him; and lo! a voice from heaven, saying, 'This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.'" Here the whole Trinity sanctioned this ordinance. Here let me ask the opposers of believers' baptism, Could the Lord Jesus be said to come up out of the water if he had not first have gone into it? Was he an infant when he was baptised? Oh! no; perhaps he walked fifteen miles from Galilee to Jordan because it behoved him and all his people thus to fulfil this ordinance, and at the time he began to be about thirty years of age, the zenith of manhood, and whose work was perfect. The like description of the baptism of the Ethiopian eunuch, with its antecedent and following facts, declared in the 8th of Acts, corresponds with the manner in which the Lord Jesus was baptised; and, with the first cited passage, is enough to substantiate the verity and solemnity of the mode and subjects of the sacred ordinance, and also the dignity and majesty of Him who instituted it. Behold the eunuch returning from Jerusalem, riding in his chariot, and Philip, by the command of God the Holy Ghost, ordered to go and join himself to this chariot; and intent to obey the high command, 'tis said he ran, may be as un-

ceremonious as Mary entering the house of Simon to anoint the feet of her dear Lord. When we see a man running, it is generally said, What's up? Philip might forbode that some important business of the King was to be transacted; he did not seem to say, perhaps this great personage will not allow me to join in his chariot; but nothing of this kind intimidated him, and upon his arrival found an inquiring sinner reading the 53rd of Isaiah: "He was led as a sheep to the slaughter," &c. And he began at that scripture, and preached unto him Jesus; and this glorious personage, this greater than Solomon, also entered into this chariot. Habakkuk will tell you the very name of it, and besides this (for embassies of love, marriages, fetching his children home, beating down his foes, &c.), he has twenty thousand more with expert attendants around his royal palace; and moreover he has another, his royal state chariot, for

"Great Salem's King, of old renown'd,
With wisdom blest, and honours crown'd,
Prepared a chariot for his bride,
That she in princely state might ride."

See, then, in this eunuch's chariot a person foreloved ere the habitations were made for his chosen to dwell in. Jesus rejoiced and delighted in him, and now the set time to favour him was come, and arrayed in the royal robes of priestly attire, he manifested to him the riches of his pardoning grace. After this was manifested, they still appear to be travelling on in the desert, perhaps in the way to Ethiopia, and their glorious Charioteer brought the eunuch to a "certain water," and probably by the instruction of Philip and the Holy Spirit's teaching, the eunuch said, "See, here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptised?" Now see the exact narration of the manner this sacred ordinance was administered, viz., "And they went both down into the water, both Philip and the eunuch, and he baptised him; and when they came up out of the

water," &c. If sprinkling out of a basin had been the Lord's baptism, the eunuch had doubtless plenty of them, and water besides with him, in a journey through deserts of perhaps near 200 miles; but lest anyone should cavil and say, the eunuch's servants or Philip fetched water out of this certain water (as the Lord knew they would), the Spirit has written the *boths* that none should affirm baptism was either sprinkling or pouring on of water.

What description can be more explicit? No invention of men can disarrange the Holy Spirit's testimony. But in those days there began to be opposition to this command of Christ, being recorded of some that they rejected the counsel of God against themselves, not being baptised by John; and England shows notable instances in the history of Baptists, that they esteemed the Lord's ordinance of baptism more than their lives, liberties, or any other earthly good, and also disclosures of the awful persecuting and murderous spirit of even those who were renowned good men, even in the reign of King Edward VI. Joan of Kent, who was imprisoned and condemned to be burnt for not bringing her new-born child to the font of the Established Church of England under Henry VIII. (because she said she had neither precept nor precedent in the Lord's word so to do), who, at the time of Henry's death, was lying in prison; and Mr. Fox, the martyrologist, went to Bishop Hooper, and begged of him to give her her liberty, as, if her sentence was executed, it would look so much like the torments of the Church of Rome. Hooper replied, "Burning alive was easy death enough." Mr. Fox smote Hooper's hand, which he held, and said, "Perhaps you may have your hands full of this mild burning one day;" and he was the first burnt in Mary's reign; and now by the instigation of the devil, Ridley and Cranmer went to good King Edward with the death warrant for this dear woman's burning, and at length prevailed upon him to sign it, which, the historian says, he did with tears in his eyes, and told them they should answer for it at the bar of God, and not himself. But behold, a few years after, Ridley and Cranmer had the same cup ministered to them, with Latimer and many others; and some of them, one in particular, cried out in the midst of his burning, "See here, ye Papists, that I feel as comfortable in these flames as if I were in a bed of roses." But the historian says, poor Ridley was a heart-rending spectacle in the fire at his death. Perhaps a short record of the cruelties practised upon the Baptists may not be unacceptable to show that their attachment to this holy ordinance exceeded their love of life itself.

Baptists, it appears, existed in Britain as

early as the year 305. In seventh century, Auston, a monk, stirred the Saxons against Britons for not baptising their infants. In the reign of Henry IV. the Baptists were cruelly persecuted on the same charges. In the reign of Henry V. they were also most cruelly used; Lord Cobham and 38 more were hung up in chains, and then burnt, for which awful tragedy the place is called Tyburne. In the reign of Henry VI. 400 suffered great hardships, and some death, for the same cause. Edward IV. cruelly persecuted them, and in Edward V.'s time their sufferings were much increased. In the reign of Henry VIII. they were reproachfully called Anabaptists. In 1528, seven Baptists came over from Holland; they were apprehended and imprisoned, and two of them burnt in Smithfield. In 1535, 22 Baptists were apprehended, and 10 of them put to death. In 1539, 16 men and 15 women were banished for opposing infant sprinkling; and moreover, when on their voyage to Deeph, in Holland, were pursued by the king's blood-hounds, and the men beheaded and the women drowned, says the historian, for holding no other thing than what Christ and his apostles did write; also says, 28 were put to death the year before. In Edward VI.'s time, the banished for conscience sake had favour, except the Baptists, when, upon the 2nd of April, 1549, they were convened before the Bishop of Canterbury, and Ridley and Cranmer possessed a persecuting spirit against them. Hugh Latimer said, in his Lent sermon, many Baptists were burnt in divers towns in England, and died martyrs cheerfully, and makes mention of one town where upwards of 500 were so martyred! Leaving these awful tragedies to look at their history in the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, the Charlesses, James, &c., doubtless greatly augment the number of sufferers for their attachment to this command of the Lord Jesus. (For information on this head, read Mr. Hawkins's works entitled, "Lydia and Philip," and "The Anabaptists of Knollysford Dean.") In Elizabeth's long reign of upwards of forty-four years, she violently persecuted the Baptists and Quakers; the Brownists, or Independents, as they are now called, also partook of it with less virulence with the Presbyterians; but the Arminian churches were not in existence till afterwards, formed by the Wesleys about the year 1740, or very near that date.

Is it not a matter of surprise to read the opposition of renowned good men to this ordinance of Christ? Give me leave to mention that a Church of England minister, living at the time at Mildon, in Suffolk, about 1671 to 1692; and at the same time, in his neighbourhood, existed a few people who were Baptists, who met to worship at

different places, into whose places at their time of worship he would intrude, and impose his own interpretations of baptism, &c. He soon after published his work entitled, "An Argumentative and Practical Discourse of Infant Baptism," to show the lawfulness thereof, objections answered, its usefulness asserted, the sinfulness of rebaptising, the nonnecessity of dipping evidenced, &c.; in which work he introduced much invective and false charges against these dear people. Their minister, being an untrained man, did not write a refutation, but sent to Mr. B. Keach, a learned Baptist minister in London, to make a reply on their behalf, and he published a reply, entitled "The Rector Rectified," stripped him of his baby-linen and sprinkling sophistry, and sharply reproved him for his lying reports of this poor people. Mr. Burkitt, stung with these charges, after reading Mr. Keach's book, having said in it that the people before they were baptised looked like angels, but after they came out of the water looked like devils, the water being made black by receiving the sewers from the (Pan) cattle-yards,—Mr. Burkitt one morning took his pony, and on his arrival at Kettlebaston high house, the place where the ordinance was administered, asked the good woman of the house, one of their members, to allow him to look at the place where the people were dipped. "Oh yes, sir," replied the heroine, "I'll get my bonnet, and show you;" and it being in a garden near the house, on ground much higher, and apart from the Pan yards, it was impossible any filth from them could defile its water. On their arrival, "There, sir," said she, "is a pond of pure water fit for the Lord's ordinance of baptism to be administered in. What a pity you had not seen it before you had published the falsehoods your book contains." And many more things she preached to him, and I dare say not without emphasis. I never heard he interfered with them any more. From these people emanated a dissenting cause at Lavenham, and also at Bildeston, in Suffolk, at which place was a Baptist minister of the name of Palmer, about, I think, fifty years, who died, and was buried in Hitcham churchyard. At this place the family of the renowned Mr. J. Hitchcock attended, who, under God, was the means of raising the Baptist church at Wattesham, Suffolk. Some sixty years ago, a person of the name of Edwards published a book on infant sprinkling, entitled, "Edwards's Candour," whose arguments were as puerile as Burkitt's or Baxter's, who was replied to by a countryman, by whom he was sharply reproved, much in the same way Keach reproved the rector of Mildend, or as the good men the editors of the *Standard* and the *EARTHEN VESSEL* have confuted Mr. Baxter's hyperbolical rhetoric.

The ordinance of believers' baptism is so explicit in the first-named passages that they may be called the foundation on which it is based, and no power on earth or hell can remove them; and the martyrs who suffered in the faith of it (half of whom our martyrologist Fox or Clark have not designated, being infant sprinklers) have borne a noble testimony of their attachment thereto, for the encouragement of all believers in the Lord Jesus; and how manifest has been his presence in the administration thereof! What joy and rejoicing have I felt and seen when poor sinners, brought out of Satan's dark kingdom into the kingdom of Christ, have been baptised; dear old saints' faces covered with tears of joy, and every believer's heart overflowing with gladness, something akin to what the ransomed shall feel in glory; and also exalted views of the resurrection power and glorious victories of Jesus when he arose from the dead. Who ever feel such joy in the sprinkling of poor unconscious babes? Oh, no; let Mr. B. catch his sparrows, and carry them to some son of levy, and admire the metaphor of its fanciful bearing in the defence of his baptism. But let me prize the Lord's own institution.

THOS. HODDY.

West Bromwich, Staffordshire.

JESUS.

My soul reclines on Jesus, on him alone I rest,
And find a safe abiding, recumbent on his breast;
In weaknesses and tremblings this truth my safe-guard is,

That Jesus is almighty, and all my strength is His:
I look alone to Jesus, for glance where'er I may,
No path of safety opens, but Christ the living way;
I once could vainly scorn him, but now he's highly prized,

And life without his presence is only death disguised.

I hope alone in Jesus—his cleansing blood to me
Outweighs the many precious things that gem the earth and sea;

His free imputed righteousness (though black myself I know),

Hath made me in the view of God as pure as driven snow.

I meditate on Jesus—his life and sufferings too,
And in this wondrous depth profound there's something ever new.

His full vicarious sacrifice is solid ground to me,
When faith can realize the fact, 'The Saviour died for thee.'

Let moles and bats be cumbered with the idols once I knew;

When Christ within the heart appears he maketh all things new;

My puerile works are scattered as leaves before the blast,

For Jesus' work is perfect, and that alone stands fast.

All hail my blessed Master, to thee my prayer shall rise,

To be estranged from earthly things while passing to the skies,

But still to grow in heavenly things, and (as the Scriptures saith)

Be 'looking unto Jesus' till my eyes shall film in death.

March 9th, 1860.

G. F. RUTLAND.

MR JOHN THWAITES' SPEECH

AT THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF "THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL."

A little pamphlet has been sent us by Mr. William Jeffery, Baptist Minister, of Torrington, Devon, containing a full report of the above interesting event. "*The Martyrs' Memorial*" is a new Baptist chapel, to be erected in the town of Beccles, in Suffolk, for the use of the church and congregation under the pastoral care of the venerable Mr. GEORGE WRIGHT, who, for a great number of years has faithfully and successfully preached the gospel in Beccles, and throughout the county of Suffolk; in fact, Mr. George Wright, of Beccles, may most justly be termed "The Baptist Bishop of the Eastern Counties;" and we feel very peculiar pleasure in recording the fact, that in the days of his ripeness for another and a better kingdom, his friends have resolved to erect a house for the worship of God, which shall band down to future generations not only a memorial of those noble martyrs who suffered in the cause of truth, but also the memory of one whose character, and whole course of life, as a Christian, as a minister, and as a citizen, has been as bright an ornament as the Baptist denomination ever had: thousands will endorse this sentiment as most justly applicable to the aged George Wright, of Beccles, who on Friday, April 6th, 1860, laid the foundation-stone of the proposed new building.

After the foundation-stone was laid, Mr. Wright took his stand upon it; and delivered a speech of much value, inasmuch as it reviewed the history of the Baptist cause in that place from its commencement. We have given Mr. Wright's address in "*CHEERING WORDS*" for May; and here present our readers with the excellent remarks made by our esteemed brother John Thwaites, Esq. After Mr. Wright had concluded,

MR THWAITES rose and said, that in listening to the very interesting address delivered by his venerable friend and brother, many thoughts had crossed his own mind in reference to one of the objects which they had in view in the erection of a new chapel—to perpetuate the memory of those who had suffered within a short distance of the spot on which they stood. In these easy times the profession of religion involved no danger, but at the mention of the names of those martyrs, he could not but ask himself the question, "Had I been in the place of those brave men in the meadow yonder, would my faith have stood the test to which they were subject, or would not confidence and faith have fled, and many have been driven from our ranks of whom we now hope good things?" Occasions like these carry us back to days when it was not only a crime to worship God, but a crime which was visited by a severe punishment. He had to congratulate himself and those around him that they were living in better times; in an

age free from Popish intolerance and oppression. They were met that day, as had been said, as Particular Baptists, and he was not ashamed to declare that he was a Particular Baptist, for all would look down upon them with well merited contempt were they ashamed to declare their principles. Again he would say they met as Particular Baptists, and he trusted the same doctrines would continue to be upheld as hitherto. It was now the policy of the time that all should bury their differences and unite to evangelise the world; but it would be a sad day for England were all her religious bodies amalgamated to join in the worship of the golden calf. To whom could we look for union. The Episcopalian body, if asked to meet us, would receive all we are willing to surrender but yield no point in return. They are in bondage and dare not. Would to God the day had arrived when the Episcopalians, many of whom were God-fearing men, were separated from the State and freed from that bondage. Our beloved Queen herself does not possess the religious liberty enjoyed by the meanest of her subjects. She is bound by statutes, and her freedom of thought limited by the four corners of the Act of Parliament. He rejoiced that the signs of the times were giving evidence of approaching freedom. He had heard it said by many that the Baptists were a very good people, a very energetic body, but were not respectable. Now he would ask what constituted respectability? Was it wealth or nobility of descent? Many in the land possessed of the greatest wealth are living a life which disgraces humanity; and many of honourable birth had tarnished their fair name by personal vice. A respectable man was one who worshipped God in sincerity and truth, and such an one was a worthy member of society. Some may have hoped that nothing might be said to give offence, lest there should be a short collection. But our first duty is to state our principles, and the man who is ashamed to own his opinions is unfit to be trusted. His friend (Mr. Wright) had adhered too long to the truth for him to have any doubt of what he intended to preach, and in that he acted wisely. It was not only his duty but his policy. In the natural course of things his life could not long be spared, but he believed that, to the end of his days, he would discharge that duty faithfully. He (Mr. Thwaites) trusted that the building would be raised without accident, and that when completed, the same spirit might reign among them as in the days of Solomon, and that the same Jehovah who poured His blessing on the temple of old, might shed his richest influences over the chapel whose foundation had just been laid.

The pamphlet issued by Mr. Jeffery, contains his speech at a subsequent meeting in which he referred at large to his tour among the Irish Revivals. The pamphlet is published by Mr. Read Crisp, of Beccles.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

ARE THERE ANY SIGNS OF A REVIVAL IN OUR CHURCHES?

No. II.

LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN;
Friday, March 16, 1860.

BELOVED BROTHER ROBERT,—I resume my notes to you; peace and pardon be thine to enjoy; may the sure mercies of David be thine with thee and with thine for ever, Amen. I am on my way to the Staffordshire Potteries, from thence to Manchester, Hollinwood, and Liverpool, if the Lord will preserve and spare me. I am in a car quite alone; and this suits me best; for there is so much of discord and disunion among our special pleaders, that my soul sickens. In my own church, and with my own people, I have peace; but with my various labours, constant travellings, and inability to pastorate among the people, has tried them to the quick; and if they had not been exceedingly patient, they would have left me long since, especially as we are now surrounded by so many valiant men both in the Church of England, and in all our neighbouring Baptist Chapels. The Surrey Tabernacle is thronged; very soon we shall have the Metropolitan Tabernacle; nearly all our theatres are open for preaching; in almost every street Mission Stations are opened; so certain it is, if the world is not evangelised, some of the old causes must be thinned. However; let me call your attention to a sweeter theme. This morning I had this word come to my mind, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life—things present, nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." In those words we have, 1, a beautiful representation of the great storehouse of Heavenly Blessedness, it is "*the love of God in Christ Jesus.*" Then, II, you have the combined powers which come against this Storehouse of Mercy implied in the terms, "*life nor death, things present, nor things to come.*" Lastly, these precious words not only represent two great facts, namely, that God loves his people in Christ; and that his people are plagued, persecuted, and frightened with many fears, but also that there is such a realization of this love and mercy, such a lively faith in all that God has revealed of Himself in the matter of salvation that sometimes his dear saints can boldly express their holy confidence, saying, "I am persuaded that neither death nor life, things present nor things to come, shall ever be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord." Now, my dear brother, let us ask, and may God give us grace to answer the following questions.

1. Who are the persons set forth by the "us?"
2. What has the love of God in Christ done for them?
3. What is there in life and in death, in things present, or in things to come, so terrible to the children of God, or to men at large? Lastly, how may a dying man be assured of this, that nothing can separate him? I. Who are the persons represented by the word "us?" They are such persons as the Patriarchs, the Prophets, the Apostles, and all such believers as are described by the Lord Jesus Christ in the gospel by John, and in the charge which he gave to Saul of Tarsus, when he made an apostle and a minister of him; and sent him to preach the gospel to Gentile nations, by which preaching, accompanied by the Holy Ghost, these people, "US," were to be found out in the following manner—"opening blind eyes; turning them from darkness to light, from the power of Satan unto God; that they might receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among all them that are sanctified, through faith which is in Him." Here are five distinct marks of this "US."

STOKE, POTTERIES, SATURDAY, MARCH 17.—I was

permitted to speak last evening in the Town Hall, Stoke; there was a respectable and numerous assemblage of persons; and, although feeling exceedingly unwell, I spoke freely for about 70 minutes; and I will hope the Lord gave me the word and rendered it useful; but I suppose the Stoke people think us ministers so wealthy and so willing that we can run at their bidding, and preach all the kingdom over, and pay the costs as well. I met with a gentleman who is doing the work of an evangelist at Burslem, a town near here much needing the power of God's grace if ever they rise above the awful consequences of sin and the curse. I am now waiting at Crewe, to be carried on to Manchester. I fear my work to-morrow: the Lord alone can make me useful.

LIVERPOOL, Thursday, March 22, 1860.—DEAR ROBERT, Last evening, after preaching in Providence Meeting, Liverpool, a gentleman came and inquired most kindly after you; he said you were the best man he ever had in his employ; and remembered you with much esteem: the Lord has mercifully preserved you; so that if integrity, industry, and uprightness, could be a plea for acceptance, you have that plea, but you know too much of your poor fallen nature to build a hope of heaven upon anything short of the blood and righteousness, the Person and perfect work of the Son of God: but be of good cheer, dear brother, the Spirit of the eternal God has opened your eyes, broken your heart, wrought faith in your soul, directed your feet to the throne of grace, to Zion's Hill, to the truth as it is in Jesus; and while changes and deaths have surrounded you, you have been hidden up in the pathway of righteousness; and for all these things you have much cause to walk gratefully and confidently toward the God of Israel. The gentleman's name was Hudson; you served under him in Hythe when you were a much younger man than you now are. Now, one word about Manchester. I reached Mr. Samuel's residence in Lower Broughton on Saturday afternoon—was permitted to occupy his study; and was most kindly provided for in his personage; everything a pilgrim could require was dispensed to me with cheerfulness; and there I rested, studied, prayed, and enjoyed something of the sweetness of the world. As I lay on my bed that night this word rolled over my mind for hours. "*Giving thanks unto the Father, who hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light.*" If I slept I dreamed of it; if awake I thought of it. The morning came—to chapel we went, I preached from it both morning and afternoon. I was not bound in spirit; but in my plain way noticed the persons spoken of, the privilege bestowed upon them, and the worship referred to: "*giving thanks unto the Father.*" One thing in the afternoon was good to my heart. I said, Nehemiah had two companies whose work it was to give thanks (Neh. xii.), one he sent forward over the wall; the other he kept back; so our blessed Nehemiah has two thanksgiving companies.
"Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now."
What a fire was kindled in my soul all in a moment when I thought of the tens of thousands of holy happy souls now around the exalted Redeemer's throne, "*giving thanks unto the Father!*" Ah! dear Robert, how many are there, whom we have known! Our once praying and weeping mother; our once tried and disappointed father;—a great company have returned thither!

"With them numbered may we be!"

I closed my ministerial work that evening with a deeply solemn frame of spirit, a good congregation; and I hope good was done. A man by the name of Waite, sent me a severe letter: the chapel keeper brought it into me in the vestry, immediately after I had left the pulpit. I opened it and read it: the writer said he seriously questioned if ever I knew what regeneration was; he referred to the sudden death of the late William Tant, in Manchester; and seemed to imply that mine was a dangerous position. The letter cast me down into a sorrowful mood. I believe the writer belongs to that body of Christians thought by many to be the only people in all the world who know the way of life. I know that many of their ministers have always used their influence against me; I know very well that clouds and darkness have been round about me; but, after all, if the Holy Spirit did not quicken, call, and convert my soul to God now thirty years since; if Grace Divine has not upheld, restored, and sanctified my spirit: if the Lord has not carried me on in earnest seekings for and some useful labours in the gospel kingdom, I am indeed deceived. But I leave that. You will ask me, "are there any signs of a true Evangelical Revival in those northern parts of our island?" My answer is, if there are, I have not yet seen them, the free-will churches are following the London churches in unusual movements; but with what good results I cannot say. In Manchester and Salford, there are 260,000 souls; there are three recognized causes of truth; Mr. Taylor stands in the late Mr. Gadsby's pulpit, in George's-road, Manchester, Mr. Samuel Smith has a nice chapel; preaches the truth, and has some of Mr. John Corbitt's friends, and others who find his ministry useful to them. Mr. Samuel Smith is a gentleman highly esteemed, and a Christian minister much beloved by all who really know him; for several years he travelled regularly from Manchester to Warrington to feed there "the flock of slaughter;" but has for some time been settled down in Manchester. I find the old feeling still exists at head quarters that Manchester requires no other cause than George's-road; but I do not endorse that sentiment; nevertheless TRUTH doth not triumph here as we could wish. Mr. Samuel has a neat chapel in Ford Street, Salford; and his people are thankful to God for his ministry, and cleave close unto him. Perhaps I may never see Manchester again; but there are some elements there for united efforts to spread the gospel which I hope yet to see zealously and successfully in operation. Weak and unworthy as I am, I should have no fear of gathering together many who would rejoice to see "THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST," marching forth in convicting and converting power in this immensely thronged commercial and wealthy city. I had some pleasant converse with Mr. Swann, the Baptist minister of Oldham; he is a Christian brother of intelligence and devotion; sanguinely disposed to mutual co-operation in the furtherance of the gospel; and I hope some letters from him will be found in THE EARTHEN VESSEL. After seeing my industrious Agents, Messrs J. Pratt and Son, of 56, Bridge-street, I took bus for Hollinwood, a town or manufacturing district between Manchester and Oldham. There is some excellent "Wood" at Hollinwood. I have been there a few times, and always found a solid Christian feeling in exercise towards all who love the great principles of a new covenant salvation. The scripture I had in my mind before going to Hollinwood last Monday morning, was "no weapon formed against thee shall prosper." I hardly think there can be a cause in all the kingdom against whom more weapons have been formed than the one at Hollinwood. There is the instrumental father of the cause, Mr. Wood, Sen., who has built two Baptist Chapels there; and no small storm has lain upon him, still, look into his happy smiling open, honest face when you will, you can almost see the letters sparking there,

"'Twas grace which kept me to this day,
And will not let me go."

In his back parlour there s'ands a fine organ, I

only wish you could have seen and heard him and his sons last Tuesday morning, just before I started. One of his sons was playing a fine tune called "Stephen." "Let us sing

'My God, the spring of all my joys,'

to that," said the venerable sire. We did so; and then we parted. Mr. Wood has sons and daughters, as sincerely attached to the cause of God and truth, as his father; I call them "the happy family of Hollinwood;" although few Christians pass through deeper trials than themselves, yet, I am sure if you could take your seat in Jireh Chapel, Hollinwood, some Sunday morning, if you could hear their most delightful singing; if you see the bright May morning smiles which play upon the face of their minister, John Gardner, when his heart is filled with love to the Lord, I feel certain you would think them a much favoured people indeed! Ah! Robert, there are sorrows there enough to break a thousand hearts; I will tell you John Gardner's most emphatic text, "and not only so; b *we glory in tribulation also; KNOWING that tribulation worketh patience; and patience experience, and experience hope;*" ah! and I think my brother John Gardner will go further still; and sing, "and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us." I had a good time in John Gardner's pulpit; they would give me a collection for the Redemption Fund; and although the night was wet and stormy, we had a good company; and a most liberal spirit was evinced toward me and my work, I pray the Lord to lift the pastor's head above his sorrows, and give him great success in his work. The next morning John Gardner, and his brother Wood, accompanied me to the Openshaw Rectory, where we had a pleasant interview with the Rev. W. Parks, who is one of the most decided and powerful writers and preachers on gospel truth in these days. About noon on Tuesday, I took train for Liverpool, and through wind and wet I sped my way, working hard correcting proof until nearly six o'clock, when I reached the friendly residence of Mr. John Jones, who is the faithful helper of all who go into Liverpool sincerely to preach the gospel of the grace of God. Many years have rolled round, since the Lord most effectually called our friend Jones from darkness to light, opened up in his soul the delightful union existing between THE ANOINTED NEW COVENANT HEAD, and the chosen members, the mystic bride, the lamb's wife, and set him in the large place where gospel liberty is known and enjoyed. I am always happily at home with my christian brother John Jones, of Liverpool; and his interesting family. Oh! how eternally and increasingly thankful should I be, that so many hearts, so many hands, so many homes, have been opened to receive me because the mercy of the Lord hath lifted me from the horrible pit, and from the miry clay! I preached two nights in Liverpool; and then on Thursday came on to Leicester; where, last evening, (Thursday, March 22nd,) I made an attempt to speak in Mr. Garrard's pulpit. Now I am on the Great Northern, secretly praying to be safely carried home where plenty of work awaits me. In closing this note, the question arises again, "are there any signs of a Revival in our Churches?" Neither in Liverpool, nor in Leicester, did I witness any. Liverpool and its suburbs has nearly if not quite half a million of people; but is there among the whole one prosperous cause united together upon the great principles and wholesome and useful ordinances of the New Testament? I know not one. "Shaw Street Chapel" is a house for God; and the people are lovers of vital godliness; but the church there is very small, and the congregation limited, while some of the general and open principles are large and wealthy causes. I have no hesitation in affirming that there is room in Liverpool for an able and an energetic gospel preacher in our own denomination. One half, or more, of the flourishing of the generals, is a fleshly farce, I fear. If the life and truth of godliness is among them, the living in

Jerusalem cannot discover it; but in the church of England, for years, there have been two venerable clergymen sound in the truth: and sweet preachers of sovereign grace: very lately death has removed them both; so that the demand for a living and a laborious minister of the whole of heaven's great and glorious gospel is more than ever increased. Medley, Leicester, Giles, Hilloate, and others who have laboured here, are gone to their rest; and the serious question is, "who will make up the breach?"

Mr. Hazlerigg is supplying at Shaw-street, with acceptance; and he is decared to be a man of ability, liberality and devotion. Thank the Lord for him! Many of my brethren who know Liverpool will be glad to learn that the brethren Gadd, Hodgkin, Kingston, and others, are cleaving fast by the stuff, praying the Lord to direct them. If we had but the *men* and the *means* we would, (D.V.) try and set up the Gospel Standard, and unfurl "New Covenant Salvation" in Liverpool, but we have neither. My first text in Liverpool this time seems full of meaning, and application too; it was Elisha's word to Gehazi, concerning the Shunamite woman when she lay at the prophet's feet, "Let her alone; for her soul is vexed within her; and the Lord hath hidden it from me." I believe the children of God in Liverpool are laying down in much grief and Gospel sorrow; and no Elisha yet can tell the mind of God concerning them. Our old friend, and the church's friend, Mr. Carson, has been called home. There is surely more in the Christian's meekness for death, and anticipations of home, than we are aware of. Mr. Carson's death is to me another proof of this. He was at Shaw-street Chapel, (a few days before he left us for heaven) as well as usual. It is thought he took cold crossing the Mersey; and became very ill. About Thursday and Friday, as he died the following Monday, he twice said to his beloved wife, "My dear, I have much to say to you; I shall be home on Tuesday." Mrs. Carson could not bear this; she said, "Do not say so, you have many times been worse than this." She thought he would soon recover. He said, "I SHALL BE HOME BY TUESDAY!" Little as this was believed; he actually died on the next Monday night. He was home by Tuesday,

"And now amid the ransom'd throng,
He joins the never-ending song,
Glory to God on high."

One word about Leicester. My old friend, Mr. Garrard, invited me to turn in and preach in his chapel on my way home. I was so pleased to go and see him once more; and to find him so happy in the things of God. He has had his lamp newly trimmed; and his light in the Lord is as clear or clearer than ever.

"In York Street chapel still
He tells of Jesu's love;
By faith he climbs the gospel hill,
And sings of joys above."

With himself, his happy wife, his favoured family, and our mutual friend, Thomas Smith, late the pastor of Wootton, Beds, I spent a pleasant time; but as for my preaching in Leicester, it was marred; there was a good congregation; good singing; many good people, parsons, and others; but I was late, confused, and dried up. The Lord be merciful to us; for all our springs are in him. Forgive this poor long scrawl; and pray (if you can) still for your brother

CHARLES.

HISTORY OF THE BAPTIST CAUSE MARKYATE STREET.

MR. BANKS.—As you inserted my account of the Old Baptist Chapel in your VESSEL, I will give you the History of the Baptist cause, at Markyate Street, in the county of Hertford; and as my ancestors have been connected with the Dissenting interest of the

counties of Hertford and Bedford from the time of the Commonwealth, I am in possession of much information on that subject. Should you think the account of the Markyate Street cause worthy of a place in your VESSEL, I can also give you the history of the causes at New Mill, Tring, Luton, and St. Alban's. I am, dear Sir, your's respectfully,

DANIEL DELL.
Dunstable, Herts.

A congregation of Baptists assembled in a barn near the place where the Baptist Chapel now stands about the time the "Toleration Act" passed, (which received the royal assent, May 24th, 1689.

The church at Markyate Street, there can be no doubt sprang from the ancient cause at Kensworth, (see the account of the old Baptist Chapel in the May number 1859, of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.) In the old Kensworth church book, there is an entry dated May 18th, 1694, and is as follows. "The church did appoint a quarterly church meeting of the whole church of Kensworth, to assemble at brother Warner's house, at Markyate Street." In time the congregation so increased in numbers and wealth, that a place of worship was erected on the place where the Baptist Chapel now stands; it was built by subscription in the year 1721, the year after the Baptist cause at Kensworth was removed to St. Alban's. The ground was given by a Mr. Chappell. In a few years the place was too small, and a vestry was added to it at the expense of a gentleman then residing at Markyate Street. The church at this time was supplied by ministers from Tring, Dunstable, and Luton, and occasionally from London, amongst which were the celebrated Dr. John Gill, and John Bryne. For many years there was no other place of worship in the village, till John Coppin Coppin, Esq., (the proprietor of Markyate Cell) in 1734, built an Episcopalian chapel; from this time the Baptist cause became very low, to prevent which, John Sutton, (a descendant of Mr. Richard Sutton, the pastor of New Mill, in the reign of James II.) read essays from the Gospel Magazine, and the published sermons of Dr. Gill and John Bryne, in the morning, and expounded the Scriptures in the afternoon; at this time the service was always closed with prayer, as no singing was allowed; and it was a long time before Mr. Sutton, could be prevailed upon to allow singing in the chapel. After this, Mr. Piley, who was a member of Abraham Booth's church in London, was settled at the old Baptist Chapel, Luton, and carried on the lecture at Markyate Street, in the summer season with Mr. Hews, of Dunstable, Mr. Butfield, of Thorn, and afterwards by a Mr. Falkner, of Dunstable. Between Mr. Falkner and Mr. Sutton, there was a difference about doctrine; as Mr. Sutton was a believer in the doctrine of distinguishing grace, and Mr. Falkner, a disciple of Andrew Fuller, and in consequence of which, the lecture was given up. Now, as Mr. Sutton became very infirm, he carried on only the afternoon service, and soon after died, leaving a sum of money for the maintenance of the cause, for one year; he was very much pressed to leave the whole of his property to the cause, which was very large, and having no family, there is no doubt he would have left the greater part of it so, had he not foreseen that the doctrines of Andrew Fuller would have been brought in after his death, which happening soon after, a Mr. Pearce preached to the people after him. Mr. Grover officiated, but the congregation became so few, that the place was closed till March, 1803; at this time, a child of Mr. Biggs, of Caddington, Bury, was interred, and Mr. Claypool, of Thorn, preached; and a lecture was afterwards carried on by him and other neighbouring ministers. Mr. Harris, of St. Alban's, having supplied for some time, was invited to become the pastor, and in 1813, a church was formed. Mr. Harris was ordained in July of the same year, the following October, the chapel was enlarged. In

1827, Mr. Harris died, and was succeeded by Mr. Gardner, a member of the church at Luton, who preached to the people for about twelve months; he was followed by Mr. Nicholls, who was with the people about two years, after which a Mr. Heath, was settled over them, and for some time after that the pulpit was supplied by students from Dunstable, till 1838, when Mr. Payne, from Aldborough, came amongst them, and was succeeded by Mr. Wake, the present pastor. In 1838, a person by the providence of God, was removed to Markyate Street, taking with him the works of Wm. Huntington, Toplady, and Hawker, and introduced the Gospel Standard, &c., which were soon circulated among the friends, who were soon led to see that the doctrines they had heard, were not in accordance with the scriptures, and soon became dissatisfied with the preaching, and called Antinomians, High Calvinists, &c. They vindicated their views with the unerring standard of truth—the Scriptures, and invited the minister to open discussion of their sentiments, and if they could not prove that the doctrines they held were the doctrines of the New Testament, and the doctrine he preached was error, they would give up the point, and take their places as before; but he objected to this, and they withdrew, and for a time met with the people worshipping at Gadsden Row, about 3 miles distant, then under the pastoral care of Mr. Wm. Henly, but some of them found it very inconvenient to go so far, having families, they therefore thought it would be better to open a room for the preaching of the truth in the village, which they did on Sunday, April 18th, 1848. They had supplies from London, and various places in the neighbourhood, till Mr. Warren, from Prittelwell in Essex, now of Newark in Sussex, was settled amongst them, the congregation increased under him, and a church was formed. After Mr. Warren removed to Biggleswade, they again had supplies among which we may mention the venerable John Kersbaw, Dr. Theodore, Mr. Banks, Mr. Foreman, Mr. Milner, Mr. Wyard, and Mr. Osborne, of America. After that, Mr. Young preached to them for some time, and after his death, they again had supplies. In 1857, a neat, and substantial chapel was built through the energy of Mr. Benjamin Goodyear, manufacturer, who gave the ground. It will hold about 500 persons; the present minister is Mr. H. Biggs, formerly of Coleman Green, whose ministry is very acceptable to the people, and the congregation very good. D. D.

HILPERTON.—A SAD LORD'S-DAY, AND A HAPPY GOOD FRIDAY, AN ACCOUNT OF THE CLOSING AND RE-OPENING OF THE BAPTIST CHAPEL.

[Communicated by Mr. John Lindsey, minister.]

Lord's-day afternoon, February 19th, 1860, will be a time never to be forgotten by those who then worshipped in the above chapel. Divine service had been performed in the morning of the day as usual; and many we hope, had found it good to be there. In the afternoon, we had to attend to a funeral service, and had at the stated time entered the chapel for that purpose. Our congregation was very good. A stillness and solemnity pervaded the meeting, (such as I could wish, was oftener seen on such occasions,) which was broken by my reading—to be sung, the 472nd hymn, Gadsby's Selection, beginning,

“When languor and disease invade.”

Whilst we were singing the first part of this hymn, a loud noise was heard, which we could not account for, and many supposed it was the corpse in the lobby of the chapel had fallen down, but it was not, for in a few minutes we were made sadly to prove the reality of what it was. I was just giving out this line in the 7th verse of the hymn,

“Sweet to lie,———”

and had uttered those three words, when I heard a crash in the ceiling, about a yard from where I was standing; I looked up and immediately saw that part of the ceiling was tumbling in all on fire, and the

roof flaming furiously. In a moment, I was all composure, and begged, prayed, and intreated the people to leave the chapel somewhat quietly, assuring them that there was time sufficient for them all to get outside. But as you must be aware, all entreaties were to no purpose at such a time; the rush to the doors was great, and the corpse being in the lobby obstructed the way; the shrieks of the congregation were terrific, whilst the shouts of fire! and murder! were alarming; and yet through the mercy of our God, not a life was lost, nor a limb broken; some few articles of wearing apparel &c., have been missed, that has been all. Immediately the people were out of the chapel, I congregated them around the grave of the departed, and buried his remains decently and in order; the mourners shewing signs of evident grief at the occurrence. After having dismissed the congregation, we found that through the exertions of many friends, the fire was almost extinguished. At one time we feared it would all come to the ground, the flames ascending more than a yard above the roof, but of the Lord's mercy that soon subsided, and when it was entirely put out, we found that the damage done was a part of the roof and the whole of the ceiling destroyed. Happily for us the chapel is insured, therefore the damage done is covered by the Insurance. So far as can be ascertained, the fire originated by the ignition of one of the roof rafters with the iron flue of the stove, the projecting neck of which had been displaced, probably by the swaying of the flue during recent high winds. Owing to this sad affair, we have been compelled from that time to worship in our adjoining School Rooms, where the Lord has very evidently met with us; we have been crowded to excess, and we hope that notwithstanding all, good has been and is being done. And now drawing a curtain over this saddening scene, let me come to the more gladdening one of our re-opening on Good Friday, April 6th. At 7 o'clock in the morning a goodly number gathered together at our special prayer meeting to implore the blessing of Almighty God upon the services of the day, and really it was cheering to see what life pervaded the meeting. At half-past two, the re-opening services commenced, and were continued on the following Lord's-day. I preached twice on the Friday and three times on the Sunday, and truly felt the Lord was there. Our collections made on behalf of repairs we have had done, considering all things were good, and I think we shall soon stand free again. The people here surely seem more lively than they did, and there is a larger flocking together, this pleases me and our friends, and we hope and earnestly pray, that the times of refreshing from the Lord may now come. I am just now off to that pretty chapel called Providence, at Bearfield, where I have often lifted up my voice in the gospel, and hope to be enabled to say something to them on this occasion at their meeting which shall cheer them.

MR. D. WILSON; AND THE NEW CHAPEL AT CLARE.

[A dear brother in Christ has favoured us with the following report of the opening at Clare. There is hardly a Baptist cause in the Kingdom that has been more sharply tried than has Clare: we scarcely know another that has been more favoured. When we read that new work, entitled “*Love Weeping*,” we thought of Clare; but there is *Love Rejoicing* in the church of Christ, as well as weeping. The present Baptist pastor of Clare, has been known to us for several years. He was once a zealous Arminian. God opened his eyes to see, and his heart to receive the truth; and a more decided, or a more consistent ambassador for Christ, the Baptist community cannot produce. David Wilson of Clare, is highly favoured. We hope the pastor, the people, and the place, will all be filled with the glory of God. Amen. We give the following as it came to hand.—Ed.]

CLARE.—Tuesday, March 6th, 1860, the quiet

and respectable town of Clare, Suffolk, was the scene of interest and excitement upon the occasion of the opening of the New Baptist Chapel, built by, and for, Mr. D. Wilson, and his friends. As it stands in a very conspicuous situation, it is quite an ornament to the town, a substantial, elegantly neat, and commodious building, and will seat about 500 people, with spacious vestries and school-room above, and every convenience. Much credit is due to Mr. Last, the architect, and builder of the town, and to the Committee of Management for such a place; the cost of which is about £900 (the ground was given by a member) £500 was subscribed by the friends before the opening day; the services of the day commenced by a prayer meeting in the vestry; Mr. Wilson, presided. The more public services in the chapel at half-past 10, by Mr. Wilson giving out,

"All hail the power of Jesu's name!"

The youthful and well-conducted choir singing the same; after which, Mr. Hoddy, of Horham, read portions of the word, and offered up a suitable and comprehensive prayer with much earnestness. The venerable Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, rose; and after a good, and pithy introduction, announced his text, Psalm cxxxii. 14 verse, from which he delivered a discriminating, unctuous, and gospel-weighted discourse; much, we hope, to the real profit of the people. After the morning service, the friends adjourned to the old Baronial Mansion, the Priory, where they were introduced to a various and well spread table; when this was over they walked to the chapel. The afternoon service commenced by singing, and Mr. Whiteing, of Needingworth, read and prayed very earnestly and powerfully; Mr. Bloomfield preached in his usual pleasant style from 2 Chron. vi. 18. About 300 retired to the Corn Exchange to take tea: at the evening services, Mr. Barnes, formerly pastor here, now of Walsham-le-Willows, read and offered an affectionate supplication, and Mr. Bloomfield preached from Acts 5. 20 verse; a suitable, comprehensive, and profitable discourse. There were several other ministers present; some of whom took part in the services. As the dinner and tea were supplied and given to the cause by the friends connected therewith (a most excellent thing when it can be done), the sum realised by the same was put to the Building Fund; and, with the day's collections amounted to nearly £60. The chapel was well filled in the morning. Afternoon and evening it was crowded. Part of the following day was occupied in giving the school children a treat of tea, &c., &c. Addresses were delivered by the ministers present, and some friends came forward and made up the collection to £160. Thus ended two good and interesting days, the savour of which, we hope, will last for many days to come.

GATHERER OF FRAGMENTS.

[We cannot insert little J. W., it would shew that dear brother Pells still lives in the hearts of the people at Clare. His labours there were richly honoured; and some said at the opening—"How happy we should be if our much esteemed ex-pastor was here."]

NEW NORTH ROAD.—SALEM MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY, WILTON SQUARE. The first tea and anniversary meeting of the above Society was held March 21st, in the school-room of Salem Chapel, Mr. Flack in the chair. Several animated speeches were delivered, and among other original pieces, the following were read. WM. FITZGERALD, Secretary.

"DESPISE NOT THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS."

The mightiest river that flows
Proceeds from the tiniest springs,
And murmurs, as onward it goes,
"Despise not the day of small things."
The oak from an acorn that rose,
Afar each gigantic branch flings,
And tells every zephyr that blows,
"Despise not the day of small things."

The Star once o'er Bethlehem's hill
Now gladdens the globe with his wings,
Resplendently publishing still
"Despise not the day of small things."

Yon temple erecting on high
The anthem majestically sings,
As each stone passes through the cleft sky;
"Despise not the day of small things"
HOPKIN.

FREEDOM.

I would that all the world were free;
All taste the joys of liberty,
With equal share,
All in the song of freedom join,
All revel in the light divine,
So rich and fair.

The rising sun with orient beams
That glide upon the smooth-browed streams,
Blithesome and gay,
No greater liberty should know,
That all upon this earth below,
The livelong day.

The stars that twinkle in the night,
Should only shed their beauteous light
Upon the free.

And all mankind to thee O God,
Only to thee as sovereign Lord,
Should bow the knee.

The day shall dawn when all mankind,
Shall kneel as brethren side by side,
Around a common throne.

And owning one King, one Sovereign Lord,
Shall live in the smile of a loving God,
And sorrow and weal,
No more shall know.

A paradise bloom once more below.

A MEMBER.

GOD IN NATURE.

Would'st thou find God?
Would'st hear his voice, in accents gentle, soft,
Or terrible? Then learn of nature—
In her seasons, times, and varied moods.
In the fanning breeze his voice is heard;
Or in the laughing rill, that sportive trills
Along the shady wood; or in the zephyr.
At eventide that stirs the leafy trees;
Or in the rustling of the leaves that strew
The autumnal glade; or in the insect's hum;—
The silvery tones of mercy's trumpet,
Pealing out the story of his love,
Are heard in all.
Or in the thunder's crash—rolling along
Heaven's vault in the mighty cataract,
That leaps adown the rocky precipice
With hissing loud; in these His mighty voice
Of Majesty and Power Omnipotent
Is heard in solemn grandeur—awful, great.
Would'st thou see God? Then gaze upon the flower
That bears the impress of his master hand;
Then look upon the butterfly's gay wing.
The vernal leaf, the smiling golden corn,
The glorious orbs that strew the pavement
Of the skies! in all these see God. EXCELSIOR.

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.—BROTHER BANKS.—You will highly favour the church of God's Christ, who, for many years have been greatly and graciously favoured to meet for worship at the Strict Communion Baptist Chapel, by admitting the following. Good Friday last, we were favoured to hold a public meeting. At half-past two, a sound, God-glorifying sermon was delivered by brother Large, of Butterby; at 5, a comfortable tea was provided. A pleasant season to many who love the city of our God. About 190 sat down. Evening service began by a hymn by our much beloved brother Whitehand, who upon that day had been 37 years an honourable member of Christ's church. After the hymn, I was

honoured to enjoy the pleasure of presenting to brother Whitehand, a handsome and precious family Bible, in two volumes; a token of esteem and Christian love, of some of the young ones of this solemn assembly. Brother Whitehand, upon the hearty reception of his valuable present arose, and very affectionately addressed the friends, which I hope ever to keep in mind. Our aged brother Cutten, also addressed the meeting. It was very comforting to behold this hoary-headed sheep speaking of the many years of God's goodness with him in this house of prayer. He was glad to see the great interest the young had taken in Brother Whitehand. Our brother Branch then spoke, (Gen. xlv. 22,) truly it was good, and to the purpose. The blessed Lord enabled brother Baker then to preach from John i. 4, 5. Thus we as a church and people were favoured to spend the day unto the honour and praise of God, by whose power every regenerated soul (is) and shall be kept unto salvation—for our salvation is of the Lord.

H. BAKER.

CLERKENWELL.—Mr. Richard Luckin, the long-loved and honoured minister of Woodbridge chapel, Clerkenwell, has been bereaved of his faithful partner—the wife of his youth; he has also himself been laid aside by severe indisposition. We, with all who know and love him, pray most fervently that his valuable and useful life may yet, for many years, be spared; and that even to the end, his ministry may prove a great blessing to many precious souls.

IVINGHOE.—April 10th, BROTHER BANKS,—On Easter Tuesday our anniversary was held. Three sermons were preached; the morning by Mr. J. Pells, of Soho chapel, Oxford-street, from the words, "My kingdom is not of this world," the sermon was telling, delightful, and well received by many; being full of Christ. In the afternoon and evening, our brother Bloomfield came under the sweet anointings of the Holy Ghost, speaking from the words, "The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God." The evening from "every word of God is pure; he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him." Christ was extolled very blessedly; it was a time long to be remembered; we had good attendance, good preaching, good collections, a good day altogether. May the Lord cause the seed sown to be prosperous, is the prayer of

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

GOOD FRIDAY AT BRIGHTON.

BROTHER BANKS.—I again paid a Good Friday's visit to our friends at Brighton; as you published the letter I sent last year respecting the meeting at Bond St., I attempt to give an outline of this Good Friday meeting. You remember it was a meeting to encourage the young men who went into different villages to preach the gospel. After tea, the beloved pastor, brother Isaac, took the chair; he made some good remarks upon the purpose of the meeting; he then called upon brother Reed; and though he was not so young as those that followed in speaking, yet in activity in the work, he was equal to any. One of his places of preaching is Handcross, a church that has been without a pastor for a long period. He went on to speak of the various mountains in Scripture. Many things spoken by our brother Reed proved whose tuition he had been under. Brother Isaac, said he had great pleasure in saying brother Reed was very lively in the cause; for wherever he was called, he went to preach the gospel of Christ. He then called upon brother Richard Cole, who said though they had met with some difficulty, yet they had great cause to be thankful. Our brother William Hickery spoke. He preaches at a village called Chellinton-under-the-hills; he would not boast of any work done under his ministry, but he might of two cases. At a farm house where he

preached, the farmer had two sons, who constantly annoyed him for allowing this preaching in the louse; at length the Lord constrained them to stop and listen. The Blessed Spirit applied the word to one, if not to both; one has given proof of it, for he is very much concerned about the salvation of his soul; the other brother volunteered to give out the hymns. Brother Vickery also spake of the feelings of the villagers in general one towards each other since the gospel had been preached. The pastor called next upon brother George Greenyer, saying, the village where he preached was rather discouraging; it seemed very cold and lifeless, its name is Patcham. Brother Greenyer, said, though things were not as they would like to see at Patcham, yet the word of God was true, "He that observeth the winds shall not sow." He being a countryman, knew the way in which the farmers sow, though the wind was contrary; they overshoot; and they under shoot; and often the places where they contemplated would come up bare, has come up the most; so in the gospel fields it often is. And I think our brother Flack, and other of our ministerial brethren now labouring in the missionary cause, would have felt greatly encouraged to have been at brother Isaac's that afternoon; and you, brother Banks, must say with me, this church is showing something worthy of imitation to our churches, called Strict (or Particular) Baptist; it is this that caused me to write; that they may see what is being done by our churches in country towns. This church has several places for preaching, one at Fisher's gate; one at Handcross, one at Chellinton, one at Patching; they may have more, but I think I should not omit to shew that these brethren must labour from a principle of love; for some of the places are 6 and 7 miles from Brighton; and they walk it, hail, rain, or snow. The wages they get, is the Lord feed them; and they are satisfied. May God bless their labours.

JAMES BURRETT.

GREENWICH.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS. Feeling satisfied that the prosperity of Zion in any of its departments will be good tidings to the readers of the VESSEL, I forward the following account of our past and present condition as a church. You are aware of our position at the beginning of 1859; our pastor had resigned, because the church would not permit him to carry into effect his designs; he had taken the Lecture Hall, and we were left with very few in number; but that few were of one mind, which was to cleave to the truth of God as revealed in his word. About this time, many of the church felt a desire to invite Mr. Gwinnell, their old pastor, to come and supply the pulpit for a time; but each was unwilling to be the first to propose such a measure; but on one becoming a little bolder than the rest, mentioning it, he was surprised to find that (instead of being opposed on the subject) it was the almost unanimous, though up to that time, secret wish of the Church at large. Mr. Gwinnell came; the word of truth as preached by him was felt to be the power of God to the awakening, building up, and strengthening of many souls. He was invited for 12 months on probation; 11 of which having now passed, he has gone in and out among us, and we have had much of the presence of the Lord; 2 months ago, he received and accepted a unanimous call to the pastorate; and his labour as our pastor, commences the first Sunday in May. While he has been with us, we have had nearly 50 additions to the church; and our congregation has greatly increased, and the last Lord's-day in March was a day that will long be remembered by us as one of special blessings from on high. Our beloved minister, after a suitable sermon preached by Mr. Webb, led into the water and baptized in the name of the Lord, 12 candidates, who have since been added to the church, varying in age from 17 to 73 years. Oh! it was glorious and grand to behold the young in the bloom of youth, and the aged almost on the verge of the tomb, bearing testimony together to the mercy and grace of the God of Israel, and mani-

festing by their conduct that they were not ashamed of Jesus Christ. Moreover, we are led to hope that this is but a beginning of the open manifestation of the goodness and mercy of our God, as the lambs are to be heard bleating around the fold continually, and we believe that before long the *Isaac Shepherd* will lead many more to make known their desire to be membered with the flock. The public recognition of our minister will soon take place. That the union of church and pastor may be lasting, is the sincere prayer of your's in the Lord.

GREENWICH.

H. B.

SICK VISITING SOCIETY.—For many years there has existed, in connection with the church now meeting for worship in Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, London, a Society whose object is to search out, to visit, and to relieve persons in sickness and in distress. The annual meeting of this Society was holden in the chapel, Unicorn Yard, on Tuesday, April 3rd, 1860; a good sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. B. Wale, of Reading; an excellent tea was then served; and soon after six, the public meeting commenced. Our benevolent and excellent friend and brother in Christ, Thomas Pocock, sen., Esq., took the chair; and conducted the meeting in an able and pleasant manner; the committee, and friends of the Society, beg to tender to him, to the ministering brethren, and to all the friends who aided them, their most grateful acknowledgments not only for their cheering presence, but also for the liberal collection of above ten pounds then given, which cleared off the debt due to their noble-minded Treasurer; and left a small balance to proceed with. The report which had been prepared by the Secretary, Mr. John Gruit, of 51, Francis Street, Newington Butts, was read by C. W. Banks: it showed that during the past year 215 cases had been visited; between thirty and forty pounds had been given, and several cases of very deep distress had been relieved. We were honoured with the presence of John Thwaites, Esq., (the chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works) who, in a thoroughly practical and charitable speech, moved the adoption of the Report; the brethren William Flack, James Wells, Benjamin Wale, John Pells, J. E. Cracknell, George Webb, W. Chamberlain, and others kindly followed in the same spirit. We hope the Society will be enabled still to extend its labours; and be a greater blessing than ever in this very poor and densely populated part of London.

CRUDWELL.—Knowing it is cheering to your soul to hear of the cause of God being blessed in any part of Zion; especially when you have been made a blessing to God's living family; as you have been (by the mighty power of God,) in this place. For some time past, the cause of God seemed to have sunk very low; but the Lord has once more appeared for us; he has raised up that dear man of God, Thomas Lamb, whom the Lord has made instrumental in doing much good; building up God's saints, and in gathering together a great congregation. I shall never forget Lord's-day, March 25th; Mr. Lamb spoke in the morning from Psalm lxxkvi, "The Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly;" in the evening, a chapel full, from Acts viii. 35; "he preached unto us Jesus;" it was a refreshing subject. I do hope that the friends here will give him a call to the pastorate in this place; he is one of the right sort; one that God has called, qualified, and sent to lift up (not the standard of poor fallen man,) but the standard of the cross of Christ, to the honour and glory of him who offered up himself a sacrifice for the sins of his own dear people. The friends have opened a Sunday School in this place: who can tell, but that our God may take some of those young plants out of this small nursery, and plant them in his vineyard here below? when he has called some of the old trees away by

death; may God grant that Mr. Lamb may long live and labour amongst us, so prays a lover of the pure gospel of Christ.

[This Crudwell is the place from whence our excellent brother John Wigmore came. It was there we found him; just, perhaps, when his work there was done, we invited him to London; here he has been ever since. Thomas Lamb, is a substantial minister of the Lord's own making; and we are inwardly glad to find the Lord is crowning his honest labours with good success.—Ed.]

AVERTON GIFFORD.—A brief account of the Lord's work at AVERTON GIFFORD. DEAR BROTHER BANKS. The handful of purpose which you let fall at Bigbury harvest thanksgiving services were gleaned by many precious souls, who of God were made to rejoice in hearing your voice that day, at which time you also requested me (and once since by a kind letter,) to give you some information, as to the work of God in this part of his vineyard, which I now purpose doing with all brevity. On Good Friday, April 6th, in the afternoon, a most excellent company of friends numbering about 600, were gathered from Ford, Kingsbridge, Bigbury Loddiswell, and other places, around three candidates which were baptized in the River Avon, by the Rev. C. Hemington, of Stonehouse; brother Horton, from Chillington, and brother Pound, from Dartmouth, were present, and took part in the afternoon service. The former gave an appropriate address, and the latter closed in prayer. Our kind friend, Mr. Ellis, whose residence is near the river, kindly threw open his house for the reception, and accommodation of the friends. Tea was provided in a large room in the village to the credit of the managers of the business. In the evening, the chapel was more than filled with a highly respectable and orderly assembly; we were obliged to fill the aisles with forms, the pulpit stairs also were crowded, and numbers around the door, who could not find admittance. Mr. Hemington, read and expounded the 9th of Proverbs, to the joy and rejoicing of many souls. After which, Mr. Pound was greatly helped of God in prayer, then a hymn being sung, Mr. Hemington chose his text from Ezekiel xxxvi. 26, from which he delivered an exceedingly affectionate practical, and experimental sermon, which occupied more than an hour in delivering; and was listened to throughout with breathless attention, so we spent a happy Good Friday, at the close of which the friends separated for their respective homes, being exceedingly refreshed with the wine of the kingdom. Your's in the bonds of the gospel,

E. SANDOVER.

RECOGNITION AT WOLVERHAMPTON.—On Thursday afternoon, April 12th, a church on the Strict Baptist principles, was formed again consisting of about 24 members, at John Street Chapel, Wolverhampton, and at the same time, the recognition of Mr. Pawson, as pastor of the church. The ministers in attendance, were Mr. John Foreman, Mr. Bevan, Mr. Pierce, Mr. Garrard, Mr. Veal, Mr. Jones and others. John Street cause, has for many years past been as a vessel sailing in stormy winds, and troubled waters. But through the zeal of Mr. Taylor, of Shiffnal, and another minister, the doors of the chapel, were prevented from being closed, even when it seemed almost impossible to keep them open any longer. But for the last few months another effort has been made, and the cause seems to be reviving again, under the ministry of Mr. Pawson, who is now chosen as their pastor. Mr. Foreman preached in the evening to both church and pastor, in one sermon, and it was a very appropriate, lively, and pointed discourse, with much wholesome advice. The congregation is on the increase with pleasing prospects, and a Sunday-school has been established, consisting of about 90 children. Upon the whole they seem to be progressing very favourably. The future is in the Lord's hand.

W. GARRARD.

EATON BRAY.—There are few places in the North-west, where the cause of truth flourishes more steadily and happily than it does in Eaton Bray; which is a rural district near to the straw-plait town of Dunstable, in Beds. We believe this interesting cause sprung up mainly through the instrumentality of our brother William Rush, who is still living in Dunstable, and is a zealous friend to, and preacher of the gospel in many places round. He is a man we highly esteem; and hope he may live to see the churches around him more prosperous and useful than ever. This is the chief desire of his heart. On Easter Monday, a large meeting was holden at Eaton Bray; their devoted and much-loved minister, Mr. Coughtrey, presided; the choir cheered the scene; and the ministers spoke blessedly. It was a bright day for Zion there.

DUNSTABLE.—The first anniversary of the newly-formed Baptist Church in this town, was holden on Wednesday, April 11th, Mr. Coughtrey assisted in the devotional parts of the service; C. W. Banks, preached morning and evening; an excellent neighbour spoke in the afternoon; and a correspondent says:

I am happy to find the friends had a high day; and the best day for help we ever had; at present there are no signs of breaking down; if the Lord would send the right man, I believe there is an open door. The people, though poor, do not mind working if it was for a man whose ministry was savoured with salt, and the Lord blessed his labours. Our desire is to wait prayerfully, and patiently; the Lord bless you and yours."

[The Dunstable people do not want a crab, nor a mere creedsman; they are crying out for a real Boanerges and a Barnabas in one and the self-same man. Will not the Lord hear their cry?—Ed.]

SAXMUNDHAM.—On Good Friday, a public meeting was held in the Town Hall, Saxmundham, when Mr. Dovey, of Lowestoft, preached in the afternoon. A public meeting was held in the evening when several ministerial brethren addressed the meeting. Mr. W. Frith in the chair. The meeting was very encouraging, excepting the absence of a goodly number of friends who declined their co-operation by reason of the presence of one who has recently embraced open communion sentiments. For this we did not blame them, as we ourselves are cordial advocates of strict communion views; believing them to be according to the law and testimony of the New Testament. But as we were unacquainted with the change at the time of our engagement, we are not to be supposed to fraternize with open communionism. But with regard to the other doctrines of the new covenant our friend was heard very well indeed. W. F.

LOWESTOFT.—On Tuesday evening a very social and well-conducted tea-meeting was held at the Assembly rooms in connection with the friends of the Baptist secession, for whom much sympathy is manifested by the public. Between 200 and 300 persons were present. After tea, weighty and scriptural addresses were delivered by the Rev's. G. Wright, of Beccles, (who presided,) W. Jeffery, of Torrington, Devon, S. Collins, of Grundisburgh, Suffolk, J. Corbitt, of Norwich, and Mr. Dent one of the deacons. In the afternoon at a service conducted by the above esteemed ministers, a Strict Baptist Church was formed consisting of 34 members with a prospect of several additions. The foundation stone of a new chapel, (D.V.) will be laid in the course of a few weeks.

HADLEIGH.—Our Sunday school sermons were preached on Lord's-day, April 22nd by Mr. J. Plaw. Mr. Matthews, our pastor, has laboured here for several years with much acceptance; but we

long to see an evangelical and spiritual revival in our midst. We rejoice exceedingly at the good work Mr. Plaw is doing in his new scene of labour; and glad should we be to see the churches in our country—in our nation—yea, all the world over, aroused from their lethargy; and putting forth a given power for the gathering of precious souls to Jesus our living head. A TRAVELLER IN SUFFOLK,

GRAVESEND.—Mr. Stringer preached his farewell sermon in Zoar chapel; and the chapel has been closed; some few of his friends meet in a room, to whom Mr. Sharp has been preaching. It is expected that the church now meeting in Milton Hall, will purchase, enlarge, re-open, and return to Zoar Chapel, very shortly. All that is now wanting in Gravesend is a truly God-sent servant of Christ, with an intelligent, affectionate, faithful, and laborious spirit; and the cause of truth would then, we believe, occupy a position in that growing town it never yet has done.

DORSET SQUARE.—On March 25th, at Mount Zion, Hill Street, Dorset Square, brother Foreman baptized thirteen persons upon profession of repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

GARNER CHAPEL, CLAPHAM.—We feel assured your readers will be pleased to hear we had an excellent meeting on Tuesday, April 17th, —agreeably to announcement,—the best, in every sense, since the chapel was re-opened. To our friends, both ministers and others, who kindly favoured us with their support, we desire, through your periodical, to present our thanks. H. HALL.

A NOTE TO MR. DAVID ASHBY, AT WHITTLESEA.

DEAR BROTHER, I was announced to preach the anniversary sermons at your chapel last Good Friday. I fully intended leaving home on the Thursday; but my dear son "Willie" was on that day in so dangerous a condition, I dared not leave home; and my poor wife almost distracted. I watched him all day Good Friday, in great agonies until a quarter before six; at that moment Death finished his work; and his happy spirit returned to God who gave it. I was exceedingly grieved to disappoint you, but you and your friends will I hope, forgive a father's weakness; and sympathise with a father's sorrows. The same dispensation prevented my taking part in the formation of the New Church at Lowestoft. I have had many years, of labour among the churches; God has enabled me generally to fulfil my engagements—but when dangers and deaths take from me my dearest ties, I faint by the way; and cannot for the moment go forth in the work.

In a sermon just published entitled—*"How shall I pass over Jordan?"* I have said much more on this trying event. Trusting that all is well with you and your dear friends, I am, in the hope of Heaven, your's gratefully,
CHARLES WATERS BANKS
182, Dover Road, April 20th, 1860.

MARLBED.—On Thursday, April the 5th, at the Baptist Chapel, Winchester, Hants, by Mr. William Chappell, father of the bride, Mr. Henry Newling, late of Barley Herts, to Sarah Beulah, second daughter of the above.

DR. BELL ON REVIVALS.

DEAR BROTHER,—I should think that the Editor of a magazine, beyond all others, will be made aware of the impossibility of pleasing every one; you will not, therefore, be surprised at my saying that I cannot sympathise in all that I have read in your really valuable periodical. It is, however, more pleasant by far to give praise than censure, and I am thus led to express my satisfaction with your last number. I was delighted with the epistle of "The Village Pastor." I am persuaded he takes the right view of the things that are now going on in the Church and the world. Was there no need of *Revivals*? I went to preach the Gospel lately in a market town in this county: I had been invited to preach there amongst those Christians called, "*the Brethren*;" (surely we are all *brethren*.) I enquired after any Baptist community in the place. There was, I found, a very old "*cause*;" for a long time they had not been able to support a minister; even supplies they could not always get. A good old deacon (a truly godly man) laboured assiduously to "*keep up the cause*,"—he sometimes had a congregation of from six to twelve, and to them he read a tract. On a recent occasion, his sight being bad, he could not finish the tract, and handed it over to a sister who sat near him, who finished the reading, and concluded thus "*the morning service*." In the midst of such a state of things, ought not the Lord's people to unite in crying, "Quicken us, O Lord, according to thy word?" And when the Lord answers,—graciously and wonderfully answers such cry,—stirs up the love and zeal of his children,—makes them to pray and labour in season and out of season, sounding aloud the Gospel trumpet, and wonderfully blesses every effort; accompanying the letter of the word with the power thereof, which is the Spirit, and when,—(as in many places I could tell you about,)—there are dozens and scores finding peace through Jesus, and confessing him in baptism,—in all this I say, should we NOT REJOICE, AND GIVE THANKS?

Your's in the Lord,

April, 1860.

THOS. GEO. BELL.

A NOTE ON NEW BOOKS.

"*The Way Home; or, the Gospel in a Parable*." By the Rev. C. Bullock. London: Wertheim and Co. Death and sickness having entered our family, we cannot this month proceed with our notice of this well-meaning and chaste little volume, two editions of which have run out; a larger one is soon expected. We wish to give a special notice of it yet.

"*New Life*"—A four-fold view of the kingdom of grace. By Charles Waters Banks.

The first edition of this work is just issued. Brother Samuel Cozens, of Warboys, and brother Samuel Foster, of Sturry, and several other friends, have written in the warmest terms of grateful commendation, and for this we thank them most sincerely. We fully believe three things; first, that those sermons were given by the Spirit of life and truth: we had testimonies of their usefulness when preached. Secondly, we believe that an experimental testimony of this character was required, and is needed still by real seeking souls. There is a great increase of *outside* religion in our day; a discriminating testimony to the peculiar nature and effects of an *inside* religion cannot be useless at any time, more especially at this momentous period. The Lord has enabled us to bear that testimony in the simplest manner; and, thirdly, we believe he will enable us to send many thousands of them through the churches and the world, and that his blessing will attend them. By his help this shall be our prayer. This may seem too much for an author to say of his own book, but we are compelled to it; it is done fearlessly and without flattery. We know the Gospel to be the power of God unto salvation; of that *power* we speak and write without the slightest fear that any man can ever overturn our testimony. That power is, in some measure, declared in "*New Life*," copies of which we are giving away to many, and we ask all our real friends to do the same.

"*Sovereignty in Eternal Salvation*," &c., &c. By W. Palmer, of Homerton. London: Houlston; price 4d. A second edition of this heart-of-oak pamphlet is issued. We thought of making some extracts, but this cannot very well be done. The whole book is one unbroken argument; as splendid a chain of moral, spiritual, evangelical, and eternal demonstrations of holy truth as we ever read in so short a compass. Mr. James Wells has set thousands talking, writing, and preaching on Divine Sovereignty. We have had something to do, to read, and hear a large lot of it, but William Palmer has, we think, summed up the matter; he has done the work of judge and jury too. We tell everybody now to read his pamphlet. We hope for a little quiet now on that question.

"*The Sins of the Tongue*." By the Rev. J. Knapp.—Published at our office, 182, Dover Road—A copy free for six stamps.—Every minister in the civilised world ought to give this work a faithful reading in the midst of all his people. If the sorrowful "*sins of the tongue*" could be cured, conquered, or even curtailed, we should have some hope of a millennium. What a mercy for many, that Peter's words are true—"the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth believers from all sin, even the sins of the tongue."

"*Good Deacons, the Church's Blessing. Setting forth the Life, Labour, and Love of Godly Deacons*." By John Marsh, Author of *Deacon Craft*. London; published at the office, 182, Dover Road—(sent post free for three stamps.) John Marsh is a patient sufferer, and a very particular observer of

ministers and men in the gospel church. He has been greatly afflicted by some professors in certain sections of the visible church; and he has dared to open his experience like so much hot ammunition upon a body of men, most essentially needed, and most beneficially employed in our churches. We confess we are not prepared to conclude that Mr. Marsh's exposure in "*Deacon Craft*" is applicable to any great extent. We have stood in connection for many years, and still stand, united in church fellowship, with some excellent men; we have been welcomed into the houses of some of the very best men in all the world, in different parts of the Kingdom, who hold the sacred office of Deacon; and upon the whole, we believe they are a great blessing to the churches; and a great comfort to pastors. Mr. Marsh originally belonged to that class of our churches who are more deeply experienced than us poor "letter-men" are considered to be. It is to be feared however, that this "*deep experience*" has been productive of so much bitterness, exclusiveness, and self-importance, that neither their ministers, their Deacons, nor their people have been of much good. Since Mr. Marsh has come a little among the rejected and despised churches, he has found it necessary to soften down his first book—"*Deacon Craft*" by writing a second book, called—"*Good Deacons*." No doubt, both will be useful in their way.

"*The Valiant Men of Israel*." Almost everybody thought the good old "Watchman on the Walls" was either gone home, or that he was pensioned off, and so had ceased to cry out, "What of the night?" Instead of this he has been hard at work, the consequence is, a new and enlarged edition of his "*Valiant Men of Israel*," with a powerful paper on the Christian Battle-field, has just appeared in a new demy octavo pamphlet, and a second edition of this new issue (in which almost all our new preachers will be included,) is soon to appear. "The Valiant Men," and Mr. Garrard's new work, "God's Eternal Decree without Sin," may both be had at our offices.

"*The Experience of Elizabeth Welley: with Reflections by Israel Atkinson*;" author of "*The Saviour's Touch*;" and minister of the gospel at Brighton. This excellent four-penny memoir of Juvenile Christian biography may be had of the author, 38, Rose-hill Terrace, Brighton; or of Mr. Collingridge, the popular proprietor of "The City Press." We have a very pure regard for the author of this book: not from any personal knowledge of him, but from the well known fact that he has, (by the dint of a determined perseverance, prompted and accomplished by the indwelling power of the Holy Spirit) risen from obscurity into a most honorable and happy sphere of Evangelical enterprise—and has, by the grace of God, steadily advanced in that most delightful employment, preaching the gospel of the ever blessed God. We are seldom happier (in our editorial work) than when we can heartily speak well of the labours of a brother in Christ who has no other claim upon

us than that of common Christian brotherhood. Here, then we are quite at home. Israel Atkinson, is only known to us by the repeated assurances we have from the Lord's people who hear him, and know him as a devoted servant of Christ in Brighton—and as the successful successor of the savory Sedgewicke, of happy memory. Many, alas! give the Brighton professors of Truth a bad name; but when we consider what they have done for the late Mr. Vinal; for those excellent twin-brothers Savory and Sedgewicke; when we see in Brighton the Atkinsons, the Isaacs, the Graces, the Wilkins, the Wallingers, and others, have all been nourished, encouraged, strengthened, and supported, we must conclude that there are many hundreds in Brighton who deeply love, and decidedly maintain the precious gospel of our precious Lord. Oh! yes, Brighton stands high in heaven's esteem, or never would she have been favoured with so many excellent and devoted men. They have their different *mannerisms* we admit: but, they have the mind of Christ in all things essential. Let this command our grateful thanks to God, that such a growing fashionable place as Brighton is not "given to salt," but is by the truth preserved. And above all, Brighton has now made an opening for our brave, bold, and blessed brother in the faith. Thomas Stringer, that "modern Luther" as Henry Hanks once called him, is now gone to Brighton. May the Lord make him the best man in all the spiritual phalanx of Brighton ambassadors, is the very sincere desire of our hearts. We must say no more on this head now. In our May number of "*Cheering Words*" we have given an extract or two from this "*Elizabeth Willey*." It is just such a book as should be given to the elder scholars in our congregations who are really crying out of broken hearts for an evidence of their saintship and salvation.

THE LATE JOHN PORTER, ESQ.

MY DEAR SIR,—As you are about noticing the life of the late beloved deacon of East Chapel, Walworth, perhaps you will allow me a corner in the next *VESSEL*, for this brief note. The late Mr. John Porter was my employer for nearly ten years; during seven years of which I served an apprenticeship under his directions. I can say from long personal experience and acquaintance with our deceased brother, he was a Christian indeed; his religion was an active principle in his business transactions, making him a good employer. His Christianity was a thing of life in the family, making him a good husband and a kind father; in the Church at East Street, he was an honorable member, and an active deacon; in the world at large he was a pious citizen, beloved and respected by all.

I am yours truly, for Jesu's sake,

T. W. MEDHURST.

Kingston-on-Thames, S. W.

April, 9th, 1860.

Satan's Temptations and the Saviour's Triumphs

AS DEPICTED IN SOME REVIVAL SCENES.

AN INTRODUCTORY NOTE TO A REVIEW OF THE REV. JOHN BAILLIE'S BOOK, "THE REVIVAL; OR, WHAT I SAW IN IRELAND."

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

AN OLD GREY-HEADED MINISTER'S HINTS ON THE SUBJECT OF REVIVALS.

WE are free to confess that the more closely we examine the records of *righteous* men who have *seen*, conversed with, and walked among, the Irish revivals, the more is our jealousy excited, and our fears increased, lest we should in the smallest degree slight, or treat lightly, any part of that work which the Lord may have done, or is still doing, in different parts of the world.

The unexpected conference which we had the other day with the venerable bookseller at Yeovil,* led us to serious and earnest reflection. As we travelled on for four hundred miles, we closely examined the book referred to; we resolved, the Lord permitting, to study the whole subject more closely and prayerfully, and the following is a brief introduction to some things we wish to lay before our readers.

We have said there are points in this work to which we are bound to call the serious attention of the churches of Christ in this eventful day. The work has speedily run through thirteen editions; tens of thousands of people are reading it, and will read it; a fact which loudly declares the almost universal interest taken in the great religious movements in Ireland; a fact which bespeaks the appreciation by our people of that beautiful tender talent—that power of thought—and that vigorous searching after truth, which the work displays. Before we come to particular points, which to us are of immense moment, we would review a few preliminary matters; and

First, as regards the *character of the times in which we are living*. The following extract furnishes ample proof that Mr. Baillie has not considered all the exciting movements of our day in the most favourable light. He says:—

"We live in a dark and cloudy day, when hearts which have not been fastened to the Rock of Ages are beginning to 'fail them for fear of the things which are coming upon the earth.' God, too, is putting His hand to the building of our broken walls. Are we each of us, taking our place at His call,—holding in the one hand our weapon, and in the other a building trowel—ready to meet any Sanballat, or Geshem, or Tobiah, who would en-

vice or deter us from our life-business, thus—'I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease, whilst I leave it, and come down to you?'

"Let no builder be discouraged, because he finds himself deserted by some upon whose aid, mayhap, he chiefly counted."

"On Jerusalem's walls stood a little band of 'Tekoites,' whose 'nobles put not their necks to the work of their Lord;' but the Tekoites were the only builders who, after they had done their allotted portion, 'repaired another piece' besides. * * * The four young men in the cottage in Connor did not bulk very largely before the 'prudent' of this world; but the humble evangelists went forth in the Spirit's power, and sinners bowed before them like willows by the water-courses."

We can tell Mr. Baillie that "*faint-heartedness*" is not the worst feature in our day. There is so much *hard-heartedness*; so much *cold-heartedness*; so much *bitterness* of spirit; and such readings, dividings, and scatterings as filled the minds of many with dark dismay.

But we will take another word from Mr. Baillie; it is of that vitalising power we so greatly need:—

"We have had our day of money-effort for souls—of societies, of committees, of home-missions; and, blessed be God, not a few perishing sinners have been saved. But have not these agencies too often resembled Gehazi's dead staff? The staff was a consecrated kind of thing—it was the symbol of the prophet's office, it was the highway along which more than once or twice the Divine virtue had travelled: but did not Gehazi, notwithstanding, return that morning to his master, saying, 'The child is not awake?' What is wanted now, if 'the child's flesh is to wax warm again,' is, not the proxy-staff, but the prophet's living, breathing person, brought into close contact with the dead. Let the Church by a nearer intimacy with Him who loved her and gave Himself for her, have her own collapsed and shrivelled heart enlarged into a tenderer compassion for souls; and then she will go forth 'in His stead,' possessing, like her Master, 'the tongue of the learned,' to 'speak a word in season to him that is weary.'"

From the close of the work the foregoing extracts have been taken.

* Our Somersetshire Journey next month.

There is in Mr. Baillie's introductory remarks conclusive evidence of his being influenced by pure godly motives, and of his possession of a living faith in the gospel of Christ. We should gladly quote; but one sample of what he saw, what he felt, what he believed, is all we can give now.

He says:—

"Our first visit was to some rows of cottages, inhabited chiefly by mill-workers. The awakening had begun there, one day, in the mill. Two or three girls had been suddenly struck down at their work, exclaiming, in intense agony, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy upon me!' The others were startled, but went on with their work; and, that day, nothing further occurred. But, two days afterwards, the pent torrent broke forth with increased force. One worker fell, then another, and another, until the manager, to prevent them falling into the machinery, stopped the mill, and all went down on their knees, the manager leading the devotions.

"One of the converts gave us some details of her own case.

"That first day, she was inclined to make light of the matter, keeping aloof from those who had been stricken, and determined it should not reach *her*. But the second day, as some others began to fall, she felt—first a strange numbness in her extremities—then a creeping all over—next a great weight upon her chest. Conscience began to speak—her sins rose up before her—Satan seemed almost visibly present with her—a great horror came upon her, so that 'the sweat lashed out of her.' 'God won't have you,' whispered the Tempter. After a great struggle, she opened her lips in prayer. 'If there's any sin,' she said, 'which I have not forsaken, help me, Lord, to give it up at once, that I may get the blessing.' Once more the tempter drew near, and promised her all manner of content in his service. But 'no,' she replied, 'You cannot have me, for Christ died for me.' At that moment the weight was lifted off—the devil left her—and she found rest in Jesus.

"Nothing could be more simple and calm and unexcited than the convert's whole bearing, as she told us that graphic story. A general-officer, who was with us, was so struck with the whole scene, that, like ourselves, he felt as if he stood on the very footprints of God. For weeks, the convert's peace had been unbroken; and the bright, happy smile which lighted up her countenance told us it was no dream. Six weeks later, we both of us visited that same cottage, and found her at her daily work, quiet and joyful in the Lord. * * * *

"Felix Neff, used to say, after the Spirit had begun to touch the hearts of his people in the higher Alps, that the very glaciers had become beautiful to him because of the grace of God. We experienced a kindred emotion as we revisited again and again that happy spot. In one of the cottages we found an aged couple, with a family of eight children, mostly grown up; the whole household had

been converted except one son. In another we met two young men who seemed to be able to utter nothing but 'Glory be to God! glory be to God!' Often, we were told, they would spend hour after hour through the night in the open air in prayer. And such love as the converts manifested for one another we never before saw. They seemed to feel as if they were indeed one family—suffering in each other's suffering, and rejoicing in each other's joy. If the fruits of the Spirit be 'love, joy, peace,' we had His workmanship before our eyes.

"One or two conclusions were already suggested to us by these visits.

"We saw that a marked characteristic of the awakening was a deep, heart-penetrating conviction of sin. One convert spoke of it as 'a great weight, dragging her down to ruin'; another had felt as if the 'glare of God's eye' was on him; a third had seemed to stand 'on hell's very brink, with the yawning gulf beneath.'

"We ceased to feel surprise at the cry of distress. A friend stated lately, that, as he was returning from one of those scenes in company with Mr Brownlow North, the latter remarked—'I don't know how the cry of that young man affected you, but it went through my very heart; it was like the cry of a lost soul.' Cold theorists in their closets may sit and frame their neat theories of conversion; but one glimpse of such scenes, we felt, must scatter them to the four winds. Indeed, they led more than one experienced Christian whom we met, to enquire whether they had themselves ever known what it was to be convinced of sin.

"Another conclusion suggested was, the intense realisation, by the converts, of the personality and terrific power of Satan. One of them spoke of him as offering to make her 'mistress of hell;' another as tempting her with 'silks and crinoline;' a third, as wiling her away from the Lord's feet, saying, 'You were good on Friday, but he won't have you to-day.' It seems as if the Holy Spirit had been exhibiting in a kind of dramatic form certain realities of the unseen; and we felt it was not for us to dictate to him after what fashion he should work.

"Again, we saw that the only name which gave peace to those awakened souls was the name of Jesus! Nothing could be more simple than the converts' faith. It was just the dying sailor's over again—

"I am a poor sinner, and nothing at all;
Jesus Christ is my all in all."

And it was not a mere sentiment, but a faith founded on some solid scripture; such texts as, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out;' or, 'the Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost;' brought home by the Spirit to their hearts gave them quiet peace."

No comment, nor further extracts, must we give this month; but, seeing there are facts of an intensely interesting character; seeing, also, there are sentiments advanced which involve serious consequences to the

Church of Christ, we must be allowed to go much further into this review.

The following note we give without any remark here, simply because neither space nor time admit; but the hints are tending to points and the fulfilment of prophecies, which now exercise the minds of many thousands of men who desire to fear and serve the Lord.

AN OLD GREY-HEADED MINISTER'S HINTS ON THE SUBJECT OF REVIVALS.

AS PARTIAL REVIVALS AMONG THE GENTILES NOW ARE HINTS (OR TYPES) OF WHAT GOD WILL CERTAINLY DO WITH THE JEWS ACCORDING TO HIS PROMISE, WHICH WILL BE THAT GRAND REVIVAL THAT IS TO BE THE FINAL RESTORING OF BOTH JEW AND GENTILE.

DEAR BROTHER AND FELLOW-LABOURER, C. W. BANKS,—Since your preaching for me last night, a sudden thought has arisen in bed to make me rise early this morning, in hope of being in time to deliver a few lines to you on the above important subject of Revivals, which was the subject of my discourses on last (what is called) Good Friday, and the following Easter. My fellow-labourers in the gospel have been, and are, greatly stirred to rejoicing at the revivals taking place in various parts; but whilst I would join with them in hearty gladness (Luke xv. 7) at the revival, or quickening, from a death in trespasses and sins of but one soul among Gentiles or Jews (Ephes. ii. 1), yet would I very earnestly beg my brethren to reflect that WHERE God has appointed, and revealed in his word, that GRAND REVIVAL he has promised to take place, *can never be reversed or altered*, however strong the desires of Gentile believers are, or may be, to fix or set their hearts upon any partial revival among

themselves. Now, to me it is plain, from the Scriptures (which cannot be broken, John x. 35), that the GRAND REVIVAL to be looked for in these last days is AMONG THE JEWS. See Ezek. xxxvii., in which it is compared to the resurrection, which all know is the *revivification*, or restoring to life, of the body. See again Isaiah xxvi. 19, a scripture addressed to the Jews, *leaving out the italics*, which have sadly obscured the sense, for the Jews were not revived at Christ's resurrection (as is made to appear by the addition of the italics), but sunk then into hardness of heart and unbelief, and have not been *revived* or restored therefrom to this day. Now when the Jews are revived in these last days—for I use the word *are*, and not *shall be*, as looking at this glorious event as *close at hand*—it will be the reviving or restoring of life to the rest of the world, the Gentiles, who make up that rest; for into Jew and Gentile has the whole world been divided by God himself, so long back as the days of Abraham. And this matter (I may say, this *vastly important matter*) is set forth under the figure of the sun arising to *revive* all nature (Isaiah lx.); and to this revival are the Gentiles to come, and not the Jews to come to some previous revival among them (see verse 3). And truly, if in these western parts of the world we look for the GRAND REVIVAL to take place, we shall be as much deceived as we should be if we looked for the sun to arise in the west, when God has appointed it to arise in the east. Now, dear brother Banks, these lines are only headed "*hints*," being thrown out for some more gifted brother to enlarge upon. And as you are just about to start for Crewkerne and London, you will use them, or not, as you may see best.

Yours faithfully,

A GREY-HEADED MINISTER.

Chard, Somerset., May 15, 1860.

THE SAINT'S SPOT AND THE SINNER'S BLOT.

A FEW THOUGHTS SUGGESTED FROM DEUT. XXXII. 5.

By MR. CORNELIUS SLIM, OF HAILSHAM, SUSSEX.

THIS glorious chapter exhibits Moses, the man of God, not as the stern representative of the law, but as the experimental minister of gospel doctrine. "My doctrine," he says, "shall drop as the rain, my speech shall distil as the dew." Even as the rain and dew penetrates with refreshing influence the thirsty herbs, so let the truth be instilled with invigorating power in the hearts of the people. "They have corrupted themselves." It is of themselves and from themselves cor-

ruption springs; and this is awfully true of every one born of woman. But now the prophet distinguishes between the precious and the vile, the children and the alien, the living and the dead (verse 5), "Their spot is not the spot of his children;" which words contain, a relationship which must be described, an infirmity which must be deplored, and a difference which must be explained.

First, here is, *A Relationship which must be described*. They are "*His children*,"

who, in verse 4, is called the *Rock*, so expressive of Christ's eternal power and faithfulness, who in another scripture is called "the everlasting Father," not God the Father,—he is another and distinct Person in the ever-blessed Trinity,—but Christ the Son of God, set up from everlasting as "the Father of the everlasting Ages." Now these children, given into his hands by his Father, and blessed with all spiritual blessings in him, were predestinated to the adoption of children before time began, according to the good pleasure of his will. These children are a "regenerated race," born again of the Spirit, and made new creatures in Christ Jesus, and though their regeneration does not *make* them his children, yet it does most certainly *prove* them to be such. As a father provides for his family, so the Lord feeds and nourishes them; he gives them to eat of the hidden manna, and to drink of the richest wine his house affords; he clothes them with the best robe in heaven's wardrobe, adorns them with rings as a token of his love, and provides good shoes for their feet. Moreover he educates them as befits their dignity, and trains them in the way they should go. The soul without knowledge is not good, therefore all the children are taught of the Lord, *variously* indeed, but all profitably and experimentally; and though the best instructed know but in part, their knowledge shall be perfected when he calls them home. In the meantime he corrects them with wholesome discipline in the school of affliction and trial, leads them up rugged hills and down the steepest valleys, through long dark nights in the pitiless storm and howling tempest. Sometimes he even leads them through fire and through water, but he always brings them out at length into a wealthy place.

"In love he corrects them, their souls to refine,
To make them at length in his likeness to shine."

These are "his children." Reader, art thou one of them? Canst thou say, "Abba, Father?" And don't forget that "as many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

Secondly, here is *An Infirmary which must be deplored*. "The spot of his children." Yes, they have their spots even as others; their nature is as full of sin as the leopard of spots, or as their faces and garments are defiled with dirt. Born in sin and shapen in iniquity, they become actual personal and practical transgressors, unregenerated ones, "children of wrath even as others," till God, who is rich in mercy, for his great love to them, saves them by his grace. And even after they have felt the cleansing efficacy of pardoning blood, though they stand complete in Christ, who says, "Thou art all fair, my love, there is no spot in thee," yet in themselves they feel and deplore they are all over

spotted and black as the tents of Kedar. It is their general complaint, as their confessions before God testify: "We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness are as filthy rags." Here is deep stained ingratitude and lukewarmness; there is filthy pride and ambition! Ah! see that vile unbelief and mistrust. O what black sins! what disgraceful spots! Bless God for a fountain open, and that

"Lest sin removed should return and remain,
Its power may be proved again and again."

Sin is indeed a dark deep spot, but "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." We see and know somewhat of the aboundings of sin; but who shall calculate the overflowings, the super-aboundings of rich and distinguishing grace?

We now proceed to show,

Thirdly, *A Difference which must be explained*. "A God of truth, and without iniquity, just and right is he." Moses here exalts Jehovah in his perfections, and contrasts them (the more to aggravate them) with the gross impiety of the ungodly. "They have corrupted themselves; their spot is not the spot of his children." Any spot is had, but some are worse; sin-spots are the worst of spots. But there is a spot which is, and a spot which is not, the spot of God's children; and though no man is without his spot, yet all the godly are *accounted* spotless in the sight of God; no spot is charged upon them; they sin not perversely, nor do they lie impenitently in their sin (Numbers xxiii. 21), because they sin through the infirmities of the flesh and the force of temptation, carrying about with them a body of sin and death and inbred corruptions, like combustible materials upon which Satan strikes the sparks of temptations; hence the caution given, "Be sober, be vigilant, because your adversary the devil goeth about," &c. But the ungodly sin with malice in their hearts, willingly and designedly. The great difference is, the one hates his sin, the other loves it; the one cries, "Oh, wretched man that I am," while the other rolls it under his tongue as a delicious morsel.

Again, Believers do not continue in sin. They are indignant at the thought of it. "Shall we continue in sin that grace may abound? God forbid!" Unregenerate men do, and proceed to more ungodliness, as it is written, "Evil men and seducers wax worse and worse." How strikingly these characters differ! One seems quite at home in sin, the very element in which he exists; the other like a poor captive overcome by sin, and glad enough to get free again.

Once more—Christ's children, when they sin, are grieved. Shame and self-reproach overwhelms them, and they repent in dust and ashes. How David groans in that 51st

Psalm 1 And no wonder that he should either, with wounded conscience, a bleeding heart, and broken bones. List to poor Jonah's cries deep down in his dark prison, "Out of the belly of hell I cried." Look at Peter as he went out from all human observation, and wept bitterly. Not so, however, the ungodly; they repent not of their wickedness, and, so far from being grieved, they glory in their shame; their hearts hardened through the deceitfulness of sin, they trust in their wealth, and boast of their riches. These are the

"Fools who never raise their thoughts on high;
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die."

What think ye, whose eyes are scanning this page? How do *you* feel with these spots? Perhaps you say, "Well, I really have not thought much about it yet. I have so many things to think of; there's my business to attend, and a family to look after. This sort of thing I must turn over in my mind at a more convenient season,

and then I hope, by proper attention to the duties of religion and devotional exercises, to be a good Christian after all." Be not deceived! Your indifference and self-sufficiency shows too plainly that *your* spot is not the spot of God's children.

And thou, poor weeping penitent, who may be reading these lines with a trembling heart, because you have daily to wrestle, weep, and pray against sin, painfully conscious that it is mixed with all you do, don't conclude your spot is not the spot of God's children; for they feel themselves quite as bad as you do. Ask, and you will find that all the living in Jerusalem know but too well every man the plague of his own heart.

"Then dry up your tears, ye children of grief,
For Jesus appears to give you relief.
If you are returning to Jesus, your Friend,
Your sighing and mourning in singing shall end."

CORNELIUS SLIM.

Hailsham, Sussex.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

"THE KING AT HIS TABLE."

(CANTICLES I. 12)

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

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We have already seen that this portion of God's word is a record of *experiences*—and is, therefore, most precious to a really spiritual mind. It is not all, even of the Lord's true people who can enjoy it, because they do not all dig deep into the mine of God's truth, and they do not therefore realize in all its fulness "the grace wherein they stand." They are content to know themselves saved, and do not go on to enjoy their "*new life*" in the continual and blessed *communion* with their risen Head, which ought to spring out of a real and vital, though spiritual, union with him. With many true Christians, religion is as much *external* as *internal*. The *internal* being, as we may say, just sufficient of true life to give *reality* to the *external*; but not sufficient to give it *vigour and power*. These Christians are always fearing and trembling. They have a morbid dread of "undue familiarity" when experimental truth is spoken of. They stand *always* with the Publican "afar off," not daring to lift their eyes to heaven. The assured and joyful Christian begins with the Publican's distant place, but he does not continue there. He always continues in the *lowly place*, but

this is as he considers *himself*: it is quite another thing to see and understand *what God has made him*. Such a Christian "draws near" with confidence; he touches the golden sceptre stretched out to him by the great King, and with a heart filled with love, he sits down in happy intercourse with the King, to learn the lesson of grace.

We have this truth brought before us in that part of the Song to which we have now arrived. The King is at his table. The chosen guest is there too; she is far more than the ordinary guest; she is the beloved and the betrothed one, and she is now privileged to listen to the words of affection which fall from his lips. We have a conversation recorded. The bride and bridegroom extol each other. Oh! how blessed to enter into all the spiritual meaning of these mutual experiences! What joy there is in a deep experimental acquaintance with the love of Jesus! How glad the soul that can return each token of affection with, "Lord, thou knowest all things, thou knowest that I love thee!" There is not necessarily any irreverence in the reference to natural affection, for the illustration of the mutual love of Jesus and the redeemed

soul. There is a strict and close analogy between the two. You cannot understand the one without knowing something of the other. Jesus calls himself our Friend, our Brother, our Husband. Do you want to know how you ought to feel towards Jesus? Consider how you feel towards a friend, a brother, and a husband, and then add depth or intensity to all those feelings, as you think of Jesus, the best of friends—Jesus, the truest of brothers—Jesus, the most loving of husbands.

All this heart-work—this deep experimental godliness—is set aside by the current of popular feeling amongst mere professors. They are for all external things, which will affect the outward senses. A writer of that class says—"I feel certain that the world is lost and won to religion, not by internal arguments or by subjective reasoning, but by external operations brought to bear on the senses." And as our blessed Lord preached the Gospel by miracle—things seen by the senses—so I would win back the people to holiness, and love, and unity, by the external magnificence of her church, her ceremonies, and her ritual." Poor deluded man! He has never sat with "the King at his table." He does not know the depths to which "the people" are sunk; he has no idea of the height to which they must be exalted before they can be brought back to "holiness and love, and unity." And, therefore, he thinks—alas!—that his "external operations" can do what God's free grace and omnipotent power alone can effect. And there are multitudes of such men raking amongst the dust and lumber of by-gone ages, to bring out afresh candles and crossings, choral services and sacramental processions, bendings, bowings and adorations, confessions, penances and absolutions, vainly hoping by such delusions to "win back the people to holiness, and love, and unity." Let us go for our holiness, and love, and unity, to "where the King sitteth at his table."

We would in this paper, only take up part of the conversation at the King's table. The King speaks first:—"I have compared thee, O my love, to a company of horses in Pharaoh's chariots." It is recorded that Solomon had horses brought out of Egypt. These were beautiful and costly. "A chariot for six hundred shekels of silver, and a horse for an hundred and fifty." These horses were doubtless used on state occasions. They had been used in Pharaoh's chariots. Now in the possession of the wealthy and magnificent Solomon, they would be richly comparisoned and laden with ornaments of gold and precious stones; they would form the grandest object in each state procession. To such an object the King compares his bride. This is a figure

to represent esteem which Jesus has for us, he beholds us in his own comeliness in which we stand.

"Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold." This is still the King's sweet words of praise as he looks upon the beauty of his beloved. "We will make thee borders of gold, with studs of silver." Now he is promising to add to the costly ornaments with which she was decked; as if no abundance or costliness of apparel would satisfy the desires of that love which only sought to exalt its beloved object. So it is with our heavenly Bridegroom. He has chosen us,—he calls us,—he justifies, he gives us grace upon grace he adorns us with the fruits of the Spirit—he enables us to glorify him even here,—he fills our hearts with joy, we praise him with joyful lips,—he gives us manifestations by the Spirit of his unutterable love, our hearts burn within us,—we know and feel that he is ours, and that we are clothed in his righteousness,—he tells us that in that we are beautiful,—he says to us, to each of us, "Thy cheeks are comely with rows of jewels, thy neck with chains of gold." Yet all that is not enough. "We will make thee borders of gold with strings of silver." Thus he tells us we shall have more yet. More enjoyment of his love. More tokens of his affection. More proofs of his power—more signs of his ever-watchful care, and that very soon he will exalt us to a place in his own glory. "Henceforth"—says one who believed the promise—"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 that love His appearing." Thus it is that Jesus "raiseth the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dunghill, to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory."

The bride then begins to speak:—"While the King sitteth at his table, my spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof." Here the royal bride, though promoted to the highest place, is found "clothed with humility." All that she has received, and all that is promised, does not exalt her in her own esteem. For it all, she is indebted to the love and affection of her royal bridegroom. She had no claim upon him. No beauty of her own to attract his attention. She had already confessed that in herself "she was black." She is now sitting at the royal table, in the enjoyment of gifts which her beloved had poured upon her in rich profusion. None of them had she deserved. Yet there was something that so manifestly delighted her royal companion, that to it she must allude—it is the perfume of her spikenard. "Spikenard," says one, "is

a lowly grass, scarcely rising above the surface of the ground. A lovely emblem of humanity." Yea! true grace makes its possessor humble, and the more grace the more humility. The more knowledge of the love of Jesus we enjoy, the more we feel our own unworthiness; and the higher we reach in christian experience the more clearly we see beyond us the heights we still would climb. And this lowly spirit is of much esteem—it is sweet perfume to the King as he sitteth at his table. "Blessed are the poor in spirit: for their's is the kingdom of heaven." "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." The bride next declares her longing desire to have her beloved always with her. "*As a bundle of sweet smelling myrrh so is my beloved unto me. And as I keep that sweet perfume all night in my bosom so would I ever keep him next my heart.*" Here is the soul delighting in Jesus, and longing for uninterrupted communion with him. Jesus is as sweet-smelling myrrh to such a soul—one that has given every affection unto him. Let us again think of the power of human love. When it is deep and intense, there is no feeling that human nature is capable of, which is so absorbing. It makes little of mountains of difficulties,—it looks over every hindrance,—breaks down all barriers,—roots up all selfishness, giving the heart *another self* to live for;—it binds together two hearts, so that it were death, often, to rend asunder. This feeling does not come all at once. It grows with acquaintance and companionship as the kindred feelings of the two hearts reciprocate and become entwined together. Nothing can satisfy such a heart but the object which it loves. In separation there are the deep longings for the presence of the beloved. There is often the eager listening for the well known sound of his footsteps. There is the silent gladness, the quick throbbing of the heart, when he comes, speaking far more than words can express; and in the union of such—in a true union of kindred hearts—there is indeed two individuals, thoroughly identified, entirely consecrated to each other—neither of them think anything of sacrifice for each other's welfare, or each other's pleasure. Heavy pain they will endure,—toils they will labour through; many troubles they will struggle with; and in the midst of all there is the smile of affection, and the deep pleasure of content, as one says to the other—"I bear it all for you—I go through it all with you."

Oh! my reader, again I say how happy the soul who knows the love of Jesus! How happy the soul which can truly say, I have all these natural feelings spiritualized, and pervading even to the

very depths of my renewed heart in fellowship with my precious Jesus! The formalist knows nothing of this. Even the true Christian who remains to the end of his days the mere "babe in Christ,"—always staying in the *distant place*—he cannot sympathize with this. He, perhaps, rejoices that he never has the deep and painful experiences of others. He is saved, doubtless, from all the trying emotions of the soul mourning over the absence of the beloved. He never experiences the feeling of the bride as she cries, "I am sick of love." He never says with a Christian poet:—

"Alone I sit and mourn thy long delay,
Can I but weep while thou art far away?
Hasten thy coming, Lord, and claim thy bride,
To dwell for ever at thy sheltering side."

But then on the other hand, he never knows the higher joys of the divine life in the closest personal communication with the Lord. He never can say with the bride, "A bundle of myrrh is my beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts."

"'Tis night,—but, O! the joyful morn
Will soon our waiting spirits cheer;
Yon gleams of coming glory warn
Thy saints, O Lord, that thou art near."

Lord of our hearts, beloved of thee,
Weary of earth, we sigh to rest,
Supremely happy, safe and free,
For ever on thy tender breast."

LIGHT IS SOWN FOR THE RIGHTEOUS.

(Psalm cxvii. 11.)

BY MR. B. WALE, OF READING.

L. M

"He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psalm cxxvi. 6.

THOUGH rough the road, and dark the way,
We travel to eternal day,
The light withdrawn the sky o'ercast,
All, all will be made bright: at last!

Whether in Achor's vale of woe,
Or basking on mount Tabor's brow;
Our heavenly Father guides aright
Our footsteps into perfect light!

The hidings of the Saviour's face,
The lost enjoyments of his grace;
The prayerless heart, the stubborn sin,
The powerful foes without,—within.

All, all of which we now complain,
And strive to understand in vain;
Seeds broad-cast o'er the heart's dark field,
Shall yet a crop of blessings yield!

Bearing the 'precious seed' we go
Forth weeping through the world of woe:
But bringing back rich sheaves shall come
Rejoicing to the harvest home!

Then let us gladly bear the cross,
Knowing that every pain and loss,
Is but a seedling sown in night,
And with a heavenly harvest bright.

The Little Pulpit.

"Salvation belongeth unto the Lord; thy blessing is upon thy people."—Ps. lii. 8.

The essence of the gospel is contained in this psalm, for here we have divine purposes and divine performances. The psalm divides itself into four parts. I. We have the tremendously distressing circumstances under which the psalmist laboured. II. The supports he received. III. The quietness and confidence induced: and the psalmist concludes with a comprehensive prayer.

I. Of David's difficulties, the title tells us, he was flying from Absalom, his home, his throne, his all. The enemy said, Now your sin has found you out. The Shimeis come out now to curse, and David tells us what his enemies said in the opening verse, "Lord, how are they increased that trouble me? Many there be that say of my soul, there is no help for him in God." We are apt to think that as years increase, troubles will lessen. But David did not so find it; the older he grew, the more trouble he had; and so the saints find it still. David's enemies under this trial, said there was no help for him in his God; but, said David, *I don't say so.*

II. We see the supports he received. "God is my shield," to receive the assaults of the enemy. Christ received the darts, that you might escape. But when is this shield needful? When the enemy attacks. "In the multitude of my thoughts within me;" anxious, distressing, perplexing, crushing thoughts,—*"Thy comforts delight my soul."* Here was David's shield. The time to find the use of the shield is in the time of war. This shield is not needed in smooth spots and paths of peace and ease; no, we must get into sorrow, into the battle, to know the use of the shield. And this is no small reason why it is ordained that "through much," and not a little, "tribulation ye must enter the kingdom;" that kingdom, the entrance into which is through trial and sorrow, and in which we find comfort, joy, peace, liberty, and light, and which is set up in the heart, "in righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." Now, another thing David tells us here, namely, that he cried unto God with his voice, "and he heard me." Here was David's testimony to God as a prayer-hearing and prayer answering God. When did he cry? When his enemies were increased, and they all said, "there was no help for him in God." But he knew better. He had the soul experience in his own soul, that he was heard and answered. What experience have you in these matters? And if any, you knew it was in and under trouble you got it. These things belong to the

blood-bought and Spirit-taught family; they, like David, cry in their troubles to God, and are heard and answered.

III. The marvellous confidence induced. Verse 5, "I will lay me down in peace, and sleep," &c. Yea, said he, "thou preparest a table before me in the presence of my enemies," carrying out his own words in the 27th Psalm. In the time of trouble he shall hide me in a pavilion; but you must get into trouble to find the pavilion. It shows you and me what we may look out for under similar circumstances, and that your wondering and powerful enemies shall not be too many and too mighty for you, however weak and helpless you may feel. You shall not be cast down to rise no more. Cast into trouble you may be, but rise out of it you shall. Cast into trouble you must be, that you may find the comforts of the gospel. How many promises would be overlooked, and never applied, but for troublous times! Do you know what it is to be kept in peace in times of trouble? It is easy to feel at peace when all is peace around you; but in the midst of trouble to find it, this is the power of God. The work of faith is what David felt, when he said (verse 6), "I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me." Oh, if God be for us, who can be against us? God saw you when you were in the ranks of the world, sin, and Satan, and he stopped you; he apprehended you, as they apprehend a thief, and arrested you; and having done this, will keep for ever those whom he has thus plucked as brands out of the burning.

Lastly, his prayer. Now this is threefold. 1. Entreaty: "Arise, O God." 2. Experience: "Thou hast smitten all my enemies." 3. Rejoicing: "Salvation unto the Lord." God loves to hear his people pray. Living souls must breathe out prayer to God, and God loves to hear it, if it be only complaint. Now David did not appeal in vain to God; He *did* deliver him; and he could appeal to past experience as the earnest of present help. We have, lastly, his rejoicing. The apostle says, Love rejoiceth in the truth; and it will come out in your prayers. This was Jonah's acknowledgment. God prepared the fish to swallow him, and then made the fish to vomit him up. He did it all, and so Jonah could say too, as you shall, "Salvation is of the Lord."

Nothing does my heart so much good as to sit down among my elder brethren in Christ, and listen to their testimony, in the Holy Spirit's teaching, in places where my soul has not yet been brought.—*A. B. Taylor.*
I think that oftentimes men charge that upon the devil which ought to be charged upon their own hearts.—*Brooks.*

The Great Question, "What Think Ye of Christ?"

(Continued from page 119.)

THERE are some precious, soul-ravishing privileges which we believe none but the quickened elect of God can truly enjoy: *hearing* of CHRIST, when the Holy Ghost reveals Him to the regenerate mind; *thinking* of CHRIST, when the Divine Teacher leads to contemplation by the silent expositions of the word of Life; *talking* of CHRIST, when the heart has been inditing a good matter; *anticipating* a likeness and a nearness to HIM in the higher and holier kingdom; and transitory seasons of *fellowship* with the FATHER, with the SON, and with the blessed SPIRIT, as onward through the desert we roam. These sacred pleasures, flowing from a living faith in CHRIST, will purify, and sanctify, and gladden; they will humble, yet encourage, the soul thus favoured; but they will never lead to bitterness of spirit, to exclusiveness of mind, to cruel cutting off of brethren who *see not, say not, rise not, discern not*, in exact accordance with our stature or measure of thought. No; that cannot be. A man can never come from the closet of holy communion with a Triune Jehovah, to cut off the ear and head of his fellow; the man that has fled from the law's tremendous curse to Jesus' righteousness, and there found clothing; the man who has run from temptation's threatening power to the fountain of atoning blood, and has there had peace and pardon sealed home upon his conscience; such a man will not ascend the papal throne, nor sit in the judgment-seat, to cast into oblivion his poor brother whose eye-sight may not be so clear, nor whose spiritual perception may not be so high as his own. Nay, never. Let us, therefore, try the spirits, and think of that solemn word again, "If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of his."

Let us be careful, however, not to fall into the same weakness ourselves which we censure in another. Let us not run to unholy extremes; for this is, indeed, where human nature (even in the best of men) often betrays her frailties. There are (as a writer in *The Christian Observer* justly, we think, remarks) the "strong points" and the "weak points" in every human being; and that man who has in some things the strongest point at one end of his mind, will be almost certain to manifest a very weak point at the other end of his mind:—a fairly-balanced, an equal, a steadily undeviating spirit, mind, and mental and practical habit, is rare to find. The writer to whom we have referred says:—

"Now I have here to notice, in the experience of a somewhat extended life, a curious fact in the history of man; viz., the frequency with which he *breaks down precisely at what is deemed his 'strong point.'* His strong points often prove, in the end, to be his weak ones; and the fortress is entered at the gate where nature had seemed to have done the most to fortify it. Let us see whether some of the histories in Scripture do not confirm this statement.

"Noah is singled out in Scripture as the 'preacher of righteousness,' in the midst of an unrighteous world. But this righteous Noah plants a vine, drinks to excess of its fruits, and exposes the very righteousness he is called to inculcate, to the ridicule and scorn of the ungodly. Abraham, at the command of God, boldly and disinterestedly abandons his father's house, and plunges into all the dangers of a distant and hazardous march. But this father of the faithful, and friend of God, suddenly breaks down, and inflicts a fearful wound on the faith he is called to establish. Moses is spoken of as the "meekest" of all men; but this model of meekness, under the pressure of a sudden temptation, is guilty of such a burst of passion as shuts him out from more than a distant view of the land of promise. The patient Job is provoked to curse the day of his birth. The lion-hearted Elijah casts himself on the ground in a fit of effeminate despondency. The gentle St. John desires to 'call down fire' on his adversaries. The loving, ardent Peter forsakes his Master in the hour of his deepest extremity. Other cases in proof of my proposition might be selected, both from sacred and profane history; and we can scarcely have gone through life, with our eyes open, without seeing them for ourselves. Perhaps, indeed, if we look for them, we shall find that our own supposed strong points have proved to be very weak ones; and the oak staff on which we were accustomed to lean is a mere reed, which has unexpectedly broken short in our hands.

"If the fact to which I have referred, in the constitution of our nature, be obvious; so, I think, is the origin and source of it. Take especially the case of a true, but infirm, and perhaps fallen servant of God.

"One object of the divine discipline, in the case of such a man, is altogether to strip him of high notions about himself; so to bring him down, as that he shall be satisfied to enter heaven by the low gate of deep self-humiliation. His supposed strong point was,

perhaps, the main obstacle in his way. Some deep offence on the very side of this predominant quality is calculated to bring the man to his senses; and in his defeated and prostrate state he calls for mercy as he never called before. Job had probably presumed on his patience. It gives way under a peculiar pressure, and he exclaims—"I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes."

"In like manner, another lesson to be learned in our education for eternity, is our absolute dependance upon the power and grace of God. Here, again, the 'stroug point' may be the main obstacle in our way. Samson shall have the lock of his strength removed. The man shall be made to feel that, in himself, he is nothing; and accordingly he is suffered to break down at the very point where his strength is supposed to lie. His temptation had been independence of the Spirit of God, as to at least one point; and he is accordingly called to sustain defeat in the field of expected victory; and is thus taught that the supposed giant in the conflict with corruption is a mere child, and that he never needs divine help more than when he least seeks it. Let him only learn, as he lies thus prostrate under the power of temptation, to look exclusively to the blood of Christ as the only source of hope, and the power of the Spirit as the only source of strength, and he will thank God through eternity for his defeats and sorrows in the vale of tears."

Could we carry this conviction with us, that the best of men are men,—that the strongest will sometimes show us they are weak *somewhere* and *somewhen*,—we should not so readily nor so rashly judge and condemn; not that we are to wink at sins, or silently to allow heresies to creep in and abound; we plead only for a charitable conversation toward such as are known to be good men, even when the "weak point" is most predominant for a season.

Returning to the question now agitating the churches—"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?" we would call the attention of our readers again to the letter by Mr. J. A. Jones, for the purpose of fulfilling the promise we then made. His article headed "*Of the Holy Trinity*," we think ought to be circulated freely at this time; we therefore give it here as given by himself. He says:—

"I avow my firm belief in the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: in essence *one*, in persons *three*. The triune Jehovah, the Lord God Almighty, possessed of absolute and infinite perfections: eternal, omnipotent, omnipresent, the faithful God. Great in his signs, mighty in his wonders, his kingdom an everlasting kingdom, and his dominion from generation to generation. I not only maintain the essential Deity of the Father,

but *equally* so of the Son, and Holy Spirit: equal in eternity; equally possessed of Divine attributes; bearing Divine and infinite names; entitled to, receiving, and that justly, Divine honours, adoration, and praise. One in nature as in essence: not existing one *from* another, such as the Son being in the Divine nature, *begotten* of the Father; and *then* the Holy Ghost proceeding (as God) from both. *No, sir*. I believe that the Son, in his adorable Divine nature, is the self-existent Jehovah, and not a begotten God. That he is so, not by creation, derivation, generation, or indwelling: but uncreate and underived. "My Lord, and my God!" Further, I believe that the Holy Ghost is not an *emanation* merely from the Father and the Son, but a glorious distinct person in Jehovah. A witness to the eternal engagements between the Father and the Son in the economy of redemption; *Him* who anointed Christ God-man Mediator with the oil of gladness above his fellows; *Him* who is the sole author of regeneration, the quickener, and Almighty infuser of life, light, and grace in the hearts of the elect children of God: and who maintains that grace which he has imparted, till it is consummated in glory. I believe these things firmly, on the authority of the sacred word of God. The Trinity in Unity is, with me, a precious article of faith. It is an incomprehensible mystery, greatly exceeding my feeble powers of comprehension; but I find, "It is written;" I therefore believe, wonder, and adore!"

Two hundred years ago, one BENJAMIN AUSTIN, pastor of the Church of God at Castle Ashbey, in Northamptonshire, published his work, entitled, "*Scripture Manifestation of the equality of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost*." This wholesome and solid testimony, as also Ralph Erskine's "*Saving Sight of the Saviour*," we hope to make good use of in pursuing the question, "WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

THE GREAT
DELUSION OF THE DAY;
OR, "THE MIDNIGHT INTERVIEW."

The Midnight Interview is a new tract just written by the Rev. John Knapp, of Portsea; and is published by H. J. Tresidder, of 17, Ave Maria Lane. The picture represents Mr. Knapp in a desolate howl where he had been summoned to visit a man in his dying and in his most dreadful hours. The man died in an awful manner. We think tracts of this kind ought to be scattered among the sunken in sin by tens of thousands. Yea, if many of our open-air missionaries could be induced to *read* this tract *aloud* to their fellow-men, and to circulate them among the masses, it would

be quite as well as much of their preaching. After Mr. Knapp has told the tale of woe he then witnessed, he draws some special inferences from the facts of the case. We quote the following. Mr. Knapp says,—

“I have placed on record the above narrative, because, through it, I desire to expose, and if possible, to dispel, two common and popular fallacies. The first relates to death-bed repentances; the second has respect to the nature of true repentance itself. As it regards death-bed repentances, I confess I have but little faith in them. I do not wish to be misunderstood. I do not mean to say that such are impossible. On the contrary, I can myself testify to what I humbly believe were cases of true and genuine repentance. I have also witnessed what appeared at the time to be real penitence, but which, afterwards, when the supposed dying persons have recovered, has proved in the long run, to have been but counterfeit. There is I know a latent feeling in the minds of men, that when they come to die it will be easy enough to repent and turn to God. They do not openly promise this belief, but they do secretly hold it. They do not honestly and straightforward tell you that this is what they mean, but they maintain it nevertheless in the depths of their own souls.”

“That which is called a death-bed repentance in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, is but the natural workings of an agonised and terrified conscience. A drowning man, they say will catch at a straw. It is so also with a dying man, unpardoned, unsanctified, with guilt upon the conscience; when the true meaning of eternity is breaking in upon his soul, the world receding, and the tremendous realities of the unseen life opening to his view. ‘All is dark and doubtful,’ said GIBBON, in the prospect of his death. And all is dark and doubtful, if not something worse, to the man who has not founded his hopes upon the Rock. To escape punishment,—to flee from wrath,—to evade judgment, is the despairing anxiety of the dying man. To attain this, any message is welcomed, and any hope held out, is greedily clutched, at and eagerly appropriated. Alas! what is a repentance such as this? It is but a cheat, a delusion, a counterfeit, a sham opiate which seeks to lull the guilty conscience, yet fails in the attempt. It is but the repentance of the money-loving Judas, who flinging the now hated gold into the temple, went out and hung himself. It is but the repentance of the criminal, when he is condemned to die, and who would give worlds to undo the evil he has done. It is but the repentance of which St. Paul writes 2 Cor. vii. 10. ‘The sorrow of the world which worketh death.’ It is not the godly sorrow working repentance to salvation not to be repented of. True repentance is a gift from God. Like every other good and perfect gift, ‘it cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom there is no variableness neither shadow of turning.’ Jesus Christ ‘is revealed to give repentance as well as remission of sins;’ and when the

apostles and brethren heard the statement of Peter, they glorified God saying, ‘Then hath God also to the Gentiles granted repentance unto life.’ Thus it is evident, that the difference between godly sorrow for sin, and the world’s repentance must be as great as light is from darkness. True repentance produces sorrow on account of sin:—sin as done against a good and holy God. It produces a broken and a contrite spirit—it produces tenderness of conscience—it produces hatred of sin, not simply because of the consequences it entails, but for its own sake, as exceeding sinful. When ‘God pours upon the house of David, and the inhabitants of Jerusalem, the spirit of grace and supplication, THEN, and not until then, shall they look on him, whom they have pierced.’ Men for the most part ignorantly suppose they can repent and believe in Christ at pleasure; and I am not quite sure if the tending of much of the pulpit teaching of the present day is not to foster and encourage this impression. When once the idea has taken hold of a man that repentance is in his own power, then he flatters himself that upon a dying bed, it will be easy both to be sorry for sin and to obtain pardon. Here is the rock against which so many make fatal shipwreck. Here is the delusive fallacy which bring multitudes to their own destruction. It is *not in the power of man to repent when he pleases*. As well may you expect to obtain water from the flinty rock—as well may you seek to extract sweet perfume from a painted flower, as look for one tear of genuine repentance from a worldly-minded, unconverted man. No! ‘That which is born after the flesh is flesh’ still, and unless God is pleased to give repentance, the death-bed sorrow will only prove the dark foreshadowings of the eternal despair of the lost.

THE INFLUENCE OF SACRED POETRY ON MAN.

WATTS, HART, NEWTON, and COWPER, as having embalmed themselves in their books, are lying there upon my table. I will hope that their blessed spirits are overshadowing me, as I take up my pen for such a noble and all-inspiring purpose as this; surely it is one in which their beatific spirits will feel interested even in that eternal world of joy to which they have long since gone. Let no one charge me with arrogance and self-conceit when I tell them that my prayer is, that a portion of that holy fire which inspired those great word-masters might be granted to me for one short hour, while I speak of those spiritual influences which they have started into being and flung around the world like an enchanter’s chain. I thank them, ye noble sons of heaven! for opening to my less gifted soul the wonderful treasures of sacred beauty which lie in the world around, beneath, and above me; for clothing in such

exalted and majestic language those great and magnificent conceptions, that lofty and holy romance which throbbed and filled your souls!

Every age has its poets, and every true poet belongs to all time: like the great Author of all, poetry is everywhere to be found; as much in the tiny moss in the far-off desert-land as in the garden of Paradise itself; as much in the lone star which shades its dim light in the far-off regions of infinite space, as in the old earth beneath our feet; in the rocky strata and the dried fossil to which geology conducts us in the world below, as in the shining heavens above, which show forth his handiwork. It lives in the mighty sailing wave and in the "everlasting murmur of the sea." It is seen and felt in the rushing cataract, and in the gentle whisper of the almost noiseless rivulet, as it meanders through the shady valley; it lives in the hurricane and the storm, and in the little pattering rain, and in the sweet uprising dew; everywhere it lives and has its being, and who has not felt its power? Mighty poesy! thy praise no earthly tongue can sing! thou hast blest humanity; thy still small voice hath oftentimes won the ear which had long been deaf to ought else! Where are thy trophies? Where are thine, the heroes which have graced the world, who would never have seen the light of God's eternal truth but for thy persuasive voice? Everywhere! and their name is legion! Poetry is surely the language of angels; holy men of old, who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," uttered their divine breathings in its golden syllables. It is the language in which the great Father himself hath written his ever-adorable autograph.

But to come to the poetry of the men we have named, to which we might add many more honourable and worthy names, but choose for the present these, as they seem to us to be a very fair specimen of poets who have devoted their energies to sacred poetry. Everyone that is at all acquainted with religion will know the history of their lives, and in the present paper it would be out of place to dilate upon this subject. Hart does not seem to take his place among the learned, but certain among the spiritual, and we have often been struck with the beautiful simplicity that runs through all his hymns. How applicable to the conditions of the child of God in his walk through life to glory! There seems to be nothing that he has omitted to describe that befalls the child of God. Watts, Newton, and Cowper will also leave behind them the very feelings of soul trouble and joy which they were subject to, and which the whole family of heaven are acquainted with. How often have those words (by Cowper) been realised—

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

and there is no doubt but these words will last till time is no more.

There is an influence in poetry that binds us to God, that brings up that holy confidence which it is the privilege of true believers to enjoy. We cannot appreciate it too highly, and the love of it will, by divine grace, keep us near to God.

Tonbridge Wells.

W. R. J.

THE PRAYER MEETING.

AN

ADMONITION RELATIVE TO PUBLIC WORSHIP

By THOMAS HARDY,

Minister of the Gospel, Leicester.

Jesus, the Lord of grace and power,
Whom all the hosts of heaven adore
Thus moves united prayer.
Where'er the place if two or three,
To supplicate my name agree,
Behold I'm present there.

Then say not sinner 'tis but prayers,
When Jesus bids, and Jesus hears;
But prompt obedience vow.
Hast thou no wants, and none thy friends,
That tho' the Lord of heaven attends,
Thy knees refuse to bow?

Not stately walks, nor gazing throngs,
Nor pompous vests, nor learned tongues,
Does Jesu's worship ask,
Carnal inventions mock his rules,
His altar brooks not human tools,
Nor bears the formal task.

Presuming pride, his soul abhors;
Nor poor disdain, nor prince prefers
Before his mercy-seat,
But where his Spirit may impart
A sigh in faith, a contrite heart,
The worshipper's complete.

Whate'er thy sins, O suppliant soul!
What seas of grief around thee roll!
Jesus has pledg'd his ear.
His hand can reach thy hardest case
Then pour thy woes before his face
And haste to pour them there.

But if conjoin'd in praise or prayer,
Thou'dst with assembled saints appear,
Observe these needful rules—
Forecast the time with fixed intent,
Come humbly plain, nor dare present,
The sacrifice of souls.

God is the object there ador'd,
Be every little art abhor'd,
Vain glory to obtain,
In earnest be thy soul abas'd,
Before the Lord, while thou display'st
Thy vanity to men.

The stately entry, late and slow,
And pride's distinguished seats forego,
And all her hateful forms,
The high and lofty One is there,
Nor will his sacred glories share,
With sinful mortal worms.

Thy absence at the appointed time,
From stern necessity's no crime;
Reason and pity plead,
But sloth and pride, obtruding late,
Deserve reproof, reproach create,
As conscience must concede.

JUBILEE OF MR. GEORGE MURRELL'S MINISTRY AT ST. NEOT'S, HUNTINGDONSHIRE.

WITH A PORTRAIT.

TUESDAY, the twenty-second day of May, one-thousand eight-hundred and sixty, will ever be a *dies memorabilis* in the history of the Baptist cause assembling at the chapel, New-street, St. Neot's, Huntingdonshire. Upon that day, its beloved pastor, Mr. George Murrell, completed the fiftieth year of his ministrations there. We trust that our special efforts to chronicle, and to put upon record the interesting proceedings of that happy and memorable day, will meet with the concurrence and goodwill of all our respected readers.

What a crowd of thoughts must have passed through the good man's mind when he rose upon the morning of that day of jubilee! "Busy meddling memory," no doubt, mustered up a variety of scenes alike of a painful as of a pleasant character. Many whom he once loved and valued as fellow-heirs to an immortal crown have long since passed to their blissful inheritance, while many more are yet left to uphold his hands, and to whom he has been and still is as the mouth of God.

To us this happy event has been one of a peculiarly interesting character. During the many years it has pleased our great Master to permit us to send forth our EARTHEN VESSEL, we have attended some scores of ordination and recognition services; but where now are many of the ministers whose apparent happy settlements we have witnessed? Alas! alas! echo only faintly answers, Where? Some few still stand well; but many, very many, are not found in that usefulness we could desire. To-day, surrounded with a number of ministers, and a crowded chapel, the people have sung with earnestness,

"A pastor, Lord, of thee we sought,
To feed thy fold so dearly bought;
Him from thy hands we now receive,
And to thee all the glory give."

The charge has been delivered, the

church admonished; all has passed off in the most happy and pleasant manner; and every one present has seemed to act and speak as though Mr. Newman was now settled for ever. But too often it has happened that ere a few short months have rolled over their head the people have found something in Mr. Newman that they did not like; or Mr. Newman finds the people to be "not quite what he expected;" and the next thing we hear is, "Can you recommend us a supply for the pulpit at ——" When, therefore, we meet with such exceptions as the one we now record, it is to us, and must be to all, a matter of sincere congratulation.

Before proceeding to a detailed account of the Jubilee, it may not be uninteresting to our readers, to give a very brief sketch of the town which has so long been honoured with the presence and labours of such a minister.

ST. NEOT'S

is a market town and parish in the county of Huntingdonshire, situate on the eastern banks of the river Ouse, on the western boundary of the hundred of Toseland, adjoining the county of Bedford, about eight and a half miles south-west of Huntingdon, twelve miles north-east of Bedford, and fifty-six miles N.N.W. of London. The population in 1851 was 3,155 souls. Considerable obscurity appears to hang over the birth-place of Neot, the patron saint to whom this town owes its name; but it appears that long before we had any Foremans, Murrells, or Bloomfields, Saint Neot dwelt as a hermit in his mossy cell in some obscure village in Cornwall, which also bears his name to this day. There too, Saint Neot died, and was buried. Subsequently, about the year 974, Earl Alric (a powerful nobleman in Huntingdonshire, and his countess, Ethelfleda, founded and endowed a priory at Eynesbury, (an adjoining town to St. Neot's) but a

patron saint was wanting to give popularity to the new monastery; and to effect this purpose, the body of Saint Neot was stolen from its original resting place, and brought into Huntingdonshire; thus presenting a very melancholy picture of the superstition and demoralization of the times, in which a bishop, an abbot, and a nobleman are found conspiring in a theft, intrinsically contemptible, but of no mean value as a source of ecclesiastical revenue. The present town of St. Neot's has grown out of the ancient village of Eynesbury, since the institution of the monastery in the tenth century. The name was changed to Neotsbury about 974, and retained that appellation in 1079. The name St. Neot's was probably given to the town when the parish was separated from Eynesbury towards the end of the twelfth century. The greater part of the town being only a few feet above the ordinary level of the river Ouse, inundations are sometimes consequent upon sudden thaws or very heavy rains; and two occasions are recorded when the town has been completely flooded, the one was in the autumn of 1579, concerning which Stowe says,—“In September and October fell great winds and raging floods in sundry places of this realm, wherethrough many men, cattell, and houses were drowned. The town of St. Edes (St. Neot's) in Huntingdonshire, was overflowne suddenly in the night, when all men were at rest, the waters broke in with such violence, that the towne was almost all defaced; the swans swam downe the market-place, and all the towne about the boats did float.” So recently as the year 1823, the town was again flooded; the water in many of the shops rose high above the counters, and the parish church was two feet under water, in consequence of which service had to be suspended. A great battle was also fought here during the civil commotions in the reign of Charles I, when Henry Ricks, Earl of Holland, took up arms in favour of the king, in the month of July, 1638.

In addition to the chapel where Mr. Murrell labours, there is an ancient parish church, erected about 1500; also an Independent, and a Wesleyan chapel.

For many days nothing was talked about in the town but “The Jubilee,” and everywhere preparation was made for the happy day.

At length, the Jubilee morning dawned, one of the brightest and finest that could be wished for. Very early the Committee of management were astir, completing the necessary arrangements. Of course, the idea of holding the services in the chapel could not be entertained; a large close was therefore engaged on the opposite side of the way, upon which the spacious tent of the Norfolk and Suffolk Association was erected for the services, and three immense marquees for the dinner and tea. Stretched over the entrance to the ground, and elevated on two poles, surrounded with flowers, was a strip of canvass, upon which was inscribed in flowery letters,

“THE YEAR OF JUBILEE, 1860,”

Opposite the tent was a stand for the sale of tickets, where there were also vended photographs of the aged pastor in various sizes, for which there appeared to be a very great demand.

At an early hour in the morning, persons on foot and in every kind of vehicle came hastening into the town; shortly after ten o'clock, the special train arrived from London (which was proposed in our April number, and so well arranged by our brother Minton,) bearing near 400 passengers, who in their turn hurried on to the Jubilee tent, where there was already gathered an immense multitude. It required but a slight stretch of the imagination to have fancied that the Jubilee tent stood on the plains near Sinai, and that the groups traversing up the various roads were the tribes of Israel, come up to listen to the proclamation of the Jubilee.

About half-past ten, a buzz of excitement made known the fact that the chief-trumpeter Murrell had arrived; he was accompanied to the dais by a large number of other trumpeters, who had met to join in the proclamation, among whom we observed Messrs. John Foreman, of Paddington; John Bloomfield, of Soho; W. Palmer, of Homerton; Collier, of Ivinghoe; Irish, of Warboys; R. Searle, of Two Waters;

J. L. Meeres, of Bermondsey; F. Green, of Hoxton; Thomas Chivers, of Bermondsey; G. Wyard, Sen., of Deptford; J. Anderson, of St. Luke's; J. Hazelton, of Clerkenwell; H. Hanks, of Woolwich; S. K. Bland, late of Cheshunt; J. Pells, of Soho; William Palmer, of Homerton; John Brunt, of Colnbrook; J. Parsons, of Brentford; S. Milner, of Keppel-street; William Flack, of New North-rd.; Mr. Farley, of Milton-street; John Thornby, of Stowmarket; I. Atkinson, of Brighton; W. Fish, of Boston; Mr. Fraiser, of Blunham; Mr. Blackburn, of Eyesbury; Thomas Wilson, of Alconbury-Weston; J. Bull, of Over; Mr. Killen, of Bedford; Cornelius Slim, of Hailsham; C. Robinson, of Stoughton; J. Woodard, of Ilford; David Ashby, of Whittlesea; Mr. Garrett, late of Stoke Newington; W. Wilson, late of Wooburn Green; E. Mote, of Horsham; Phillip Dickerson, of Alie-st.; and many others.

THE MORNING SERVICE

commenced by singing the celebrated Jubilee hymn of Toplady,

"Blow ye the trumpet blow!"

which was read by Mr. LAW, of Eaton Socon, who is the oldest surviving member of the church, and was connected with it seven years before Mr. Murrell came there.

Mr. IRISH, of Warboys, read the 122nd, 123rd, and 124th Psalms, and offered prayer.

Mr. ROBINSON, of Little Stoughton, read the next hymn,

"Loud let the tuneful trumpet sound,"

which was sung, and then followed

MR. FOREMAN'S SERMON.

MR. FOREMAN, on rising said, that he did not think the Committee had made the best selection in appointing him to take the morning service; he thought others might have been found more competent; but as it was the earnest desire of their beloved pastor he consented to do so, and to do the best he could. Such a service could not occur every day; it was one of a peculiar character, but not more peculiar than the proceedings of God in the salvation and redemption of his own people. Some parts of the Scripture were

written historically, for the purpose of showing that the ancients were as dependant upon God for assistance and support as were God's people now. Mr. Foreman then took for his text Levit. xxv. 10, "The fiftieth year." After briefly reviewing the circumstances connected with the jubilee referred to in the text, the preacher proposed to notice the text first in its figurative sense, and secondly as a testimonial of facts. It was figurative of liberty, restoration, rest, and joy; all of which, he thought, were too plainly set forth in the gospel to need any argument from him that morning. 1. Liberty. It was that which thus seemed to be referred to in Isaiah lxi. 1, "He hath sent me (Christ) to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound." That appeared to be the great business of the Saviour, and this freedom was graciously wrought, and divinely bestowed upon the sons of God—freedom from all sin, and its entailments, both through time and to all eternity. The same subject was referred to in the 8th of Romans, where the apostle speaks of "the glorious liberty of the sons of God." But some might say, "If I have this freedom, how is it that I am now so plagued?" That was a plain proof that they were not willing subjects to it, and Satan was not backward to plague all who were not content to wear his yoke. It was a freedom under a threefold sense; freedom as from a hellish tyrant; freedom as from a cruel master, and freedom as from a churlish husband, for coming into the service of God was marriagehood with the Lord the head of Zion. In another place it was said, "If the Son shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed." The poor soul might stand and look on in amazement, until the Lord was pleased to say, "Look! come unto me." Then the Holy Ghost would lead the soul to the habitations of peace, and God points out the mystery of salvation, and step by step the soul was led to realise its interest in the life, death, and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ. Again, we say that the fiftieth year was figurative of Restoration; for in that year every man returned unto his possession; but the Lord Jesus Christ restored that which he took not away; he not only restored, but he added gifts thereto. His brother Murrell was a little before him in his jubilee. It would be forty eight years the next July since the Lord called him to the ministry. Temptations sorely had beset him, and the corruptions of his evil nature would show that they had an existence, but grace reigned. Some pardoned souls feared that if they lived long their religion would die out; but that could never be while God lived to restore a sense of pardon, and fellowship with him. 3. It was figurative of

Rest. Yes they ceased from their labours; the Jews neither cultivated the land, nor laboured in the toil of husbandry. God was pleased to send them such a supply of the fruit of the earth that it lasted them three years. Paul alluded to this when writing to the Hebrews; he said, "For we which have believed do enter into rest." And the Lord Jesus Christ said, "Come unto me all ye that labour, and I will give you rest." 4. Joy. It was impossible to experience anything of liberty, restoration, or rest, without joy, for it grew out of, and was a happy accompaniment of the rest; so they read in Paul's epistle to the Romans, "And not only so, but we also joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom we have now received the atonement." Such were the principles which he thought were fully carried out in the gospel. He would now look at the introduction or issuing in of the jubilee, and at the time and manner there of, the antetype of all which was to be found in the gospel. They would see that the time was to be the tenth day of the seventh month; now the tenth day was the last of ten—figurative of Christ being "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" and it pointed out Christ as the fulfiller of the law. For what was the end of any law emanating from a throne? Why the King's glory. "All have sinned and come short of the glory of God." Christ had taken away that sin, and therefore he expected to go to heaven as rightfully as he went graciously and mercifully. There was, however sweetly still more significantly as to numbers; the addition to the number 10 there was the number 12; and what about the number 12? Why 12 was more than 10. The whole of the ten commandments were given to drive man out of heaven, but there were twelve gates to let in the ransomed of the tribes of Israel. That was the time, but now what was the ground? Why, the atonement. The tenth day of the seventh month was the day of atonement. Nothing could be done without this. The whole of their religion was of a sacrificial character, it must needs be so, because of sin. There could be no victory but by the blood of the Lamb; no approach but through that which being made and accepted from an equivalent for all the harm done. The great Redeemer made an equivalent for his people when he died. "Take me, and let them go," cried he. Look at that ox going along yonder gently to be sacrificed for the man who stands by. He has sinned against God, and is excluded from the congregation. Either he must die, or that ox die in his stead. Does the ox know it? No. Does he know that it is the man's fault? No. And yet he goes? Yes. That made it more distinct and memorable. So "He made him to be sin for us

who knew no sin." And forgiveness always kept pace with atonement. And now the *manner*. It was by sounding the trumpet. There was no doubt a Gospel allusion to this in that passage, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good; that publisheth salvation." And the Psalmist said, "Happy are the people that know the joyful sound." The jubilee trumpet was indeed a joyful sound to the Hebrews. That year was a remedy for the maladies of the foregoing forty-nine years. The prophet Isaiah also had reference to this event when said, "And it shall come to pass in that day that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish. There were other trumpets, but nothing like this trumpet. The jubilee trumpet was called "a great trumpet," and there is no trumpet has such a joyful sound to the poor sinner as the gospel trumpet. Now take the subject as a testimonial of facts. First, observe that the fiftieth year is a year that makes the eye of many an one sparkle in happy reflection, and with thanks to God; for a new scene has broken in upon them. He had heard more than one say that the fiftieth year was of all years a great year to them, for in that year the Lord had called them by his grace. Ministers sometimes said very queer things; one said once that God seldom called any by his grace after forty years of age, and that so distressed one poor woman, that she doubted her religion altogether. He (Mr. Foreman), went to see her, and his mind was directed to this word, which set her at liberty, "This man was forty years old on whom the miracle was wrought." He could well remember good old Simpson, of Diss, who, after spending his days in gaiety and dissipation, was called at fifty; began to preach at sixty; left off preaching at seventy; and lived two or three years afterwards. 2. As a testimonial of facts. There were many churches which had stood fifty years, their course rugged; but at last the year of Jubilee has come, and there has been a revival. Then turning to Mr. Murrell, Mr. Foreman said, But what do I see? Fifty years as a testimonial of facts. Why I see my dear brother, who has laboured for fifty years in the midst of one people. Now, my dear brother, as a man you know your own weakness, and your entire dependence on God to sustain you; and being of a nervous disposition, it is somewhat remarkable that you have got on so well. It proves not only that you are a man of God, but that God is with the man. The Lord sent you to serve the church, and you have stood honourably. What you was, you now are. They that knew George Murrell 50 years ago, know him now. He

never caused any to doubt him; for he never shifted his quarters, nor formed affinities of a questionable character. God bless you, brother George Murrell, I love you; and I pray God that your life and vigour may yet long continue; and the church still feed under your ministry.

Immediately after the close of the morning service, about 750 persons sat down to a well-spread dinner supplied by Mrs. Taylor of the Cross Keys. The dinner was served in a series of connected spacious marquees, along which were placed some 24 tables, including a long cross table around which sat the ministers present. The marquees were appropriately decorated with evergreens and floral tablets, bearing suitable inscriptions.

THE AFTERNOON SERVICE.

commenced at two o'clock, at which hour not only the tent and its wings, but for many yards around it, the place was thronged with an almost incalculable number of anxious hearers and spectators.

Upon the motion of Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, seconded by Mr. Israel Atkinson, of Brighton,

Mr. JOHN FOREMAN was unanimously called upon to preside. Having consented to do so he repeated what he had said in the morning, that he thanked God for having kept his brother firm in the faith,—he had never called black white, or light darkness; he had never subscribed to the doctrine that there was a double hell for those who refused the offers of Christianity, and a single hell for the mere sinner; and he begged of them that when presently he should address them that they would listen patiently to the very interesting statement which he would make to them.

Mr. JOHN BLOOMFIELD then read the 72nd hymn in Steven's Selection, commencing,

"Hark! how the Gospel trumpet sounds,

which being sung,

Mr. THORNTON, (who entered the ministry from Mr. Murrell's church,) then offered a most fervent and affectionate prayer on behalf of his former pastor—a prayer which we venture to think must have met with a hearty re-

sponse in the heart of every one present.

Mr. ISRAEL ATKINSON read part of the 46th hymn Steven's Selection,

"Spirit of truth, eternal God,
Thou meek and lowly Dove," &c.

which was sung, and then followed the speech of the day,—

MR. MURRELL'S STATEMENT.

The aged pastor, on rising for this purpose was evidently overcome with the scene which presented itself to his view. The crowd, which at the commencement of the service was immense had swelled to an enormous extent, until the large meadow appeared to be one sea of human beings. We give his address *in extenso*.

Mr. MURRELL said,

CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I thank you for your kind presence to-day. I regard it as expressive of good feeling towards myself, in the character I sustain as a minister of the Gospel of the grace of God. I am aware that my voice has not sufficient compass and power to be heard distinctly over the whole of this vast assembly; but I am willing—heartily willing—in that matter to do the best I can; and I would say, that while I am speaking or reading, if any friend feels an inconvenience from the draught, I would advise him to keep his hat on. In matters of devotion we should be uncovered, but while listening to a sinner like myself there is no reason why the hat should be kept off. I have drawn out and set to paper a few things; they are very short and very imperfect; and in looking over them I had wished I had the time to write them over again, and make certain alterations; but there will be in the productions of men many imperfections. From this we turn with pleasure to the works of God; and whether we view his works of creation, providence, or salvation, we see no imperfection; but the sweetest harmony pervades the whole, for the accomplishment of the purposes of God in our salvation. You see, my friends, standing before you, I might say, a monument of mercy—a miracle of the grace and goodness of God, occupying the same place, and labouring in the Gospel to the same people, without human learning, with very little natural ability, yet sustained with acceptance for nearly fifty years. This is nothing but the goodness and grace of the God of my mercy and the God of my hope. I could not have brought myself thus far; my resources have been limited, but God

has made his resources mercifully available in my deficiency, and I rejoice to know that through the feebleness of instrumentality God has purposed to bring to nought things that are, that no flesh should glory." I would say that I have been requested to give some short account of my life; and I therefore avail myself of this opportunity to say, that I was brought up under the care of a gracious father. My dear parent, I believe, was never what I call sound in the faith of the Gospel; but I have no doubt that he possessed the root of the matter, and has long since had all the clouds dispersed, and in the vision of the bright glories of heaven his mistakes have all been rectified. I was convinced of my state as a sinner while very young from remarks which my father used to make. While I, my brothers, or sisters used to read the sacred Word, he would frequently stop us, and make some appropriate observation, which left an impression on my conscience, but did not produce a change of heart, although it occasioned some convictions which were the means under God to prevent me from running into sin, which I was often inclined to do. I never dare go to a play house in my life; nor pander to the evil passions which some young men are apt to do. I had some degree of tenderness of conscience which would not suffer me to enter places of carnal amusement. Thus I went on until the age of fifteen, when the affairs of eternity and the solemnity of a dying day, and the awful considerations of meeting the Judge, and the fears of hell took deep possession of my mind. I regularly attended at that time a place in Whitechapel, called Sion chapel, at that time under the patronage of Lady Huntingdon, where many good men, who preached the truth in a part, have laboured. The Sunday evenings I spent there nearly drove me from the means of grace altogether: the preacher was a Mr. Bennett, a good man who would preach sweetly about Christ as held forth in the types of the ceremonial law in the morning. In the evening thunder and lightning, hell-fire and smoke, and everything alarming was the subject of his remarks. He would say, If you do not receive the offers of mercy—if you do not believe the Gospel to the salvation of your souls, every sermon you hear will rise up in judgment against you, and increase your hell. God knows these things almost drove me from going near the chapel. I used to walk up and down Union-street, Whitechapel, where the chapel was situated, thinking that hell would be bad enough, and I did not want to increase my misery if every sermon I heard should add to it, for I could bear no more. I often went to the chapel door, and put my hand to open

it, but dared not enter. I have left the door and paced High-street Whitechapel. I have then thought that I would go once more; perhaps in that night's sermon something might be said to encourage me to hope in God. I have gone back, and again I dare not enter. It was customary in that place for the church prayers to be read morning and evening, and when I have returned a third time, it has not been until the prayers had been read, and the minister had commenced his sermon. It has then been *with* a sort of desperate venture that I have gone in; and I can bear my testimony that such modes of preaching excresced a painful influence on my convicted and troubled soul. However, I went on—hope sprang up and some parts of the word of God proved helpful to me. I tried to keep on praying—but I had work to maintain an attendance on the external acts of devotion! for I was so situated in the place where I served my apprenticeship, that I could not spend one minute in prayer. In my bed when my master had taken away my candle, I used to try to pray as I laid there, and often have I fallen asleep while so attempting. When I awoke in the morning, it has been with a deal of terror and confusion, fearing that I was mocking God. Now, I should love every night to sink into slumber in prayer; then it was painful to my mind, now it would be pleasure. Ah! I should love to lie on my bed, breathing out my thoughts, and falling into sleep all the while trying to call upon God. From a rising hope of Divine mercy, I got a full discharge; for God the Spirit sealed pardon home to my soul; not in public worship, but in a private room: a view of the sufferings of Christ for me melted my heart; my faith was strong, and but a shadow of a doubt remained on my mind as to my interest in Christ's finished salvation. I can well recollect that time, though it was many years ago, I wished that I could have died that night; I felt such a love to Christ, that I wished to go to heaven to bless him. Oh! if I could have retained that feeling, I should have made no more boots or shoes, and wanted neither meat nor drink; I was full of the most pleasurable feelings, and yet felt a deep humiliation and loathing of sin. I experienced strong desires towards the ministry, even before I had a sense of pardoning love. I used to say, if God will forgive me, how I should love

"To tell to sinners round
What a dear Saviour I have found."

I felt a strong desire that if God would bless me, I should love to go and tell to poor sinners the love of God. Well, with these desires, I united myself by persuasion to an

itinerant society formed at Zion Chapel, Whitechapel, and the good people sent me out first as a teacher in the Sunday-school, and after many a hard week's work I have walked nine miles to teach a few poor children. After a while I was desired to try my gifts for preaching before the sub-committee. I did so, and they were pleased to appoint me one of their preachers. Thus I went on for some few years, wishing that the Lord would direct me, and open the way for me. My mind was directed to Sheerness; I had some reason, as I thought, to expect an invitation from that place. But while I was thus looking towards the south, a letter came from the north, inviting me to St. Neot's. I was surprised; I did not know that there was such a place in the whole nation, for I was a regular cockney; I do not suppose that I was ever twelve miles away from London until I came to this town. When I received the letter, I carried it upstairs, dropped upon my knees, and begged of the Lord that he would influence me to act in such a way as should be for his honour and my good. I shall never forget it: while I was in prayer, the words came, "Get thee out of thy father's house unto a place that I shall show thee." I felt a good deal afraid. I can remember as though it was only yesterday. I said, "Lord, if thou wilt go with me—if thou wilt give me bread to eat, raiment to wear, and grant me thy presence—Lord, I'll go." I remember the words came directly to me, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." I got up from my knees, feeling certain that the thing was of God. I wrote to the people, and matters were arranged for me to come here. As the time approached, I became exceedingly depressed and gloomy. I had a few good thoughts, but many evil ones. I had a little business, and I thought I should lose it. I had a great impression that I should not stay there, and that if I went away from home my business would be lost, my family injured, and my character hurt. However, down I came, sighing, crying, and praying that God's presence would be with me. On the Saturday afternoon that I arrived here (I would not speak a word to the discredit of my friends) not a single soul came to meet me. I was an entire stranger to the place, my spirit sank within me. How can this be? thought I. I sought and found my friend. Sunday morning came: I said to myself, I will tell all the truth in my first sermon, and conceal nothing. I went towards the chapel; it was a little dirty meeting-place up a public-house yard. What! thought I, the great Stevens preach here! I took my text, "I am the way, the truth, and the life." So I began with Christ, and I have continued with Christ, and, what is better, Christ has

continued with me. My object in my first sermon was to let the people know the leading points in my belief. In the afternoon, as I left the chapel, up came a good old man, who said, "Well, though we be strangers to each other, we aint strangers to the things you been talking about." On the Monday morning I walked over the common in great depression of spirits. After a while I was invited to settle among them, the result of which I shall show hereafter. Now I have written down some matters concerning the

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH,

which I will read to you. The Baptist church, formed in 1800, consisted of thirteen persons, united in a solemn covenant to uphold the rich doctrine of sovereign grace, and formed according to the primitive order of government in the church of Christ. Mr. John Stevens, that eminently gifted servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, was their first pastor, who, after labouring among them for about five years, with much acceptance, and to the increase of the church, gave up the pastorate, and settled at Boston. After Mr. Stevens left them, the church had occasional supplies for five years; but spending many Sabbaths in prayer, clothed in sackcloth and in ashes. During those five years the church got into much confusion. During this "time of trouble" some who ought to have sympathised and helped them, stood aloof, and said hard things. A portion of them, however, were true to the backbone, like Caleb and Joshua, and these kept the fold together. Such was the state of things when I came. I knew nothing of the people or the circumstances, but I made up my mind to let them know my principles, as I before stated, so I preached from John xiv. 6. The Lord helped me, and whenever he does, I have a good time; the people professed to enjoy it, and all seemed well. Yet I felt like a stranger in a strange place; but the people helped from week to week, and I was received with joy and gladness in the surrounding villages, where I went to preach. After six months I received a unanimous invitation to become the pastor, when they offered me the large sum of £40 per annum, having a wife with two children; bread being at that time 1s. 6d. per quarter loaf, and other things dear in proportion. I said to the deacons who waited upon me, "Is that all the friends can afford to do? If it is, it's all that I can require of them. You know I can't live on that, but believing that the Lord our God has led me here, I will cast myself on his care." I did so, and I did not, do not, and will not repent it. I did so, and the Lord has not suffered me to want, but has, in various ways, opened up sources of supply, raising me up friends at a

considerable distance from this place. I could relate some instances, but shall I forbear? (Loud cries of "No, no.") Well, with that small income, rent to pay, wife and two children to keep, you may be assured I was driven pretty near. One morning, when I had only sixpence left, a letter came with "sixpence to pay." I knew not how to pay it; but I did, and when I opened the letter, it contained a £1 note, but not a single line to intimate whence it came; and from that day to the present I never knew who was my kind benefactor, but it fetched tears into my eyes. At another time I wanted a new hat. I hated to go into debt; I don't like professors getting into debt; so I cribbed, unknown to my wife, a sixpence and a sixpence at a time towards a new hat. Well, then came a rainy day, and a good old woman (a Wesleyan) who could not get up to her regular place of worship, dropped into our meeting, and the Lord dropped something into her heart; and the next day she sent me five shillings. I said to myself, "The Lord knew I wanted a new hat, and so he has sent me five shillings towards it." I remember, some time after that, a person came to me and said, "Mr. Murrell, a friend has been to our shop, and says that you are to have a new hat, and a good one too, and you are to ask no questions." So God sent me five shillings, and a new hat beside. These things made my heart soft, and produced tears. However, time went on, I worked hard; I didn't talk about it, but did it. Let us do all the good we can, and say but little about it. I preached about in the villages, God blessed my feeble efforts; the dead were brought to life, and the hungry fed with gospel food. Our place of meeting became too strait, and it was necessary to build a new house. In 1816 the new place was commenced, and early in the following year it was publicly opened, and laid at the feet of Jesus, when good Mr. John Stevens, and Mr. Freeman, of Godmanchester, preached. Soon it was filled, and we found it necessary to put in side galleries. I kept on praying as well as I could, and the Lord kept on working. The church and congregation slowly increased, until there was not room to contain the people, who came to hear. After much prayer the friends came to the conclusion to enlarge the place. The roof was taken off, the walls raised three feet all round, and fifteen feet added to the length of the building, with a large vestry. Thus we went on creeping for years, never making any rapid advance; not spasmodic attacks, but regular, which I think is far better than shooting up at once. In the course of years we found it necessary to erect the spacious and commodious school-rooms at the back. Since then we have purchased a sleeping-place for our departed

friends, where they may rest in quiet until the trump of God shall awake them on the resurrection morn. Indeed, we have been always at work in money matters, and some have said that we were always wanting money. Well, it was wanted for a good purpose, and I may say that my friends, with few exceptions, have acted most liberally. Perhaps I am hardly right in telling it, less so to write it; but here it is: my friends, with few exceptions, have acted liberally, more so, I think, than any other church in the country. And then, though I may not have said so much about good works as some have, yet let me say that our high sentiments have done us no harm; but the sovereign and savoury truths of the gospel have cheered our hearts, fed our faith, and raised our hopes beyond the starry skies. I say that the glorious and faithful proclamation of the grace of our God has had a good effect upon our church. The exercises of my soul have, nevertheless, been many, very many; I have had to endure many dark nights, and sharp conflicts; I have been exercised in various ways; many, very many, have been my faults and imperfections. I know it; I lament it; and I entreat forgiveness for it. However, though there have been many faults and imperfections, yet great has been the mercy and compassion of my God. Crushing troubles, of a peculiar character, have pressed me hard, and but for the Almighty arm, and help of the blessed Comforter, I should not have continued until now. I have suffered many fearful temptations, and darkness of soul, and at times my feelings have been near despair, and I have been almost ready to say with Jeremiah, "I will speak no more in thy name." I have often thought that I must give up, and refrain from a work for which I felt entirely unfit. I remember once coming out of the pulpit, and going to the table pew, and saying to dear old Mr. Fahey, "I can't preach." "Get along up with ye, do!" was his reply. "No use, I can't," says I. "Won't believe ye—get along up." "What's the use, asked I, perplexingly. "How do you know what God will do?" asked Mr. Fahey. "You go up and pray, and try to preach, and then if you can't I'll believe." I went up, and in prayer my heart was softened, and I got through somehow. I can also remember three times when I have laid my hands upon the pulpit door while they were singing, with the thought that I would slip out, but I could not do it. Upon one of these occasions, I could get no text. I turned the Bible over and over, and at length my eye fell on the 12th verse of the 12th chapter of Romans, "Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulation, continuing instant in prayer." From this text I preached three Sabbath evenings in

succession, with pleasure to myself and I trust profit to the people. On another occasion, I went to preach at Oulton and St. Ives, when I felt one mass of iniquity—no gracious principle or feeling pervaded my mind. Temptation rushed in—the thought struck me that to sink from the pulpit into hell was worse than sinking from the pew. However, I kept on, and told no one. At one place where I stayed, I spent a little time in formal prayer, after which I went to bed but could get little or no sleep; I rose in the morning full of confusion; I paced the little chamber, and said, "Lord, it's no use going on like this; going on worse and worse, Lord. No use praying." These words then came to my mind, "What prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands towards this house; then hear thou in heaven thy dwelling-place, and forgive." "Lord, I'm the man," I said, as I dropped on my knees, and felt a little softening of heart. I rode home—went to my chamber—God melted my heart—I had such liberty in prayer, and a sweet text came to my mind upon which I meditated long. I said to myself, "I'll have you all to-morrow night," (intending to deliver the same thoughts to my people.)—the time came and I went; I believe I had got nearly all the words, but not a drop of dew. It was not the words, but the power that was wanted. But such was my weakness. On the following Lord's-day I took it as a text, and preached sweetly as I thought. That sermon was blessed to the revival of God's work in the soul of a poor old man; and to the shooting of an arrow into the heart of a young carnal man. Ah, brethren, our conflicts are painful and hard to bear, but they give birth to blessed consequences. It is painful to talk about liberty, when one is in bondage; it is painful to talk about pardon, when one feels all guilt; but these exercises have been useful in rubbing off the rust of formality, or we should get as proud as a Pharisee. On one occasion the Lord greatly cheered my heart with these words, "As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Thus I kept in, often sowing in tears, but God generally kept me low, with a deep felt sense of my total depravity, and my imperfections; and by his mercy many times melted my soul into sweet humility. God must be blessed for correction, as well as for comfort; for with hearts like mine I know not where I should have gone, but for his correcting rod. According to the light given, I have preached the sovereign doctrines of grace in an experimental way. The truth I held when I came to the town, though not popular, I still retain and hold

as the most dear; and though some have called me a Hyper, others an Antinomian, and even an Arminian—(laughter)—yet it has done us no harm, but much real good by the power of the Holy Spirit. And now, in the view of a solemn eternity, these doctrines form the solemn ground of all my hope for eternal life. I have never lowered my standard, or cast off old friends for the sake of a new friends, but have still lived a good neighbourhood with all parties without a compromise of principles. I have had many sorrows, but my mercies have preponderated. God has been merciful to me, the feeblest of all his servants, in supplying the wants and enabling me to labour so many years in one place, and I hope through the mercy of a triune God, I have obtained the safe certain salvation. Some poor pilgrims have found the adjacent meeting house an inn of refreshment on the way to their heavenly home. There they have been fed and schooled in the faith of Jesus; and many of them are gone to their Father's home. When I came here the church were few and scattered, it is now for a small town composed of a goodly number. There is but one of the old stock left; that was he who read the 1st hymn this morning (Mr. Law of Eaton Socon)—he was baptised by brother Stevens, who is now in heaven. The first person that I baptised is still alive; she has worn well; yes, she has; and that's now, I think, 49 year since. Twice have I been invited to the pastorate at other places; but believing God had sent me here, I could not leave, nor did I think the church and congregation wished me gone; they are great hypocrites, if they do. While they stick fast to the truth, I am willing to spend the little strength I have among them; but should they depart from the truth, I will depart from them. Looking back on the past, I am constrained to say with the Psalmist, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits." In conclusion, I thank you all for your presence to-day. I regard it as a testimony of your kindly feeling to an old man who is waiting to be sent for and willing to go when God shall call him.

Unmistakable signs of applause greeted the delivery of several portions of Mr. Murrell's address; and the tear of sympathy and affection trickled down many a face.

Mr. BULL then read the hymn,

"Thus far my God hath led me on,"

part of which was sung, after which

THE TESTIMONIAL

was presented to Mr. Murrell by Mr.

STEAD, one of the deacons, in a few appropriate words.

The testimonial consisted of a very handsome silver gilt cup, and a purse of one hundred guineas. The cup on one side bore the following inscription,

"This cup, containing a purse of gold, was presented to Mr. George Murrell, the beloved minister of the Particular Baptist Church at St. Neot's, on his attaining the 50th year of his pastorate, as an expression of the continued attachment and esteem of his church and congregation. May 22, 1860."

On the other side of the cup was a representation of the baptism of the Saviour in Jordan, taken from Matt. iii. 17, 18; and a dove over, as an emblem of the Holy Spirit.

In addition to the testimonial from the church and congregation, a subscription was set on foot by Mr. Foreman among the members of other churches, which we think amounted to about £20.

Mr. MURRELL, in reply, said—My dear friends, I scarcely know what to say. With regard to the presentation, I was not altogether taken by surprise, having, from hints dropped, expected something of the sort; but certainly I had no expectation of receiving so strong an expression of the attachment of my people, particularly as to the contents of the purse. I receive this presentation at the hands of the deacons, or through them from the church and congregation, but I do not think that my love to the church, or the church to me, is cemented by gold and silver, but by love, blood, and power. Yet I feel thankful, and trust my friends will, in consideration of my infirmity, excuse me making any lengthened remarks, but accept my thanks for this expression of their Christian feelings.

One verse of another hymn was then sung, and

Mr. HENRY HANKS, of Woolwich, pronounced the benediction.

The wits of the providitors were now again put to the test, to supply some 2,000 with tea, which was accomplished with a little patience and no great difficulty.

THE EVENING SERVICE

was commenced precisely at 6 o'clock, when, upon the motion of Mr. Bloomfield, seconded by Mr. Hanks,

Mr. COLLINS, of Grundisburgh, was called to the chair, when

Mr. P. DICKERSON read the hymn,

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,"

which was heartily sung, and

Mr. ISRAEL ATKINSON commended the pastor and people to the parental care of the God of Israel.

Mr. S. K. BLAND read, and the assembly sang the 132nd Psalm by Dr. Watts.

Mr. COLLINS, (the chairman,) then rose and said,—When I see 3000 earnest faces before me as I do this day, met too, upon so interesting an occasion, I can but feel deeply affected; and I am sure that our brother Murrell has felt and will feel in a review of this meeting, grateful to his God. I cannot forbear saying that I think the church at St. Neot's, has been favoured almost above any other church of which I have knowledge. First, my venerable friend, the great and good John Stevens, whose name is embalmed in my heart; and I am sure that the recollections of the great and important principles which he proclaimed will never be effaced from my memory. I have left York Street Chapel, where he used to preach, many a time wishing that there might be no more Monday mornings. He has long since entered into his rest; but I do not know that he is not looking down upon this assembly to-day. The first time that I saw Mr. Murrell, was in York Street pulpit some 38 years ago; and from that day I have never forgotten him; so mellow and sweet was his testimony; and so kindly spirited his address, and I think I may add that he has been so holy and consistent in his life, that every body who knows him must love him, and of this we have had a proof to-day; but not so much as he is in the esteem of the church's head, who once struggled in anguish, died upon Calvary; but now lives in all glory and greatness in the heavens. Although our brother Murrell is 76, he is not worn out; I am glad to see he is in possession of good health; and I believe that one of the greatest blessings St. Neot's ever had conferred upon it was the gift of brother Murrell to preach the gospel to them.

MR. PALMER'S ADDRESS.

Mr. WILLIAM PALMER, of Homerton, then addressed the assembly. He said, My aged and venerable friend and brother, and Chris-



MR. GEORGE MURRELL.

tian friends,—You will not be able to hear for some time what I say, but you will lose nothing; you will not hear till I get warm, and I shall say nothing till I do get warm. (Laughter.) The proceedings of this day have been marked by extraordinary circumstances. It is no common scene which we have been called to witness. I do not think I am called upon to make any observations upon the presentations. I think I may take new ground; and before I say anything direct to the subject, permit me to say something about myself. Nearly forty years have rolled away since I became acquainted with St. Neot's Baptist Chapel and friends, and my dear brother Murrell. When I came into this town I was a poor, distressed, solitary, miserable, embondaged creature. God had shown himself to me in my father's house in a gracious manner. The feelings, however, had passed away. I went to Cambridge, and having got among the Unitarians. I drank into their spirit, which ate out all my religious convictions, and left me in darkness and guilt. In the providence of God I was led to Great Paxton, and I went there with the resolution that no one should think I ever thought anything about religion. While there I made some inquiries about St. Neot's. I asked, "How many churches?" "One." "How many chapels?" "Three." "What be they?" "One Wesleyan, one Independent, and—*one Baptist.*" "And who preaches at the two latter places?" "Mr. Morell at one, and a Mr. Murrell at the other." "Which is the most popular of the two?" "Oh! Mr. Morell; but a great many like Mr. Murrell." Well, the next Lord's-day I thought I would walk over after dinner. Accordingly I went, and as I walked over the common, I saw a path, which I thought most likely led to the town. I pursued it, and reached the chapel. I entered it, and walked up into the gallery. My good brother Murrell preached a sermon which I shall never forget, and I am here to bear my testimony to his usefulness. When I heard him pray I thought I never heard any man pray like this man, and my heart was softened in such a manner as it had not been for many months. When he commenced his sermon, I thought—"What manner of man is this? Who has told him about me?" He could not know that I was there; but the thought struck me that God knew, and I felt assured that he was one of God's servants, who must have directed his mind to the Scripture from which he was speaking. I need not say that afterwards that chapel became my home. Shortly afterwards I was introduced by a friend to Mr. Murrell. He said, "This is our friend Palmer." Mr. Murrell looked at me with an eye mild as the rising sun upon a dewy

morn. He gathered my trembling hands kindly and warmly in his, and I felt in my own mind, I am linked to that man for life. Whilst he was addressing me, I was assured that a link had been formed that only death could sever. Thus, then, I became acquainted with him whom you have met this day to honour. Shortly after I entered upon the work of the ministry. But I am going to speak on some things in relation to the ministry, because that comes fairly in my scope. First of all, I observe there are upon earth many ministers, but the highest is the minister of the Gospel, for he is the highest servant of the crown, and a servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, for he serves him by serving the church. The church, let me observe, is God's own creation, and regarded as an institution of his own, it exhibits a marvellous monument of mercy, rising up out of the ruins of a fallen world. It throws its shadows upon the universe, and points its summit to heaven. It is a Divine institution which rises above the fellowship of man, and is sealed against all earthly brotherhood. The natural man understands it not. Now as the church is Christ's, and has but one interest, it therefore has a claim upon all the ministers of Christ. "Therefore let no man glory in man, for all things are your's, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are your's, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." To produce servants for Christ is the work of Christ, and no one can do his work in this respect, any more than they could the work of redemption. Let it then be observed that only Christ forms his own servants; he chooses, prepares, and sends them; and with them, their appointed sphere of labour; and he says unto each, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." Great is the diversity of gifts wherewith Christ furnishes his servants; but let not one complain of another, but each employ his own talent in that sphere and to that extent that his Master has assigned him. Some have the gift of describing doctrines; others the faculty of description; others have a peculiar gift for marking out the dealings of Divine providence, and others the feelings of the heart; while some are more concerned for the outward forms of religion. Each one must do his own work without any blame to himself, and should do so without emulating others. It is not the part the man performs, but the manner in which he performs it; and it is enough for us if we can be contented with our own spheres, and occupy them in submission to the will of God. Our friend and brother Murrell seems to have combined in him various gifts. He said that he had not much native talent. I know he has, and

he uses his gifts and opportunities as David did his harp—after a royal fashion. With his pen he has not done much, but with his tongue he has done a great deal. Some use pen and tongue, but though our brother be not gifted with the tongue of the learned, he has been schooled in the school of affliction, whence he has gathered important lessons, and he has conducted himself in a way which we must all approve; nor, indeed, would there be much sin in attempting to copy him. All are not suggestive preachers—he is one; and one, too, that we might follow with advantage. Our brother has always preached a clear Gospel; his ministry has not been made up of a great number of impertinencies—not made up of bundles of rubbish; he has not been one of those who talk of a crown, but who refuse to run for it—who trifle with the best interests of men. No! his ministry has been of another kind. From him truth has come forth in strains as clear as a silver trumpet. There has been on his part no concealment of the great truths of the Gospel; he told the people at first what he was, and the poet has truly said that

“An honest man’s the noblest work of God.”

When others have departed from the truth, our brother has not; when others have turned aside, our brother has kept on the straight line. When others have muffled their bells, our brother has not muffled his bells, and he never will. Fifty years have rolled away, and still he retains his integrity, and I have no doubt that he will do so till he dies. In this day it does become us to mark strongly the great features of religion. There is so much shuffling and conceding now-a-days, which brings the Gospel into a strange compound of inconsistencies. Now our brother has for half a century brought out and strongly marked the great truths of the everlasting Gospel, and I am a witness that George Murrell is what he was forty years ago. When I came to hear him, it seemed like a new world. Under God he was the instrument to fashion my mind; and now let me tell you the casting is set, and you must break it to pieces to change its form. Our brother has spoken of the trials which he has had to endure, and how God has made him a blessing to others in these circumstances. We all know what he has been with his trials; but we do not know what he would have been without them. I doubt greatly whether, without these trials, he would have been here to-day to meet this large assembly. God always overrules for his people’s good the great crosses they are called upon to bear; he leads, sustains, and conducts his own processes to their intended issue. How many heavy hearts may have been cheered by our brother

Murrell’s being made heavy! Who knows how many broken hearts have been bound up, and their chains taken off while he has been preaching in chains, and lamenting the chains that bound him? Let us then admire the faithfulness of that God who has upheld our brother so many years. And also, with regard to the church, let me observe that it has been peculiarly favoured. It has been remarked that you had at first the late excellent John Stevens. I shall never forget when I first heard him; if ever I called a man “Reverend,” I would call him the Rev. John Stevens. He was then in his prime, a noble man, with a large and beaming countenance, a voice deep and musical, and a compass of mind that held me in great amazement. I looked, and wondered where he came from; I was always afraid of him, and yet I loved him much, as I did another man—our late excellent old friend, Mr. Fairey. Now, I have but a few observations more to make, for I have occupied enough time. I cannot, however, but congratulate my Brother Murrell on attaining the fiftieth year of his ministry here. I do love to think of the sweetness and purity of the gospel ministry. It is not enough that it should be void of offence; it should be sweet as the breath of the infant, or the milk from the cow which fed on the new and tender grass. The voice of the pulpit should be the voice of truth. I have only now to desire that our brother’s remaining days upon earth may be spent in a further sphere of usefulness. He has spent fifty years as a bishop here. Now I say, let him henceforth be an archbishop,—(hear, hear,)—and let the remainder of his days be spent in visiting the churches of our country, and in counselling them with his wise counsels, and stirring them up in the truth. Would not this be employing the remainder of his days to advantageous purposes? Let him find a residence in the metropolis, if he chooses; but if he wishes to die here among his own people, let him retain his residence here. But let the influence of his long life be shed upon and diffused among the churches of Great Britain. Time has taken the thatch off his roof, but his uprights are not weak. [Mr. Murrell: Not amiss.] May your head, my dear brother, be as fragrant as was Aaron’s, when anointed with holy oil; may your feet be shod with the preparation of the gospel, and your path as a shining light, which shines more and more unto the perfect day; and your steps be firm as a king, until the Master shall say, “Child, come home!”

The 133rd Psalm (Dr. Watts) was then sung, and Mr. Hazelton, of Chadwell Street, briefly addressed the meeting, which shortly afterwards terminated with the benediction.

In the early part of the evening meeting it was suggested that as there were great numbers who could not possibly get within the sound of the voices of the speakers, that some one should address these in another part of the meadow. Mr. Foreman thought that he could trust his brother Dickerson as well as any one, and requested him to do so. Mr. Dickerson then repaired to a distant part of the meadow, where a waggon was drawn up, and from which he conducted a short but interesting service in the midst of a congregation of 700 or 800 persons.

We shall not be saying too much we think, if we say, that such a gathering in the town of St. Neots was never known before. The day was observed as a general holiday; not a shop was to be seen open after morning, and when the services were over, and the visitors from towns and the more adjacent towns and villages, were on their way homeward, all the town seemed to have turned out to bid them God speed.

The visitors for London re-entered their train at half-past 8 o'clock in high spirits. From almost every carriage the voice of melody and thanksgiving was to be heard; and after some little delay, arrived in safety at King's Cross shortly before eleven o'clock, p. m.

Our portrait is engraved from a

beautiful photograph executed by Mr. Shayler, of 82, St. John Street Road, Clerkenwell, and which was highly approved of by the friends of Mr. Murrell as was evidenced by the large sale obtained for them at the jubilee services. Copies may be had of Mr. Shayler, and also portraits of nearly all the faithful gospel ministers in London, and many in the provinces

[Editorial remarks, and further particulars are reserved for July number.]

“THE WATCHMAN’S” GOSPEL PHOTOGRAPH
OF
MR. GEORGE MURRELL.

EVERYTHING relating to that grace-preserved man of God, whose jubilee we this month record, is of great interest. Every line of the “*Watchman’s*” paraphrase of his character and patience, we think quite correct. In Mr. Garrard’s corrected third edition of “*Valiant Men;*” he says:—

GEORGE MURRELL, sober, grave, discreet,
In manners kind, in spirit sweet,
And peaceful as the dove.
Retiring from all noise and strife,
And brawling tongues of this vain life,
Imbued with Jesus’ love.
Whatever now his soul annoys,
In Christ he finds peculiar joys;
He leans on Jesus’ breast.
Where Jesus is he soon shall be,
From wildest storms of hell set free,
His wearied soul at rest.

THE ORDINATION OF MR. R. E. SEARS,
AT LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK.

A HIGHLY interesting and important service was held on May 3rd, 1860, at the above village. On the evening of the 2nd a special prayer meeting was held, attended by about 400 persons, to supplicate a blessing upon the newly chosen pastor, and for a blessing upon the services of the coming day. A spirit of prayer seemed to be poured out at the meeting, Mr. John Foreman closing the meeting by a happy and strident address, which seemed to be an earnest of the coming day.

On the morning of the 3rd, a large concourse of people assembled, crowding the spacious chapel and vestries to excess. The service commenced by the youthful pastor giving out the 132nd Psalm, after which

Mr. Hoddy read the 4th of Ephesians, and offered a peculiarly appropriate and earnest prayer. If our brother’s prayer is answered, and we pray it may be so, the pastor at Laxfield will have a large measure of usefulness.

After singing,

“Grace, ’tis a charming sound,” &c.,

Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh entered the pulpit, and called upon Mr. Read, deacon of the church, to give a statement of the Lord’s dealings with them as a church; and in bringing our brother among them, Mr. Read then read the following statement:—

“Dear Brother, and Christian Friends,—We will, as a church, endeavour to give you a short statement of the dealings of our

heavenly Father on our behalf, and in doing so we would erect an Ebenezer of praise and thankfulness for his goodness and mercy toward us. In September, 1858, our late much esteemed pastor, Mr. James Trottmann, resigned his pastorate over us, in consequence of old age and growing infirmities, after having laboured faithfully and successfully among us nearly thirty years, which the last great day alone can fully disclose. But we doubt not he will be among the honoured servants who will be received by the great Husbandman with a "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Being thus left destitute, we greatly felt our need of Divine direction, and two special prayer meetings were held weekly; these meetings were well attended, where it was evident the Lord poured out his Holy Spirit upon us.

"In the months of October, November, and December, we were supplied by our late pastor. During this time we communicated our position to several ministers, and earnestly sought their counsel and prayers. Our friends all advised us not to be in haste, but wait prayerfully and patiently till the Lord should appear for us. In October we wrote to Mr. J. Foreman, of London, as he had known the Laxfield church so many years. We received a very kind letter from him, stating the church under his care had a youth supplying vacant churches, whom he hoped and believed the Lord was raising up for the ministry, but he could not at present recommend him. We had several applications for the vacant pulpit, but did not accept any. During this period our congregations kept up well, and there was evidently a spirit for hearing among us. In January, 1859, we again wrote to Mr. Foreman respecting the youth he mentioned. Mr. Foreman then laid our letter before his young friend, who proved to be our beloved brother, Robert Edward Sears, who by Mr. Foreman's advice wrote to us, stating he would come out and supply for us during the month of March. On the first Sabbath in March our Brother Sears came, and the Lord was with him indeed, and of a truth. His labours during the month were blessed to the church, and in the conversion of several of the congregation, who have since united with us. Our chapel was overflowing on the Sabbath-days; it was a time of great rejoicing with us. The prospects were so encouraging that we were constrained to give him a further invitation for three months, which he accepted. During these three months our congregations were very large, the spirit of grace and supplication was mercifully poured down upon us. The ministrations of our dear brother were both acceptable and useful; we had reason to believe our prayers were answered by the

Great Head of the Church. We could so clearly trace the hand of God in bringing him among us, that we felt ready to say, 'Arise and anoint him; this is he.' We have also great cause for thankfulness that our youthful pastor could so plainly see the leadings of providence in sending him to us. The church unanimously and cordially invited him to supply another six months, which he consented to do. During this period great numbers were brought under the sound of the word, and God continued to bless us. Viewing these repeated tokens for good, we gave our brother a cordial and unanimous call to take the pastorate over us in the Lord, which he cheerfully accepted. We then sent a letter of application to the church at Mount Zion, London, for our brother's dismissal in due order. We received a very kind and affectionate letter, giving our brother an honourable dismissal from that communion to ours. In conclusion we sincerely desire that both pastor and people may feel deeply the solemn and important responsibilities devolving on them to each other. Our earnest prayer for him is, that he may show himself approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, preaching the word, be instant in season and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with all long-suffering and doctrine; that his valuable life may be long spared to labour among us, at its close he may be able to say, in the exercise of lively faith, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is a laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord will give me in that day.' Amen."

Mr. COLLINS, in a clear and faithful manner, stated the nature of a gospel church, showing why we consider the church as by law established not to be the true church, and describing what the true church was, as only based upon the Bible. Mr. Collins then called upon our brother to state his call by grace, which he did in a feeling manner. Many were melted to tears by the recital of the Lord's loving-kindness towards our brother in convincing him of his state, and in bringing him into the sweet liberty of the gospel. But as some account of our brother's conversion has been published in the VESSEL, it will not be necessary to relate it again. Mr. Collins expressed himself highly satisfied with the statement of our brother, and called upon him to state his call to the ministry, and the leadings of providence in bringing him to Laxfield.

Mr. SEARS then rose and said,—But few months had elapsed after I was baptised before my mind became solemnly impressed about preaching the Gospel. My heart began to burn with love to souls. I yearned

to toll poor sinners of the glad tidings of salvation. I was deeply exercised about the matter. I was asked about this time to speak from a text in the Sabbath-school, at our monthly tea, the text being given a month previously. During the month my mind was more than ever exercised about preaching. It was the subject of many prayers; I prayed that the Lord would open my mouth, and enable me to say a word in his great name; but if I was not intended to preach, to shut my mouth, so that I might be satisfied upon the point. The time came, and my mouth was opened. This preaching was more trouble to me than my soul's salvation, and such was the distress of my mind, that for several months I was tempted to take a bottle of landanum in my father's wareroom, and so end my grief; but God did not permit me to do so. Bless his name. I felt I could tell no one, but one or two personal friends, of the exercise of my mind, and them I pledged to secrecy. One evening when on my knees, a voice seemed to say, "Four months." I thought I would wait four months, and see the end. My pastor spoke to me after a week evening service, telling me he thought I was designed for the ministry. I told him I could not preach. "Well," he said, "think the matter over; but I shall feel myself at liberty to send you to preach whenever an opening may be made." Just four months after I heard the voice, I received an invitation to go to Horsell Common to preach. My pastor advised me to go and try, saying, "I send you." One night, returning from Horsell Common, being cast down and perplexed, the words came into my mind, "I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing." The next week I received an invitation to supply the Laxfield pulpit for one month, I also received an invitation from Cottenham and Streatham; but from my first coming here, I felt sure this would be my home, but I can solemnly say, no one knew it; I thought, let the church act independent of knowing my feelings. I have now laboured for twelve months among this people, God has given his blessing, and he shall have the glory.

Mr. Collins then called upon our brother to give a declaration of his faith, which was given in very plain terms. He said, he grounded his faith upon the Bible, and the Bible only. After declaring his faith, he said:—

"DEAR BRETHREN, I have declared unto you what I believe now, what I shall believe ten years hence, I don't know; if God leaves me I shall go into error; but this bargain I make, that if at any time I should change my sentiments, (I pray God I never may,) I will at once resign my pulpit. May God

keep me from coming among you, as a Calvinist, and a Strict Baptist, and then turning my coat, come out with open views. Keep the pulpit, and split the church." Brother Foreman here rose, and thanked our brother for this remark, and said, "May God keep you from being such a knave."

The afternoon service was commenced by Mr. Brown, of Fressingfield, giving out the 100 Psalm 2nd part. Mr. R. Sears, father of the youthful pastor, and deacon of Mr. Foreman's church, offered the ordination prayer. It was truly a solemn, and earnest appeal to Almighty God for a blessing to rest upon the pastor and people; many of the congregation wept—we hope with joy. Mr. J. Foreman then proceeded to deliver the charge to the minister. There was an immense assemblage to hear our honoured brother. The words chosen were, "Deal courageously, and God will be with the good," (2 Chron. 19, 11.) It was a weighty and powerful discourse, delivered with feelings of tenderest affection to him whom he called "his dear boy." Our brother gave his son in the faith some excellent counsel, and good advice. Our venerable brother Wright preached to the church in the evening, from the words, "love the brotherhood." Our brother preached in the spirit of his Master; his counsel to the church was wise, and sure we are that if the Laxfield people strive to carry out, the sayings of this father in Christ, they will never have any strife, hut always walk in love, as Christ has loved them. It was truly a good day, and pleasing to see so many ministers of the Suffolk churches come to welcome our brother to his field of labour. We closed by singing,

"Blest be the tie that binds," &c.

A BROTHER FROM LONDON.

REST FOR THE WEARY.

"Rest for the weary—rest!
When all life's toils are o'er,
Rest for the weary—rest!
Upon a tranquil shore;
Where sighs and tears and pains,
Once all in mercy sent,
Will ne'er disturb again
The blest inhabitant.

"For this we nerve our strength,
For this we onward move,
Shame and reproaches bear,
And take them all for love;
Count every hour that flies,
Watch every sun go down,
Still nearer to the skies,
The Robe, the Palm, the Crown."

Swansea.

L. M. THORNTON.

Words from the Watchman.

NO. 1.

THE FAITHFUL MINISTER CAST DOWN BUT NOT DESTROYED.

[Beside those good and gracious men whose names are every where known, and whose labours have been broad-cast all over the kingdom—there are a number of quiet, humble, blessed men, whose sphere is more limited—frequently from them we get very precious letters: and a few, now and then, will help to shew how deep the conflicts, and how rich the consolation with which the servants of Christ are exercised.—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I was glad to hear from you. I do hope the Lord has blessed the word to many precious souls through such an unworthy sinner as I feel myself. I often meet with many things both within and without, to cast me down; truly, the Lord has led me in a path that I knew not; and sometimes I seem coming to an end as fast as possible; yet, it is often the language of my son, "*having obtained help of God, I continue to this day.*" and there are times when I can see it is a right way to a city of habitation; that he hath done all things well. Then, again, I go mourning without the sun, and frown, and repine at his dispensations, and at the path; and think never poor thing was so hardly dealt with as I am: these times are my days of adversity; and the wise man saith, in the days of adversity consider, and in considering I get a sight of myself; of what I was by nature; and how sovereign love found me out then; and paid a full ransom price for me; this brings me to the footstool of divine mercy, and lays me low at his dear feet. I can then see and feel too, that tribulations are all right; that crosses and losses are all right; that friends forsaking us and turning their backs upon us, is all right; that he weighs sorrows, and measures all our pains; that there is a need for all those things to wean us from the world and worldly objects; this is the way the Lord has been leading me for years, and this I hope has brought me to know experimentally that saying, "Unto you that believe he is precious." I love that experience that leads the sinner to Christ, when crucified of everthing pertaining to ourselves, and compelled to cast ourselves upon him, sink or swim; when we are enabled to come empty as we are to his fullness, and draw all our supplies from thence; to be nothing, so that he may be all and in all to us. But the dark and deep experience so-called of the day, I cannot love; when I look at myself, by myself, I am sure to sink, but when I am able to look at myself in Christ then I can say,

"My God is mine,
Then I do feel his glory shine;
I tread the world beneath my feet,
And all that earth calls good or great.

I want more of that precious faith to believe that all things shall work together for good to them that love the Lord, who are the called according to his purpose. I can believe in all the promises, that they are truth and verity; that they are yea and amen in Christ

Jesus; but how often unbelief and the enemy will suggest "am I the character? Are these great and glorious promises and free gifts mine?" Thus you see, my brother, I know something of the "ifs" of Satan, and I trust I know a little of believing in hope against hope; or when there appears no room to hope. I desire to bless his name for ever having given me one sweet assurance that he is mine and I am his. I hope he will keep that which I have committed to his trust till that day. That you and myself may be able to look onward and upward, and exclaim by faith, "*we shall be more than conquerors through him that loved us.*" God grant it, amen. Truly as ever your's, THOS. LAMB.

[FROM ANOTHER.]

What may be the result of my visit to ———, must be left in the hands of the gracious Master, who has directed and sustained this unworthy servant hitherto: this to me is apparent, that we have tarried long enough in this mount; the people profess great attachment; but give very equivocal proofs of it: there is such an apathy and want of zeal, that the cause can never prosper with such leaders: there are some lively and good materials. But these are repelled by the old formal-routine-loving men. How many of our churches suffer for want of active, loving, business men to conduct their affairs! well; what a mercy the Lord reigneth, and knoweth them that are his. Fresh controversies seem to agitate the church. O may these storms purify the atmosphere of false doctrine, restore healthy vigour to the churches; and produce cordiality in those who love, live, and proclaim the truth as it is seen in a full, free, and finished salvation with Christ the first and the last.

LINES ADDRESSED TO MR. G. MURRELL, ON HIS JUBILEE.*

Dear brother and greatly beloved in the Lord,
Your brethren awhile on the way,
Would hereby their glad gratulations accord,
On this happy jubilee day. [cried,
Two score years and ten have their circles des-
Since you were commissioned down here;
By grace all sufficient you now have arrived,
To witness a jubilee year.
What trials afflictions and changes of scene,
Attend such a lengthened career?
But mercies unnumbered continued have been,
And brought you a jubilee year.
But few fellow servants are favoured like thee,
(They more in a limited sphere,)
They toil in the vineyard and yet never see
A minister's jubilee year.
Nor yet would we murmur, the sovereign will,
Of Jesus our Master we see,
We'll labour our ministry here to fulfil,
And afterward keeps jubilee.
May your day be yet brighter and brighter in
And close as a calm summer's eve, [grace.
Till you wake in the likeness of Jesus's face,
Your Jubilee crown to receive.
And now to the Father the Spirit and Son,
Be glory ascribed and renown,
The God of all grace, the ineffable One,
With blessings your jubilee crown.

Hailsham, Sussex. CONNELLUS SLIM.
* These lines were deposited in the magnificent cup with the purse of 100 sovereigns presented to Mr. Murrell.

Reviews.

"*New Series of Sermons by the Rev. B. Wale, of Providence Chapel, Reading.*" London: Robert Banks and Co., 9, Crane Court, Fleet Street. A third edition of Mr. Wale's "Cloud of Witnesses" is now ready. The bold originality of this discourse—the rich unfoldings of the heavenly compassion of the Gospel, which it contains has so powerfully influenced the minds of all who have read it—and the Divine blessing has so evidently gone forth with it, that a large circulation is certain. We know of no discourse so well suited to put into the hands of either the careless, the self-righteous, the despairing, or the seeking sinner, as is this *Cloud of Witnesses*.

The second Sermon is entitled, "*Jesus or Barabbas?*" For full-toned Gospel notes this discourse is the most profound of any yet published of Mr. Wale's. The faith of God's elect in our brother's heart, is evidently a living principle; it looks at, it lays hold of, and it opens the great mysteries of the Gospel with such ease, unction, and fullness, as to render the reading or hearing both attracting and pleasant. From the sermon "*Jesus or Barabbas?*" take the following exposition of

THE

ANTI-TYPICAL SCAPE GOAT.

After referring to Leviticus xvi., the preacher says:

"Here the one goat, called the Lord's goat, is a type of Christ as slain for an atonement; while the other, with countless sins upon him, as a type of the sinner, is set free to range whithersoever he will. *The one goat was not to be set at liberty till the other had been slain*,—so that the death of the one procured the liberty of the other.

"The Jews by their traditions confounded the meaning of the two institutions—the scape-goat and the pass-over; and though the scape-goat was still set free, they released at the passover a prisoner as well. Hence the custom to which Pilate referred.

"The ordinance was instituted while the Israelites were in the wilderness, and when the goat was set free, the whole range of the wilderness was his; after they had entered the promised land, he was let go whithersoever he would—corn field, meadow, orchard, pasture, all were his; no one dare capture him, no hunter dare molest him, no husbandman drive him from his fields. Such then was the ordinance of the scape-goat. Let us rightly to understand it, bring the 'hand-writing of this ordinance' into the

High Priest's Hall, and there, while Peter warms his hands, endeavour to decipher it by the glimmering fire light, and the cold grey light of the morning.

"Jesus was taken prisoner in Gethsemane in the 'third watch of the night,'—that is between midnight and three o'clock in the morning; taken before Caiaphas; thence to Pilate; he was sentenced to death about nine o'clock in the morning; from nine to twelve was occupied in preparing for his execution: at twelve he was nailed to the cross; at three o'clock precisely he died. This was the hour when the paschal lamb that typified him used to be slain. In the scene now being enacted before Caiaphas and Pilate, you have the Divine interpretation of the type. There, before Pilate's bar stand the prisoners, the one Barabbas, delivered for sedition and murder, the other the anointed Messiah of God, delivered through the envy of the Pharisees, but in accordance with the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God. *Of necessity, one of those prisoners must be released; which shall it be, Jesus the Just, or Barabbas the murderer?* The decision trembles in the balance. Sentence is not yet passed. But even now the clamorous mob are crying out for the death of Jesus. Listen! the judge speaks, 'I find no fault in him.' The declaration of innocence is met by redoubled cries of 'Crucify him, crucify him.' The unjust judge yields. Sentence is pronounced on Jesus. The lot of death has fallen upon the Son of God—the innocent is condemned to a murderer's doom, the murderer goes forth free. *Both cannot perish, the death of the one is the salvation of the other.* Release 'not this man, but Barabbas;' it is the cry of passion but it is the voice of God; and so Jesus—the sacrifice typified by the slain goat—passes to a bloody death; and the scape-goat, the robber, the rebel, the murderer goes free. His prison doors are thrown open, his fetters knocked off. Justice relaxes his grasp upon him, and the law says, 'I am satisfied,' go forth Barabbas, in the full enjoyment of life and liberty, none daring to make thee afraid.'

"O marvellous scene! unparalleled in the history of the world. Black sinner as he is, the murderer goes free. Innocent as he is, the just one is slain; slain, while declared innocent by his *betrayal*, his *judge*, and his *executioner*. Pilate says, 'I find no fault in him.' Judas, 'I have sinned, in that I have betrayed innocent blood;' his executioner exclaims, 'surely this was the Son of God.' Brethren, we look upon

that terrible scene in the Judgment Hall of Gabbatha, as a vivid interpretation of the great doctrine of substitution, standing out in illuminated characters; that doctrine is the pivot upon which all a sinner's hopes hang; the nail is a sure place, on which God hath suspended all the glory of redemption: It is the sum and substance of the Gospel, and without it there is no Gospel. Christ has fulfilled for his people all the demands of his Father's holy law. He hath brought in everlasting righteousness, and is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. By his life he wrought out a spotless obedience in which to enwrap our souls; by his bloody death he paid the penalty due to our sins. 'He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in him.' With undeviating footsteps, he walked round the entire circumference of the law; with unwearied wing he soared to its utmost bound, living the life of heaven in a world of sin. The Prince of this world came and found nothing in him.

"Rejoice, O believer, in this blessed doctrine of a Saviour's substitution in thy place, it is the 'strong consolation' of the gospel; 'Ye are complete in him.' When thou standest before God, it will be in his all-encompassing righteousness. Thine is the triumphant language of the Poet,

"Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
While through thy blood absolved I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame."

It is a righteousness that never wears out. Adam's righteousness crumbled into dust, the moment the tempter touched it. But,

"This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new."

The work is finished, the righteousness woven, the penalty borne. May I not say with the Psalmist, 'Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee.' The Lord having finished his work, will 'rest in his love.' May we not rest there too, where God rests? Need we attempt to add to it, or to improve it? Away the thought! Blasphemy lurks beneath it! 'Tis ours only to enjoy, his has been the labour, and we enter into his labours. Go forth, O believer, like Barabbas from the prison-house, the sentence upon Jesus, hath opened the doors of thy dungeon—knocked off thy fetters—justice hath released its grasp on thy soul—law demands no more—go forth, fearing nothing! doubting nothing—go, like the scape-goat, range at large through all the fields of gospel light and liberty, 'none daring to make thee afraid!' Thine the green pastures of eternal election, absolute predestination, everlasting love, irresistible free and sover-

eign grace, unconditional promises, omnipotent strength to bring thee safely home, and an eternal weight of glory at last. Thine to suck honey out of the rock, and oil out of the flinty rock: to find manna in the wilderness, and streams in the desert. Thine to make the eater yield meat, and the devouring lion, sweetness. Thine, with joy, to draw water out of the wells of salvation, and rock water, clear as crystal, out of the well of Bethlehem, round whose evergreen margin, the lily of the valley droops in its lowliness, the rose of Sharon blossoms in its fragrance, and the tree of life clusters in its richness. All things are thine, for thou art Christ's and Christ is God's: and though thou wilt sometimes meet with children of the bondwomen: Hagarene whippers-in, who would fain abridge thy privileges; drive thee out of these rich pastures, into the close and filthy pens of their own making, and lock thee up in the house of bondage once more, maintain thou thy privileges, hold fast the form of sound words, stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made thee free; keep close to the fields of thy spiritual Boaz, and he shall command his reapers to let fall some handfuls on purpose for thee, but go thou not into another man's field, especially into any field of the Hagarines, for there, thou wilt not glean so much as a thimblefull. Thine is the unfettered liberty of the gospel. Ah, say some, a fine cloak for licentiousness, Christ hath done everything, so we may live as we like. Ah, my brother sinner, I cannot blame thee in thy spiritual blindness for speaking thus; I said so myself when I was blind as thou art; but now, our language is that of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, when a similar charge was brought against him; 'How shall we who are dead to sin, live any longer therein?' 'Live as we list?' Would to God we could! We would never commit another sin; never encounter another temptation; never have to do battle with another corruption: ours should henceforth be a life of unshadowed and uninterrupted communion with God, and fellowship with his Son Jesus Christ. Doubt should never raise its head, nor unbelief assail our faith. But, alas! it is not so, the tares and the wheat are to grow together until the harvest, for so wills the Lord of the harvest, but then 'He will gather the wheat into his garner, and burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.'

"Sin, my worst enemy before,
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
My inward foes shall all be slain,
Nor Satan break my peace again."

The third published sermon is "*The Pilgrim's Song*," and printed by special request. "*Mercy and Judgment*"—as inter-

woven throughout the whole of the believer's life, are here cheerfully, faithfully, and Scripturally delivered.

"*The Origin of the Gospel Ministry*"—the substance of an address delivered at Unicorn Yard Chapel, by Mr. B. Wale. Every one who heard this address—which may justly be called the "Pentecostal Inauguration of the Gospel Ministry"—requested to have it in print—this request has now been conceded as far as possible; and can be had for one penny at our office. Other discourses by Mr Wale are preparing.

THOMAS SMITH'S LETTER TO
WILLIAM GARRARD.

THERE is still a continued flowing in of letters and papers on the *Divine Sovereignty* question.* We had wished to let the matter drop; but ministers and their people are determined it shall not yet be put to silence. An excellent and useful paper from the pen of our ministering brother, James Tann, of Yarmouth, is now waiting for insertion; to burn or bury it would be to commit sacrilege; it is marked to appear. Mr. William Palmer's pamphlet is to be more closely investigated; so we have heard; but Mr. Garrard's new pamphlet, *God's Eternal Decree without Sin*, is pleasing to many. It is the out-spoken mind of a man who has had the opportunity and the ability to think largely upon every subject connected with the gospel kingdom. There is always, to us, a freshness and savour in Mr. Garrard's writings; he seems only to tell us things we have believed before; but then it is in his own original style: this renders them pleasant.

Thomas Smith, now of 70, Mansfield-street, Leicester; and late the pastor of Wootton Baptist church, Beds.; has been also a deep thinker on theological points; and is by no means an *abstract*, one-sided, or single-stringed preacher. He was trained under sound gospel teaching; he has been chastened by the Lord; led by the Spirit into New Testament realities and relationships, he has for some years laboured among our Baptist churches in different parts of this kingdom; and the result of his experience and observation has been the strengthening of a fear that in many places the gospel has not been comprehensively and fairly embraced even by men who are held to be truly orthodox and of full weight. Mr. Garrard's new pamphlet was sent to Thomas Smith, the other day, by the author. It set fire to good Thomas's feelings, and he sat down and wrote to Mr. Garrard such a letter of approval of some parties and of censure for others, as

* *God's Eternal Decree without Sin.* By William Garrard, author of "The Valiant Men of Israel." London: H. J. Treasider, 17, Ave Maria Lane. 3d.

found a hearty response in the breasts of all who read it; and to our office the letter has come to be issued without delay. We have been getting rather careful of late; we do not, therefore, publish the letter this month. We wish to do all the good we can, without doing violence to any, however much we may differ from them; and as Mr. Thomas Smith takes up the peculiar features in the ministry both of Mr. James Wells and of Mr. Spurgeon, we wait awhile. If, upon more mature consideration, we see good may be done, we will not withhold either Thomas Smith's Letter to Mr. Garrard, or Boanerges's Review of the *False Peace Sermon*; but we love the sweet gospel of Christ better than all the sour controversies in the world; and never should a controversial paper be found in our pages, were we not convinced that good-tempered controversy often elicits and draws out truth.

"*Thomas Guy: His Early Days: His Life among the Gipsies: His Conversion to God.*" A neat new edition of this extraordinary man's life, may now be had at our office, 9, Crane Court, Fleet Street. Thousands of this little book have gone into the world; and we think as a tract to give away in schools, in the streets, or in any direction, there are few more suited. The other day, the following note stirred us up to renewed effort to make this little narrative more extensively known. A stranger to us, says—(in a note.)

"I received the books safe. You say you should like to know why 'Thomas Guy' was wanted, and by whom; I wanted the books chiefly to supply a young man by the name of Lee, with a few copies. I believe he is a nephew to I. L.—, that Guy wandered the country with; and he is also personally acquainted with the young man Horn, who used to send Guy to thieve for him. I have lent Lee a copy of Guy. He has taken it, and read it to Horn; and they, and also others of their clan, have been deeply interested in it, because they say that they know it is a true account. Lee has tried several times to obtain a copy of it; but could not get one; we have tried likewise but could not succeed; last Monday, he called again, and said that he was attending a Ragged School, at Tunbridge Wells; if we could not get him a book, he thought, if I would lend him mine, he would write it out. So you see he must be deeply interested in it; and who can tell what the Lord may do through that little book? He has said, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters, and you shall find it after many days.'"

"*Remarks on Duty-Faith.* By John Foreman, minister of Mount Zion Chapel, London. With recommendatory preface, by James Wells, London: W. Holmes, 3, New Street, Dorset Square; and J. Paul, Paternoster Row. When Mr. Foreman makes up his mind thoroughly to investigate any subject; he generally does it in a plain, intelligible, and powerful manner. He goes to work with a mind mightily furnished with knowledge, Biblical, experimental, practical, and universal; and by a steady perseverance he chases away the darkness, and the true light enters. John Foreman has been the means, in the hand of God, of enlightening many a dark mind; of comforting many a sad heart. He has his children in the faith all the country over; but this thick pamphlet on *Duty-Faith*, will be handed down as a choice treasure to thousands, when the venerable author's head is low in the dust; and his happy spirit singing most sweetly before the throne.

"*The Veil of the Temple.*" No. 74, Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit. London: George J. Stevenson; and R.

Banks and Co., 182, Dover Road. "Good Friday," has been a high day for many years at Mount Zion Chapel, High Street, Dorset Square, the scene of Mr. John Foreman's more stated labour in the gospel. It is his anniversary day. Mr. Geo. Murrell, is generally the morning preacher. Mr. Foreman, the afternoon, and Mr. James Wells the evening preacher. This sermon on the *Red Veil* was Mr. Wells's in the evening: it is published in 12 pages of the Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit; and from communications we have received, it is evident it was heard by many to considerable spiritual advantage. There is one great beauty in this sermon, it is this, JESUS CHRIST, THE WAY, THE TRUTH, THE LIFE, THE SAME yesterday, to-day and for ever.

"*The Ways of God with Man. Essays and Criticisms on Polemical and Vital Truths.*" By Joseph Palmer. London: J. Palmer, 22, Great Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, 1860. (price one shilling.) There are a variety of circumstances connected with the uprising of Mr. Joseph Palmer, the author of this singular work, which makes one feel anxious to see what such a man will say on subjects so profound as those contained in this small volume. He was reared in Paternoster-row, amid piles of divinity, ancient and modern: he has read, observed, and known the ministers and authors of the past and the present times, of every denomination. He has been an itinerant preacher, and a settled pastor in different places, for some years; he has considered the opposite tenets of the leading men in our churches; and, at length he has written a few chapters on some points which have given rise to controversy in all ages of the gospel dispensation; and we believe that while the church is in her present weak and imperfect minority; while she has comparatively, so little of the power and unction of the Spirit; and while most of her ministers are so differently trained, constituted, and encompassed; while so many antagonistic spirits exist amongst us, controversies will arise and they will agitate the Christian body to a great extent: he will be an extraordinary man indeed, who shall have the honour of settling and putting to rest all those matters about which men differ?

Works of this kind and caste, are not our choice; we know, we love, we desire to labour for the furtherance of the TRUTH as it is in JESUS CHRIST; as Truth is in the new covenant; as it is in the glorious gospel; as it is in the souls of God's quickened and called people; and as it is manifested in the externals of the visible church:—we belong to the old "stand-fast" family. We have never been permitted to change either in doctrine, experience, or church discipline, from the first day until now: we are not, therefore, prepared to sympathise so deeply with authors of this kind, as some of our brethren are; and, after a great deal of internal conflict, respecting this work, we can only say, let every man read it for himself; it may lead many a pure mind into profitable contemplation; it may be useful to some of the children of tender years; and even the aged sires could scarcely find anything of a dangerous, or of a delusive character in its pages. Some ministers might think Mr. Palmer very severe; but he has, no doubt, seen sufficient to justify that terrible exposure of sermon-makers, and idea-hunters, which he has furnished, if this book should be the means, in the hands of God, of driving some of these theological wanderers to the Bible, to the throne of grace, and to deep heart-searching, it will be to them, a most invaluable boon and blessing.

"*Come Over and Help us.*" &c. By David Wardlaw Scott. London: Bateman; or of the Author, 7, Palestine Place, Cambridge Heath Gate, (3d). Mr. Scott is seeking to build a home for Aged Christians, near Bethnal Green; also to enlarge his preaching stations; and to feed and clothe the poor. He is aiming to occupy a most benevolent sphere of labour. We know well what it is to walk and work among a poor and an afflicted people. We believe there are thousands of God's poor people in the obscure parts of London who are great sufferers. We require a fund ourselves; and often

silently pray the Lord to enable us to minister to the wants of his poor saints; but Mr. Scott asks for £10,000 to build and endow a Home for Aged Saints, such an Asylum in London is wanted bad enough; the Aged Pilgrim Society cannot meet one half the appeals made to that charity. We are anxious to look more carefully into Mr. Scott's work and mission another day.

"*A Friend Worth Having.*" Such is the name given to a sermon by Mr. James Wells; and issued in No. 81 of "Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit." The text is Sol. Song. v. 16. "He is altogether lovely." From first to last, it is the blessed SAVIOUR in all the mediatorial glories and new covenant beauties which make him so indescribably attracting to all who by the Holy Ghost, do look and live. Sometimes in reading Mr. Wells's sermons we have been startled, frightened, and almost angry; and with many more we have murmured as bad as ever the Israelites did at Moses; but such precious discourses as this, heal our wounds, clear our foggy vision; rejoice our souls; and make us feel the truth is increasingly precious: and we rise rise up from the personal, secretly exclaiming "With all thy mysterious and extraordinary sayings, good brother, we love thee still."

OPENING OF THE NEW BAPTIST CHAPEL AT NORTHAMPTON.

TO THE CHURCHES OF TRUTH, WITH THEIR PASTORS AND DEACONS.

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—

It is with a two-fold object in view that we address you. First, to glorify the Lord for his wonderful kindness toward us, and which has so overcome us, that we are "like them that dream." Secondly, hoping it may prove encouraging to you who feel interested in Zion's welfare, and so stimulate you in the good ways of the Lord, knowing that the Lord hath said, "them that honor me I will honor." The origin of the cause here may be traced to the instrumentality of that highly favoured, and eminently useful servant of God, Mr. Wm. Huntington, but it was not until the year 1835, that the strict communion principle was adopted. In October, 1845, I commenced my ministry among the people; and in May following the ordination services were held, Mr. Stenson, Mr. Foreman, and Mr. De Fraine took parts in the same. During more than fourteen years ministry, notwithstanding many difficulties, we have gone on, and increased, and now we have been enabled to build a new meeting house, for the worship of a Triune God.

The chapel was opened on Tuesday, April 24th, by Mr. Wells and Mr. Bloomfield. The two discourses delivered by our brother Wells being published, I would call your attention to the same, and say procure them, the price of the two being but two-pence. The collections reached the amazing sum of £144 12s. An amount that cannot more astonish others than it has surprised ourselves, and we are constrained to say, "It is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes." Yours affectionately.

W. LEACH.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

BAPTISING AT GLEMSFORD.

AND THE DEATH AND BURIAL OF THE LATE ROBERT BARNES'S WIDOW.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—Sabbath 29th of April, was a good day, a grand day indeed; the Lord was very merciful to us; the north-east wind had been very strong and bitterly cold for some time; but on the 28th there was a change; we felt assured the Lord had heard our united petitions, and would grant us a fine day. We held an early prayer meeting to seek the Lord's presence and blessing on the public services of that day. In the morning I preached from 1 Peter v. 10, having preached from the *gracious title by which our God is revealed in the text, and on Christian calling and its end, eternal glory*. I, that morning dwelt on the pathway thereto, through suffering, and its design to perfect the Christian to establish &c. It was a hallowed morning. I had such a ble-sed visit of my dear Lord early that morning, that my soul was saying with Simeon, "Lord now let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." I had been very unwell, and the enemy suggested I should meet my death that day; but my soul was so happy that I could say with the sweetest composure of mind, let it be so, if it be but for the glory of God; I am perfectly willing either to die or live, so that the Lord may be exalted. In the afternoon we assembled at the river side, near Glemsford Bridge, on the ground kindly granted us by W. Bouttell, Esq., and baptized nine males, and two females in the presence of more than five thousand spectators. I delivered an address from these words "what saith the Scriptures?" Considering the vast multitude assembled, the length of the service, the greatest decorum and order prevailed, and it is worthy of remark, that in the space of ten minutes, from the time the benediction was pronounced the whole mass quietly dispersed, and not even a shrub was damaged. This shews a growing respect to those persons and institutions which are observed according to the primitive order. On Sabbath day, May 3, we were again favoured; in the afternoon our newly baptized brethren and sisters were publicly received into the church, it was a solemn scene, the chapel was crowded, and the interest was heightened by the presence of a stranger from Norwich; a trustee of the chapel, St. Mary's, who joins in that protest against the unjust course pursued in throwing open that church: he joined us at the Lord's table, and requested permission to say a few words, which, of course, was granted. His heart was full, he could but bless God for what he had heard and saw, he had heard the defaming of many; but he thanked God he had come to see for himself, and bore a most powerful testimony to the truth deliv-

ivered, and the order observed in the admission of the new members, and thought the impressions would never be erased. He had but one regret that he was not one of the members himself, that with them he might share in the solemn interest manifested by their pastor. This was a sweetly solemn scene; the Lord grant us many such.

As many have questioned the wisdom and righteousness of the course I took in staying here, for the present, I only say, let the facts speak for themselves. From the course pursued by those who opposed my ministry, no other course was open; and the more I watch his hand the more I am confirmed that I have followed the Lord's direction. The Lord gave testimony to the word of his grace, while I was supplying at the chapel,—proved by the baptizing and admitting one member since I left the chapel, whose mind the Lord opened to seek fellowship with them through my ministry. He was proposed by myself to the church on January 16, 1859; he was not allowed to come before the church till after they had decided on my leaving the pulpit. May 15th, he was baptized by Mr. Wilson, of Clare; on February 2nd, 1860, (more than twelve months after) he sought admission. In the barn we then occupied, our God most graciously wrought and gave testimony to the word of his grace there. We have several trophies of divine mercies there. Many heard and received the word of God in the barn and the booth, that would not have entered a chapel, and the Lord has most signally blessed us in our new chapel; it has been a Bethel to many. Let my brethren seriously weigh these facts, and ask themselves the serious question, why do they unjustly and unrighteously despise the instrument whom God is pleased to honour? Let it alone; if it be of men, it will come to nought, if of God, they cannot overthrow it.

Death has been very busy in our village lately: on Tuesday last, May 8th, he suddenly took away the widow of the late respected pastor, Mr. Barnes. She had long suffered from internal disease, but her end was very sudden, and unlooked for. Her remains were interred yesterday, May 15th, at the chapel. Mr. Avery read and prayed; Mr. John Cooper delivered the address, and Mr. Wilson, of Clare, concluded with prayer. There were a good number present to testify their respect to the deceased, and to the family, and to shew they had still in remembrance their late deservedly respected minister. We hope very shortly to trouble the waters again, and then trouble you. Your's in the bonds of the Gospel,

JONATHAN MOSE.

NEW CHAPELS OPENED.

MOUNT Zion chapel, Hitchen, opened on Wednesday, March 7th, 1860, by Mr. William Crowther, of Lockwood, Yorkshire; and Mr. William Tite, of Potton, Beds.—Mr. Crowther's morning sermon has been published by W. H. Collingridge; and can be had through any bookseller; or of Mr. John Poynder, 33, Murray-street, City-road, London. The title of the sermon is—"Things Most Surely Believed among us, as to the Person, Mission, and Work of Christ." There is a beautiful clearness, a theological consistency, and a more wholesome development of the leading truths of the Gospel, in this sermon, than in many of the most popular. Mr. Crowther reads his Bible; he compares scripture with scripture; he examines the whole line of revelation as it runs through the pages of inspiration; and thereby gets at, and gives you, the mind of the Spirit. We think his discourses very instructive; and to humble learners they must be useful.

The New Baptist chapel, Abingdon-street, Northampton, was opened on Tuesday, April 24th, 1860. This commodious and substantial house of prayer has been erected for the church and congregation worshipping in connexion with the ministry of Mr. William Leach, whose labours in the Gospel, at Northampton, have been increasingly honoured and successful. Mr. Leach is a hard, persevering student; a firm, a faithful, and unflinching preacher of the Gospel of Christ; and a very devoted pastor. He has had his work to do; but he has found a sweet reward therein. The opening day was equally marked with tokens of the Divine favour. Mr. James Wells preached morning and afternoon; Mr. John Bloomfield in the evening. The collections were much over one hundred pounds. The two sermons preached by Mr. James Wells have both been published in one double number of *Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*—No. 77 and 78. We wish to notice them more particularly in a future number.

RECOGNITION OF MR. PAWSON, AT JOHN STREET, WOLVERHAMPTON.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Knowing the deep interest you feel, not only in the welfare of Zion universally, but also of that little section of it meeting at John-street chapel, in this town, I venture to send you just an outline of the interesting services which took place amongst us on Thursday week. Since the settlement of Mr. Pawson with us in January last, we have been steadily progressing; a Sunday-school has been established, a Bible-class formed, and other efforts put forth for "enlarging our coast," which have resulted in the re-formation of the church, and public recognition of him as pastor. The order of our services were somewhat similar to those at Glemsford, of which you gave so interesting a detail in your late numbers. The public formation of the church took place in the afternoon. Mr. Jones, of Blackheath, London, opened the service by supplicating the Divine blessing. Mr. Pearce, of Willenhall, read the word, and offered prayer; several other neighbouring brethren taking part in the service; when, after a few solemn preliminary observations, Mr. Jones called upon one of the deacons to state the providential leadings of God towards us to the present time, which was done in brief outline, a copy of which I enclose, and is as follows:—

It may not be out of place as introductory to the more immediate detail of the leadings of Divine Providence, in paving the way to the settlement of Mr. Pawson, amongst us, to refer, in very brief outline, to the earlier circumstances connected with this place of worship. We believe it was originally built for one of those godly ministers of Christ's gospel, who, for conscience sake, were compelled to leave the Establishment by the enforcement of the notorious Bartholomew Act. We have reason to believe that the gospel was proclaimed here for many years, until at length, like many other similar places in England, formed on the Presbyterian model, from the loose manner in which the chapel deeds were then drawn up, it passed into the hands of the Unitarians. By the indefatigable and self-sacrificing exertions of our late much esteemed friend, Mr. Chas. Maunder, after a lengthened and tedious legal process, it was recovered out of their hands; and again the truth of the gospel was proclaimed from its pulpit, and a church on congregational and mixed communion principles was established; which about the year 1842, became a Particular Baptist Church. The pastorate was successively filled by Messrs. Blackstock, Francis, Cozens, and Wignmore, with varied success; but the cause at length sunk to a very low ebb, and about the close of 1853, the remaining church dissolved itself by mutual consent. Still the pulpit was occasionally supplied, and subsequently occupied for about 2 years, by Mr. Mose of Birmingham; but as he continued his secular employment in Birmingham, and merely came over to the services on Lord's-days and Wednesday evenings, the cause again declined; when at length there appeared to be no alternative, but that the doors must be closed. At this crisis, it seemed pressed upon the minds of several individuals to make one more effort, in simple dependence upon God, to resuscitate the cause; a spirit of prayer seemed poured out, and others of the congregation rallied round them. Many intimations of encouragement appeared, and at last our hopes seemed about to be realized in the settlement of a young, warm-hearted pastor, who led us to anticipate that at the conclusion of a pending engagement at T—, he would come and settle with us; for this we waited some months, but to our great disappointment, when the time came, he decided to remain with his charge. The people now seemed to lose heart, and to feel "all these things are against us;" still, though much discouraged, we were not in despair; and again sought the Divine interposition, when quite unknown and unexpectedly to us, Mr. Banks, of London, who knew our circumstances sent down Mr. Pawson, as we considered simply as a supply for a few Sabbaths. His testimony was well received, and as we ascertained from him that he was leaving his present charge, he was requested to supply the pulpit for another month, to which he acceded. He still grew upon the people, whose souls were generally refreshed by his ministrations, and he appeared very snited to the circumstances of the cause, and therefore, after prayerful deliberation, a unanimous invitation was given to him to become the minister of the place. He accepted the invitation, and commenced his labours amongst us early in January last. As the result of his settlement, a Sunday School was immediately established, a weekly Bible class commenced, and other efforts were put forth for a revival of the cause, not without some indications having been given to encourage the hope, that "the thing was of the Lord." The time now seemed to many of the friends to have arrived for the formation of a church, and steps were taken to this end. The remaining members of the old church, with others who were desirous of uniting with them, were convened together, and after much prayer for divine counsel and guidance, unanimously agreed to unite, as a church of baptized believers, under the pastorate of Mr. Pawson. And thus, with earnest supplication for the outpouring of Divine blessing upon our association, we are now here conscious of our own unworthiness of so high a privilege, but simply depending upon

the sovereign grace, and boundless mercy of a Triune Jehovah, pledged to each other in the bonds of the gospel, to walk in the self-denying ordinances of His house, to strengthen and help our pastor in his work of faith, and labour of love, to seek the extension of Christ's kingdom in this town and neighbourhood, and to endeavour to maintain the unity of the Spirit, in the bonds of peace, both among ourselves, and towards all around us, who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth.

The articles of the church were then read. Mr. Jones requested the friends, each taking hold of another's hand, to read the following agreement audibly after him (a solemn feeling pervaded this part of the service):—

"Relying on all-sufficient grace, we solemnly pledge ourselves to walk together in truth and love, and after the teachings and pattern of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Which being done, Mr. Jones pronounced the church duly constituted according to New Testament order. Mr. Foreman, of London, then sought in prayer the divine blessing on the newly-formed church; and Mr. Jones proceeded to deliver an address, replete with sound, wholesome, practical counsel to the members of the church. This was felt to be a peculiarly hallowed time to many present; and we trust that the substance of those "words of wisdom" will not soon be obliterated from the memory and the heart. During the interval, many of the friends who came from a distance around us partook of tea in the vestry together, over which friendly gathering brother Foreman's genial spirit threw a social charm. In the evening Mr. Foreman proceeded to the public recognition of the pastor, and after prayer in his behalf, and a few prefatory observations, called upon Mr. Pawson to give a brief statement of the Lord's dealings with him, in his call by grace, call to the ministry, and especially in the leadings of Providence in bringing him to a settlement with his people. This Mr. Pawson was enabled to do in a deeply-interesting and concise detail, which was solemnly felt by the friends, and threw a hallowed feeling over the service. Mr. Foreman then requested Mr. Pawson to take the hand of one of the deacons, as representing the church, and pronounced him to be duly recognised as the pastor of the church, according to the order of Baptist churches in this country. Mr. Foreman then proceeded to deliver the charge to the minister in his usual lucid and forcible style; and Mr. Pawson concluded the services of the day, in grateful acknowledgment of the Lord's goodness hitherto, and earnest supplication for the gracious outpouring of the Holy Ghost, that the seal of Divine approval might be manifestly set to the step now taken in the enlargement and prosperity of the church, and the ingathering of precious souls unto Jesus. Thus ended the services of a day which we trust may prove the beginning of days of revival to this long languishing cause, as it will long be held in remembrance as a "high day" by many that were present.

We do not forget your uniformly kind thoughtfulness for us during our state of depression, and the valuable help you have rendered, as an instrument under God, in bringing about our present encouraging position. May a double blessing rest upon you in your own soul, and in your labours of love among the churches. Yours in gospel bonds,

MIMMUS.

HADLOW, KENT.

London Bridge Station, April 25th, 1850.

Waiting this morning for the train to take me to Hadlow, these words came softening into my soul—"Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord, for whom I have suffered the loss of all things; and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ; and be found in him." My mind had been wandering up and down the word for some time; my natural feelings had been most rebellious and naughty, but this word fixed my heart; my spirit entered a little into quietness and sweet meditation. I thought there are beauties to be seen

in the glorious Lord our God, as he reveals himself in the Person of his dear Son, which will sanctify the soul; and attract her heaven-born powers toward the unseen realities of the new covenant in a way nothing else will. The words I have referred to were laid open in the secret thoughts of my heart in this way. 1, There is the excellent fountain of knowledge itself, CHRIST JESUS; 2, there is the excellent assurance of INTEREST IN HIM, he is CHRIST JESUS MY LORD; 3, there is also, the three-fold excellency of divine grace as it lives and labours in the soul, it will suffer for Christ; it will press hard after Christ; it will ultimately give the soul a perfect oneness with him for ever and ever. I. The excellent fountain of knowledge itself—that is Christ Jesus. There must be an excellency in this glorious Person, because if a man doth know Christ truly, he seeketh and knoweth the Father in him; for in him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily; hence, to Philip he said, "he that hath seen me hath seen the Father also; and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus, layeth a three-fold blessedness; 1, salvation itself; 2, sanctification; 3, safety; as John saith, "this is life eternal that they might know thee, the true God, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent." This question comes then, how do men come to know this excellent fountain of knowledge? And what is there in, and of, and from him which they do know? These thoughts were a little enlarged upon in the evening at Hadlow—(I write now returning home, April 26,)—I could not enter upon it in the afternoon. On reaching Hadlow, I felt exceeding low; the floods arising from the incessant rains had almost made Hadlow a little island, and rendered it impossible for friends from neighbouring places to get near. Mr. Edwards, of Tunbridge Wells, preached a happy, savoury sermon in the morning; bad as the rains had been, there was a good company, and the Lord was in our midst. Our brother William House is made very useful at Hadlow, and although death has been, and is still taking from him the children dear to his heart, he is enabled to "hold on his way." In the persons of the brethren Philipot and Seager, he has two excellent deacons; and peace, with striking evidences of prosperity, are enjoyed by the church. The cause of truth here has struggled hard for many years; since the death of Mr. Crowhurst, their once excellent pastor, they have been favoured with the ministrations of the brethren J. B. McCure and Ward, both now in Anstralia: after that, of H. T. Pawson, now of Wolverhampton; and lastly, W. House, in the times of trial was sent to them. Through his instrumentality, I do hope the Lord will build them up, by gathering in many of his ransomed flock.

C. W. B.

BATH.—The anniversary of Ebenezer Chapel was holden in April. Brother Webster, of Trowbridge, preached; and on Monday, a happy meeting was holden; when the venerated pastor Huntley, of Limpley Stoke, and his two worthy sons were present, and with brother Webster, and other good men, rendered the occasion very interesting. A good degree of unity and gospel affection exists in Ebenezer; and this is no small mercy in these days. Mr. Wallinger has been preaching in his old chapel; and in various ways we have much truth in this western city. Many of the Lord's own children still weep over the loss of such men as the beloved ISBELL; the afflicted CROWWELL; and other faithful witnesses for Christ. Who has not heard of "the patriarch Cox, of Bath?" A testimonial is to be presented to him for his sterling moral work, his benevolent and Christian charity, his works of faith, and labours of love for so many years. The benefits of his visits among the poor and perishing, will never be fully known in this world. We hope a memoir of this aged sire will one day be given in these pages.

SWINESHEAD.—Mr. Thomas John Ewing, of Peterborough, is labouring here with much acceptance.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH AT GRAVESEND.—TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.—DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to ask through the medium of your valuable magazine, whether it is not possible for peace to be again restored among the once happy people of Zoar Chapel? I am sure that many on both sides, for I have been much among them, would heartily rejoice if such were the case; and there being some who are now standing out from baptism, but would immediately join the church, it is a heart-rending spectacle. Cannot all party feelings and unpleasantness be thrown to the moles and the bats, and all hands again joined together with the sacred motto waving over our heads of "Love ye one another?" I have earnestly enquired, I can assure you sir, and find that it only wants a mediator to step in, (and blessed would he be indeed) and I am sanguine enough to say that all would be right. Do sir, use all your influence to forward it, impressing upon ALL parties the words of our Saviour, "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, how can ye expect your heavenly Father to forgive you yours?" Sorrow hath melted the hearts of many, and the dear old saints would weep for joy to spend their remaining days with pastor and people. I know very well that angry words have been spoken, but they have been repented of: and sir, I can fairly state that from the highest to the lowest, not one excepted, has heartily repented of the sad and distressing disaster, and, as before stated, if some kind friend would act as mediator all would be right. Will no one step in? Is there not one, who, with the words, "blessed are the peace-makers" engraven on his heart, that will help us? Almighty Father! do thou send us one; or do thou arise and quell the storm, and immediately there shall be peace; if thou but speak the word, notwithstanding the opposition of Satan, the glorious sound of "Peace be unto you," will again echo from wall to wall of that once highly favoured spot.

My dear Mr. Editor, I am sure you will use your influence, by suggesting some plan whereby the whole affair may be amicably settled, and perhaps others will do so likewise. It is not too late for us yet to re-unite and "be perfect, of one mind, and to live in peace." Trusting that many others will now come forward and aid me in this desirable task, I remain, dear sir, your's in gospel bonds,
Gravesend.

A CANDIDATE FOR BAPTISM.

[It is said in Genesis viii. 10, "And Noah stayed yet other seven days; and again he sent forth the dove out of the ark; and the dove came unto him in the evening; and lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off: so Noah knew the waters were abated." Ever since "the flood" of sorrow fell upon Gravesend, we have sent forth the dove, hoping she would bring back the olive leaf. We send her forth once more. We believe the Lord alone can truly, sincerely, permanently, and happily reunite the friends of truth in Gravesend. And if the writer of this letter is not too sanguine; it may be done; if the glory of God, the spread of the Gospel, the building up of the church, the ingathering of precious souls, and the honourable and faithful administration of the ordinances of the new covenant, be the only thing desired by all parties; and if, by a re-union, these great ends can be (instrumentally) accomplished; then, let both parties meet for special prayer: let the Aarons and the Samuels, the Pauls and the Barnabases of our ministerial brethren be invited to meet with and counsel the friends: let prayer be followed up by conference, confession, and a thorough examination of the hearts, the feelings, the desires, and the motives of all parties; and thus may some solid estimate be formed of the most desirable course. We have met with the church and congregation at Milton Hall. Certainly, the Divine presence has been granted; but we, with many of the fathers and friends in the gospel kingdom, shall rejoice to see the church at Gravesend, standing nobly, righteously, and prosperously on her feet, once more going forth like an army with banners.—ED.]

READING.—I wrote to you last month, to tell you that eight candidates were received into church fellowship, on the first Lord's-day in March; and it is now my happy privilege to have to inform you that *eight more* were baptized on the first Lord's-day in May, six were conversions that had been effected by the Holy Ghost within the last twelve-months. Three of them somewhat remarkable, being all in one family, a father, a daughter and a son; the father had led a life of open sin for many years; his wife who is a member with us, had for *fourteen years* besieged the throne of grace on his behalf; many times was she on the point of giving over; many times did the adversary tell her that her prayers were all in vain; but it pleased the Lord to answer them at last, by blessing the preached word to his conversion. Some few months since, the subject of the sermon being, Mary at the sepulchre." His testimony when he came before the church, though simple, was savoury and unction to many souls. May this fact be an encouragement to the dear children of God, not to wax weary in praying for ourselves and godless relations. It shows that praying breath is never spent in vain. Turning to another subject, the reported "division among us at Reading." Some of our adversaries whose wish is father to the thought, having industriously circulated the report that fifty of our numbers have left us, and opened a room for worship elsewhere, I write to correct the *mistake*, to call it by a mild name. There is certainly a room in a private house in the town, where some ten, or a dozen people meet, who profess to be followers of the "Standard," but *only one* of our members, a female, has left to worship with them. So by a single addition of 49 to 1, our enemies have made the number 50. Well, duly appreciating the motive in which the report originated, we wish our enemies no greater harm than when they open their mouths to speak, they will be enabled to speak the truth.

B. W.

LEATHERHEAD.—BELOVED BROTHER, I constantly read your VESSEL, and CHEERING WORDS, deriving much comfort, instruction, and information. I hope British Christians will prize their privileges. May the Lord of the harvest long spare you to fill to the brim the pitcher, or earthen vessel, that we may therefrom drink and forget our poverty, love the Editor, and praise the Lord. Go on brother, and prosper; you have the love and prayers of many Christians. I come to tell you a few of the out-casts of Israel, were led by sovereign grace to unite in fervent prayer at the footstool of mercy, to be enabled to adopt such measures as should eventually bring us into a New Testament Church form, which our God has granted and brought to pass, on December 11th, 1859. Brother Southern, of 22, Hannibal Road, Stepney Green, Strict Baptist minister, officiated on the occasion, and a happy and soul-profitable day we had. Eleven of us, and brother Southern's wife, who had been a member of a Strict Baptist Church, became a member with us. Brother Southern kept an eye over us, and either came, or sent a supply; among others, he sent Mr. W. May, who has taken great interest in our cause, and has become a member with us. We have engaged him two Lord's-days in each month; frequently he has given us an extra day out of pure love to us; perceiving we are a poor praying people. We meet for worship Lord's-day mornings and evenings, and Thinsday evenings, in a school hired for the purpose for the present, behind a smith's shop, opposite the Independent Chapel. I state this, that should any one feel disposed to turn in with us, they may know where to find us. From an old pensioner, of the "Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society," (blessed society,) R. BLAKE, aged 74.

SHREWSBURY.—BROTHER HAWKINS'S PASTORATE AT ST. JOHN'S HILL, BAPTIST CHAPEL.—MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am again at my old post in Shrewsbury. Nearly nineteen years ago I left it for Bradford. Thero many souls were born to God. 131 were baptized by me in the river

there, and 161 in all, received into church fellowship by me. Ever since my removal from S. an unbroken affection has existed between us, and desires has been expressed often that our God would return my steps back to them. So when my intention to leave B. became known, efforts were made to effect this; but this seemed hopeless to most, as they were in such a sad low state, and themselves and all classes of Baptists wretchedly divided. But having prayed and laboured, I was, through some of them invited to another cause, and my soul desiring to benefit them, I came; but at first I saw no prospect of being able to settle among them, unless God did wonderfully appear. I saw so much to be done first, such as subduing enmities and prejudices; healing breaches; rousing the indifferent; constraining the timid, and to convert sinners. I could only rest on the portion ever on my mind, "Nothing is too hard for the Lord." I pleaded that night and day. I was anxious to be guided right, and by a plain path, and increasingly as I held invitations from two other churches, both of which I believed more preferable to flesh and blood than Salop. But such has been God's favour to us in working out all the above named requirements, that I could not but resolve to remain among them. And now if my gracious Master will continue so to work by us, I shall be happy to labour humbly, and perseveringly, and patiently in this important country town of the north-west. If he does not, then we shall be thankful, for what has been already done, and seek his gracious will, guidance, and blessing elsewhere. My address is after June 1st, No. 1, Belbeck Terrace, Belle Vue, and all brethren journeying this way, will by this, easily find me; but by Post, Post Office Orders for hymn books, &c., SHREWSBURY only will be enough.

Pray for us, that my heart's desire may be given to see a church established in the truth and love of the everlasting gospel; many ransomed sinners gathered to the Lord and to one another, and believers be able for all coming generations, have the opportunity and delight to lead their families to the house of God. Your's &c. W. HAWKINS.

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.—The fifty-third annual meeting was held on Tuesday evening, April 24, at the London Tavern. The unfavourable weather prevented a large attendance. Benjamin Scott, Esq., Chamberlain of London, occupied the chair. After singing, and prayer by Mr. Hazelton, the chairman gave a very appropriate address, expressing the pleasure he felt in thus becoming acquainted with the society and its objects. Mr. W. Jackson, Minute Secretary, read the Annual Report, stating there were now 486 pensioners on the funds from sixty to ninety years of age, incurring an outlay per month for pensions of £200. An election would take place on June 5th, of 8 candidates for the ten guinea pension list; 42 pilgrims were residing in the Asylum at Camberwell, the only regret being the limited extent of the building, more felt by reason of the society's enlarged growth. The committee are very anxious to commence the erection of another asylum north of London, to hold at least double the number. 400 aged saints wanting a quiet home—"free from Kent—" yet outside! Who will help this glorious work?—nearly £1000 has been realized towards this object. During the past year a friend has forwarded a donation of £560 for the General Fund. The Ladies' Auxiliary have established a Sick Fund for the benefit of the Asylum inmates, in cases of sickness and infirmity. An election for inmates would take place in August or September. A neat marble tablet had been erected in the Asylum Chapel in commemoration of the Rev. J. Bisset, founder of the society, in the year 1807. Mr. Box read the cash amount; expended during the year £2,515 18s., balance in hand, £188 10s. 4d. The meeting was addressed by Revs. Hugh Allen, J. B. French, Dr. Hewlett, J. Anderson, E. Cornwall, and Messrs. T. A. Young, Weatherhead, and Box. The doxology closed the proceedings.

IPSWICH.—BELOVED EDITOR.—On Lord's-day, 29th April, we had three good anniversary sermons preached by brother Bloomfield, to a crowded house full of attentive hearers, and our good Lord mercifully helped him, and many were blessed. Collections £20. And on Lord's day, 6th May, six persons were baptized, the oldest one aged 74, and the youngest 24; again our chapel was crammed full, evidences of the divine presence were manifestly felt, and we are still a people blessed with peace and prosperity. Hallelujah. T. POOCK.

May 12th.

DEAR SISTER.—I send you these few lines on the late baptizing occasion; my soul rejoiced to see our six dear friends so blessedly helped to follow our dear adorable Lord, before such a host of people. More I hear are coming, to God be all the praise.

Rejoice, O! Bethesda, in this blessed sight,
More children are brought from darkness to light;
All glory to God, who brings them forth thus,
To give themselves up to HIM, and to us;
There see our good pastor, like a palm tree stand,
Exhorting each one, whom he takes by the hand;
And telling of him who laid in the grave,
Who rose up again, our souls for to save;
Thus each of our friends were enabled to walk,
In Zion's good ways, and of Jesus to talk;
What savoury things did our brother declare;
And told us how he was mercifully there;
How far from his God in sin he had gone,
And then to the Gadarens tried to make one;
Both empty and hungry, no comfort he found,
Until he was brought to Bethesda's ground.
Where God in rich mercy did lead him to see,
Salvation is full, rich, finish'd, and free;
No "yea," and "nay" gospel will do for him more,
His soul now delights free grace to adore;
Ascribing all glory to his saving Lord,
Who brought him to walk in this blessed road;
Lord help them to hold on their pilgrimage through,
Thy Word may they love; Thy will may they do;
More children bring in to join with the host,
To praise Father, Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Surely the dear Lord is very good to us as a church and people; may we feel more love to his dear name and truth, and live closer to him, and more to his praise, pray for me and mine dear sister, and the dear Lord bless you. Your sister in the Lord Jesus. RUTH.

May 14th.

AMERSHAM, BUCKS.—We have a letter from a God-fearing man, descriptive of the happy success with which our beloved brother, Dr. Bell's son is labouring at Amersham. This young minister is said to be eminently fired with love most intense, and zeal for three things; the proclamation of gospel truths; the honour of God; and the ingathering of precious souls. We hope to have more matured reports of his growth and advancement in the gospel kingdom. To his dear father, and Christian friends, this must be a cause for that thankfulness to God indeed.

MENDLESHAM.—Suffolk still maintains its character for supporting the gospel; and most of our churches are supplied with able men. Little Stonham, (the original parsonage of the late poor W. Tant, who died at Manchester just before Christmas last, is supplied by Mr. Merrett, and Mr. Bartholomew, of Colchester, is now preaching with much acceptance to the church at Mendlesham. Our friend J. E. Runneckles still stands with us, and is a real friend to the cause of truth. Mr. Curtis, and many more faithful men are praying for Zion's prosperity; and their prayers are answered. Mrs. Barker on the Green, has been suddenly called home. Death and trials surround us; but God is our refuge still.

AN OCCASIONAL TRAVELLER IN SUFFOLK.

HAYES, MIDDLESEX.—The first anniversary to commemorate the settlement of Mr. J. Griffith (as pastor) took place on Monday, May 7th.

Afternoon, brother Brunt, of Colnbrook, preached an excellent sermon from 2 Peter i. 4, "Exceeding great and precious promises." At 6 o'clock, the chair was taken by the venerable Mr. Weekly, who gave a very striking and detailed account of the Lord's dealings with the church from its commencement till now; and in behalf of the friends presented the pastor (J. Griffith,) with a beautiful purse containing 12 sovereigns, which he (the pastor) kindly acknowledged in an affectionate and very affecting speech. Brother Bloomfield, (Mr. Griffith's late pastor,) read the 48th Psalm, and stated that it was the first portion of God's word read in that chapel on the day of opening by his venerable predecessor, Mr. John Stevens. Mr. B. also gave an excellent address on "Precious loving-kindness;" other brethren followed in the rear, and each seemed in good working order, and spoke well from the several subjects allotted them, namely, brethren Parsons, of Brentford, on Precious Thoughts; Pells, of Soho, on Christ as the Precious Man; and Gliddon, of Hayes, on Precious Hopes. The young friends sang several pieces. It was truly a happy day, pastor and people are living together in the bonds of peace; and prosperity reigns within the gates of Zion at Hayes. Praise ye the Lord.

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.—This is one of the largest Baptist Chapels on the Suffolk coast. We think it will hold several hundreds of people; the cause has had many changes. Our brother Arthur Baker, (better known as Corporal Baker,) is now preaching Christ to them. The following note is encouraging:

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—It affords me great joy to relate another token of our kind covenant-keeping God in Christ to his dear people at this church, unto which the Most High has called me to labour. Last Lord's-day, (13th May,) I was most graciously favoured to baptize two brothers, upon a good sound gospel testimony of their faith in the pardoning blood, and justifying righteousness of Christ; it was comforting to behold the deep solemnity of the people; it affords me great comfort to preach to them the word of life. I hope we shall soon be again favoured to meet for the same purpose; there are several whose hearts the Lord has convinced of sin, and are weeping for the king of Salem, to say, "go in peace." Oh! let us sing praises unto our God, who will do all his pleasure. We were highly favoured with the savoury presence of brother R. from Chasfield, who, in the afternoon, preached from Titus iii. 14, and then administered unto us the precious ordinance of the Lord's Supper. Thus the Lord blessed us with a token of his love. Amen.

A. BAKER.

TIDINGS FROM THE WEST.—Some of our letters from the West, are encouraging; some testify to the steady and happy acceptance of brother Collins's ministry at How Street, Plymouth; and others lament the fearful falling away of some who have been received with much pleasure and soul profit. We give the following nearly verbatim, praying most sincerely that the anticipated meetings and associated prayers of the churches and ministers in the West, may long enjoy the substantial and eternal mercies of the Lord our God. Our old friend says:—

DEVONPORT, May 13, 1860. MY VERY DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—You will be glad to hear of the prosperity of the cause of God at Mount Zion Chapel, through our esteemed brother Vaughan's ministry; it far exceeds all we could have expected; the chapel is nearly full; the ministry is much blessed; and is increasingly placed in the affections of the godly. The work is prospering every day; and Mr. V. is a loving, hard working man of God, for God, and the flock of God; in the pulpit and out of it: he has raised a school, and has a great one already; good supply of teachers, and materials to carry it out; through the savour of the ministry, the old hands that were hanging down, are now

raised up; their harp that was on the willows, is taken down; and they singing the Lord's song in Canaan's land full of milk and honey; as you are about to visit us in the west, his pulpit is open for you; there is no contradiction with him; the Lord keeps him faithful; and increasingly fruitful; and the people withhold no good thing from him; he is in communion with the ministers of vital truth in three towns; and they are about to have a meeting, congregations and ministers, once a week in prayer; one week at Plymouth, the next at Stonehouse, then at Devonport, all to meet together, hoping the Lord will bless it. Our beloved brother, Mr. Hemington, keeps his ground well at Stonehouse, and the ministry is greatly blessed; and adding to the church steadily; and our prayers ascend up to the Lord that he may long be kept in the west, and continued to do good as he hitherto has done. We have a revival; and still pray and hope to see a greater. Your friend,

J. GREENSLADE.

CHARD, SOMERSETSHIRE, May 14, 1860. Staying a few hours with that venerable servant of Christ, Mr. Joseph Indge, minister of Broadlake Baptist Meeting, he wrote on a slate to me, the following sentences: I earnestly advise you not to enter, or to have anything further to do with that controversy about Sonship. You will be involved in a whirlpool before you are aware." I stick in such portions as Watts,

"Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless honour due;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One."

Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails, and love adores."
C. W. B.

UXBRIDGE.—Baptist Chapel. The anniversary services were held on the 17th and 22nd of April, Mr. Fleming, of Kentish Town, preached in the afternoon, and Mr. Tucker, of Camden Town, in the evening, the following ministers assisted: Messrs S. Lillycrop, J. Gibson, G. Rouse, Snowden, pastor. Mr. E. Harris preached on the Lord's-day. A large party sat down to tea in the school-room.

GREAT CATWORTH, HUNTS.—We have a neat chapel—quite full; free from debt; are building galleries; but a devoted, earnest servant of Christ, sound in heart, clear in mind, solemn in feeling; zealous in labouring; and of a kind disposition, is much needed. Mr. John Ewing, was very useful to us while here.

MALMESBURY.—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—Under the ministry of Mr. Smith, (in Mr. Martin's Chapel,) we are wonderfully reviving. Our people say, they never heard such a man before. It is really wonderful.—

[Mr. Martin has been a great blessing to many in Malmesbury for many years; by his ministry, the Lord has called, converted, and comforted many hundreds; some of them are in glory; many are still on the earth. Mr. Smith can do no more: it will be a mercy, if, by his ministry, the Lord still carries on the good work.—Ed.]

BEDMOND.—We had a good day at Bedmond, Tuesday may 8th, brother Wells preached two Gospel sermons to crowded congregations. In the afternoon 63rd of Isaiah, "I that speak in righteousness mighty to save." In the evening from the 4th, of Ephesians, "The bond of peace." Above one hundred took tea between the services:—after tea, brother Wells presented (on the behalf of the church) a purse of money, containing four guineas, to the pastor, as a token of love and gratitude for his services having been among them ten years. After the evening service, two friends, from Dunstable presented the pastor with a new pocket Bible, who had been blessed under a sermon preached at Dunstable, a little time previous by him. P. S. O.

THE LAST DAYS OF MR. J. MASON.

BRELOVED BROTHER BANKS,—Would you announce in the EARTHEN VESSEL the death of Mr James Mason, late of Yoxford, in Suffolk, who left this world on Lord's-day, April 22nd? I cannot say much about his last illness, as I am living some miles from Yoxford; but you are aware that his poor wife has, within the last few weeks, broken her thigh from a fall. As I was engaged to preach at Colchester, on the 8th of April, the Aldringham folk wished me to invite him to suppy for me, intending to assist him thereby in his time of need, I therefore wrote him to that effect. In reply, he says, "I find, my brother, that you are only aware of a part of my affliction; I wish to tell you that I myself am ill with jaundice; but as my medical attendant says, I shall be better in the course of a week, I shall try to oblige you, by supplying for you on the 8th;" however I received a note on the Friday to say he had not been so well since Monday, and must give up the hope of serving me and the people." On the following Friday, a friend came and told me that Mr. Mason wished to see me on the following day, as he considered himself in dying circumstances, and wished to arrange with me about being buried at Aldringham. I went as requested and found him dying. I enquired about the state of his mind, and his answer was, "resting on the Lord." We had some little conversation, in the course of which he said he had had four hours severe conflict with the enemy, who insinuated that there was no God, no hereafter, &c.; but when I saw him, the snare was broken, and he was calm and confident. His poor wife also (who was lying in the same room, in a helpless state, signified her perfect satisfaction with the will of her Lord; and said she believed she should be provided for, and her five children, in the event of her husband's death. O, I thought what a precious and invaluable religion is that which can support, and even comfort, its possessor under circumstances like these. I now read the Word of God to them, prayed *with* and *for* them and bid our brother farewell, persuaded I should see him no more in this world. And so it was, for he expired soon after 9 the next morning. I buried him in our chapel ground on the following Lord's-day, and preached his funeral sermon to a large congregation, from words chosen by himself; viz, "The Eternal God is thy Refuge, and undernoath are the everlasting arms." He charged me to say nothing about himself; but to preach Jesus. He said, "tell the people I am feeling that the everlasting arms are beneath me" He had of late been preaching to a few people at Sudbourn, in a room, and some few of them our brother baptised in our pool at Aldringham; and I believe he administered the ordinances in their midst. Most of them were present at the funeral, and seemed much to feel the unexpected loss of their under shepherd; the friends at our chapel subscribed about £3 to assist the family in their present distress, and I have no doubt it was thankfully

received; and if any friends (or company of friends) who may see this paper could so sympathise with them as to help them, I think the Lord would approve of and reward the deed thus done to Him.

I have written this line for insertion in your VESSEL, because I know our departed brother was known by many as a preacher of the Gospel, and I thought they would like to hear what sort of a finish he made: His call by grace &c., may be seen in the EARTHEN VESSEL for 1846.

Hoping the Lord will continue to bless you, my brother, and grant you support under your recent loss and all your trials, I beg to remain yours in the ties of Christian love,

J. BRAND.

Aldringham, near Saxmundham Suffolk.

Mr. Brand of Aldringham adds, last Lord's-day I buried the widow of the late John Sewell (who for many years was a useful Deacon of the church here) in her 89th year: her soul went to heaven on the 30th day of the last month.

[Mr. James Mason was a friend of ours for many years. A firm and faithful friend to the truths: and an honourable man in his life and conversation. His trials have been severly heavy. We earnestly entreat all who read this, will prayerfully and practically remember his poor widow and five fatherless children. The address will be, Mrs. Mason, widow of the late Baptist Minister, Yoxford, near Saxmundham.—Ed.]

Since the above letter was in type, we have received the following letter from the bereaved widow of the deceased.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I write to let you know the trying path I have had to travel since the first of March. On the evening of that day I fell down, and broke my leg in two places; my poor husband took me up stairs, and laid me on the bed: after my leg was set, I had a sweet feeling that my affliction was sent in love; I felt quite resigned; but, dear brother, amidst all this sweetness, I felt my affliction was only the beginning of troubles: and so I told a dear friend of our's, brother Brett, of Leiston, whoisnow supplying at Sudbourn, for my late husband. I had not been confined to my bed more than three weeks before my dear husband was taken ill with the yellow jaundice, and inflammation on the liver, which proved fatal. He had not been well since last Oct. I have often noticed how ill he looked when he came home from his journey; but he was not a man to give up for trifles; his heart was in the work: the truth of God, and the good of souls. I have often said, "You will wear yourself out;" his answer was, "It is better to wear out, than rust out." On the 1st of April, he was quite ill: but requested to be called at 3 o'clock in the morning, which was his usual time for the last four years; he got up, and went down stairs; I tried to persuade him not to go, but his answer was, "the Lord has always given me strength according to my day." He went down stairs for about half an hour, but was obliged to go to

bed again for he was very ill. He continued to get worse. I said to him, "we have a try-path now:" I cannot wait on you: nor you on me;" his answer was,

"Did I meet no trials here;
No chastisement by the way:
Might I not with reason fear,
I should prove a castaway?"

When a friend asked him if he thought he should get better? he said, "the Lord's will be done; whether it be for life or death." He looked at me and saw I was weeping; he asked me what I was weeping for? My heart was too full to speak. He said, "the Lord will be a better master, and kinder husband to you, than I have been." It was truly blessed to be with him; not a murmur was ever heard to escape his lips; at times, his mouth seemed filled with praise. The clergyman of the place visited him on the Thursday, and asked how he was; and if he should pray with him; his reply was, "yes, sir, if you please." When he took out a prayer book from his pocket, my poor husband said, "I thought you were going to engage in prayer, I don't call that prayer;" and then quoted two lines of a hymn.

"Prayer is the life of God in man,
Uttered or unexpressed."

The gentleman acknowledged he could not pray extempore; so far he was honest; he behaved very kindly, and gave me half a crown. On Friday morning, the doctor came to see us; two had attended him; both gave him up. A little while after this, I told him I had something to tell him, if his mind could bear it, his answer was, "his mind could bear anything." I then told him the doctors had given him up; he smiled, and said, "then I must have the children come up, for I must talk to them whilst I am able. He had the three little ones called up, one at a time; and talked to them in a most affectionate manner. At night he spoke to Hephzibah and Charlotte, and told them it was his dying testimony, and they were good girls, and he hoped they would continue such. This was a most distressing scene to see a dying father delivering his advice to the dear children of his affection, and resigning them to his heavenly Father. I pray he will be their heavenly Father also.

Saturday night he felt a change; about eight o'clock, he said he felt as though he was dying. I asked him whether we should call any one, and he said, "no. I felt revived," when he seemed inclined to dose. I think about 9 o'clock, he sat up in bed, and called for his bible; he looked a few minutes, and then he says to his daughter Ruth, "take it away; my reading is all over." Then he says, "oh! how I am harassed. I said, *what about?*" He said, "the devil tells me there is no heaven, nor is there any God. I have been preaching a false doctrine all my days." I said, "you know what he is, he is a liar, and the father of lies." "Oh! ah! so he is," he said, "I have had hard work with him this last four hours." I said to my daughter, Ruth, "take the bible, and read to your father." She read the 10th and 11th Psalms,

which he got great comfort from; for when she had done, he smiled, and said, "*that is beautiful.*" Satan is gone now; he won't trouble me any more; and I believe that was the only time Satan was allowed to visit him. He was very restless on the Saturday night, but when he had his senses, his breath was spent in telling what a great sinner he was. A woman said to him, I wish I was as good as you; he said, "there is none in me, my goodness dwells in Christ my Head." A young man who used to call and see us, said, "this is not like a sick room; it is more like the gate of heaven." He died about 9 o'clock on Sunday morning; the last words I heard him say, were, "Lord, receive my spirit."

I am left with five children; the oldest not 16; and not able to leave my bed. I am in great difficulties, which is a great trouble to my mind. The parish won't allow me any thing because my two eldest can earn a little. It would oblige me very much as it was my husband's dying request, that the account of his death should be put in the VESSEL, to let his friends know he is at rest with God. If you would mention my case in your pulpit, you might be able to get me a little. The Aldringham and Leiston people, have been very kind to me in this time of trouble. I subscribe myself in the valley of Achor,
SARAH MASON.

Our Australian Mail.

NOTE FROM GEELONG.

DEAR BROTHER,— "It was impossible for God to lie," therefore I am favoured, on my twentieth anniversary in the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to testify that I have obtained help of God, therefore I continue unto this day; witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which I have seen and heard that Jesus is the Christ.

I have enclosed a copy of a letter I sent to the church at Ballaratt; put it in the VESSEL. They had a minister who endeavoured to make an open communion church of them: they wrote to me: I am thankful to inform you that he has left them, and they are holding fast the profession of their faith, without wavering. The churches out here of every creed, are in a fearful state; those few who are contending (or who ought to be) for the faith, are divided and sub-divided.

We as a church have only one trouble. I rejoice the Lord is with us. I am going to baptize some the Lord has given me. I have been here more than seven years. "I will sing of thy power; yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning for thou hast been my defence and refuge in the day of my trouble."

If it was the Lord's will, I should very much like to return to England; nearly eight years is a long time to be in this hot country; the Lord knows, it is only for Zion that I am staying here, or else I would leave to-morrow.
JOHN BUNYAN MC CURE.

The Offerings, the Priests, and the People, IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

THE *Religion* of the New Covenant has a deep *Root* in the souls of all God's quickened Elect—implanted by the HOLY SPIRIT; from this *Root* springs up the *Regenerated* new-man—the inner-man—the repenting and sorrowing man. To the eyes of this New-man is *revealed* the holiness and the righteousness of the Eternal GOD. This first *revelation* makes the New-man tremble; and even nature itself is, in some cases, most dreadfully alarmed—"Men and brethren, what must we do?" This is the voice of the *living* soul when *sin* is seen and felt *within*, and *purity* and *power* are seen in the ALMIGHTY whose law we have broken. But, Mercy and Majesty are beheld in the Person and work of the blessed DAYS-MAN when to the weeping and wondering eyes of a precious faith the Holy Ghost doth reveal HIM who *has saved*—who *does save*—who is *able* to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by HIM. This Revelation produces hope; this hope sets the soul on seeking for all that it needs; this *Prayer* is encouraged; it is answered:—now, LOVE to God is shed abroad; and the High and Lofty One is worshipped in spirit and in truth. This worship is honoured by seasons of communion—the soul silently and sweetly, gratefully and solemnly saith—"and truly our fellowship is with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." Trials and temptations follow, sometimes they make dreadful havoc both in the soul; and in the situation of the true believer; but long as they may last; low as they may sink him; they cannot destroy the *root* of life within:—there is a needs be for those faith-confirming scriptures, "the Eternal God is thy Refuge; and *underneath* are the everlasting arms:"—to that Refuge, and to those arms alone, is all the glory of a believer's *safety* to be attributed.

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling:"

Again—"I give unto my sheep eternal life; and they shall never perish; neither shall any pluck them out of my hands;"—how far Satan and fallen spirits may *try* a seeking soul, is not said:—but the impossibility of *perishing*; or being plucked out of his hands, is guaranteed. Again, "Your life is *hid* with CHRIST IN GOD; and when Christ who is our Life shall appear, then shall ye also appear with Him in glory."

This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord. In few words we have referred to

their *beginning*, their *progress*, and their *end*. But the ten thousand intricate and mysterious paths through which some of the ransomed have to travel, no man can ever fully declare:

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
God treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will."

These thoughts, and a flood of meditations, broke forth in our mind as we turned over the leaves of that volume of much value, entitled, "*Notes on the Book of Leviticus*," published by George Morrish, 24, Warwick Lane, Paternoster Row; W. H. Broom, 112, Pentonville Road, &c.

Who the writer is, we are not told; but his "*Notes on Genesis and Exodus*," have been well received; and his writings on different interesting subjects, are numerous and useful.

In entering upon an exposition of the Levitical dispensation, the writer has been most blessedly anointed: his pure eye of faith, (illuminated by the holy fire of heaven) has discovered the full glories of Christ's person and his entire work; and with much ability, with deep spirituality, and considerable evangelical liberty, he has preached to us "the unsearchable riches of Christ." Preachers, Students, and Teachers of all degrees, will find these "Notes" helpful, and cheering to them in their labours.

The glory of Christ's person is a delightful feature in the volume before us. One paragraph will be sufficient, here it is entire.

"I would, (says the author,) at this point, solemnly admonish my reader, that he cannot be too jealous in reference to the vital truth of the Person and the relations of the Lord Jesus Christ. If there be error as to this, there is no security as to anything. God cannot give the sanction of his presence to aught that has not this truth for its foundation. The person of Christ is the living, the divine centre, round which the Holy Ghost carries on all his operations. Let slip the truth as to him, and you are like a vessel broken from its moorings, and carried without rudder or compass, over the wild, watery waste, and in imminent danger of being dashed to fragments upon the rocks of Arianism, infidelity, or Atheism. Question the eternal sonship of Christ—question his deity—question his unspotted humanity,—and you have opened the floodgate for a desolating tide of deadly error to rush in. Let no one imagine, for a moment, that this is a mere matter to be discussed by learned theologians,—a curious question,—a reconditte mystery, a point about which we may lawfully differ. No; it is a vital, fundamental truth to be held in the power of the Holy Ghost, and maintained at the expense of all beside; yea, to be confessed under all circumstances, whatever may be the consequences."

Original Papers on the Canticles.

"THE HOUSE OF CEDAR AND CYPRESS."

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

"Our bed is green. The beams of our house are cedar, and our galleries of cypress."—Cant. i. 16, 17.

PREVIOUS writers on this precious portion of the word of God have strangely overlooked the very *point* of this part of it, and the important truth which it sets forth. Some have connected these expressions with the splendid temple of Solomon, simply because *Cedar-wood* formed so large a portion of the materials of that edifice. One thing is to be clearly traced all through the figurative story of the song of Solomon, namely:—the Bridegroom is never confined within walls and buildings. He is always in the open country. All the pictures presented to us in which we see him, are pictures of rural scenery. On the other hand, we find the bride within walls and gates. Whenever she is so, she is separated from her beloved. She is on one occasion represented asleep on her bed, and he is outside the gate, knocking for admittance; and yet not seeking admittance either, but seeking to rouse her, and bring her forth again into the free air of the mountains. His language to her is, "Rise up, my love, my fair one, and *come away*." We cannot mistake the spiritual meaning of that incident in the bride's history. We have there the Christian forgetting his pilgrim character and making himself a home—taking rest and finding enjoyment in this evil world. The house of cedar sets forth the very opposite of this. The first part of the bride's history, as we have already noticed, is the record of uninterrupted friendship and intercourse. It is all enjoyed away from the cities and resorts of men. And here, the very distinct figure before us is, the happy repose of two dear friends in a grove of trees, who as they lie on the *green grass*, look up to the waving branches above them, and exclaim, "Our house is of the cedar trees, and the galleries thereof of the cypress—a green fir."

Abraham was called to go out from his country and his father's house. "He went out not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country." So likewise of all the good and holy men of whom the apostle speaks in connection with "our father" Abraham, he says:—"These all died in the faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them, and con-

fessed that they were *strangers and pilgrims on the earth*." Thus Abraham "the dweller in tents," and God's chosen people Israel, when they were a nation of wanderers without house or home, present to us the type of the true Christian, who is a citizen of heaven walking through this world, as not being of it. A stranger here, hastening on towards his own country and his father's house; content to have any tent in any place pitched up for the night. One who would gladly keep moving; striking his tent each morning, to get another day's pilgrimage over, and another stage nearer to his journey's end. Cities were first built by Cain, and by the descendants of the guilty Ham. Nimrod, "a mighty one in the earth," was a dweller in the city. He was "a rebellious one," as his name signifies. It was a gathering of *the rebellious ones*, who sought to build BABEL, in order to keep themselves together and get to themselves a name. The world is still full of Babel-builders. Men of the world are still ready to unite together to strengthen themselves, and get to themselves a name in the cities of this world's greatness. The family of God should have no part in this. They have no resting place here. At least they should never seek one. God's warning voice is loud and distinct, "Arise, and depart, this is not your rest, *it is polluted*." This applies to the whole church of God, all through the present dispensation. Whatever the outward circumstances of the church, she must be in heart *the dweller in tents*; and whatever the condition of men of the world, they are emphatically *the city-builders*. And here, in a word, is the distinct, but solemn difference, between the two. The one is content with the tent now, looking for a city hereafter, and a place in it for ever; the other has the city now, it may be even a city of palaces; but hereafter outer darkness, and no home nor rest for ever. Men of the world have their portion here, and they have nothing better to do, than to build cities, and adorn and beautify those places where their treasure lies. The bride of Christ has no portion here, Christ himself is her portion; and where he is is her home. He was rejected in this world. He only passed through it to accomplish the great work of *her redemption*. *She* is rejected too. *She* also only passes through.

For a brief space of time obliged to be in a strange land but rejoicing to know that every step makes the journey less ; and that very soon *she* will reach her home. *She* has the precious promise:—"I will see you again, and your heart shall rejoice, and your joy no man taketh from you."

This real and practical separation from the world, is not seen in the lives of many of the Lord's people. Yet how plain and unmistakable the words of Jesus:—"If ye were of the world, the world would love his own: but because ye are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." We are to expect the world to cast us out. "They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service. And these things will they do unto you, because they have not known the Father, nor me." Have the men of the world now become acquainted with the Father and Jesus? Does the world now receive, or still reject, that blessed One whose *we* are? Has the offence of the cross ceased? The world knows not the Father; still rejects Jesus, and his cross is still an offence—to some a stumbling block, to others foolishness. How is it then that there is generally such a good understanding between the church and the world? The Lord's people have lowered their testimony. They are not the "separated ones." We see that by conforming to the world the offence of the cross is avoided; and certainly we cannot say in any case there is an altered condition of the world, which welcomes the cross and does away with its offence.

The want of this true separation produces another evil. The testimony of the church as a body is weakened, for the Lord himself seems to depart. "Verily, thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel, the Saviour."

There are two ways in which the Lord at various seasons appears to have left his church—in regard to the power of its testimony to the world; and also as it respects the personal comfort and communion of his own people. At times, and in certain places, the preaching of the gospel is attended with little or no power on the conscience of the hearers. No conviction of sin ensues, and there are no conversions to God. The Lord's people continue to assemble themselves together at the usual periods, but their meetings are dry and barren. The preaching becomes uninteresting and fails to draw hearers together. Places where hundreds used to attend, now only present the discouraging spectacle of empty pews or benches, with the scattered dozens or scores of listless attendants. Examine into the circumstances of each place, and you will

almost invariably find that the other evil also prevails; namely, the souls of those believers who meet there are in a dull and darkened condition, they are either mourning over the absence of their Lord, or they have become so accustomed to it, that they go through a round of "duties" with neither life nor joy. In another part of the story before us, we see that the bridegroom goes away because of the careless and unkind treatment of the bride. Just so, the Lord never withdraws the comforts of his presence but the fault is in ourselves. We sin him away. He never leaves us wholly, but he allows a cloud to come in, which hinders the shining forth of the light of his countenance upon us. The common occasions of such a dealing with us are, our grieving the Spirit; the little value we put upon the many means or opportunities of communion we have; carelessness as to our conversation, or the choice of our companions; self-indulgence in carnal ease; worldly conformity; a hankering after worldly goods, or increasing worldly prosperity, filling the heart with the love of luxury or wealth, and generally a departure from the warmth of the "first love," and a ceasing to "tremble at God's word."

The design of our gracious God in his dealings is always the restoration of our souls, and our spiritual blessing and comfort. He makes us feel the want of his presence, that we may value it more; and that the grace we have may be tried, and brought into active exercise, and grow thereby. He would also teach us heavenly wisdom, in order to make us fitting instruments to deal with fellow christians in like condition. It is in his love too to deliver us from all carnal security or union with the world, so as to prepare us for a closer and more abiding communion with himself. He sometimes allows his people to fall very low, in order to teach them what a very bitter thing sin is. Yet whatever may be the particular circumstance in each case, we may sum up all by saying, that the Lord's unvarying purpose of grace is, to humble his children that they may be truly exalted in due season. This should encourage us in all such circumstances to say; "I will arise and go to my Father;" or, to cry earnestly with the Psalmist "Turn us, O Lord, and we shall be turned." We ought fully to depend on his promise that he would never leave nor forsake us, and, amidst all seeming desertion, rest in the assurance that he is with us though we see him not nor feel his presence. Our feeling should be that of Jonah:—"I said, I am cast out of thy sight; yet will I look again toward thy holy temple."

The shadows are about us,
The night is long and sad;
The Lord appears to leave us,
How can our souls be glad?

We are children of the day,
Our light comes from above;
But darkness gathers in our way,
When this dark world we love.

Oh! help us, blessed Jesus,
To walk in thy own light;
And cast all darkness from us,
Faith rising above sight.
The things we see are tempting,
But they belong to night;
The things beyond are cheering,
When thou dost make them bright.

And thou art coming for us,—
Will morning soon be here?—
Then keep us, precious Jesus!
Until thou shalt appear.
We watch then for the morning,
And we will oft cry, "Come!"
For Jesus soon returning,
Shall take us safely home!

T. G. B.

SALVATION BY GRACE.

LINES

Composed by T. WHITTLE, after hearing a Sermon by
MR. KENSHAW, at the Baptist Chapel, East Street,
Walworth, May 8, 1860. "By grace are ye saved."

SINNERS now who feel their ruin,
And confess their helpless state;
Trust to their great Surety's doing,
While they feel their sins are great.
And Jehovah,
Meets them at the mercy seat.

Grace alone can melt contrition,
From the sinner's broken heart;
And the comfort of salvation,
Cause his doubtings to depart,
God the Spirit,
Takes the ruin'd sinner's part.

Grace will lead the soul to Jesus,
And the fountain of his blood;
That's the price that can deliver,
From the righteous curse of God;
Sin is buried,
In that deep unfathom'd flood.

Grace its holy rights asserting,
Conquers our exalted pride;
And its mighty power exerting,
Brings us near the Saviour's side.
Then how happy,
Is the highly favour'd Bride.

Matchless grace is still abounding,
In temptation's darkest night;
All our fighting foes confounding,
Puts the rebel Host to flight.
Then with singing,
On we march with fresh delight.

Grace will keep the chosen people,
From the errors that abound;
If they're preached in barn or steeples,
And will make the judgment sound;
Satan's servants,
Shall not God's elect confound.

Grace will cause the soul to venture,
On Christ's righteousness alone;
To the everlasting centre,
Where we're balm'd round the throne.
"Royal apparel,"
Worn by God's elect alone,

Grace will give a crown of glory,
To the saints redeem'd with blood;
Gild us o'er the mighty Jordan,
To the paradise of God.
Hallelujah,
None shall perish in the flood.

WHERE THE PASTOR FOUND HIS
SERMON.

"WHERE," said a plain-spoken elder to his pastor,—“where did you get that sermon last Sunday morning? We have not had one with *more juice* in it for many a day.”

“Well,” said the pastor, “part of it came from your house, and part from neighbour V—B—’s, and part from Widow R—’s; and one of the best hints in it came from your little boy, Frank. I picked up that sermon in one day of pastoral visiting.”

He was a wise pastor. He had not a very large library, and his family increased faster than his books. But the book of human nature is never exhausted, and so he set out often, and went from house to house *studying his people*. And by the fire-sides of his flock he gathered up the suggestive materials for his richest practical discourses. If he was preparing a sermon on “Trusting God in Times of Trial,” he recalled all the cases of trouble and affliction that had come to his knowledge during his last days of pastoral visitation. People love to tell their troubles to their minister, and always will do so, if he is a cordial, approachable man (as every pastor should be). So, in reviewing the various trials in which we need divine support, he drew his illustrations from the many tales of trial that had reached his ear and touched his heart at the hearthstones of his parishioners. Elder A— had told him of his religious griefs and despondency; neighbour V— B— had spoken of his anxieties about a wayward son; and good widow R— had her usual dolorous lament over her bereavement, and “what hard work it was to make both ends meet, since *her man* had died of the rheumatism.” Miss M— had told him all her difficulties in finding her way to Christ. For each one of these troubled souls the good pastor had a cheery word of consolation. With each of them he prayed. And then he went back to his study, and wove all these individual cases (without making his allusions so personal as to be recognised) into his next Sabbath's sermon.

This is the secret of a long and a lasting ministry. The pastor who studies his Bible and human nature never wears out, for his materials are inexhaustible. His books may be few, but every day's life of one of his people adds a new page to that endless volume—the *book of human experience*. How shall a minister of Christ understand that pregnant volume without studying it? And where can he study it better than by the fire-sides and the sick-beds of his flock? If our people need our preaching, to help them to live, we as certainly need their lives to help us to preach.—*Family Treasury*.

THE WIDOWER, AND HIS DARLING CHILD.

[We cannot resist quoting from *The Family Treasury* the following delightful tale of the Triumphs of Faith. *The Family Treasury* (published by Nelson and Sons, of Edinburgh, and of London,) is a monthly volume full of beautiful illustrations both of biblical truth and of the wonders of grace in graceless and in gracious hearts. A recent part gives the following.—Ed. E. V.]

"It was a poor little room the sun was looking into, just as it was setting. There was no carpet on the floor, and no curtains to the window. In one corner stood a little old stove, cracked and rusty, with a few red coals in the grate. By the stove, in a curious old chair, roughly made, yet looking very comfortable, sat a little girl rocking back and forth. It was a very pale face that the sun shone upon, and a very thin, pale hand it was, that the little girl was holding up, shading her eyes. Every once in a while the little girl dropped her hand, and looked towards the window with a bright smile,—and no wonder! for there stood the prettiest of rose bushes, with bright green leaves, and one dark crimson bud, just opening. She sat watching it, till the last rays of the sun died away, and it began to grow dark. Then the old look of sadness came back to her face, and, drawing her old shawl closer round her, she sat leaning her head on her hand. By-and-bye there was a sound of footsteps, and the door opened, and a man entered, with a slow and heavy step. She turned round with a quick smile—'O father, what has made you so late?'

"He said nothing; but, stooping down, lifted her in his arms, and sat down by the fire. Though he lifted her very gently, an expression of pain passed over her face, and you could see that the poor limbs hung shrunken and helpless. He was a rough-looking man, with a rough heavy voice; but when he spoke to her, his tones were very gentle, and as he held her in his lap, he stroked softly her hair, and kissed her again and again.

"How have you been to-day, Lizzie?"

"Pretty well, father. When neighbour Green came in to see to the fire, she brought me some nice warm broth for my dinner. Wasn't it nice, father—and wasn't it odd too? I'd been thinking all the morning how good some broth would taste, and then just to think I had some for my dinner. And then the best of all is that dear little rose-bush. You can't see it now, it's so dark; it's got one dear little bud, and it won't eat anything but water, so I can keep it. Mrs. Smith brought it to me, and she brought a nice basketful of things besides; and you'll get some of them for your supper—won't you, father?"

"He put her back carefully in her chair, then put on a few more coals, and brought out from a basket in a corner their supper. After they had eaten, he took her again in his arms and sat down with her.

"Was the day very long, Lizzie?"

"Yes," she said; "the days are all long without mother."

"He started as she said it, then said, 'I'm very glad she isn't here.'

"Glad! father?"

"Yes, glad, for—he said almost in a whisper—'they never hunger there. I wish we were there too.'

"He laid his head on her shoulder, while the words came fast: 'No work—I have hunted, hunted everywhere. I have been ready to give up, and then I would think of you, Lizzie, and I kept on; but there's no work to be had. O Lizzie, Lizzie, I could bear it if it weren't for you!'

"She said nothing, but kept stroking his hair with her little hand, while her face looked very sad.

"I will try once more to-morrow, though I know there's no use."

"Perhaps you can find something, father. Don't give up. God will take care of us. Shall I say mother's psalm, father?"

"He only nodded his head, and she began: 'I will bless the Lord at all times. His praise shall continually be in my mouth.'

"Does it say, 'At all times,' Lizzie?"

"Yes, father, 'At all times,' that means when we are in trouble too, doesn't it?"

"It must mean so; but it isn't so easy to praise Him when we can't see any light, as when everything is bright."

"It isn't so easy to praise, father, but then we can pray."

"We can pray, Lizzie, but what if God doesn't hear us?"

"But he does hear us, father. That's just what the verse that mother liked best said: 'I sought the Lord and he heard me, and delivered me out of all my troubles.' And this verse too: 'Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth them out of them all.' That is a sweet verse, father."

"Say them all, Lizzie."

"I don't remember them all. I will say all I can: 'The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.' 'Oh, fear the Lord, ye his saints: for there is no want to them that fear him.'"

"Do you think that's always true, Lizzie?"

"'I don't know,' she said, with a puzzled look; 'we want something now. You want work, and I want to be well and strong to help you; but maybe it doesn't mean we shall have everything we want, but all that is best for us. That's what mother used to say, and that's what the next verse says too: "The young lions do lack and suffer hunger, but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." And perhaps it isn't here that we shall not want. You "said there was no hunger there," didn't you, father?"

"'Yes, Lizzie.'

"'And then there is that other verse, father: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me. Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."'

"'Her voice trembled as she said it, and she paused, for they were her mother's dying words.

"'We will fear no evil, father. We won't stop trusting will we, father?"

"'No, Lizzie, I sometimes fear I should if it weren't for you. What should I do without you?' and his arms grasped her closer, as if even the thought were painful.

"'O father; you would be glad that God had taken me where I couldn't suffer any more, and where I'd be straight and pretty like other children.'

"'You are pretty now, Lizzie. I never see any face that looks so beautiful to me.'

"'But it isn't like other children's father. When Mrs. Smith came in to-day, she had such a pretty little girl with her, with such bright golden hair, and such rosy cheeks, and so tall and straight, she must look like the angels I think. And when I looked at her, it was so hard to keep the tears from coming. I had to keep thinking of what mother told me when I read about the pool where the sick people washed and were made well; and I said I wish there was such a pool now. Mother said the river of death was such a pool, and that after I had crossed it, I should be like the angels in heaven. But she said, father, she would know me if I were straight; so, father, you will keep on trusting and praising too, won't you, if God takes me there?"

"'He made no answer, but held her closely to him, till the few coals in the grate grew white, and the room grew cold.

"'It's too cold for you here Lizzie, and we can't have any more coals to-night. Shall I put you in bed now?"

"'Let me sing mother's hymn first father.'

"'He raised her a little, and in a sweet low voice she began singing:—

"'Breast the wave, Christian when it is strongest,
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest;
Onward and onward, still be thine endeavour,
The rest that remaineth, endureth for ever.

Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee,
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee;
He who hath promised, faltereth never;
Oh! trust in the love that endureth for ever.
Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth,
Rise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth;
Nothing thy soul from the Saviour can sever,
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him for ever."

"The setting sun was shining again into the poor little room, and the little girl sat again, wrapped up in her old shawl before the fire, rocking back and forth. The little girl's face had a very bright smile on it; but it wasn't the rose-bush with its little bud, now almost opened, that made it, for she didn't look that way at all. She had a little bit of paper in her hand, that she held very tightly, while her eyes kept watching the door.

"As the door opened, she cried out,—

"'O father, here's something for you! There was a gentleman here to see you to-day, and he left his name; here it is on this card; and he said if you would come to see him, he had some work for you.'

"The man sat down in his chair, and laid his head in his hands.

"'O Lizzie,' he said, 'it's more than I deserve; I was just ready to give up trusting. I have sought all day, and I couldn't bear to come home.'

"'God did hear us, didn't he, father? I'm so glad we didn't stop trusting. Hadn't you better go now, father, and see about it?"

"'Yes,' he said, 'I'll go now.'

"He went out, and the shadows settled down over the room; but the little girl sat still, and you could just hear her humming to herself,—

"'Breast the wave, Christian, when it is strongest.'

"Presently she heard her father's step. It was quicker and lighter than it had been for many a day.

"'I've got it Lizzie. It's a place as a porter in a store; and good wages too.'

"'And see here,' he said, as he lighted a candle he had brought with him, 'we'll have a light to-night, and a nice supper too.'

"'O father?' said Lizzie, as she looked on with bright eyes, as her father took out the parcels, 'how did you get all those things?"

"'The gentleman paid me something in advance. He said he knew people that had been out of work so long needed something.'

"It was a pleasant evening; the candle-light seemed so bright to Lizzie's eyes, that hadn't seen any for so long a time, and her father was so cheerful. Yes, it was a pleasant evening, and they closed by reading the 103rd Psalm:—

"'Bless the Lord O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

ARTHUR TRIGGS'S FIRST JOURNEY TO LONDON.

JUNE 5, 1860.

As I travelled on this morning from East Bergholt, I read some portions of the second part of the late Mr. Arthur Triggs's Memorial. It can be had of his widow, 3, Angell Road, Brixton Road. It is a record, in measure, of about twenty-five years of his ministerial life: it is a register both of his *private* communion with his God; and of his *public* conversation with and among ministers and men. Certainly, one would think, from reading this book, that ministers are sometimes subject to very painful fits, frames, and feelings. They are, indeed, men of like passions with others; and it does appear to me to be quite possible for a good man to have more external power in the exercise of gifts than he has of internal power in the reigning of grace. But this I must leave. I would ever feel thankful for a faithful Gospel ministry. I have always esteemed very highly the Lord's servants; and would learn from any record of their weaknesses, useful lessons for more watchfulness and earnest prayer to God, that I may be preserved; for no men need keeping grace, humbling grace, and teaching grace, more than the faithful and the useful servants of God. There can be no question, but that Satan does indeed lay many snares for them, to divide them from each other if he can; and to excite a jealous and an unholy spirit one toward another. Having myself suffered so much this way, I feel sometimes I would rather walk with God in silent, solemn fellowship and friendship, than walk with men whose hearts are not in vital union and harmony with the Lord.

This second part of "A Memorial," &c., by the late Mr. Arthur Triggs, written by himself, is sent post free by his widow, for 3s.; or by his Son, S. Triggs, 8, Milton-terrace, Stoke Newington; or by W. B. Triggs, George-street, Plymouth. Some faint idea may be formed of the character of the work by perusing the following little chapter descriptive of the author's first movement out of Devon. He says,—

"I have stated in my former Memorial, how the Lord removed me from Kingston to Plymouth, and of his goodness and mercy

towards me in inclining the hearts of several individuals to favour me, and whose kindness is fresh in the mind and felt in the warmth of my heart, as I now write; such mercies in time of need are not quickly erased, and every renewed remembrance of them opens fresh gratitude and thankfulness to the God of my mercies. I will now state the dealings of the Lord with me relative to my coming to London, and my final settling there.

"In the year 1835, I had a pressing invitation to go to London to supply for a Mr. A. I objected, but he would not be put off, as he wished to come to Plymouth; this was a sore trial unto me as I had never been out of Devonshire, and many sleepless nights I had in thinking of it, and the length of the journey, and Satan presented great difficulties and many dangers, and as I was left to judge of these things by the rule of accidents, I concluded the coach would upset and I might be killed; I may be laughed at for my folly, but what a poor thing a child of God is when left to confer with flesh and blood, and to listen to the father of lies; but my nerves had been so shaken that little matters appeared mountains unto me. However it was so arranged that go I must, but being in such a confused state of mind, and not finding any access to my God in prayer, nor feeling any word from the Lord to still the surges of the mind, I was kept in such agitation, that death and dying were presented, and appeared to terrify me; likewise fearing I should never more see those that were near and dear unto me: and I recollect, the morning I left, I was as a man distracted, I could not say a word to my wife on the subject, but I tried to commend her and the children to the Lord for care and keeping, and that he would preserve them and myself from all evil, and bring me back in safety, that we might see each other's faces again with joy: yet in all this proceeding with words, I had nothing before my eyes but the dark picture Satan had drawn, and every part was filled with danger and death; I note down these things for the honour of my Lord who heard the desires of my heart, though I seemed all confusion of mind, and I believe, as I have said many times, that the Lord hears more prayers of desires, and answereth them, than he doth of the verbal prayers of his children: I speak this from experience, and say that a living desire with holy longing from the new heart given by God, is more acceptable to the Lord, than all the wordy forms composed by men. But to return to the morning

of my departure, August 12, 1835; I took a farewell of my wife and children, fearing I should never see them any more; but my gracious God was watching over me and guiding me, and I soon found "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven," for I had only rode about three miles; when the Lord spoke his dear word into my heart, and demonstrated it with power saying, "Fear thou not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed for I am thy God, I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee, yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness;" all fear, danger, death, and darkness fled in a moment. I wept before the Lord for the mercy, felt such love flow out of my heart toward the Lord, that I blessed him with all my soul; I could trust the wife and children and myself in his dear hands, to do as seemed him good, and the poor mason went on his way rejoicing in the Lord. And here I remark, that I have never started from my home since, to run on the Lord's errands, but he hath spoken the same words to me and into my heart: and I always wait to hear his voice saying unto me "Fear not," and blessed be his holy name he doth not disappoint me.

I arrived in safety, with joy and peace in believing, at Exeter, and put up for the night at my friends Mr. and Mrs. C—n's No. 80, South Street, with whom I spent a pleasant evening, having known them for some years to be valiant for the truth, and greatly spoken evil of; but I had not much sleep for the heart was so comforted and strengthened, by the divine properties of the word of the Lord communicated, and in the dear abiding of the same, that I lay most of the night blessing and praising him for his love and goodness toward me.

The next morning, after committing myself to the care of my ever to be adored Lord, I started at 5 o'clock from the New London Inn, on the coach called the Telegraph, and which ran from Exeter to London in one day, but it was a long one, as I did not arrive till 11 o'clock at night; but as everything on the road was new unto me the mind was taken up, that the time seemed to pass quickly, and many a sweet moment of communion I had with my ever blessed and gracious Lord. I had no fear then about the coach upsetting, or my being killed; and as I was never fond of talking much in company, so now; but there was a gentleman on the coach, that started with me from Exeter, who was very free and affable, and I thought he had the smattering of a religious man, but I was very reserved, as I had fallen among thieves so many times before, and they had wounded me; so I felt determined he should not cram me with religious gibberish: but after a long

ride and many statements made on the beauties of creation, &c., when within thirty miles of London, he drew forth a remark from me relative to the pleasures of the world that the thousands appeared to be seeking after, and swallowed up in; I said to him "I am dead to them and they are dead to me;" his answer was, "then you are a happy man," I said, "Yes I am, for 'Jesus is mine and I am his:.'" this opened the subject, and our conversation after was on things that do not wax old, nor are they subject to change; this occurrence to me was a testimony of the Lord's loving-kindness; that however reserved I might keep myself from being known, the Lord would have it out, and that I should know that I had one of his for a companion; and though I may be blamed in acting as I did, I always have found that I could not talk on the sacred truths of God, unless I knew the company I was in, as the subject is too holy to be trifled with.

Through the tender mercy of the Lord, I arrived in safety at the Bull and Mouth, opposite the Post office, at 11 o'clock, as before stated: and the city appeared to me without an end, as I had rode for miles between the houses. My wife's brother (since dead) was waiting for me, at whose lodgings I was to stop, and likewise Mr. G—n, deacon at Mr. A—'s Chapel; thus my reader will see how I was received on my entrance into the great city. We walked to King's Square, Goswell Street, where I was to stop; I felt greatly fatigued, having had but little sleep since I left Plymouth, so after taking some tea, &c., I retired to bed, hoping I should sleep and get refreshed, but in this I was mistaken, for I was awoke before 3 o'clock, and driven out of my bed by certain black creatures, which resemble Satan in his acts, that is, they do their deeds in the dark, so I dressed to get rid of those visitors, and as the light came on I took my bible, and sat at the window, looking over the will of my heavenly Father, who communed with me therein, and I was refreshed in body and soul, and I blessed and praised the Lord."

[We have original letters and reviews of Mr. Trigg's visit to London, yet to give.]

MR. JAMES WELLS.—Our esteemed brother Wells has been laid by for a few days. His pulpit has been supplied by Mr. J. A. Jones, Mr. Butterfield (of Rotherhithe,) Mr. Clarke (of Stepney,) Mr. Bowles, Mr. Meeres, and others. He was enabled on Sunday morning, June 17th, to preach to his people a very precious sermon, which is issued in No. 86 of "The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit." We hope his strength will be speedily established, and his ministry more than ever successful.

A FEW THOUGHTS ON
THE SOVEREIGNTY AND JUSTICE OF GOD,

AS MANIFESTED TOWARDS THAT PART OF MANKIND NOT CHOSEN IN CHRIST
TO EVERLASTING LIFE.

BY MR. JAMES TANN, PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, YARMOUTH.

It pleased the great and ever-blessed God, of whom, and through whom, and to whom, are all things, to give visibility to his infinite perfection, first in creation, and then in Christ. And in order to bring about this supreme end, of manifestation, creation was called into existence, with every part thereof, from the meanest to the most magnificent, bearing the impress of his mighty hand. Man, its noblest part was placed at its head, dignified and distinguished from the rest by an immortal soul, and an erect posture of existence, with his face "looking up," to his Maker, as the word *anthropos*, (for man,) signifies. Besides being thus dignified in being, set over the creatures, he was made, as to the external form of his body, a figure of him that was to come, in whom the highest manifestation of God was to be made. "The invisible things of him, (saith Paul,) from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead." Rom. i. 20.

Though creation shewed forth his eternal power and Godhead, and man its noblest part being made in his image and likeness, and brought to commune with him through the medium of the creatures in which the beams of his Godhead shone, and being glorified hereby, in that he was known and worshipped by a rational creature, yet it did not please God to rest his glory here, but to give a further and fuller manifestation of it in the person of his dear Son, in whom it was destined to abide for ever. In him, I may say, the glory of God found its resting place, like the ark did in the temple, where the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore.

And as it pleased God to manifest himself in his grace, love, and mercy in his beloved Son, so it pleased him to have a people to see and enjoy himself in these manifestations. He therefore takes out of mankind which he had formed, a people for himself; and to secure to them a state immutable, a holiness unblamable, and a happiness immortal, he chose them in his Son, and blessed them in him with all spiritual blessings. With all the blessings of glory in holy and lasting fellowship; and with all the blessings of grace to meeten them for it, and bring them to it.

This manifestation of God in Christ, exceeds every other manifestation of himself in creation. Here all God's attributes and perfections terminate and stand for ever to the open view of his elect. And if the engraving of the image of his Son on the hearts of his saints, contains a more illustrious display of his perfections than all oration put together, how much more illustrious must his perfec-

tions appear in Christ who is the image of the invisible God?

This supreme end of manifestation, God sought and wrought for in the unbosoming of himself, in the infinitude of his love and mercy. On account of this end, which was so desirable in his sight, he permitted the fall to take place. Not that he ordained the fall as a means to it. For all means that are employed to reach an end, must have a tendency in them to that end. Now the fall had no such a tendency, therefore could not be a means to it. The tendency of the fall was to death and destruction. Notwithstanding, God permitted it, and took occasion from it to pour out his abundant mercy upon his elect in Christ Jesus. Hence, they are designated *vessels of mercy*, for by mercy they are raised from the death and destruction of the fall, and brought to that eternal glory, which was first cast upon them by electing favour.

But the enquiry naturally ariseth, that if God hath chosen only a part of mankind, what becomes of the rest? On this important enquiry, I will, with God's blessing, offer a few thoughts.

There are three righteous acts of God manifested towards that part of mankind not chosen in Christ to everlasting life. The first is an act of pure sovereignty, and respecteth their creation state; the second, is an act of sovereignty and justice, and respecteth their sinful state; the third, is an act of pure justice, and respecteth their eternal state.

I. The first act is an act of pure sovereignty, and respected man in his creation state as he lay before God in the womb of his eternal purposes. It pleased God in the exercise of his sovereign authority over mankind, laying thus in embryo before him to make one part into vessels of honour, and the other part into vessels of dishonour; to raise up one part to a supernatural state of blessedness, and to leave the other part without such an honour put upon them. And God in making such a choice out of mankind of a people for himself, and leaving the rest in their creature state, shewed his absolute right to dispose of the whole, as should best set forth his glory. "Hath not the potter power over the clay, saith the apostle?" Rom. ix. 21. Is there any unrighteousness in God, in leaving out of his electing favour a part of mankind? Doth he owe the creature anything? Or hath he, in not raising them up to a Paradise of unsullied bliss with his elect, robbed them of anything? Doth God's leaving them out of his favour, lead them into hell?

We have an illustration of God's leaving a

part of mankind, in the case of Jacob and Esau. Both lay in the same womb, having done neither good nor evil, and yet it is said, "Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated," Rom. ix. 12. There was no good wrought by the former to merit the love; nor evil committed by the latter, to deserve the hatred. This was a pure act of sovereignty in God, to choose the one, and leave the other; to love the former, and hate the latter.

But with respect to the word *hatred* something must be said. We cannot suppose for one moment, that God hated Esau in the sense that we commonly understand the word. God did not hate Esau, as Esau hated Jacob. Ill-will, and ill-feeling, have no place in God. Hatred is not an attribute of the Almighty.

God's hatred of Esau was *negative*, that is, *not loved him*. It is not a *loving less*, but a *not loving at all*. God fixed his paternal and eternal love upon Jacob, but not on Esau. It is said, (Gen xxxix. 30, 31.) that Jacob loved Rachel more than Leah; and when the Lord saw that Leah was *hated*, that is, *not loved*, for it is manifest that Rachel had Jacob's best love. In Ephesians v. 29, it saith, "no man *hateth* his own flesh, that is, so as not to care and provide for it." In the many places in which the word *hate* occurs, the sense must be determined by the connection.

God's hatred of the *non-elect*, represented in the collective term Esau, could not be *positive*, because there was nothing in them, (simply in their creation state) inimical to his nature and perfections. They being with the rest of mankind, the production of his power, wisdom, and goodness, must necessarily contain everything in them agreeable to those perfections. Positive hatred with reference to God, supposeth something existing that is contrary to his holiness; and what is that something, but disobedience, the thing that God positively hateth? Yea, disobedience is the very womb in which sin was born. God drowned the old world, laid Sodom and Gomorrah in ashes, and swept Jerusalem with the besom of destruction; and what for? Disobedience. Sin is the transgression of the law; and man's stepping beyond the holy boundary of that law, is the sole cause of God's displeasure and eternal punishment.

Man, simply as a creature, is not an object of positive and eternal hatred. To say so, is to justify that old assertion inferred by some from predestination, that God made man to damn him. If man, as he came out of the hands of God, had been an object of his displeasure, without any reference to his disobedience, then his damnation had been founded in his creation. And we might naturally infer therefrom, that man's damnation was the end which God sought in his creation. But this must be rejected with abhorrence. God made man upright in righteousness and holiness. Man made himself a sinner, and for his sin God appoints him to wrath.

This first act of God, in leaving a part of mankind out of electing favour, is a pure act of sovereignty. He was not obliged to do otherwise. And in doing so, he made no al-

teration whatever in their creation state, but simply left them in it.

It is of no use for poor creatures of yesterday to fight against God, because of these—his doings. He will do his own pleasure, and fulfil his own counsels, notwithstanding all their replies and dictations. "Who hath directed the spirit of the Lord? With whom took he counsel? Behold the nations are as the drop of a bucket. All nations before him are as nothing, and less than nothing and vanity," Isaiah xl. 14. It is perilous work to dispute with the Almighty. It is running upon the thick bosses of his buckler. And who hath resisted his will?

II. The second act of God towards those not elected in Christ, IS AN ACT OF SOVEREIGNTY AND JUSTICE, and is manifested in the withholding of mercy. This act of God respecteth them in their sinful state, as lying under the sentence of his righteous law which they have broken. The withholding of mercy from them in this state is an act of sovereignty with reference to God himself, in that he is not obliged to grant it; and it is an act of justice towards them, in that they not only do not deserve it, but deserve the contrary—that is to say—wrath. So God withholds mercy, sovereignly and justly. Reprobation, then, which takes in this second act of God, is an act of sovereignty, with a thread of justice running through it.

But some may object, and say, that sin foreseen in the non-elect, was the cause of mercy being withheld from them. But that cannot be, unless their sins had been of such a nature as to be unpardonable, and beyond redemption. But their sins were as pardonable as those of his own elect; and God could have provided a pardon for them had it been his will to have done so. Seeing then, that their sins were no bar to mercy, and the condition of the elect was not against it, as being less sinful, for they were children of wrath even as others; it must follow that it was God's will to leave them in their sins, and not grant them mercy unto everlasting life.

III. The third act of God towards the non-elect is of PURE JUSTICE, and respecteth their eternal state, and is manifested in appointing them to wrath on account of their sins and transgressions. It is an act of pure justice, I say, because they having broken God's righteous law, deserve it. God would not send any man to hell, if he did not deserve it. Hell was prepared for sinners, it is their wages. Though there is nothing in the sinner saved to move God to save him, yet we cannot say there is nothing in the sinner condemned, to move God to damn him. Sin is the cause of this condemnation and appointment to wrath. "Wherefore, as by one man, sin entered into the world, and death by sin; and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned," Rom. v. 12.

Adam's sin makes us all guilty before God, and every actual sin that we commit, swells that guiltiness and augments the weight of punishment in hell. I do not say that less actual sins, lessens the duration of punish-

ment, for the sentence of the law is eternal; but they lessen the weight of it.

Some do not believe in degrees of punishment in hell. A person in conversation told me that he believed God would make no difference, all would be punished alike. But our Saviour makes a difference between Capernaum and Sodom in the day of judgment Matt. ix. 23. What! will the Judge of mankind pour out his Almighty wrath upon men indiscriminately, and regardlessly of the sins they have committed? Will he drive souls into hell headlong, like Satan drove the swine into the midst of the sea? Would not this be to destroy every idea of justice instead of establishing it, which is the great end of the judgment day? Every one that goes to hell, will undoubtedly feel that his sentence is just. The over-powering conviction effected by the great Searcher of hearts, will be such as to satisfy the sinner convicted; that his sentence is no more and no less than his sins deserve, and that God is just in passing it, and appointing him to wrath. The duration of this sentence is eternal. There is no such a thing as a universal restitution of men and devils from hell, which some would have us believe according to their criticisms on the word *eternal*.

The authority of the law which men have broken, is infinite. This is God's righteous rule in judgment by which he measures their every sin, and binds them over to punishment. And so long as the law retains its authority, so long will sinners be retained in the prison of hell.

Having offered these few thoughts on the sovereignty and justice of God, as set forth in the threefold state of that part of mankind not chosen in Christ, that is to say, in their creation state; their sinful state; and their eternal state; let me further say, that though these things are so, the ministers of God need not be slack in their work, but go on publishing mercy, and preaching Christ in the glory of his Person, and in the triumphs of his cross. "The preaching of the cross is to them that perish foolishness; but unto us which are saved it is the power of God."

That there are marks of a reprobate state, no doubt exist; but let it suffice, that all those who are convinced of sin, and led to the fountain of Christ's blood for pardon and peace are not reprobates. Some of God's elect live many years in sin, and ignorance, before grace arrest them; so that none who are concerned about their immortal souls, though advanced in years, need despair. "God saved one thief, (saith Augustine,) that none might despair; and but one, that none might presume."

God's elect have nothing to boast of, in and of themselves, over them which are lost, for they deserved hell as much as the reprobate. All their boast must be in the free and unmerited love of God, who provided them a substitute in the Person of his dear Son, on whom all their sins were laid, and borne away by his sufferings and death, so as never to be brought back again, nor remembered any more.

The grace of God in its operation in us, begets a sympathy towards our fellow creatures. On whom can we look and say, that man deserves hell more than I do? Or if we look from the precipice of time down the dreadful chasm of endless despair, what prevented our feet from falling therein?

It cannot be, that any who are partakers of grace, can rejoice over the lost. A sense of mercy will not beget this joy, nor will the sight and sense of God's sovereignty. The sovereignty of God rightly understood, will soften the heart, and humble the spirit before him. I remember about six weeks after I was brought into the liberty of the gospel, while passing through a field, on my way to see an aged parent, I had such a sight and sense of God's absolute dominion, as the Great Potter, as affected me very much. My parent, whom I loved much, laid heavy on my mind. And the consideration of her being damned for ever, humbled me down before God, in whose sight I had found grace. Natural affection strove hard, but the sense of God's greatness and righteousness strove harder and prevailed.

The sovereignty of God is a branch of truth dear to his saints, and as dear to God as his being. Its basis is founded in his *independency*. His sovereignty or supreme dominion, naturally ariseth out of his eternal independency. Were God dependent, his sovereignty would be limited. The sovereignty that Joseph exercised over the Egyptians was not supreme, because the basis of it was dependency. "By thy word," saith Pharaoh to Joseph, "my people shall be ruled, only in the throne will I be greater than thou;" hence, Joseph's was but a deputed sovereignty. God sits upon a throne, over whom none ruleth, and his independency establishes his sovereignty for ever.

What ado hath there been between earthly sovereigns about their sovereignty! What wars hath there been! And what blood hath been shed about a foot or two of earth, and a little honour not duly paid! And may not God assert and maintain his supreme dominion? If mortal princes, who are but petty rulers under God, contend for their rights, may not God contend for his, who is over all, God blessed for evermore?

May the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, command his blessing on these few thoughts.

Yarmouth, March 9th, 1860.

ONE OF

"THE HIDDEN ONES" GONE HOME.

Not many mighty—not many noble are called; but lady Huntington thanked God for that letter M., that it did not say, not any—God hath chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, heirs of the kingdom. MARIA, widow of the late Captain Augustus Armstrong, of the Royal Artillery, departed this life March 4th, 1860, in the 65th year of her age; deeply lamented by her surviving relatives and friends; her remains were

interred in the Ardwick Cemetery, Manchester, March 9th, 1860. She was always a lady of much thought and few words, rather of a retiring mind, but interestingly kind, and placid in her manner, gentle and sympathetic towards others. About three months prior to her decease, I visited her at the commencement of her illness purposely to enquire into the state of her mind relative to her future prospects.

Having read the word of God, and entered into the simplicity of the gospel, as she lay on her dying bed, she remarked, "but I have been so great a sinner, how can such great blessings as those you have named be granted to me, I never deserved the least mercy from God, you don't know Mr. Hudson, what a great sinner I have been." I replied, "it was for sinners Jesus died, Jesus came to save sinners, not the righteous. It is for us to come to Jesus, as the poet beautifully observes."

"Just as I am without one plea,
But that my blood was shed for me;
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O: Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am—and wanting not
To rid my soul of one foul blot;
My blood can cleanse me from each spot,
O: Lamb of God, I come, &c."

She listened with intense earnestness as for eternity. And her mind opened to the perception and reception of the truth, that each day I visited her it was most pleasing to see her growth in grace, renunciation of all things, and clinging alone to Jesus. The finished salvation and mediatorial work of Jesus was what she delighted to talk about, and cast her own righteousness behind her, saying, "I have no good works of my own, I trust alone to Jesus." She united in prayer with great devotion, and self-denial. Rallying a week or two, she came down stairs, until about three days before she died. I was also meanwhile laid aside with a severe cold, but the Lord revived me and she sent for me. I went on Saturday afternoon the 3rd of March; and as I entered the room, she endeavoured to raise her feeble frame and greeted me with a smiling countenance, beaming with intelligent emotion.

Her daughters say, as soon as they announced my presence in the house, she said, "carry me down to him," so eager I trust she was to hear the good news of the kingdom, "Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled." She died in peace about 7 o'clock the following morning. "Write, blessed are the dead who die in the Lord, yea, saith the spirit, they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them." Amen.

And now may this account encourage you most heart-broken daughters to sorrow not, as those who have no hope, but rather

to look for that blessed hope and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, yourselves also, your relatives and friends that you may meet him with joy and join the redeemed above in everlasting songs of praise to our God, who liveth and reigneth for ever and ever.

So yours
JOHN HUDSON.
Manchester.

SHORT NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

"Great Britain and her Destinies." London: J. E. Tressider, Ave Maria Lane.

This is a ponderous volume of nearly 600 pages,—its great purpose throughout being to shew by "the sure word of prophecy" the calamities coming upon the nations of the earth, and especially upon Great Britain. The author starts with the novel idea that Jerusalem of old was typical of Great Britain, both in her history and her doom. The book contains a vast amount of useful information, and ingenious speculation, on a subject of all absorbing interest to every thoughtful mind—the bearing of prophecy upon the events of the age, and things coming upon the earth. Books of this kind are sure to sell, more or less, for the lamp of prophecy is now flinging an ominous glare upon the strange troubles of the times. We think it would have been better if the author could have condensed his thoughts and speculations in a smaller compass. Should it reach a second edition, perhaps he will act upon this hint. As it is, we recommend the book to all lovers of the study of prophecy. To be had of Tressider, 17, Ave Maria Lane.

"Vital Religion: or, What does the Bible say of the Personality and Work of the Spirit?" By John Bloomfield, author of "A Voice from the Pulpit." London: Robert Banks and Co. One Shilling.

A SPIRITUAL, useful, and well-timed book. To a great extent, as the author observes in the preface, the personality and work of the Holy Spirit have been ignored in many of our pulpits. Here they are brought out: lucidly arranged, and simply expressed, the author has succeeded admirably in placing before his readers, the source, nature, and reality of vital godliness. Mr. Bloomfield is well known as an earnest and useful minister of the Gospel of Christ; and this will make him still more widely known and esteemed. Published at the low price of one shilling, it is within the reach of all lovers of vital religion.

"Laws from Heaven for Life on Earth. Illustrations of the Book of Proverbs." By the Rev. W. Arnott, St. Peter's Free Church, Glasgow. London: T. Nelson and Sons, Edinburgh and New York.

THE man that could carelessly pass this book by, would not prove himself wise; it is full of *mind*, and most rich in ideas of a theological and spiritual class. The tone of the book is concentrated in one heading like this,—"*God's People are God's Delight.*" In one volume here are ninety-five little sermons; but they are so closely woven in intellect of the highest order that no common mind could steal them; the ordinary folk would not be able to reach them. Still, the practical and powerful expositions are, to our natural feelings, most beautiful and good! Mr. Arnott's voluminous productions deserve and demand a notice more defined and extended than this month can be given.

"The Gospel in the Parable." By Rev. C. Bullock. London: Wertheim.

WE are closely searching this book. It is in the main certain to be useful. The excellent author is, himself, evidently taught of God "the way home"—and, in a pleasant and faithful, style, he uses the Parable of the Prodigal Son to illustrate that way. Mr. Bullock's book has given rise to some deep convictions touching that parable which we desire to embody in a future series of notices.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK ASSOCIATION OF PARTICULAR STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

THE Annual Meetings in connection with the above association were held at Clare, (Suffolk,) on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 5th and 6th days of June. The numbers assembled were not so large by some hundreds as on former occasions, in consequence of the fickleness of the weather, and also Clare being at the extreme end of the county, and the railway terminus 9 miles distant. Many began to fear that these things would tend materially to lessen the interest, or at least the enjoyment of the meetings as heretofore: but the sequel proved to be far otherwise. In the beautiful new chapel, shortly before 11 o'clock on Tuesday morning, the moderator, Mr. Roe, gave out that delightful hymn beginning,

"Come we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known."

After which, Mr. Hildyard, (one of the messengers from Grundisburgh,) engaged in prayer.

The moderator then delivered a short, telling, and appropriate address, and read the Articles; after which he proceeded in the usual order to call upon the ministers or other representatives of the churches, to read the letters, which part of the proceedings occupied upwards of two hours and a half. The letters in the aggregate were more cheering than for years past; during the year the Lord has poured out from on high, the spirit of grace and of supplication, and in many instances, the chapels have been anything but adequate to accommodate the vast numbers assembling time after time to listen unto the words of eternal life. During the past year, new chapels have been erected, and old ones enlarged, and others are hoping to do the same in the year ensuing; the youthful pastor, (Robt Sears,) at Laxfield, has baptized 28 persons during the past year, 14 of whom are teachers in the Sabbath School, which school consists of 227 children. Who will dare to despise Sabbath schools?

The Association consists of 27 churches, 26 of which are in the county of Suffolk. The Churches never wore a more pleasing aspect than now; nor ever were their prospects of the future more bright and glorious.

The people have not gone over to Ireland, or elsewhere, in order to fetch the revival, but they have unitedly as with one heart approached the throne of grace, and sent their petitions straight up to heaven through the mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ, and God in his infinite mercy, has, through the same blessed channel, poured down upon them some of the choicest of his favours, which drops, it is hoped are but the prelude of a copious shower. The little church at Saxmundham, (where our brother Frith is labouring) has

been added to the Association; God grant it may share in the like blessings. One church has withdrawn, so that the number remains the same. In the afternoon and evening of Tuesday, the ministers and messengers identified with the Association, met in the chapel to transact business, but the public services were carried on in the large tent pitched close by. In the afternoon, Mr. Bloomfield, (of London,) read the hymns, Mr. Baker, of Tunstal, read 4th Ephesians, and engaged in prayer, after which Mr. Dickerson, (of London,) preached with much energy and evidently under the influence of the spirit of God, to the joy and rejoicing of many hearts, and the glory of a Triune Jehovah. In the evening, brethren Frith, Boxer, and Woodard, read the hymns, Mr. Bloomfield, read 67th Psalm, and very fervently and earnestly prayed the divine blessing to accompany the ministry of the word. After which, Mr. Pells, (of Soho, London,) preached Christ unto the people, who appeared to listen with deep attention; and it is hoped good will be the issue. The object of the Association, being to render assistance to the poor churches identified therewith; about £60 was voted for that purpose, which doubtless was a source of much comfort to some of the Lord's truly sent, yet, at the same time, much tried servants.

On the second day, (Wednesday,) in consequence of the fickleness of the weather it was deemed advisable to hold all the services in the chapel, which some parts of the day was densely crowded. At 6 o'clock in the morning, a goodly number gathered together for special prayer, which meeting was presided over by Mr. Harris, of Rishangles, who read the 67th Psalm, and offered a few remarks. We sung six different times, and six brethren messengers of the Association engaged in prayer; this solemn, profitable, and interesting service concluded shortly before half-past 7 o'clock. At half-past 9 o'clock the friends again assembled for prayer, brother Barnes, of Walsham-le-Willows, presiding, and several ministerial brethren prayed.

At half-past 10 o'clock, the public service commenced with singing the 9th hymn (Hippion) Mr. Wilson, (of Clare,) read 122nd Psalm, and invoked the divine blessing to attend the past and future services.

Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, preached from Revelation i. 18th verse. The people were deeply interested with many of the pithy sentences, and weighty remarks which fell from the lips of the preacher who addressed the audience assembled for about one hour and three quarters. Mr. Slum, (late of Hailsham,) concluded by prayer.

Afternoon, brethren Boxer, and Bloomfield,

read the hymns, Mr. Bloomfield also read 1 Hebrews, and engaged in solemn prayer. Mr. Hill, of Stoke Ash, preached from 9th Zechariah, 16th verse. Many were delighted with the sermon, which illustrated the certainty and eternity of God's salvation, and the safety, fixed position, and eternal honour of the people of God.

After a few appropriate remarks by Mr. Collins, all united in singing the Association annual parting hymn commencing.

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Mr. Wilson of Clare, concluded what is termed the Association services, with solemn and appropriate prayer.

Notwithstanding the manifold services which had been held, many persons felt disposed to tarry, consequently in the evening, after reading and prayer by Mr. Albert Brown, of Fressingfield, Mr. Woodard, of Ilford, preached to a considerable congregation, from Colossians ii. 10th verse. The preacher made some excellent remarks on the headship of Christ, the Church's relationship to him, and the glorious privileges necessarily resulting therefrom.

Again on Friday evening, a large company of persons assembled together in the new chapel, on which occasion, Mr. Pells, of Soho, preached from Psalm xcii. and part of 15th verse.

The church at Clare, is not only in peace, but also prosperity, for the Lord is greatly blessing the labours of their much loved, and deservedly respected pastor, Mr. Wilson. The Sabbath school also is in a flourishing condition. God grant that soon the like report may be given of all the churches of his grace, and the Sabbath schools in connection therewith. So prays the writer. J. PELLE.

17, College Place, Camden Town, N. W.
June 14th, 1860.

A RAILWAY REVIEW OF RECENT EVENTS.

GREAT WESTERN, SATURDAY MORNING, MAY 12, NEARLY used up yesterday, I almost resolved to forsake my Friday evening lecture last night, especially as I had to meet a gentleman at Pimlico as late as 10: almost exhausted, I flung myself into my little study chair: it was then six o'clock; in one hour from that time I should be in the pulpit; but I had so many letters to write, several to see and advise with; with many editorial, ministerial, and other matters to attend to; besides, I had been all the day anticipating an interview with brother Samuel Cozens; and I hoped he would have preached for me. He did not come. Time for me to set out arrived; I had no text; no sermon; no power to pray for either. I had during the week tried to preach eight sermons; my mind's eye glanced over them; but none would do again; at least, I could not fall back upon them. These words of Paul touched my heart softly, "for necessity is laid upon me, and woe is unto me if I preach not the gospel." As quick as possible I was off; I thought upon Paul's high estimate of a proper glorying in the gospel, that decided sentence gushed out of the bottom of Paul's heart, depend upon it, "it were better for me to die than that any man should make my glorying void." Not a few preachers make void all their glory in the gospel by a denial of that gospel either in a theological, and experimental, or in a practical point of view. The glorying of Paul arose from

all that the grace of God enabled him to be and to do: Paul was no lazy, no licentious libertine; he was no mere pretender to, nor prater about piety, perfection or the performance of good works; he was a thoroughly devoted, earnest, and powerfully practical Christian minister and friend to the whole of the truth as it is in Jesus. I read that sermon preached in *Surrey Chapel*, for the Religious Tract Society, and the sentence respecting the Antinomian's boasted license and liberty to sin, I felt deeply, because I firmly believe these constant and cruel cuttings at Antinomian licentiousness are unfounded and false, at least, I know not where to find a body of men to whom such remarks are justly applicable. The servants of Jesus Christ are zealously concerned to be sound in their views of truth; to be richly bedewed by the spirit of truth, and honorably and devotedly living and walking in the precepts, ordinances, and ways of truth. To a man, I say it on the behalf of all who are really deserving the name of minister, to a man, I say, we are sincerely anxious to magnify our office; to work and to walk worthy of the high vocation whereunto we are called. I admire the talent and untiring devotion of a man to a cause so noble; but the determined onslaught made upon doctrine and discipline, does cut me to the heart; I can only place it beside some things uttered by good Samuel Rutherford in his "Trial and Triumph of Faith;" such highly favoured men have their "strong points" and their weak ones; and so we pass on. Let us try to bear one another's burdens; and so fulfil the law of Christ. I have never been permitted to speak against other good men; but those unguarded speakings have turned again upon myself; and rent me sore; so from all this Antinomian living and levelling, I say heartily, "Good Lord deliver us." I went last night then, and preached from—"woe is unto me, if I preach not the gospel." I had some light and a little liberty, although perhaps it was a sermon more for parsons than for people. I worked last night until 12; at four this morning I arose; and am now crossing the Great Western Junction, on my way to Chard, in Somersetshire. Let us look back upon a few of the most encouraging events. Brother Flack's commemoration services, (the end of April,) in Salem Chapel, Wilton Square, New North Road, were cheerful and intelligent gatherings. Brother Flack opened the public meeting in a solemn and holy frame of mind. He reviewed the Lord's gracious dealings with them; and then invited his brethren to speak upon "the religious aspect of the times;" and he made me attempt to open the subject, I spoke decidedly. I did fear; and I do fear still, that there is an immense amount of chaff which is received as the real wheat of religion; and many thousands I fear are set down as safe for heaven who have never known the four-fold prophecy of John the Baptist, every branch of which to me, appears absolutely essential to salvation. The axe must be laid to the root of all man's righteousness; and his fallen condition in the first Adam must be fully discovered unto him; faith breaking forth from his bleeding heart must "behold the Lamb of God," as taking away sin; the baptism with the Holy Ghost and with fire, must come to anoint and to purify; the "floor" must be fanned; the chaff driven away, and the wheat gathered into the heavenly garner; or the glorious God-man will never be seen with pleasure; and where—in all the range of evangelical excitement will you find these things? A Baptist Minister who has recently removed from Essex into Leeds, said to an afflicted child of God, when speaking to him of "the two natures," "I do not believe one word about it: it is all rubbish." This gentleman of whom I now write is a fair sample of the great body of ministers who pass for gospel men; but if they are anything more than moral reformers, I am mistaken. At the meeting of brother Flack's referred to, we had two extraordinary addresses from brethren Wale, and Chamberlain. I would gladly print them, but I have not room. The brethren Butterfield, Chivors, Geo. Webb; Samuel Green, Meeres, Edgcombe,

John Bennett, from New York; and others helped to render the meeting very instructive and pleasant.

I was waiting in Yeovil until the bus could take me on to Chard; and having no envelopes in which to send up the copy I had prepared in coming from London to Yeovil, I turned into a respectable bookseller, to get some. There was an exceedingly clever, intelligent, and I should hope good Christian man, who, without any ceremony, entered freely into conversation with me respecting religion, revivalism, the work of God, &c., and that in a most pleasing manner. He did not know me; nor could I speak so freely as he did; for he had read with great avidity, delight and profit, John Baillie's Visit to Ireland; and said he, "as soon as I read that book, I resolved either to sell or give away fifty copies; and singular enough I never shewed it to any one but they bought it; so that I have sold nearly two hundred copies; and," (my friend continued) "I think it would be a great sin, after reading that book, to question the revival in Ireland being of God. I took the book; and having eighteen miles to ride through the country in wet and gloom I resolved, if possible to read it with a prayerful and an unprejudiced mind. Having left Yeovil, our coach ran up a heavy hill from whence scenes most delightful present themselves. So that I find it rather difficult to transport myself, with this good John Baillie, to Ireland, and there to witness the wondrous works of this Great Revival. It must, however, be done; I would look in my soul to heaven for special grace and wisdom to understand the mind and will of God herein. The title of the book is, "*The Revival; or, what I saw in Ireland.*" This is a chaste and thrilling little volume, there are some particular points in it, to which the attention of the church ought to be most seriously directed. I feel I should be guilty if I did not attempt this solemn task; although not here.

ONE LORD'S-DAY IN SOMERSET-SHIRE.

CHARD, for situation and for health, is most delightful; in entering the town you would think it laid in a valley; but it is rather on the sides of a hill; it is considered to be on an excellent point, being 300 feet above the level of the sea; having two beautiful streams of water running through it: one into the Bristol Channel; the other into the English. The scenery on either side is sweetly pleasant, embracing views of three countries, Somersetshire, Dorsetshire, and Devon. In fine weather, the lover of nature could scarcely desire a prettier ride than the observant traveller may enjoy from Yeovil to Chard, and onward to Axminster, Exeter, or otherwise; in a commercial, and social point of view, Chard is respectable, and quiet. But now what may I say for the gospel character of Chard? Well, it is much better than many parts of England. It has a fine church; three full services every Sunday; and the evening lecturer is decidedly a gospel preacher, a man of God, a man of truth; and the church is crowded to hear him; and inasmuch as he is chosen and paid by the inhabitants, it augurs favourably; in fact I have hoped that inasmuch as Samuel Eyles Pierce preached here, for years occasionally, in what is called "Broadlake Baptist Meeting" and as the venerable Joseph Indge has occupied the pulpit, and fulfilled the pastorate of Broadlake now for forty years or more, it is certain the truth has been preached in these provinces—the gospel has been proclaimed—the seed has been sown—and the Great Day alone can declare in how many precious souls the Holy Ghost has made it the power of God unto salvation. In the town of Chard, there are also good Chapels belonging to the Congregational, the Baptist, and the Wesleyan Sections of the professing church, they are all, in their way, labouring to do good, and their schools &c., are a great moral benefit to the rising race. South Chard is two miles out of town; here the essential doctrines of grace are decidedly maintained; and several golly men have in their day, been useful here. The

chapel is very commodious, neat, and comfortable; and on Sunday the 13th of May, I preached three times there; the singing was truly heavenly: the congregation comprised a large body of people; and I hope I may say, God was in our midst to bless us. Brother Geo. Kellaway, of Yeovil, preaches here each other Sabbath, and our kind friend Mr. W. Edwards, conducts the Service on other occasions. He is quite a father among them, and is highly esteemed, and I believe honoured of God. On Monday evening, I had the privilege of occupying the pulpit in Broadlake meeting; spent some time with Mr. Indge, the pastor; found in him a wise and affectionate counsellor, a laborious author, and a man devoted to his Master's honour and service. The Christian cheerfulness and pure warm-hearted benevolence I met with here, demand my gratitude, and incite a lively hope that the God of our fathers may bless them and give them peace and good success in their different missions. In taking my leave of Chard, I may say nothing of a special revival that has appeared in these parts, but I saw a bill posted on the walls in the town of Crewkerne, issued by the church clergy there, which convinced me like Noah they were moved with fear. —

CHAPPELL, JUNE 6, 1860.

HERE in the Colne Valley I am waiting to get on to Coggeshall. Brother Jacob Hunt, and the good Halstead deacon, saw me safe on the way; and so left me. This Colne Valley makes me think of valleys spread out, which Balaam saw in his day. I hope I am not a Balaam; but I greatly enjoy the beauties of nature; sometimes I hope I can look through nature, up to nature's God. Soon after starting, my mind took these words in, "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." I shall, if the Lord permit, speak from these words this evening at Coggeshall; and, first, I have thought of the very singular figure by which the church of God is here described, "a vineyard of red wine." It is a vineyard of red wine:—I, because Christ the true and living vine is there, "I am the vine," he says, "ye are the branches;" ah, this vineyard is in a low place yet! True it is, the vine is here! Our blessed Lord Jesus Christ is here! His life-giving Spirit is here; there is some life in some of our souls; in some of our services; in some of our songs; in some part of the vineyard there are strong branches, lively boughs; fruitful shoots; and a good discovery of the vitalizing powers of the Eternal Spirit; but the wild boar out of the wood is breaking in in some parts; and sad havoc he is making. The tales of woe I have heard, the scenes of sorrow I have heard of, is enough to make one wish to fly away and be at rest. Thank the Lord I have peace at home; and in most places where I go there is peace and a precious gospel, and this makes us glad; and helps us on our way. The church is Christ's vineyard, his Father is the Husbandman; the great original proprietor; and all the servants employed by him, are chosen, and called, and faithful; their work is most delightful; it is to make known the mystery of CHRIST; their reward is most desirable, it is to "enter into the joy of their Lord." There are three ideas flowing out of the text touching this vineyard. First, it is of exceeding great value, it is a vineyard of red wine. Secondly, it is constantly and entirely dependent upon the distilling dews and rains of the eternal God, it has no original springs of its own of any spiritual or fertilising value; it has no inherent streams of its own, of a refreshing, or of a fruit-producing nature; nay, it is sterile, hard, and unholly; and the fruits of the flesh, and the fiery darts of the wicked one would soon scorch it up; but the Lord declares, "I will water it every moment." The third idea is, its exposure to danger, therefore "I, the Lord do keep it, lest any hurt it, I keep it night and day." Cast thy thoughts upon these things for a few moments, they may be useful by the way. The church of Christ is a vineyard of red wine. This bespeaks her great value, if the

"red wine" points to the atonement of the Lord Jesus, the precious blood of the dear Immanuel; by which she is redeemed from all evil, and redeemed unto God. This red wine points also to the eternal life which she has by virtue of her union to the Beloved; and to that red stream of slaughtering persecution which has followed her in all ages. Because, then, she is precious in the eyes of the Lord; because she is so assailed by foes most infernal; and because she is so prone to despondency and to deep distress; therefore the Lord saith, "In that day, sing ye unto her, a vineyard of red wine." &c. We are to be cheerful toward poor Zion; and declare unto her the promises God hath spoken; they refer to her new covenant union; the constant anction of the Holy Spirit; and to God's continued preservation of her both by night and by day. Surely I may say, these promises have been realized in my soul, in my ministry, travelling and labouring continually, who could uphold and comfort my spirit, but the God of all grace?

— "THE EXCELLENCY OF KNOWLEDGE."

HADLEIGH, SUFFOLK, FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1860.

This has been a good week with many; the Suffolk Association having been holden at Clare, I had hoped to have seen and heard a little of the good things there brought forth; but my kind and gracious Master called me to Coggeshall. On Monday, at East Bergholt, Mr. Poock, of Ipswich, preached to us "the blood of the Passover" in the morning; and we had two sermons after that; the chapel was filled in every nook; poor dear old Mumford was there, with his trumpet to his ear, intensely anxious to catch every note which the voice of Love and Mercy might "spake" to his heart. He is between 90 and 100 years of age; has been a sound "sixteen-ounce" preacher of Christ's Gospel in his time; but now, like a shock of corn fully ripe, he is waiting to be gathered home to his fathers. There are few men who, like Mr. Murrell and some others stand out prominently before all the churches—but there are many godly men who, in a more quiet way, have served the Lord and his people with all faithfulness and honour; yet, having out-lived their friends and their days of usefulness, they are almost forgotten—and the younger ones who have sprung up since their "prime" passed away, do not speak of them with that respect which belongs to them. "Poor dear old Mumford, of East Bergholt," they say, "is worn out." I wished I could soothe his descent into the valley. What a treat it would be to gather all these precious pilgrims together, and house them, and hear them tell of the triumphs of grace in their own souls, and by the instrumentality of their ministry in converting, and in comforting, the ransomed of the Lord; but that feast—the fruit of ministerial minds—is chiefly reserved for heaven; there, I think, we shall know, love, and converse with them all, without any painful wish that we could cheer and help them on their way. I do love good old pilgrims; and finding so many in different sections of our land, I cannot but grieve over the limited powers of "The Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society," which really requires to be at least one hundred fold more extensive than they are. The oil ran all day at East Bergholt; it is a place where the Suffolk Home Mission might plant their chapel with some hope of success. Mr. Baker, the Chelmondiston pastor; Mr. Robert Hart, the minister of the first Baptist church in Coggeshall; and other brethren, assisted in the services of the day. The next morning I left for Halstead, where we held three anniversary services: the newly-chosen pastor, brother Kevan, preached in the morning from that beautiful text, "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." A sweet prospect of earnest and real usefulness is opening up before our esteemed friend Kevan at Halstead. Mr. Thurston—now of Croydon—has

left behind a peaceful, a prosperous, and a persevering people. Halstead is a flourishing and fastly increasing town; and I hope my brother Kevan will have a permanent and progressive pastorate; that his ministerial rod may be like Aaron's, full of that fruit which shall ripen unto eternal glory. Mr. Forster, of Witham, helped us in the afternoon; and through the day a quiet, peaceful spirit did pervade our assemblies. The next day I steamed round to Coggeshall, and preached at Salem chapel. The church's real friend, Thomas Rowlands, and his helpers in the cause there, still have their eyes up to the Lord for a chosen ambassador to be sent unto them. Their late pastor, Mr. Colliss, has recovered from his severe illness, but has not resumed the ministry in any part of the field yet. I think he can with David say, "I waited patiently for the Lord." I hope to hear some day that an angel has been sent specially to carry him forth once more into a happy sphere of dispensing the word of life unto a people whom the Lord shall give unto him. Yesterday, I toiled down the line again to Hadleigh Heath. The chapel stands in the midst of a pretty garden; and beside it, open to the heavens, carefully encircled by a gravel walk, and surrounded by shrubs, plants, flowers, and fields of corn, there lays the baptistry, in full view of which there may sometimes be seen many hundreds solemnly beholding the Baptist minister lead the disciples down into the water. I should like to take Mr. Godsmark there, and speak a few words to him touching that "PRETTY" pamphlet he has recently produced, wherein "his genius" in criticising the Baptists is singularly remarkable. Mr. Plaw, the present pastor of Hadleigh Heath, and his most excellent wife, have opened a day, an evening, and a Sunday school, in connection with the cause there, *entirely free*; they are both of them labouring to instruct the rising race in reading, writing, and other useful branches of a plain education, correcting their morals, and aiming to lead them to a purer and higher tone of mind. Seeing all this done perfectly free, without present or prospective remuneration, I do think it a most laudable and praiseworthy work indeed; and as books and slates, and other things are wanted effectually to work out this excellent scheme,—we had sermons preached and collections made for that purpose yesterday, Thursday, June the 7th. Mr. Plaw is certainly a thorough Home Missionary, a village School-master, a rural Pastor, and a very useful Preacher, and the dear people seem thankful to the Lord for sending him among them. But just think of all this for thirty pounds per annum! It is an agricultural district, the people are poor, they can scarcely raise that; but the good Pastor and his wife are going forth in faith, relying upon the ever-watchful providence of God to aid them; and I feel persuaded many a benevolent heart will rejoice and sympathise with them in their self-denying enterprise. As I journeyed on yesterday morning towards Hadleigh Heath, knowing the special object of that day's business, the words of Solomon were acceptable to me, "The excellency of knowledge is, that wisdom giveth life to them that have it." We considered wisdom in a three-fold point of view: the Fountain of wisdom—the Person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ; the Revelation of Wisdom—the internal work of God the Eternal Spirit; the instrumentality employed by wisdom, the heaven-created and anointed ministers of the everlasting Gospel. Then the three-fold blessedness flowing down to them who are partakers of this most excellent treasure—for "Wisdom is good with an *INNER-RICHES*." This inheritance John describes—"He that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him;" this is a treasure rich indeed. Secondly, with this wisdom, "there is much profit to them that see the sun." This is a clear discovery of God's covenant, the Sun of Righteousness, our Daysman and Redeemer—the profit and the pleasure none can fully tell. Thirdly, "the excellency of knowledge," is that "WISDOM GIVETH LIFE to them that have it." I must write no more; we are close to the busy

city. My travelling for one week is nearly over. Preserved again. Mr. Matthews, of Hadleigh, Mr. Ward, of Naylor, yesterday cheered us with their presence and help. May God bless my brother Plaw.

Since the above was in type we have received the following note :

"HADLEIGHT HEATH, JUNE 10, 1860.

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I am sure you will be thankful to hear that your two sermons on the 7th, for our Schools, were greatly owned by our heavenly Father, to the comfort of our souls, as many can testify. The Lord has, and is doing great things for us; since our pastor came amongst us, we have a revival indeed. Four believers have been baptised, and the word blessed beyond all our hopes, both by conversion of sinners and in gathering in the scattered flock of God. It is "new life" indeed. Yesterday, June 10th, brought us a good congregation, although a wet day. All were rejoicing and blessing God, that you thus sweetly held forth the word of life. Go on and prosper, and while some are grasping at shadows may it still be your heart's desire to comfort the flock of slaughter. So pray we all. Your's sincerely in the truth, A LOOKER ON."

GREENWICH.—BRIDGE STREET CHAPEL.

A Letter to those that feel an interest in Zion's prosperity. Rejoice with us, at the unspeakable mercy and goodness of our Covenant God; he has again manifestly visited his people here. In the Vessel for May, we told you of the Lord's goodness to us. Our pastor had, in April baptised twelve persons; our additions were above fifty in the twelve months of his probation. On Whit Monday, Mr. Jesse Gwinnell was publicly recognised as our pastor. We had a goodly meeting, and the following ministerial brethren were present—Mr. C. W. Banks; Mr. Attwood, of Camberwell; Mr. Wallis, of Baxley; Mr. Webb, of Curtain Road; Mr. Parsons, of Brentford, and several others.

At half-past two, the service commenced by Mr. Wallis giving out a hymn; and Mr. Attwood having read and asked the Lord's blessing, addressed the church, taking for his motto the word "ONWARDS," and dividing it thus—O, the churches Origin; N, Nature; W, Warfare; A, Armour; R, Redemption; D, Destiny; and S, Song. This address was both pleasing and instructive; and while it was encouraging to the audience, it was evident that the aim and only object of the speaker was the churches' good, and the elevating in their hearts the churches' covenant head, the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the address, our brother Wallis again gave out a hymn; and Mr. C. W. Banks having ascended the pulpit, requested one of the church to give an account of the circumstances that (under God's direction,) led them to invite Mr. Gwinnell to accept the pastorate. The reply was as follows:

BROTHER BANKS, AND CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—In December, 1858, our pastor, Mr. Davies, thought fit to resign. We have no wish to say anything about the circumstances that led to such a step; doubtless he thought he was doing right, and the church likewise believed they were correct; however, he left and took with him to the Lecture Hall, which he opened for worship, a goodly number both of the church and congregation; and we were left a very small number; but that few were of one heart and one mind which was to stick to the good old way, and have nothing to do with any new notions. For a time we had supplies; but we did not get on well, and at the end of two or three months, an impression rested on the mind of many of us (each keeping it a secret to himself) that we should have no permanent prosperity till Mr. Gwinnell, for whom the chapel was built, was brought back.

One a little bolder than the rest mentioned his impression to a brother and to his great surprise found instead of opposition that the same thought was on the mind of the party spoken to and on examining the mind of the church it was found that they were nearly all of the same opinion. Mr.

Gwinnell was invited and after serving two or three Sundays was again invited for twelve months, on probation; during which time, God has manifestly been with us, building up and strengthening the aged, encouraging and gathering in the wanderers, and adding to both church and congregation. That twelvemonths have now passed away, and having been invited by the unanimous voice of the church, he has accepted the pastoral office.

Mr. Banks then asked Mr. Gwinnell for a brief statement of his call by grace; his call to the ministry, and God's providential leadings, that had brought him back to Greenwich. The reply was to the effect, that when very young he was the subject of prayer, having had a praying mother, but till a young man, he was never led to see himself in the light of God's holy law, as a sinner; and from the moment the dear Lord had set his soul at liberty, by a faith's view of Jesus, he became a preacher (more or less) for he could not pass an old acquaintance in the street without speaking to them about Jesus. After leaving Greenwich a few years, he after some time of trial, settled down with a people at Willenhall; but his heart was always at Greenwich, with the friends; and receiving their letter of invitation he with pleasure acceded to it, as in the time of his absence, he was always impressed with the hope and belief that his days would be ended there. He had now been over twelve months in Greenwich, and found the same warm-hearted friends surrounding him as before. He blessed God his feeble and simple ministry had been made useful, and he hoped to live and die amongst the people of Greenwich. C. W. Banks then gave an affectionate and edifying address to Mr. Gwinnell, on the Ministry. The afternoon service concluded with prayer. The friends assembled to tea; the number was so great, that after filling our spacious school-room many had to be attended to in the chapel.

In the evening, brother Parsons (of Brentford) preached an excellent sermon to the church and congregation, and on the following Thursday evening, Mr. Attwood (of Camberwell) preached, and Mr. Gwinnell baptised seven believers: four males and three females in the name of the Lord.

Should the reading of this tend by God's blessing to strengthen the heart of the brethren of any of the Lord's little and tried causes, and enable them to look up to the God who has appeared for us, and is able to lift them up even from their lowest position, the heart-felt prayer of the writer will be fully answered. Your's in covenant bonds, H. B., Greenwich.

SOHO.—SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.

No young minister in our denunciation appears more happy and successful than does Mr. John Pells. The Lord is adding to the church under him very fast. We have accidentally omitted some notices. The following is just to hand. On Sunday evening, May 27th, our pastor preached from John xiv. 15; after which he again entered the baptismal pool, and in the name of the Eternal Three One Jehovah, immersed four persons; a husband and wife, and two others.

PLYMOUTH.—Our brother and correspondent,

Dr. Bell, of Lynmouth, has been labouring here for a short season. He preached on two Lord's-days in Corpus Christi Chapel, Stonehouse. Mr. Hemington, the pastor of the Baptist Church meeting there, has been much blessed, and there is gathered round him a loving and praying people. Dr. Bell also preached in a large deserted "Circus," which has been taken by some Christians for Gospel preaching; he had an audience of several hundreds of attentive listeners. We are glad to hear that the Lord is graciously working by his Spirit in "the three towns": there have been several baptisms recently. Our dear aged brother, Mr. Babb, has been privileged to see many converted, chiefly amongst the young

BLACKHEATH, KENT.—On Whit-Tuesday, the anniversary of Dacre Park chapel was holden. Mr. John Bloomfield, of Soho, preached in the afternoon at 3, and was heard well, and appeared exceedingly happy in his Master's employ. We need hardly add anything touching Mr. Bloomfield's discourse, as he is quite an "Anniversary man," as it is popularly termed now; and may be heard in almost any part of the country, which we take as a pretty clear proof of his acceptability among our churches generally. We have used the term, "Anniversary man;" but our impression is that now nearly all our ministers are "Anniversary men." Formerly, the preaching of anniversary sermons was principally confined to some two or three London Ministers; but now a slight glance at the multitude of notices which appear month after month in *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, will shew that the Churches now divide their "*favours*;" and that the anniversary services are conducted by ministers both of the Metropolis and the Provinces; and not as heretofore by one or two of our "London men," who were nearly "run dry" by the time the leaf began to fall. But to return to Dacre Park. After Mr. Bloomfield's discourse, tea was provided; not as we London people provide it; oh! no. The Dacre Park folk do these kind of things in "*a superior style*." Tables are set; cloths are laid; and every thing is supplied plentifully and with a uniform kindness. We are also reminded of the beauties of the floral world, by a large number of nosegays being placed at various parts of the chapel. And this is not all; for as you enter the chapel door, the first thing that catches your eye, in large characters, worked in evergreens, was the word "*Welcome*." This gave us a sort of assurance that we should be "*at home*;" and so we found it. The Dacre Park people are a thorough kind people and when you pay them a visit, they entertain you well, and manifest every attention. After tea a public meeting was commenced with singing, and prayer by brother Whittle. The chair was to have been occupied by John Vicars, Esq., but in his absence, it was ably filled by our good and hard working layman, Thomas Pillow, Esq., who said he was glad to see such a number before him; it showed love to the cause of Christ; and he thought if we loved him ~~who~~ ^{we} begat us, we should also love them that are begotten. Mr. Cracknell, the pastor could but express his thanks for the large number of friends who had visited them on this occasion, and he hoped they would be profited by the meeting. It might be asked, What have we been doing, or the Lord doing by us, during the past twelve months? He would say that they had been at work by all lawful means to spread the knowledge of the blessed Redeemer. They had not confined themselves to the chapel, but had held services in the open air, under the canopy of heaven, and he hoped not without a blessing. In the Sabbath School, peace and prosperity was apparent. The teachers were often found at the mercy-seat, and there they sought for instruction, guidance and success in their labours. He hoped that their eyes would still be kept to that source for a blessing on all their efforts. God has heard and answered their prayers and this should be their encouragement to press forward. They had used the means of tract distribution also; and hoped to be able to continue that branch for the diffusion of the Gospel. They had a clothing society by which they were enabled to assist their poorer brethren in getting suitable and needful clothing. There was also a Dorcas Society, doing its work quietly but often very acceptably. In all these and other efforts, they looked to God alone for the blessing—for "Paul may plant and Apollos water, but God alone could give the increase." But the more important question is, What has the Lord been doing amongst us as a church? During the past twelve-months, we have added eleven by baptism, and six by dismission from other churches. In those baptised, we are glad to say some fruits of our Sabbath School instructions, were very conspicuously brought before us. We hope these are only the drops

preceding the more abundant shower. Being conscious of the many imperfections that marked my ministrations, and feeling that my pastorate here demanded of me more attention than at the beginning of the year I could possibly devote to it; and also feeling an increasing desire to be more occupied in my Master's service, I came to the conclusion to give up my secular occupation, and so devote my entire attention to the ministry, and the many claims upon a pastor. I did so; and I must here be allowed to say that the friends here have acted nobly with me; they are kind and attentive; and I never felt more happy in my work than I now am. The Deacons are brethren with whom I can work and walk in comfort, and I bless God for them. We have peace in the church, and a prayerful spirit reigns in our midst. For the future we ask your special prayers; for if we look to the prosperity of the past, instead of the God of that prosperity, we shall be found wanting. May we place our entire dependence on the Lord; and then we may hope for continued peace and prosperity. Mr. William Palmer followed with an elaborate and well digested address on the Gospel ministry, and its necessary qualifications. We should like to have given it entire, but we must be content to say that it was a masterly dissertation upon the subject in hand. The friends were also addressed by Messrs. Wale, Bloomfield and Moyle; Mr. Banks was to have spoken; but was engaged the same evening at Mr. Williamson's; we were also assisted by Mr. Watts, and Mr. Whittle. R.

YATELY, HANTS.—The 33rd anniversary of Zoar Chapel, was on Monday, May 14th, Mr. Spencer, of Hartley Row, read the word and supplicated the throne of grace. Mr. Bloomfield preached a deeply interesting sermon on the claims and end of the law; the nature, power, and glory of the kingdom of grace, experienced in the heart of the redeemed family. After the service, a considerable number of friends dined in the adjoining barn. In the afternoon, Mr. Wale of Reading, favoured us with a sermon from Revelation v. on the opening of the book; the majesty of the lion of the tribe of Judah, the perfect nature, atoning sacrifice, and glorious wisdom of the Lamb, in the midst of the throne. Tea was provided. Above 170 sat down. The weather being fine and the company numerous, brother Bloomfield preferred the open air for the evening service; the words selected as a text were, "Received up into glory." He very interestingly shewed us the manhood of Christ in his weeping over the grave of Lazarus whilst his eternal God-head shone forth in the power of his command; "Lazarus come forth;" then shewing the same power essential to convince of sin, and to effect a deliverance in the souls of his people now. He also described the three-fold work of Christ in heaven, to prepare mansions for their abode, to make intercession for them, and finally to receive them up into glory. As a church and people, we are pleased to acknowledge the good hand of the Lord towards us. During the last two months we have enlarged our borders, and for the encouragement of our friends we inform them, that the proceeds of the day has cleared off the balance due for the alteration. "Not unto us, but to thy name be all the praise, O Lord, God of Israel."

WILLIAM PERRETT, Pastor.

On the 16th of April, 1860, Mrs. James Searle, of Cricket Hill, Yately, died aged 59. She had been a consistent member of the church at Zoar for 28 years, although she had been the subject of many fears respecting a personal interest in Christ; her life and conversation proved to those acquainted with her, that she was truly sanctified by the truth of God. Her last illness was of short duration. A few days before her death, the Holy Ghost made a blessed revelation of Christ to her soul; her bonds were cut asunder, and her faith made strong to pierce the skies. To the friends who visited her, she spoke freely of the mercy, and redeeming love of God. I saw her the day before her death in a

most delightful state of mind; her cap was really running over, saying, "I am safe on the rock—on the rock of ages." Her last word were,

"My Jesus has done all things well."

In the article of death. Her son said to her, "mother, I know you cannot speak, but if Christ be still precious to you, raise your hand," which she did immediately; and as it fell her soul left the clay tenement to enter the mansions of glory. Her remains were interred in the chapel yard, on the 23rd April, 1860. W. PERRETT.

COLNBROOK, BUCKS.—DEAR BROTHER BAKES,—I congratulate you on the excellency of your report of the Jubilee services at St. Neots. It is not the fault of your reporters that they did not do justice to Mr. John Foreman's sermon, where the newspaper press entirely failed; your reporters excelled them all; yet neither could they give us a tynthe of the precious things which that sermon contained. Our beloved friend Foreman was greatly favoured, and if I may decide for others, as for myself, a great many of the people of God found it good to be there. Having done duty (as the clericals say,) for you in Surrey lately, I suppose it to be only just that I should tell you, that the people of Hungary Hill, and its neighbourhood are at peace, and yet are prospering. Brother Joy of Frimby, preaches at Bethel, and the church having given him an invitation, it is thought that he will settle where our brother Drake so long and so happily laboured. Yesterday we had our anniversary service at Longford, this being a branch station of Colnbrook, we have a very pretty chapel built at the expense of a brother whom I was privileged to baptise lately. Brother Wale preached two excellent sermons, our friends from neighbouring churches gathered a good number, and I think we may say that the Lord the Spirit is working mightily in our midst, our village labours are blessed and the cause at home is increasing, so we are brought to rejoice in him who doeth all things well. You, my brother, are well aware that Paul may plant, and Appolos water, but God alone can give the increase, and you also know, that where neither Paul nor Appolos is, but where the Lord's people are, then by ever so humble an instrument, the work goes on to his own glory. That the Lord may be pleased to bless you, and still to make you a blessing to his family, is the prayer of your's truly. J. BRUNT.

LONG MARSTON.—Opening of Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Long Marston. (a hamlet of Tring, Herts.) on June 11th, 1860, when three sermons were preached by Mr. John Pells, to very crowded assemblies. Our brother came in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; the Great Master was present with us. The village of Long Marston is about three miles from Tring, and there are other places of worship situated about the same distance. A chapel similar to the present one was much needed here; for many years a few individuals have met together for worship in a small cottage. The new chapel is a comfortable and neat building. At the opening services our brother Pells was enabled to distribute the bread of life with boldness and in great faithfulness. It was a high day with the friends here; being favoured to hear Christ exalted and God glorified in the salvation of fallen man, with much pleasure and profit. We had good sermons, good collections, good congregations, and a good tea, to which many sat down. The evening service we held in a large barn, kindly lent us by Mr. Newman for the occasion. May the Lord follow with his blessing the services of the day, and cause the seed then sown to be prosperous, is the earnest prayer of one who loveth Zion, C. W.

WOOLWICH.—Ten believers in Jesus were baptised by Mr. Henry Hanks, at Carmel chapel, Woolwich, the last Lord's-day in May; with five others were received into the church at the Lord's table on the evening of the first Lord's-day in June. It is a good work, the Lord has given our brother at Woolwich; &c., it must be encouraging to him and his friends to see that work permanently progressing.

BRISTOL.—June 16th, 1860. MA. EDITOR. If numbers is any criterion to go by, we are in a more prosperous state; on the 4th of March last, we formed ourselves into a church; and the Lord does still make manifest his ways to some (who have been hearers for years) in opening their eyes to the first and only ordinance of his own instituting—Baptism by immersion. One male friend was baptised by friend Harris on Thursday evening, May 31st, in Providence Chapel, kindly lent by Mr. Hicks, the minister of the place, who led the devotional service. We are now meeting in 9, Pritchard Street, St. Paul's; probably some of your readers would like to find us out. J. Corbet, 14, Russ Street, St. Philip's Bristol.

THE CLOUDS GATHERING AROUND US.

In every direction men's hearts have been filled with fear. The dark and the water-filled clouds have been flying over us; and pouring down upon us their contents continually; until we have trembled. In the political and in the evangelical portions of the world, all has been commotion; and in some sections of our churches, disasters of no ordinary character have occurred. We must not, we shall not, enter into all things; but a brief analysis, or review of events, may tend to call up our thoughts into watchfulness, and earnest prayer; and this the times, and the voice of current events, loudly call for.

We turn first, to Old Zoar Chapel, in Great Alie-street, Goodman's Fields. For many years ZOAR CHAPEL has had in its pulpit some of the best men in vital truth

that this kingdom contains; thousands of the LORD's people have been fed, comforted, and edified there; but the management has been confined principally to one gentleman who has been rather suddenly called home. We have much to bring forth respecting ZOAR; but we pause, until we have recorded

THE DEATH AND FUNERAL

OF
JOSHUA PEDLEY, Esq.

THE mortal remains of Joshua Pedley, Esq., of Park-gate, Essex, were conveyed to the tomb on Tuesday, June 12th, 1860, at the city of London Cemetery, Ilford. Mr. Pedley was well known in the neighbourhood of Stratford; and he was not a stranger in the city; but he was principally known at Zoar chapel, Great Alie-street, where for very many years

he sustained the office of deacon, and was held in very high Christian esteem. Providence had dealt bountifully with him, and he manifested his mindfulness of the same by ministering largely to the necessities of the poor, and attending to the requirements of the church. Great respect was shewn for the departed on this occasion, for although the rain fell heavily, and the cemetery being eight or nine miles from London, still about 150 persons were assembled to see the funeral of their friend and brother. The *cortège* arrived at the Dissenters' chapel of the cemetery at half-past 12; and the first face seen was that of the good old minister of Rochdale, Mr. John Kershaw, who was at once conducted to the pulpit. When the massive coffin (there were three coffins, the interior one, next a leaden, and then the outer one of oak,) borne on the shoulders of ten men, had been placed on the bier, and the mourners and friends were seated, the service was commenced by the clerk of Zoar chapel giving out a hymn from Bayley's Selection.

Mr. Kershaw then said, he had come to commit to the dark and silent tomb the body of his departed friend. He should read a few portions of Scripture for the encouragement of the sorrowing. The first was part of the 16th chapter of St. John's Gospel; another was part of the 12th chapter of St. Paul's epistle to the Hebrews; also the 4th chapter of 1st epistle to the Thessalonians; the 13th verse of which chapter had been on his mind; and he had been thinking upon it, 'But I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope.' He would just notice that it is a sleep. Death was as a sleep; not that natural sleep which refreshes the body, but a sleeping in Jesus. It is said to be "softly slumbering till the resurrection;" the body sleeping till the resurrection morn. "Lord, remember me," said one, "when thou comest into thy kingdom." Look to the answer at the cross, "To-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." What a pleasure death must have been to that man. Mr. Kershaw, then noticed that sorrow was right; the Lord Jesus Christ himself sorrowed, and wept at the grave of Lazarus. Natural sorrow is right; but we are to sorrow not as those without hope; and even in sorrowing, we should not repine, or be melancholy; that is not right; but to have the proper feelings of humanity is right. Good men sometimes have had sorrow indeed on account of those who have lived and died in hostility to God, and by wicked works annihilated themselves from God. There is sorrow that is commendable, which we have spoken of, that of humanity. How many ministers have I followed to the grave? How many deacons have I also followed, the same as we are doing to-day; and have I not sorrowed? I have, but not as those having no hope. Jesus liveth; and where he is we shall be for ever. God forbid that our sorrow should be with repinings. Remember, we shall not see the face of our departed friend any more. We shall not hear his voice again; but then

we have "hope in his death." It is now 40 years since Mr. Pedley first went to Zoar. He was then a young man in opulent circumstances, and moving in sinful ways. However, the bow was drawn at a venture by John Keeble; and the Holy Ghost sent the arrow of conviction into the young man's heart, and "he became a living soul." He (Mr. Kershaw,) said it was customary with him to spend the month of May with the friends at Zoar. And during his last visit, he took especial notice of how his friend Pedley seemed to be ripening for a better world. He was a man who greatly enjoyed the preaching of the word of life. Often has he accompanied Mr. Kershaw to some anniversary gatherings, and often appeared quite overjoyed at the happy times in hearing. Our dear sister, who has to sorrow at the loss of a loving partner, with whom she has walked together for many years in love; yet still she does not sorrow as one without hope. To speak of Christ, and Christ alone, seemed his all. Our departed friend said to his dear partner, (speaking in such terms as man should to his wife,) "Ann, we shall be bound up in the bundle of life together." Here was a two-fold confidence. "We;" he knew that both he and his beloved partner would be bound up in the everlasting bundle of life. There must be a cord, Solomon calls it a three-fold cord; and this cord takes hold of all who are in the everlasting covenant; also this three-fold cord is the Triune Jehovah; three persons in the eternal Godhead; God the Father, to choose; the Son, to redeem; and the Holy Ghost, to quicken and carry on the work of grace in the hearts of the family of God. Our sister, then, has cause for natural sorrow, but not as one without hope. The children have reason to sorrow at the loss of a beloved father, for I think a kinder father never was; and my desire for you is, and I speak this solemnly, that your father's and mother's God may be your God; so that you may be a seed to serve Him; and when death shall overtake you, may you be found ready to depart. May your father's prayers be answered in your behalf. We have reasons for hope. We have known some individuals, who after the death of a parent have been brought to a knowledge of the grace of God. Their prayers have been answered. Oh! Lord, grant this may be the case in this instance. The thought of his death must cast a gloom over you. God grant you may be to your dear mother what she has been to you. We sorrow then not as those without hope. The church also will sorrow, to know that here they will see his face no more. In this you have cause for sorrow; yes, you may be sorrowful, but not as they which have no hope. He was never absent from the church, unless through sickness, he was always at his post. He was not a perfect man; are you? I am not.

Mr. Kershaw, then proceeded to give the church a word of advice. Be on your guard against men who will, perhaps, come in from other churches, dissatisfied persons; be careful not to lay hands on any man hastily. We

know not how soon we may be called to depart; O may we be ready.

Prayer by Mr. Kershaw, closed the proceedings in the chapel. The funeral then moved on, and the coffin was lowered into a temporary vault, built till a larger and better one is completed. The plate on the case bore the following inscription, "Joshua Pedley, Esq., of Forest Gate, Essex, born

June 14th, 1779, died June 5th, 1860, aged 81 years. At the grave, Mr. Kershaw, made a few remarks, and then offered prayer, which closed the proceedings.

The *cortege* consisted of a hearse, and three mourning coaches, each drawn by four horses, with velvets, mutes, pages, &c., which was followed by one or two private carriages. Mr. Crowther, of Lockwood, was also present.

REPLY TO MR. PHILPOT, BY MR. J. A. JONES. OR, THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

[We deeply regret the rising up of another controversy among our own brethren; but the absolutely tyrannical, and very unholy spirit of some in these times, compels us to admit a reply.—Ed.]

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As it would be a forlorn hope to expect Mr. J. C. Philpot to favour me, by inserting my *reply* to his *unhallowed remarks* in the pages of the *Gospel Standard*, I have therefore to request you will oblige me with a page or two of THE EARTHEN VESSEL. Of course I am alone responsible for what I advance, leaving you entirely free to judge for yourself. I am not at all surprised at the unbecoming tenor of Mr. Philpot's lucubrations. The old adage has it, that "what is bred in the bone, will never come out of the flesh." When John Wesley replied, in a feverish state of excitement, to some weighty remarks of Dr. Gill, the doctor in his rejoinder, said, "the man is *pinched* and is *angry*." Mr. Philpot seems somewhat *pinched*, and as usual, is very impatient of contradiction. Let it be my concern not to "render railing for railing, but contrariwise blessing." 1 Pet. iii. 9. "He that is slow to *anger* is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his *spirit* than he that taketh a city." Prov. xvi. 32. First, I would briefly reply to some unbecoming remarks of Mr. Philpot; and secondly, standing *entirely* on the *Scriptural* ground I have already taken, I would produce *a little more* to the same import, *also* founded on the *sacred Word*. Leaving the *spiritually-taught* Bible reader to come to his own conclusions.

And here first, I notice that Mr. Philpot begins a page in the *Standard*, with the following, in *large capitals*. "Garbling the writings of good men by dishonest quotations." Then he commences with "an aged minister, named J. A. Jones, has addressed a letter &c.," and he says, "the poor old man who bids us condescend to borrow a leaf out of Dr. Hawker's book, might have condescended not to *garble* his words, &c." I smiled when I read the heading of this page. "A garbler of the writings of good men."

Now Mr. Philpot does not seem to know the *only* dictionary meaning of the word which he has used. What *he* means by *garbling*, is, that of quoting *dishonestly*; now this charge I deny *intoto*, and call on him for proof. I have transcribed, simply and honestly what Dr. Hawker has written, *verbatim*

et literatim. The only sense in which the word "garble" stands in any dictionary that I have seen is as follows. "Garble—to sift, to part, to separate the *good* from the *bad*." A garbler, he who separates one part from another." My quotations are from Drs. Johnson, Ash, and Walker. Well, then, I acknowledge that I am a *sifter*, &c., of *human* writings. A *separator* of the *good* from the *bad*. I have aimed to take heed *what* I read; to analyze, and bring the same to the *unerring standard* of God's Word.

"This is the Judge that ends the strife,
When men's devices fail."

I have read a little in my long day; and I have communicated the *result* of my very many hours of laborious *siftings* and *winnowings*, (*i.e.* garblings,) in various *printed* treatises. And my sole aim also as a Christian minister has been, the presentation to my people of *winnowed*, clean provender. Isa. xxx. 24.) But alas! now I am to be told that I am spending my last days in the *miserable* *vanity* of re-printing my erroneous Creed of fifty years back, as if age could turn falsehood into truth!" My only reply to this man shall be, that the lovers of sterling gospel truth, who know my various writings, and are acquainted with my general ministry, will, one and all, declare the above to be a *libel*. Again, he charges me "with employing my dying fingers, in mutilating the writings of gracious men for a *dishonest* purpose." *Sad writing this!* Well, through mercy, my *dying* fingers are not *quite* *dead*; they have *some* life in them yet. And though my oft-used *pen* is almost worn to the stump, yet if the Lord shall be pleased to supply me with a little *gospel* ink, I hope still to be able to *scratch* a few more pointed remarks; not perhaps exactly pleasing to my calumniator, but still not altogether irrelevant. And, if in addition, it may prove a sort of *check-string* to Mr. Philpot, who seems like Jehu, the son of Nimshi, to be "*riding furiously*," (2 Kings ix. 20.) I shall not regret this most unpleasant controversy. *Regret it, did I say?* I think that on the contrary, I shall have reason to *rejoice*. I have received encouraging letters already, to the following import, "While I regret the divisions in our body, I have no fear for *God's truth*, or for God's own elect. Indeed it is my decided opinion, that scriptural truth will be cleared, advanced, and rendered glorious,

by this *onslaught on the churches.*" And, the same writer also adds, "This controversy will tend to close searching and close quarters; and to embrace the *rock* for want of a shelter, from the *rash judgments, unsubmitted tempers, and unmortified passions* of men."

But I promised a brief reply to some unbecoming remarks of Mr. Philpot; and in particular relative to two (so called by him,) *dishonest* quotations. I make my stand by the quotation I have given from Dr. Hawker; the reader has it both in my present letter to Mr. Philpot, and in his quotation therefrom in the *Standard*. The Dr. says, "I have never seen the subject (*i. e.* of eternal generation) defined by any writer to my satisfaction" &c. I am now sorry that I did not commence my quotation where I *should* have begun it. It was an oversight on my part, as it contained all that I could possibly desire. Doctor Hawker replies to his opponent, "You have drawn up a creed for me to which I cannot subscribe. You have said my faith is, that the SON OF GOD, as a divine person, was eternally begotten of the substance of the FATHER." Now doctor Hawker declares, in most plain words, that he cannot subscribe to such a creed." Why not? Why because he does not hold it. If he held it he would not have objected to subscribe to it. There is no "garbling" here, master Philpot, (according to your view of the word) no; this is plain sailing. Mr. Philpot, then, is the *garbler*, not me. I inadvertently omitted to commence with a most important sentence, and Mr. Philpot omits it (may I say *purposely*) because it makes entirely against him.

Reader, take the sentences in the exact words of Dr. Hawker. He replies to his opponent, "you have drawn up a creed for me to which I cannot subscribe. You have said my faith is, that the SON OF GOD, as a DIVINE person, was eternally begotten of the substance of the FATHER. Sir, I have never presumed to look into, much less enter, the hallowed ground of mystery, in relation to the *modus extendi* of the Divine Persons in the GODHEAD. I have no conception of the nature of that relationship which subsists between the Father and the Son. I know indeed that some of our greatest divines have dwelt largely on the subject of what they call *eternal generation*; but I have never seen it defined by any writer to my satisfaction."

Well, the above quotation is *plain enough* I think. The doctor says that he has never seen the doctrine of *eternal generation* defined by any writer to his satisfaction, and therefore he cannot subscribe to it as *his creed*. What the good doctor means by saying that he cannot subscribe to as *his creed*, what he continually reads in the scriptures, is *inexplicable* to me. If Mr. Philpot can explain it, then myself and readers will be *enlightened*.

And now permit me to glean, winnow, sift, or "garble" (if you please,) somewhat more from the writings of Dr. Hawker. I have before me his "poor man's Concordance and Dictionary." Under the word "*begotten,*"

he writes, "In relation to the SON OF GOD, as the *first begotten*, and the *only begotten* of the *Father*, full of grace and truth; if those terms are confined to the Person of the LORD JESUS in his character and office AS MEDIATOR, here all difficulty *vanishes* to the proper apprehension of our mind; and under divine teaching, we are not only brought to the full conviction of the glorious truth itself, but to the full enjoyment of it, in knowing the LORD JESUS CHRIST in his MEDIATORIAL character, *God* and *Man* in one Person, the head of union with his people, and the head of *communication* also to his people, for grace here, and glory hereafter."

Again, under the head, "generation" in his dictionary, the Dr. says, "the Holy Ghost hath been very explicit in his sacred word, where the SON OF GOD, when standing up as the MEDIATOR and head of the church before all worlds, is called the *first begotten Son*, and, the *only begotten* of the FATHER, full of grace and truth. All these and the like phrases, WHOLLY refer to the SON OF GOD in his humbling himself as our Redeemer and Mediator, the *God-man* in one Person Christ Jesus. Here we cannot be at a loss to have the clearest apprehension, because they refer to his office character. Hence, all those titles are very plain. "He is Jehovah's servant," Isa. xlii. 1. And his Father is greater than he," John xiv. 28. "And, God is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," Eph. i. 17. All these, and numberless expressions of the like nature, *wholly* refer to the Son of God as Christ; and have NO respect to his eternal nature and Godhead abstracted from his office character as Mediator."

I have now proved that Dr. Hawker held, as firmly as I do, that the *Sonship of Christ* was in his complex character as *God-man*; and that he was not begotten in abstract Deity. I had a personal acquaintance with the Doctor. Some precious *autograph* letters from him to me, written 40 years ago, are now in my possession.

I think I have quoted enough, most explicit and quite to the purpose; only,

"He that's convinced against his will
Remains the same opinion still."

Once more, and I have done for this time. I look Mr. Philpot full in the face, and totally deny that I have acted dishonestly in my extract from Dr. Owen's Preface. I only quoted from *Ephrem Syrus* to shew, as he has stated, "how unhappy, miserable, and most impudent he is, who desires to *examine* or *search out* his Maker." And I quoted it as a warning to Mr. Philpot.

Well then, dear reader, I have endeavoured somewhat to clear the decks, (as they say) in replying to some unbecoming remarks of Mr. Philpot; and which I would hope on a calm consideration (if he can calmly consider) he is already ashamed of; and I shall in a future number of the VESSEL, cut out a little more work for Mr. Philpot. I see he has already shifted his ground; and perhaps he may beat a retreat ere long. However, whether he does so or not, we fearlessly avow our blessed Lord Jesus Christ, in his divine

nature, is not a *begotten God*. I know Mr. Philpot would seem to wish to shrink from the charge as applicable to him; and he enquires, "where can we find such an expression as 'A begotten God,' used by any writer who advocates the eternal sonship, &c.?" I reply, not in perhaps so many words, (this would be too bold and daring) but, in several places, Mr. Philpot has himself written down the same in substance. I take one or two sentences only as a sample of all the rest. He says, "We assert that when the Scriptures speak of Jesus as the only begotten Son of God, it speaks of him as such, in the divine nature." (p. 124 Gospel Standard.)

Again, "He was his only begotten Son in his divine nature." (p. 125) Well then, if he is the only begotten Son of God, in the divine nature, then his divine nature must be begotten. This implies a begotten Deity, or in other words, "a begotten God." There is no evading this conclusion by all Mr. Philpot's hectoring. On the contrary, very many, with myself, believe him to be, "Alpha and Omega; the beginning and the ending." In a word, he is Jehovah, which is, and which

was, and which is to come: the Almighty.

I close for the present with the following all-important extract. "Great deception is practising on the simple disciples of our adorable Jesus! But our Saviour must be such an one as heaven can prudently trust, and earth can lawfully worship. To give him divine titles, and deny him divine *perfections*, is to mock him in coverings not his own. He may be praised, without possibility of excess; loved, without danger of inordinancy; trusted, without liability to disappointment; and followed, without being at all misguided. His wealth is unsearchable riches, and his kingdom everlasting rest. Of *Persons*, he is the most wonderful, and of *Servants*, the most deserving. But, his *servitude* required that he should have a Lord's ability to perform it. He therefore who holds sentiments destructive of his true Person, as God and Man, holds principles that overthrow his mediatorial work: as his Person mutilated, is, in effect, his Work ruined." I hope to resume my remarks next month. In the interim, I am dear Mr. Editor, your's &c.

J. A. JONES.

MISCELLANEOUS CLOSING NOTICES.

OUR AUSTRALIAN MAIL.

Mr. Conoby's letter and tract has been received: too late for this month. We gladly announce the fact that the venerable Mr. Dowling has been raised from his recent heavy affliction; and is even travelling and preaching with vigour and success. "They shall still bring forth fruit in old age."

From Adelaide, we have a letter from our now ministering brother Charles Hooper, from whence the following extracts are made:

"DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Your letter which came to hand by the February mail, has greatly cheered my heart; the sincere Christian love you breathe towards me has been truly a soothing balm to my wounded soul. My pathway was pretty smooth since I left England, until the Church sent me out to preach the Gospel; since then it has been deep affliction. Each Sabbath is almost entirely taken up in the work, and bless the Lord for an increased supply of matter, and great soul enjoyment in the same. But if you could look into our Churches, your heart would sink to see the coldness and indifference manifested. Religion in many cases is put on with the Sunday clothes, and one service a week is quite sufficient to satisfy an Australian conscience; of course there are exceptions. I do hope to see a better state of things; I will tell you why: there is one SPARKHALL ROBINSON, formerly a member of the late John Stevens, of Soho, who has until lately been in the state described, but now has been instrumental in opening a place of worship at Saulisbury, where he resides: it is twelve miles from Adelaide, and is one of the places visited by myself and my dear brother Mason; and here there are some who come seven or eight miles to hear the truth advanced by such poor, weak instruments as above; here we have some who were formerly members with Mr. Warburton, Mr. James Wells, Mr. Foreman, &c. Then there are four other places— one 12, one 10, one 7, and one 3 miles from Adelaide, and only three of us to keep these supplied. O that the Lord would send, or raise us up, a good minister, one capable of building up a Baptist cause. All other denominations prosper, while the Baptists sit still. Free-will ministers are here by dozens, full

of talent and zeal, who obtain a stipend of from £300 to £400 per annum, and build chapels to hold a thousand persons; while the largest Strict Baptist Chapels will not seat 100, and in them there is plenty of room. If among the truth-loving thousands of Old England, a small subscription could be raised, to send us out a good man of God, and a little towards his first year's support, we should rejoice; if this is too much, let us have your prayers, that the Lord would raise us up one after his own heart, who shall feed us with knowledge and understanding. Your's truly,
CHARLES HOOPER."

"Leigh Street, Adelaide. April 19, 1860."
Mr. Thomas Bailey, of Preston, near Melbourne, writes a long epistle, which shall be noticed.

MR. PEDLEY'S FUNERAL SERMON.

[Since our account of Mr. Pedley's funeral was in type, (see page 199) we have received the following.]

The funeral sermon for the late Mr. Pedley was preached on Lord's-day morning, June 17, by Mr. Wm. Crowther, of Lockwood, at Zoar chapel, who, by request from a member of the bereaved family, founded his remarks upon the 2nd verse of the 12th chapter of Isaiah, "Behold God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid, for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song, he also is become my salvation." In which was set forth the great blessing of salvation being God himself in the co-eternal and co-essential nature and dignity of the Three in One, Father, Word, and Holy Spirit, dwelling with much emphasis, upon the personal experience, "my salvation," from which arose the confidence, and dependence of the child of God at all times, and under all circumstances. "I will trust and not be afraid," giving a reason for such trust; "For the Lord Jehovah is my strength" and my song, yea, has "also become my salvation." There was no fulsome eulogy of the departed, as is too common with funeral services. But occasional remarks, how, that for nearly half a century, the late Joshua Pedley, had proved the same in his own soul; so

that amidst clouds and sunshine, storms and calms, evil reports and good reports, divers perils from false brethren, and fickle friends, he ever remained steadfast and unshaken, firmly relying upon that blessed truth, "Behold God is my salvation," yet, those acquainted with the late senior deacon of the church at Zoar, will know that with all the posterity of a fallen head, we have partaken of the dry rot of imperfection, but he was not given to those changes attendant upon having men's persons in admiration, because of advantage; he loved the truth, defended the truth, and was ever a ready and willing supporter of the truth, and well will it be for old Zoar, if one of like mind be found still with her. Suffice it to say, that from undoubted authority, the sole enjoyment of all his spiritual enjoyment and happiness, during the times that went over him, arose from a well grounded experience of the truths contained in this short, yet very blessed chapter, which acted as a motive in the selection of the text. In justice to his memory, and that the assertions of the liars might be frustrate, who, since his decease, have circulated that he had changed his views, we, without any reserve, declare it a base fabrication.

TORRINGTON, North Devon. The annual sermons on behalf of the Sunday Schools of the Strict Baptist church at this place, were preached on Lord's-day, the 17th of June, by Mr. Bell, of Plymouth. The various services were the most successful that have been known at the place for some years. There are about 160 children in those schools and a good supply of teachers. In the church and congregation there is a revival of the Lord's work. There have been several conversions, and much quickening amongst the Lord's people.—(From a Correspondent.)

CHATHAM, ENON BAPTIST CHAPEL. I happened to be in Chatham in June, and found the anniversary services at Enon, were being holden. There seems a bright revival there, under the ministry of Mr. John Bennett, who has recently returned from America, and whose labours in Sheerness and in Chatham have been unusually acceptable, in fact, some of the friends assured me that the good Enon people are anxious to build a new chapel; and there is hope that permanent prosperity will attend them. Enon is crowded full. On Monday, June 11th, I was at the meeting. Mr. Bennett presided: Mr. Thomas Jones prayed most blessedly; friend Terry, their true and faithful friend, spoke a few words; he is only just recovered from illness; all were thankful to see him present; and his intelligent and devoted spouse, with a large number of zealous female friends, gave us a refreshing tea. Mr. Peplow, delivered a nice address of a purely kind and homely character. C. W. Banks spoke at length on the absolute qualifications for the ministry; Mr. Inwards, of Ryarsh, followed; and the meeting closed in a very happy manner. A POOR TRAVELLER.

HILPERTON.—On Monday afternoon, June 18th, we had a public tea meeting at the Baptist Chapel. About 100 sat down apparently satisfied with the mercies of our God; great credit is due to those friends who assisted us. After tea, we had a public meeting; a large congregation collected together; after singing and imploring the blessing of the Lord, our beloved brother and present minister, Mr. John Lindsey, gave us a very satisfactory account of his call to the ministry, dividing it in a three-fold manner: First, the internal call, by the power of the Lord, working very powerfully upon his mind concerning the ministry, in a variety of exercises for some years. Second, how the Lord opened doors in His providence for him to preach his word; and, third, how the Lord hath been pleased to honor his own truth, in giving life to the dead, liberty to the captive, comfort to the mourners, and strength to the weak. When Mr. Lindsey had related his internal call, he rested; and our good deacon Gwinnell, said a few words relative to his having heard our

minister relate his call by grace in connexion with his becoming a member at the late Mr. Warburton's chapel, and the firm conviction of his mind in hearing him, that the Lord surely had a work for him to do, and how pleased he was on the present occasion to tell that his soul, as well as the souls of others in this place have received many blessings from the Lord through him. Mr. Lindsey then resumed his subject, and concluded just before nine o'clock, when an hymn was sung, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation dispersed. Thus was closed a meeting, happy and long to be remembered. The Lord has blessed his word to our souls since our brother has been preaching amongst us.

ONE OF THE NUMBER.

NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

"*Satan's Kingdom; the Mystery of Iniquity; or, Gentile Supremacy. The Time of its Beginning; its Metropolis; and Time of its Ending.* A new Work different from any yet offered to the World. By A Plain Man." London: Henry James Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane; and of all Booksellers.

Such is the title of another Six-penny pamphlet of quite an original and striking character. We make no pretensions to the unfolding of dark, historical, and prophetic writings, beyond what is plainly revealed by the Lord; or discovered with the eye of a living faith; much less can we decide upon the national and circumstantial verification of ancient writ; but this we believe, it is a conviction deep in us, that this "Plain Man" has done two things very effectively—first, he has exposed the fallacies and uprooted the presumptions of many great writers; secondly, he has plainly declared his views of the Lord's mind in many of those wonderful Scriptures which, in the providence of God, are now receiving at least a partial accomplishment. We think the work must command attention.

"*A Blow at the Root of Puseyism.*" An Appeal to the Protestants of the Empire. By James Mules, LL.B. London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane; R. Banks and Co., 182, Dover Road; G. Herbert, Grafton Street, Dublin; and of all Booksellers.

This six-penny pamphlet contains a long Preface, and the Address delivered by Mr. Mules previous to his being baptised by immersion. And as it is the production of a scholar, of a gentleman, and of one who has sacrificed his position as a Clergyman in the Church of England,—with all the prospects and preferences therewith connected,—as he has come to us Particular Baptists, because he believes our views of truth, and our practice of gospel ordinances, to be strictly in accordance with the mind and manner of Christ and his apostles—and has he been called to suffer greatly in these sacrifices we are compelled to believe that the Lord will honour this book in perhaps opening the eyes of many a blind Churchman; in directing many a poor halting, wavering, undecided mind; and in stirring up us sleepy people to more zeal and activity in the work and ways of our Holy Master. Mr. Mules has preached for us, with acceptance to our people; he has supplied several pulpits in the Metropolis; and we sincerely pray the Lord may give him a good work yet in some corner of the vineyard. Our Baptist friends should widely circulate the "Blow at the Root of Puseyism," among their Church of England neighbours.

"*The True Tabernacle.*" London: J. H. Tresidder. The first number of a new penny monthly appears this July; conducted by Mr. Samuel Correns; and designed to be (instrumentally to the Lord's people in this day, what the Old Tabernacle was to the Israelites in the wilderness. It is published by Mr. Tresidder, of 17, Ave Maria Lane; and will enjoy, we hope, a large circulation.

Good News from Heaven!

THE SUFFOLK CHURCHES—THE MANCHESTER MISSIONARY—THE IRISH REVIVAL.

THERE are many things in this day of a most painful and perplexing character in our churches—sicknesses and sorrows, strifes and slanders, deaths and divisions, surround us on all hands. The harp of many a saint is hung upon the willows; clouds are cast over many a church; the want of an unctuous power doth almost universally prevail; and even in our closets there is a famine. Ah! 'tis a fearful truth, in every sense the harvest is great; the labourers are few! From a multitude of correspondence, the closing sentences of one dear brother's letter greatly affected us, we would wholly discard the ominous words if we dared, but we must not. He is a sober-minded, careful, clear-eyed observer both of things human, and of works divine. He speaks not at random; he writes not without much consideration, and deep conviction: he says, "the sky is lowering; the clouds are gathering; the winds are roaring; the tempest is brewing; a glorious struggle is preparing; you have taken your stand—march on—cheer forward—victory is certain—the final conquest is sure!" We believe all this, and the latter as well as the former: therefore, though we admit the existence of that which is painful, we cheerfully and confidently anticipate the approach of that which will be triumphantly glorious; and as we almost fly from one corner of Zion to another; as we read, hear, and witness the waning of the spiritual wealth of Zion, we try to sing,

" Though painful at present,
 'Twill cease before long;
 And then, oh! how pleasant
 The conqueror's song."

From the heap of books and papers now to hand, we select one from the eastern, and another from the northern shores of our island. They have refreshed us in our journeys: a brief reference may be useful to thousands. The first is, the "*Circular Letter, or the New Testament Ministry by the Suffolk and Norfolk Association of Particular Baptist Churches, 1860.*" (Printed and published by that excellent provincial typ., Read Crisp, of Beccles.)

This Letter on "*The New Testament Ministry,*" claims for its author, the venerable GEORGE WRIGHT, of Beccles; and it is a brilliant illustration of the delightful fact, that, although this beloved brother in Christ is very far advanced in the divinely

prescribed limits of human existence, although he is both ripe and ready for a brighter kingdom, yet, his mental and ministerial powers are as elastic, as correct, as vigorous, as fruitful, and as true to God and his word, as ever. The Lord be praised that there is a man of such mighty spiritual and evangelical strength as good old George Wright, the long-standing Baptist pastor of Beccles, in Suffolk, whose letter, this year on the New Testament Ministry most certainly ought to be prayerfully perused by every man who dares to assume the solemn and holy office of a gospel preacher: it is the matured thought, it is the well-digested conviction of a man who has, by the grace of God, spent a whole life-time in searching heaven's holy Word, and in seeking and in receiving "*the Judgment of God,*" upon every office, every doctrine, every ordinance, and every precept connected with the honor of "our Covenant Head," and the well-being of all the redeemed family. We are not ashamed to confess that we secretly loved George Wright, of Beccles, before; but this letter on "the New Testament Ministry" set fire to our affections toward him beyond anything we have lately realized; and we feel it impossible to speak of him or of his letter in terms too highly. One hundred thousand of it ought to be circulated; instead of which, the Association have printed one thousand, not sufficient for every Church in Great Britain to have a copy. If we are not hindered, we will either re-print it in monthly sections in THE EARTHEN VESSEL; or issue it in a cheap form. To do the latter, we ask the permission of the noble author; and of the grave sires who sit at the helm of one of the purest Gospel Associations, perhaps, in all the world. We had, even when we commenced this paper, intended to have given extracts; but the paper is such a beautifully connected whole; that to take out any portion would be to spoil it. We must let our readers have the entire piece in the course of the year.

The next letter is to be written by brother Cooper, or, if he cannot, brother Collins must. What excellent, useful, and devoted men these two brethren are! You can never look into these circular letters, but you are at once convinced that the very centre and substance of this association is concentrated in brother Cooper and brother Collins, around whom the whole bench of

Suffolk divines walk and wait with the most excellent submission and harmony. But we must say no more; although the Circular is not done with yet.

The twenty-third annual report of the Manchester City Mission has also sweetly entwined itself around our heart; not because it is as orthodox as the former production; not because it is the production of any excellent brother in Christ known to us; not because it is a Baptist representative; no! but simply because it furnishes cases of real evangelical effort among the dying and the dreadful of this distressed world. One page from this report gives an example of a kind of enterprise which we highly esteem; and upon all such genuine efforts to point the wretched and the ruined to the great salvation which is in Christ Jesus the Lord, we do firmly believe heaven is looking with peculiar delight. This is the page we refer to. The report says:—

“One Sunday in July, whilst a Missionary was abroad in his accustomed labour of love, two women called at his house, and entreated earnestly that he might be sent at once to see what could be done for a neighbour in sore anguish of soul—going out of her mind, in fact, they said, and crying out that the devil had led her captive at his will, and that she was lost. On his return the Missionary immediately obeyed the summons, and truly the description was not overdrawn. As he drew near the house he could hear her moans and cries of despair. On his kindly inquiring why she had sent for him, in an almost frantic state she exclaimed “Oh dear, Oh dear, I am a lost woman!” A solemn pause, with an earnest prayer for wisdom, and the Missionary replied, “Indeed; I am very glad to hear you say so.” At this the woman seemed quite shocked, as she replied, “Well, that is a settler. There were some folks here last week who told me that I must pray and repent; but if they had known the state of my poor heart, surely they could have told me something better than that. They only left me worse than they found me. Then another this morning told me that I was a very wicked sinner. I screamed at him, for, as I told him, I knew that better than he could tell me. He did me no good; but you are worse than all of them put together. You are very glad are you?”

“Well, I mean to say, I am glad when I hear of a poor sinner like myself coming to a just sense of her true condition before God. We are all sinful, lost, and ruined, and the devil leads us captive at his will, and until God the Holy Ghost opens our eyes and shows us our lost condition, we are not only led captive, but we are the devil’s willing captives.”

“Ah, that is true,” she said, “for I have been his willing captive long enough.”

“But, now, you are not so willingly.”

“No, I am not; but there’s no mercy for me.”

“Who told you that?”

“Why, my conscience, my heart.”

“But God who is greater than our heart and knoweth all things, says it ‘is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.’ So you have been believing that heart of yours, which cannot do anything but deceive you.”

“Oh, but all my thoughts haunt me and tell me it is so.”

“But God tells you again, ‘every imagination of the thoughts of the heart are only evil continually.’”

“Well, master, you pin me at every corner; but I cannot get it out of my head that I am lost.”

“For you to think and say so is quite right. God’s Word says so; but for you to say there is no mercy for you, is contrary to that Word. Would you allow me to ask you why it is that you feel thus—is it any particular sin against man or God?”

“I thought,” says the Missionary, “that on asking this question I saw her countenance change, as she answered, ‘Eh, master, it is because I have sinned against God, and nobody else, and he knows all about it.’”

“Well, mistress, David said. ‘Against thee thee only, have I sinned;’ and again, ‘If thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord who shall stand?’ And if you could see yourself anything else but a lost ruined sinner, you would not know your need of Jesus as a Saviour. You would then be in ten times greater danger of eternal ruin than you are now.”

“Well, that’s something better; but oh, how I do wish I was all right.”

“Jesus Christ says, ‘Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.’”

“Comforted! What with?”

“With the blessed assurance of his own Word, ‘Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.’ Then the same Word tells us that ‘his own self bore our sins in his own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye are healed.’”

“How is it that his stripes can heal us?”

“How is it that one man can pay another’s debts?”

“And is it that way that he does it?”

“It is, my dear woman. As the friend of sinners he stood in their place and paid their debts; that is, he obeyed the law they had broken and endured the punishment they deserved. Thus the great gulf sin had made has been arched over, and Christ is the way back to God; through this way God and the sinner meet as friends, the believer standing as though he had never sinned.”

“Who is it that is thus blessed?”

“That man or woman who, mourning over sins committed against God, hears and trusts the voice of Jesus calling in his love, ‘I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me.’ ‘He that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.’”

“Well, now, that is comforting; and I wish I could see and hear it gladly.”

At the second visit she was much discouraged on account of the peculiarity of her sin, in having spoken blasphemously against God; but the Missionary assured her she was greatly mistaken, for Paul himself says that God put him into the ministry who was before a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious; but he obtained mercy. He also continued, "You remember Paul called himself the 'chief of sinners,' and for the comfort of such as you he said, 'I obtained mercy that in me first Jesus Christ might shew forth all long-suffering for a pattern to them who should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting.' Now, then, who with Paul's example before them, can question Christ's love, willingness, and power to save them."

"No, my word," she replied, "there is no mistake about it. I see there is no occasion to doubt any longer. He says he is willing to save me, and I do feel drawn in love to him."

After further conversation the Missionary asked,

"And hearing of what he has done, you feel you can trust the well-being of your never dying soul to Jesus alone."

"Ah, he is able to save, that's his work, and as you said he finished the work, God is satisfied with him, and why should not I? I will be satisfied."

There seems no doubt from subsequent interviews of this woman's conversion. On one occasion she spoke of her change of mind thus, "Why, sir, a lot of the folks, said, when I was in that awful way, that I should soon have to go to the lunatic asylum, and others told my husband to get the doctor, but they little thought what was to do with me. I wanted no doctor but the great and good Physician, Him as you brought with you. He has done my soul good with the medicine of grace—His own blood." There is reason to believe that her husband is also a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Glory to God for any real good of this kind. There are thousands now going forth in the vineyard who are only as little children in knowledge and in faith; but in love to souls they shame many of us. Oh! that the heavens may pour us down a blessing; and cause us in faith and faithfulness to arise.

THE IRISH REVIVAL.

We have, in June number, simply introduced this book to our readers. In July, we referred to it; we shall here give Mr. Baillie's pretty portico, or his prefatory. We think it will command the careful thought of all intelligent minds. In his first chapter he says—

"We went to Ireland with no particular bias or prepossession. Our one object was to see, and hear, and examine, and judge, for ourselves. With that view, we determined to keep our eyes and ears open—to

visit the people—to mix familiarly with them—less on occasions of exciting assemblages, than in their privacy of the quiet homes; and the sequel will shew how cordial and friendly a welcome we met with, and how ample opportunities we enjoyed for attaining the purpose of our visits.

"Coleridge used to say, that people oftentimes assume certain things to be 'contrary to reason,' meaning, that they are 'contrary to their particular reason, or to the notions which they have been accustomed to form in their school of philosophy or theology.'" The fallacy Lord Bacon used to call an "idolum tribus"—an idol of the tribe, or sect, or school,—adding, that its worshippers not unfrequently found themselves prostrated before another idol—the "idolum spelunæ," or idol of the cave—a gloomy abode, where the devotees were left to grope in a darkness which might be felt. In the days of Galileo, the worshippers of this idol pronounced it to be "contrary to reason" that the earth should move round the sun; and they committed the simple man to prison. But nature would not be bound; and so, as the registrar of her decisions was led away to a dungeon, he uttered in their ears his calm protest, "Still it moves." In the days of Harvey, it was held to be "contrary to reason" that the blood should have a double circulation; and not a single physician above forty years of age ever acknowledged the fact: but the blood held its course through the frame, unaffected by professional anthemas. From certain reports which had reached us touching the work in Ireland, we had been led to be peculiarly on our guard lest we should shut our eyes to patent facts; and we pondered carefully beforehand what our Bible taught us on this head.

"We found it there recorded, that the dispensation under which we now live had been ushered in by a very remarkable announcement—"This is that which was spoken by the prophet Joel: and it came to pass in the last days, (saith God,) I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh: and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams: and on my servants, and on my handmaidens, I will pour out in those days of my Spirit; and they shall prophesy: and I will shew wonders in heaven above, and signs in the earth beneath; blood, and fire, vapour of smোক: the sun shall be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood before that great and notable day of the Lord come: and it shall come to pass that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." On perusing that announcement we could not shut our eyes to the fact that the "days" here named comprised the entire period elapsing from the

Pentecostal outpouring till the Lord's Second Advent; and that the characteristics of those "days" so far from being confined to any particular season, might be expected to be reproduced so often as God might have any of his wise and gracious ends to serve by their reproduction.

"We cast our eye back on the actual history of those same "last days;" and we saw that the life of the church, like the life of an individual believer, had been a series of successive resurrections, and that, as each new visitation from above had awoke the slumbers of the tomb, the heavenly voice had spoken in tones peculiarly fitted to arrest and startle. We remembered, too, that, as the sleeper came forth, he had brought with him the grave clothes, and needed to have these taken from him before the risen one could walk forth in all the majesty and beauty of his newborn life.

"We thought of individual Christians, such as Paul, and Augustine, and Luther, and the Scottish martyr Wishart, and Colonel Gardiner, and Richard Williams, and a host of others; and we saw upon evidence which satisfied our judgment, that God had been pleased, for special causes, to manifest himself in a peculiar way to them. And we thought of such *great awakenings* as that in New England in the last century, and in the days of Whitefield and of Wesley; and we could not deny, without rejecting evidence

the most trustworthy, that the Spirit had been wont, at intervals, on an extended scale, to signify his presence and transforming power by sundry outward manifestations.

"With these things before us, graven on the page of history, we felt the need of a very childlike spirit in visiting the scenes of this new awakening. As the true disciple of Bacon simply "asks questions at nature," and classifies her dicta, so we felt constrained, as true disciples of Christ, to examine plain facts as they might present themselves, and resolutely to cast our judgment into that mould.

"On landing in Ireland, we went straight to our errand. We proceeded from town to town, and from village to village, and from cottage to cottage, entering familiarly into the houses, and finding in all, a most hearty welcome. At first, we had feared that such a course might be injurious to the people; and some visitors, we must own, had been there, whose prying, curious, irreverent spirit had left behind them not a very fragrant perfume. But our misgivings were all dissipated. One day as a shrewd shoemaker, to whom we had hinted them, said—"No, sir, no; it strengthens our faith and our thankfulness to tell what the Lord has done for us."

(A continuation is pledged.)

Original Papers on the Canticles.

THE BANQUETING HOUSE.

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

"He brought me to the banquetting house, and his banner over me was love."—Cant. ii. 4.

MANY banners are set up, in the palaces and banquetting halls of man's greatness,—but in the place where the soul feasts with Christ there is but *one*. There needs no other. That soul who truly rejoices in the Love of Christ, desires nothing else wherein to glory. God's love rested on Christ from all eternity, and will rest there throughout the everlasting ages. The love of Christ is the unfolding of the love of God to the view of his creatures. When *that* love is made known to a soul by the almighty power of the Spirit of God, love is immediately the living principle by which that soul is actuated. There is much difference amongst individual Christians as to the extent to which that principle is manifested;—there can be none as to its actual existence. It is

thus that the banner of love waves over the feasting soul. There is the love of God all around,—love to God prevailing within; and the love of Jesus the portion and delight of the rejoicing soul. We are not to suppose that the circumstances of the Bride and Bridegroom are changed since we left them in "the house of Cedar and Cypress." They are still there. Away from all the tumult and distraction of the city; they repose in that quiet and beautiful retreat. The bride, in the enjoyment of her present circumstances, first looks on the scene around her, and admires the *Cedar beams* and *Cypress galleries*; then looks on the beloved "*bridegroom of her heart*," as he rests by her side, and overwhelmed, as it were, with the out-goings of his love towards

her, exclaims, "This is the banqueting house to which he hath brought me, and here his banner of love waves around me;" "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." That green grove was more to her than the most gorgeous palace, because he was there; and no sumptuous feasts of the most rare and costly viands, would have been to her so much a banquet as the present enjoyment of his love. Spiritual feasting does not depend on external circumstances. The very poorest saint often enjoys the richest banquet. The most afflicted one can often say with the greatest truth, "I sat down under his shadow with GREAT DELIGHT."

JOHN WELSH was in the banqueting house when a prisoner in the dark dungeons of the Castle of Blachness, and daily expecting to be put to death. He wrote thus:—"I long to eat of that tree which is planted in the midst of the paradise of God, and to drink of the pure river, clear as crystal. Why should I think it a strange thing to be removed from this place, to that where my hope, my joy, my crown, my Elder Brother, my head, my Father, my Comforter, and all the glorified saints are, and where the song of Moses and the Lamb is sung so joyfully! 'O! thou fairest among the children of men,' the light of the gentiles, the life of the dead, the joy of saints and angels! My soul panteth to be with thee; I long for that scaffold, or that axe, or that oord, that might be to me the last step of this wearisome journey, and bring me to thee."

CHRISTOPHER LOVE was in the banqueting house, when standing on the scaffold on Tower-hill, waiting to be beheaded; he said:—"I am this day making a double exchange. I am changing a pulpit for a scaffold, and a scaffold for a throne. I am changing the presence of this multitude for the innumerable company of saints and angels in heaven."

JOHN BRADFORD was in the banqueting house, when told that Queen Mary had ordered his burning next day; he put off his cap, and lifting up his eyes to heaven, said:—"I thank thee, O God, for it comes not now to me on a sudden, but as a thing waited for every day and hour; the Lord make me worthy thereof."

SAMUEL RUTHERFORD, in his last illness, was truly in the banqueting house as he cried:—"Glory shines in Immanuel's land. I shall shine. I shall see him as he is. I shall see him reign, and all his fair company with him; and I shall have my share. My eyes shall see him,—those very eyes of mine and no other for me."

JOHN LAMBERT was in the banqueting house as he burnt in Smithfield. His limbs

were greatly consumed by the fire, when he lifted up his hands, his fingers flaming like torches, and cried out:—"NONE BUT CHRIST;—NONE BUT CHRIST."

There is a regular succession of experiences through which the soul is always led into that highly blessed condition, represented by the figure of "the banqueting house." It may be both interesting and profitable to trace these experiences in two portions of scripture, which have leading points of resemblance. Let us take first a portion of the 2d chapter of Hosea. Israel has forsaken the Lord her God. Instead of loving him alone she said: "I will go after my lovers. From that point the prophet leads us along a succession of God's dealings with her, bringing out the various experiences. God says:—"I will hedge up thy way with thorns." Israel says: "I will go and return to my first husband; for then was it better with me than now." This is the first result of God's dealings. Israel seeks after her own God. God next says:—"I will allure her, and bring her into the wilderness, and speak comfortably unto her." This is the second step. Trials are quietly administered, and God's hand is seen in them, and God's voice is listened to, and comfort is received. God's comfortable words bring peace to Israel. God does not end his dealings here. He leads on still further. "I will give her," says he, "her vineyards from thence and the valley of achor for a door of hope; and she shall sing there." That is sing in the valley of achor, not when she has come out of it. She sings in the valley, because there God sets before her "a door of hope." She also has her vineyards there. Clusters of rich, ripe grapes growing in the wilderness. Grapes of Eschol, plucked and eaten by faith in the very midst of the valley of Achor. This, then, is a higher range of Christian experience, it is not merely comfort in trouble, but "rejoicing in tribulation also." Israel is now in "the banqueting house;" around her are "Vineyards of red wine." Then comes, what is, doubtless, the highest attainment of Christian experience to be enjoyed before we reach our eternal glory. "Thou shalt call me Ishi," (my husband) "and shalt call me no more Baali," (my Lord or master). This is Israel sitting down in full fellowship as the bride-elect with him who has said unto her, "I will betroth thee unto me for ever, yea I will betroth thee unto me in righteousness, and in judgment, and in lovingkindness, and in mercies. I will even betroth thee unto me in faithfulness, and thou shalt know the Lord. Thus, we have Israel led through the wilderness, and the valley of trouble, into the banqueting hall.

Let us now go back, and see the points of

resemblance in the 2nd chapter of Canticles. In the first verse we have the bride esteeming herself to be what Israel was made to feel herself in the wilderness to which she had been allured. It is the bride, and not the bridegroom, who says, "I am the rose of Sharon;" and the plain meaning of the expression has been entirely misunderstood by some of those who apply the metaphor to our Lord Jesus Christ. They have understood the speaker to claim some peculiar excellency, indicated by the beauty and fragrance of some rare and splendid rose. The very opposite of this is the meaning of the expression. A very judicious translator renders the original words thus:—"I am a wild rose of the field;" and thus, the expression is to be taken as in direct contrast with a cultivated rose of the garden. Another translates the passage, "a mere rose of the field of Sharon." The Septuagint has it, "a flower of the plain;" and "the plain" is here to be taken as the open uncultivated country. The other expression "the lily of the valleys," is undoubtedly to be taken in the same way. The flower called the "lily of the valley" which adorns our gardens, though small is fragrant and beautiful. Our ideas of that flower will not lead us to the right understanding of the bride's expression. Those eastern countries, where the scenes of this inspired story are laid, abounded in large and magnificent lilies of rich, golden, purple, and crimson colours. The very opposite of these splendid flowers were the little diminutive lilies which formed the under growth with which many an uncultivated valley was covered. Thus we see the bride, speaks of herself under the figure of a neglected wild rose, or lily, contrasted with the selected and magnificent plants of a garden. We have therefore, the first point of resemblance in this,—the bride is sitting in the lowly place to hear the comforting words of her beloved; just as Israel was allured into the wilderness that the Lord might speak comfortably unto her. And the bride is not left without the comfort. Her beloved speaks next, "as the lily among thorns, so is my love among the daughters." He thus tells her his own estimate of her. She had presented a contrast. He presents another. Her's was one lily with a better. His is a lily with a thorn. Even the little wild lily was a sweet thing, but there was neither beauty nor sweetness in the thorn. There is a very solemn thought arises here—the church is the lily; the world is likened to the thorns. The lily is an object to be admired. The thorns are only fit for burning. We do not dwell on this now,—may a warning voice reach the heart of some unconverted reader! It will be better to be the very least of lilies than the very greatest of thorns!

This opening up of the heart of her beloved leads on the bride, and, with a fresh outburst of affection, she declares:—"As the Citron tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste." This is another point of resemblance. What the bride is, "sitting under his shadow with great delight," such is Israel enjoying the vineyards in the wilderness. The next step is the last, that is—the bride partaking of this fruit which is so sweet to her taste,—finds herself in the banqueting house."

Robert Flockhart, a devoted servant of Christ, many years an ungodly soldier, afterwards for many years a faithful preacher of the Gospel, and one whose sayings were always full of pointed instruction, whilst they were often original and quaint, said on one occasion; "I have just been sitting under his shadow with great delight, and finding the fruit sweet to my taste. There are grand, sweet apples on that tree. There's the apple of justification—'justified freely by his grace.' There's the apple of sanctification,—we are 'made partakers of his holiness.' There's the apple of adoption,—'Now are we sons of God.' And there's the golden apple of glorification,—we'll get that by and bye; but it doth not yet appear what we shall be.' I mind when I've been in tropical countries, I've seen trees whose fruit just seemed as if it wanted to drop into your mouth, it was so rich and ripe. And doesn't the Lord say to us,—'now open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it?'"

THE WOOD-CUTTER'S DEATH.

BY MR. J. BUTTERFIELD,
Minister of Bethlehem Chapel, Rotherhithe.

MY DEAR READER,—The old wood-cutter whose death I am about to bring before you, was a very poor man. I will give you a short description of my first visit to his home. "Home" did I say? Well we shall see. Being his pastor, and hearing of his circumstances, I felt it my duty to pay him a visit. It was an old, worn-out cottage; its white face had been turned literally black by time. I knocked at the door, but there was no answer. Finding the door unlocked, I entered; and to my amazement, what a scene presented itself to my view! There was half a chair, a rickety, round table, a few pieces of crockeryware; and looking into the cupboard, there was the BIBLE, which the old man considered his "BEST PIECE OF FURNITURE." I looked into it, and perceived it had been well thumbed. I heaved a heavy sigh, which sympathy is wont to do, when language is suppressed for want of ears to

harken. Placing something carefully in the Bible, I retired. A short time elapsed, and I visited him again. He was at home. The same scene, but lighted up with the smiling face of a poor-rich man.

I said,—“Well brother Druitt, how are you? Are you happy?”

“Happy,” said he, “that I am. Bless the Lord, He has dealt very graciously with me; He is very good to me; and 'tis his goodness his grace makes me happy.”

“Why,” I answered, somewhat cheerfully, “you are quite an aristocrat; you seem quite independent.” “Well,” said he, “I am; I am my own master; none can prevent me going to the house of God, and that is my chief happiness.”

Reader, this man had the secret of true happiness; though he was as poor as poverty. I felt afraid to ask whether he slept anywhere else, but was determined to know; and upon enquiry, I found that the bare boards was this Christian man's only bed. I wept; I prayed; I then immediately set to work; and from one kind friend and another furnished his little room with bed and some other little comforts.

Before I come to his dying hours, perhaps you would like to know a little more of his life. Well, if any were to ask, “Who was at the Prayer Meeting last July?” We should not make a mistake if we answered, “Old master Druitt;” for he was always there. “Who heard such and such a sermon at our chapel?” “Old master Druitt.” So regular was he, that it was a marvel if he was away, and the question would immediately be put, “Is brother Druitt ill?” His prayers were often like an old Patriarch's. No cant, but full of candour; no excitement, yet full of fervour; not well arranged, but full of meaning. For a long time he was our best singer, though poor, and although we have repeatedly told him never to want a few shillings, but to come and have it, yet never would he let us know his want. We have sometimes found him out in a little trouble, and rebuked him kindly for not letting us know. Oh, that all the poor were as he was in that respect. He was, in a word, an humble, honest-hearted, heaven-born, and heaven-bound man of God. Happy! Ah! his face would shine sometimes while I preached and also when he prayed. He worked hard at his occupation of wood chopping, and dealt out a double portion to not a few, as many can bear witness.

A few Wednesday evenings ago, upon my entering my chapel, he said to me, “I shall not be able to pitch the tune; I am unwell.”

That night I preached from the text, “We see not our signs.” My work was to cast out the negative, and make it in the

experience of the people, “We do see our signs,”—by pointing out those signs to them. I noticed particularly one thing,—an extraordinary fixidity of our brother's eyes upon me, which I think he did not once take off throughout my discourse. It was the last sermon he heard. He told a friend the next day, how much he enjoyed that sermon. Being above 60 years of age he soon got worse, and shewed evident signs of departure.

Visiting him on one occasion, I found him very gloomy,—among dark clouds. He requested me to read the Psalm wherein was the text, “We see not our signs.” After which we had some suitable converse together, and he was a little comforted. But still there was a something which evidently troubled him. Being engaged to preach the next day in the country, I told him, I could not possibly see him to-morrow, but I would call the day after.

Very composedly he replied, “I think the ship will be in the haven before then,—unless some adverse wind stops it.”

A good brother called on him the next day, and read the 23rd Psalm to him, and God made it the means of bringing our brother into the light again. Visiting him on the Friday, I found him in a happy frame of mind. The night previous, he broke out singing,

“Come, Holy Spirit heavenly dove,
With all thy quickning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours;”

and sung the whole verse correctly and cheerfully. He freely conversed with me about death. My reader, are you a real Christian? if not you will not be able to converse familiarly with death, likemaster Druitt did with me—but remember death will come to thee. He told me, he wished me to bury him; and if I said a few words in the chapel, he desired the text to be, “Let us not be weary in well-doing; for we shall reap if we faint not.” He was in much pain on Friday, but once or twice during the day, he exclaimed, “there is the chariot. All is well;” and then engaged in prayer.

On Saturday he was still in a happy frame of mind, freely conversing with friends, turning to one, he said, “I am going to heaven, you will not be frightened.” He said several times, “I shall go home on Sunday.” Sunday came; then said he “I am one with the world now. Let worldlings talk of pleasure, I have had their's but I would not exchange with them for ten thousand worlds.” Some friends being present, he struck up singing,—

“Once more before we part,”

On visiting him in the afternoon, I saw

death was doing his work, and that he was fast going, and that he needed not the help of man. Hearing that the singing had excited, and exerted him too much, I sat motionless for a minute or two, but on opening his eyes, and seeing the room full, and his pastor sitting among them, he leaned forward, put his hands together, and began to engage in prayer, evidently supposing I had called upon him at a prayer meeting. I went to him, spoke a few words, and said, "Good bye; it is very near twelve o'clock with you; it will soon be morning." He looked as much as to say, I perfectly understand you. In an hour or two he quietly fell asleep in Jesus, without a murmur or a groan.

Reader,—Stop. What are you sowing? Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." See how this man sowed "to the Spirit;" and "of the Spirit he reaped life everlasting." Not as a reward of merit, but of grace. When you sowed that seed in your garden last Sunday morning, you expected and still expect, to see its particular flower. The husbandman sows wheat and barley and expects to reap accordingly. So must you, whether your think it or not. Our Brother reaped some good gleanings here; but he reaps a glorious harvest there. If you are brought to sow as he did, death will be no terror to you, as it was not to him.

We preached his funeral sermon on the Sunday evening following to a chapel full of people, and many outside the doors; and of all solemn seasons it was one. May God bless even death itself, is the prayer of

Your's in the truth,

J. BUTTERFIELD.

A DYING TESTIMONY FROM THE WORKHOUSE.

DEAR SIR,—I send you the following account, in the hope it might, with the Lord's blessing, be some consolation to the tried, tempted, and afflicted followers of the Redeemer, in the path of tribulation. The subject of the following, was Maria Evans, who was called by divine grace, under the ministry of Mr. George, then pastor at Shouldham Street Chapel, Bryanston Square; but who did not join the church, being harassed (like many more of the Lord's family,) with that stale temptation, afraid of bringing a disgrace upon the cause. She afterwards occasionally sat under the ministry of Mr. Orchard, and other good men, but of late, she became so heavily afflicted, and being left a widow, gave up her home, and went into the workhouse, where she had the privilege of coming out once a fortnight, and hearing that a few people

met at the Eye Institution, 155, Marylebone Road, she turned in, and sat under the word for about twelve months, where, according to her own statement, she frequently had her soul refreshed, and comforted. I was often speaking of the trials of God's people, and their deliverance through the Captain of their salvation, as also what a blessing it was to have a living faith to be enabled to look for, and expect that blessed rest that was procured and secured by Christ for his own family. After I had been speaking one morning, her poor heart seemed to be made soft, and she said to me, "oh! sir, I have been tempted by the enemy about my love to Christ; he says, you a professor, and was afraid to be baptized, but you are too old now," but she said, "by the help of the Lord, I will prove Satan a liar," and shortly after, gave in to the church a most satisfactory account of the Lord's dealing with her. About six months ago, I baptized her, and two males in the same chapel where she first heard the convincing word in her conscience, through Mr. George. I think I shall not soon forget the Lord's power put forth that night, notwithstanding her deep affliction, when she came to go down into the water she had not the least timidity, but with love in her heart, she was now enabled to follow her Lord, in that ordinance of his instituting which she had so long neglected, and she came up out of it; and like the eunuch, went on her way rejoicing. I think she sat down at the Lord's table twice only. Her disease increased so rapidly that she knew her time would be short and she seemed thankful to think it was so. She often said, I have enjoyed a great deal more peace in my soul since I have publicly professed the Lord, than before. The last time she came amongst us she was in tears, but they were tears of joy; they had been searching her at the workhouse, and taking some little things from her which she had to make her comfortable. "But" said she, "as I was coming along I saw a drinking fountain in the Marylebone Road, with this inscription upon it, (Christ standing with stretched out hand, and saying to the woman, 'Whoso drinketh this water shall thirst again; but he that drinketh of the water that I shall give him, shall never thirst,' she said that preached the gospel to her, and she could rejoice in God her Saviour." After I had done preaching she took my hand in hers, as if it was the last time she should come out, and said, "go on, preach the Christ of God as you have done this morning, when my head lies in the dust, and my soul fled to sing praises unto him for ever and ever, preach his blood to cleanse; his righteousness to cover the naked sinner; his fulness to the empty; his strength to their weakness." She came out no more

after this, but was confined to her bed for about 15 weeks. I went to see her, she seemed in great pain; I asked how she felt in her mind? She replied, "I have a desire to depart and be with Christ; but it is needful for me to stay longer; his will be done; (oh! this Sodom, meaning the ward she was in,) my soul is vexed with their wickedness, but whom have I on earth or in heaven, I desire beside him? *I will confess his love to me before them all.*" At another time while passing under darkness, the enemy came in like a flood, saying, it is all a deception, I gave you that joy you had, it was not from the Lord; and he seemed for a time to prevail; "but," said she, "it came to my mind what you once said in preaching, 'that when a person was brought to hate sin, and themselves on account of it, and to long for deliverance through the blood of Christ, that so Satan's kingdom was divided.'" So upon this thought she rallied her enemy in this manner, "you never made me hate sin, and mourn on account of it, nor brought love in my soul to Christ, if you did, bring it again; but you cannot; you are an angel of light, but not of love." At another time, she said, "what a good thing it is not to have a God to look for on a bed of affliction, but one to look to, and to be persuaded he is able to keep that we have committed to him. I have committed my soul to him many years, and asked him to preserve me safe unto his heavenly kingdom." Another time she was much tried on this head, fearing lest she should be buried alive; and it was surprising to see what power the enemy seemed to have over her about it. I said, "don't let that disturb you, I will see you are not buried alive." "*Will you?*" she said. I said, "yes!" On visiting her again, she said to me, "I have had several letters;" I asked her who from? She says, "from the Lord, but you know that is not like seeing him, though it shows he has not forgotten me, and that he knows where I live. One letter was, 'Fear not worm Jacob.'" Another, "I am thy salvation." Another, "I am thy king." Another, "I am thy husband." Another, "I am thy father." She said

again, "I am a helpless worm, so I want him to take me where worm Jacob is as my salvation. I want him to deliver me from this tenement of clay, but the bounds of my habitation are fixed; so let him come when he thinks best. He is my King, I want to behold him in glory; he is my Husband, I want to embrace him; he is my Father, I want to be at home with the family. I love the brethren, and I love the brother born for adversity. 'No man hath seen God at any time,' if we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us." As she drew near death, her cry was, "give me patience, dear Lord, don't let me repine at my suffering. Thy sufferings, dear Jesus, for me were great indeed. He is a Rock, his work is perfect. Then again, thy body slain, sweet Jesus thine, and bathed in its own blood. On the Sunday previous to the Tuesday she died, she asked a friend and myself to lift her up in bed, desiring to know whether it was night or morning, (her sight going) she said, "I want to be gone, but pardon, Lord, my impatience." A member went to see her on Monday, she being taken no notice of by any one else apparently, and famishing for something to put in her mouth, she moistened her lips with a little orange juice. She opened her eyes, and said, "thank you, my dear sister, thank you." On Tuesday, I went again to see her, she was all but gone, but still sensible, and wanted to speak; she then said, "there is a mark on me in this place," meaning she was offensive to the others on account of her principles. Thus, at about two o'clock on Tuesday, March 6th, 1860, she breathed her soul into the hands of her Redeemer, at St. Mary-le-bone workhouse.

I preached her funeral sermon from 1st Cor. xv. 57.

BROTHER BANKS.—The Lord has been pleased to lay me aside for a short time with a sprained ankle, I am better; during my confinement I wrote the above account to brother Hodgkin, in Liverpool, he felt it sweet to his soul. He has corrected it and wishes me to send it to you for the VESSEL, thinking it might be a comfort to the tried children of God. J. MUNNS.

THE PERSONAL TESTIMONY OF GOD THE FATHER, TO THE PERSON, GODHEAD, AND SONSHIP OF GOD THE SON.

BY THE LATE DR. HAWKER.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—As you inserted in your July No. of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, certain quotations from the writings of dear Dr. Hawker, by one of your correspondents, as published by the Dr. in the year 1813, permit me the insertion of a few quotations

from the same author, in a work published by him in the year 1819, six years later, entitled the "Personal Testimony of God the Father to the Person, Godhead and Sonship of God the Son as set forth in the Scriptures of God the Holy Ghost," in the which

will be seen that the dear man grew in grace and in the knowledge of God, and the which plainly discover that the doctor was not one of that class who doubt of and carnally reason, upon the doctrine of the divine Sonship of God the Son, subsisting as such in the unity of the divine nature, independent of all offices in the covenant or mediatorship, or incarnation; for, as said dear Toplady, "He who is the Son of God, is God the Son, for to tamper with this great solemn and essential truth is to me awful." Your's truly. W. BIDDER.

1. The doctor therefore goes on to say, viz., Had we never been, the Son of God, as Son of God, would have been what he is in himself in his divine nature from all eternity and to all eternity, being one with the Father over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.

2. The testimony of God the Father to the Person, Godhead and Sonship of his dear Son, becomes at once final, unanswerable, and decisive; this forms a testimony which stands in the place of a thousand witnesses. For if we receive the witness of men—the witness of God is greater, "for this is the witness of God, which he hath testified of his Son."

3. Wherefore when he cometh into the world, he saith, "sacrifice and offerings," &c. that at the time when the Son of God came into the world, the above words were spoken by the Son of God—as the Son of God, and before that human nature he was about to take, was formed. Ps. xl. 6.

4. It is identity of Person in the Son of God, which gives importance to all that is related of him, for the glory of his Person as he is in himself infinitely transcends every other view the imagination can conceive of him.

5. The Son of God coming forth in our nature, forms a medium of communication and a medium of visibility.

6. He is distinguished from all the prophets by his name, God's Son, not God's Son by creation, but by nature. For, as among men, the image or likeness of an earthly father in a son, could not take place unless both were of the same nature.

7. When the Father bringeth in the first begotten into the world, he saith, "And let all the angels of God worship him." Would God have commanded the angels of God to worship his Son, had not the Son possessed the same nature and essence with himself?

8. The Person, Godhead, and Sonship, of the Lord Jesus is the bottom and foundation of everything that is blessed in the Church of God.

9. Let God's own testimony to the Godhead of his own Son be received with thanksgiving; yea, let God be true, but every man a liar.

10. There is, according to my apprehension, somewhat so truly blessed in the relationship of the Father to the Son, and the Son to the Father, that methinks I would not part with the precious doctrine,—no, not for the world.

11. The relationship subsisting between the Persons of the Godhead, is not our province to explain, (yet, is it our mercy to receive it,) the familiar terms of Father and Son. I can, and do accept and believe it with the most cordial and heartfelt satisfaction.

12. We are so accustomed to the names of Father and Son, that it were a violence to our feelings to admit, even for a moment, their reality to be questionable; it is impossible to relinquish the one, without giving up with it at the same time, the other. For if the Sonship of the Son of God is no more, the appellation of the Father is alike no more. What a chasm would be made in Scripture, if both were done away! Where would a child of God go to find his Father from the relationship to the Son, if these connections in the Godhead had no existence!

13. The Son of God is called his own Son—his dear Son—his only begotten Son, the Son of his love—and the like; not the Son of God by creation as angels and men are, neither is he called the Son of God by adoption, as is the church, neither as MEDIATOR, for in this sense he is God's servant. But he is called the Son of God in a special, personal, and particular manner, as the only begotten of the Father, of the same nature with himself, over all, God blessed for ever. Amen.

14. I ascend to my Father and your Father, my Father in nature, your Father by grace, mine by Sonship, your's by adoption.

15. John v. 18, "but said also, that God was his Father, making himself equal with God." Our translators have wholly left out a word, and that a most important word, viz., idion, and which shews that the Lord Jesus had called God his own Father; so that though our modern unbelievers in the Sonship of God's dear Son, as Son of God, presumptuously deny this blessed truth; yet not so the Jews, they did not mistake our Lord's meaning, and declared him in consequence, according to their views, a blasphemer for making himself equal with God. But it will be for God himself to decide with whom is the greatest blasphemy, the Jews in accepting the Son of God's words as they really were, and denying his Godhead, or those who call themselves Christians denying his Sonship.

16. But to all the cavils of carnal men in the present Christ-despising generation, the words of Agar are admirably suited, as

if they had been written but yesterday ; " Who hath ascended up to heaven or descended ? Who hath gathered the winds in his fists ? Who hath bounded the waters in a garment ? Who hath established all the ends of the earth ? What is his name ? and what is his Son's name, if thou canst tell ? " See also Matt. 27.

17. That Satan should tempt to this unbelief of the Sonship of God's dear Son, is just as might be expected ; for he made the attempt on Christ himself ; see Matt. iv. 3. But for men who call themselves Christians, to rob the Son of God of his dignity, and the church of all comfort, are such men aware that while their quiver is sent against the Person, and Godhead, and Sonship of God's Son, their arrows are in fact directed against the buckler of the Father. Oh ! what paleness ! what horror ! what dismay will mark the Christ-despisers of this and every other generation, " When the Son of God shall come in his own glory, " &c.

18. The Sonship of God's dear Son, as the Son of God in nature, is of all subjects the most endearing to the church who are sons by adoption and grace.

19. I am well aware how galling these things are to all unrenewed minds, and may provoke to many a bitter expression, as I have heard, and heard indeed until my very flesh hath trembled.—" The Sonship of God's dear Son."

Dr. Gill, once said, " Take away that which would destroy the relation between the first and second Persons in the Godhead, and the distinction drops. And that this distinction is natural, or by necessity of nature, is evident, because had it been only arbitrary, or of choice, and will—it might not have been at all—or have been otherwise than it is, and then he that is called the Father, might have been called the Son ; and he that is called the Son, might have been called the Father. This has so pressed those who are of a contrary mind, as to oblige them to own it might have so happened, had it been agreeable to the will of God. See what a labyrinth such notions lead to.

(FROM A CLERGYMAN.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—I am much grieved to find that any real Christians, as in charity I trust they are, can deny the Eternal Sonship of the Second Person in the ever-blessed Trinity. That God always had a Son is clear from, Proverbs xxx. 4 ; After a majestic description of God, we read, " What is his name, and what is his Son's name, if thou canst tell ? " John iii. 17, " God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world, " a text which proves he was God's Son before he was sent into the

world,—before, that is, he was conceived by the Holy Ghost, born of the Virgin Mary, and on these accounts was called the Son of God, his second title to the same name.

Hence, the Son of God was God's eternal Son, as there is no Scriptural warrant for the Jewish legend of the pre-existence of human souls ; another foolish opinion revived in the present day.

John i. 14, " the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. " Surely the divine glory of Jesus Christ is here referred to, as this glory the apostles did see in Christ, and therefore, " only begotten " must refer to his Godhead. And St. John (1 Eph. iv. 9,) says, " God sent his only begotten Son into the world, " so that he was his only begotten Son before he was sent.

We must surely call to mind that Jesus Christ is *not the only Son of God*, as regards his human nature since the *first Adam* is also called *Son of God* (Luke iii. 38,) because he had no human parents ; but Jesus is only begotten, if we hold the Catholic doctrine of his eternal Sonship.

Galatians iv. 4, " God sent forth his Son ; " so he had a Son before he sent him forth.

Hebrews i. 3, God is said to have made the world by his Son. " He hath spoken unto us by his Son, by whom also he made the worlds. " Now the second Person in the Godhead did not make the worlds as God's Son by the Virgin Mary, (his second title to the same name,) nor by his third title to this name Son of God, namely, by his resurrection from the dead, (see Psalm ii. 7, compared with Acts xiii. 33,) but as the Father's co-eternal Son, he made the worlds.

Some demur to call the Second Person in the glorious Trinity, Son, because he had no divine mother, but we might equally refuse to call him Son of God, as the Virgin's Son, because he had a human mother, and not one who was divine.

Again, a Father exists many years before his Son, but not in the case before us. The second Person is the co-eternal Son of the eternal Father, and though the blessed Spirit proceeds from both, and so we might suppose existed later, still that idea is inapplicable here, for the Spirit is the co-eternal Spirit of the eternal Father and of the eternal Son.

I was astonished to hear Mr. Jones, quoting Dr. Hawker, in support of a tenet which I must be allowed to call a heresy. Dr. Hawker believed the following words ; " the Son which is the Word of the Father, was begotten from everlasting of the Father, " 2nd article of the Church of England. Again he believed these words, " the only begotten Son of God, begotten of his Father before all worlds, God, and of God, Light

and of Light, very God and of very God," (Nicene creed); "God, of the substance of the Father, begotten before the worlds." Athanasian creed. I say, Dr. Hawker believed these quotations, because he signed them freely and ex animo, as he held the vicarage of Charles, I believe in Plymouth. He died a beneficed clergyman of the Church of England, and must have subscribed at least three times to these sentiments. We may feel sure therefore, that Dr. Hawker, could not as a godly man have held the sentiments ascribed to him by Mr. Jones, which are contradictory and quite subversive of these, else he would have left the Church of England. But to make another remark on Mr. Jones's creed. We have three eternal independent Persons; no Son begotten by the Father, and no Spirit proceeding from both. We have then three Gods, and are driven on the fearful rocks of Sabellianism. The unity of the Godhead seems entirely sacrificed if we take up this old heresy.

Allow me to remark in conclusion, that in controversial theology we must be very careful to avoid the workings of our corrupt nature. We may not reason where we are called to believe, nor feel chagrined, where we are detected in error, nor be unwilling to recant a false statement even though we may have held it from our youth. I trust every one who has been permitted to wander into this sad error, will feel the force of these remarks. Let us who are Christians all love one another and not begin to beat our fellow servants, which is one of the signs of the last times. I am, dear sir, your's faithfully.

J. W.

NOTE ON THE ABOVE.

DEAR SIR,—It rejoiced my heart to see

you stand fast in the faith. In this August No. of EARTHEN VESSEL, you will see what Dr. Hawker's views were respecting the Sonship as expressed by himself in a later work of his than that quoted by Mr. Jones, (1 Cor. xiii. 11). When I contrast the early writings of Hawker with his later, we admit he was not always consistent with himself, but he was a firm, staunch, and unmoveable advocate for the eternal Sonship of the Son of God, or as Toplady said, viz., "The Son of God, is God the Son," to which most blessed truth, I subscribe with heart and soul, and add my hearty Amen.

I find fault with only one expression in your letter, and I feel sure you will see with me when I point it out to you, viz., you say that the words "only-begotten" must refer to his Godhead; no, my dear sir, it refers to his Person as *subsisting in the Godhead*; the Divine nature, or essence is unbegotten, unoriginated and self-existent, and distinct from the Persons possessing that essence, though each possesses the whole; here some stumble; we never say that Godhead was begotten, but the second Person in that Godhead was begotten of the first, NOT MADE, and the Holy Ghost proceeding from them both in one eternal act of procession. O marvellous, inconceivable mystery! To be believed upon the authority of God himself, but never to be comprehended, nor dare any to carnally reason here. 1 John v. 7, 9 10 11, 2 John ix. Col. i. 2; Thes. iii. 11.

I herewith send you 6 sermons recently published, preached by Mr. W. Bidder, in which he boldly sets forth the doctrine of the divine Sonship, with which I perfectly agree, and so doubtless will you.

Your's, &c.,

* * *

REPLY TO MR. PHILPOT, BY MR. J. A. JONES. OR, THE REVIEWER REVIEWED.

(Concluded from page 203.)

HAVING proved that Dr. Hawker's views of the Sonship of Christ, are not only scriptural, but in direct opposition to those of Mr. Philpot, I now produce another well-known divine, the holy William Romaine. But first, just a remark or two. I am charged by Mr. Philpot with quoting dishonestly; this I have refuted. Let Mr. Philpot turn to Romans iii. 21, and read for himself, a word to the wise. In my printed letter on the "Sonship of Christ," is the following sentence. "I am not alone in my views. I believe all the ministers in London, of our denomination, who are reputed *sound in the faith*, are like-minded with me." (The italics are so in my printed letter.) Mr. Philpot makes a handle

of this. He says, "there was a time when Dr. Gill was held in much respect as an authority by his Baptist brethren, but that day seems to have gone by; for we are now informed by an aged Baptist minister, named J. A. Jones, that all the London Baptist ministers agree with him in rejecting the eternal Sonship of the blessed Lord." And again, further down the page, he has it a second time, "he says that all the London Particular Baptist ministers agree with him." (Page 192 Standard.) Now I have said no such thing. And a purpose is evidently sought to answer by this twofold dishonest quotation. A clear explanation is therefore imperatively called for. The Baptists, as a

body, are not Gill-ites now, nor have they been so for many a long day. This is well known. The name and authority of *Dr. Gill*, or *Mr. John Brine*, in matters of doctrinal import, is at a great discount. And the "London Baptist Ministers" who fully avow and maintain the theological views of those great men, are, in London, but a small minority. To name those most honoured brethren in the metropolis, who, with honest integrity abide by the truth, would be uncalled for. But I repeat, the full persuasion of my mind, that every one of them, while they would subscribe with hand and soul to the scriptural doctrine of the holy and blessed Trinity, they, at the same totally discard Mr. Philpot's unhallowed figment of our glorious Lord, being in his divine nature, only a begotten God. Respecting myself, with the solitary exception of Dr. Gill's views on this disputed point, *I am an out and out Gill-ite*. I totally disavow the alarming error (I may say *heresy*) of the Arminian dead duty-faith, so awfully spreading in the *pulpit* and from the *press*. O! for the Lord to raise up some devoted *Aaronites*, "who shall take their censers, with holy fire from the altar, and go forth and take their stand between the living and the dead, that so the *plagues* may be stayed," Numb. xvi. 46-48.

I now continue the controverted subject of our Lord's glorious Sonship. I have *proved* that Dr. Hawker did not hold with Mr. Philpot's views. I now produce holy *William Romaine*, as another most decided opponent to him. I shall quote this man of God, word for word, letter for letter; withal fully believing that what he has advanced on the subject, can never be refuted while the *Bible* remains the "Standard" of decision.

I have Romaine's most blessed printed letters, which are all about "Christ and him Crucified." And his precious treatises on the "Life, Walk, and Triumph of Faith" have been my *vade mecum* (constant companion) for many years. In his incomparable "Walk of Faith," he writes as follows. "Our blessed Saviour declares, no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son; and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him; and this he does by the Holy Spirit. He makes them acquainted with the nature of the Godhead, which is ONE. There is one Jehovah, and there is none other. And also with the *Personality in the Godhead*, Father, Son, and Spirit. These exist in the one Jehovah. They took those names, *not to describe the manner in which they exist*, but their *manner of acting*. Not what they are in themselves, but, how they stand related to us, in the *economy of redemption*." Romaine is most *explicit* here; but methinks I hear Mr. Philpot say, that "he does not agree with him." I expect *not*; but J. A. Jones *does*.

Again, Mr. Romaine preached and published a noble "Discourse upon the Self-existence of Jesus Christ." In his preface to it he says, "I desire no greater honour than to be an humble instrument of magnifying and exalting Jesus Christ, who is above all blessing

and praise; for, he is over all, God blessed for ever." The reader I doubt not will derive spiritual profit from some *extracts* I shall now make from this invaluable work. He shall have honest *literal* quotations. Indeed there will be no need even of *sifting* (i.e. *garbling*) here; as the treatise is *all of a piece* from first to last.

Romaine says, "several editions of this discourse have been printed since the year 1756; and there being still a demand for them, I have consented to republish it, as *my testimony* for the *essential glory* of God the Saviour. There have not been wanting able champions in our day, and successful, who have *completely answered all objections*, so that the doctrine of the *trinity* has been *better established by the late opposition*, and the *truth* has greatly prevailed. Upon these *two grounds* the truth stands perfectly established *viz.*, Scripture Truth, and Scripture Experience: against which, he that sitteth upon the throne has said, and he has made his word good, "The gates of hell shall not prevail."

Well then, *so now*, as *then*, I trust the sublime doctrine of the holy Trinity will, *ultimately*, be better established by the *present* controversy and opposition thereto. But I proceed in quoting. "The Divinity of Jesus Christ is the very foundation of the Christian religion. It is the first and principle article. If Christ was in any respect inferior to the Father, Christianity would be altogether the most stupid, and the most gross piece of idolatry that ever was invented in the world. The Christian church has always acknowledged Jesus Christ to be God, and co-equal and co-eternal with the Father."

The great theme therefore of Romaine is, "the *self-existence of Jesus Christ*." And he says, "our blessed Saviour is the great and eternal I AM. He is JEHOVAH. And Jehovah is self-existent; but, Jesus Christ is Jehovah, *therefore* he is self-existent. "I AM," denotes the necessary *manner* in which he exists. It is used by that Person who claimed to himself *all the attributes of Deity*. There can be no difficulty but what arises from the *names* of the Divine Persons, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and *these* have been a great handle of objection, and are *still*, with *unbelievers*. They *suppose* that these *names* were to give us ideas of the *manner* in which the Persons exist in the *essence*; but the scripture had quite a different view in using them. The ever blessed Trinity took the names of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, not to describe in what manner they exist, but, in what manner the divine Persons have acted for us men, and for our salvation. Christ is called *Son*, Son of God, not to describe his divine nature, but his office. The *scripture* makes no difference between the divine Persons, except what is made by the distinct offices which they sustain in the *covenant of grace*. The Persons are each equal in every perfection and attribute; none is before or after another, none is greater or less than another; but the whole three Persons are co-eternal and co-equal.

What has been said may be summed up with this argument, the divine Persons in the essence are also self-existent; but Jesus Christ is one of the Persons in the essence, and consequently he is self-existent. From whence I raise this syllogism, whoever is self-existent, is the true God, but Jesus Christ is self-existent, therefore, he is the true God."

Dear reader, in opposition to all this sound scriptural argument, Mr. Philpot says, "we assert that when the scriptures speak of Jesus as the only begotten Son of God, it speaks of him, as such, in the Divine nature." Standard p. 124. *Begotten in the Divine nature.* What is this but a begotten God?

But further, Mr. Romaine says, "let it be no hindrance to your owning his divinity, that the scripture calls him a Son, a Son of God, Son of man, &c., for Son is a name of office and not of nature. It is not to give you an idea of the manner of his divine existence, but, of the nature of his divine actions. The name of Son is a name of economy, descriptive not of his nature."

But I will attend for a minute to Mr. Philpot's summing up of the whole. He says, "to sum up the whole in a few words, it is in his Person, and not in his essence, that he is the only begotten Son of God." A begotten Person in essential Deity! In Mr. Philpot's own words, I reply, "what confusion of thought and language is here!" The Divine Person of the Father begets the Divine Person of the Son! My hand trembles while I reply, and that reply shall also be in the words of holy Romaine, he says, "he must first give us a plain account of the manner of existence of the divine essence, and must demonstrate that it cannot admit of any Persons in it. It is as far above his capacity as the heavens are above the earth." "Canst thou by searching find out God?" Job xi. 7. Caryl on this verse on the book of Job, says, "you cannot find out God in the manner of his being. When holy Augustine walked by the seaside rapt in the meditation of God, he heard as it were a voice which bade him to lade the ocean with a cockle-shell. We may sooner drain the ocean with a little cockle-shell, or with a spoon, than the perfections of God with our largest understandings." It is higher than heaven, or as the margin has it, "higher than the heights of heaven;" what canst thou do? (verse 8.)

"Thine essence is a vast abyss,
Which angels cannot sound;
An ocean of infinities,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

"In vain our haughty reason swells,
For nothing's found in Thee
But boundless inconceivables,
And vast eternity!"

Reader! now we know but in part; but by and bye we shall know, even as we also are known, (1 Cor. xiii. 12,) that is, we shall know more abundantly. The curtains shall be drawn aside; the clouds and dark vapours which stand between us and truth, shall be scattered. And these perplexed questions and controversies, which have troubled the

peace of all the churches, shall have all their knots untied, and their fallacies discovered by the meanest scholar in glory!

"Wait the great teacher, death, and God adore!"

Reader! I think I have quoted quite enough, and have also written enough to satisfy every thinking unprejudiced Bible-reader. Nevertheless, my materials are not exhausted. I, of course, anticipate that Mr. Philpot may object perhaps to all that I have quoted and advanced. He styles mine to be "an erroneous creed of fifty years back." On the contrary, I believe mine to be a scriptural creed; and I shall therefore firmly retain it, until such time as I receive a scriptural refutation. But I now use the plural number "we;" and tell Mr. Philpot in most plain terms, that, "we shall not bow nor succumb to the mere *ipse dixit* of any man: but we are determined to adopt the holy and resolute determination of the apostle, who said, "to whom we gave place by subjection, no, not for an hour; that the truth of the gospel might continue with us." Gal. ii. 5.

If any reply is made, needing a rejoinder, I will endeavour again to mend my old pen, and take a little more gospel ink. If, what I have advanced of my own, or by quotations from those eminent men of God, whose views I have recited, can be proved to be unscriptural, then, a solid refutation can be effected. But, to accomplish this, I humbly conceive, is beyond the power of my opponent.

Before I close, permit me to say, that viewing the sad departures from the "simplicity that is in Christ," (2 Cor. xi. 3,) and the alarming spread of *Arminianism* in almost all our churches, I sometime back, published two unparalleled gospel Charges. The one the greatest I ever read, or ever expect to read, was by the eminent Dr. Owen, and delivered by him in the year 1682, only eleven months before his death. The other by dear old father Rowles of blessed memory, who was pastor of the Baptist church at Colnbrook. I was present when he delivered this charge in September 1813, now nearly 47 years ago. It became a solemn charge to me, though delivered to another minister. His text, "it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful," 1 Cor. iv. 2. Two or three sentences especially acted as a prickly bur on my mind, and regulated my conduct from that time forward. Reader! treasure it up in your very soul. "Remember, everything that is contrary to, and against the Word, and doctrines, and ordinances of your Master, you must oppose. Love your brother, with whom on some points you may differ; pray with, and pray for him, but give not up an inch of ground to him; be your faithful to your master. Mind, that you part not with one grain of truth, either in doctrine, experience, or practice, for the dearest friend upon earth. It is not an act of friendship to confirm a man in an error; and, if you join him in whatever is erroneous, you confirm him in his error." In a word, "prove all things; hold fast that which is good." 1 Thess. v. 21. Reader, farewell! I am, yours in the truth, J. A. JONES.

50, Murray Street, City Road, London.

Words from the Watchmen.

NO II.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I have a little time this morning; therefore drop a line to encourage you in this work of faith and labour of love. I have no doubt you think at times, the greater part of your labour is in vain. I am one experimental witness that those four sermons, "New Life," you have preached and published, are not in vain, for taking them into my hands when much cast down, and reading a few pages I felt life, right and liberty flow into my soul, as you, by divine teaching, were led to speak just my experience; and cast up the way the Lord has led me. The accuser of the brethren has, at times, got me so low, that I have thought none of the saints have ever been tossed and buffeted like me, but I find beloved, you have; for I don't, for a moment, conceive that you use borrowed language, but tell out what you have seen and felt, both to the grief and comfort of thy own soul; so that which comes from the heart, God sees fit to apply it to the heart; I do assure you it has been so to me in reading your four-fold view of the kingdom of grace. This work, I can, from my inmost soul, recommend to the living sons and daughters of Zion. The good Lord bless it to thousands, and lead many hearts full of grateful feelings to bless and praise Jehovah for the blessing received, and for the instrument through which it came. I speak feelingly, beloved, when I say, reading this work of your's has united my soul to you in the bonds of love more than ever. Oh! I would that this holy oil run from vessel to vessel all through Zion. O! how happy would she be in Christ her living head, Lord, and Husband, with all the members of the mystic body. Are there no means to be used to bring about this union in and among the followers of the Lamb? I think it only wants one thing to bring it about, which is the mortification of dagon self-will; if it was naturally reflected upon, there would not be any desire to go out to war with the Lord as they do. There is Lord *Who shall be the greatest? Lord I will have my way; Lord Find-fault; Lord Port-hole; Lord Dishonest; Lord Watch for spots in others; Lord Self-conceited; Lord Stand stiff; Lord Gain-say; Lord never-do-wrong; Lord stir bad fire; Lord talk much and do little; Lord seek revenge; Lord damp zeal; and Lord ignorant of self.* These and many more, are the opposers to peace, love, and union among the saints; could these be put down we should have good days, as we should then walk in love, seeking the undivided glory of our Triune Jehovah. Things will never go on well until there is more prayer private and public. Is it not for the want of this that the word preached takes no good effect. I once was preaching at a place, and after the service, one good man said to another, viz., "we now have one thing to do;" the reply was, "what is that?" He said, "harrow in the seed;" it was then asked,

"how is that to be done?" He said, "with prayer." O methinks if these harrows were set to work as soon as the seed was sown, the birds of the air would not bear it away. Is not this what Paul wanted? "finally brethren pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course, and be glorified," &c. When the Lord first called me, there was more prayer in Zion, and more real conversion to God than there appears now. Watts sings,

"We long to see thy churches full
With all the chosen race.
May with one heart, and voice, and soul,
Sing thy redeeming grace."

Where this longing is found, it will set the soul to praying for it. It is sometimes said of such and such a preacher, he does not seem to be made useful, but let it be asked, is there not a cause, and does not that cause rest more with the people than their minister? Would it not be better, if, in our chapels, instead of three sermons being preached, that one third of the day was spent in earnest prayer? Prayer meetings are not barren opportunities. May the Lord revive us, and give us the spirit of prayer, my soul now heaves the sigh, Lord, teach me to pray in spirit with faith. I would in every deed pray without ceasing, and may it be my happy lot to be placed among praying souls, and they will be my helpers, and in helping me, they will help themselves. I do not think any can be more dependant on the Lord than I am; hundreds of times I have put the Lord in remembrance of his promise he gave me at the out-set, viz., "I will be with you," blessed be his dear name, he is the faithful God, I have proved him so; he has been with me to empty me out of confidence in the flesh, and cause me to lean on his aid and that alone. Mine has been a trying path of late, truly God does bring the blind by a way they know not. Your's truly. E. ARNOLD.

NEW BOOKS.

"*Erroneous Views of the Atonement Calmly Considered.*" By W. Palmer, Homerton. In 32 small pages, Mr. Palmer has exposed all the infidel theories touching the Atonement, from Papiistical down to the Primitive Church Baptists of the present day.—It is scarcely to be believed that that genteel, respectable, and exceeding zealous body of Baptists, have prepared and published an article descriptive of their faith of the atonement which William Palmer, of Homerton, declares to be "*rooted in the Unitarian heresy.*" Whatever will come up in the midst of our churches next?—It is some relief to find we have a man with sufficient ability and courage to raise up such a bulwark in defence of that most essential doctrine the atonement, as is this printed pamphlet. If undeniable argument, and faithful unfolding of Scripture could eradicate the death-spot everywhere spreading, William Palmer's work would do it. But the Omnipotent arm of the Lord seems withholden—and Satan and sinners (under a garb) are doing dreadful work.

"*Contribution towards a New Metrical Version of the Psalms of David.*" First fifty. London: Aylott and Son, 8, Paternoster Row.

This is a rich exposition, and a beautifully bold edition, and correct version of our good Old Bible Hymns; such, they say, as we are to sing in Heaven. Mr. Collingridge has made a handsome octavo volume of this.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE BAPTIST CAUSE AT TORRINGTON, NORTH DEVON.

I have several reasons for thinking that the events of a struggle in which I have been engaged for the last twenty months may deserve publication in the following form:—

In the autumn of 1858, I left my people at Amersham to spend a few days at Devon. There are very few pulpits in this county that will admit anything except it comes from college, and is thoroughly built upon the foundations of Arminius—self being the chief corner stone. One moonlight evening, I was preaching to a large audience in the open-air, when a gentleman advanced from the crowd, and pressed me to visit a Baptist Chapel at Torrington. The zeal of the stranger prevailed, and I came to a large neat building with good school-rooms, &c. The former pastor was still living in the chapel-house; and the congregation had declined; the people that were left had, with few exceptions, fallen asleep, and the pastor had just resigned. After my first sermon, the senior Deacon congratulated me on the doctrines I had brought to Torrington; nothing could exceed the man's gladness; he looked like one alarmed by a sudden cheerful sound, and wiped his eyes after years dozing near the borders of death. They put the matter of their condition impressively before me and said, "O, when and how will the Lord our God send us a man of Gospel independence?" Under circumstances like these, and tenfold more full of interest than my pen hath power to describe, how could I refrain from listening to their earnest prolonged pleadings for my further stay with them? The end of it was they gave me a call to the pastorate. I kept it two months. After much consultation with considerable perplexity, I visited Torrington again, preached, and accepted the call. The ministers heard that a *hyper-Calvinist* had become pastor of one of their chief chapels in their county; they were vexed to the uttermost, and knew not what to do. Thirty letters from ministers and others were received by one person in Torrington, filled, I am told, with unknown prophecies of me and my dangerous doctrines. One day, the town became excited by a report that two elderly maiden ladies had received letters, stating that I had been apprehended and brought up before magistrates. The rumour had not the slightest foundation in fact, and I took no notice of it. The letters containing the scandal were read about the town; other districts caught the intelligence, and the report increased very much in importance. Being a stranger on the northern border of this county, and the thing left without any public authoritative contradiction it began to work injuriously against me in the skillful hands of a multitude of Arminians.

After pausing eight months, and surveying all circumstances, it was thought necessary

to bring an action for scandal. My accusers offered to submit the matter to the arbitration of the North Devon Baptist Ministers! About the last place in all the world I should wish myself, would be before a jury of these gentlemen with closed doors! I should prefer the position of Luther before the Diet of Worms. However, this offer was met by saying, that I would agree to the committee, in London, of the "Bible Translation Society," of which the defendant was the travelling agent. This was positively refused. Succeeding circumstances proved that the matter must go to trial. The defendant's expenses were, I am informed, fully guaranteed and he held all the ministerial patronage in North Devon. The battle was to be just one against a thousand. Three days before the assizes at Exeter, it was proposed to lessen the great pecuniary expenses by opening a public Court of Arbitration at the Town Hall, Torrington. J. Tyrrell, Esq., was chosen Arbitrator. One week before the trial the Town Hall authorities were plagued for engaged seats; indeed, if a man were about to be tried for a noted murder there would not be more anxiety. On the morning when the hall was opened the chief benches were occupied by bankers, the Mayor, the Town Council, Surgeons, Lawyers, and Gentry, and five Reporters, representing every newspaper in Devon; and the place was instantly crowded with people. The proceedings were opened by my counsel, stating that although in the declaration a claim was made for £500 damages, the demand was merely formal, and that the Plaintiff did not ask for any pecuniary recompense: the whole was not a money but a moral question. The trial lasted six hours. The verdict, was, that there was no foundation for the scandal; and that the plaintiff was obliged to bring the action; but that defendant's letters, although they contained what was false, were nevertheless what are called "privileged communications."

In closing, the Arbitrator said, "The defendant was at Kingsbridge, where he was told the plaintiff had been before a magistrate and reprimanded, and it now turned out false, and the gentleman stood there as a man who had never been before a magistrate at all." He also said that he thought the defendant was justified in sending the intelligence to Torrington. So do I; but Matt. xviii. 15, says it ought to have been sent to me; but the parties to whom the communications was sent took very good care not to put the letters into the hands of my deacons. My moral triumph was as complete as it could be; and prophesies of a thousand people that the day of trial would terminate my stay in Torrington were falsified. The associated ministers met and pronounced their undiminished confidence in Mr. T—; and the eulogium

is duly published in the country papers. It was considered the expenses would be divided; but a few days ago the award arrived which charged me with all the costs. In a few minutes it was resolved that not a penny should pass out of my pocket. Ladies are now among the poor in the town, who are freely giving their pence. I hear they have got about £30.

A few years ago, the church was made open communion. It is now the only strict communion church in North Devon. Here is a beautiful chapel and buildings that would cost (near London) £2000. No more Arminianism shall be published therein. The Pulpit will be freely open to ministers of the true Gospel, and I have board and lodging for honest Christian Pilgrims who will come this way. I am, dear Sir, your's very faithfully in Gospel labour,
WILLIAM JEFFERY,
Baptist Minister, Torrington, Devon

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—Mr. Jeffery has asked me to read the foregoing letter. It is true; but too short. If the whole were to come out, it would bear a likeness to some of the struggles of the early church. Such a storm might shake the bravest man. Sometimes the courage of the church drooped, and then our unwavering leader would rally us again. Victory has crowned his constancy. We are now in the enjoyment of true life, peace, and union. Our pastor has guided us at last into a free and tranquil harbour. I have known the church here for thirty years, and can say that the calm, joyous spirit which now fills all our hearts is quite new to us. Glory be to the Holy Ghost, who gives power to His word and guidance to his people.

We have printed the trial in the form of a small pamphlet. Will each of your readers send me six stamps for a copy, and that will help us? Your's faithfully, in Christian bonds,
WILLIAM LUXTON, Deacon,
Torrington, Devon.

GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

It is with pleasure I inform you, that we have never but once had such an anniversary in Grove chapel since the death of our late beloved pastor, the Rev. Joseph Irons,—as on Sunday, July 17th. In the morning the venerable F. Silver preached; in the afternoon the honest-hearted J. Wigmore, of Rehoboth chapel, Regent-street officiated; in evening our old and valued friend and brother, the Rev. Richard Luckin, supplied for us; all present can testify that the Lord was in our midst; a peculiar savor and unction rested upon the preachers,—they preached the gospel in all its fulness—never but on one occasion since our present beloved pastor the Rev. James Jay, has been amongst us, do we remember such an anniversary season. The attendance was unusually large, and the collections amounted to more than ever has been known since the death of Mr. Irons. A spacious booth was erected at the rear of the chapel which was tastefully decorated—the words “EBENEZER 41st.

ANNIVERSARY”—were displayed in flowers at one end of the booth; and under it a transparency of a trumpet, with the words “NO UNCERTAIN SOUND;” indicating that at Grove chapel the Gospel is still preached in all its fulness—and at the side of the booth upon a large board were the words in flowers, “GOD IS WITH US.” Nearly two hundred partook of tea; several of our ministering brethren were present with us; altogether it was truly a blessed day at dear old Grove chapel. The blessing of the Lord attended the word preached, and nearly £50 was collected. Mr. Jay and the friends were highly delighted; and we desire through your columns, to express our gratitude to God for his great kindness to us as a church and people, and also to thank our kind friends for the sympathy and love manifested upon the occasion.
ONE OF THE DEACONS.

P. S. After the trials the church and pastor had to endure during the past year, I am sure it must be manifest to you and your readers, that the Lord is manifestly with us; and all we can say concerning those who have left us, may the Lord convince them of their error. Mr. Jay is a faithful servant of God, and the Lord is with him and the church.

MR. WILLIAMSON'S ANNIVERSARY AT JOHNSON STREET CHAPEL, NOTTING HILL.

MY BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST, and my pleasant brother in the ties of nature,—I have been specially requested to address another letter to you. Some people think I can open my heart more freely to you than to any one beside; at any rate, many declare my few notes to you have been of great comfort to them; and they demand of me that they be more frequent. I cannot promise; but this one I must send. You must know that on Lord's-day morning, May 27th, I was appointed to preach the first anniversary sermon in my brother Williamson's chapel, at Notting Hill. Just before leaving home that morning, these words came so beautifully to my soul that I will not attempt to describe their effect, “Come WITH ME, from Lebanon, my spouse; WITH ME, from Lebanon.” As I walked on toward the chapel that morning, my heart was peculiarly moved and melted. It did seem as though my Lord was come to me again, and was talking to me. I preached from the words, but how I cannot tell, for my soul was filled to overflowing: it was to me a sacred season. The following note has been sent me. I know nothing of either the mother who sent me her daughter's note, nor of the daughter who thus addressed her mother; but the memory of that morning is so exceedingly precious to me, that I cannot help giving you and all my friends this testimony that now and then the Lord remembers
A LITTLE ONE LIKE ME.

The writer says—

“DEAR MOTHER,—You wished to know what my text was on Sunday last. I heard dear dear Banks; he began like this.—“If I preach a sermon this

morning, it will come from God; for I had prepared my mind, when these words came so softly to me; I cannot tell why, (he said) but I must preach from them; and the tears rolled down his cheeks, they were, 'come with me from Lebanon, my spouse, with me from Lebanon. Songs iv. part 8 verse. He said I am glad it reads 'with me;' for we need not fear to go with Jesus; leave all your cares behind, poor soul; why are you so dull? if you have been brought to love these things, he will surely take you soon to be with him for ever. If your path is ever so vexatious, it will do you good; for it will wean you from this time state; you must be in the north sometimes, as well as the south; although I myself like to climb the mountains best. He said, I feel that the Lord is about to call some of you shortly from this lower state; you will certainly hear him say, 'come with me.' It will not be long for the youngest of you to:—do attend to the call; watch his hand; it may be a soft and sweet call; it may be an afflictive one; but you will be safe for ever. Everything is by divine appointment for you. I have heard the call for some time softly, 'come with me to a brighter sphere.'" He seemed at times overpowered with love to Christ. If I never hear him again, I shall always love him. While he was preaching I had one doubt, I thought how I should like it settled, and it was opened up to me; so that he left me without a doubt of my interest in all he had stated. He is a devoted servant to his Master. He thinks, you see, that his time of departure is near; for him to die will be eternal gain. I wish I could help him out of debt, not that he evinced any troubles, but that is impossible; his God can."

I am so thankful this dear child of God,—whoever she may be,—found anointing and confirming power; and I am thankful to the "Lover of Good Men" who sent it to me; moreover, I am grateful to the Lord for the fact, that before you read this, our excellent brother Williamson will have baptised fifteen converts to the true faith. Is not the Lord saying to many, by his ministry, 'Come with me from Lebanon?'"

STOWMARKET.

MR. BLOOMFIELD IN HIS NATIVE PLACE.

JULY 19th, our annual tea meeting was held in connection with the Sabbath school anniversary; friends assembled to the number of 300 or more, and sat down to enjoy what the teachers had bountifully prepared. A public meeting was then held; a large company assembled; our Pastor presided; Mr. Bird, of Battlesden, implored the divine blessing; a few remarks were made in reference to the state of the school of a cheering character. Mr. Mothersole, of Norton, (who for many years was connected with this cause as a scholar, teacher, and member of the church, and is now a beloved pastor, and a successful preacher of the cross,) addressed the meeting in a very appropriate speech. Mr. Cooper, of Wattisham, in his accustomed telling, forcible and instructive manner followed; after which came forth a familiar countenance, which was once known to be a troublesome boy in the school, but who we are glad to recognise as a faithful preacher of the everlasting Gospel; glad to see in this locality, breathing his native air—Mr. John Bloomfield, who told some little tales of his boyish days; but now delights to honour that God by whose kindness and grace he owes his well-being, his abilities, his social position, and his success, by sounding forth the honours of his name and

the glories of his salvation. Our prayer for him is, that God in rich mercy may uphold him, and bless him, and make him a continued blessing in ministerially conducting the pilgrim host, and pointing them to their blessed home above the skies. In a most affectionate manner he congratulated the minister and teachers, and then delivered a most able, spiritual, and instructive speech to the assembly before him. Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, followed with a few characteristic remarks, and this happy meeting, like everything below the skies, came to a close.

The following day, the children numbering about 140, had their annual treat, meeting in a meadow kindly lent for the occasion, where upon the new mown grass the superintendent, teachers and children enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. Between 5 and 6 o'clock, they repaired to the chapel, to partake of something to renew their strength, where sparkling eyes and smiling faces told of the pleasure they felt in being treated with kindness and fed with cake. Their superintendent then treated them with food for the mind, in making some very important remarks, and giving them a word of caution to reflect upon as they pass on in life's journey. The teachers and a few friends present then partook of tea, and after the interchange of a few thoughts, separated.

On the Lord's-day following, Mr. Bloomfield preached three sermons; when collections were made to recruit the funds of the school. The sermons were good, and the collections were good, amounting to nearly £14.

Our highly esteemed friend Mr. Bloomfield, once more leaves us with our best wishes, with our heart-felt thanks for his kindness in thus trying to benefit the souls of those that inhabit his native part, and in endeavouring to help on the school and the cause of God with which his earliest days were associated; and with our earnest prayers that the Lord will continue to give him success in his ministerial labours, and with the assurance that when his work of faith is done he will receive the blessed welcome, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." A STRIPPLING.

ORDINATION OF MR. FRITH,

AT SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK.

THE Ordination services of the settlement of Mr. Frith here, were held in the Town Hall, Saxmundham, on the 3rd of July last. The morning service commenced at 10 o'clock. Mr. Baldwin, of Cransford, read and prayed; after which, Mr. Cooper stated the nature of a Gospel church, in a very lucid and able manner. Mr. Collins then read a statement of the history of the church; after which, Mr. Frith gave his call by grace, call to the work of the ministry, and a declaration of his faith. In the afternoon, at 2, Mr. Hoddy, of Horham, offered the ordination prayer; Mr. Pells gave a very suitable, practical, lucid, and comprehensive charge to the new pastor, from 2 Tim. ii. 15. Mr. Pells dwelt at length on the importance of close and studious application, in order to shew ourselves approved to

the church; the necessity of close circumspection, in order to shew ourselves approved to the world; the necessity for habits of devotion, and a faithful declaration of the truths of sovereign grace, and the New Testament order of the church, in order to shew ourselves approved unto God; and concluded with a bold a truthful denunciation of those habits of indolence in reference to pulpit preparation, which are fostered and indulged in by many who otherwise are good ministers of Jesus Christ. In the evening, Mr. Collins, of Grundisburgh, spake to the church, incorporating in his appropriate discourse, doctrine, experience, and precept. The Hall was well attended, and the collections were good; about 230 sat down to tea in the Baptist chapel. Most of the ministerial brethren present took part in the services—among whom were brethren Hoddy, of Horham; Sears, of Laxfield; Brown, of Fressingfield; Brand, of Aldringham; Runnacles, of Chasfield; Baldwin, of Cransford; Baker, of Tunstall; and Jones, of Saxmundham, (Independent). The church now stands a member of the "Suffolk and Norfolk Association of Particular Baptist Churches." We have commenced a Sabbath school and a tract society. The Lord is greatly encouraging us.

OUR PROSPECTS GENERALLY.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER JOHN BUNYAN MO CURE.—It is quite impossible for me to sit down at home to write letters; but in travelling this 12th of July, 1860, from Leicester to London, I am compelled to sit down; and I feel in my heart a desire to give you a note or two, touching the state of things in our country—in our churches—and in our prospects altogether—because I find you love old England still; and often do you wish you could step in amongst us. Well, I believe you will call upon us some day; but in the mean time, if you like to look through my little telescope, I will give you a brief view of things as they exist around us.

We have almost been frightened in this country by a long, wet, dark, and gloomy winter, spring, and summer; every thing has been unusually dear; and the losses in agricultural produce, in some places, have been very great, but summer seems now to be coming, and hopes are entertained that our heavenly Father will again remember us in our low estate, "for his mercy endureth for ever." I have been through many counties; and I think there is great cause for deep gratitude to him who is the giver of every good and perfect gift. Coming for one moment to "our Churches" there is nothing of a very desponding, nor of a very cheering character; "truth has fallen in our streets," the "open communion" practice, and the free-will principle, seems to be going-a-head, and I have had my fears that pure protestantism has but very few real friends; I have either dreamed or thought that "the two witnesses," the pure gospel ministry, and the visible ordinances, will yet be slain. If you read Rev. xi. you will see the holy city is to be trodden under foot of the Gentiles for a time; these Gentiles, I think, are professors of the gospel; the holy city is the church of God on the earth; and if these gentlemen Gentiles are not now treading us under their feet, I am mistaken indeed, and the bitter part of all is, our own brethren are at war, oh! yes! dreadful news this, John; our house is divided, the devil is dancing among the divines at a ruinous rate, and what will be the result, I cannot tell. There has lately arisen a painful controversy touching the SONSHIP of "the Great High Priest," and the contention is bitter and severely afflicting to the Lord's tender-hearted children. The editor of

the *Gospel Standard* writes most contemptuously;—"a haughty spirit is said to go before a fall. I pray, therefore to be kept from a haughty spirit; and only to walk in a humble, in a holy, and in a useful path, all others lead to darkness, division, and distress; two questions have been put to me, first, "what is all this bitter strife among brethren about?" My answer is, it is more a strife about words than anything else. Secondly, people ask, what is your faith touching the Sonship of Christ? My answer is, I believe with all my heart and soul, that Jesus Christ was THE SON OF GOD from everlasting; I believe it was this glorious Person who spake in the eighth of Proverbs, and all the New Testament Scriptures which declare that "God so loved the world that he sent his only begotten Son," that, "in the fullness of time God sent forth his Son, not that we loved God, but He loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins;" all these, and many like Scriptures I believe to be declarative of the great fact that from everlasting was the Son of God set up as the covenant Head of His church; filled with all the fullness of God, with all the fullness of grace and truth and of his fullness do all his children receive and grace for grace. I have been anxious to express my mind simply; and to confess three things, 1; I am no Arian, Socinian, or denier of the Eternal Godhead, and inexpressible glory of the distinct Personality and Eternal existence of our gracious Shilo, the Sent of God; 2ndly, I confess this is a great mystery; and I can no more attempt to define the mode of existence than I can pretend to comprehend what man's finite mind cannot reach unto. Thirdly, I am free to confess, that a little controversy on subjects touching which good men sometimes think they differ, may be carried on to the edification of the churches. But I am deeply grieved at the unhallowed spirit in which some write, speak, and act; these things are more painful to me than words can tell. I have witnesses and evidence in abundance that there is scarcely a great or really good man in Christendom but has, in some way or other, smitten me most sorely; and if the Lord had not holden me up; if he had not given me such an acceptance among the churches as neither Satan nor the saints can obliterate, I should have been an outcast indeed; but instead of that, I am constantly called to labour among the poor and the oppressed; and while the rich and the self righteous try to crush me, the poor and the persecuted do bless me; hence, although I am precious poor, still I am preserved; and I hope I may say, to the glory of God, he helps me to preach eight, nine, and sometimes ten times in a week; to publish tens of thousands, yea, millions of truth-contending publications; and to get all the help for poor churches and poor pilgrims, that is possible; and there is only one thing I greatly need, and that is temporal aid to clear off the debt incurred in establishing this work. I want faith and power to plead for this. I do hope the Master whom I wish to serve, will be "the lither up of my head" in this matter, and thus give me my heart's desire. I would give you a word or two on the state of our causes generally. We hold the sixth anniversary of our going into Unicorn Yard, next Sunday and Monday, then we close the place to be cleansed and repaired; and re-open July 29th, if the Lord permit. Our people and myself are praying to see more prosperity. Oh, that we could pray in faith and prevail! My neighbours are all growing. Brother James Wells has been unwell; and is not yet able to preach, but his cause is prosperous. I expect he will come out of the furnace presently like a giant refreshed with new wine; and we shall all rejoice to hear how good it has been even for him to be afflicted; special prayer for his recovery has been presented. I am drawing near the end of this journey, and must close. I preached on Tuesday evening in Mr. Garrard's chapel, in York Street, Leicester; we had a good company, and a good time. Yesterday morning, Mr. Allen, the great provision merchant of Leicester, drove Mr. Garrard and myself to Billesdon, to hold the an-

niversary services; Mr. Garrard preached on the Love of Christ, that is his darling theme; he is a wonderful deal more sedate in his manner; he has a mind which can draw up deep and holy thoughts on Christ's love to poor sinners. He is coming to London to preach a few days. I hope his labours will be honored of God; his loving heart, like Joseph's living branch, runs right over many walls which men make; and this is one great fault of mine. We had a Revival at Billesdon yesterday; the church there wants freedom from debt, and her pulpit filled; but I shall leave Thomas Smith, of Leicester, to write of Billesdon. He often "does duty" there; and is a real friend to the cause. John Bunyan M'Cure, I am, in the faith of Christ's gospel, thine to serve as ever; CHARLES WATERS BANKS, 182, Dover Road, London, S. E., written on the Great Northern Line, July 12, 1860. To all your family and friends remember me.

For want of space, we are compelled this month to omit Mr Smith's letter on Billesdon and Leicester; but it shall be given in September.]

BROSELY, near to Iron Bridge, Shropshire, was once a flourishing mining district, but most of the pits have long been closed, and labour suspended. Recently, however, some manufacturers have made a stir in the place, and revived its inhabitants. Dissent is at a low ebb, for neither in the Wesleyan, Independent, nor two Baptist Chapels is there much sign of prosperity. Scarcely one of them being half filled with hearers. The Birch Meadow Chapel, situate in the meadow, is a neat substantial building, holding about 4 or 5 hundred persons, but scarcely ever, excepting on rare occasions, are there more than from 1 to 200 persons. Mr. Jones, of Blackheath, I should think has played the most prominent part of any minister in connection with this cause for many years; when he left, the cause dwindled away; so that no other person has been able since to recruit its strength. I have preached there with liberty and pleasure; but they want a man, (what shall I say) an extraordinary man, a man of intellect, energy; spirituality, deep experience, and unblemished life and character, and the question is, where is such a man to be found? free, able, and willing to undertake the pastorate. Many of our churches are looking in every direction for such men. In my opinion, churches are looking too much to men, and too little to the God of all grace. I believe neither high intellectual culture, nor what is called deep experience, are essentially necessary to ministerial success. A man who knows himself, and also the rich unctious grace of God, is competent for any place, or any church, if the power of the Lord is present to heal. Let Baptist Churches learn this, that where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty, confidence, and success; but if churches will strife about words to no profit, if they will speak evil of each other, and indulge in pride, covetousness, and the like, they may meet in chapel, and look up to their minister for success, till their eyes fail them. The spirit of the Lord is grieved, and departed, and both minister and people are left to play the religious game as best they can.

I never saw this so clearly as I did, whilst I was preaching at the old Baptist Chapel, March, Cambridgeshire, that cause, like a poor sickly woman was fast sinking into a consumption when I went there; but I did not think her lungs were so far gone; I thought with proper treatment and generous cordials, she might possibly rally again; but no! her wounds were too deep to recover, and what is worse, wounds self inflicted. She died a suicide a few months back; and really when I heard the news, I could not shed a tear over her departure. The poor thing was evidently taken out of its misery, and her proper epitaph ought to be,

"So she lived, and so she died,
Nobody laughed, and nobody cried."

If however, any minister of truth feels disposed to try Broseley cause, he will find a few of the right

sort: truth-loving, God-fearing people, who will with heart and hand, bid him God-speed.

THOMAS SMITH.

70, Mansfield St., Leicester.

REVIVAL AT CROYDON.—Much has been written, and perhaps much more has been said concerning revivals; it is to be feared many spurious conversions have taken place, soon to evaporate into air; still we must not ignore the fact that many true conversions have taken place; nor can we be surprised that while there have been some souls truly regenerated by the Spirit of God, there should be some whose conversion is a mere counterfeit: this has been the case in every age of the world; Satan has always had his religious converts; if Moses wrought miracles in Egypt, so also did the Egyptian soothsayers. But Moses' rod swallowed up their rods, and so does all true religion, it outlives all false religion; all true experience must and shall outlive all false experience; therefore let us not throw away the wheat because there are tares growing in the same field. Let us not undervalue the gold, because it is embedded in much that is worthless. God is a searcher of hearts; he knoweth the thoughts and intents of the hearts; it is not he that hath much experience, nor he that hath a little experience, but he that hath a *right* experience; it is he that hath that pure and undefiled religion before God, is of great value. During the last three years, Croydon has witnessed a revival; we believe it is a permanent revival; a revival of devotedness to God; to his truth; and of fellowship with the saints of God. We have beheld a cause commenced; and a church formed upon New Testament principles; and a few months after its formation, this church united itself to another church of the same faith and order; and is, perhaps, one of the oldest Baptist Churches in Surrey; being, I think, about 150 years since its commencement. If this church has no other excellency, it certainly has this one, viz., during the long period of 150 years, there are no traces of its ever swerving from the truth, nor in any way altering either its faith or practice. This certainly, is a great mercy to think that a church in this world of temptation, should be by regular succession, kept fast in the truth. May God grant it at least another 150 years, steadfastness in the same faith. Of course we have had, and still have our trials incident to this imperfect state of the church; but this united church has been progressing gradually, perhaps slowly; but there are reasons to believe, permanently. We have not had sinners converted by hundreds, nevertheless, we have beheld the dead raised to life; the eyes of the blind opened; and the ears of the deaf unstopped; saints built up and established in our most holy faith. On Tuesday, June 27th, our minister, Mr. Thurston, led six into the water; one male who gave a plain, simple, but clear testimony of the Lord's work; also of the spiritual grace he had received under the ministry of our pastor elect; the other five were females, two of whom had known the Lord for some time; one having been a member of an Independent church; but now clearly saw the ordinance of believers' baptism, and being desirous of walking in all the ordinances of the Lord's house blameless: one had been a Wesleyan, and being uncomfortable there, one Sabbath evening stole into the little school room where the friends of the cause already referred to, used to meet, when our esteemed friend, Mr. W. Holms, deacon of Mount Zion, was preaching, and there she heard the gospel in the order, which, to her was quite new; but it happened to be just what she wanted; to go back again to her old friends, was indeed like going into Egypt; although she had endured much opposition from her friends, the fire kept burning hotter within. She waited until she could wait no longer; was determined in the strength of the Lord publicly to espouse his cause. The other two were for the most part under Mr. S.'s ministry. On receiving them into church fellowship the first Sabbath in July, Mr. Thurston said, "I will address both of you at

once; and in doing so, I must say that I feel a very great interest in you two girls; not that I love you better than the others; no, I desire to esteem every member of this church alike; but shortly after I came to Croydon, after preaching one Sunday evening, my soul went up in prayer, "Lord, save those two girls." I felt a solemn persuasion in my own mind, that the Lord was about, if he had not already commenced a work upon your hearts, and strange to say, you two were the first to speak to me; and now after giving in your testimony to the church, and following the Lord in baptism, I have now the pleasure in behalf of this church to give you the right hand of fellowship. May God bless you; make you a blessing and ornaments to this church; and make the church a blessing to each of you. Amen."

(Mr. Thurston, having accepted an unanimous invitation of the church to the pastorate, he will enter upon his pastoral labours immediately; the recognition services will be held Tuesday, September 4th, the brethren Moyle, Hanks, Bloomfield, Wyard, Chivers, and Meeres, are expected to take part in the services of the day. We have also discontinued our Sabbath afternoon sermons, in future there will be a prayer meeting every Sunday afternoons at 3 o'clock. Change of residence, Mr. J. Thurston, Baptist Minister, Jireh Cottage, Land Street, Croydon, S.]

SHEERNESS, ISLE OF SHEPPY.

SHEERNESS PIKE, AFT CABIN,
FRIDAY, JUNE 29TH, 1860.

YESTERDAY, the third anniversary of the New Baptist Chapel, built on the Chequer Hill, in Minster, Isle of Sheppy, was held. For the first time in my life, I have been into the Isle of Sheppy; and on leaving it this morning, such a beautiful shower poured down upon us, that made us glad to find a shelter in this aft cabin, while the wind and tide against us ran; yet by the kind arms of our heavenly Father, we hope to be hidden up in safety, and to reach our earthly home once more, but the torrents of rain and thundering clouds are fearful to us poor finite worms. I rejoice that Gospel truth has a lodging place or two in this beautiful little island, and upon the whole, a pleasanter trip cannot easily be found than to run from London Bridge to Strood; then down the sweet "Medway," in a steamer, and onward to the Chequer Hill, on the top of which stands the nice little Baptist Chapel, which William Hughes, the gardener, in "Pig-tail Cottage," friends Tyler, Stamford, and others, were the main instruments in erecting about three years since. William Hughes's Cottage stands at the bottom of the hill; he is one of those plain straight-forward, truth-confessing men who always make me feel at home and happy with them. He told me in his quaint way, that our brother Edgecombe baptized him and his wife, many years since, "by poking them into the sea." From all I heard, it was evident our brother Edgecombe was a means in the Lord's hands of promoting the growth of the gospel in this little island when the Lord first sent him forth to proclaim the glad news of heaven's salvation to his fellow men. Few of us have walked more miles, or laboured more incessantly and zealously, than John Edgecombe has done. Since his days of toiling there, Zion Chapel, in Mile Town, Sheerness, has been supplied by those devoted men, Cornelius Slim, William Saxby, and a number of good brethren whose labours have not been in vain, especially John Bennett, now of Chatham; but the Baptist cause at Sheerness, needs a thorough good pastor, and a preacher who has a mind; a ministerial manner, and an ever-springing supply of good sterling gospel matter suited to the times in which we live, and they are not common times; we have an immense population rising up around us; they have been to school; and the dead letter men, are not acceptable. The Baptist Church at Minster, stands midway between Sheerness and Eastchurch; it is a neat building, with baptistry and vestry all complete; and is an honour to Mr.

Newby, the highly respected builder of the island. The pulpit at minster, is supplied by Mr. Tyler, of Sheerness, whose gospel son (Timothy) Stamford, also helps in the ministry; Mr. Drake, of Sittingbourne, and others, filling up vacancies. We had a good anniversary day; I preached both hard and happy there yesterday; am now near home again; but I hope some day to see "Pig-tail Cottage" again, and Belle Farm, with all the good folks who hold up the cause.

BARRACK FIELD, GUILDFORD.—

The anniversary of the Church meeting at the Baptist Chapel, Barrack Field, Guildford, was held on Wednesday, June 27th, when three sermons were preached; those in the morning and evening by Mr. J. Bloomfield, and that in the afternoon, by C. W. Banks. The attendance at each service was much larger than we have been favoured with of late years; several ministers were present. We had good collections; and best of all the Divine presence enjoyed by many of his worshipping people. In the morning our esteemed brother preached from Isaiah xxxviii. 19. "the living, the living, he shall praise thee, as I do this day." In the afternoon, the text was taken from 1 Peter ii. 5, "ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, an holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." Our kind brother, to whom, in common with other destitute churches, we are greatly indebted, gave good evidence that he was a lively stone in the spiritual building. The words spoken on for the evening discourse were from John xi. 44, "loose him, and let him go." To many, it was a day of rejoicing. The services were followed up on the next evening by a sermon from brother Slim, of Haisisham, who preached from the words, "He shall be for a sanctuary." As a church, we have great cause for thankfulness to the Father of mercies for his manifested favour towards us. Though we are still without a pastor, we have been privileged with ministers who have not shunned to "declare the whole counsel of God," in doctrine, experience and practice. We dwell together in unity, all bitterness and strife and clamour being put away, and the desire of the members appears to be to promote the welfare and stability of the church, and thus shew forth the praises of him who hath called them out of darkness into his marvellous light. During the present year, our congregation has greatly increased, and though we have not had any additions to the church from the world, we have every reason to hope that the Lord will shortly, in answer to our earnest cries, send a labourer into this part of his harvest. "to gather the wheat into his barn," for the field is already white for harvest. We trust the time is not far distant, when this little one shall become a thousand."

CRANMER COURT, CLAPHAM.—

We held the first anniversary of the opening of our New chapel, Cranmer Court, Clapham, Sunday June 24th 1860. Three sermons were preached; the morning by Mr. Wm. Caut, the afternoon, by C. W. Banks, the evening by our dear pastor, Mr. Bird. We had a good day. Our friends, both present and absent, were very liberal, which led us to take courage. On the following Tuesday afternoon, Mr. Pells, of Soho, preached. Tea was provided; a godly number were present. Public meeting at half-past six; at which were present, brethren Chivers, Butterfield, Attwood, Caut, Cook, Rayment, Debenham, and Hall. Brother Attwood, implored the divine blessing; our pastor, Mr. Bird, opened the meeting by stating some of the Lord's gracious dealings with him since he had been called to preach the gospel; thanked his ministerial brethren and friends for their presence. A subject for the evening was "Redemption." Brother Attwood, first spoke upon "redemption in its rise and reign;" brother Butterfield in an energetic and touching speech, treated of its "subjects;" brother Debenham, on its "consummation;" brother

Chivers, on its "sovereignty," who made some very telling remarks upon the connection of sovereignty and responsibility, neither existing in man, but as sovereignty existed in God the Father, so Christ was the only responsible person for the salvation of his people. Brother Cook, of Waltham, in his usual deep, though quiet way, spoke upon the "completeness of Redemption;" and our dear brother Caunt concluded in his warm and hearty style. Thus we had to praise our God again. A few years since, we were very few in number; meeting in a little room, which, though not much better than a shed, was dear to the hearts of many of God's family, who could exclaim, "that as the spiritual birthplace; a goodly number has been added unto us;" a neat little house to praise Him in of which it can be said, that "the glory of this latter house did far exceed that of the former." And a loving and faithful pastor, who though much afflicted in body, is a living fulfilment of the gracious promise, "they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength," we can truly say, "not unto us, oh Lord, but unto thy name be all the glory, Yours in Christ Jesus.

STRICKETT, for R. S. BIRD.

DUNMOW, ESSEX.—July 5, 1860. I had the honour to preach twice yesterday in the Baptist Chapel, at Dunmow. I left Glemsford, at seven yesterday morning; friend Thomson drove me to Sudbury; at brother Worlow's, Thomas Poock and myself had breakfast; then on to Chelmsford by train; from thence, thirteen miles through the country I was carried to Dunmow; I had this portion yesterday on the way, "blessed be he of the Lord, who hath not left off to shew kindness unto the living and to the dead." I thought of the cause at Dunmow, like Naomi, it had been favoured of the Lord in former times—in Mr. Garrard's time—in Mr. Saxby's time—it had seen the glory of the Lord filling the house, and although like Naomi, and her family, it had seen sorrowful changes, still, I felt the cheering word in my spirit saying, the Lord will return and shew kindness to his poor widowed Naomi at Dunmow. Ruth shall find favour in the eyes of him in whose fields she goes to glean, and Boaz, the strength of the Lord, will do the part of a Redeemer, buying back the possession, redeeming his people, overcoming their foes, and uniting together the scattered tribes of Israel. Our excellent brother Lay, of Thaxted, opened the afternoon service, and both in the afternoon and evening, I tried to open up some of heaven's saving mercies to the people:—a cheerful party took tea; and it was considered a helpful day for Dunmow. But here we want a blessed grace-taught and truly useful minister of Christ. Mr. Player, of Woolwich, has been God's mouth to many of them; Mr. Bentford, of London, has served them most usefully, and others, but these good men are so engaged, that it is not very probable they can settle with them; if, therefore, this should meet the eye, and move the heart of any beloved brother in Christ, to whom THE LORD has given a ministerial commission and pastoral mantle, who would feel it an honour to be instrumental in raising a drooping plantation, I would advise such an one, (if his light is now under a bushel) to drop one note to our brother Mr. Beard, clothier, Dunmow, Essex. It may lead to something mutually advantageous to the visible kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

CHOBHAM.—West End. We spent another happy and encouraging day on Monday, May 21st. A lovely day, good company, and collections, three great gospel sermons, and above all the Master's presence. We commenced our morning service by singing that sweet hymn,

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb," &c.

Brother Perrett, from Yately, read the 35th chapter of Isaiah, and very earnestly approached the mercy seat, praying in prayer. After which, our brother Bloomfield, as ready and happy as ever,

preached a good, sweet, and savoury sermon, from Gal. ii. 20. In the afternoon, in consequence of our esteemed brother Ball, who is very seriously ill, and was not able to be with us, brother Bloomfield again spoke to us from Gal. ii. 16, "we have believed in Jesus Christ;" and shewed what true faith is, what it does, and what are its results; tracing the believer, with all his weaknesses, clinging alone to Christ, and being strong in him; shewing, that notwithstanding all the storms and tempests, the believer gets safe through the wilderness, safe over Jordan, and safe landed in eternal glory. In the evening, brother Stevens, of Mayford, read and prayed, and again Mr. Bloomfield proclaimed salvation by the great Shepherd of the sheep from 1 Peter ii. 25, it was really a good time to many. May the Lord still keep and preserve our brother, and make him more than ever useful, both in preaching and writing, and at the end of a long and successful career, he may have the happiness to say with the apostle, "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," &c., is the prayer of JOHN LAMBOURN.

CROWFIELD.—After a long and barren winter, sometimes follow a cheerful spring and fruitful summer; we trust this will be the case here; the Sun of Righteousness has shone; and his powers have been felt; sure we are that the Almighty beams of our precious Christ are powerful enough to remove the coldest season his people have to feel, and to restore warmth and fruitfulness again; to draw forth afresh the faith, hope, love, prayer, and praise of the people; to establish a loving union, and enable his living ones to carry out his own injunction, "love one another." On the last Lord's-day, in June, we were favoured with Mr. Poock, of Ipswich, and himself was favoured with the presence,unction, and power of the Holy Ghost, while preaching the gospel, and leading two of the Lord's little ones through the despised, but highly honoured ordinance of Baptism by immersion. Certainly our covenant God has stamped such infinite honours upon it, that to meddle with it is to meddle with the will of the Father, the obedience of the Son, and the sealing testimony of the Holy Ghost. Without doubt, it was the will of the Father, for our Jesus saith, "Lo, I come to do thy will, O my God," and he never broke his bond; we are satisfied that in it we can see his obedience; for he says, "suffer it to be so now, to fulfil all righteousness; and also in it we can see the testimony of the Holy Ghost giving us his approbation to the obedience of the Lord Jesus Christ. Through grace, we are looking out for another similar event; for without doubt some are hanging round the borders of Zion, and our prayers are that Zion's king will bring them in to eat and drink within its gates, as it is written, "my people shall be willing in the day of my power." JAMES DEARING.

Needham Market.

TUNSTALL.—Believing the ministry of our beloved brother Baker to be of God, we rejoice greatly in the blessed revival now realized in that part of Suffolk. Brother Baker promises us an account of his conversion, and we hope of his labours and scenes in India, among his fellow-comrades: it will, we hope, be rendered useful to thousands of our readers. The following is just to hand.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS, It affords me much pleasure to be enabled to set forth the blessed dealings of our God in Christ with us. On the first Lord's-day of this month, I was enabled to preach to a crowded house of people, estimated at 1000; every one appeared to desire to hear the glad tidings of Zion's King: then, bless the Lord, he did mercifully enable me to publicly baptise six believers; it was a time to be remembered by many: one of them had been brought to know the truth upon the seas of India. There is a great coming together at Tunstall. I hope it is God's own work, because then none can hinder it. We hope ever to be found upon

our watch-tower, to see the hand of our God. Our attendance upon the Lord's-day is large. To God the Father, and Son, and Spirit, we ascribe all praise. A. BAKER, Tunstall, Suffolk, July 10th, 1860. I shall attempt next month to commence an account of God's dealings with me.

LONDON.—The sixth anniversary of our entrance into Unicorn Yard Chapel, Tooley Street, was held on Sunday and Monday, August 13 and 14, 1860. The sermons were preached by our minister, G. W. Banks; the prayer meetings were profitable; and the public meetings were honoured with tokens for good; with happy emotions of soul God-ward; with living desires to be useful in this dark and low-sunk part of the metropolis; and with the company of very many of the Lord's servants, and his believing children. The brethren Messer, Flack, Bird, Bellman, Gwinnell, and Myerson, delivered very interesting addresses; all present appeared happy; and we hope the Lord of the harvest will still remember us for good. The subject for consideration was "*the Coming Harvest; and the kind of Reapers required.*" Our brethren entered powerfully and solemnly into the question; but as the services are to be published in *New London Pulpit*, we say no more here.

SHOREDITCH.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CURTAIN ROAD.—The church and people meeting in the above place, can still testify of the truth and faithfulness of our God. Our good pastor is still blessed with the blessings from on high. Saints are comforted, and sinners converted. We met Lord's-day evening last, in obedience to our Master's command, and to follow his steps who was baptized in Jordan's waves. Mr. Webb, after showing how beautifully baptism set forth the suffering and death, and resurrection of our Redeemer, stood at the waters edge and addressed the candidates, and then his aged father, long a consistent Christian, pleaded at the throne of grace for the fulfillment of those words, where it is said, "in keeping his commandments, there is great reward." Mr. Webb then took two females, and one male into the water, in obedience to our dear Lord's command, and immersed them in the name of the sacred Three. Two were seals to our pastor's ministry; ten months since, myself, and three others were favoured to openly put on Christ by baptism; two seals then to Mr. W.'s ministry. Truly it was good to be there.

MARY.

OLD BEXLEY, KENT.—The cause in this place has been carried on for many years amidst much trial and great discouragements, by the worthy widow and son of the late Mr. Kelsey, of Old Bexley. The history of the cause is very interesting. Some years ago, a few friends met for divine worship in a lodge; the place soon filled to overflowing. It was deemed necessary to build a chapel; but the great difficulty was to obtain a piece of ground, as it was all college land, and not allowed to be improved. After a time, the Lord opened the door: a piece of ground was purchased, and the present chapel erected. A few years have elapsed since then, but the Lord has been gracious in putting it into the hearts of the proprietors to carry on and maintain the truth where it is so much needed. Messrs. Tiptaft, Foreman, Baker and Best, with many others, have laboured there in the name of the Lord; he has been pleased to bless their efforts. The last anniversary was held on Monday, July 9th, 1860, Mr. Pellis preached. A good day was enjoyed, as the friends have supplies from London; any servant of Christ who walks as well as preaches the gospel, and who may be desirous of spending a day in the country would be acceptable here. Address, Mr. Kelscy, Bexley, Kent. W. H. W.

MAYFORD.—We held our anniversary on the 21st of June; our much-beloved brother, and able servant of God, Mr. Wells, was to preach, but affliction prevented. He therefore sent us two

agreeable substitutes, Mr. Chivers, and Mr. Butterfield; they made the little sanctuary ring with the sound of gospel truth. It was the best day Mayford has had for some years. It was a pleasing aspect to see the dear children of our heavenly Father gathering themselves together in such family circles, sharing in such rich provision as the blood and righteousness of a dear Redeemer. Thanks to all friends for their activity, and friendship to the cause. The last Sabbath in April, the beloved little pastor was helped to conduct through the water, 2 males, and 1 female, each giving testimony to their faith in Jesus, and to the preaching of the gospel in that place by the power of the Holy Ghost. The female was an old lady and her son Abraham. May God Almighty grant that he may follow with the dear old Patriarch in faith, and hope, and love; the other was the father of a large family. What a noble example to set before the offspring of his bowels! The faithful ambassador gave an excellent discourse from the 6 and 7 verses of Joshua iv. We hope soon to witness the moving of the waters again; it must be so in the day of the Lord's power and at the outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

A FRIEND TO THE CAUSE.

BROCKLEY.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—Our blessed Lord is working powerfully in our midst; our chapel is filled with attentive hearers; the sheep hear the distinguishing voice of their good shepherd; Jesus, which giveth them life; the blind see; the deaf hear; the lepers are cleansed; and the dead are raised up. On Lord's-day, June 17th, I exchanged pulpits with kind brother Barratt, Baptist Minister, Bardwell; in the afternoon, Mr. Barratt preached an appropriate sermon from Exod. xii. 26, "*What mean ye by this service?*" After which, he immersed four believers in Jesus. The Holy Spirit has lately brought two vile sinners out of darkness into light. There are others waiting at the pool of Bethesda. O! may they soon step in and be made whole. S. KEMP.

RAUNDS.—Raunds anniversary was held Wednesday, the 4th of July; Mr. Bloomfield preached afternoon and evening; some hundreds had tea in a barn belonging to S. Arnby, Esq. The barn was handsomely decorated with flowers and banners; notwithstanding the rain; the attendance was large. Scarcely a dry eye, while Mr. B. was preaching in the evening. It was a blessed season which will not easily be forgotten. Collections amounted to £15. Our friend Mr. Evans, late of Leighton Buzzard, is amongst us labouring with acceptance and comfort.

RAMSEY.—We had a glorious day at Ramsey, Hants, Thursday, July 12th. Brother Irish lives and labours with us. The preachers engaged at the anniversary services, were our friends, Mr. Murrell, and Mr. J. Bloomfield, of Meard's Court, Soho. Our chapel is a new and large place. It was filled all day; Mr. Murrell preached in the morning; Mr. J. Bloomfield, afternoon and evening; both were favoured with freedom and power, the friends rejoiced, and the word was blessed, our tent was much too small for the tea party. Our collections were, for the times which are bad with us, far exceeded our expectations. About £30.

RUSHDEN.—Succoth Baptist Chapel.—On Lord's-day, June 24th, Mr. C. Drawbridge immersed six believers in Christ; profound and tearful attention was manifested amidst the crowded place of worship. On the same day seven were added to this thrice happy hill of Zion, at Rushden, in Northamptonshire.

A NOTE FROM JAMES NUNN.—DEAR BROTHER IN HIM, who is "God over all, blessed for evermore." I should be glad to serve you at any time, if my health would permit me; but the dear Lord knows my heart, I cannot; blessed be his name, I was not idle in his vineyard when I

was able to work; and I am thankful he has not left me without many witnesses of making me useful, and though in his infinite wisdom, he has seen fit long to afflict me,

" Yet he is precious indeed to my soul,
Amid all my changes and grief,
When on him my burdens I roll,
He graciously grants me relief."

" I call him my Lord and my God;
To him as my refuge I flee,
And sing even under the rod,
He saved a sinner like me."

Excuse this; I hardly know how to guide the pen
JAMES NUNN.

[Some of our most useful brethren are in the furnace. Surely, there is a voice even in these things! —Ed.]

GRAVESEND.—MILTON HALL. The anniversary of the Baptist Church at the above place, was held Wednesday, 4th July; and three excellent discourses delivered by Messrs Wyard, Wale, and Milner, to large congregations: several other ministerial brethren, and numerous country friends were with us; many were the expressions of thankfulness to the Lord for such faithful ambassadors of peace; and many a heart comforted and made glad by their presence, which was manifestly felt and enjoyed in every countenance. About 100 sat down to dinner; between 200 and 300 to tea; the greatest happiness prevailed amongst this united people throughout the day, at the close of which, about 50 remained to partake of supper, which being ended, prayer and singing closed another anniversary of this church.
THOS. STIDOLPH.

NEW BOOKS &c.

"*Paul's Great Question.*" A Sermon preached in Salem Chapel, Meard's Court, Soho, on Lord's-day morning, July 15, 1860; by J. E. Bloomfield. This is in a new number of "*New London Pulpit*"—a sermon by J. Bloomfield on that remarkable question—"Who can separate us from the Love of Christ?" Neatly printed in large type—suited for either public reading; or private meditation. Thousands who cannot hear this much honoured minister, may here read his mind on one of the most sublime and holy themes, which has employed the tongues of millions of happy souls; a theme on which the ransomed love to dwell.

"*The Christian Pathway, and Minister's Scrap-Book; or, the Pilgrim's Wanderings and the Lord's Gracious Dealings; Missionary and Ministerial Recollections; Original Sermons.*" By William Flack, Minister of Salem Chapel, Wilton-square, New North-road. Published by H. J. Tresider, 17, Ave Maria-lane; Robert Banks and Co., 9, Crane-court, Fleet-st. We have most pleasurable feelings in announcing that we have the honour of sending into the world, a work from the pen of our highly esteemed brother William Flack, whose position in the church of Christ as a true believer, as a hard-working missionary, as a tried and faithful preacher of heaven's good news, and as a devoted pastor, is too well known now to need any note of commendation from us. We have been unhappy in our connections and favourable criticisms, in a few cases; but we feel a steady persuasion that WILLIAM FLACK'S course as a minister, as an author, as a "Nazarene indeed," will be steady, progressive, and permanently useful to the end. His life and labours,—his knowledge and experience of divine truth, as given out in these two-penny monthly parts, will render him more known, more beloved, and, we hope, more extensively employed, in the visible kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Our Review of Mr. Wm. Bidder's six sermons is unavoidably postponed; but we most heartily recommend their wide circulation at this momentous period.

ILLNESS OF MR. JAMES WELLS.

Your readers will be desirous of knowing something about the Surrey Tabernacle, and its minister, Mr. J. Wells. I am happy to say that his health has considerably improved; and the change he is now taking, will, I trust, under the Divine Blessing, perfect his restoration to health and strength; and that he will appear among the people again with whom he has laboured so many years, in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

The Church and Congregation has shown a practical feeling of sympathy with its pastor in his affliction. The Pulpit has been supplied during the past month by the following ministers, whose services have been accepted of the saints. Brethren J. A. Jones, of Jireh Chapel; Clark of Stepney; Winslow, of Richmond; Hanks of Woolwich; Foreman, of Mount Zion; Parsons, of Brentford; Wigmore, of Rehoboth Chapel, and Palmer, of Hornmerston. While others have sympathized with the church and would willingly have helped us had their engagements allowed. We have every reason to hope that the Lord enabling, our pastor will resume his labours on the first Lord's-day in September. Your's truly
E. BURR.

16, Holland-place, Clapham-road.

WEST OF ENGLAND UNITED ASSOCIATION OF NEW TESTAMENT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

Just as we were closing this month's number, a note came to hand, announcing the fact that an effort is making to establish an Association for the four westerly counties. We give, as requested, the following:—

DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS.—I heard on Friday, 20th inst, from my dear brother in the ministry, W. Jeffery, of Torrington, a friend of Dr. Bell, that it is in contemplation to form, in this day of disunion, a new Association for the four westerly counties. The said brother says in his letter of 21st, received this morning, "it is a fact that there are perhaps 50 churches in the four westerly counties isolated as the islands of the sea; and while the old association is taking the lowest form of Arminianism, we are apart like so many dis-united scattered soldiery."

JOSEPH INDOE.

Holy Rood Street, Chard, Somerset,
July 22nd, 1860.

[It is indeed high time that union with God-fearing, truth maintaining ministers and churches be sought for, unless we are content to see truth and gospel ordinances trodden under foot altogether. We earnestly beseech Mr. Jeffery and all who cooperate with him, to see well to it that the Association be based upon new covenant premises; and that no effort be spared to gather up all the churches in the West.—Ed.]

We are compelled to omit an interesting account of the opening of the New School at Glemsford, the Ashford anniversary, the Norwich chapel case, Reviews, and other papers, for want of space.

The Three Golden Promises:—

THE NEW NAME—THE CROWN OF GLORY—AND THE ROYAL
DIADEM.

How beautiful is the Targumic translation of that first verse of Isaiah lxiii.; it reads thus, "*Till I work salvation for Zion, I will give no rest to the people; and till consolation comes to Jerusalem, I will not let the kingdoms rest; till her light is revealed as the morning: and her salvation as a lamp that burneth.*" These are the words of the eternal God: they refer to the coming of Christ as the light of the morn, and to the glory of the gospel, as to a lamp that burneth; and the declaration is to this effect; that until Christ is thus revealed, and until the gospel is thus a glorious, and a brilliant burning lamp, God will not let the people rest. This is just as I feel; I want in my own soul, a clear revelation of the Lord Jesus Christ: I want my heart to burn with vehement and with sin-consuming love to him; I want my ministry to be as a lamp of holy fire, throwing light into (and burning up the dross in,) the minds of God's people, and bringing them into the clear and holy truths; into the beautiful promises; into the delightful ordinances; and into the heaven-anticipating enjoyments, of the new and everlasting covenant. This feeling was set on fire afresh this morning while listening to that dear servant of Christ, George Murrell, of St. Neot's, who preached the anniversary sermon at Homerton Row. He quoted the words of the church, "*Thou shalt also be for a crown of glory in the hands of the Lord; and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.*" It was nearly all I heard distinctly of his sermon; his voice was soft and silvery; his subject was, "*Ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's.*" He appeared to me to be very happily led into two things, first, in what particular way and manner CHRIST IS GOD'S; secondly, how *the Church is Christ's.*" Some parts of his discourse were truly encouraging, especially, while with some warmth, he shewed clearly that the Church did not belong to Satan—did not belong to the first Adam—did not belong to Moses; but that the Church was the special and particular property of Christ.

As soon as the sermon was over, I hurried out, because I had many engagements; but those precious words "*Thou shalt be also a crown of glory in the hand of the Lord; and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God,*" they had sunk so softly into my

spirit that I carried them with me; and as I was flying from the chapel, I ran against good old Mr. J. A. Jones; and he began to tell me I was holding with the hare and running with the hounds, because I inserted Mr. Bidder's letter, as he thought, in opposition to his; but I assured him that I had no desire to be a two-sided man; for with all my heart and soul I did love, adore, and believe in the eternal, the essential, the co-equal, and incomprehensive glories of the Son of God, and that any dispute touching his Deity, his immortal and eternal Godhead, made me tremble. I told him that I was decidedly opposed to the term "*begotten God.*" and to the theory that Sonship only belonged to his office and incarnation. I also declared that Romaine's exposition I had read with satisfaction; and felt a safety there; but to attempt to explain what is not revealed, made me tremble. Mr. Jones assured me that the only theory he opposed was that of *Deity begetting Deity*; he was exceedingly kind and fatherly to me; and the more we conversed upon this deep theme, the more was I convinced that it is a contention about words principally. I am fully persuaded that neither Mr. Philpot nor Mr. Jones, Mr. Bidder, nor myself intend in anywise to advance anything derogatory to the glory of Christ. The root of all this contention lies in three things, *a holy jealousy, a misunderstanding, and a temptation* to be wise above what is written. The sooner it ceases, I think, the better. I left Mr. J. A. Jones, with the firm conviction that he is a decided, a determined, and a most conscientiously devoted servant of Christ, and that his one chief aim is the advancement of GOSPEL TRUTH, new covenant truth, THE TRUTH OF HEAVEN in all its branches, parts, and essential properties; I was truly glad I had had such a close and happy interview with him; and with a real desire that his closing days might be holy peace and happy prosperity, I left him, and fled to my home; where, after a few hours labour, I began to prepare for my evening service, having that evening to preach in my own pulpit.

After prayer, and some reading, those sweet words came again, "*Thou shalt also be a crown of glory in the hand of the LORD; and a royal diadem in the hand of thy God.*" I feared to think of attempting

to preach from such magnificent words; but, presently the preceding words came, "*and thou shalt be called by a new name which the mouth of the Lord shall name.*" That promise opened up with a sacred sweetness in my soul, until I had a distant view of the four distinct things contained in the three first verses of that sixty-second of Isaiah.

First, the state of the Church before Christ comes; secondly; what Christ is when he is revealed; and what the gospel is, when it is applied; thirdly, the *state and condition* which the sovereign grace of God brings the soul into; set forth by a new name; and lastly, the *consummation* of the gospel dispensation; then, the Church shall be a crown of glory in the hand of her Lord; and a royal diadem in the hand of her God. With this four-fold view of the kingdom of grace again I went forth; the Lord broke all my bonds, set my soul at liberty; gave me feeling, freedom, and a fullness of joy; and I do believe the dew of heaven came down upon us. A few more words upon one or two branches of the subject, is all that either time, memory, or space will enable me to give here.

First, the state of the world—of the Church—of the people generally,—before Christ comes, is this, there is no rest, "Till I work salvation for Zion, I will give no rest to the people." This is Christ's voice, (as the Targum says), and how true it is! Read the history of nations—trace the conditions of families—hear the tales of distress and woe from every sinful mortal; and all declare, there is no rest, where there is no CHRIST. Tell me—why is it, the Church herself is now so divided?—Why is it, the men who profess to preach the gospel, and even imply that they are the only men sent of God, why is it they are so bitter one against another? Why does the Editor of the Standard write so contemptuously of others? Why do almost all men indirectly attempt to injure their fellow-man? Why is it? I fear it is because they have so little of Christ. There are many powers come against an elect and a quickened soul, before CHRIST comes in saving power and glory. Before "the commandment came" as Paul saith, "I was alive," that is, I was without any fear, without any true knowledge of my true condition, but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." a sight of sin, and its awful consequences, will kill a man out-right; it will break up his hopes, confidences, and prospects; and the curse comes; Satan comes; the fears of death and hell will come; false gospels, false preachers, false helpers, and even false Christs, will come. How many perish in their delusion, none can tell; but the Lord says, "Till I work salvation for Zion, I will

give no rest unto the people." Well, indeed, does every panting, thirsting, seeking soul know this—no rest until Christ works a full deliverance for the soul. I ran every where. I listened to every body—but until the glorious light of heaven was let into my poor soul by the powers of the Holy Ghost, I had no rest—no; none at all. But,

Secondly, Jesus Christ does come as the light of the morning:—the darkness of error, of ignorance, of sin, of death; darkness of every kind, of every degree, now fieth; and the true light now shines in the soul. CHRIST IS COME. "*In thy light we see light.*" When this glorious light waded my soul up into the full beams of a Saviour's glory, I thought nothing of sin, nothing of men, nothing of ordinances, nothing of particular creeds; pure light—the light of glory surrounded my spirit. In that light I lost myself as a sinner, and found myself so absorbed in the precious sea of seraphic bliss, as to know nothing but to admire, and love, to praise, and to adore the matchless grace and glory of this most excellent fountain of purity, gladness, freedom and joy. Truly, I must say, Dr. Watts anticipated correctly:—

"O glorious hour! Oh blest abode!
I shall be near; and like my God,
Nor sin, nor sense, no more control,
The sacred pleasures of my soul."

The promise in the second verse is true; but known only when and where Christ comes. "The Gentiles (us poor sinners quickened into life divine) "SHALL SEE THE RIGHTEOUS ONE, (so the Vulgate Latin version reads,) and I will declare unto all the world, that if CHRIST be ever clearly and powerfully revealed in a man's soul, that man can never after fall into any deadly error; nor can cruelty towards his brethren, or to any mortal under heaven, reign to his breast. I know that where Christ comes in the revelation of his Person and power, pardoning and comforting, delivering and delighting the soul—there will be such an abundance of love flowing out of that man's heart, that he would gladly be a blessing to all around, if he possibly could.

The light of love! how sweet it is!
Who can its greatness tell;
It drives away the clouds of sin,
And saves our souls from hell!

I have been looking over the Scriptures for the word "LIGHT;" they are so numerous and wonderful, I cannot refer to them here. Christ is Light—God is Light—the work of the blessed Spirit is to give Light—heaven is Light—yea, the saints in glory will be filled with light; and how great their joys will be none can fully tell in this low land: so I must attempt no further.

The gospel is compared unto a lamp that burneth, and where that burns in a sinner's heart and conscience, it will purify; and his faith in the glorious gospel will be firm and fruitful; election in Christ; redemption by Christ for all God's chosen seed; and an eternal union to the great Immanuel will be known as truths most precious in the soul. The Promises next month.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

THE SAVIOUR'S PLEASURE IN HIS WORK.

A SERMON BY MR. LEACH, OF NORTHAMPTON.

"Jesus saith unto them, My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work."—
John iv. 34.

How instructive and weighty are the words of the Lord Jesus! but to perceive their meaning, and to realize their importance, Divine teaching is indispensable. From the context we learn the ignorance of the disciples,—for when Jesus had told them he had meat to eat that they knew not of, they said one to another, Hath any man brought him ought to eat?—and O how much do we resemble them in the dullness of our mind, and how slow we are to learn heavenly things. We also perceive the gentleness as well as the condescension of the Lord, in explaining his meaning, and not reproving them for their want of spiritual perception; even so now doth the Great Teacher bear with our infirmities and continue his lessons until we understand those truths which it is necessary for us to learn.

We may notice three things in the text,—subjection, devotedness, and delight.

I. SUBJECTION, and this on the part of Christ was substitutional, wonderful, and voluntary. *Substitutional*. It is only upon this consideration we can account for His standing in a subordinate relation to the Father, and to whom he so frequently refers in his discourses. When the law was given to Adam, he was placed in a responsible situation,—obedience was required of him, and in failing to keep that law, he became liable to all the fearful consequences contained in the sentence "Thou shalt surely die." Now we will endeavour to show that Jesus takes all legal responsibilities upon Himself, in behalf of all the election of grace. This will appear when we consider His relative character,—He is the covenant Head of His people,—for in that blessed compact formed between the Father and Him, the church was identified with Him, and He stood in that covenant as their representative;—for them He engaged to obey the law, and also to bear its awful penalty; and there is great blessedness in the thought that everything which Jesus undertook to perform was in the room and stead of His people. If then we are one with Jesus, we can look to Him for all the

law requires, and may indeed rejoice that He hath released us by becoming amenable for us;—while, on the other hand, if I am personally answerable for one of the claims of that law, I must sink for ever sink, under the weight thereof.—Again, was not the fact of Christ's subjection signified by His circumcision,—for we read this was the import of the rite. "For I testify again to every man that is circumcised that he is a debtor to do the whole law." (Gal. v. 3.) The obligatory nature of the dear Redeemer's life is thus set forth, "He was a debtor to do the whole law,"—hence He declared "I am not come to destroy the law, but to fulfil it." If we follow him to the garden of Gethsemane, and listen to His cries to His Father, we find subjection in the words "Not my will but thine be done;" and when about to be taken by the Roman guard, the substitutional character of his subjection appears in that, while He surrenders Himself, he demands the freedom of his disciples. "If ye seek me, let these go their way;" and if we come to His death, justice found no sin in Him, but it found sin upon Him, "He was cut off out of the land of the living, for the transgression of my people was He stricken."—*Wonderful*. Think of the greatness of His person! Who is it? Look through his flesh to his Divine nature,—for in Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily. He is Emanuel—the brightness of the Father's glory and the express image of His Person. It is He who is over all, God blessed for evermore,—before whose dazzling glories, angels cannot appear unveiled. Think again of the humiliating condition unto which it brought Him—a worm and no man—a man of sorrows, despised, rejected, and persecuted—appearing in the likeness of sinful flesh—in the form of a servant; and finally dying the death of the cross.—*Voluntary*. I feel a pleasure in speaking of the Saviour's free-will, and I am sure it is far more profitable to do so, than to talk of the free-will of the creature; for that turns things to good account. In Christ we see the freedom of love; and how

sweet and precious that love becomes in the freeness with which Christ undertook His work.—We must make two remarks before we pass on. First, the influence this has upon Christ's intercession,—for as He bore the curse, He can plead for the blessing on our behalf, even life for evermore. As He came into our place here, so will He have us occupy a place with Him on His throne hereafter: and this as a matter of right; and if upon the ground of equity we are entitled thereto, then would there be a reflection upon the righteous character of God if deprived of what is due to us through the dear God man.—Secondly, the honorable state we are brought into, being exalted in and by the perfection of Jesus so that in the eye of infinite purity we are blameless, and without spot; we have no perfection of our own, but we are complete in Him.

II. DEVOTEDNESS. He was a Nazarene unto God from the womb to His death, and his devotedness to God was, *First ardent*. What cold hearts have we, and how little earnestness do we evince compared with Him? See it when He was twelve years old, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" All His powers and energies were at work while doing his Father's will. If we are a little active and zealous, people tell us that we shall wear ourselves out—one of the many funny things people acquire the habit of saying;—but Christ could truthfully say, "The zeal of thy house hath consumed me." 2nd. It was *constant*. Christ's life was not an indolent one, but one of constant activity: nor was it one of partial consecration, but entire. He kept on his course like the sun—(his great type).—He was never indisposed as we are; no apology was ever needed for Him, like that which he so kindly made for His disciples, "The spirit is willing but the flesh is weak." It really seems amazing how much He did during the brief period of His public life: travelling from place to place, preaching the word, performing miracles, and conversing with his disciples—at work by day, and communing with His Father at night.—

"Cold mountains and the midnight air,
Witness'd the fervour of His prayer."

We do not read of His being asleep on more than one occasion, and I have thought that then it was more for the trial of the disciple's faith than from any other cause.—

3. *Perfective*; carrying on to completeness the work he had begun, "And so to finish His work:" it is comparatively easy to commence an undertaking; but to proceed with it until it is finished is not so easy a matter—especially when difficulties stand in the way. Ah; what mountains stood in the way of the dear Lord Jesus, and yet he levelled them all. "Who art thou, O

great mountain, before Zerubbabel, thou shalt become a plain." Sin, like a mountain, formed an impediment, but Jesus removed that; the curse, like a mountain, formed a barrier; but he rolled that away; death, like a mountain, stood in the way; but Jesus destroyed death,—and thus before Him rough places became a plain. His work consisted in undoing all the mischief Satan had done. For this purpose was the Son of God manifested that He might destroy the works of the devil. The devil turned out the good and brought in the bad; Jesus' work is the reverse of this,—to remove the evil and to introduce the good. "It is finished," said the Son of God on the cross; and then making a pause, giving an opportunity as well as a challenge to the powers of earth and hell to deny it if it lay in their power: but they were quiet, and heaven by silence confirmed it; and then He gave up the ghost. But alas! alas! for the ignorance and hardihood of man, many have since dared to contradict our Lord, by denying the completeness of his salvation.

III. DELIGHT. This is meant by its being His meat "to do the will of Him that sent me, to finish His work," and the pleasure of the Lord Jesus in His work may be accounted for in several ways. *First from the congeniality of His spirit with the law*. "Thy law is within my heart: yea I delight to do thy will, O my God,"—and thus the believer partaking of His spirit can say, "I delight in the law of God after the inner man."—2nd, *From the glory that would redound to his Father thereby*; and is it not in and by the Lord Jesus, a revenue of honour is brought to God? for the glory of Jehovah is great in the salvation of His people. 3. *From the good that would accrue to his people*. He saw them by His work brought out of their sins, miseries, and dangers, and taken to God and to heaven; and if the joy of the man who found the sheep he had lost was so great, what must be the joy of the Saviour in witnessing the effects of his death? 4. *The reward that would crown his own labours*. This was "the joy that was set before Him." He knew that from every saved sinner He should obtain praise; yea, that the vault of heaven would ring with the acclamations of ransomed souls. "Thou art worthy, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood."

"Sometimes when poor sinners are first awakened, and first brought out, and first set seeking, they think then heaven is coming, and glory coming, and joy coming, and peace coming. But the tempter comes, the solemn trial comes, the heavy conflict comes, and they stand still and wonder where the scene will end. But the Lord appears for them and helps them, and brings them through. Mark this, and say not that there is no grace because as yet there is no manifestation; say not that there is no hope because as yet there is no deliverance."—*New Life*.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

SICK OF LOVE.

BY THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

"Stay me with flagons, comfort me with citrons : for I am sick of love."—Cant. ii. 5.

THIS appears to be just the experience of the Psalmist when he cried out:—"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God?" In the figurative story before us, the bride entirely overpowered by the rich enjoyments of the banqueting-house, is compelled to call upon her Lord for help. She looks to him for the full and immediate supply of all she needs. She now requires ability to sustain the load of enjoyment—she feels her need of enlarged capacities to take in this overflow-stream of pleasure. She does not ask for the stream to cease running—she could never do that. She asks to be strengthened for further enjoyment.

Come "stay me" then, with heavenly wine,
Give "flagons" full for it is Thine;
Let richest "citrons" also prove
Refreshing—for I'm "sick of love."

The bride's succeeding experience is again that of the Psalmist. David says:—"In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul." The answer received by the bride is seen by the words which follow her call for help. "His left hand is under my head and his right hand doth embrace me." This is a beautiful picture representing full and unhindered communion. We are reminded by it of that blessed promise, the portion of every trusting child of God:—"Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee." Also of the words of David:—"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty." Encouraged by such promises, we should be ever crying to the Lord:—

"Oh, let us feel

Thine arms—thine everlasting arms of strength,
Are passed around us to protect and save,
And the eternal refuge ever open still."

The Song of Solomon is very evidently divided into parts; and these parts do not at all correspond with the chapters in our authorised version. The first part ends with the seventh verse of the second chapter. We have there also the close of a day's history of the figurative Bride. From the beginning of the Song up to this point, we read of no separation between the two parties, and nothing intervenes to break the

regular flow of their fellowship. In the morning the bride meets her beloved, and declares her estimate of his love—it "is better than wine." Then asking for the drawings of his love, she is brought "into his chambers." She still desires to know more of him—longs for further experience of his love; and enquires after "the footsteps of the flock." We have her next introduced to us, sitting with the King "at his table." Next we have her with him in cypress grove. Then in "the banqueting house;" and there, as we have seen in the portion now before us she is overpowered with the enjoyments before her. Her first day's experience then closed in the scene we have already considered, which presents unto us the idea of perfect union and affection. The bride being thus at rest, the bridegroom speaks next:—"I charge you, O ye daughters of Jerusalem, by the roes and by the hinds of the field, that ye stir not up nor awake my love till she please." The best translators render it "so, and not he, as in the authorized version. The second part of this book begins with the eighth verse of the second chapter, and ends at the fifth verse of the third; where we find a charge given in the same words as that ending the first day. This second part of the song is also the second day's experiences of the bride. From the words of the charge on both occasions, we learn what a tender thing communion with Jesus is, and how easily it may be interrupted. The allusion to the roes and hinds of the field teaches us this through a most interesting figure. Of all animals none are so full of life and activity—none so fleet of foot—none so quick of ear to catch the slightest sound that might indicate the approach of an enemy. The hind or gazelle, as some translate the word, may be lying apparently asleep. The hunter may stand on with softest tread. In a moment the animal is on its legs—another moment serves it to listen, and then at once it is bounding away with a fleetness which none may hope to equal. The simple meaning of the bridegroom's charge is therefore, that all around are to exercise as much care lest they disturb the repose of the bride as if it were the wild gazelle that they sought to approach. And this is the solemn lesson to every child of God. Have you indeed a

sweet enjoyment of the presence of Jesus—do you feel your heart's affections drawn out towards him—your desires entirely engrossed with his glory? Are you going on as it were, step by step with Jesus by your side? Then have a watchful eye, on every side,—look out at every moment lest any one of those many influences which so easily interrupt such blessed communion, should gain an entrance and throw you at once either into careless ease or gloomy despondency. "I beseech and charge thee, O my soul, behave thyself more as becometh the bride, the Lamb's wife. Yield thyself to him, for thou art his; and he calleth thee Hephzibah, for his delight is in thee! Reverence and love him! Yea, be thou swallowed up in him, since he bought thee for ever by his blood! Let not idols of any kind upon any pretext have part in thee with him." "How glorious the smile of Jesus! Truly in the King's favour is life, and his countenance is the cloud of the latter rain! Thou, Lord, dost make my cup to run over; but my heart trembles within me, fearing lest anything should make thy stay brief. Thyself I cannot lose—for my life is bound up in thine—neither wilt thou part with me, though I be very nothing! Let me, then, since thou art so faithful and tender in thy love; let, me, my, Lord, be jealous over myself with a great jealousy! Keep thou my heart thine ownself, or it will not be kept; but some base idol, some vanity of word or deed, will grieve thy Spirit and cause thee to withdraw!"

The question may still be asked by some:—How shall we best secure the continuance of communion with Jesus—how shall we best keep our hearts wholly for him? By remembering that your time here is so short and the things here such vanities that there is nothing worth your enjoyment even now but that which is connected with your future glory. By ever thinking of Jesus as a way to prepare your home, and coming back to receive you to it. Samuel Rutherford shall further reply to the question. "There is less sand in your glass now, than there was yesternight; this span length of ever-posting time will soon be ended:—The Lord hath told you what you should be doing till he come; wait and hasten, saith Peter "for the coming of our Lord:" all is night" that is here, in respect of ignorance, and daily ensuing troubles, one always making way for another, as the ninth wave of the sea to the tenth: therefore sigh and long for the dawning of that morning, and the breaking of that day of the coming of the Son of man, when the shadows shall flee away. Persuade yourself the King is coming; read his letter sent before him,—"Behold I come quickly." Wait with the wearied night

watch for the breaking of the eastern sky, and think that you have not a morrow."

O! Jesus, Thou indeed dost prove,
The object of my heart's best love;
My soul desireth none but Thee,
My heart doth long Thy face to see.

Thou art the Bridegroom of my heart,
The altogether sweet Thou art;
The only source of my delight—
Yet art Thou absent from my sight,

Thou leavest me "a little while,"
Faith still beholds thy loving smile;
Though absent, still how sweetly true,
That Thou art ever present too!

But ah! I long to see Thee come,
To give Thy waiting bride her home;
Lord! Thou dost now prepare the place,
Where Thou wilt soon unveil Thy face!

There Thou wilt make thy Queen to stand,
In "gold of Ophir" at thy hand;
And angel—servants waiting round,
Attending as thy bride be found.

And now my heart with strong desire,
Enkindled by a heav'nly fire;
Cries out for Thee, nor can be still,
Thy love alone that heart can fill.

Come, "stay me" then with heav'nly wine,
Give "flagons" full, for it is thine;
Let richest "citrons" also prove,
Refreshing—for I'm "sick of love."

Thus help me onward to the time,
When in Thy glory I shall shine;
Then shall all tears and sorrows cease
In blessed and eternal peace.

T. G. B.

[The above is taken from a collection of hymns by Dr. Bell, which we are about to publish under the title of "Songs for the Pilgrimage." They are the fruit of a mind sweetly balanced between the extremes either of abstract doctrinalism, or deep, dark, spiritualism:—We must believe Dr. Bell to be highly honoured of his God in private meditations and in his public ministry; both his writings and speakings are, therefore, acceptable to the saints, and useful to awakened souls. We can cordially recommend them, and hope the little publication may have a very extensive circulation. It may be also stated that its circulation will greatly help the Lord's work. Our esteemed brother has been greatly used by the Lord in conversions. We have heard a statement that three hundred souls have found peace under his ministry during the last three years, principally in Devonshire, Cornwall and other western counties. He has been laboriously engaged in the Lord's service; travels a great deal; preaching wherever he is invited, and has, besides, the pastoral charge of a congregation of believers, and has a rapidly increasing church. He also circulates tracts very extensively. In these abundant labours, he is entitled to the sympathy and prayers of the Lord's people. We trust many of them will send for copies of his forthcoming little book.—Ed. *E. V.*]

The great design of the Gospel ministry is to bring men, under the power of the Spirit, to a saving knowledge of him who is mighty to save. "This is life eternal, that they might know thee the only true God and Jesus Christ, whom thou hast sent." To know Christ is to know the Lamb of God, who hath put away sin by the sacrifice of himself. To know Christ is to know the remedy which infinite love has manifested to meet the maladies of those who are seeking to be healed of the leprosy of sin. To know Christ is to know the grandest theme of the Spirit's teaching. To know Christ in the attractions of his grace is a blessing of incalculable value.—From *Vital Religion*, by JOHN BLOOMFIELD.

A LETTER TO A CHRISTIAN LADY.

By SAMUEL COZENS,

Editor of "The True Tabernacle."

PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE IRISH CONVERTS, AND ALL PROFESSORS OF THE GOSPEL IN THESE DAYS.

MY DEAR SISTER,—You will excuse me not replying to your very acceptable and refreshing epistle of love before this. I have been and am strangely perplexed to understand myself, and the professed followers of Christ; not, my dear sister, for a moment doubting your standing, but I fear there is but a *modicum* of *vital* godliness in the professing world, and I hope I am not sinning against the Holy Spirit by so saying. But I find it a rare thing to meet with a *follower* FOLLOWING Jesus Christ. When I consider the vast amount of *lip* service, and the light, frothy, and unmeaning talk of professors, I ask: what correspondence is there to Him whose words were weighty, powerful, and serious? When I think of the worldliness of some, I ask: what relation have they to Him whose kingdom is not of this world? And who declares of his faithful followers, "They are not of the world." When I think of the *covetousness* of other professors of the loving Lamb, I enquire, what connection is there between them and that *unselfish* Being who emptied himself? who, though he was *rich*, for our sakes became poor. Christ became poor to make others rich. They would become rich and make others poor. When I look upon those whose very heart and soul are set to injure others, I want to know where is the conduct of Him who went about doing good? When I hear of persons seeking after the faults of others, and when they cannot find out anything wrong, insinuating something bad, I interrogate: where is the compassion of that King whose glory it is to conceal a matter, and who delighteth in mercy, and who forgiveth all manner of sin? When I listen to the cold, half-hearted, nay, no-hearted prayers of some, I sigh out, O! where are the strong cries of Him who with cries and groans poured out his heart unto God? When I take into consideration the conduct of some in relation to the ordinances of God's house, some, during the sermon, lounging as though they would rather take a nap than listen to the word of God; others starting to their feet as though they wanted to be gone; others almost neglecting the house and ordinances of God altogether. Where is the zeal of Him whose meat it was to keep the ordinances? Depend upon it, when the fan comes, there will be but little wheat. My sister knows that in this day there is a vast amount of counterfeit coin in

circulation, and the trial with me is, have I been under the influence of that spirit of deception whose business it is to make certain impressions upon the base metal? Aye, such impressions that the counterfeit passes for current coin. Some counterfeits are so cleverly made that they must be destroyed to be detected; yes, and doubtless there are in hell, (who passed for good people here) beyond our conception who never dreamed of being deceived till they found themselves in the hands of the destroying angel.

I have been thinking too, how the coiner of base coins, stamps so much of the king's image upon the coin. He finds the metal in a state of fusion, sometimes in affliction, and sometimes in bereavements, and sometimes under preaching the passions are excited, and there may be a great deal of deep feeling; and they may feel afraid of God, and afraid of hell, and afraid of the judgment. Now I think Satan may take an advantage of these feelings, and come and put the flatteringunction to their souls:—"God is merciful," (a delightful truth to a poor broken-hearted sin-hating sinner, but a dangerous doctrine in the hands of Satan). Yes, God is merciful, says the coiner, and stamps mercy upon the base metal, and "anon with joy they receive the word." Ay, and he may bring a parcel of texts to prove the fact, and the terror-stricken conscience may take hold of those portions and find relief, but it is all in the passions. The storm produced by the affliction, or the bereavement, or the signal display of God's judgment was in the passions, and the calm produced by the minister of a false peace is there too. Say you, this is rather close. Stay my sister; these people being rather fast, may begin to talk about religion, aye, and they have an experience to talk about too! at such a time, under such circumstances they were so cut up, they had such dreadful fears, they were so afraid of God, of death, of hell, of the judgment, of eternity; they were so dark, hell could not be much darker. They saw themselves such great sinners, (ay, just as the culprit upon the drop feels) and presently "God is merciful," came to their mind, and it made them quite new creatures, they lost their terrors, and felt so calm, and that goes down for a deep experience. God forbid that I should discourage any of his people, but I am obliged to speak of these things,

because I feel persuaded that many of our wonderful wise, and deep experienced men have no more religion than what Satan gave them. I have had as much darkness and terror as any man—but what of that? Men talk of their darkness as though it was a virtue to be dark; the devil is dark, and our darkness is from fellowship with him. God is light, and if we have fellowship with him, we walk in the light. If I were addressing a congregation, I should say, come to the first epistle of John, and read the first chapter, and know your state. Well, these wonderful people may go on in darkness, they have no religion now but darkness, and doubts and fears; the comfortable frames they had when the devil turned preacher, and wrapped them up in a false peace so many years ago, are all gone, and now they cover themselves in the doubts and fears of God's people. They are fearful, and so was Abraham and Jacob. They have their doubts, and so had Thomas. They are dark, and so was Jeremiah. Their hearts are vile, and so was Job's. They can't do as they would, neither could Paul; and so they find, nay, not find but make an apology for their want of real religion from that which was not religion in godly men. How many take refuge under the infirmities of godly men, when they are utter strangers to their virtues? If I make them an example in their failings, I am devil-deceived. What are Abraham's fears to me, if I have not his faith? What is Jeremiah's dark dungeon, if I have not his deliverance? What is Paul's law in the members to me, if I have not the counteracting law in the mind? Tell me not of what he could not do, without telling me what he did through Christ. Excuse me my dear sister, but I have gone on as though I was preaching. I have felt quite relieved in thus writing. Why, say you, because I have, while penning this, learnt a secret, that is, that the ministry of the Holy Ghost differs from the ministry of the old pope of hell in this; the Spirit begins with justice, the devil with mercy. The Spirit begins with justice, "He shall convince of sin,"—carries on with justice—"and of righteousness" in the sub-

stitutionary doing of Christ, whom justice spared not, and ends with justice. The sinner is convinced by the law of justice; delivered by the satisfaction of justice, and saved according to the rights of justice. There is no justice in the devil's religion, only when he wants to frighten a poor child of God away from saving mercy. If he ever talks of justice, it is not to deceive, (mercy answers his purpose best for that) but to induce despair; he will sometimes say, you seek mercy? such a thing? such a wretch? such a monster? such a black sinner as you? Why God must forego his justice, and that he never will to save such a rebel as you, and know ye not that there is the sin of sins, the sin against the Holy Ghost against you, and that sin Justice says shall not be forgiven. And again, Justice says, there is no sacrifice for sins committed after that ye have received the knowledge of the truth. Now Satan never uses these against his own. Opium is the devil's physic; opiates suit his children best, but if he sees a man in down-right earnest about his soul, he will cross his path with justice, and try to drown him in despair.

You will say this is a strange affair, and not a very agreeable answer to my affectionate letter; true, but I have been led on I know not why in this unusual strain. They say, "out of the heart the mouth speaketh." You have then a few of my heart secrets. I feel much more happy than when I commenced, because the Spirit of God convinced me of sin first of all, then led to Jesus's blood, and that blood spoke in my conscience after nearly five years convictions and conflicts, and blessed be God, I feel it speaking there still.

"O to grace how great a debtor."

Your letter I have not by me; I can only say it was very sweet, it is going "the round." I cannot eat my morsel alone. Many here are refreshed by reading your communications, and they are very anxious to see you. Could you not manage to pay us a visit in the spring? With best wishes and Christian love, I am, dear sister, your's in Him,

S. COZENS.

Warboys, Hunts, Jan. 19, 1859.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

THE LATE MRS. SARAH ARCHER, OF PECKHAM, SURREY.

ON Lord's-day evening, August 12th, a sermon was preached by Mr. George Moyle, at Rye Lane chapel, Peckham, in consequence of the departure from earth of this excellent and beloved sister in Christ, who

had been a member of the church at Peckham, for forty-one years.

The portion of scripture selected for the improvement of her death was 2 Tim. i. 12, "For I know whom I have believed, and

am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

The following is the substance of the discourse:

It is by request that I address you on the present solemn occasion, from these words. They have been made a blessing to my own soul, and they were the support of our departed sister, both in life and in death. They contain the experience of the great apostle Paul; and every one that is taught by the same Spirit, possesses the like knowledge of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the like precious faith in him. We may differ in respect to degree, but not in respect to the quality.—some may possess greater knowledge and faith than others, but the principles are essentially the same, and the object is the same—the same precious Christ.

Here is first, *spiritual knowledge*; second, *firm persuasion*; and, third, *sacred trust*.

I. All branches of useful knowledge are valuable. But the knowledge of Christ is most valuable. His Person is the most excellent; his work is of infinite worth; and a spiritual knowledge of the same is most beneficial to the soul. It is its life,—it sanctifies it, it enriches it for time and for eternity. The apostle therefore counts all other knowledge as nothing in comparison with this. See Phil. iii. 7—10.

The attainment of this knowledge is not by human learning, or worldly wisdom, (see 1 Cor. i. 20, 21; and ii. 8, 9.) but it is by the sacred teaching and leading of God the Eternal Spirit, who convinces us of sin, and of our need of a Saviour, and who reveals Christ Jesus to our souls as an all-sufficient Saviour, "Able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him." See 1 Cor. ii. 10; and John xvi. 18 to 24.

Faith in Christ Jesus is inseparably connected with a spiritual and vital knowledge of him: "I know whom I have believed." We cannot love, trust, or believe an unknown person, although we may be absent or an unseen person. The knowledge of Christ is essential to our believing him; and believing him is an evidence that our knowledge of him is spiritual and vital. There is a three-fold act of faith connected with a right knowledge.

We believe him; we believe in him; and we believe on him. If we know Christ we shall believe his testimony, for he is truth itself. We shall believe in his power and ability to save, for "he is able to save to the uttermost;" and we shall believe on him, for we shall come to him, and stay ourselves on him, lean on his arm for support, and build on him as our foundation. Now this was the practice of our departed sister both in life and in death.

II. **GLANCE AT THE FIRM PERSUASION.** The apostle was persuaded that Christ Jesus was able to keep, &c. Now this is blessed confidence in

The *omnipotent* power of the Lord Jesus. Who but the mighty God can keep us safely unto the day of eternal redemption? But Christ Jesus is not only "the child born," he

is "the Son given," and "the mighty God;" and therefore "able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." See Isaiah ix. 6; John x. 28.

He is *omnipresent*, and therefore everywhere with his people. Although the bodily presence of Christ Jesus is in heaven, yet by his omnipresence, and gracious presence, he is everywhere with his people upon earth. Of this he assured his disciples just before he ascended to heaven. Matt. xxviii. 20. He is therefore, well qualified "to keep," &c.

He is *omniscient*, for he knows all things, and sees all things, that are going on in heaven, earth, and hell. "His eyes are omniscient from which there is no hiding; and they are upon the righteous, and his ears are open to their prayers. See Heb. iv. 12, 13.

He is *immutable*; for "Jesus is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." He is an unwavering friend, an unchanging lover, and a faithful husband; and we may, therefore, trust him "to keep," &c.

III. Notice the **SACRED TRUST** reposed in Jesus. The apostle, no doubt, means his precious and immortal soul. Our souls are our most valuable treasure. "What is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But we are not able to keep them; no! not from the hour and power of temptation; not in peace and comfort for an hour; but Jesus can keep our souls in safety through life, in death, and for ever, for he is able and willing "to keep that," &c.

How do we *commit* the keeping of our souls to Christ Jesus? It is by faith and prayer, we surrender and yield up ourselves body and soul into his hands, in life and in death, to save and preserve us unto the day of eternal redemption. See 1 Peter iv. 4; Acts vii. 59.

The *day anticipated* is the judgment day: a great and solemn day, when God shall judge the secrets of men by Jesus Christ, according to the gospel. Rom. ii. 16. This will be an awful day to the wicked, but a glorious day to those who know the Lord, and believe in him, and have committed the keeping of their souls into his hands as into the hands of a faithful Creator. See Matthew xxv. 31 to 46.

The following brief sketch of the life and death of the departed saint was read at the close:

Mrs. SARAH ARCHER was born at Godalming, in Surrey, in the year 1783. She was the daughter of good *moral* parents. She came to London at an early age, and there her first impressions were received. Attending a theatre one night, and witnessing the representation of a storm, she was struck with the awfulness of the mimicry; and thought if a storm should really take place that night how terrible it must be. On leaving the building, her fears were realized, by the actual occurrence of a fearful thunder-storm which caused her great alarm of conscience, and she determined if once she got safe home, she would never enter a theatre any more. Shortly after this, con-

victions of sin were forcibly renewed by hearing that text in 2 Cor. v. 10, "For we must all appear before the judgment-seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad." This passage was instrumental to her conversion. She became a member of Dr. Draper's church, and continued so for about fourteen years; afterwards attending the ministry of the late Dr. Collyer, until the formation of the Baptist cause here. She was present at the earliest commencement at the barn in Hill street, before this chapel was built. In September following, she with four others, was baptized by Mr. Powell, and was united to this church, on the 3rd of October, 1819, consequently has been a member nearly 41 years, and for some time past the oldest on the books. The ministry of the late Mr. Powell, and of our present beloved pastor, were both much blessed to her; but during the latter period of her life she appeared more than ever to enjoy the word. She died at the good old age of seventy-six years, nearly sixty of which were spent in the ways of the Lord. She has left behind her a sorrowing family; and to her beloved husband especially her death has been an irreparable loss. They had lived together for forty-five years, with a more than usual share of domestic happiness, in great affection, and in the fear of the Lord. To *him* is left a *blank* that nothing on earth can fill. She has left behind her a testimony to the power of divine grace in its daily influence upon the life. Quiet and unassuming, she had a word in season on all occasions, and was ever ready to turn the conversation to the best account; but the *goodness* and the *faithfulness* of the Lord was her favourite theme. For many years she was very regular in her attendance at the house of God; she brought her family there; she set before them an example worthy of imitation, and endeavoured by God's help to bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. She has passed away like a shock of corn fully ripe, gathered into the garner. The *outward form* has perished, not by disease of any specific note, but by a *gentle, gradual* decay. Becoming more and more feeble, day by day, at last, like a weary child, she sank into her heavenly Father's arms, to enjoy an unbroken rest. Death to her was *literally* a *sleep*; there was not a struggle in passing from earth:

"One gentle sigh the fetters broke."

At an early period of her last fortnight here, her mind was so dark and clouded that she could not take hold of the promises. She requested the writer of this brief sketch to read to her the 34th Psalm, and the 14th chapter of John, after which and prayer, her mind became set at happy liberty.

The last few days of her life, when the certainty of her speedy dissolution became apparent, and anxious friends were gathered round her from extreme weakness she spoke little: but in all she said there was the confidence of the tried Christian—*"I know in whom I have believed."* Several passages she mentioned as being a solace to her mind: *"My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory;"* and again, *"Whoso cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out."* She frequently desired those about her to read portions of the word of God, to which she listened with much attention, though so weak that at other times she was almost constantly dozing. Her frequent request was for prayer. Her husband addressing her on one occasion, asked her how she was? she said, *"So weak—but happy—have prayer."* It was asked her by one, *"How are you,—on the rock?"* To which she faintly answered, *"Yes—on the rock,—there is nowhere else to be."* On the morning of the day before she died, one of her daughters was watching her, and perceiving a change come over her face, and thinking she was going, leaned over her, and asked if she was happy. A heavenly look lighted up her pale, marble-white cheek, and she whispered, *"Yes,—yes,—yes,—glory,—glory,—evermore."* On the last evening before she died,—she was too feeble for utterance or for whisper,—one of those round the bed leaned over her, and said, *"If you are happy press my hand."* There was a gentle pressure of the hand; she tried to speak, but could not. She slept,—and sleeping, in a few hours passed away, to wake in heaven.

"Happy soul! thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below."

May her God be our God. May we who are left a few short days behind, follow her while we live, so far as she followed Christ, and then be reunited in that land "where holiness, and happiness, and joy, like one unbounded spring, for ever, for ever bloom."
Peckham, S.E. G. T. CONGREVE.

Aug. 1860.

"AN OLD CROSBY-ROW MEMBER."

[Ah! "Old Crosby Row" was, for several years, a sacred spot to many. A few of us went into the place in November, 1843; and the Lord so mercifully wrought by the word, that the little church of eighteen, grew into a body comprising upwards of two hundred and fifty members; most of them, were advanced in life; and some very aged. For ten years or more, we were highly favoured of the Lord. We left it 1854, for Unicorn Yard Chapel, in Tooley Street; many then fled to different sections of the church; and a large number are gone home to glory. "Old Crosby Row Chapel" is now converted into a warehouse; this grieves us: it was a Bethel to many hundreds of precious souls. The following memorial of another one gone home, we know will be read with interest by not a few. During the last few years of ex-

traordinary excitement, our old fashioned Puritanical contention for heart and life religion has almost seemed to be looked upon with contempt. Our sorrows and exercises have been exceedingly sharp; and the naughtiness and internal rebellions of a dark and distressing kind, cause despair at times. Nevertheless, we have sweet seasons, and times of refreshing are not far between. Praise and bless the Lord for ever—Ed.]

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I send you the dying testimony of an old member of Crosby-row; one that always felt a spiritual union to you, and to many of the dear saints in the church. May it be blessed to your soul, through the Spirit, and to many of the Lord's people.

Our dear brother in Christ, Richard Baker, of East Lane, Walworth, has done with this world of sin and sorrow: the place which once knew him will know him no more for ever. He departed this life July 25th, 1860.

Our brother is gone to heaven; three witnesses can prove that he has left a bright and blessed testimony behind; he is now around the throne. It is not what the world and professors think of us; the grand secret is here—how do I stand in relation to Christ? Have I been brought to know what the love of Christ is to my heart? I have known brother Baker ten years. He has passed through deep waters—bodily affliction, poverty and distress. He told me, in some of his most distressing sorrows he found Christ most precious to his soul. When he was in Canterbury, and in great distress, he told me only three weeks before he died, that if ever he enjoyed the love of Christ to his soul it was then. The last month before he entered into rest, he was visited by myself, brother George Millson, (of Unicorn-yard,) and Mr. Dunn, missionary for Walworth. There is one thing I can say of him—I believe he hated the garments spotted with the flesh; and that he was delivered from the practice of sin; he always mourned because his love was so cold to his Lord and Saviour. The third week before he died, his conversation was much about heaven; and whom he should see there. Sometimes he would burst out with much joy, and say, he should see that dear man, David Denham, there; and he often spoke much about the mysterious Godhead, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost; and the wonders of the eternal world. I never heard him say that he was afraid to die. All his hope appeared to be fixed on Christ; he would speak faster to you than you could speak to him, and much blessed scripture he would bring out, for he was a man that read his Bible much. After I got home, I felt much tried about him, and I said to my wife, "I hope Baker is not a deceived man." I did not like his having so much to say. "O," she said, "you may depend upon this, he is right enough."

The second week before he died, O my brother, what a change! the enemy set in. May the Lord never permit us to be tried in such a way, except it be for his glory. His agony of body and mind was dreadful. No one could get any rest night or day; his poor wife was obliged to lie down by his side helpless as a child many times. I believe his

agony of body had great influence over his mind; and at times his mind wandered; but the greater part of the time, he was sensible. He would not permit any one to speak, or read, or pray with him; and when I attempted to speak, he said, "Don't speak, don't speak." The people in the house said they must leave, for they could not bear to hear his groaning and sighing any longer. I said to him, "The Lord will never leave you nor forsake you," adding, "Underneath, underneath are the everlasting arms." On leaving his chamber, I said, "Good night. God bless you." But he made no reply. When I reached home, I again said, I feared he was deceived; and yet I thought it might be the enemy; then again it came to my mind, that perhaps after all he had only been a professor; but then I asked myself this question, Is it possible that a man could go so far in a profession of religion, and be deceived at last? O, my dear brother, this brought me into a sorrowful state of mind; and I groaned, and cried, and prayed in secret, with all my heart, that I might never be so deceived; and that the blessed Lord might make it plain to me there and then that I was not a deceived man. After prayer, I felt some relief, and had the satisfaction given me that I was not deceiving myself, and that I did really and truly love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.

I now come to the last week before his death. On entering his apartment, I at once perceived a marked alteration—there was calmness and a quiet resignation to the Lord's will stamped on his countenance. The enemy had fled! Our unchangeable and faithful God was about to claim his own, and bear him to the realms of bliss, where the blood-washed throng continually cry, "Worthy is the Lamb!" I asked him if he had prayed for patience? He said he had; adding, "I could do no more than throw myself into the hands of my Saviour." You see, my brother, when we are brought to see and feel that we can do nothing, then Christ appears as our all-sufficient Friend. So it was with our brother Baker. The day before he died, he said to me, "What a precious Saviour! My precious Saviour! My blessed Jesus!" And then he burts out, singing,

*"Angels shall hear the notes I'll raise,
Approve the song, and join the praise."*

I asked him if he was on the right foundation? He said, "Yes! Yes! Yes!" I was with him again the day prior to his death, taking a friend with me to set up with him during the night. On leaving him, he said, "Thank you! thank you! thank you!" and then he said "Peace! Peace!"

I saw him the next morning. He appeared very calm; and his thoughts and mind appeared to be with his Lord, for he said very little during the day. He gradually became weaker and weaker, and about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, he breathed out his soul into the arms of his Redeemer, exclaiming, "Lord, Lord, Lord!" and thus passed to his eternal rest.

Thus died a deeply afflicted and tried child

of God. I remain, dear brother, your's in the bonds of the everlasting gospel.

Neckenger Mill Lodge. W. WELLER.

[This is a solemn record indeed. We hope it will lead many to deep heart-searching, and to earnest prevailing prayer.—Ed.]

MR. FOREMAN'S ELDER DEACON GONE HOME.

ON Lord's-day, July 1st, while at Mount Zion chapel, we were singing,

"There will I bathe my weary soul!"

the ransomed spirit of our highly esteemed deacon, Mr. George Read, took its flight, to realize what our song was anticipating. He joined the church in 1832, and was elected deacon in 1835. He used the office well; purchased to himself a good degree; and possessed great boldness in the faith. He attained a good old age, for had he lived till August, he would have been 83 years old. The free-grace doctrines of his life were his support and comfort in his sickness, and in the valley of the shadow of death. Death had no terrors for our brother,—his sting was extracted by his Lord on Calvary. Precious testimonies of the faithfulness of his God were borne by him during his sickness. He said to the writer, "Tell my brethren that I have not only had the promise, but the fruit of it. The promise is like ripe fruit, and I have squeezed the juice out of it." Another time he said—"The disciples were glad when they saw the Lord, and so have I been; and He said to me, I will see you again and take you to myself." He had been much comforted and supported by the narrated appearances of the Lord to his disciples, as recorded in the Gospels. He, like David, had unshaken confidence in the covenant made with David's Lord; and when seen by brother Foreman, though scarcely able to speak, when asked how it was with him, he exerted himself sufficiently to say, "Ordered in all things and sure."

In early life, our brother was one of a company of smugglers, on the coast of Sussex, and experienced some narrow escapes in that dangerous position. On one occasion, in an affray with the coast guard, a blunderbuss was levelled at his head in dangerous proximity; it missed fire, but as the holder lowered it—it went off. This was then called "a lucky miss;" but in after life, was considered a special providence. When about twenty-five years of age, it pleased the Lord to lay him on a bed of affliction; and a person who visited him, where he lodged, asked him if he would like a book to read, and lent him a sermon by the late Mr. Orme, of Horsham, the reading of which, under the Spirit's application, brought him under serious concern for his soul, ending in his conversion to God. He was baptised at Eynsford, by the then pastor, Mr. Rogers; and on leaving the country to reside in London, had an honourable dismissal from the church at Eynsford to the church of the same faith and order, under the pastorate of Mr. B. Lewes, Dean-street, Boro-

ugh, where he filled the office of deacon for about thirteen years; but being in the providence of God removed to the west of London, he joined the church at Mount Zion, remaining there till his Father called him home.

DEATH OF WILLIAM MARTIN,

Of Heybridge, near Malden, Essex.

OUR affectionate and only Deacon, William Martin, is gone home: he had been in our little chapel about forty years; and was so well educated, both in temporal trials, and spiritual conflicts, that he could converse and sympathize with the babes, young men, and fathers; let their trials be what they may. He had laboured in one foundry, about forty years; much esteemed by all. After hearing our minister pray for him on the Sunday morning, I went to see him; found him very ill. I said "I did not know you was so ill till I heard Mr. Bugg praying for you." He replied, "Oh, my sister, I want the Lord to hear him." I found he was very weak; I went again the next day; found him very restless. He sat up in bed, and prayed that the Lord would manifest himself once more to him; and then again that he would manifest himself to me; likewise to his dear wife; he also said, "When I get round the throne won't I shout, Hallelujahs to his dear name: when I get out of the reach of the enemy." I said, he cannot hurt you now no more than he can then, for he is chained." I left him about five o'clock, and the same evening he died (April 18, 1860.) His wife, seeing he was going, said, "Are you happy?" he then smiled and said, "Dear Lord! Dear Lord!" and gently breathed his last. The following sabbath his body was interred in Heybridge church, and followed by his wife, four daughter, and their husbands; and many members of the church; a large number besides stood by to witness the scene. The following sabbath our minister preached his funeral sermon to a crowded congregation, from the word, "Who turneth the shadow of death into morning." There was a real weeping amongst them. It was grace had done it all in him:
SARAH KING.

To friends of Christ who still remain
As monuments of grace,
The admonition speaks again,
"Prepare to see his face."

Another friend has gone to rest,
And left us here below;
As one with grace in Jesus blest,
For heaven prepared to go.

He many trials had to bear,
Affliction, grief, and pain;
But now no more he sheds a tear,
With Christ is gone to reign.

This little cause must feel the stroke
Of such a friend bereft;
Since few there are who bear the yoke,
In Zion now are left.

But let the few who still remain,
To Zion lend their aid;
For there supremely Jesus reigns,
New friends he will provide.

JOSEPH WARREN.

JOHN NEWTON ON THE GREAT QUESTION.

EDITOR'S NOTE.

To us, there is something very painful in the continued existence of disputes touching certain difficult points in divinity, which doth neither nourish the soul of the believing saint, nor enlighten or help on the seeking sinner. The following sentence of Christopher Hoppel contains the feelings of every contrite, humble Christian; and our desire is, that the spirit and substance of these words might be our's, and our readers from henceforth. Christopher says:

"I do not love contention; I am no disputant; I therefore leave polemical divinity to men of learning, ability, and experience. I can only say I have been greatly humbled for my sin. I know whom I have believed. I know God is love. I know it by experience. He hath loved me, and given his Son for me. I have peace with God, through faith in the blood of Christ. I am at peace with all saints who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. I desire to follow after peace with all men; I love holiness; I aim at, wish, and pray for all that grace, glory, and immortality promised by the Father, and procured by the Son of his love. This I call genuine Christianity, and this religion I call mine."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—As your correspondents in the last numbers of the VESSEL, upon the subject of the Sonship of our all-glorious Redeemer, have quoted from the writings of Hawker, Romaine and others in support of their different sentiments, I trust it will not be out of place to submit for insertion in your pages, some extracts from a sermon by that excellent man of God, John Newton, which (if they do not contain any new ideas explanatory of the question at issue,) will be found highly worthy of attention, as pointing out the spirit in which such solemn inquiries ought to be conducted, and tending to repress presumptuous speculations and vain reasonings on a subject so high and mysterious.

The extracts are from his 27th discourse upon the scripture passages in Handel's oratorio of "Messiah;" the subject of which is contained in Heb. i. 3. "For unto which of the angels, said he, at any time, Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee."

After some preliminary remarks, too long for quotation, he observes:—"The verse contains three terms which require explanation, *My Son,—Begotten,—this day.* But who is sufficient for these things? If I attempt to explain them, I wish to speak

with a caution and modesty becoming the sense I ought to have of my own weakness, and to keep upon safe ground; lest instead of elucidating so sublime a subject, I should darken counsel by words without knowledge. And I know of no safe ground to go upon in those enquiries but the sure testimony of scripture. It would be to the last degree improper to indulge flights of imagination, or a spirit of curiosity, or conjecture, upon this occasion. These are the deep things of God in which if we have not the guidance of his word and Spirit, we shall certainly bewilder ourselves. Nor would I speak in a positive, dogmatizing strain; at the same time, I trust the scripture will afford light sufficient to preserve us from a cold and comfortless uncertainty.

"The gracious design of God in affording us his holy scripture, is to make us wise unto salvation, 2. Tim. iii. 15. This manner of teaching is therefore accommodated to our circumstances. He instructs us in heavenly things by earthly. And to engage our confidence, to excite gratitude, to animate us to our duty by the most affecting motives, and that the reverence we owe to his great and glorious Majesty as our Creator and Legislator, may be combined with love and cheerful dependence, he is pleased to reveal himself by those names which express the nearest relation and endearment among ourselves. Thus he condescends to style himself the Father, the Husband, and the Friend of his people. But though in this way we are assisted in forming our conceptions of his love, compassion and faithfulness, it is obvious that those names, when applied to him must be understood in a sense agreeable to the perfections of his nature and in many respects different from the meaning they bear amongst men. And thus when we are informed that God has a Son, an only Son, an only begotten Son, it is our part to receive his testimony, to admire and adore; for an explanation adapted to our profit and comfort we are to consult, not our own preconceived ideas, but the further declarations of his word, comparing spiritual things with spiritual, attending with the simplicity of children to his instructions, and avoiding as much as possible, those vain reasonings upon points above our comprehension, which, though flattering to the pride of our hearts, are sure to indispose us for the reception of divine truth. * * * * *

"Our Lord, in his conference with Nicodemus, was pleased to say, 'God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son.' &c., John iii. 16. It was undoubtedly his

design to give to Nicodemus, and to us, the highest idea possible of the love of God to sinners. He so loved the world, beyond description or comparison, that he gave his only begotten Son. Surely then the gift spoken of must not be limited to signify the human nature only. This was not all he gave. The human nature was the medium of the acts and sufferings of Messiah, but he who assumed it was the Word, who was before all, and by whom all things were made. It is true the human nature was given, supernaturally formed by divine power, and born of a virgin; but he who was in the beginning with God, was given to appear, obey, and suffer in the nature of man for us, and for our salvation. And to him are ascribed the perfections and attributes of Deity; for which the highest angels are no more capable than the worms that creep upon the earth.

"I cannot therefore suppose, that the title of Son of God, is merely a title of office, or belonging only to the nature which he assumed; but that Messiah is the Son of God, as he is God and man in one person. If the forming a perfect and spotless man like Adam, when he was first created, could have effected our salvation, it would have been a great and undeserved mercy to have vouchsafed the gift; but I think it would not have required such very strong language as the scripture uses in describing the gift of the Son of God. The God-man, the whole person of Christ, was sent forth from the Father. The manhood was the offering; but the Word of God, possessed of the perfections of Deity, was the altar necessary to sanctify the gift, and to give a value and efficacy to the atonement.

"The term *begotten*, expresses with us the ground of relation between father and son, and upon which an only son is the heir of his father. I feel and confess myself at a loss here. I might take up your time, and perhaps conceal my own ignorance, by borrowing from the writings of wiser and better men than myself, a detail of what has been generally reputed the more prevailing orthodox sentiments on this subject. But I dare not go beyond my own ideas. I shall not, therefore, attempt to explain the phrase, *eternal generation*, because I must acknowledge that I do not clearly understand it myself. Long before time began, the purpose of constituting a Mediator between God and sinners was established in the divine counsels. With reference to this, he himself speaks in the character of the Wisdom of God: "The Lord possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old, I was set up from everlasting, from the beginning, or ever the earth was. Then I was by him, as one brought up with him, rejoicing always before him, rejoicing in the habitable parts

of the earth, and my delights were with the sons of men." Prov. viii. 22—31. If the Word of God had not engaged, according to an everlasting and sure covenant, to assume our nature, and accomplish our salvation, before the earth was formed, he would not have appeared afterwards, for we cannot with reason conceive of any new determinations arising in the mind of the infinite God, to whom what we call the past and the future are equally present. In this sense, (if the expression be proper to convey such a sense,) I can conceive that he was the begotten Son of God from eternity; that is, set up and appointed from eternity for the office, nature and work by which, in the fulness of time, he was manifested to men. But if the terms *begotten*, or *eternal generation*, be used to denote the manner of his eternal existence in Deity, I must be silent. I believe him to be the eternal Son; I believe him to be the eternal God; and I wish not to exercise my thoughts and enquiries more than is needful in things which are too high for me."

I should like to make another extract or two from the concluding part of the discourse, but I fear I have already trespassed. Those of your readers who have Newton's works, will find the whole sermon well worthy of perusal. Your's, &c.,
MINIMUS.

THE LAST TESTIMONY OF
DR. HAWKER,
TO THE UNBEGOTTEN DEITY OF CHRIST.

MR. EDITOR,—I only smiled on perusing the remarks of your correspondent, W. Bidder, who would have us believe that Dr. Hawker was not only *six years older*, but that the "dear man" had "grown" in the knowledge of God, and had therefore seen cause to *renounce* (according to Mr. Bidder's shewing) his *former views* of the glorious Trinity. There is nothing to reply to in the several quotations given us by Mr. B., as I hold as firmly, and as unequivocally as any man breathing, in believing in the glorious "Person, Godhead, and Sonship of God the Son." My opposition is to his *Deity* being *begotten*. My Jesus borrows not leave to BE.

But, behold, I have now before me, a printed sermon, preached by Dr. Hawker, in Charles Church, Plymouth, on January 1, 1826, when the Dr. was *seven years older still*, and only *fifteen months* before his death. The sermon is entitled, "The Faithful God." The Dr. says in that sermon,—
"Brethren, let me deal faithfully and plainly with you on this glorious doctrine of the HOLY TRINITY; it is *this* which lies at the bottom of all our mercies. Hence we find the glorious name of JEHOVAH, which as far

as our apprehension of the incommunicable name can extend, implies *self-existence, independence, and UNDERIVED BEING*, and possessing all divine attributes and perfections, and all equally applied to *each*, and to every one of the *Persons* in Jehovah; and *this*, and *no other*, is the *Holy Trinity*. How often have I lamented to hear some of God's chosen ones lost in attempting to account for the different *appellations* given to Christ as *Christ*, as 'First-begotten,' and 'Only begotten,' and 'God's dear Son,' and the like, until they have lost sight of his own *eternal, INHERENT, and undivided GODHEAD*. Sure I am that *this*, and *this*

only, is the *scripture* statement of the Holy Trinity."—R. H.

Query. Can Mr. Bidder present us with a counter statement to the above, during the Doctor's remaining fifteen months abode upon the earth?

I see Mr. Philpot threatens *again* to shew up the "poor old man," (as he contemptuously terms me,) for a fresh "garbling" Dr. Hawker. Now I present him with some more "garbling" But relative to Mr. Philpot, I count his darts as stubble, and laugh at the shaking of his spear. Job xli. 29.

J. A. JONES.

Jireh Meeting, Aug., 1860.

THE BAPTISTS IN GERMANY. "THROUGH STRUGGLES TO VICTORY!"

IN "The Quarterly Report of the German Baptist Mission," (No. 10, published by J. Heaton and Son, 21, Warwick-lane, price 2d.) the above beautifully expressive sentence occurs, in the introductory paper to the number. We had just written the sentence, "Through Struggles to Victory," when brother John Bennett came in, and informed us that the good hand of God had directed him to settle with the church of Christ meeting in Enon Chapel, Chatham; and that an enlargement of that chapel had commenced. We thought of John Bennett's struggles in England, then in America, then in his return to his native land, then of his various labours in different sections of our British Zion; until at length, the Lord gives him a happy settlement among a people to whom, we trust, the Lord has sent him; thus John may say, "Through Struggles to Victory!" for although the future is to us unknown, yet to be usefully and happily settled as pastor over a people who have loved, lived, and laboured hard for the truth for a great many years, is a beautiful victory, we think; and we can most affectionately pray that his victories in and over sinners' hearts may be very many and mighty too.

The Editor of "The Reporter of the German Baptist Mission," J. G. Oncken, of Hamburg, is a faithful, suffering servant of Christ. We heard his testimony when he was in London; and we rejoice to find the list of contributions for the erection of twenty-one chapels in Germany, is progressing; a careful perusal of Mr. Oncken's Report will shew that it is a vital religion, and a new covenant Gospel, they contend for, and aim to set up in the souls of the people. From the new number just issued, we take the following account of the sufferings of the

saints at Schleswig, which our readers, who enjoy great privileges in this land, will read with interest.

The writer says:—"THE Lord of Hosts he is the God of Israel. He heareth the cry of his elect, who cry unto him day and night." He has, true to the promises of his word, heard the prayers of his servants offered up on behalf of their suffering brethren at Schleswig, and for their "importunity's sake," has inclined the Danish government to religious toleration. An enactment recently issued on the part of His Majesty the King of Denmark, has published throughout the land the glad tidings that all molestation of the Baptists is to cease. Thus delivered from their fetters, after years of bondage, the church of Schleswig now join in the song of Moses and the children of Israel, saying, "Who is like unto thee, O Lord, among the gods? who is like unto thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises, doing wonders?" Neither are they unmindful of the sympathy of brethren at home and abroad, which by prayers and deeds of love has been shown them during the time of their suffering. The following letter of brother Schlesier contains an account of the last and we trust final persecution. Its gloomy colouring serves to bring out to advantage the bright lines of the royal enactment:—

"Schleswig, May 25, 1860.

"My dear Brother,—In the early part of this year I acquainted you with the fact that my repeated petitions for release from the fines imposed upon us had met with unfavourable answers. We were frequently commanded to pay the fines, but as we refused to do so, the authorities at length proceeded to the distraining of our goods, which were sold as follows:—

"Feb. 21. The cow of Bro. Peters, at Mielberg, for 39 rix dollars.

"Feb. 21. The cow of Otto Peetz (a former member at Mielberg), for 26 rix dollars.

"Feb. 23. A sofa of Brother Utermann's, at Altenmühlen, for 15 rix dollars.

"Feb. 16. A cylinder of J. Schlesier's, at Schleswig, for 46 rix dollars.

"March 30. Several household utensils of Sister Thomson, at Lounislund, for 12 rix dollars.

"May 11. Furniture, bedding, and wearing apparel of J. Schlesier's, at Schleswig, for 136 rix dollars.

"Altogether this is no small sum, but it would be still greater had not several officials refused to take the legal expenses connected with our case. These last two years have been hard years for us. I can prove that during this period the persecutions have cost us 500 rix dollars. Do not my dear brethren who may read this, consider the publication of such facts as a lamentation. We have cause for praising God, in that he has accounted us worthy thus to suffer for his name. We have also, during our tribulations, felt the blessedness of belonging to a people who weep with those who weep, and rejoice with those who rejoice. We thank you heartily, dear brethren, far and near, who have stretched out your hands towards us, and caused your hearts to exceed in supplication for us to God. What of earthly treasures I must forego is compensated for in the fact, that 'I dwell among mine own people.'

"It is now my happiness to be the bearer of better tidings than hitherto, for 'the Lord has broken the rod of the oppressor.' The annexed enactment is now put into force, so that we can henceforth, throughout Schleswig worship God according to the dictates of our conscience. Oh, beloved brethren, magnify the Lord with us; let us exalt his name together, for he has done above all we could ask or think. But cease not to pray for us, that we may dwell together in peace and unity; that we may not abuse, but RIGHTLY USE, the liberty granted, to the glory of God and the extension of his kingdom."

"Enactment for the Duchy of Schleswig concerning the Baptists."

"Castle of Christiansborg,
April 24, 1860.

"We, Frederick the Seventh, by the grace of God King of Denmark, of the Wends and Goths, Duke of Schleswig, Holstein, Stormarn, Dithmarschen and Lanenburg, as also of Oldenburg, &c., &c.

"Do herewith make known: Since the draught of an enactment has been laid before us by our faithful Provincial Diet, for constitutional consideration concerning the Baptists in Schleswig, and the decision of Diet has been most humbly submitted to us, we decree and command as follows:

"SECTION I.

"The Baptists residing in the districts which stand under Schleswig ecclesiastical laws, are in future to be permitted to assemble for united devotional worship without being subject to the restrictions stated in the law of February 13, 1741. It is however an understood point, that in case such meetings—which are not to be held in the open air—should be scenes of anything opposed to morality or good order, the parties concerned will be called to account by the police. It is left to our Ministry for the Duchy of Holstein to decide the further measures which it may be necessary to adopt, in order to secure a needful surveillance in this respect.

"SECTION II.

"Every person who is already a Baptist, or who in future may join the Baptists' community, is to give notice of the fact to the clergyman of the parish where he resides. The omission of such an announcement will be followed by a fine of 2 to 20 rix dollars.

"SECTION III.

"In accordance with our most high resolution of March 16, 1853, the Baptists are free from the duty of having their new-born infants baptized, whereas they are bound to announce the birth of their children, with a statement of their respective names, to the local clergyman, who is to enter them into the church-books. This announcement is to be made within eight days after the birth, and an omission will likewise be punished with a fine of 2 to 20 rix dollars. The announcement will be acknowledged by a certificate (*Geburtsschein*) from the clergyman, for which the usual fee must be paid. This certificate, in all civil relations, takes the place of the ordinary certificate of birth and baptism.

"Furthermore, in case it is demanded, the children of Baptists are to be permitted not to take part in the religious instruction at the public schools, on the pre-supposition, however, that their religious instruction will be otherwise cared for. For this purpose, those children who have not taken part in the religious instruction of the public schools are to appear before the church visitors at their annual visitations, who, with a proper regard to the peculiar tenets of the Baptists, will examine the children regarding their religious knowledge. In as far as the examination gives evidence that the children have not been duly instructed, they will have to take part in the religious instruction imparted at the public schools; the period of instruction being left to the decision of the church visitors.

"For the dismissal of the children of Baptists from school the prescriptions hitherto observed continue in force. A certificate of dismissal is however, to be given by the clergyman, which is to take the place of the ordinary certificate of confirmation in all civil relations. For this certificate the same fee must be paid as is notified in the church inventory for certificates of confirmation.

"SECTION IV.

"The liberty granted the Baptists by this our enactment, at the same time in no wise affects the duties imposed upon them regarding other the ecclesiastical and school matters of their respective parishes.

"Which is on all hands to be most humbly observed.

"Given at our Castle of Christiansborg, April 24, 1860, under our royal signature and seal.

"FREDERICK R."

LAST ANNIVERSARY AT JIREH MEETING,
BRICK LANE, ST. LUKES.

On Monday, August 20th, was held what will be the last anniversary in this place of worship; the Gas Company requiring the ground on which it stands. We had a good day. The Lord was there, "Jehovah Shamman," Ezekiel xlviii. 35. Our old friend and valuable brother John Foreman, preached not only a suitable but a most important sermon, in the morning, from Heb. xiii. 13, "here we have no continuing city, but we seek one to come." Our dear brother S. Milner, delivered a sterling discourse in the afternoon, from the choice of Moses, rather to suffer affliction with the people of God &c., Heb. xi. 24, 25. In the evening our dear aged friend, George Murrell, of St Neots, preached a sublime sermon, full of thoughtful gospel matter, from Heb. iii. 1, "Consider the apostle and High Priest, of our profession Christ Jesus." This sermon is taken down, and will be printed. While our annual meetings at Jireh have been invariably marked with tokens of the Divine presence, still this last assembly has left such a sweet savour, and an impression as will not soon be forgotten. We had holy harmonious truth throughout the day; a liberal collection; and much spiritual joy; so that the Lord's people went away feasting on the word delivered. See Neh. viii. 12. We trust our aged pastor, who has nearly completed his 81st year, and has been 52 years in the work of the ministry, may yet be spared to see a gospel lamp lighted up in a suitable situation.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

THE POWER AND TRIUMPH OF TRUTH;

OR,

THE BAPTISM OF MR. WARDLEY, A COUNTESS OF HUNTINGDON MINISTER.

THERE has long been a strong current of opposition against our principles and practice—as Particular Baptists—and it has frequently been predicted that the increasing fashionable flood of religious profession would soon sweep away our churches altogether. The influence of some in the Church of England, and their amazing zeal in increasing churches, schools, &c., the rapid growth of Methodists, Reformers, Primitives, Revivalists, and popular open communion Baptists, with other wide-spreading branches of professed evangelism, have, certainly, threatened us with a speedy verification of the prediction, that soon the Particular Baptist Churches would be extinct. If any one feature in this complicated antagonism, more conclusive than the rest, had been wanting, it is supplied in the violent collisions existing in the very centre of our own fraternity. The leading veterans presiding over our own churches are not dwelling in harmony—are not living in a vital unity—are not co-operating together with one only aim—

The lifting of Jesus on high :

consequently the tide against us increases most fearfully. There are, however some instances of sovereign grace, of Almighty power, bespeaking the presence of the Lord here and there, most wonderfully illustrating Paul's words, "Even so then at this present time, there is a remnant according to the election of grace."

The planting of a Baptist Church at Ware the other day—which has been nearly twenty years coming to its present position, is a cheering page in our present history—and the pamphlet which fully registers its biography and very blessed establishment under the fostering care of our excellent brother William Flack, is a work which the Baptist churches in every direction, may circulate with honourable pleasure and good hope of good being done. It is entitled "*The Rural Shepherd and His Sheep.*" &c., &c.

Beside Ware, Dr. Bell's success at Lynemouth, demands our gratitude; and surely the annexed statement will tend to cheer the hearts, and revive the faith of the most feeble in the flock.

Brother Thomas John Ewing of Swineshead, writes us the following note :

DEAR BRO. BANKS.—The power of truth upon the mind of Mr. Henry Wardley, (Countess of Huntingdon's chapel, Lowesmoor,) Worcester, ought to be recorded. Mr. W. has been there eight years; had great success; the cause seemed almost spent when he took it; he preached in the Market Place, Lord's-day afternoons, and gained many of the baser sort to attend, and join the chapel; the old chapel was closed all the last winter, (being enlarged) and the

congregation worshipped at the Town Hall; it was re-opened two or three months since, when they collected £197 towards the outlay of £1,500; about a month since, the change took place in his views about baptism, and in five minutes he decided "*I can hold out no more.*" He told his wife, who did not discourage him; (they have eight children, she said, if his mind was settled, he ought at once to inform the deacons; he did so; one of them, who is also High Sheriff of the city, said he could not hold his hand up for a minister whom they loved, to leave upon that ground; so said the other; they held a church meeting; he told them he was a Baptist. One said, it does say, "he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved;" some have become baptized before their minister; and most of them are acknowledging they see it right. He gave six months notice, but they refused it; although he can no longer sprinkle infants after 20 years doing it. He has already had an offer to the pastorate of a Particular Baptist Church of 130 members. I have known him 13 years; and was surprised at the change. I invited him to take the long journey of coming to Swineshead, to preach on Lord's-day last, 22nd inst., and assist on the Monday at our school anniversary. The friends here never had such a day before; he preached a most experimental discourse, morning from Deut. xxxii. 11th and 12th verses. At two o'clock I had the pleasure to baptize him "beneath the flood," and at half-past 2, I preached from Col. ii. 12. In the evening, Mr. Wardley preached his first sermon as a Baptist, from Isaiah lv. 10, 11. Two most excellent discourses they were; he is a very acceptable preacher. On Monday evening, although it rained all day, the friends had the largest tea meeting they ever had; they seemed loath to leave at ten o'clock. I have had the pleasure to add six persons to the little church that was gathered by Mr. W. Barringer, now of Blandford Street, one of them told a very deep experience he passed through while sitting under the ministry of Mr. B. We shall (n.v.) on Lord's-day afternoon hold another meeting for such as have applied to give in their experience. I hope the Lord is really using the poor unworthy wretch, who, fourteen months ago, was shut in Northampton Asylum, and made his escape therefrom by faith in the glorious divinity of Christ, and has never been recaptured. Our covenant God is above doctors, or Bedlam walls. Your unworthy brother in the gospel of free grace.

T. J. EWING.

WARE, HERTS.

We are preparing a complete record of the great and glorious day at Ware. We hope all our readers, will read and circulate "*The Rural Shepherd and his Sheep.*" No arguments can prove the Divine authority for Believer's Baptism like the overwhelming facts brought to light that day. We never saw such a day for Baptists before. The following is from a local journal.

"A New Baptist chapel was opened at Ware, on Wednesday July 25th, in the presence of a numerous assemblage of persons connected with nearly every religious denomination in the town and neighbouring villages. A special train brought upwards of 100 from

London. Sixteen adults were baptised and a church formed (of twenty-one members) according to the stricter views of this sect. Mr John Sampford, a maltmaker, who has for many years labored with credit and usefulness in the cause, was ordained pastor over the newly-formed church, by Mr. Flack, a native of Ware, and now a Baptist minister in London; and C. W. Banks, minister of Unicorn-yard Chapel, and editor of the *Earthen Vessel*. The Rev. Dr. Leask, Rev. P. Law, and other ministers were present during some portion of the services. The chapel is situated in the New-Road. It is a neat and commodious building and Mr. James Hitch, the architect and builder, has given great satisfaction for the manner in which he has carried out his contract. The expense of the building has fallen principally upon those intending to worship there, though some few others have contributed towards the erection: among whom may be named Robert Hanbury Esq., who with his characteristic liberality in the cause of the gospel, irrespective of sects, sent £10.

DEAR BROTHER,—With pleasure I took my VESSEL, I thought to see something about Ware. But I find you are going to publish it by itself. It was a blessed day. I was there on Sunday to see the pastor for the first time in his pulpit, and administer the Lord's Supper: it was a solemn sight. I have seen it done many times, and have set down many times to it myself, but never was my soul more blessed than last Sunday. Having no Deacons Mr. Sampford took the bread and wine round himself; addressing each receiver. I felt it was indeed like rain on the mown grass; bless the Lord he has mown me down so as to lie at his feet, and feel the blessing there. May God prosper them. Mr. Sampford preached from these words—"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance." &c. I then took up my "Standard," and read the Editor's cruel remarks. Oh, may God grant that a spirit of unity may exist among his own children, Dear brother, go forward: God will bless you.

JOHN STRICKETT.

BAPTISMAL SERVICE AT JOHNSON STREET CHAPEL,

NOTTING HILL.—On Sunday evening, July 29th, a service of a most interesting character was held in Johnson-street Chapel, (Mr. P. W. Williamson's,) Notting-hill. At the hour appointed for the commencement of the service, the sanctuary was filled, many, it may be presumed, having attended from motives of curiosity. After the customary devotional exercises, Mr. Williamson preached an earnest and practical discourse from Matt. xi. 29, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." The preacher proposed just to inquire who it was that made the statement in the text, or gave the declaration; and secondly, to notice the promise made, "ye shall find rest unto your souls." The being who must have been able to make such a statement, must have been one who was able to manage man's matters with God, and he must also have been able to manage man. How was he able? Was he the Almighty? That boy who disputed with the doctors in the temple, he was the Almighty God; that

man who called his disciples from their varied occupations, was the Almighty God; and he who pronounced the words of the text, is the same Almighty God, "who being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God." But how did he fit himself and equip himself for the sacred mission? "He made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the form of a servant; passing by the nature of angels, he took upon himself the form of a man, and the sins of his people were imputed unto him. So he was able to manage man's matters with God, and to manage man; for it was written that "Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins." That divine Personage was so enabled by the power and influence of God the Holy Spirit, nothing short of which would ever affect the minds of men, soften their hard hearts, or make them believe savingly on the Lord Jesus Christ; man's eloquence and pathetic appeals might move, but it never could change the passions of man. "The sow would surely return to her wallowing in the mire, and the dog to his vomit." Now this same Jesus said, "Take my yoke upon you." Did they ask, was the Father with him in this work? Let them notice the Son's faithful testimony; "At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. All things are delivered unto me of my Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father, neither knoweth any man the Father, but the Son; and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him." And to these he said, "Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." So they must see that the Father was with them in the work; and therefore he said, "Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me." He wished them to mark very particularly the pronoun *my*: "Take my yoke." What was a yoke? The Lord described Satan's service as a yoke. The figure was taken from that instrument, which placed upon the neck of the oxen, enabled them to draw the load which was behind them. In the word of God it was used to denote a particular service. Pharaoh was said to have placed a yoke upon the necks of the children of Israel; marriage was described as a yoke; and the yoke of fellowship was spoken of. What then was the yoke spoken of in the text? It was the external putting on a profession of the name of Christ. Internal matters man had no hand in; for "God worketh in them to will and to do of his own good pleasure," but external forms man could attend to. The ordinance which they were about to administer, was figurative of leaving all to stand to the truth as it was in Jesus; it was a death-like ordinance representing the Lord's death, burial, and resurrection. In that ordinance, they learned that the Saviour died for their sins, and that he rose again for their justification. The preacher closed his discourse with an impressive appeal to those who had tasted that the Lord was gracious, but who had not observed his commandments, to do so without delay. Portion of a hymn was then sung, during which, the fifteen candidates about to be immersed in the watery flood, surrounded the pool, at the head of which, stood the pastor attired for the purpose of administering the ordinance. A happy sight was that! On this side stood nine maidens robed in white, several of them very young, the youngest, perhaps, not more than 15 years of age; on that side ten young men, who,

"As saints of old confessed his name,
In Jordan's flowing tide,
So they adored the bleeding Lamb,
Renouncing all beside."

May they never be ashamed of that Jesus whom they thus publicly confessed. Very briefly the pastor addressed them, after which a portion of the hymn,

"Jesus, mighty King of Zion,
Thou alone our guide shall be."

was sung; and the blessing of the sacred Three asked upon the ordinance about to be administered, and upon the servants and handmaidens to whom that ordinance was to be administered; at the conclusion of which, the pastor went down into the water; and though at first he appeared to be somewhat tremulous in voice, he gained strength, and was enabled to complete the administration with comfort, and order prevailed. The solemn service was closed with prayer by Mr. Hudson. The following Sabbath, those who were baptized, were added to the church.

GLEMSFORD.—OPENING NEW SCHOOL ROOMS.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS. The Lord having laid his hand upon me, our dear friends had recourse to the throne, and on Monday evening, July 2, they held a special prayer-meeting to entreat the Lord's mercy, and seek his blessing on the coming day. About one o'clock, Tuesday, July 3rd, our brother Whorlow arrived with brother Poock, but no editor of the VESSEL; our hearts sunk, we were told he was taken so ill at Sudbury, that he could not come. While our brethren were dining, all our suspicions were scattered by the appearance of our esteemed brother, who was impelled to come and deliver a message given him by the Lord. Our chapel presented a nice appearance; the school-room was admired. With great difficulty, from intense suffering, I was enabled to be present, and heard with pleasure and profit our brother Banks's sermon from Is. li. 3. Well did he describe the *soul's terrible path both in the wilderness confusion; and the sad and solitary desert*; but no less blessed was the sweet contrast in the description of the state of holiness and peace to which the soul was brought, when Jesus was manifested and his glorious reign established in the heart. Many hearts were touched; many said we have heard our good brother well before, but never as we heard him then. In a letter I have before me now referring to that day, my correspondent says, "there seemed to be nothing wanting but to see our dear pastor quite well and free from pain, if it had been his Master's will." Mr. Banks seemed to preach to all our hearts; it was quite reviving; and then in the evening, Mr. Poock was led out so earnestly that it was a time not to be forgotten very soon; it made us long for such another opportunity. The friends gave a substantial token of their pleasure and profit in the collection that was made, which together, with the offerings that were thrown in, made up the sum of £19. This makes the whole amount raised by this poor despised people, in a very little more than twelve months, more than £260. Let the dear people of God take courage, and if called to make a stand for vital godliness, watch your Master's going before; keep close to him; humbly depend; and he will make darkness light, crooked things straight, and rough places plain. I hope to resume my labours on the coming Sabbath, after six weeks illness; bless the Lord, he has sustained and will sanctify. I ought to mention the kindness of our good brother Whorlow, of Sudbury; to whom we are deeply indebted and for whose help we bless our God.

JONATHAN MOSE.

[We deeply sympathize with our brother Mose: a more beautiful sight we have not lately seen; a new spacious chapel literally crowded; and the presence of the Lord so richly realized as to make it a heaven upon earth. From all we could see, feel, and hear, we must say of the new cause at Glemsford, "God is in the midst of her; she shall not be moved." Brother Geo. Whorlow is becoming a useful preacher among the churches here.—Ed.]

THE FLYING ANGEL WITH THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL.

LEICESTER AND BILLESDON.—Through the invention of steam-engines, ministers are flying in all directions. One of these swift-winged, warm-hearted, iron-lunged preachers visited

Leicester on Tuesday evening, July 10th, and on Wednesday, the 11th, at Billesdon. At the chapel in York Street, Leicester, the congregation was large, and seemed entirely entranced with the vehemence, the confidence, and the glowing ardour of the preacher. He is a little fellow; and despised by many of Zion's haughty children; but he certainly carries about with him some of the chief things of the ancient mountains, and precious things of the lasting hills, whereby he gladdens the hearts of the poor and needy, and allays the fears of the desponding. It is evident to every one who hears him, that the confidence, strength, depth, and breadth of his speaking have not been acquired in the drawing room, but in the open field of battle, and with sword in hand. He has emphatically gone through fire and water in their deepest and most intense nature; and he appears now to have got into the wealthy place: the sweet comfort he pours into the troubled hearts of the tempted and afflicted in Zion, is but the result of his own experience. The truths of God are burnt into him, and hence they come out red hot, and fall not to warm and light up some of the cold hearts of his benighted hearers. Ministers make bad hearers, and are often so fidgety when they occupy the desk or the pew, that few fail to notice it. But, certainly, they sat the venerable old bishop, fat and hearty, as mute and attentive as any of the younger children. Now, this certainly speaks one fact, viz., that the matter brought forth, was no second-hand stuff; but first rate starting and sterling gospel truth. One ordinary preacher may keep pace with another, or even go before him in mind; but the devil of jealousy reigns to so great an extent among the parsons of the present day, that when commendation comes from a grey-headed old parson in the pew, it proves to a demonstration that there is no ordinary man in the pulpit. At Billesdon too, the word was sweet and precious; a large number of friends were assembled, and for once, the weak little cause at Salem was enabled to rejoice; and a greater sum was realized for the cause than was ever anticipated. In the afternoon, Mr. Garrard, of Leicester, preached one of his favourite sermons, in his own peculiar style, on the LOVE OF CHRIST; he seems to have got up lately into a purer atmosphere; to dwell in love; and we are told, "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." When I was a lad, I can well remember, (and I was always a studious, inquisitive hearer), a great deal of what I heard in many pulpits, was but twiddle twaddle; "What is to be, will be, will be; and if you are born to be damned, you will be damned: it was not this in so many words, but certainly it was own cousin to it; and as far as I could understand, I longed for a purer atmosphere to breathe in. Well that sort of thing effects nothing, but rather tends to paralyse exertion, and discourage the sincere seeker. And Calvinistic ministers find it so; and try rather to encourage the fearful and weak by opening up that "plenteous redemption," that fulness of grace and ability, in Jesus to save to the uttermost all them that come to God by him. This does not discourage, but rather encourages the sincere seeker by bringing him to see his very anxiety in seeking Christ, as the forerunner of good to his soul, an evidence that he is one for whom Christ died. God's decrees are good in their place; but they are out of place when they are thrust down people's throats for the gospel. A comfortable tea was provided in Mr. Neep's Barn; and in the evening, C. W. Banks again proclaimed Jesus, as the highest in creation, providence and grace, and much sweet comfort truth he brought out of it; also, the highest in the believer's affections; moreover he set forth the character of gospel ministers of whom John the Baptist was a figure, going before Christ to prepare his way; to give knowledge of salvation to his people by the remission of their sins. I speak not to applaud man, but a more encouraging, powerful, clear, and experimental testimony it was never my pleasure to hear; and I have heard most of the so-called great men in Leicester, and other places, whom he (enabled by grace) leaves

far behind, for pure, wholesome, deep experimental truth. I came away with the conclusion, that his lungs must be made of iron; his head as the seat of intellect, clear as a bell; his heart full of love to Christ and dying men; his hands clean; and his feet willing to run (however rough the road,) on any errand of mercy the Master may please to send him. And what is worthy of note, read it ye monied persons who can't go out for less than two, three, four or five pounds! for a bare pittance, scarcely his travelling expenses; and it may truly be added sometimes not even that.

THOMAS SMITH.

70, Mansfield Street, Leicester, July 12th, 1860.

SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK.

CALL BY GRACE, AND TO THE MINISTRY OF
WILLIAM FRITH,

Minister of Rehoboth Chapel, Saxmundham.

MR. EDITOR.—According to promise, I forward you a succinct account of my call by grace and to the ministry, for insertion in the "Earthen Vessel." I was born of Christian parents in the year 1833, and was at an early age trained in the Sabbath School of Addlestone Baptist Chapel. The moral influence which such a training left upon me, together with the parental admonitions, and judicious counsels of my respected, and affectionate father, gradually prepared me for "A launch into the sea of busy life," a departure from the parental roof, and a contact with a selfish world in the busy throngs of the metropolitan city. This is all that I could say up to the period of leaving my native home; but, I can now see, how "the Lord directed my steps" to Butlesland Street Sabbath School, where it pleased him to call by his grace, and where He connected me with His visible church on the earth. The present highly esteemed Superintendent of Salem Sabbath School, Wilton Square, New North Road, was then the teacher of the senior class, of which I was a member. Mr. Wilson Melbourne, taking the word "grace," questioned his class relative to its meaning in the Bible; many answers were supplied by the various members of the class, but, "so foolish was I and ignorant at that time 'in the word of the gospel' that none could be elicited from me. My inability to give any answer which others supplied, caused me to feel somewhat ashamed, as well as, somewhat anxious about it. From that time, I became inwardly delighted with the class and its teacher, and the subject of "grace," which was spoken of and discussed for several succeeding Lord's-days. This led me to the reading of the Bible and to heart-felt prayer. Shortly after this, my change was observed by one of the teachers who spoke comfortable to me, and introduced me to Mr. Rotheray, the pastor of the church, who baptized me shortly afterwards. From this time I became a teacher in the school, and subsequently a tract distributor. Some time after this, the church being broken up, I went to hear Mr. Spurgeon, who was instrumental in shewing me the doctrine of "election" which, previously, I had so heartily opposed. Now in the providence of God I was removed to my native village where I joined an open communion church, to which I was then favourable; but that was not my rest, for, from the time I heard Mr. Spurgeon, my mind had been much agitated and unsettled about reprobation, and the communion, which gradually subsided. After I had been a member of this church a few months. My decision was brought about instrumentally in reading the works of Hawker, William Romaine, and W. Palmer's "Saviour and his people;" a book which I cannot too highly prize next to the Bible. I then joined the church at Mayford, Surrey, where my dear wife was immersed by our devoted pastor Mr. James Stevens. A few months after this, I was again moved with my family into the metropolis, and after attending Soho Chapel a short time, I became a member of the church worshipping under the pas-

toral care of Mr. John Pells; here, though more settled and comfortable than I had hitherto been, I remained but a short time, the Lord having said, "Son, go, work to-day in my vineyard." In reference to my call to the ministry I may say that, when a teacher in the Sabbath School, it was my duty to address the school once a month, which I always felt incompetent to do. At this time, a Mr. Griffin, one of the deacons of the church of which I was a member, requested me to speak in a cottage which I, at first, objected to do, but was eventually prevailed upon to do so. I was now also attending early breakfast meetings, belonging to Saint Jude's Christian Mutual Improvement Society of which I was a member, and speaking upon some scriptural subjects which had been previously proposed; these, and several other things in which I was engaged previous to leaving the metropolis, seemed gradually to lead me to have a desire to speak in the name of the Lord, and from that time I felt a personal appropriation of that text, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." After moving to my native village, I met with Mr. James Stevens, (who afterwards became my pastor), with whom I held sweet intercourse, who kindly asked me to go and speak at West End, Chobham, which I did, and continued to do so in the old chapel for two months, during which time I found that, through some misunderstanding, there had been division and that the once united people were worshipping apart; when I discovered this, it did not appear gospel unity, and I declined to continue, and left directly, though much pressed to remain by the solicitations of the friends. After this, I often occupied the pulpit at Mayford, at Esher, Streatham, (by the kind recommendation of Mr. Attwood), at Colchester, (through Mr. Banks), at Farnborough, Charles Street, Camberwell, &c. I afterwards received the 'brotherly kindness' of my late pastor. At the close of the past year, my pastor sent me to Hertford, where I received a second and third invitation, and having an invitation to Saxmundham, early in December, I accepted it, and subsequently negotiations were entered into for a three months probation, and being entirely unsettled at this time in my social circumstances I felt it to be a call from the Lord. At the close of this three months, another probation of the same length was engaged in. This resulted in a oneness of feeling between myself and those to whom I now minister, and my settlement was proposed and effected, and I can say in confidence, that "I live among my own people." Our congregations are now very good indeed. We have established a Sabbath School, and Tract Society; preach three times on the Lord's-day, and at four village stations. The Lord is blessing us, and we have baptized once since my settlement.

WINCHESTER.—Mysterious are the leadings of Divine Providence. Well might David say "Thy way is in the sea; thy path is in the great waters; and thy footsteps are not known." (Psalm lxxvii. 19). Twelve months since, Mr. W. Chappell, Baptist minister, of Winchester, was suddenly bereaved of an affectionate and beloved partner; his eldest daughter, then in South Wales, came immediately to see her sorrowing father; and has remained ever since. She was then a stranger to the things of God, although attending partly among the Wesleyans, and partly with the Baptists; but it has pleased the Lord under his ministry to deeply convince her of her lost state. Her sorrows for a time were intensely acute; but from a sermon her father was led to preach from Isaiah xlii. 25, a sense of interest in the pardoning love of Christ was brought home with power, and having subsequently expressed a wish to follow in her Saviour's footsteps, she went before the Church, related the Lord's gracious dealings with her; and on Lord's-day evening, July 29th, after an impressive sermon from Acts viii. 36—39, by her beloved parent, was, by him, publicly baptized in the name of the Holy Trinity; and on the follow-

ing Lord's-day, received into full communion with the church. TO GOD BE ALL THE PRAISE.

[This is mercy indeed! The loss of a beloved wife is the means of bringing home a child; and, in a double relationship the Lord gives the bereaved pastor a delightful seal to his ministry. Still we may sing,

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

BATTERSEA.—MY DEAR SIR,—Allow me in this way, to inform the churches that I am at liberty, and shall be happy to supply destitute causes upon invitation. I went to Chelsea for three months, kindly introduced by Mr. Spurgeon, to whom I became more personally known just as I left Romney Street. I knew nothing of the people; but as they are General Baptists, holding free-will and general redemption, of course I was not acceptable. I state this much that my friends may see I am unchanged, and I trust unchangeable in my love to the distinguishing doctrines of rich and sovereign grace. Like every thinking man, I may have my crochets, but man's total ruin, and God's absolute and independent salvation of his elect, are truths believed in my heart through Divine teaching. Just what I was at Hounslow and Romney Street, I am still; through grace I am no chameleon, I cannot change. Yours sincerely, JOSEPH PALMER.

2, Miles Villas, S. W., Aug. 14th, 1860.

BARNSTAPLE.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I write on behalf of the church worshipping at the above address, to refute an erroneous statement in your last VESSEL, by brother Jeffreys, to the effect that there was no other church of the Particular Baptist denomination in the North of Devon, but that at Torrington, of which he is pastor. I feel it my pleasurable duty, through the columns of your magazine, to inform the brethren at Torrington, and elsewhere, of the existence of the above Strict Communion cause, under the pastorate of Mr. Charles Alexander. I, as a member of Mr. Foreman's chapel, of Hill Street, London, can also bear testimony to the soundness of the word spoken here.

August 8th, 1860.

JAMES HOOPER.

[We are glad there are other causes in North Devon; how this mistake occurred we cannot explain.—Ed.]

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.

—In our July issue, we stated that our brother Pells, pastor of Soho, baptized four persons on Sunday evening, May 27th, and that we had omitted some notices sent, one of which we find was the baptism of six persons on Sunday evening, April 29th, to which we have much pleasure in adding the following. Baptized four (more) June 24th, and three (others) on Sunday evening, July 29th. Thus the Lord is abundantly honoring the labours of our brother Pells, and from what we hear, hope next month to publish that others have been constrained to follow their Lord in like manner.—Ed.

LOWESTOFT.—The foundation-stone of a New Baptist Chapel, was laid July 26th, in Tanning Street, Lowestoft, for the use of the Strict Baptist friends there, by the Rev. G. Wright, of Beccles. It is intended that that structure should be neat and substantial, and such as will most fully correspond with the simple institutions of the New Testament economy. The estimated cost of the building including the site is about £500, towards which sum about £150 or £160, have been subscribed by the friends; and they earnestly solicit the aid of the friends of the Redeemer elsewhere to assist them in raising the remainder of the sum necessary for this structure, which they trust will be to the glory of the triune Jehovah. It will seat, when complete, about 400 persons." Contributions, left at, or sent to our office, will be immediately forwarded to the

deacons.—Messrs. C. W. Dunn; Matthew Dent, S. Bracey, Sen.; and W. Masteron, all of Lowestoft. We earnestly solicit the practical sympathies of all who honestly believe that our principles and practices are in accordance with our Master's will. Thousands are now selling themselves to the open system; the friends at Lowestoft have quietly but firmly withdrawn from chapel, church, and minister, and all, simply on this ground. If they do not receive universal support from all Strict Baptist friends, we shall think our sleep is heavy indeed. The congregation now numbers about 200 persons on the Lord's day.

DATCHET.—The Lord is again appearing for us at Datchet, near Windsor. We can say, "We were brought low but the Lord helped us." It pleased the Lord to send our dear brother Rush amongst us, with his flaming zeal and love for his Master's cause. His preaching has been abundantly blessed to our soul's comfort and edification and profit. His sermons are as full of Christ, that our souls are revived again from the dead. Bless God for him. The Lord has made him useful in gathering in some souls. Mr. Rush baptized four believers on August 5th, and added one besides to our number; there is another waiting to join with us. May the Lord continue to bless the word to us; and our prayers are that the Lord will revive us at Datchet, and bring out many; for we must say, "the Lord has done great things for us." Mr. Rush preached a very powerful discourse on Baptism from Acts viii. 36, "What doth hinder me to be baptized?" Your's in Christian bonds.

THOMAS BUTLER.

Old Windsor, Bucks.

ST. LUKE'S.—The last anniversary of Jireh Meeting, Brick Lane, where our aged Brother J. A. Jones has now ministered for many years, was held on Monday, August 20, when sermons were preached by the brethren Foreman, S. Milner, and G. Murrell. Old "Jireh Meeting" has been purchased by the Gas Company, who have acted in a very liberal manner towards the church under Mr. Jones' ministry. The old place will speedily be taken down; and a new chapel is to be immediately built for the church, in the East Road, City Road, not above a minutes walk from the City Road Turnpike. The site is a very excellent one, and very far before the position of the present chapel. It is supposed that the new chapel will be complete by the middle or the end of November. It is built on a leasehold for 60 years. The ground rent is thought by some to be rather heavy, but we consider reasonable for the very excellent position in which it stands. The Gas Company have given the church the whole of the materials of "Old Jireh," and £350 in cash; this we consider handsome, seeing the old chapel had only eight years of its lease unexpired.

ASHFORD, KENT.—PARTICULAR BAPTIST CAUSE. Mr. E. Samuel, of Manchester, preached two sermons on the 24th of May, in the Countess of Huntingdon's Lecture room, to attentive congregations. Collections were made towards the New Chapel. This is but a small beginning, but "who hath despised the day of small things?" We are a very weak people; our difficulties have been very great; yet the Lord, whose truth we desire to maintain, in the love of it, has added to our number. We feel the want of a place to meet in; our desire is, to build a small place; any sum, however small, will be thankfully received by the deacons, viz., Mr. B. Hogben, St. John's Square, and Mr. Edward Allen, High Street, Ashford, Kent. The money to be deposited in the bank, in the name of two trustees, members of the church. Our sole object, I trust, is to lay the foundation of a cause of truth, in doctrine, experience, and practice, and carry out the order of New Testament Churches, if the Lord will.

B. HOBGEN.

St. John's-square, Ashford, Kent.

ASHFORD, KENT.—Joint Stock Hall, 3rd anniversary of Baptist cause was held August 12th. Mr. J. Inward, of Ryarsh, preached three sermons. Morning, from Psalm lxxii. 6; he delivered an excellent discourse on the Person of Christ: and the mode of his coming down, namely; in his word, in his influence, and his power. In the afternoon, from Exodus xxxiii. 18, each being well attended, 80 to 90 persons were present, many of whom expressed their approbation of the services on leaving; and contributed liberally to our help; wishing us much prosperity as they departed, many of them coming several miles, could not stay the evening, which made us rather thin; nevertheless, some received the word joyfully as Mr. Inward entered to some extent into their path, from these words, "Loose him, and let him go," John ii. 44. It was very encouraging to see so many friends around us on that occasion. The dear Lord reward them an hundred fold; and bless the little hill of his Zion here with the realization of that truth, "He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass; as showers that water the earth;" so that this little one may become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation, and to a Three-One Jehovah we desire to ascribe all the glory both now and for ever,

B. HOGGEN.

PASTOR RETIRING.—Salem Chapel, Church Street, Stoke Newington. Resignation of the pastorate, and final retirement from the ministry. On Lord's-day, Aug. 5th, 1860, after the Lord's supper Mr. W. Dovey, the Pastor, requested the members to remain, when he read a letter to them announcing his resignation, requesting them to observe, that as it was his determination to relinquish preaching and retire into private life, he hoped they would not propose any thing by way of delaying his intention of retiring at the end of the current quarter, the 29th of Sep. 1860. It was with great difficulty he could bring himself to make the announcement; he loved the people, and loved the work; but reflection induced him to think that it would be better that he left them before he was ill and laid aside, than wait until necessity forced it suddenly upon him. He had been led to this determination by several circumstances, the relation of which he thought would be received as his best apology. First, his age was in advance of that promised to man—three score years and ten; and he thought after that period, the minister of Christ might retire, particularly, if not in robust health. The winter was coming on; and having suffered very much last winter from leaving the warm chapel, and going out into the cold and damp air, he feared to encounter its severity. The state of exhaustion after the day's services, often continued two or three days. He felt sure that he was doing himself a serious injury; a great desire to spend the residue of his days in the quiet of retirement, induced him to take a cottage in the country. This announcement was a great surprise to the church, nothing having at any time occurred to induce the idea that any such thing was in contemplation. And from the general satisfaction felt at his preaching, and love for him as a Christian, and a pastor, his determination was sorrowfully received; no one felt inclined to propose that his resignation should be received, but rather to treat it as an ultimatum parallel to that of his death, one in which they had no choice or power; it was only for them to hear their fate and abide the decision.

Mr. W. Dovey entered upon his pastoral duties here Sept. 1856, consequently his pastorate has extended over four years,—years of peace in the church, and as the truth of a free-grace gospel, has, during all that time been preached by him, it may be hoped not without profit also. The number of seat-holders and hearers, have considerably increased and the little place is generally well filled with attentive hearers. May the Divine blessing rest upon him, and the satisfaction of knowing that while engaged in his Master's service, he was faithful, cheer his heart to the end of his days; and may the fruits of his labour follow him to the place of his

hopes, the habitations of holiness prepared by the Lord for all who love his name and wait for his appearing.

N.B.—The church is continuing its efforts to raise the means to obtain a better place for worship.
J. R. DODD, Deacon.

POPLAR.—"They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness."—DEAR BROTHER I feel constrained to record something of the Lord's providential goodness towards me and mine, since my resignation of the pastorate at Poplar. For while it is our delight to speak of his Almighty grace in the Salvation, Sanctification, and Preservation of our never-dying souls, we ought also to speak of his great goodness in the sustentation and preservation of our Mortal Bodies; for both body and soul are the property of our Great Lord and Master.

The dear Lord crowned my last anniversary of Poplar, (Tuesday, June 26th,) with his special and peculiar blessing. Mr. Wells gave us in the morning a sound and savoury sermon; Mr. Chivers came up in the afternoon richly laden with Gospel store, and spoke like one that had tasted the good things for himself. A large number of friends sat down to tea; after which, a public meeting was held when the chapel was filled. Mr. Garrett spoke in prayer; after which the following brethren addressed the friends upon the subject, "The Mount of Beatitudes;" brethren Attwood, Bracher, Caunt, Chivers, Edgecombe, Neeves, (from America), and Webb; Mr. Flack concluded with prayer. It was acknowledged to be the largest and best meeting ever held in that place. The proceeds, (including the kind donation presented by my brother Chivers, of £3 2s. 6d., from the friends at Ebenezer,) amounted to about £9. Little did some of the friends think, that so soon after such an interesting service, I should be led to resign my pastorate; but the will of the Lord be done. On the 24th of June, I preached my farewell sermons, after having been the pastor for nearly 9 years. On Tuesday, July the 24th, I was invited by one of my old members, to take tea, where I found about thirty members and friends assembled. After partaking of tea, the evening was spent in prayer and praise. At the conclusion, an aged pilgrim arose and addressed me at some length, referring to different times when under peculiar circumstances my ministry had been blessed to him, and expressed the regret himself and others felt at being compelled to part; and after imploring the Lord to bless the circumstance, presented to me (on behalf of the friends) a purse containing nearly £7. "Truly the Lord is good, a strong hold in the day of trouble, and he knoweth them that are his." You are also aware that at the suggestion of some of my brethren in the ministry, we had an excursion to Sheerness. Prosperity seemed to attend us; the weather was exceedingly fine; a numerous company of Christian friends accompanied us; and all seemed to enjoy the trip. I desire heartily to tender my thanks to those friends who favoured us with their company and help; and also to the brethren Chivers, Hanks, Wallis, Bracher, Bird, Sack, Whitebridge, and others, who used their influence so effectually in the sale of tickets among their own friends. The proceeds of the same will realize between £15 and £16. Your's faithfully and affectionately to serve in the gospel of Christ,
R. BOWLES.

5, Smith's Cottages, Hodgson's Grove, Hackney Wick, N.E.

LAXFIELD, SU+ FOLK.—"The Lord of hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge." The Lord is still carrying on his work of calling sinners to repentance in this place. On Lord's-day, August 12, our pastor had the honour to baptize nine believers in the Son of God. After preaching from the words, "Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Our pastor preaches the distinguishing doctrines of grace; and the effects give the lie to the assertion, that the doctrines of grace

are dangerous, and not calculated to convert sinners. "The law of the Lord is perfect converting the soul."

TORRINGTON, DEVON.—On Wednesday, July 25, our pastor, Mr. Wm. Jeffery, baptized 7 persons. Some of them were cases of conversion attended with very striking circumstances. Two of the men baptized were notorious, but are now full of love, and zeal for Christ and his cause. Others of the lowest class, are bending under the transforming power of the word preached with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven.

W. LUXTON, Deacon.

RUSHDEN,—Northamptonshire. — Succoth Baptist Chapel. On Lord's-day, July 28, ten males and females were immersed in the name of the Triune God, by Mr. C. Drawbridge. It was a soul-thrilling sight to see those who had waited at the posts of God's door thirty years, now cheerfully and boldly putting on Christ publicly. Many more must come.

Reviews.

WE have introduced John Baillie's book on "*The Revival*." and we will repeat; it is the most beautiful literary production on Salvation's mighty and mysterious work, we have met with. It lays before you real facts; you may question their origin; you may suspect their end; but you cannot deny their existence. There they are; and if they are not demonstrations of Divine power, in calling home the ransomed, then, we dare not but be dumb, until the ALMIGHTY vindicate His own honour—Oh! that in our churches in our metropolis, in all parts of our present mournful looking land, such evidences of grace could be seen by thousands—One small extract from chapter 5. of Mr. Baillie's book is all we give this month. He says—

"In a town in Greece, some twenty centuries ago, a great awakening took place; and all through the country the thing became the subject of the people's every-day talk. "From you," Paul writes to them, "sounded out the word of the Lord; not only in Macedonia and Achaia, but also in every place, your faith to God-ward is spread abroad." Nothing struck us more, in the course of our wanderings through Ireland, than the effect of the tidings of the work in extending it far and wide.

"One fair-day, in a small town in the north a mechanic on his way home to dinner, was accosted by his wife thus:—"There is a man in the fair who has lost his reason."

"The mechanic hastened to the 'fair-hill,' where he found a countryman in his cart, praying aloud, and crying for mercy on his soul. He had come from a neighbouring village, where the awakening had just begun; and as he reached the fair-ground, he had been seized with such a sense of his sin, that, regardless of the crowd or of the course of business, he had shouted aloud, "Lord, save me! I am lost!"

"The cry struck such terror into the soul of the mechanic, that he too felt he was perishing, and began to cry for mercy. He went home—wept—cried—pleaded; but no relief came. After some days, he set out in the direction of the village where the man lived who had cried in the fair,—thinking that, perhaps, he might meet some good Evangelist on the road who would shew him the way of life. When he was near the place, he overtook a man, to whom he communicated his errand. "Go," said the stranger, "to Connor and Kells; there is the country where you'll find the people you want."

"He went immediately; and, meeting a young man whom he knew, he said, "I am come to seek the Lord Jesus."

"Struck at the announcement, the young man conducted him to the house of a man who had lately found the Lord; and, with all the warmth of first love the convert spoke to him of Jesus—prayed with him—pointed him to the atoning blood—until, like the "Pilgrim," he felt the burden undoing itself, his heart melting into brokenness, his peace becoming like a river.

"The mechanic returned forthwith to his home; and, before many days, "all the house of Pharaoh heard" from his burning lips that Joseph had made himself known to his brother."

As we proceed, we shall examine some points, but not now.

"*The Destruction of the Veils*," &c. A sermon by Mr. John Pells, Minister of Soho Chapel, Oxford Street; and published in *The New London Pulpit*," by H. J. Tresidder; R. Banks and Co, 182, Dover Road; and all booksellers, (16 pages 2d).

The reading of this sermon has both astonished and pleased us. There is evidence of thought; of a mind under careful training; of a growing knowledge of things biblical and historical; and of a good desire to be faithfully devoted to the best interests of the people to whom the preacher has to minister. We rejoice in the fact that John Pells is evidently applying himself to his Master's work in good earnest; and his labours are increasingly appreciated by the Churches generally, among whom he now travels rather extensively. This discourse is on Isaiah xxii. 7, in which we have the ceremonial veil; the Mahomedan veil; the Roman Catholic veil; the veil of Idolatry; the open communion veil; the veil of Socinianism; of Arminianism; the veil of Hypocrisy, of Unbelief; &c., &c., all described and destroyed. Beyond all question it is an unusual sermon; it might by some, be thought too superficial; but the fact is, the preacher had more material than in one sermon could well be used up; it is a discourse one may read and enlarge upon in meditation to great advantage, and we hope to issue many more of our brother John's of Oxford-street. It was taken in short-hand by Mr. Gaskell, a first rate reporter, and is printed verbatim as delivered.

"*Hymns composed on Various Subjects: with the Author's Experience*" &c., &c. By the Rev. Joseph Hart, London: W. H. Collingridge, Aldersgate Street.

Joseph Hart, was a sinner saved by sovereign grace;—we hardly think his deep and solemn experience can be read too often: an old neighbour

has resolved to issue this experience of Joseph Hart in a cheap and popular form, for the express purpose of giving away on London Bridge, and other public places where tens of thousands run the various roads to ruin. He tells us, the title is, "*The Black and the Bright Side of an old Sinner long since gone to glory.*" Our friend has such faith in this real gem of godly experience, he says, he believes three things most firmly; first, he believes the worst of men and women will read it; 2ndly, he believes the Lord will own it, and make greater use of it than ever; 3rdly, he believes it his duty hereby to witness to two things, *the dreadful nature of a deceitful and presumptuous faith; and the delightful mercies flowing from a revelation of CHRIST in the souls of quickened and called men.* We hope this three-fold faith will be fully realized. We shall cordially assist him in endeavouring to scatter a testimony so sacred and yet, of Christ and his cross, so sweet. Mr. Collingridge's new edition of Hart's Hymns is "a faithful and verbatim reprint from an original edition published in Mr. Hart's life time." Mr. Collingridge's edition has three excellencies, first, it is genuine and correct; secondly, it is clearly and beautifully printed and bound; thirdly, it is very cheap; a nice copy bound in cloth for 10d., ditto in roan for one shilling. Mr. C. is determined to excel; and he certainly succeeds most wonderfully. He is scattering the seeds of a sound and saving religion by wholesale; we sincerely hope it is from a pure love to Christ and His Church; to the gospel; and to the souls of men; and when the multitude, which no man can number, is gathered around the throne, we pray that such men as Mr. Doudney, Mr. Collingridge, and even ourselves, all now engaged in publishing the name of the Lord, may there be found.

The War with China. China, and the Chinese; their Customs, Wants, and Claims Considered in a Religious Aspect. With an Urgent Appeal to England and Scotland, for Missionaries to that extensive field of labour, &c. Printed in demy octavo, and besides a voluminous variety of valuable matters, it contains "An Introductory Letter to the Editor of the 'Earthen Vessel'—Suggestions for Raising and Using a Baptist Chinese Mission Fund—the Wondrous Working of the Lord with the Children of China—Gospel Wants of China—the Magnitude of the Field of Labour—the apathy of the Churches with regard to China. Objects of the Native Mission Colleges for both Hemispheres—China, the Best Field for a Brilliant Future for the Baptist Persecutions of Christian Missionaries in Indo-China, and their Steadfast Faith—Chusan, the Montpellier of China, the Introduction of Christianity to China, and its various vicissitudes—Syrian Record of Christianity in China—the Priesting and Circulation of the Scriptures in Chinese, by the Patriot Insurgents." London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane.

This work has been compiled by two exceedingly zealous and able men; they earnestly ask the Baptist Churches to consider this question; the pamphlet is full of incident, fact, and illustration: its price is one shilling.

"*The True Tabernacle.*" London: Henry J. Tresidder, (Publisher.)

Three numbers of this new penny monthly, edited by Mr. Samuel Cozens, are now before the churches; and when we announce that sixteen crowns octavo pages are given in every number for one penny, we consider that is the best recommendation we can give to induce our readers to prove its value by a personal perusal. We know Mr. Cozens must make a great sacrifice if he establish this work unless the friends of truth promptly and liberally aid him. The publication of religious works, have, during the last twenty years, involved us in extremely heavy responsibilities; beneath which we have groaned night and day; and while many have poured contempt and reproach upon us for our pains, others have bid us good speed in the name of the Lord; but we pity from our very heart, the man who sets

out, in this day, to establish a cheap religious periodical. If he has not a very great support, it will make him weep tears of grief and heavy sorrow for years. We will tell the truth. Mr. Cozens has asked us to give him a word or two. We will do so: and here they are: our circulation some months this year, has been over 8,000: we think we are correct; but when the instalments of old responsibilities; the monthly instalments on redemption fund; the losses arising from agents, &c., are paid, there remains not one fraction for all the time, the labour, the writing, the correspondence, &c., connected with the editorial management even of this EARTHEN VESSEL; nor can there possibly be, until the liabilities incurred in its establishment, are all removed; this is being done by regular weekly, monthly, and quarterly instalments; which, like so many continually crushing burdens, often cause us the deepest sorrow; and we are frequently resolving to abandon home and all its happy associations, and travel until we have realized the promise of a full deliverance. What can Mr. Cozens' position then be? Let every thinking man weigh well the matter—we have simply written truth. We shall give Mr. C. a small donation towards establishing his TRUE TABERNACLE. If every one who loves the truth, and wishes it prosperity, will send to him at 13, Lincoln Street, Bow Road, London E., he may be yet saved a martyr's death.

"*Old Jonathan.*" Vol. IV. London: W. H. Collingridge, City Press, 117 to 119, Aldersgate-street. This noble and beautiful paper improves and increases so fast in interest and usefulness that it beats us to find words wherewith to bespeak its worth. This large volume would be no disgrace to a nobleman's library, while to the peasant it would be a delightful treasure.

"*Never Despair.*" Mr. Henry James Tresidder, the evangelical and industrious Publisher, of 17, Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row, has commenced the issue of a series of very pretty little two-penny and three-penny books. Among them is one called, "A Sight of Christ; or the Sinner's Blessedness;" by the Author of "The Bleeding Heart;" another entitled "Fear Not" and its companion, called "Watch and Pray;" by that giant-writer, James Smith, of Cheltenham; but the most telling of the whole series as yet published, is the one headed, "NEVER DESPAIR." This is a narrative which will touch the tenderest chords of your soul; be it ever so lukewarm and limited.

"*Every Day Religion.*" By F. Edwards, B. A., of Leeds. London: Houlston and Wright. Copies of this little work have been sent us by various anonymous writers: we take time.

"*Songs for the Pilgrimage.*"—By Thomas George Bell, LL.D., Minister of the Gospel, Lynnmouth, North Devon.

A volume of choice poems, entirely original; on subjects most valuable to the free-born citizens of Zion; and travellers to a higher home. To be issued shortly by H. J. Tresidder.

"*Six Sermons preached by Mr. William Bidder.*"—London: to be had at our offices, 9, Crane Court, Fleet Street; and 182, Dover Road.

The greatest subjects are here laid out in Bible word. A review of these discourses has been written for us by a Christian Classic—that review we have yet to give.

"*Leaders of the Day.*" Nos. 1 to 10. H. J. Tresidder. Varied, interesting, instructive and cheap.

The remarkable Conversion, and subsequent Ministerial Conduct, as fully detailed at the Tri-Centenary of the Reformation of Scotland; we hope to publish and review it in a separate pamphlet. It is one of the sweetest manifestations of grace we have ready lately. Such developments are precious indeed!

Mr. Bellman's new work, *Visible Fellowship*, is now ready.

The Glory of Christ,

IN WHAT DOES IT CONSIST? TO WHOM SHALL IT BE REVEALED?

"That they may behold my glory." John xvii. 24.

I WAS led to a consideration of these words by being in conversation with a man who professed to be a minister of the everlasting gospel; one who professed to have beheld something of the glory of Christ, and was desirous that others should behold that glory likewise; but who, whilst making those professions, was as ignorant of the real nature of that glory as a new-born babe, and not only this, but was doing all that lay in his power to tarnish that glory, yea, even to making it, by his assertions, nothing but shame and dishonour. He asserted that Christ purchased the salvation of every man, and upon being asked how it was that Christ should consent to loose part of his purchase, he replied "that he did not loose any of it, but that which man would not accept as the salvation of his soul, came back to Christ in the shape of honour." *Then does Christ's glory consist of having paid the price for every man's soul, and, after all, being robbed by Satan of who shall say how much of his purchased possession?* Awful thought! that Christ should see part of the travail of his soul in hell, and yet be satisfied! How far this falls short of blasphemy, I leave my readers to judge, but God, be thanked we "have not so learned Christ."

In what does the glory of Christ consist? In the eternal salvation of his Church. In entering into a covenant engagement with the Father from all eternity, to save his loved ones; in coming in the fullness of time into this world, in putting away sin by the sacrifice of himself; in trampling death beneath his feet, and extricating the grisly monster's sting, in being received into heaven, in sending forth his Spirit to bring his family to a knowledge of him, and in finally bringing, not some, but all of them, into his immediate presence, in the realms of endless joy and felicity. "Whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called them he also justified, and whom he justified, them he also glorified." This then, is the glory of Christ; and is it nothing? Ask that poor sinner who but now was bourn down under the oppressive weight of his sins, but who has just now been brought to behold his election in Christ, his salvation in Christ, his justification in Christ, and his eternal glorification in Christ; he has had a small glimpse of the glory of Christ. Ask him what it is. Will he turn carelessly away, as though the subject was not worthy of

his thoughts? Ah, no! He will tell you that there was something in that glory that entered deep into his very soul, something that beggars his most eloquent language to describe; and then, how he longs to behold that glory in its brightest effulgence, how he longs to fix his enraptured gaze for ever on him, the brightness of the Father's glory, but he has yet a little more to learn of this world's emptiness, its troubles, cares, and anxieties, before he shall be ushered into the full realization of that glory, and be for ever in the presence of the Lord, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

The glory of Christ, to whom shall it be revealed? Shall they who have despised him on earth, behold his glory? Aye, that they shall, and tremble at the sight. When Old Time, who has brought about the death of millions upon millions, shall himself be annihilated by the Almighty One, when all nature is in convulsions, when rocks that have stood for ages shall be unseated from their foundations, and when this world shall be enveloped in one great mass of flame, when the loud blast of the Archangel's trumpet shall awaken the dead from the slumber of ages, and shall proclaim in awful tone that day, the long delay of which atheists have mocked, the great, and terrible day of the Lord, then shall his enemies behold his glory, but it will be the glory of the outraged, the offended Judge, whose "depart ye cursed" shall fix as arrows into their souls, and plunge them deep down into the pit of everlasting perdition, from whence the smoke of their torment shall arise for ever and ever.

But far different shall it be with those who have been washed in the blood of the Lamb. They have aforesaid "beheld his glory, as of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth, and of his fulness have they all received and grace for grace." And now they can look upon that transcendent glory without fear, yea, and rejoice therein with joy unspeakable and full of glory.

Courage, then believer, however rough and thorny the road you have to travel, however much beset with toils, cares and anxieties, know thou that as sure as the prayer of Christ was, "Father, I will that they also, whom thou hast given me be with me where I am, that they may behold

my glory," so sure shalt thou at the end of thy journey behold that glory, yea more, thou thyself shalt be a partaker thereof, for thou shalt be transformed into his lovely image. "Beloved, now are we the sons of God, and it doth not appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is."

May it be our lot, dear reader, to be among that happy number, who, having

beheld with open face, as in a glass, the glory of Christ, and having been changed by the Spirit of the Lord, into the same image, from glory to glory, shall stand around his throne in glory to sing his high praises through all eternity.

"There we shall see his face
And never, never sin
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

MINIMUM.

THE UNSPEAKABLE GIFT:

ITS GREATNESS,—ITS SOURCE,—ITS ADAPTATION,—ITS EFFECTS,—
AND ITS PRECIOUSNESS.

By MR. JOHN BLOOMFIELD, OF SALEM CHAPEL, DEAN STREET, SOHO.

[Substance of a sermon preached on Sunday morning, October 19th, 1858.]

"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."—2 Cor. ix. 15.

THE apostle in this chapter enjoins us to be liberal to the saints of God, and so to shew our gratitude to God; remembering the interest of the church is a family interest, for we cannot love the Saviour without loving the saved; if we love the Institutor we shall love the institutions; and if we love the Redeemer we shall love the redeemed. Love is the most interesting word we have brought before our minds: "God is love;" and all mercies by which we are surrounded spring from the fountain of God's love. Covetousness is a sin, which was by God denounced in ages past: Adam coveted possessions which God had not granted; Adam coveted knowledge; he coveted power; aspired to that which was forbidden; and the result is he brought sin and woe into this lower world; it is well we should have right views of God's mercies; it was having right views of the mercies of God which inspired the apostle with the spirit of thankfulness, when he said, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." There is one gift of God greater than all others, and in this gift all others are comprised; hence, the apostle sums it up in a few words, saying, "Thanks be to God." Let us view the past, and see if it does not call forth gratitude for our providential mercies; and if in viewing smaller mercies we have reason to be thankful, what far greater reasons for rejoicing when we come to think of Christ, what he is, what he has done, and of his condescension? I say, if our providential mercies call forth gratitude, what shall we say of this gift, even Christ, the Son of God? Surely our souls will melt before him in love and thankfulness, influencing our hearts to cry out in the language of my text, that it is "unspeakable!" Is it not an unspeakable mercy, that Christ should be given?

Is it not an unspeakable mercy, that we are not in hell, lifting up our eyes in despair, but we have a humble hope of going to heaven, and casting our given crowns at the Saviour's feet? When we realize this mercy, we shall say with the Psalmist, "What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits?" "When we look at God's greatness, that he needs not look out of himself for happiness, and think of God having mercy upon us, we may well say with David, "What is man that thou art mindful of him, or the son of man that thou shouldst visit him?"

We have now to speak a little respecting Christ being the gift of God; nay, more, that this gift is unspeakable; and he is the blessing comprising all other blessings—"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that God loved us." He is the child born, the Son given, the gift of Jehovah's love—"He so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son." We notice first, *it is unspeakable in its greatness*; second, *in its source*; third, *in its adaptation*; fourth, *in its effects*; and, fifth, *in its preciousness*.

I. It is unspeakable in its GREATNESS. Who can describe the greatness of this gift? God gave not an angel, but his bosom Son; and in giving his Son, he has given peace and salvation: a full, free, and eternal salvation. O, my friends, what is comprised in eternal salvation, in eternal life? Not merely a rest from our labours, but it entitles us to all the triumphs of heaven, and we must go to heaven to know what eternal life is, and to enjoy its blessedness in full. In giving his Son, the Lord has given his best gift: he might have given an angel, who might have wept over our follies, but could not have wrought out a salvation to atone for our sins; but Christ is given to

raise the church above the world, and above Satan's power, and work out a robe of righteousness, that "whosoever believeth on him shall be saved." When we think of the value of this gift we are lost in wonder, love and praise! Look at the condescension of Christ, think of the dignity of his person. Angels are mere grasshoppers of time compared to the Saviour—in value to Christ, as the leaves which fall at autumn. We hear him saying, "I and my Father are one!" He left the regions above,—he laid his glory by! He formed the angels in heaven for his own glory! This great being is God's gift: and in giving his Son he has given dignity, and everlasting triumph to his church. O, my fellow-sinner, have you thought of this gift of God? Has your soul said, "Thanks be unto God for this unspeakable gift?" Has the law broken your heart and wounded your spirit? Have you felt without Christ you are lost, for ever lost? O, then, how great is this gift of God! with it we have all the blessings of the covenant; we have all the wealth of heaven; all the treasures of the Gospel: "All things are your's, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." Having Christ we have everything; without Christ we are poor, miserable, blind, and naked indeed; with Christ, heaven is thy home; without Christ, hell is thy prison; with Christ, there is a crown, and a harp already strung, and praises to which you shall sing, a palace where dark despair never enters.

II. In its source. Who can tell how much God loved the world? Perhaps you give a man a thousand pounds, but it may be you have many more in store; but God gave his only begotten Son,—who can tell the perfections of God's love? Who can tell its worth or its attractions? Paul said, in speaking of this love, "O! to know this love which passeth knowledge!" It is high—who can attain unto it? Its depths—who can fathom? The love of God's heart came out in Jesus Christ. Christ is the manifestation of love and mercy; his intercession is all of love; and the crowns the redeemed shall wear are crowns of love. My hearers, have you thought of God's love? Is God's love the source from which you delight to drink? Is it the fountain of bliss to thy soul? Is it the life and rejoicing of thy spirit? If so, it will make thy heart to dance, and thy tongue to sing. What should we do without this love? love so tender in its compassion; love so great, surpassing all our necessities; love wove the garment our souls shall wear in heaven; it is love that adorns thy soul with the graces of the Spirit, and surrounds thee with tender mercies. Oh, for more knowledge of this love! for large draughts from this fountain!

then we shall say in the language of our text, it is "unspeakable." Wondrous love! who can describe it? who can tell its value? None but God. Let us ask ourselves, are we interested in this love? Have we received this love?—for it matters but little to hear of the interest of the saints, or of the glories in store for all that love God; these are great truths, and it is a great truth Christ was given, but can we say with the Apostle, "he loved me, and gave himself for me?" Yes, my friends, salvation is a personal matter; it is not for me to be religious for my brother, nor my brother for me; but can we say, Christ loved me; it may be a hard thing to say with some; they may seem to understand how he loved others; but *me*, such a rebel, that despised the Lord's authority, and spurned his mercy,—O! that I could say, "He loved me! even me, "and gave himself for me." Who in my congregation can say this, and feel the power of this truth?—it is, the language of faith wrought in the heart by the power of the blessed Spirit.

III. It is unspeakable in its ADAPTATION. By nature we are all lost sinners; we are in darkness, in poverty, and undone in and of ourselves; but Christ is our righteousness, to clothe us; by the power of the Spirit our hearts are renewed, and made alive unto God. We, who once were in darkness, have seen a great light; we, who once were naked, have now a beautiful robe to wear. It is to those that need mercy, those that have no merits of their own to bring, on whom Christ bestows his favours; let those that are righteous in their own eyes remember that scripture, "Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance;" not those who are rich, and have need of nothing, but the poor, the naked, and blind. You that can do without Christ, "When thou thinkest thou standest, take heed lest ye fall!" for remember ye will have to stand before him whose eyes are as a flame of fire; there is no robe by which ye can be justified, and made meet for heaven, but Christ's robe; Christ has no balm but for those that are wounded; salvation for none but those that feel lost. What would heaven be to the unlightened, unrenewed spirit? It would be no heaven to such; there would be no casting the crowns at the Saviour's feet; no singing the song, "Who has redeemed us, and washed us in his own blood!" There is a beautiful adaptation in God's favours: a full Christ and an empty sinner; a worthy Saviour and an unworthy sinner.

IV. It is unspeakable in its EFFECTS. What are its effects upon our souls? What are its effects in our hearts? Does it not enrich us, and make us happy? and when rightly viewed, say with the poet

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

With right conceptions of this gift, we shall say, "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire beside thee." When rightly viewed, we shall value the Bible as God's book, as the mind of God disclosed to men. O think of its effects: Christ overcame the world, sin and Satan; and ye shall overcome through him. The curse is removed—"There is, therefore, no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Here ye shall have trouble; but in this gift ye shall have peace. I can tell you a little of its pleasures, a little of its joys; how it enriches the mind; but who can tell its effects in full? No, friends, you must go to heaven to know its power, to see its beauty, and to feel its effects in full; it is then you shall look back on the path the Lord has led you; it is there you will see the kind hand that has upheld you; it is there all tears of bitterness shall be wiped from off your face; and it is there you shall have joy for evermore.

V. Lastly, let us notice the PRECIOUSNESS of this gift. We have said it is the Father's best gift. It is the gift which angels adore, and which they desire to look into. "Unto you that believe he is precious." Yes, to poor fallen sinners he is precious, to those who are

brought to trust in his blood and righteousness, as their only ground of acceptance before God. Then look to Jesus, sinner, as the ground of thy hope, the wonder of angels, and the glory of the Bible. Is he precious to you, my hearers? precious in his Gospel; precious in his blood and righteousness. Is he precious in his love and condescension? If so, you will love to sing of him while here below; and by and bye you shall sing of him in the regions of light, where

"—not a wave of trouble rolls
Across thy peaceful breast."

Where rivers of love flow from the mercy seat with increasing preciousness. O, for a larger taste of this love below, that we may desire it more and more. May the name of Christ be as ointment poured forth; may his word dwell richly in our souls: when we walk may it talk with us; and when we sleep may it protect us; and may this be our testimony when we come to the swellings of Jordan, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." May our latest breath be spent in "thanks be unto God!" And as we march on through yonder regions, and pass through the portals of light,—when we come to the glories of yon bright world, then may our song be, "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift." Amen and amen.

Original Papers on the Canticles.

THE VOICE UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

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"Stay me with flagons, comfort me with citrons: for I am sick of love."—Cant. ii. 5.

"Behold he cometh!"—then he must have been absent. We left the bride, at the close of the first part of her history, asleep in her beloved's arms; and now the second part of her history opens with the signs of his absence. We have her now listening for the sound of a voice. She ascertains that it is his; but that well known voice no longer sounds on her ear from one resting by her side, it comes to her now from the distant mountains. The open mountains, as a figure, expresses freedom from restraint. We have also the signs of energy and activity. HE is on the mountains *leaping* and *skipping*. The place "behind a wall," and within some "lattice," as clearly represents the very opposite—sets forth restraint or bondage and we have connected with it inaction or sloth. SHE is behind the wall, within the lattice, apart from the beloved of her heart,

taking her slothful ease. This is just the same solemn truth we have had suggested to us before. The beloved is in the open country, the pilgrim and stranger, and the bride is resting within the city, notwithstanding the solemn exhortation:—"Arise and depart for this is not your rest, it is polluted." We have thus entered upon an entirely new experience, not shewn forth in any part of the first day's history. We have now *separation*. The lesson may be applied either to individuals or to the church at large. In plain language, apart from the figure before us, it is the church taken up with other and lower things than the love of Jesus, and therefore losing, for the time, the sweet enjoyment of communion with him. So in the case of the individual it is the backsliding soul, on whom the cold lethargy of worldliness has fallen. Such a one has got a comfortable provision it may

be, for all temporal wants, and many worldly comforts; he says with Job—"I shall die in my nest"—that is—"nothing can root me out of this comfortable place"—so he goes to sleep and no longer enjoys communion with his Lord. The figure does not, however, take up the backslider in the *depth* of the evil. He is not here set before us at that point, which is at the greatest distance from living and active fellowship with the Lord Jesus. We are to suppose what must have been before the incident related to us. That incident is, as we have seen, the bride awakened, and listening and discerning whose voice it is now breaking on her ear. Before she cries out:—"The voice of my beloved," there clearly was a time when she heard no voice at all, but was entirely absorbed in her own comfortable ease or else indulging in deep slumber. We have, then, the backslider awakened to find out that Jesus is as the absent one. Not absent altogether. That he can never be. But absent in respect to any enjoyment of personal communion of that soul with him. Then the backslider begins, for on such cases the knowledge comes gradually, to find out the *distance* to which the Lord has gone. That voice which is heard comes all the way from the mountains. Along with this there is, however, an assurance of the Lord's rich grace in his willingness and readiness to return to the repenting soul. The word of promise—"Return unto me and I will return unto you, saith the Lord of hosts." The backslider finds out the faithfulness of this promise. He is able to say as soon as he listens and distinguishes that thrilling sound:—"Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains and skipping upon the hills." The beloved is not going to a greater distance. He is not even staying at the same distance. Not even content to shorten the distance by slow and cautious steps. No! he comes back to the seeking one leaping and skipping.

Before we dwell further on this point, let us just see how applicable this part of the subject is to the condition of the church at certain periods of history, as well as to many portions of the church in our own day. We would accept the common use of the word "*churches*" as applied to portions of the universal church—the one undivided church. Throughout these churches then is it difficult to find one which has lost her first love? Are there not too many untrue to their high and holy—their heavenly calling? Where are the churches truly carrying out the stranger and the pilgrim character? Alas!—there is a church that has made herself a home in the world; built herself another Babel on the plains of Shinar; formed a league with the powers and influences of the world—she has come down

to the world's level, and there has rolled in upon her a flood of worldly attachments, feelings, habits, schemes and hopes, which has gone far to quench her spiritual life, at least it has taken away all the ardour of her first love; tarnished the beauty of her original condition, and more abundantly mingled the wheat with tares. In the midst of that church there is no spiritual power. There may be a deal of unhealthy activity. They have gathered large sums of money—built a splendid edifice to meet in. The congregation on a fine Sunday, might compete for gaiety and fashion with the theatre. But prayer is neglected. The prayer meeting is attended by six or ten. Conversions there are none. Such a thing is not looked for. The Spirit is grieved. God is dishonoured. **ICHABOD** is written over that entrance gate! There is another church. In that, true humility has given place to spiritual pride. Instead of deep personal communion with Jesus, there is the constant din of religious gossip, under the plea of caring for each other's "*walk*," is the busy-body continually meddling with other men's matters. And many of her members are "*splitting hairs*" in matters of doctrine. Doting about questions and strifes of words, whereof cometh envy, strife, railings, evil surmising, perverse disputings." We see **ICHABOD** there too.

Let us now follow on a little further the teaching of the portion before us. We left the bride listening to the sound of her returning Lord. She says:—"My beloved is like a roe or a young hart; behold, he standeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows shewing himself through the lattice." The beloved has now drawn near to the bride, but still there is a separation. There is also the cause for separation still remaining. The passage just quoted has its parallel in the solemn address to the church of Laodicea:—"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me." The beloved stands at the door of his bride and knocks. She hears his voice; but *she does not open the door*, and therefore she enjoys no meeting with him yet. He shortly after withdraws himself, and she seeks him in vain. We are taught here, that in the case of the Lord's people, "*the way of transgressors is hard*." It is far more easy to decline from ways of holiness than to recover lost ground. It is right that it should be so. The Lord sees how prone we are to go astray. He sees that if we were too easily restored, we would think too little of our failures. He wishes us to know ourselves. To feel our utter weakness. To value his grace more. To understand better what a blessed thing it is to have commun-

ion with his own beloved Son. Yet Jesus is always near—standing only “*behind the door.*” Shewing himself to the wandering one who seeks to return, “*through the lattice.*” But he will not come in until that soul is more truly quickened in desire after him—until all these things which grieve him are cast out. It is *sin* in the believer, whatever be the circumstances, which raises up the *wall* of separation and shuts him out from communion. That sin must be made known to him. He must mourn over it, confess and forsake it; before he can again enjoy the close fellowship with his Lord he once possessed. Thus sin hinders our faith

in the realizing *sight* of Jesus. Observe that the bride gets no full view of her beloved, though he is now so near. He is behind the wall, and therefore out of her sight. She may indeed get a glimpse of him, but it is only as he steps from behind the wall to shew himself for a moment *through the lattice.* He evidently gives her those transient glimpses of himself, in order to allure her from that place of slothful rest where he has found her. We see this when we consider his affectionate call:—“*Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.*” This call, however, must be the subject for another chapter.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

THE SONSHIP OF THE SAVIOUR.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS,—After a few months silence, I think it needful again to say a few more things to you, especially upon the Sonship of the Saviour. There is, among even good men, *serious and real* difference of sentiment relative to this vital subject. The difference is *not* a difference of mere words; there is a *real difference* between the meaning of those who place the Sonship of the Saviour in his divinity, independent altogether of his humanity, and those who place his Sonship in his complexity. They both hold it is true, that Christ is properly, underrivedly and essentially God. Yet, while both hold fast this great truth, there is, nevertheless, a most *serious* difference in the two opposite sentiments; but as both avow the co-equal Godhead of Christ, with the Father and the Holy Spirit, the one ought not to charge the other with any *intentional* derogation from the dignity of his Person, but that there is a real and serious difference between the two is clear, the one holding that Christ is by nature, as God considered the Son of God; that the three divine Persons are properly, essentially, and of necessity Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; the other sentiment teaching, that God is a Father, not by nature or necessity, but by choice, and by creative act; that Christ is a Son, not by nature as God, or of necessity, but by choosing to take human nature, and so becoming a complete Person; and that the Holy Spirit is called the Holy Spirit, not so much to denote what he is by nature, as to denote what he is in his life-giving and sanctifying work in the souls of men.

Thus, my good Theophilus, you will see that between these two doctrines of the Sonship of the Saviour, there is a serious and real difference which ought not to be treated lightly, but ought to be treated carefully, especially as we have great men on both

sides of this question of the Sonship of the Saviour, men of great discernment in holy things, and well received in the churches. This does prove that it is a subject not by any means without its difficulties; but to suppress all discussion, and all controversy upon the subject, is to take things for granted, whether we are convinced of their truthfulness or not. Truth never shrinks from investigation, nor ought we to read the holy Scriptures without being concerned to know their meaning, as well as to experience their sweetness, and practise their precepts. All union of sects and parties, when brought about by the suppression of any part of truth, or by the suppression of freedom of speech, is a greater evil than all the divisions that can take place; peace we wish to have, but let it be solid; let it be truthful; let it be a righteous peace; honest and not hypocritical. But as to the question I wish Theophilus to consider—there is, as I have said, a real difference between these two opposite doctrines—concerning the Sonship of the Saviour; just look at it; the one doctrine teaches that the Father is a father by nature, and of course, co-eval with his existence; the other doctrine teaches, that when taken in the gospel sense, that he chose to be by covenant relationship that which he was not by nature, or of necessity. Again one doctrine teaches that Christ, independent of his human nature, is as God, also the Son of God, begotten by the Father from all eternity, yet self-existent; the other doctrine teaches that he is no more the Son of God apart from his complexity, than the Father is the Son of God. Here then, lies the mighty difference between these two doctrines, the one making an original *difference* between the three divine Persons; that one, namely, the divine Word is something naturally different from the

Father, for he is by nature as God the *Son*. Another divine Person, is by necessity, a Father; thus there is, according to this doctrine, a natural and original difference in the Persons of the Godhead; but the other doctrine teaches that there is no original or natural difference in the Persons of the Godhead, that one is no more a Father or a Son by nature or necessity, than the other is, each doctrine having of course its Scriptures to bear it out.

It is then clear that one or the other of these doctrines must be erroneous, that the Holy Spirit cannot be the author of both. He would never teach one Christian that Jesus Christ is as God and by nature the Son of God, and at the same time, teach another Christian that Jesus Christ is not the Son of God without his or independent of his manhood. The Holy Spirit never bears a self-contradictory testimony, for if his testimony be divided against itself, how can it stand? It would be like the popular duty-faith gospel of men; such men labouring hard in one part of their sermon, to persuade their hearers that salvation is all of grace; and that a chosen people are redeemed, called, justified, and glorified; that these, and not one more or one less, ever shall, or can be saved; and then in another part of the same sermon, labour harder still to shew they have nothing to do with eternal election; and that it is of him that willeth, and of him that runneth, and not altogether of God that sheweth mercy, for that if they do not embrace the present opportunity to will and run too, it is their own fault; and that God will not give them many more opportunities; that they are losing heaven and going to hell, when, at the same time, they might have been in heaven. Here, you see the former part of the creed of such a minister is completely wrecked and cast away; but anon, it is called back again, then away goes the duty-faith part of the creed! so that these two parts of such creed come alternately into the witness-box to give the lie to each other; and the minister steps in as a sort of mediator, and assures us that these

two witnesses though they so flatly contradict each now, yet, (that if we will but believe the minister) they will agree when they get to heaven, but which part of such a creed must be given up at last to bring about such agreement, or how harmony is to be established, these creators of this self-contradiction creed nowhere inform us; and as the Bible does not contain such a creed, we are quite safe in concluding that the Holy Spirit does not teach such a creed. So with the Sonship of the Saviour, both creeds concerning his Sonship cannot be right; only happily which ever be wrong; the one who founds the Sonship of the Saviour in his complexity, or the one who founds his Sonship in eternal generation,—happily in this case, each carries with him a remedy for his error, in the fact that both the eternal generationist and the complexionist, contend without exception, or drawback, for the absolute co-equal Godhead of Christ, each trembling at the thought of derogating from his personal divinity one iota of his self-existence, or of any one of his infinite perfections; here they are all immoveable, stand and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; thus shewing that the Holy Spirit teaches even ordinary ministers and Christians, all essential truth, yet leaves some of them to give a partially mistaken interpretation to that essential truth. But I cannot say thus much of the duty-faith creed, for that is a Babel in itself, and therefore, well suits the Babel of this world, and the world receiveth it; it professedly holds the doctrines of free-grace, but at the same time, it neutralises those truths; whereas the two partially opposite creeds concerning the Sonship of the Saviour, do not neutralize the great truth of his essential divinity.

Thus then, my good Theophilus, you will see that there is a serious difference between the eternal generationist and the complexionist; and it will be my business in my next to shew to you which side the Holy Scriptures authorise you to take your stand, and I will take my stand with you, though but

A LITTLE ONE.

WHAT IS THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT?

By MR. JOHN BRUNT, of COLNBROOK, BEDS.

BEFORE we attempt an answer to this question, we must premise that the Holy Spirit works in the ungodly to make them godly, and in the saints as saints; further, that we do not intend to go into all those matters so largely treated by "Owen, on the Spirit," by which is demonstrated that the Spirit works in some persons gifts of various kinds, yet imparts no grace.

I. The work of the Spirit is a work of REVELATION, he reveals Jesus. This revelation does not differ essentially from that which is given in the written word, but is illustrative and explanatory of the same. The revelation of the Scriptures meets the eye, but this is made to the heart; that instructs the mind, this engages the affections; the former may be designated an external

revelation, the latter an internal one; the Scriptural revelation is general, but the spiritual is personal; the revelation of the word speaks of Jesus as the Lord of glory; the revelation of the Spirit makes me know Jesus as my hope and glory.

II. The work of the Spirit is to WITNESS, to confirm thereby what the Scriptures assert.

1. He witnesses to the covenant of grace, leads into its secrets; opens up its fulness; declares its speciality; and witnesses so effectually, that the evidence produces conviction, removes doubts, and brings the soul into establishment, placing it on a solid rock.

2. He witnesses to a personal interest in the covenant of grace, and then he particularises what the Scriptures generalises; the Spirit beareth witness with our spirit, that we are the sons of God. He does not so much create the fact in the case as he does explain it and apply it; the effect of which is, we receive power to become the sons of God, and cry, "Abba, Father."

3. He witnesses to Christ as the head of the new covenant, and thus shews how Jesus could die for his people, namely, because he is nearest of kin to them; the Spirit explains how our sins are pardoned, namely, in being borne by him; and lastly, he opens up the mystery of the sanctification of his people, namely, by virtue of their eternal and indissoluble union to Christ Jesus the Lord.

4. The Holy Spirit witnesses to the virtues of the covenant of grace, and so explains the following matters viz: 1, the singularity of conversion work; 2, the effectuality of faith in Christ; 3, the certainty of fruitfulness in Christ; and 4, the certainty of perseverance until we are brought into the presence of the Lord.

III. The work of the Spirit is a SEALING WORK, "Ye were sealed by that Holy Spirit of promise." There are two intentions expressed in the act of sealing; 1, thereby to guarantee authenticity; and, 2, to preserve from corruption. The Spirit authenticates my repentance and faith by the remission of my sins.

True repentance, and true faith, and the proofs of life in Christ, and life by Christ is the seal of forgiveness. See Coll. ii. 13.

2. The Spirit preserves my repentance and faith from corruption, by never suffering me to repent of the former, and by never allowing me to seek another object than Christ for the latter.

IV. The work of the Spirit is a LEADING WORK, as "many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God." The leadings of the Spirit are his teachings. He lead from sin, from error in doctrine, from human ability, and from reliance upon any thing, or any one short of himself. He

leads into the truth as it is in Jesus, that is into a salvation springing from love; secured by blood; applied by power; continued by grace or favour; and ending in glory everlasting. The Spirit leads into an experience of the grace of Jesus. Hence, we discover that what Christ has done, is only the fruits of his love; that what he does now, is only the *manifestation* of his love; and that what there remains for Jesus to do, namely, the bringing of his bride to glory, is necessary in order to the consummation of his love. Thus, the saints grow in Christ, and in grace, because the leadings of the Spirit are into the heights, and depths, and lengths, and breadths of the love of Christ.

V. and last. The Spirit's work is a RE-NEWING WORK. By him the soul receives fresh views in higher degrees, and in a more heavenly light; it is he who works with the word, and the saints feed and grow thereby; by him the wavering are established; by him the disconsolate and bereaved are comforted; 'tis here that the Spirit is seen, as fulfilling the glorious work of making Jesus precious to the believer; by him the young grow; and by him, the old fail not; by him are souls kept; and by him prodigals are brought back; by him the young saint is ripened for glory; and by him decay is prevented in the old.

This work of the Spirit is worthy of himself, in his nature and in his relation to the church of God; it is in harmony with the covenant made before time, and is declared by the gospel in time. To accomplish this work a Trinity is revealed, and to secure the results of it, the Trinity in Unity combine. To God—the one God—be all the glory, while the Church rejoices in the work of the Holy Spirit.

"CONSIDER HIM." Heb. xii. 3.

AMIDST the thoughts that cross the mind,
How sweet to think of Him
Who left his radiant throne above
To save us from our sin.
His every name creates delight
To every burden'd soul;
'Tis Jesus Christ, the sinner's friend,
Who makes the guilty whole.
He has redeem'd the soul from death,
And set the prisoner free.
Provides for such a full discharge,
And brings sweet liberty.
He clothes them with a gorgeous robe,
A pure and spotless dress;
Array'd in which they stand complete,
For 'tis his righteousness.
He conquers and subdues their foes,
And oft allays their fear;
He leads them all their journey through,
His blessing for to share.
He cheers them in affliction's path,
And in the gloomy vale;
And when before the judgment seat,
His plea will then prevail.
Then would we often think of Him
With gratitude and praise,
Till with the glorified above,
We shout in joyful lays. W. CHAPPELL.

A SOLEMN APPEAL FROM THE STAFFORDSHIRE MINER'S GRAVE ;

THE CHRISTIAN MYSTERIOUSLY BUT SAFELY TAKEN HOME.

Just as we were going to press, the following solemn, yet, delightful account of the death of a brother beloved, (from Mr. F. Pearce, of Willenhall,) came to hand. Our continuation of the "Three Golden Promises" has been taken out to make room for it,—and we hope it will be useful. It is a very solemn appeal indeed. If anything can prove the sterling value of a living faith in Christ, surely such a scene as is here presented will. Here is a man, in a moment, dashed into dreadful danger—he sinks—literally sinks into deep waters. He is kept in perilous suspense for a length of time—but, in the midst of it all, while death is opening wide its fearful jaws to receive him, his happy soul exclaims, as in a holy whisper, "*My Beloved is mine.*" He is raised up from the horrible pit; but his body is burned; and death proceeds to do its work in the most painful manner. His pastor stands watching and weeping, but no relief can he afford. His Christian brethren are gathered round, to pity and to pray. His broken-hearted wife and dear children are sobbing aloud; but the dying Christian turns preacher to them all; and in a manner no pen can describe,—with words never to be forgotten,—he points them to Jesus CHRIST, God Almighty's only begotten SON, as the alone way of mercy—as the only channel of pardon, peace, and meetness for heaven; and then, with all the affection of a living heart, he cries, "Weep not for me, my dears, but weep for yourselves."

Read brother Pearce's account, and read it to others. He says:—

My dear brother Legg, who is now gone home, was a man of trial, but is now doubtless where sin and sorrow are known nor feared no more.

On Tuesday morning, Sep. 3rd, after entering the coal pit seventy yards from the surface, the sulfuric gas from underneath exploded and precipitated my dear brother Legg to the alarming distance of seventeen yards lower into water, three or four yards deep, he went to the hottom like Jonah in the sea, but came up again; and held in a crevice for some twenty minuits until he could hold no longer; he then sunk but rose again! then as he said, the dear Lord sent a plank along to him on which he was borne up some time longer; until a man brought him up, strange to say, alive; and that in two senses; the man supposed him

to be a methodist; because he heard him say when in the water—"My beloved is mine and I am his; do with me as it seemeth good." What submission! He was not a Methodist, but a Baptist; yes; and a Christian too. When I first saw him, a spectacle to look on; his face, arms, and poor body burnt black as a coal, he said, "You are come to see a poor sinner going to heaven; trusting alone in Jesus' merits. I believe (says he,) that God means something by this affliction; do think and pray that God will sanctify it to my dear wife and children. I want you to talk to them when I am gone;" fearing he would be exhausted I thought it best not to stay long with him. To me it was a sorrowful, but profitable visit. On Tuesday, Sep. 10th at half-past five, p.m. one of his dear children came; she thought her dear father was dying, and wished to see me. On entering the room there were his dear wife and children weeping; he said, "My dear brother, I wanted to see you to tell you how I love you for the truth's sake; and have ever since I first knew you;" and then his heart being warmed, and God setting his tongue at liberty, he spoke sweetly; and having sent for the Deacons, and other dear friends, he addressed them one by one; it was indeed good to be there; he then pathetically addressed his dear children one by one, and prayed that they might be brought to love Jesus. Oh! it reminded me of good old Jacob! (Read Gen. xlix.) He then said, "*Come, Lord Jesus; come and receive my Spirit to thyself; for if I come to thee now I must come as a poor sinner; and if I stay longer I shall come to thee as a poor sinner; but, Lord, give me patience; not my will but thine be done.*" Methinks, his prayers and exhortations would have melted a heart of stone. I would that every Staffordshire miner was constrained to have witnessed this scene; we could not forbear sobbing aloud. Then the dear man said so affectionately, "my dears, my dears, weep not for me; but weep for yourselves." He lingered until the following Friday; and then fell into the arms of sleep like dear Stephen, calling on his God; after ten days suffering, and excruciating pain, and was put into the dark cold grave on Tuesday, Sep. 18. There we leave him until that great day when he shall be raised up by the power of God.

Reader! you probably are a Staffordshire miner: and have wrought with my dear

friend departed; his soul has many times been grieved at your ungodly language; God help you to consider; when he was descending the pit his heart was lifted up to God; but what are you doing. He was found on the Lord's-days, and at other times in the Sunday School; and in the house of God. On the Lord's-day he last was privileged to pray with his brethren; that prayer was more than usually spiritual and earnest; he is now in heaven; his voice we shall

hear no more. Do you pray? And where do you hope to go when you die? There is room for you in God's house: and we invite you to come.

You are quite as much exposed to danger as he was. Would to God that this may be a voice to you; for as the Lord liveth, and as my soul liveth, there is but a step between you and death. F. FEARCE.

Pastor of the Baptist Church, Willenhall, Sept. 26, 1860.

THE CRIMEAN SOLDIER AND THE SUFFOLK PASTOR.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GOODNESS TO ARTHUR BAKER,

FORMERLY OF THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS, NOW OF TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.

[The following narrative is the genuine production of a man whom the Lord has been pleased greatly to honour—We hope his ministry at Tunstall, and his record of mercies bestowed, will be a very great blessing to many souls.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—As the Lord shall be pleased to enable me, and direct my pen and thoughts, I purpose to redeem my promise to you and your readers, by furnishing an outline of the tender and merciful dealings of the Lord to me, a poor sinner on whom with tender mercy he has looked with much love and compassion.

I would first just inform you that I am by birth, the son of a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. Upwards of 44 years since God the Spirit, snatched my father as a brand from the flames of the bottomless pit, and brought him, to embrace the Rock Christ Jesus, for want of a shelter. After some time, he was baptized, and joined to the church at Aldingham, Suffolk, then under the pastorate of the late Mr R. Wilson. Often he was led feelingly to sing,

“Grace taught him first to pray;”

and I would with gratitude to the Lord add,

“Grace has kept him to this day.”

Oh! how can I sufficiently praise his holy name, for thus redeeming my dear parent's soul from the snare of the fowler! O Lord, may father and son be preserved by thy grace while journeying through this lower world, and when our labours here are brought to a close, and this mortal shall be changed to immortality,—may we then meet one another around the throne of God in glory, and there dressed in our white robes, with our palms of victory in our hands, and our crowns of everlasting light and glory on our heads, may we unceasingly cry, “He is worthy! Hallelujah!” My

father now stands an honourable member with the church at the Surrey Tabernacle, where our dear and much loved brother, James Wells, labours in faithfulness, and dispenses the word of truth with much love and zeal.

I was born at Saxmundham, in Suffolk, on New-year's day of 1829. Received a plain education for about eight years; and I was fed well at the table of my affectionate father till the 31st day of March, 1845.

That year of 1845, was a somewhat remarkable one with me; on the 31st day of March, I became a soldier in the army of Her Majesty the Queen, having enlisted in the 78th Highlanders; on the 12th of April, I joined the regiment at Chatham; on the 26th of July, we embarked and left our native country for the East; and on the 2nd day of December, we were safely landed on the shores at Bombay, in the East Indies. These were some of my wanderings in the year 1845. From this time till the year 1851, our regiment was moved about from station to station during the whole of which time, I was favoured with that great blessing, an enjoyment of good health; and was always found to my post to perform my duty. In the year '52, we were stationed at Aden-Arabia; and in the month of May that year I was taken ill, and became an inmate of the hospital. Up to this period of my life, I had lived as I was born—in sin; (Psalm li. v.) and was an open enemy to God and godliness. I was not without head-knowledge of the ways and works of God, nor was I wholly ignorant of the doctrines of grace. These things I had been taught by my loving father from my infancy; but so deeply sunken into the ways of Satan was I, that I madly and greedily rushed on into every evil thing; and drank in sin as the earth doth the rain. Truly, if ever any poor sinner has cause humbly and experi-

mentally to repeat the language of the poet, it is I,—

“Toll it unto sinners tell,
I am, I am out of hell.”

Near the end of May, 1852, while still on my bed of affliction, the Lord did then and there *by the absolute power of his Holy Spirit, in an instant, cause me to see and feel my sins*; and truly to this moment I feel, and bless God for it. O! who can describe the feelings of a poor soul, thus in an instant made to see and feel his fearful condition. But the Lord was exceedingly gracious to me; for I found a nursing father (Isaiah lxvi. 9—13,) was near to administer to my spiritual wants, to counsel, to guide, to instruct and comfort me. A dear Christian brother was on the spot; and the Lord moved my heart to speak to him touching my state: this, in my forlorn state was a mercy I desire ever to be thankful for. My brother was as grateful for the opportunity of speaking of Jesus, as I was to listen. And he lost no opportunity to preach unto me Christ as a full Saviour for poor, helpless, lost sinners. The truth of his words were making my heart daily to mourn and bleed. Oh, the terror of mind I then experienced is more than I can tell. This dark state of mind continued with me for several days before I was raised up again from my bed of affliction. On the day I was discharged from the hospital, this good brother came and advised me not again to mix with my former companions; but as soon as I left the place, to retire to some quiet spot, and there earnestly seek the Lord in prayer for guidance and preservation in the ways of grace. I retired from the hospital solemnly impressed with my painful condition; and determined in God's help, to seek him at a throne of grace. I then bent my steps towards a mountain whose top rose some four or five hundred feet above the level of the sea. With difficulty, I ascended some distance up the mountain's side, and there in the cleft of the mountain, with no eye to see me but him of whom I sought mercy; there, alone, with the foaming sea dashing against the rugged foot of the mountain, there, trembling and weak, I cried to God for mercy. Before climbing the mountain, I placed in my pocket a small Testament, the gift of a dear sister before quitting my native land. I then sat down on the mountain, and taking my Testament from my pocket I read, “We then as workers together with him, beseech you that you receive not the grace of God in vain. For he saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee; behold now is the accepted time, behold now is the day of salvation.” (2 Corinthians vi. 1, 2.) This afforded me a slight hope; but my sins appeared before me as a mountain, as though

they would sink me into the lowest hell. My state of soul was indescribable, and all I could say was, “mercy, mercy, mercy!” but as the water spouts of my broken heart were poured forth freely, it relieved my mind in a measure. In this gloomy and dark state of soul I continued for some months; until one night when I was in such a state of mind that I dared not go to bed, I was impressed with the idea that I must go down to the sea-beach, and there call upon God to have mercy upon me. I went. At this time I thought that that sin that is too base to mention, had been removed from my trembling mind; but, oh, how Satan tempted me to curse God to his face! The voice of temptation appeared to be whispering in my ear for months; but from this I was kept, by the grace of God.

About this period, my dear brother, who, at first was the instrument God made use of to comfort and guide me, formed us into church-fellowship with Christ, upon free-grace principles; and we continue the same to this day. God bless and prosper him; I can never forget his labour of love towards my poor soul when in darkness and sorrow I walked.

But now arose another source of trial and temptation. The world saw I was a different character, and they cried out, “Baker is mad!” From all parts I was evil spoken of, no name seemed too bad for me. Those with whom I had formerly associated as companions being among the worst of my enemies. Some would curse me, and all that were like me; others would say they would burn me; others would bury me; some would flog me: and one poor mortal, who found me engaged in prayer one morning under one of the rocks, cried out with a fearful oath that the rocks would fall upon me, and kill me; but his crying did not move me; and I pleaded hard with the Lord for this poor deluded and Satan-blinded creature. I saw the end of this man. His was an awful death. A few days before his departure, I saw him. He was raving mad. In such a state he passed from this world while on the raging and foaming sea. He was returning to England; and I, with others removed his body to the quarter deck of the ship, from whence it was committed to its watery grave. Ah, my reader, think of such an awful end, and pray the Lord that you may be preserved from such. O, my soul, do not such scenes increase thy love to the Saviour, who has “caused thee to hope in his name?” Lord, we do often with grateful feelings inquire,

“Why was I made to hear thy voice
And enter while there's room;
While thousands make a wretched choice
And rather starve than come?”

Another of my worst enemies I saw die

an ungodly death in an hospital; with a fearful looking forward to the day of judgment. A third one was cut to pieces by the Indians on our entrance into Lucknow, during the late Indian war. This persecution lasted for four or five years. But, bless the dear Lord, under all this, and a variety of other painful and trying circumstances, I was preserved and kept clinging to him for strength to endure hardships like a good soldier. I was enabled prayerfully and carefully to read God's word; this was my chief study; but I felt so little to understand its spiritual meaning. However, in time, truth did spring up in my mind as new mown grass; I found it true, "The entrance of God's word giveth light." In God's light poor sinners see light. "Light is sown for the upright in heart." I was of them that sat in "great darkness;" but, behold, a marvellous light sprang up within me, the Bible became a well of living water to my soul. I could not now listen to every trumpet that sounded; my soul began to be particular as to what was received. For two years nearly I felt dissatisfied with what I heard. As soldiers, belonging to an Highland regiment, we were marched to hear a minister of the Church of Scotland; but their milk and water preaching afforded my soul no comfort. While I was hearing such, I felt like David, my heart was hot within me; while I was musing upon Christ exalted at the right hand of God, with power to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins. I became dissatisfied with their preaching, and felt that I must go and see some of them. The first one I called upon, branded me as Antinomian; and that I was to be shunned as a very dangerous man. There were several professors also in the camp; but all were apparently afraid of me. Thus, as a leper, I had to go "without the camp." But the dear Lord was with me, and fed my soul upon the finest of the wheat, and good old wine, "well refined upon the lees."

About this period, the Lord again laid his afflicting hand upon me, and I became an inmate of the hospital once more. During this affliction, my soul was well fed; my dear father, and my dear wife (that now is) sent me some numbers of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, which were much blessed to my soul. When the missionaries visited the hospital they would come to converse with me; but their conversation savoured not of "the things touching the King." I could not silently listen to my precious Redeemer's blood being trampled under foot by sinful man, and our poor deeds and doings put in the place. During one of these missionary visits, the subject of infant baptism was touched upon; this kindled a spark of love in my soul to my bleeding Saviour's command, "He that believeth and is baptized

shall be saved." (Mark xvi. 16.) How could an infant at it's mother's breast "believe?" To the best of my ability, I vindicated the ordinance of believer's baptism as laid down in the New Testament. In my speaking, I mentioned the name of a person. Two poor dead enemies to God and godliness belied me to the authorities,—said what I never thought of saying. As a punishment, when I came out of the hospital, I was confined nearly three days in a cell; but I was again set at liberty. Of my two false witnesses I have seen an end:—one poor fellow was shot while we were fighting at Lucknow, and died from his wounds; the other poor man was brought to the grave with ulcers in the throat.

"Yet I have been upheld till now,
Who could hold me up but Thou?"

Out of all this the Lord liberated me, and comforted my soul. After our regiment had been at Poonah a short time, I met a minister to whom I felt some attachment, but knew not the principles he held. A short time after our acquaintance, I was baptized by him in a "run of water;" but we did not break bread together. I found out after, that he was a General Baptist; this opened my eyes, to remember Jude 3. I found his preaching did not feed my soul, but caused me to come weeping away, as Mary of old did, when she found her Lord taken away. My soul's desire being to crown the Lord with all the glory; but the Christ this man set before the people seemed to be a mutilated Christ—would save the sinner, but the sinner would not be saved. Oh, my soul could not receive this. I never yet read in the word that his arm is shortened that he cannot save. So I was again constrained to go "without the camp;" and seek for succour from the word of God itself. Here I was fed, nourished, and comforted. As opportunity offered itself, I commenced to speak of the "wonders of redeeming love" among my comrades; some would listen, others would not. The Lord by me and another brother drew one out of the waters of sin; he had been brought up a Roman Catholic; in a short time I was favoured to baptize him.

On the 7th of January, 1854, my regiment was ordered to proceed immediately to the seat of war in the Crimea. This caused my brother and fellow labourer to weep, on account of our separation, as he did not belong to the same regiment as me. But more next month. I only add,

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat his mercies in your song."

Your's in Christ,

A. BAKER.

Tunstall, Suffolk.

A THREE DAY'S HISTORY IN THE LIFE OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

By W. R. J., OF BOROUGH GREEN.

IN a corner district of the immense plain of Cilicia, which, from its richness and fertility, was called by God to be a scene of peace and plenty; and along which ran the beautiful river Cydnus, which has become a sluggish mud brook; but in the days of the apostle Paul was a wide and beautiful river, flowing through the city of Tarsus, the capital town of the province, lived the great hero of our story.

Although brought up in a Gentile city, we are not to conclude that he drank into the spirit of Gentilism; far from this, for it is clear the tone and character of his education was Jewish; there were those around him who yielded to Gentile influences, who, while they retained their nominal adherence to the faith of their fathers, drank into the creeds and refinements of the Grecian philosophy. But to this class the parents of Saul did not belong; they were ever anxious to keep alive in their son's heart the reminiscences of his fatherland, and to awaken in him zeal on behalf of her religion and her freedom, and we have reason to believe Saul was proud of her history—her privileges—her tradition—and her glowing hopes; his mind was imbued with that faith in which the patriarchs had lived and died, and we can picture how eagerly would he seize upon every question that might lead the way to the introduction of his favourite theme! How carefully would he, with his broad phylactery and flowing garments, his many fastings, and long prayers, present his ideal of piety! The impression of his mind was, that he was a Jew,—a Benjamite—a son of a Pharisee. The Pharisees were at this time the dominant sect in the Jewish church; the Sadducees, the sceptics of their day, had much of the wealth and learning of the nation; but the devotion of the Pharisees had won for them a reputation, which their opponents could not rival. That there were in this sect many earnest sincere men, who really believed that this rigid adherence to all the requirements of rabbinical tradition was true piety, cannot be questioned, and to this class Saul of Tarsus belonged.

This ardent nature which was so conspicuous after his conversion, was there in all its energy during his devotion to Judaism; never was there a more zealous member of his sect; his character was moulded after its most elaborate model; his conduct conformed to its strictest rules; his hopes were self-righteous. The high aspirations of his people had taken possession of his enthusi-

astic soul, and there were none in Jerusalem who would anticipate with more eagerness and confidence the promised advent of Messiah.

He regarded the new faith as an insult to his God, and a cruel mockery of all that he held most sacred and dear, and he resolved to employ every effort for its extinction.

The appearance of Stephen, as a teacher of these new doctrines, would tend to deepen those feelings, for he had hoped that these Nazarenes, after their attachment to Jesus had been forgotten, might become adherents of their own sect. We do not derogate from the respect due to the apostles when we say that their views were at first dark and imperfect, and that they were only enlightened by a gradual revelation of the Holy Ghost upon their hearts. The apostles were all Palestinean Jews, ardently attached to the temple. But Stephen assumed an entirely new position. A Hellenistic Jew by birth and education: he shrunk not from expounding the great doctrine of justification by faith without the deeds of the law, the truth he had spoken powerfully and freely in all the synagogues, encountering opposition on every side. There can be but little doubt that in these discussions, Saul would bear a prominent part, but vain were all his ardour and skill when combating against that mighty truth of which Stephen was the exponent; the polished weapons of logic and the sharp darts of sarcasm were alike ineffective! The truth gave to Stephen a majesty and power, which, though unwilling to confess, they could not successfully withstand; if the new doctrine was to be resisted, it must be by other means, and the arm of power must coerce where the tongue of wisdom and eloquence could not convince. What could not be accomplished by the learning of the synagogue, must be attained by the sentence of the Sanhedrim, there must this great controversy be taken, and Stephen answer for this outrage upon the religion of the nation. It was no longer a question as to the resurrection which the Pharisees might be disposed to maintain in opposition to the scoffing Sadducees; they forgot their party warfare, and remembered only that they were Jews, content for a time to merge their differences, that they might make common cause against such a foe; and when he stood before them with unshaken spirit and unwavering resolution, not to make servile submission, still less to retract an iota of his teaching; but on the

contrary, while expressing his attachment to his people to expose the sins into which they had been betrayed in all periods of their history, and to denounce the judgment of God against them because of their stubborn resistance to the Holy Ghost; their anger knew no bounds. There was no need for formal combination, or judicial sentence. For such a scoffer there could be but one doom, and with wild impetuous fury, the whole multitude rushed forth to rid the world of the guilty blasphemer.

There were the furious bigots who had been prominent in the transaction, exulting in the prospect of so terrible a vengeance upon so flagrant offender, and eagerly hastening to bear their part in its execution, there were the idlers of the city ever seeking for some novelty, and attracted by the tumult and bustle of this exciting spectacle; there were the priests urging on the people to savage violence; prominent in every group, and everywhere uttering words of bitterness and malice to inflame the passions of their listeners, and excite them to diligence in their sanguinary task. There, too, were the Sadducees frowning contemptuously on both the persecutors and their victims, content only that their original purpose was accomplished, and that an effectual blow had been administered to a sect which had breathed a new life and power into the doctrine they so intensely hated; and here and there standing aloof, or shrinking from observation, might be seen some adherent of the new faith, looking on in sadness of spirit, and waiting anxiously for the next development of priestly malice and unbridled popular rage.

But one, in all that vast assemblage, presented an aspect of undisturbed serenity; the persecutors were roused to savage madness, but the sufferer was calm, tranquil, and unruffled: a heavenly radiance sat upon his brow, and a holy peace pervaded his heart; the cries of the infuriated throng sounded in his ears, but they could not move him. Death, in its most frightful form, was before him, but it terrified not his steadfast soul! One whose love was stronger than death and mightier than hell was there to sustain and comfort him; the heavens were opened that the light from the most excellent glory might fall full upon his spirit, and as in holy rapture, he cried, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit," that first of a long band of Christian Martyrs, proved that even in death he had been more than a conqueror. The shades of evening closed around that guilty city, which had that day added another sin to her catalogue of crimes, and maintained her ancient character as a murderer of God's messengers; the multitude had dispersed to their homes; the priests were recounting with joy the events of the day;

and the disciples were weeping in secret the loss of one so honoured and beloved. But everywhere was heard the name of one who had stood prominent in these fearful scenes. Among the groups who lingered at the corner of the streets, and talked over these transactions in the conclaves of the leaders of the various parties; at the fire sides, where Jewish mothers heard with glistening eyes of this new triumph of their faith; in that morning assembly, where the Nazarenes blended their tears and prayers, the deeds of the youthful Saul were canvassed with joy on the one hand, and terror on the other. It seemed a sad day for religion that had lost her eloquent and earnest preacher, and one not less bright and promising for that ancient system which had called forth a champion worthy of her happiest times. The rich and poor, the Pharisee and Sadducee, were loud in praise of the rising zealot and everything seemed to augur for him a career of high distinction. The path was already open for Saul to the most exalted honours which a Jew could receive from the rulers of his people, and he was determined to preserve the character which he had already won; it seems he was a member of the Sanhedrim, for he says, (Acts xxvi. 10.) "I gave my voice against them." An honour which it is not improbable had been bestowed upon him in consequence of his services at the time of Stephen's death; and well did he vindicate the confidence thus reposed in him. The death of Stephen was but the prelude to a fierce and indiscriminating persecution which was directed against the followers of Jesus. The church which had been in that internal concord, which had been secured by the appointment of the deacons to compose those disputes between the Hellenistic and Jewish widows, which had threatened to divide the infant community, and in the rapid progress of the truth by means of the preaching of the Word, was suddenly and widely dispersed, and its members exposed to great personal jeopardy. Some were cast into prison, others banished from the city, and others put to death; there was no respect paid to age or sex; the old man who had rejoiced in his declining years to find the "consolation of Israel," was waiting in patience for the coming of his Lord; the youth who had embraced the gospel with all the characteristic ardour of the young and buoyant; and the timid woman whom love to Christ had taught to become a heroine in his cause, were all involved in the same fate, and among the cruel emissaries of persecution, none was more conspicuous for activity and determination than Saul. Every religious principle; every patriotic sentiment; every ambitious hope within him were stirred up and stimulated him to zeal in his work. In every Nazarene

he saw an enemy to his religion; a traitor to his country; a blasphemer of his God; and to pity such would be to share in their treason. He steeled his heart therefore to every generous emotion; and ever intent on deeds of blood hurried from city to city, to prosecute what he deemed his holy mission. The populous city of Damascus, had received some of the fugitives whom the persecution had driven from Jerusalem, and the gospel had already begun to make some converts there. When the attention of the Sanhedrim was drawn to it, and they resolved to employ their influence with Aretas the king, for the purpose of preventing its further advance for the execution of such a commission, none seemed so fit an instrument as one who had already rendered such signal services, and they evinced their high appreciation of Saul's fidelity and skill, by entrusting to him—despite his youth—this important work. Eagerly did Saul accept the honour, and he left Jerusalem, attended by the earnest sympathies of all true adherents of the Mosaic law, and many fondly hoped he would be able to extinguish the heresy at Damascus, as at Jerusalem.

There were no signs of relenting, he was still "breathing out threatening and cruelty." But the time was coming when his heart should be softened, his whole views changed, and his spirit brought into meek subjection to that Saviour whose cause he hated, and whose people he sought to destroy. The journey had well nigh been accomplished, the travellers had already reached the vast labyrinth of gardens and groves which stretch for miles around Damascus, and the towers of the city were full in view. The full beams of the eastern sun fell in all their brightness and power upon the company of persecutors as filled with thoughts of vengeance they pursued their way; when, suddenly a light transcending, even the sun's meridian splendour shone round about their path. Overpowered and astonished, the whole company fell prostrate to the earth; but to Saul alone the glorified form of the

Son of man was revealed; and on his ears alone fell the solemn yet gracious words of mingled rebuke and appeal, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" Trembling and conscience-stricken, the now humbled Pharisee exclaims, "Who art thou, Lord?" only to find from the answer, "I am Jesus whom thou persecutest," that he had in truth been fighting against God himself. He rose from the ground a saddened, troubled, penitent man; the spell by which he had been bound was at last broken; the barriers of prejudice behind which he had fortified himself, were thrown down, and as, blind, and feeble, he sought the aid of his companions to lead him to Damascus, his heart was agitated with anguish and remorse for the past, with anxiety and hope for the future. How in his hours of melancholy but instructive solitude would memory call up the form of martyred Stephen, as the mild beamings of his eye rested upon him while he stood forth to bear the clothes of the perjured witness, and encourage others in the work of blood. How would he reproach himself for the fearful infatuation that had urged him onward in the persecution of so holy, so meek, so forgiving man of God! How sincere was then his contrition! How earnest his petition for mercy, and how great his joy when at last the messenger of God came to instruct him in the ways of the Lord. It was then he was able to shake himself from the bonds of superstition to which he had so long been fettered. From that hour the motto of his life was, "For me to live is Christ." Truly these were three memorable days in the life of Paul, and (if we except the three days spent in the new tomb in Joseph's garden,) the most wonderful in the history of the church and the world; and in after life, how fervent was the gratitude which led him in view of the wonderful contrast between the violence of the persecutor and the zeal of the apostle which his life afforded to exclaim, "By the grace of God, I am what I am."

THE

VOICE OF THE INTERPRETER TOUCHING THE MYSTERY.

"BEGOT."—God the Father *begat* his divine Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, by an eternal, necessary, and natural generation, which implies no production of essence or personality, nor posterity, inferiority, or dependence in the Son; but the manner hereof is conceivable only to infinite wisdom, and it is *presumption in any to pretend to investigate or explain it*. "I will declare the decree: the LORD hath said unto me, thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee." Psalm. ii. 7.

BROWN.

GENERATION.—This word derived from the same root is much the same as the preceding word genealogy. As it relates to the common act of man in the circumstances of descent from father to son, I should not have thought it needful to have detained the reader with a single observation; but in relation to the Son of God, *as God*, it becomes of infinite importance as an article of faith, that we should have the clearest apprehension which the subject will admit. Here, therefore, I beg the reader's close attention to it.

The Scriptures in many places have said so much in defining the person of the Father and of the Son, as distinctions in the God-head, that there can be nothing rendered more certain, and as an article of faith to the believer, none is more important. But while this is held forth to us in this view as a point most fully to be believed, God the Holy Ghost hath in no one passage, as far as I can recollect, pointed out to the Church the mode of existence, or explained how the Son of God is the Son, and the Father is the Father, in the eternity of their essence and nature. Perhaps it is impossible to explain the vast subject to creatures of our capacities. Perhaps nothing finite can comprehend what is infinite. The doctrine of the *eternal generation* of the Son of God is therefore proposed as an article demanding our implicit faith and obedience; and here the subject rests.

But while this doctrine of the *eternity* of the Son of God in common with the Father, is held forth to us in the Scripture as a most *certain truth*, though unexplained, because all our faculties are not competent to the explanation of it, the Holy Ghost hath been very explicit in teaching the church how to understand the phrases in his sacred Word, where the Son of God, when standing up as the Mediator and Head of his church before all worlds, is called the "first begotten Son, and the only begotten of the Father" full of grace and truth. All these and the like phrases wholly refer to the Son of God, in his humbling himself as our Redeemer and Mediator, the God-man in one Person, Christ Jesus; *then begotten to this great design*; the first in all Jehovah's purposes for salvation. Here we cannot be at a loss to have the clearest apprehension; because they refer to his office character. Hence all those titles are very plain. "He is the head of his body the church," Eph. i. 22. "The Head of Christ is God," 1 Cor. ii. 3. "He is JEHOVAH'S servant," Isa. xlii. 1. "And his Father is greater than He," John xiv. 28. "And God is the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ," Eph. i. 17. All these and numberless expressions of the like nature, wholly refer to the Son of God as Christ; and have no respect to his eternal nature and God-head abstracted from his office-character as Mediator. And I cannot in this place help expressing my wish that the writers of commentaries on the word of God had kept this proper distinction, when speaking of the Lord Jesus, between his eternal nature and essence, *as Son of God, which is every where asserted, but no where explained*, and his office-character as God-man Mediator, the Christ of God, which is fully revealed. The Scriptures have done it. And it would have been a proof of Divine teaching, if all writers upon the Scriptures

had done the same. Our Almighty Saviour, in a single verse, hath shewn it, when he saith, Matt. ii. 27, "No man knoweth the Son but the Father;" that is, knoweth him as Son of God, knoweth him *in his Sonship as God*, one with the Father, and impossible to be so known but by God himself. "And it is in this sense also, that it is said, "No man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which lay in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him," Jno. i. 18, that is, no man hath seen God, as God, in his three-fold character of Person, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. But when he, who lay in the bosom of the Father came forth in our nature, and revealed him as the Father, and himself *as the Son, equal in the eternity of their nature as God*; then the glorious truth was explained. Then was it understood, that the Father as Father and the Son, as Son, *were from all eternity the same*; their existence the same; their nature the same; the Father not being the Father but in the same instant as the Son the Son; for the name of one in the relationship implies the other, and the eternity of the one including the eternity of the other also, so that both in union with the Holy Ghost, from the one eternal undivided JEHOVAH, which was, and is, and is to come.

These words are from DR. HAWKER.
Stepney, 1860.

WM. C.

MEMOIR OF MARIA MARSH.

DIED at Over, Cambridgeshire, Maria Marsh, of consumption, August 8th 1860.—The subject of this memoir was born of God-fearing parents, her father having been Deacon of the church in this place for many years, and the Lord has honored his children beyond most families in calling them by his grace, one after another, thus proving the power of prayer and example—combined with the Lord's blessing. The dear departed dates her first impressions, (taken from her own hand-writing) in childhood. She says, From my earliest recollections I believe I have felt some love to God, for I remember when quite a child, feeling that I was a sinner, and if I did not love God I must perish with the wicked; and that He was angry with me for my pride and inwrought evil that I felt lurking within my heart. This led me to read the Bible and try to pray: but alas! I sinned and repented again and again. The first gleam of hope I had under a sense of sin, came through hearing a sermon preached by Mr. Wyard, from the words 'I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than dwell in the tents of wickedness,' but Satan was permitted to harass me much, and my own unbelief at times made me afraid it was all a delusion, yet I felt confi-

dent nothing but Christ and his precious blood could cleanse and comfort me; and truly my soul has fed most blessedly under the word; especially when at Chichester—there one Lord's-day afternoon, I was much depressed in spirit, and my feelings such as I cannot fully describe; but in retirement, presently such a light broke in upon my soul as I had never felt before. I was for a time as if realizing that happiness which the people of God hope to realize when they have done with this sinful-self and world, even eternal felicity and rest, in short, I felt as if conversing with the Holy One; these were the words that came with such power "Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee." Again and again they were repeated, and I felt like the Christian in Bunyan's Pilgrim, when the burden fell from off his back; relieved of a great weight, I said aloud, What! this spoken to me Lord? The answer was, Fear not; 'tis I, the Lord. From this time I began to feel that I knew something about the new birth, and seeing baptism to be the scriptural way, had they have been Baptists where I met, I should have gone forward then; but they being Huntingtonians, I was kept back for a time and the work was sorely tried, and Satan tried all kinds of things to depress and make me fear that I was not right; but was often favoured to hear the word with power and consolation. Baptism being again laid upon my mind and a feeling of the Lord's displeasure for not attending to the ordinance, I resolved to open my mind to my parents and offer myself to the church which I did and was unanimously received and baptized by Mr. Bull, the pastor, and most blessedly did I realize the promise given to me previous to my baptism, viz., When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee. &c.,

The foregoing is an abridged account from her own pen. After being baptized she married a God-fearing man of the same faith and order, and removed some distance from Over, and at times was much favoured under the word and at the ordinance; but in God's mysterious dealings, after a short time fell a victim to rapid consumption, and although having been so much blessed yet at times during her affliction would say, Oh! the distress of my soul, I am deceived and have been deceiving others." But the Lord was entreated at a throne of grace: Satan and unbelief were banished, and her Lord's gracious presence was enjoyed, but not being given with utterance to express what she enjoyed, and being too ill to converse much, we could only gather a little at times such as all earthly ties were severed; the sting of death was gone, and she could truly say, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly." She asked a friend to read the hymn beginning,

"Oh! I shall soon be dying."

Two days before she departed this life agonizing distress again seized her mind, as though the conflict would endure till the last; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.

When the change took place for death she had her brothers and sisters around her bed, and in the most solemn manner addressed them upon the realities of eternity, and expressed a wish that they should sing "Rock of ages," exclaiming in the full assurance of faith, her Saviour was near, no sin, no fear or condemnation. With evident desire to say much, had not the vital spark fled and ushered her into the silent tomb, where her mortal remains were deposited on Lord's-day afternoon, and her funeral sermon preached in the evening by Mr. Bull, from her own words, which the Lord had blessed to her soul; "In my Father's house are many mansions, &c." M. J.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE.

"A garden inclosed is my Sister, my Spouse,"—Canticles 4. 12.

Lines composed after hearing a sermon preached from the above words by Mr. J. Bennett, at Enon Chapel, Chatham, on Lord's-day morning, July 8th 1860.

A GARDEN enclosed is my love,
My Sister, my Spouse, my delight,
With fragrance bestowd from above
And beauties enchanting the sight.
This garden was formerly part
Of that which encircles it round,
Where the sun its bright beams never dart,
And the shadow of death may be found.
Mine eye from eternity saw,
My heart from eternity chose,
That spot so corrupted before,
But where every bright virtue now grows,
Deep down in its bosom I ploughed,
With afflictions I harrowed it sore;
But, as one under gardener avowed,
'Twas to heighten its glory the more.
I tend to my garden by day,
I watch and preserve it by night,
To keep every spoiler away,
And shelter my plants from the blight.
And lest any evil betide,
An inclosure I've placed all around;
And those plants shall for ever abide
That within this inclosure are found.
My love, like a river is seen,
Encircling my garden around,
Wide and deep it flows onward, between
His spot and the waste desert ground.
From the womb of my love there outgoes,
A pure sea of blood all abroad;
Bringing life, joy, and comfort to those
Who bathe in the blood of their Lord.
Thus surrounded by love and by blood,
By God's mighty power and His Word,
Which, of old, the inspired man of God
Said, 'twas sharp as a two-edged sword:—
In spite of dire foemen who lurk,
All around, and who seek to get in,
Yet, all things together shall work
For good to those sheltered within.
My chosen I bring to my word,
My power within them is seen
'Neath the blood of their crucified Lord
I plunge them and bring them forth clean,
Then, in the full transport of love,
They dwell in their destined abode,
Till I shall transplant them above,
To bloom in the presence of God. E. C.

IN MEMORY

OF A BELOVED MOTHER.

In Heaven's celestial glorious plains,
 Where the Redeemer lives and reigns,
 Ten thousand saints, adoring stand,
 And praise resounds through Canaan's land;
 The anthems they triumphant swell,
 Are glory to Immanuel,
 Who shed His sacred, precious blood,
 To bring lost sinners home to God.
 His wondrous life their songs employ,
 And heaven is filled with sacred joy,
 By his good Spirit thither brought,
 And by so rich a ransom bought,
 Anew their golden harps they ply,
 The chorus swells through all the sky.
 Caught up by the angelic host,
 Who God's preserving mercy boast,
 The heavenly hills surround the song,
 And roll the mighty-tide along.
 But oh! we mortals cannot guess
 The glories of that world of bliss
 Where our best things as nought they hold,
 And e'en their streets are paved with gold.
 Many whom once I loved below,
 Have passed from this dark vale of woe,
 Have joined the happy host washed train,
 And sing the *Lamb* that once was slain.
 But *one* among that happy choir,
 Who strikes the harp and tunes the lyre,
 My fancy fondly hovers near,
 As her triumphant song I hear,
 'Tis bursting forth in loudest strains
 To him who saved from endless pains,
 Who led her feet in wisdom's ways,
 And there preserved her all her days.
 My mother's happy spirit blest,
 Finds in her Saviour's bosom rest.
 And did we of His goodness fail to tell,
 Of mercy broader—deeper far than hell,
 The very stones a powerful voice might raise,
 And hide our sinful tardiness to praise.
 In early life her prayerful parents led,
 Her feet the sacred house of God to tread,
 And there His blessing He vouchsafed to give,
 And bid her seek His face that she might live.
 Called thus by grace—by grace she was sustain'd
 And though by sin and Satan often pain'd,
 The mercy-seat, her refuge well she knew,
 And to its sacred shrine for comfort drew,
 The word sweet consolation did afford,
 And in her memory was most deeply stored.
 She lov'd to ponder o'er its sacred page,
 Its glorious truths did warmest thoughts engage.
 Her earnest fervent prayers are fill'd in heaven,
 And can we doubt the answer shall be given?
 Offer'd by her, but by the Spirit taught,
 To the Great Intercessor they were brought,
 And the sweet perfume of His precious blood,
 Shall cause them to avail with Thee, oh! God;
 E'en when on earth Thou favor'd'st her to see,
 Thy blessing on her rising family,
 Her first born son with heavenly ardour fir'd,
 And with celestial love to souls inspir'd,
 At Jesus' side he fearless took his stand,
 To preach His Gospel in a distant land.
 Oh! may Thy Spirit ever with him be,
 Enabling him to speak alone of Thee,
 And gladly tell to Abraham's sorrowing race,
 Of God's pure love and everlasting grace,
 Departed Saint! how great would be thy joy,
 To cheer him in that favour'd lov'd employ,
 But thou art gone thy Saviour's face to view,
 And we are left to tread the desert through.
 Dear Lord! our earnest prayer to Thee shall be
 That we may follow, as she follow'd Thee,
 Grant that Thy grace may all our hearts renew,
 And may we prove Thee God our Father too.
 Unite us in the bond of love divine,
 And thus as Christians may we live and shine,

Till death's dark valley, one by one we tread,
 Each bow the sinking, aching, weary head,
 To rise immortal in a world of bliss,
 To love and see the Saviour as He is,
 There cloth'd in holiness our sins forgiven,
 We hope to meet a family in heaven.

JEMIMA FENNER, 1860.

"THE FRUIT OF THE VINE."

DEAR EDITOR,—It appears to me, that the celebration of the "Supper" is the most solemn and delightful act of worship, in which it is the privilege of believers to engage; consequently, nothing should be allowed to transpire to mar the sacred feast, nor should anything be permitted to obtain either as to the elements used, or the observance itself, which might be calculated to detract from its original simplicity and glory. "A constant reader" evidently betrays a fear, lest this should have been the case in relation to the wine used by some of the churches; in this feeling I deeply sympathize. The precious blood of Christ is not to be represented by anything inferior or vile, and it is a fact generally known that common wines (so called), are a deleterious compound, quite unfit for the human constitution, without a drop of the real juice of the grape, and unworthy a place upon the table of the Lord. If we take "the Book" for our guide, I venture to think that we shall have slight difficulty in reaching a satisfactory conclusion to the whole matter. It is worthy of special remark, that the word "wine" is never mentioned in the Sacred Record, either in the Institution of the Supper by our Lord or in referring to it by the apostle Paul. See Matt. xxvi. 27; Luke xxii. 20; 1 Cor. ii. 25: One thing is however certain, "he took the cup" and it contained a portion of the "fruit of the vine;" Matt. xxvi. 29. So far, we have no difficulty; it was the fruit of the vine our Lord and Master employed to represent his own blood. But was it pure or adulterated? Was it fermented or unfermented? Every Bible-reader will know that on the solemn occasion of the Passover, they were required to put away leaven out of their houses. I am aware that bread only is specially mentioned, and most probably the only drink of the oppressed people in the land of Egypt would be water. It is, however, quite clear from Jewish history, and the way of that people, even to the present day, that the prohibition extended to the cup also, in their judgment, for they still use the simple juice of the grape in the great Feast. It matters not that the obvious conclusion is antagonistic to established usage, let the "Word" speak, and give tradition, usage, and human authority to the winds. Let not the churches who are poor, grieve because they cannot obtain the wines used by their more wealthier brethren; it is generally supposed that the poorest, and best offered for sale in our country are fearfully adulterated, and always contain a fiery spirit, which renders them totally unfit for the purpose required. Let a "constant reader" ask some old Israelite how he procures the "Passover wine," and if I am not greatly mistaken, he will soon find that there is "a more excellent way" than that commonly practised. More might be said, but I will not now further trespass upon your valuable space. Wishing you success in the name of the Lord, I am, in the hope of the Gospel, yours truly,

ISAAC.

A TRIP FROM LONDON TO IRELAND.

FRANCIS WILLS, the laborious pastor of Kingsgate Street Chapel, Holborn, has spent another month in Ireland, and a beautiful description of his journey, and of his labours, there, is just published in a neat two-penny pamphlet, entitled, "*Ireland's Future Evangelization*," &c., &c. In the space of 24 pages you have one of the sweetest descriptions of Ireland, its scenery; its revivals; its people, &c., we have ever read. Brother Francis Wills will have the thanks of tens of thousands for this very excellent little work. His labours among the Irish must be followed by a rich reward.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

RECOGNITION OF MR. THURSTON, AT CROYDON.

In giving you a brief outline of the services held here on Tuesday, Sept. 4th, for the purpose of recognizing Mr. J. Thurston as the pastor of our church, we can only give an imperfect sketch, being obliged to write from memory; not having taken notes at the time.

The morning service commenced by Mr. G. Moyle stating the nature of a gospel church, founding his remarks upon 1 Peter ii. 5; "a Spiritual House," showing the house or church of God to be a spiritual edifice, composed of believing men and women: it being utterly impossible for any others than those who are born of the Spirit of God to form any part of this house; a carnal person never did and never could be a part of God's house; any person once vitally in the church cannot by any possible means be separated from the church; removed from one part of the visible church to another they may, but go out of the church they cannot: their union is a spiritual one, and lasting as eternity. This house is built upon the foundation of the prophets and apostles, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone, in whom all the building fitly framed groweth into an holy temple in the Lord. It is a house having laws, ordinances, &c., &c; a well conducted house.

Mr. Hanks then called upon one of the Deacons to state the leadings of providence, in bringing our brother Thurston among us. This having been replied to, Mr. H. then called upon Mr. Thurston to state his call by grace, to the work of the ministry, the doctrines he intended to preach, and the leadings of providence in bringing him to Croydon. To which Mr. Thurston replied as follows:—

CALL BY GRACE.

I cannot say as some are favoured to say, that I was: born of godly parents. From the age of fourteen to eighteen, I seldom attended a place of worship on the Sabbath, but more frequently a public house, or walking the fields, till I became ashamed of myself. I said to one of my companions, "This won't do any longer; I am determined to give this up and go to some place of worship." I took a sitting where the truth was preached by Mr. Dowling, now of Vandrieman's Land. I heard the gospel preached for some five years, but knew nothing of its power. About six and twenty years ago, the Lord visited me with a severe affliction, which lasted ten weeks; it was thought it would terminate in death, but the Lord had determined otherwise. During this affliction, I became solemnly concerned about my state as a sinner before God. A few months after, the Lord took away a dear sister by cholera, that was then raging in Colchester: that was a solemn event to me, feeling concerned about my own soul. Mr. Dowling had now left, and the pulpit was supplied by different ministers from London, and other places; a Mr. Blane frequently supplied, under whose ministry, I received some encouragement, but was often perplexed in my mind, because I could not find that I had all the marks and evidences that were spoken of, though I believed I had some. At length Mr. Brocklehurst became the settled pastor; he preached the precious person and love of Christ in such a way that I could at times say,

"Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;"

though at other times I had many fears that the work of grace was not begun in my soul. One sabbath morning, I took up a little book, the title was "Remember Me." The author was shewing how far a person might go in a profession of religion, and yet be deceived; he went so far as to say that he might dwell with rapture on the love of a Savi-

our;—when I went to chapel, Mr. Brocklehurst was upon the same subject. Our being very intimate together, I thought he was preaching personally to me, and telling me what he thought of me. I was so distressed, I could not hold my head up in the pew; but tried to hide myself, so that he should not see me. I told him of it afterwards, he said, "No, John; I had no reference to you; I have always thought different of you." This relieved my mind. He continued to preach Christ, till the Lord was pleased to work faith in me, and enable me to lay hold of Christ as my Saviour and Redeemer. At length, my mind became much exercised about joining the church. I felt such a love to the brethren, and these words dwelt very much upon my mind, "Come, in thou blessed of the Lord, wherefore standest thou without?" I was received into the church, where I stood a member for about sixteen years. Since that time, I have had to learn much of myself as a sinner; and I trust I know something of a precious Christ and his precious salvation.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

Being a member and a Deacon of the church some years, I often conducted the prayer meetings and Sabbath mornings, and sometimes made some remarks while reading the chapter. One of our members was a preacher to whom I was well known; after preaching morning and afternoon at different places, he sometimes came to hear Mr. Brocklehurst in the evening. One Sabbath evening, I was standing in the chapel yard, when he came to me and said, "John, I want you to go with me to Hockesley next Sunday." I said, "What for?" "To preach to the people," he replied, "I speak to the people?" I said, "yes," he said: "I am getting old, and I think you can speak." My mind was very much exercised about it all the week; "speak to the people," followed me where ever I went. I cried to the Lord and said, "Lord, what does this mean?" I asked him to direct me if it was his will to make it plain. On the following Saturday, I saw my aged friend again. He said, "Well, John, have you thought any more about what I said to you?" I replied, "I thought a great deal about it." "What say you to go." "Well I don't mind going once." I went into the pulpit, and read the 17th chapter of John, making a few remarks. I took my text, "I am the way." I felt such liberty of soul, and the Lord gave me a door of utterance, that after I had done, the friends asked me to go again. I said, "I cannot say anything about that." The next Sabbath my friend preached at Mauntings. He named me to the friends, and they wished me to go and speak to them. I did; and they wished me to go again. My old friend said, "You had better name it to the church, and get their sanction." I did, and it was agreed I should preach before the church. When I had so done Mr. Brocklehurst said, "Our brother is at liberty to go wherever the Lord shall open a door for him." The friends at Mauntings wrote for me to go for three months; but some of the members said they wanted me at home, as I was a Deacon, and led the singing, but one brother said if the Lord has a work for our brother to do he must do it; thus it was agreed I should go. I went for several months, till one Saturday evening Mr. Brocklehurst came to me, and I said, "John, you must go to Mersea; the minister there has committed himself, and the friends do not like that he should preach any more at present. I went to Mersea for several weeks till the minister said he should take the pulpit, again. The people were not willing he should; but however he got into the pulpit, and would not leave it.

they wanted me to preach outside the chapel I said, "No, I don't like opposition in this matter; when one said, my master told me we might have his barn; we went to the barn, leaving the minister to preach to a few children. I continued to preach in the barn several weeks, till Mr. Brockiehurst came to me and said, "John, you must be off to Harwich, the church there is destitute of a minister." I went. When I had done the Deacons said to me, "Well brother, the Lord has done great things for you, you must come again." I said, "I don't know anything about that." I went again, and they gave me a call with a view to the pastorate. I told them I would not take the pastorate, but I would preach to them as long as they could receive my ministry. I preached twelve months, till they wished me to reside amongst them; and I removed to Harwich, where I continued five years, and then went to Halstead, where I preached four years and a half. Mr. Bloomfield preached our anniversary sermon in April, 1859. At the close of the service, I said to him, "Can you get me a Sunday or two in London as I have three Sabbaths to spare?" He said, "I don't know; I am going to Croydon, I will name it to them. I received an invitation to preach at Croydon; after I had preached, the Deacons asked me if I was moveable. I said, "No, I am comfortable." The second Sabbath I preached, they asked the same question, but still I could not say I was at liberty. I thought the matter over, and made it a matter of prayer to the Lord. I considered there was a larger field for usefulness. I at last said, "Let me know the mind of the church." A paper was drawn up and fifty four members signed, inviting me for twelve months with a view to the pastorate. I accepted it; after preaching eight months, I received an invitation to accept the pastorate, which I have done.

After singing and prayer closed the morning service.

In the afternoon, Mr. Bloomfield gave the charge, taking for his text Colossians iv. 17, "Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord," &c.; pressing particularly upon the attention of the pastor the importance of Christ having a most prominent place in the Christian ministry; he being the foundation of all true religion, and especially the work of the Holy Spirit, without whose Divine influence preaching, hearing, and reading were alike in vain.

In the evening, Mr. Wyard preached to the church and congregation. He said, as this was an extraordinary service he should take an extraordinary course, and adopt two texts as the basis of his remarks: Hebrews xiii. 7, and 17th verses, and gave some good sound practical advice, which both minister and people would do well to follow. Altogether it was a very happy day, the attendance good; the friends seemed to have but one feeling, and that was, that the cause might increase under our brother's ministry, and that peace and prosperity might follow the services of the day. W. K.

The history of the church as read on the occasion, will be given next month.

THE HARVEST, AND THE

HEAVENS WITHIN THE KINGDOM OF GRACE.

(A Note to Mr. Beard, of Dunmow, in Essex.)

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—You were instrumental in giving me a walk from your township of Dunmow to the more populous town of Bishop-Stortford, whence I took train for London: and in my own curacy delivered another word to the people whom, in the Lord, I love. I thank you for allowing the "bus to go without me; I had a warm walk of nearly eight miles, through corn-fields, parks, meadows, and hamlets, which greatly helped my mind in meditation. I saw harvest-men in all directions, cutting down the ripened corn, and binding it in sheaves ready for the garner. I had not walked more than three miles before I saw streams of wo-

men, girls, and children, who had been gleanng, and gathering up the fragments left behind. I asked one venerable dame, if the reapers had "let fall some handfuls on purpose for her?" She said, "No. They were covetous, and would not allow them any if they could help it. I could not bear that "Boaz" lived in those parts. I asked another ancient lady if there was a "Ruth" among them? She said, "Oh, yes, there is;" and a little word or two on man's sinfulness and God's goodness passed between us, and onward I went. The sight of the Church, the pastor's cot, the reapers, the gleaners, the smiling heavens, the splendid trees, and a little feeling sense of the amazing mercies of our heavenly Father, all gave a buoyancy to my spirits, and if I had been born a poet, I really think I should have written some descriptive lines on the glorious wonders of Nature now singing on every side—

"The hand that made us is Divine."

But as I have no poetic genius, I was obliged to content myself by scribbling this little bit of doggerel:—

As I pass'd by the Church
Of Tately's pretty scene,
And view'd the pastor's cot
All cover'd o'er with green,—
(The gleaners from the fields
Were fast returning home,
While Nature warmly smil'd
From heaven's delightful dome,)—
A voice within me spake,
I heard it softly say—
"With you it SHALL BE WELL
IN GOD'S MOST HOLY WAY."
This made me leap for joy;
And onward press along,
Hoping at length I might
Sing that most blessed song—
"The Saviour died for me."

The 103rd Psalm was very nice and sweet to me especially those words, "And all that is within me bless his holy name." How happy those moments are when truly we can exclaim,—"Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name!" O, the Gospel! It is a door of grace indeed. Pilgrim as I was—weary and faint as I began to feel—the Gospel, like a good Samaritan by the way, said to me—

Here's rest and food
For all the good;
A kind word for the poor;
They all shall find
Who are inclin'd
A welcome at my door.

The word, "All that is within me, bless his holy name," led to a more permanent and profitable reflection. I said, here are three things. 1, These words imply that there are good things, divine and holy powers, dwelling in the true believer—"All that is WITHIN ME." 2, These powers, although of heavenly origin, are sometimes dormant, and have need to be stirred up. 3rd, Here is the exercise of grace which the grateful feelings of a gracious heart demand—"Bless his holy name." Look at these things for one moment. They appear to me to throw light upon a path where only Christians tread. There are principles and powers within the believer capable of rendering praise to God's most holy name; but what are they? There is a soul truly quickened into life; there is a heart which was hard and bound up in the frozen regions of delusion; this has been broken, bruised, and made to bleed; this has been pierced, pained, and made to groan; this has been melted, re-modelled, bound up, and blest with the aboundings of love and mercy; so that it has been truly baptized in that river, "the streams whereof make glad the city of God." There is the conscience, too: once it was seared, hardened, callous; it raised no voice against any evil committed; it persuaded the Pharisee he was better than other men; and made Saul of Tarsus think he was doing God service even when leading

the saints to prison and to death. A seared and hardened conscience is a dreadfully dangerous lock-up of all the inward powers of man; but when Life enters into the soul, and raises it from the dead; when Love—Eternal Love—beams upon the heart, then a purifying flood of light runs through all the chambers of the conscience, and it awakes to a discovery of the holiness, the righteousness, the justice of God—it opens its piercing eyes upon the inexpressibly awful nature of sin; and this conscience being connected with all the other parts of the inner man, like an electric flash, it runs through the whole of the vital kingdom: the soul is alarmed—the heart is made to weep tears of penitential grief—fears of death and hell break up the dreams of a delusive peace, and pangs of horror now set the man a-crying, "Men and brethren, WHAT MUST WE DO?" In some favoured hour this unhappy state of things is ended, by a realization of that which the poet so beautifully refers to when he says—

"Ere since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

Dear brother Beard,—I must not lengthen this by fully going through the beauties of those words which helped me on my eight miles walk, and from which I have since endeavoured to speak. I have written this note while going to and returning from Sheerness, yesterday (Sep. 12th.) I shot down there—preached in Zion—and this morning am running home as fast as possible to resume my labours there.

The County of Kent now looks beautiful; except the hop-gardens—poor things! poor things!—they look to me as though they were clothed in black, and had sat down in despair. You must forgive the comparison; but, really your once happy Gospel garden in Dunmow, and these hop-gardens in Kent, appear to me too much alike. I understand you have had several candidates for the pastorate there; I shall be truly glad if that venerable sire which "The Watchman on the Walls" is about to send you proves to be a man after the Lord's own heart, and a preacher of Christ's Gospel into your hearts.

We are near the great City, and must conclude. I did as you wished me; called and dined at friend Phipps, at Bishop Stortford; and I thought as that town is so thoroughly destitute of the Gospel of Christ, I would gladly some time or other, stand on the Corn Exchange, and there declare the truth with all my powers.

There are a great many good men—like our friend Phipps—who complain of having no Truth in their town, yet they seem to make no effort to obtain it. I never can visit a district where they assure me there is no Truth, but I feel a feeble desire there to open my mouth, if the blessed Lord would open the way. Forgive your's in the faith,
C. W. B.

A LETTER FROM MR. J. WELLS TO C. W. BANKS.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—As your engagement to preach at the Surrey Tabernacle on the morning and in the evening of Lord's day, August 26th, was (by my returning from the country a week earlier than was expected,) set aside, and some remarks have been thereon made, tending to your and to my detriment; I think in justice to you, as well as justice to myself, some little explanation thereof ought to be given; and the matter stands thus: that towards the middle of August, a list of the ministers for that month was sent by the Deacons into the country to me, in which list I saw your name; and was glad to see it there. I wrote to you, expressing my desire that you might feel at home at the Surrey Tabernacle; and that you and the people might have a good day. I laid the list of minister's names aside; but on Lord's day, 19th of August, I felt very much better in my health, and it being just upon eight weeks since I last preached, I, all of a sudden on the morning of the 19th, felt an irresistible im-

pulse come upon me, that I ought to be at home; that I was now so far restored, that it was sinful to be doing nothing; and as the service of God is next to my personal salvation—the very delight of my existence—and as my heart and soul were with the people at the Surrey Tabernacle; as they were never out of my thoughts, nor out of my earnest desires to the Lord for his choicest blessing to rest upon them; and as their kindness to me has been beyond all praise, I fell in with the impulse, and off I ran directly at half-past nine on Sunday morning to the Railway Station, and sent a telegraphic message to one of the Deacons, to say that I was well; and that I should be at home to preach the next Sunday; but I did not at the moment give it a thought who the minister was whose engagement would be thus set aside, but when I returned to my lodgings and looked at the list, I saw you were the minister engaged for the 26th; the day I intended to be at home. I immediately wrote to you, apprising you of the same; and you wrote a very kind and Christian letter in reply. Thus far, I thought no harm was done; nor did I dream of any possible harm that could arise from such a circumstance. But presently you sent a letter to Mr. Butt, one of the Deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, wherein you shew that ministers and professors were putting all sorts of constructions upon it, saying that Wells would not let Banks preach for him, and one minister had said, he heard me say you should not preach for me. I never held such a sentiment concerning you; therefore I must leave that minister to explain himself.

Hearing of this unkind assumption, that I would not let you preach at the Surrey Tabernacle, I felt it was important that I should the very first morning, in order to set matters right, explain from the pulpit how it was I was come a week before my time, which explanation I gave in the presence of seventeen or eighteen hundred people. I think I never saw the place more crowded on any Sunday evening than it was on the morning of the 26th of August. I dare not here attempt to describe—nay, I could not describe what my feelings were. I felt overwhelmed and confused with solemn delight to witness such a practical demonstration of their delight to see their minister again restored to health, and again in his place; that morning I think I never can forget; but this did not hinder my anxiety to shew to that assembly, that had it been any other minister, it would have been the same (except one*). I here repeat that I had no objection, I have no objection whatever to your preaching in my pulpit. The sermon of that morning would have been published, but my reporter was from home; you obtained a reporter, but the manuscript did not reach me until Thursday morning, I then considered it too late, and besides my feelings were so overcome that morning, that I could not go straight on; the sermon was made up of odds and ends, and could hardly hang together; so that when I saw the manuscript, I made up my mind not to publish it.

I hope I have said enough to assure the hard-working and kind-hearted Editor of the VESSEL, that James Wells has no reason whatever against him, nor any objection for Charles Waters Banks to preach in Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit whenever an opportunity may occur.

The Deacons felt that as you had engaged a supply for Unicorn Yard for that day, that you were entitled to the two pounds for the day, the same as though you had preached. That sum has been offered to you, but which you have declined to accept, but from what motive you declined accepting it, I must leave you to explain.

The kindness of ministers in preaching for me, and the solemn and prayerful concern of many churches for my restoration, has been far beyond all I could have expected; I feel I am indeed their debtor, and hope ever to esteem them highly in Christian love for their work's sake.

But, Mr. Editor, you say you have many enemies. Well, of course you have. Why how in the world

* Mr. John Foreman.

can you expect to come out with your 8000-tongued Vessel every month, making a noise all over the world, and yet have no enemies? If you get one friend to a hundred enemies think yourself well off, and do not fear where no fear is. Why, see how they set upon me even in my little way. When I get a little up out of Galilee, see how even many of the brethren set upon me; call me to order, and say I am going too far; but nevertheless, I still love the hill country, and hope yet to go higher. Why we should not get on half so well if we were not well belied, misrepresented, reviled, and called by all sorts of ugly names. Why all this tends to keep us alive, drives us to the throne of grace, and to the promise of our God; so then let brotherly love continue. Your's sincerely in New Testament ties,

J. WELLS.

6, St. George's Place, Brixton Road, London.
Sept. 11th, 1860.

[Our brother James Wells has, of his own free will, sent us the above, which we print; intending to make some remarks on it next month; in which also we hope to acknowledge the sweet mercy of the Lord in overruling it all for good.—ED.]

DEVONPORT, Sep. 11th, 1860.—Dear Bro., The work of the Lord is still advancing. When I came to Devonport last October, my heart sunk within me at the desolations of Zion; but a few Sabbaths and the tide began to flow in; it has continued without intermission ever since; it is not a mere attendance of people, but the Lord is applying the word with power to the souls of the people; sinners quickened, mourners comforted, and waverers established: my first known seal to my stated pastorate here was brought to a sense of her lost condition about three weeks after my arrival; a fearful law work was carried on in soul for some weeks; but the development of a work of grace in her was unmistakable; she died rejoicing in the Lord a few weeks since, about seven months old in grace, thirty-eight years her natural life, leaving a husband since brought into Gospel liberty, and a large family. Several of the old Zionites have gone home, leaving blessed testimonies behind them; and several more are longing to depart. Good brethren Cousins and Collins, of Plymouth, kindly supplied my pulpit during my absence in London: their testimony was well received. Our Sabbath school is prospering in every sense. Last Whit Sunday afternoon, I was called upon to preach to the united Sunday schools of the town—about 1600 children present; the same evening preached a sermon to young men in my own place; the chapel was crowded, not a vacant seat; the Lord was present indeed and of a truth. Hoping the Lord is blessing your writing and preaching labours, your's truly in Jesus, J. VAUGHAN.

CHATHAM.—The Recognition of Mr. John Bennett, as pastor over the Church meeting in Enon Chapel, High Street, Chatham, took place on Tuesday, September 18th, 1860. The service commenced in the morning by singing,

"Keep silence all created things," &c.

The ancient J. A. Jones read and prayed; C. W. Banks described the character and features of the Gospel Church from Ephes. ii., "An habitation of God through the Spirit;" after which the questions were asked. The church's much beloved and most excellent brother Terry detailed the leadings of Divine Providence in a truly Christian and affecting spirit. Mr. Bennett's testimony of his conversion and coming to the faith was one of the most remarkable we ever heard; the strongest men, as well as those who might at other times appear indifferent, were all weeping nearly the whole time. We are glad it was taken down, and that all the services will be published. Mr. James Wells gave the right hand of fellowship to the deacon and pastor, and the morning service closed. There were several good ministers present, among whom we noticed the brethren Thomas Chivers, of London; Inward, of Ryarsh; Drake, of Sittingbourne; Marchant, of

Cranbrook, &c.; and friends from Sheerness and other places were present. In the afternoon, Mr. James Wells delivered the charge; and Mr. J. A. Jones preached to the church in the evening.

CHATTERIS.—Mr. Editor.—What can give the Christian greater pleasure than to speak well of "Zion," for the Psalmist wrote most delightfully in favour of "Zion" in the 48th Psalm, and we at Chatteris, have to report good news of our earthly "Zion." A few weeks ago, our beloved pastor baptized four persons, and yesterday, Lord's-day, Sept. 16th, he baptized five more; in the morning, he preached a very appropriate sermon from Matt. iii. 15, and in the afternoon a great number of people assembled at that admirable place, called "Burrow Pond," to witness the administration of the ordinance. Mr. Wilkins addressed the spectators in a very affectionate manner making the distinction between the righteous and the wicked, most faithfully did he speak to the ungodly, and affectionately to the candidates and the believers, laying the emphasis on the *obedience*, "if ye love me keep my commandments." It was a very unfavourable afternoon; it rained all the time, but there was a great many people. I believe upwards of two thousand people can stand and see, and hear, and if the afternoon had been fine, I have no doubt but two thousand persons would have been there. There was a thousand I think there, although so very wet.

I. L. A.

BARNSTAPLE, DEVON.—DEAR SIR,—A paragraph in your last No., signed, "James Hooper" announces the existence of a Strict Baptist Church in Barnstaple. This is my reply:—

1. In "THE BAPTIST MANUAL," I find no indication of the existence of this Church.

2. Although there is a Mail and Rail conveyance three times daily to Barnstaple, (10 miles,) none of the numerous members of the Torrington body, know the church advertised by "J. H."

3. Although aware, through your columns, of the efforts making to unite Strict Baptist Churches, not a whisper of response has yet been heard from this Strict Barnstaple body.

I make no apology for having said the only Strict Baptist Church in North Devon is that of Torrington, because the obscurity of the vitality of the Barnstaple Church justifies the mistake I appear to have made, and disentitles it to the rank of a "city set on a hill which cannot be hid." Fraternally,

W. JEFFERY, Torrington.

BLUNHAN, BEDS.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.

—DEAR Mr. EDITOR.—On Sunday evening, Aug. 5th, Mr. R. Fraiser, pastor, at Providence Chapel, preached to a large and attentive audience from Acts viii. 36, a heart-cheering sermon; after which he baptized two believers in the name of the adorable Trinity, upon profession of repentance toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. One old disciple, upwards of 60 years of age, and a young female believer; we hope the Lord was with us by his Spirit, to melt down his family in holy love and gratitude for his manifested goodness toward them in opening his dear servant's mouth and heart so blessedly before the people; as we never saw such a gathering together of precious souls in our little place before. May the Lord bless his own ordinance to the souls of many of his, that stand among us waiting for the moving of the waters. So prays

A LOVER OF ZION.

BEDMOND, HERTS.—On Lord's-day, Aug. 26th, Mr. H. Hutchinson baptized four persons at Salem Chapel, Two Waters, after a sermon preached by him from Acts x. 48th, "And he commanded them to be baptised in the name of the Lord." The chapel was filled with hearers; the newly baptised were united to our church at Bedmond on Lord's-day, September 2nd. The cause at Bedmond is still prospering; the Lord is with us; we have had many proofs.

A LABOURER.

BIERTON.—Nearly twelve months have past away since you heard from us, a little part of the ransomed flock; on August 12th, we had a good day, though it was hard work for me: I had to preach three times; and, for the first time in my life, I led a dear old man (nearly sixty years of age) down into the water, and baptized him in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. He had for many years stood a member in the Church of England; but the dear Lord was pleased to lead him into our chapel; there (under divine teaching) he was led into the truth. One of our members, Mr. Jeffery, spoke with pleasure, by the water side; and I do think the set time to favour Zion is come; for others are standing round. I have never known things look better than now: the church is at peace; a spirit of prayer is kept up; and the congregation is on the increase; the Lord is with us; and by his help we walk boldly on. Yours, in no small union
Lower Winchendon, Bucks. JAMES SMITH.

RIPLEY.—MR. VESSEL.—I am an old woman who runs after a gospel sermon wherever I can find one, and hearing that Thomas Drake and yourself were to preach Charles Turner's anniversary sermons at Elm Tree House, Sept 6th, me and my donkey went; and I wish to let poor little churches know that, although we are despised, the Lord does bless us, and on our anniversary day we rejoiced with great joy. Thomas Drake, of Staines, is an honest, humble, savoury preacher; and we hope the Lord will soon settle him over a faithful band. Charles Turner's ministry is not popular; but the Lord owns it; we meet in peace; and hope to praise His name in glory.
AN AFFLICTED ONE.

BATH.—A happy day was spent at Ebenezer Chapel, Widcombe, on Monday, Sep. 3rd, being the public recognition of Mr. John Huntley as the pastor of the church. Mr. Webster, of Trowbridge, opened the services; C. W. Banks gave the character of the Gospel Church, from the words, "Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb's wife;" the venerable father of the newly-chosen pastor, gave the charge, after the questions had been asked by Mr. Pearce, of Willenhall; and a discourse to the Church by C. W. Banks closed the solemn services. Mr. Huntley's conversion to God, and his confession of faith, were most thrilling and conclusive. We expect the services will be published; and further account given in a future number.

WIMBLEDON.—Our kind-hearted and decided brother Luke Snow, and his friends, have persevered in the good old way, and have succeeded in erecting a nice little chapel. It is called "Zoar," which was opened on Wednesday, September 12th, 1860, by Mr. James Wells, and Mr. Rowland. We hope to give particulars another day.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.
On Sunday evening Mr. Pells (pastor) preached to a crowded auditory from Acts xvi. 32, 34, after which he again descended the baptismal pool, and immersed four believers in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

WILLENHALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.
—On Lord's-day, Sep. 2nd, brother Frederick Pearce baptized one male and one female; during the ordinance there was scarcely a dry eye. We hope many others whose hearts the Lord has touched, are waiting.

WHITSTABLE.—"Will any one help to raise a Baptist cause in this hopeful south-coast to town?"—[We would gladly do so. Begin to preach beside the New Railway Station: the seed will grow. —Ed.]

BILSTON.—The friends here have commenced to build a new chapel, the foundation stone was laid by Mr. James Wells, of London, of which further particulars we hope to give.

New Books.

"THE RURAL SHEPHERD AND HIS SHEEP."

[We give the following preface to the above-named work, just as it was written by brother William Flack. It is a neat introduction to a book which records events of no small interest to the faithful Baptists, who, with sorrow, see in these days, the departure of many from the good old ways. We hail this work with sacred pleasure. In opening it, William Flack says:—]

In presenting this little book to the Church, we do it deeply sensible of its imperfections. And also of the utter impossibility of doing justice to the cause of which it treats in so small a compass.

However, there are reasons why we think the facts the book contains should be published; and also, why its size and price should be kept down.

1. We think it should be published—

Because there is a grand display of the sovereignty and riches of Jehovah's grace: 1st. In sending the gospel to such a place.

Ware has been notorious for crime in many forms, (perhaps) for generations. Adultery, having (half a century ago), very high example, it ran through all ranks of the town. Old and young, rich and poor, professor and profane, have alike been stained with the foul blot; and lived in open sin.

Swearing has been gloried in. The children not only of the poor, but of the rich have been trained to swear from their earliest lispsings.

Drunkenness has existed to a fearful degree, among the respectable as well as poorer classes of the town. This has been by some accounted for, from the fact that the town producing so much good water, and so much good malt.

Sabbath-breaking—Scepticism, hatred and opposition to all real Godliness, has, of course, followed. We say then for the gospel in its purity, and *New Testament* simplicity, to get a stand in such a place, magnifies the sovereignty of Jehovah's grace.

2. The means whereby this work is brought about, is also a display of sovereignty.

Here we have a few poor illiterate labouring men, indeed it commences with one man and his wife. They soon find out that they want more than the pulpit of the old church affords them. They meet for prayer and reading the word, their eyes are opened, they search for what they want among dissenting causes, but cannot find it—hence they meet alone, but they meet, they pray, they read, they learn, and they scatter what they learn, and God owns and blesses their labour. They grow, and they multiply; and the result is after twenty three years hard struggle, they stand forth a Gospel Church with a New Chapel, and a recognized pastor, chosen from their own midst.

But this is not all! Ware has sent out many champions for the truth to other parts. Mr. Joseph Irons was a Ware-man; and many Ware-men are now labouring in the Lord's vineyard at home and abroad. The hand that now moves this pen first moved at Ware, and learned to use the pen at Ware.

May we not join in the Saviour's song and say, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of Heaven and Earth, because Thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so Father, for so, it seemed good in thy sight."

3. Again, the grace of God is magnified, in the very clear way in which these people have been brought into the truth without human agency.

We think we may venture to say that Christendom may be searched through, and not many Churches will be found, more Scriptural, more stedfast in the faith once delivered to the saints, or more lively in the truth, than the little cause at Ware.

4. Again, we think the grace of God abounded on the day of the opening of the Chapel, and formation of the Church. For though the weather was not generally propitious; yet we had one fine day for opening; and a cheap train took a large company

from London: goodly numbers also gathered from other parts, and the chapel was crowded, and numbers in a booth adjoining. The spacious Town Hall too was crowded with despised Nazarenes to tea. But above all: when the everywhere despised ordinance of Baptism was administered, not a dog moved his tongue. Nay! the greatest solemnity seemed to pervade the vast assembly. And not many dry eyes were to be seen in the place.

We think these things should be made known,

1. Because many of our good old fathers are crying out 'Alas, for Zion! Alas, for the Ark of God! What will become of Zion and God's truth, when we are gone?'

2. Because many young men are trembling, and afraid to go forward, and do all that is in their heart: as though the arm of the Lord was shortened. And

3. Because our enemies always set us down as a do-nothing people. A people who care nothing about the salvation of souls.

We say then—To give our fathers a little comfort in their last days. To afford our young men a little stimulant amid their many discouragements. And to deny the false accusations brought against by our enemies, we think these facts should be made known.

11. As regards the size and price, we wish the book to have not only a wide circulation, but a very general reading; and we think the smaller the book, and the lower the price, the better to accomplish these two ends; in these tremendous hard-working days.

Thus, with a deep sense of our own short-comings, but with a heart-felt prayer to Almighty God to own and bless these simple statements, we send them forth in humble hope.

MR. PALMER'S LAST TRACT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—The last tract I wrote, entitled, "Erroneous Views of the Atonement Calmly Considered," contains a quotation from the Primitive Church Magazine." It must not however be inferred that the doctrine contained in that quotation is the doctrine advocated by the aforesaid Periodical. So far is that from being the case that in the same number of the "Primitive," there is an able critique by Mr. Norton, exploding the doctrine which was put forth by persons of note who espoused the cause of the Defendants of the late Norwich chapel case, and who, I have been informed, have encouraged other ministers to follow in the footsteps of Mr. Gould, and introduce open communion. The object of that tract was not to examine, state, explain and defend the doctrine of atonement—all that will be done in another tract—but to point out the utter impossibility that the view set forth in the quotation, can be the true scriptural view of that important doctrine. Not wishing to mislead the public in reference to the "Primitive," which might injure it some quarters, I shall be obliged by the insertion of this note in the EARTHEN VESSEL for September. I am, dear sir, your's very respectfully.

W. PALMER.

MR. EDITOR.—It is good to be zealously affected in a good cause; and you have spoken out well (in reviewing Mr. Palmer's pamphlet,) on the subject of the "Atonement," but unfortunately you have been led into an error while noticing the erroneous statements that have been put forth respecting the doctrine of Particular Redemption. I can easily see how you have been led into the mistake you have made. Mr. Palmer, in his pamphlet, has quoted from the "Primitive Church Magazine," but has not stated that the Primitive Church Magazine had quoted this very statement, for the purpose of attacking the errors therein contained. Now such is the fact. In the January No. of the Primitive Church Magazine, page 8 and 9, the article can be seen, which by looking at, you will perceive how you have mistaken the sentiments of those you have written against in your review, for that article is a clear exposition of the sacred doctrine of Particular Redemption, and Mr. Palmer's work is but

an enlargement of the order. I feel sure Mr. Palmer, did not intend to convey any wrong impression respecting the Primitive Church Magazine, nor can I think you would wish this mistake to remain uncorrected, and being on the Committee of the Society to which the Magazine belongs I take the liberty of asking you to insert this in your coming No., so that your 7 or 8000 subscribers may not remain under a wrong impression respecting our views of the atonement. I remain, your's in the gospel.

14, Clarendon-rd., Notting-hill. P. W. WILLIAMSON.

"NEW LIFE."

[We never expected such a giant in Divinity as WILLIAM BIDDER, would have noticed our little volume. The following is a spontaneous testimony. We give it, because the eternal Godhead, of our blessed Redeemer is so precious to us that we would not have it to be suspected that we doubt or deny it, for all the Vessels in the world. Mr Bidder in a private note, says:—

"MY DEAR BANKS,—I yesterday read your Book, viz., *New Life*, with pleasure, and I hope profit: bless you, that preaching, and that Gospel, the Lord will ever own; and ever bless. Let us then "not be weary in well doing;" in setting forth our most blessed Lord as the all and in all of a sinner's salvation from first to last; and I was pleased to see the words in that book of God, the Son, frequently occur, shewing that the Editor of the VESSEL is not of the Arian party, and God forbid that he should. Ever your's truly in everlasting bonds.

W. BIDDER."

"*The Faithful Yow.*" "*The Good Angel.*"

These are the titles of two of Mr. James Wells's sermons, preached and published since his recovery from his recent illness. The ploughing up of the heart of the fallen helpless sinner, by the the harrow of the law; and the proclamation of the perfection both of the Saviour's Person and Work in saving the vessels of mercy, are still the main lines of Mr. Wells's ministry. We hope with hearty prayer, that, henceforward for many, many years, he will be strengthened to preach and to publish the blackness of sin, and the blazing beauties of a new covenant salvation to the conversion and consolation of tens of thousands whose names do in the Lamb's fair Book of Life appear. Mr. Wells has his own peculiar method and manner; the multitudes who gladly receive his ministry, evidence it to be most specially honoured of God.

"*Milk for Babes, and strong Drink for those that are Ready to Perish.*" Three Letters to a Friend Seeking Jesus. By a City Missionary. Bristol: Published by C. J. Jefferies, Redcliffe Street.

There are no half measures in this little book; no cold, unmeaning jargon: the writer goes right to the conscience, looks the sinner right in the face; tells him plainly his case and condition; and, then, turning to those whose hearts are broken; whose spirits are humbled; and who are panting for pardon through the Saviour's precious blood and righteousness, like the good Samaritan, he pours in both wine and oil; and administers counsel, caution, and comfort, of the very best kind. We know not who the author is; but we love him sincerely for his work's sake; and hope his late book will meet with great success in directing and delivering distressed and sin-burdened hearts.

"*Elihu Again! A Series of Letters* by John Lindsey, Minister of the Gospel, Hilperton, Trowbridge.

This shilling volume is a wholesale piece of spiritual and practical literature which we can honestly recommend to the careful perusal of all young Christians: even some of the elders might derive benefit from it. We should think from this book, and some other productions of Mr. Lindsey, that he is a deeply circumcised Nazarene; consequently his writings cut very close; but not too severe by any means. Of course, we do not pledge ourselves that all Mr. Lindsey has written, is incontrovertible; but for a young author, we think his little book likely to be useful.

The Beauties of the Bible :

THE BLESSEDNESS OF THE SAINTS; AND THE GLORY OF GOD.

TO MY AFFECTIONATE BROTHER AND SISTER, JOHN AND KITTY KINGSFORD,—Tenderly beloved—As we are bound together by the strong ties of nature, by the holy principles of divine grace, and by a ministerial union of heart and faith; as you are about to leave your native land, your long-loved home, the scenes of your childhood, and the endeared circles of your conversion and consecration to God, to be separated, perhaps, for ever from the bosom of your family, the church where your souls have been nourished, and the spheres wherein your talents and time have been devoted to the temporal and spiritual advantages of each other, and of thousands beside; as we all feel most deeply anxious that your departure for, your passage to, and your arrival in *Queensland* (the far end of the Australian shores), may be most mercifully under the holy care and happy keeping of that Divine JEHOVAH, our mother's God in Christ, and our father's refuge in times of trouble; moreover, because after parting with you and promising to write unto you, my mind was silently and anxiously waiting upon the Lord for some blessed word from Himself; and having been favoured with a message which, most fervently, I would beseech the ETERNAL God to fulfil in you all, even to the end of your earthly pilgrimage, I venture very carefully to place the same in an *Earthen Vessel*, because my desire is that you may carry out into the land of your adoption a few words from your elder brother expressive of the grounds and evidences of *that faith* which, for more than thirty years, has been my hope, and my happiness to proclaim in the different portions of this little island; and which faith has, through the solemn and sacred teachings of the Holy Ghost, been powerful in preserving tens of thousands of seeking souls who have left this land for immortality and eternal bliss.

The beautiful words to which I refer are these: "THY GOD HATH COMMANDED THY STRENGTH. *Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us.*" May the Lord God of heaven and earth speak these words as powerfully into your heart as He did sweetly into mine, and you will have nothing to fear. Yea, I must say to you that a deep-wrought hope lies in my spirit that these words are for you, and that through this feeble and most unworthy in-

strumentality, the SPIRIT is saying to you both, and to your darling children as well, "THY GOD HATH COMMANDED THY STRENGTH."

These words are in Psalm lxxviii. 28, which psalm some of the ancient versions call "A psalm concerning the dispensation of the Messiah, and concerning the calling of the Gentiles unto the faith,"—an evangelical psalm,—a gospel psalm,—“a psalm for the chosen bride of Christ, in all ages of the world,”—a psalm which speaks out many of the most essential attributes of the Deity, and discovers most intelligently the standing and the safety of the heaven-born saints of God. The words which I venture to bring to you contain three things: I. The relationship of the Persons spoken to, "THY GOD!" II. The declaration, "Hath commanded thy strength." III. The fervent petition which this declaration excites, "Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us!" As you prepare for your voyage, when you sit down in the vessel destined to carry you over, night and day as you shall ride and roll upon the bosom of the dreadful deep, as you shall ultimately (I hope) tread upon the sands of the salubrious Queensland, and as then you shall pursue your double mission of providing for your tender lambs, and of ministering the words of life to the thousands who are there residing, in every movement, may this be the prayer that shall bubble and break forth from your dear and trembling hearts—the prayer that shall sustain your souls amid all the conflicts of the change—the prayer that shall reach the heavenly throne, and prevail to the obtaining of every needed grace and mercy, yea, in all they onward marches, even to the precincts of glory itself, may this prayer be wrought in thee, and read out by thee before the feet of thy heavenly Father thousands and thousands of times., "Strengthen, O God, that which thou hast wrought for us."

Come, come, do not be weeping about leaving one part of the wilderness for another. I know it is a trial; but you and I have often sung,

"Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land,
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand."

Put now, then, the hand of thy faith into

the providential, gracious, and powerful hand of HIM who so plainly calls you hence, and "committing thy way unto the Lord, fully believe that He will bring it to pass."

Cannot you with me admire the beautiful manner in which the relationship between the Lord and His people is illustrated? There are five distinct features—family features too—in connection with these words: First, "Bless ye God, in the congregation, even the LORD—ye that are of the fountain of Israel:" (margin), "Ye that are of the fountain of Israel." A fountain is a most delightful figure to show how the Almighty God hath, through the Son of His love, and by the power of His Spirit, poured forth streams of life, love, truth, grace, and salvation into the imperishable sons of millions of the election of grace. The word is applied (as Dr. Hawker intimates) to GOD THE FATHER, as the fountain of living waters; to GOD THE SON, who opened a fountain for sin and for uncleanness; and to God the HOLY GHOST, as a river of living waters in the hearts of true believers; and how amazingly great must be the joy, how wonderful the knowledge of the Christ-loving Church, when she bursts out with those most precious words, calling him a fountain of gardens (because all the heaven-born Churches are of Him, gardens of his own planting); a well of living waters (because He is the author of every grace and the origin of every mercy), and streams from Lebanon (because as He is revealed in the gospel, so that gospel pours forth streams of salvation and of consolation too into the inmost souls of all who are thus "of the fountain of Israel!") I love that discriminating and delightful prophecy in Duet. xxxiii. most amazingly. Moses, running his bright strong eye of heavenly vision down into gospel times, says, "Israel then shall dwell in safety alone (all her enemies shall be thrust out and destroyed); "the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine; also her heavens shall drop down dew." This new covenant gospel has been to millions, now is, and shall more than ever be a land of corn and wine; the bread of life, and the rich and everlasting love of the eternal God are here found and enjoyed. The gospel of Christ neither starves nor makes people melancholy; where it comes, it comes as Melchizedec did to Abraham, it brings bread and wine, gives eternal life, and all the comforts of heaven beside. What more can ye need? This relationship then stands in a divine receiving from God in Christ, all the blessings of the new and everlasting covenant. "Ye that are of the fountain of Israel, bless ye God in the congregation," and the saints of the Most High do bless him at times with all the powers their loving hearts possess. That is one feature.

Secondly, "There is little Benjamin with their ruler." Benjamin was in a secondary sense a type of the great apostle of the Gentiles. "Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf: in the morning he shall devour the prey." So did Saul of Tarsus in the morning of his days; he tried hard to destroy the faith and all who followed it; even so have thousands of vessels of mercy; but what then? "At night he shall divide the spoil." How true of the great apostle! When the night of Paul's departure came, how sweetly did that precious soul divide the spoil! He says, "The time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight," &c., &c. "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." Oh! what a precious division of the spoil this has been to the Church of Christ in all ages! "Not to me only; but unto all them also that love his appearing." Now, the feature of character here is found in that double diminutive term "little:" "there is little Benjamin with their ruler." Genuine humility at the feet of Christ is the beautiful feature of relationship here: "Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given." Our gospel Benjamin (Saul of Tarsus) was a wolf indeed towards the lambs in Christ's fold until he saw Jesus Christ; but when it pleased God to reveal His Son in the heart of this ravaging wolf, then, in deep and awful compunction, he fell at his Saviour's feet, and cried, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" The Omnipotent arm of heaven lifted up the fallen and the fearful one. Mercy led him to the fountain of atoning blood,—

"And lest the shadow of a spot,
Should on his soul be found,
FAITH took the robe the Saviour wrought,
And wrapp'd him all around."

And, now, instead of a raving wolf, like a pardoned penitent, he cries, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world." Oh! my dear brother John, the faithful husband of my own mother's darling child, Kitty,—this humility,—this "less than the least,"—this "little Benjamin" with our Ruler, Jesus, the God-Man,—this lowliness of mind, is, indeed, a sweet and delightful feature in the souls of God's quickened elect. Pray for it, dear John, and preach it even among the gold-getting inhabitants of the Australian climes.

Thirdly, "The princes of Judah and their council." Judah stands here as typical of the long list of "confessors of Christ" who never denied his name; though fires, and chains, and dungeons, and deaths awaited them, they continued steadfast. This is another feature in the living family. Faithful unto death, God Almighty keep you near

the cross, and make you more and more like Christ, who was obedient unto death, even the death of the cross; and, then, whatever may betide, in all conditions you shall find it true, that "my God hath commanded thy strength." I would not be an alarmist without cause; but I have closely watched the ways of men, and the movements and manners of ministers, and I will tell you two things which I have learned with sorrow. First, I have been dreadfully deceived in men who set out fully confessing all the doctrines and ordinances of Christ's gospel; but they have sold themselves for popularity and a higher price; and they are instructed to read novels, and all the modern light literature of the age, in order to furnish their minds with strong and striking ideas; and they do this, and almost imperceptibly they depart from the doctrines and ordinances of CHRIST; but, in the portraiture of the true Bride which the Holy Ghost has given us, we have "the princes of Judah with their council," men that loved not their lives unto the death. Secondly, I have learned that the more modern you can become—the more you can amalgamate—the

more will be your followers. Let us confess Christ in all His ways. He says of all these, He will confess them before His Father, and before His holy angels.

"The princes of Zebulun." Here is another feature: they dwell at the haven of the sea, and call people to the mountain. They have a missionary spirit; they go forth, and tell of the Saviour's name and fame; as David after his restoration, and Paul after his conversion; but I must not fill the VESSEL up, so only say, the princes of Naphthali represent that freedom the truly pardoned saints enjoy.

My beloved Brother and Sister, let me entreat of you to seek most earnestly for the putting forth of this strength "thy God hath commanded!" It is laid up in your covenant Head, the Lord Jesus; and when you are in your new colony, I shall be glad to let my readers know that you have indeed proved all through this trial that strength and salvation have been given out to you all, so that you may more than ever rejoice in the Lord, for so prays all our family, among whom is your affectionate brother,

C. W. BANKS.

[Original Papers on the Canticles.

THE URGENT CALL.

By THOMAS G. BELL, LL.D.,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH, NORTH DEVON.

"My beloved spake, and said unto me, rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away."—Cant. ii. 10.

If we are to take this Scripture out of its connection, as many would do, and view it according to the abstract meaning of the words of the text by itself, we could then make the portion one of the most sweet encouragement to a child of God who is in full and happy communion with the Lord Jesus. We are not at liberty to do this. To give a correct exposition of Scripture, we must take each portion of it in the place where we find it, in strict connection with all that goes before, and that which follows. The Scripture now under consideration is then, as we saw in part in our last chapter, a solemn, yet encouraging call to the careless, slumbering, or backsliding soul.

The Lord's people have the promise of the life that now is, as well as that which is to come. They have, however, a very different interest in the former to that which they have in the latter. During the life that now is, they are promised *wilderness food*. In that which is to come they have the *full feast*. Yet are we continually

prone to settle down in present enjoyment.

We forget in the use of present temporal gifts, the great Giver and his solemn exhortation to "*look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.*"

In such a condition the Lord too often finds us and then comes the URGENT CALL "*Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.*" He comes as it were to Christian on the enchanted ground. Bunyan says:—"I saw in my dream, that they went on until they came into a certain country, whose air naturally tended to make one drowsy, if he came a stranger into it. And here Hopeful began to be very dull, and heavy to sleep; wherefore he said unto Christian, I do now begin to grow so drowsy, that I can scarcely hold open mine eyes; let us lie down here, and take one nap." The Lord comes to the sleeper on the enchanted ground of earthly comforts and cries to him again and again: "*Rise up and come away.*"

"Rise, my soul, thy God directs thee;
Stranger hands no more impede;
Pass thou on; his hand protects thee,
Strength that has the captive freed.

"Is the wilderness before thee,
Desert lands where drought abides?
Heav'nly springs shall there restore thee,
Fresh from God's exhaustless tides."

The call is accompanied by encouragement. "*For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good smell.*" This is a most beautiful picture. The winter has given place to all the buddings forth of fresh life. The spring has come! But where are these things to be seen? Not in the city where the bride is dreaming away her time, but in "OUR LAND" says the calling bridegroom. How important this truth. In Jesus we enter a spiritual land, it belongs to him and his people. There are every where the signs of life. There the storm has passed away, and flowers begin to bloom. There the birds are sweetly singing, and there the fruits are beginning to appear. It is not yet the summer time, the full glory is not yet revealed; but every where in "Immanuel's land," we see the buddings forth of glory and beauty. The plain meaning of the argument seems to be this. "In the world all is death. Cold winter reigns all around. Come away, then, where spring has begun! Come and seek all your enjoyments in the midst of the new creation and cast off at once all the "beggary elements" of the old Adam nature, and the old world where wintry death doth reign. In what sweet and touching terms do we find the exhortation enforced. "*O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.*" We say, these expressions properly understood are most touching. Let us lay aside the figure, and give a paraphrase in plain language. Jesus is the speaker. He is addressing a sinner saved by grace. "I loved you and died for you; I chose you and called you; I gave you my Spirit and have united you to myself. You have been redeemed by my blood and I have created you anew. I have made you heir of an eternal inheritance. I intend you to reign with me in my glory. I will come for you soon and take you to be with me. In resurrection beauty you shall dwell and reign with me amidst the glories of the new Jerusalem. Even now I delight in you. You are the object of my love and of my constant care. All things throughout my universe are ordered and arranged for your good. All

things are your's, for you are mine, and I am your's. Can you then turn away from me? or hide your countenance from me? and shall I not hear your voice? Ah! no! Let me see thy countenance continually looking up to me beaming with love and full of trust! Let me hear thy voice continually calling on my name, telling forth all my beauties, raising aloud a song of praise for all that I have done! Let nothing separate us, receive no idol, no stranger love, into that soul which I have bought. Let it be mine alone. Let every thought and desire and affection of every hour be mine, and then will I manifest myself to thee and my countenance shall shine on thee, and peace and joy and happiness shall follow thee every hour." The soul that can enter into this expression of the desires of Jesus, will now be at no loss to see the deep meaning and weighty importance of the text which follows, "*Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines!*" Departure from God begins with little things. It is by gradual and often imperceptible steps that the child of God gets far away from communion with the Lord. We might say that this little verse, last quoted, is the practical lesson to be gathered from our Lord's sermon on "*the true vine.*" "*Abide in me,*" says he, "and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." This abiding in Christ, so needful to fruit-bearing, is not simply that faith in him which leads to salvation, but it is such a measure of communion with him as gives peace and joy, and enables the believer to be faithful in each word and deed; living continually to the glory of him who is in his estimation, the chief among ten thousand, the altogether lovely. We have already pointed out that this personal communion is, in our present condition, a delicate thing, easily disturbed and continually liable to be broken by numerous enemies both in us and about us. Hence, if we would truly abide in Christ and bring forth abundant fruit, we must "*take the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.*" The allusion is doubtless to the vineyards in eastern countries, which were generally formed in terraces on the sides of rocky mountains. The rocks remaining amongst these vineyards afforded shelter and numerous holes for foxes, which would do great mischief to the vines. They were concealed enemies, running quietly in and out amongst the vines nibbling buds here and there, or coming out in the night and eating the fresh shoots as they grew. The destruction would be effectual, though its progress might be gradual, and for a time, quite unobserved. How instructive the picture here presented to us, of those secret sins, or

trifling faults, as men call them, which eat us doth a canker and are the first beginnings often of long course of miserable backsliding from the Lord and his ways. We will now trace the bride's history a little further. Her answer to this touching appeal of her beloved shows her faith in him and in his love, but does not appear to indicate any ready response to his call. "*My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies.*" To take this expression in its abstract meaning, would be to see only the strong and unwavering faith of the speaker; but it has been often remarked, that almost every heresy which has sprung up in the church, received its apparent foundation in isolated passages of God's word taken apart from their context, and therefore, wrested from their legitimate application. The passage before us, then, taken in its proper connexion is not any token of a right state of soul in the bride. The call to her was, "*arise and come away.*" Instead of at once obeying, she contents herself with repeating a truism which had lost its proper influence on her heart. "He is mine and I am his." She is putting a mere declaration of truth, in the place of that active exertion which a knowledge of that truth should produce. This is another evil which greatly prevails in the church. Hence, we hear of gatherings of believers, met, as they say, to edify each other; spending all their opportunities in congratulating one another on that which they have received, with scarcely a thought of how much they might be doing in the world for the conversion of sinners. In reference to such we might suppose the Lord standing in the midst of the neglected vineyard and looking on those as they stand idle in the market place crying to them also, "*Arise and come away!*"

The succeeding expressions of the bride, exhibit still further the same state of soul. She does not say that she is coming in obedience to his call, neither does she cry, "Take me with thee, O my beloved." She rather says to him, "Go AWAY." "*Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my beloved; and be thou like a roe, or a young hart, upon the mountains of Bether.*" "*Bether*" means division or separation.

There is separation now between the beloved and his bride, and she does not seek for reunion, but rather says to him "turn away on those mountains of separation."

Another writer has very justly observed on all this:—"The bride has become unhappily habituated to absence from her beloved; and she now manifests a still greater degree of indifference. Though by no means wishing to part from him altogether, she desires for the present to be left to herself, and that he should return till the dawn of day to his favourite mountains, and leave her meanwhile to her own plans and pursuits. Once, she could say, "*a bundle of myrrh is my well beloved unto me; he shall lie all night betwixt my breasts.*" Now she can quietly contemplate, and even desire a whole night's separation from him. By almost insensible degrees, we may become confirmed in declension from the ways of the Lord. A prayerless frame may become habitual, and lead to systematic departure from his commandments. He may become, as it were, like an unwelcome guest in our hearts, our homes, and family circles."

[We have been requested by Dr. Bell to acknowledge with thankfulness that he has received many letters in consequence of these papers in the EARTHEN VESSEL. Several acknowledge that the Lord has graciously blessed them to their souls. He desires to give all the glory to God. In answer to a few applications, he desires us also to say that if the Lord make the way plain, the papers on Canticles will be published in a collected form. Those Christians who have seen them and desire their publication, can greatly advance that object by promoting the circulation of our brother's "Songs for the Pilgrimage." If that publication succeed the other, God-willing, will immediately appear. Dr. Bell further acknowledges 18 stamps for the Lord's work inclosed in a letter without name, Plymouth post-mark. This writer says:—One who has often been refreshed in spirit and enabled to enjoy sweet communion with him, who is the "Altogether lovely," through the medium of the EARTHEN VESSEL, very much desires to express her gratitude to Dr. Bell, as the means through whom these benefits have been received; she has long wished to do so, but has hesitated, principally from a fear of causing pain; circumstances not permitting her to send anything worthy of Dr. Bell's acceptance, but trusts such will not be the case. Does Dr. Bell ever pass a day without one of those precious visits from the beloved? The writer has been told by some who are older in these things, that first love is the strongest, and that it wears off after a time. She trusts it will not be so, for indeed life is a dreary thing without it.]

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

THE SONSHIP OF THE SAVIOUR.—No. II.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS,—You now clearly understand what is meant by *eternal generation*, namely, that Jesus Christ, not as to his divine essence, but as to his Sonship was begotten from all eternity, and this is what

is called eternal generation. But this doctrine of eternal generation has no more foundation in the Scriptures than the doctrine of Arianism has, or than the doctrine of Sabellianism. This doctrine of eternal

generation carries with it a self-contradiction, and an impossibility in the nature of things; it contains a self-contradiction, for if the Sonship were begotten, or Christ, as a Son, were begotten, then there was, when he was not begotten, and then how could this humanly got-up Sonship be eternal? Even the advocates of this figment, admit that if Christ, as God, were begotten as to his essence, then he could not be self-existent, then, by the same rule, if his Sonship be a *derived* Sonship, then it cannot be *und*erived, then if not *und*erived, it must be derived, and if derived, then it cannot be eternal. Here, then, is the self-contradiction, and not only a self-contradiction, but also the *divine nature must have undergone a change*, for if Jesus Christ be as God, the Son of God, and was begotten into this Sonship, then the divine nature has undergone a change. He who was unoriginate as to his essence, is formed into something different from what he had been, that is, he *generated* by the power of the Father into a Son; and so he is by *nature* as God, something which the Father is not, and this is what men call eternal generation. But again, I say how can it be eternal? To apply the word generation to the divine nature, at all, is to all intents and purposes carnal, and but carnal, and as contrary to the Scriptures, as darkness is to light. And though a periodical called the *Gospel Standard*, has laboured hard to establish this fable of eternal generation, yet it will never do it; the eternal generation error, even though it has spread wide, and lived long, yet it has seen its day, it is dying out, it is becoming effete, waxing old and vanishing away; and though the so-called *Gospel Standard* has thrust very hard at Mr. Crowther's sermon, yet it has not even touched one of his positions. And though it (*Standard*) speak all but contemptuously of the old age to which J. A. Jones is preserved, yet they cannot move that veteran from his tower, nor move him one inch; these would-be onslaughts of the *Standard* are but as the angry waves that dash and die upon the shore. Nor will Mr. Crowther or J. A. Jones, or any one else who has a mind and experience, and Bible of his own, be at all awed by the *Standard* insinuating that out of the circle of its approbation, there are no churches. So that if its churches hold the doctrine of eternal generation, why then *all* the churches hold that doctrine, because out of its circle there are no churches. But the editor of the *Standard* should read the *EARTHEN VESSEL* a little more, and also the *Gospel Herald*, and he would soon be better informed; he would soon find a goodly number of ministers and churches, the reality of whose religion he could not very easily question; he would find that the doctrine

of eternal generation is by such, held to be but a figment, and treated with all the opposition which it deserves.

Now my good Theophilus, you see that the doctrine of eternal generation carries in it a self-contradiction, calling that which was begotten eternal; this doctrine of eternal generation carries with it also a two-fold impossibility, for it is impossible that the divine nature should generate, and it is impossible for that to be eternal which was derived. Now where in all the Bible do we read of *eternal generation*? Ah, where indeed! Why, nowhere. And where in all the Bible is Jesus Christ called the *eternal* or *everlasting* Son of God? We answer, nowhere. And yet men are perpetually running about with the words eternal generation and eternal Son of God on their tongues, as though the Bible contained the very words; and so deluded are they in this matter, that if you stand opposed to their notions, they turn round and charge you with speaking unbecomingly of the Sonship of Christ, just as though their *notions* constituted his Sonship.

But I ask not only where in all the Bible do we read of eternal generation, of Christ being called the eternal Son of God, but we ask also where in all the Bible do we read that he *lay* in the bosom of the Father, or where do we read that he was *set up* from everlasting: why, say you, in the eighth of Proverbs. Do we? Well, stop until I come to that part, and I shall teach you better than that; but this, as well as the preceding queries, will be treated on in a subsequent letter, as I shall now go on to bring in Aaron's rod to swallow up the Magician's rod of eternal generation. That is, I will now shew the *word of the Lord* upon the Sonship of the Saviour, for although the doctrine of eternal generation carries in it a self-contradiction, and an impossibility, yet if the doctrine of eternal generation were declared in the Bible, (which it is not) we should then know that the self-contradiction and impossibility would be in appearance only, and not in reality; and we, of course, should unhesitatingly receive it; but I deny in toto, that such doctrine is found in the Bible. Let us then come to the word, and to the testimony, "That holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God," (Luke i. 35,) "that holy thing which shall be born of thee," what then meaneth this? Is there any eternal generation here? No, it is that which was born, and that which was born had been formed by the creative power of the Holy Ghost, and that was to be called the Son of God; but if as God he be a Son by eternal generation, why in his manhood is he here distinctly declared to be the Son of God? then why is that human nature

without any apparent reference to his divinity, called the Son of God? Here then, is one comfort, that to get rid of the doctrine of eternal generation is not to get rid of the Sonship of Christ; even the opponents to the true Sonship of the Saviour must admit that we do here meet with one who is the Son of God, not by eternal generation, but by being of God in a way that no other ever was or ever will be; and he is, therefore, called the *only* begotten Son of God, because of no other can it be said, that his *birth was on this wise*. Yes, say eternal generationists; he was begotten before all worlds. Ah, but where in all the Bible do you find that? why, nowhere. It is nothing but a piece of twaddle handed down to us through all sorts of channels. Let us keep close to the word of truth, and now see how entirely John accords with Luke upon this Sonship. He, (John) in his first chapter does not call the Saviour the *Son of God*, until he views him as man, as well as God. Hence, "in the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God;" he does not say the Word was the Son of God, but that "the Word was God." Then when the Word is made flesh, *then* we behold the glory of the only begotten of the Father; no eternal generation here. But here we do learn that one who was God, was made flesh, not by transformation, but by incarnation; and in this, his complexity he is called the only begotten of the Father. You, my good Theophilus, must mark this, that while John calls him God, he does not until he is made flesh call him the Son of God, his glory as God-man, consisting in

this, that he was full of grace and truth. Grace and truth are the glory of every saved soul. We cannot lay too much stress upon his complexity, it is his complexity that decides the question of his Sonship, and though some tell us that it is presumption to investigate, or attempt to explain the subject,—well, it would be so if we were not to distinguish between *facts* and *mysteries*; it is a *fact* that we have a soul and a body, but the abstract nature of the soul, and the mysterious union of body and soul are what we cannot explain, but the fact of their existence is obvious to all; so the Saviour is God and man in one Person, is a truth clear as the noon-day, but the abstract nature of divinity, his infinity, and eternity, together, with how the two natures subsist in one person, infinity with finitude, can no man or angel explain or comprehend, but the *order* of his Sonship is as clearly revealed in the Bible, as is the order of his priesthood, or as is the order of his kingdom, or as is the order of the everlasting covenant, and none but a learned and fanciful metaphysician ever would have thought of such a means of opening up of the order of Christ's Sonship as that of eternal generation, especially as there is not in all the Bible, a hint of such a thing. Eternal generation being as I believe a metaphysical conceit, it must be rejected, and the complexity of the Saviour, together with the everlasting covenant must come in, and these two, the *complexity* of Christ, and the new covenant, will set everything right and straight. So believes

A LITTLE ONE.

OUTLINE OF A MINISTERIAL CHARGE,

DELIVERED AT THE ORDINATION OF MR. FRITH, AT SAXMUNDHAM, SUFFOLK.

BY MR. JOHN PELL, OF SOHO CHAPEL, LONDON.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."—2 TIMOTHY ii. 15.

MR. PELL stated that he felt his position to be the most solemn he had ever occupied, and had it not been for the fact that he was brother Frith's pastor, he would not have undertaken the solemn duty of giving him his charge, especially being himself so young in the ministry. He referred to the solemn, appropriate, and, he trusted, duly appreciated charge delivered to him by his brother Cooper, of Wattinsham, four years since, at Clare, which he would rather sit down to hear again from brother Cooper, who was present, than to deliver one to his brother Frith, which solemn service now devolved upon him. He earnestly solicited an interest in the prayers and sympathies of the friends, especially as he was suffering from

violent cold, severe sore throat, and extreme hoarseness. Mr. Pells proceeded to address Mr. Frith, saying,—

My dear Brother,—You are aware that this portion was addressed by Paul to his son Timothy, and believing it to be truly appropriate to our purpose on this occasion, I shall base my remarks thereon to you, and will at once direct your attention to four things, and observe,—

I. **WHAT YOU ARE TO DO.** "Study to shew thyself approved unto God." Not man, Paul said, "for if I yet pleased men, I should not be the servant of Christ." Therefore, my brother, let it be thy study not to please men to get their applause for speaking quaintly, learnedly, or smoothly, and the

Lord forbid you should study to offend men ; but "study to shew thyself approved unto God;" for it is God who hath called you (not only by grace, but also) to the work of the ministry, and Him only ought you to serve. "Study to shew thyself approved unto God" as a believer, a professor, and as a minister of Jesus Christ. Do you ask when? I answer at all times. Do you inquire where? I reply in all places. In your closet, studies, pulpit, church-meetings, family, and in the world; also, my brother, in your visits, not gossips. Many of my dear friends at Soho complain because, as they think, I visit too little; but I generally reply that a gossiping parson and a lean pulpit go together. So you, my brother, value your own comfort, and the peace and prosperity of the church too much to be a gossiping parson. Never let the Quaker's remarks to the sporting clergyman be any way applicable to you, who told the minister, if he was a hare, he would get where he would never find him, even into his study. But you, my brother, do as the late excellent Mr. John Stevens said, "Study as though there were no Holy Ghost, and preach as though there were no study." Do you ask how? I answer by prayer, patience, faith, and perseverance. Do you ask why? To which I reply, because God's approval is of incalculable value, and infinitely superior to all others. If He approves, it is everything. "For not he that commendeth himself is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth." The very term study is opposed to the idea of indolence; therefore, my brother, it must be by prayerful, hopeful, and persevering industry that you must "study to shew thyself approved unto God." Many laugh at the idea of study, but you take heed to the word of God. I pass on and observe,—

II. You are to study to shew yourself APPROVED UNTO GOD is the special capacity as described in my text. "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed." You will observe that it is to Timothy's more public course of life, or converse as a minister of the gospel, that Paul here refers to or calls his attention to. "A workman," not an idler, O no; for it is no easy matter to be a minister of Jesus Christ; and, my brother, you will often have to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" and, perhaps, feel half tempted to give it up, and would altogether give it up, but for the glorious fact, "Our sufficiency is of God." "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed." This implies there are some who call, or at least consider themselves, to be workmen, who have need to be ashamed, and such are they who preach themselves rather than Christ, and whose ministry is more calculated to tickle delicate ears rather than heal

diseased and sin-sick souls; for these study to please men rather than to shew themselves approved unto God. But I, as your late pastor, my brother, desire that you may be such a workman as Paul desired Timothy would be, namely, "A workman that needeth not to be ashamed;" and, in order to do this, seek to live so as to bring no scandal or disgrace upon the cause you have espoused, and ask God to help you so to preach that it may be manifest you are not ashamed of the gospel of Christ; and I pray you may so live that your general deportment may demonstrate the gracious reality of the fact that the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation. Endeavour at all times, by the help of the Lord, prayerfully, carefully, and faithfully to preach the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God to the best of the ability the Lord has given you; for, in so doing, you will truly "study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed," because you love, preach, and live the gospel.

III. THE MANNER IN WHICH YOU ARE TO DO THIS.

"Rightly dividing the word of truth." Greek, "rightly cutting out;" our translation, "rightly dividing." Matthew Boole observes, "It is not material whether the metaphor be drawn from the priests cutting out their sacrifices, so as all had their shares in them; or from carpenters cutting out their timber, cutting off the sappy parts, and by a right line dividing the other parts; or from cooks, or carvers, or parents, rightly dividing a dish of meat among several guests or children, and so forth." The true sense of the passage I believe to be simply this. Rightly handling the word of God, and giving to all their portion. The celebrated Joseph Caryl says, "Ministers of the gospel especially should be well advised to whom they utter words. For as the same garment will not serve everybody to wear, nor the same bed to lie upon, so the same word will not serve every soul. We must not do as the tyrant, who made one bed serve all his guests, and they that were too long for it were cut shorter, and they who were too short were stretched longer. Yet thus do they who have but one word for all comers, or for all they come to. A physician prescribes not one and the same medicine for every disease. He considers to whom he gives the potion, as well as what he gives." And this is just what you must do, my brother, and without it there can be no "rightly dividing the word of truth." Milk will not prove sufficient for young men and fathers, and strong meat is not adapted to babes. Milk for babes, and strong meat for young men and fathers.

If you rightly divide the word of truth, you will never be justly charged with not

preaching to the unregenerate part of your congregation. As for myself, I am increasingly concerned so to preach that not one of my hearers may ever go away and justly say, "That minister cares not for my soul." When some who have been but too justly charged with not preaching to sinners, have foolishly replied, "We preach not to angels, therefore we must preach to sinners if we preach at all, and only to sinners." But this is a poor get out, a vague subterfuge, for God's word draws the line of demarcation, and exhibits a vast contrast between sinners and saints, and it were folly to address the dead in sin as saints, or the saints as those dead in trespasses and sins. Some have vainly thought, because we hold the great and glorious doctrines of distinguishing grace, we cannot therefore consistently address ourselves to the unregenerate; but, my brother, it is quite the reverse, for we cannot constantly and rightly divide the word of truth, without reminding them of their awful condition.

My brother, tell poor sinners there is no going to heaven unless born of the Spirit. Tell the drunkard, the Sabbath-breaker, the liar, the fornicator, and the adulterer, that living and dying in their sins, they will be sent to hell, not for a limited period only, as some suppose, but for ever, there to mingle with the execrations of the damned, where there is weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth, where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched. Diversified will be the cases of those who come to hear you, and if you rightly divide the word of truth, their cases will be met by your preaching. A word of salvation to the lost, liberation to the captive, illumination to the beighted, consolation to the dejected, confirmation to

the wavering, and a word of justification to the condemned. In thus, my brother, rightly dividing the word of truth, you must remind those to whom you preach of the Source from whence these blessings rise, of the boundless ocean of the eternal love of God, the channel in which they flow, the mediation of Jesus Christ, and also how made personally and spiritually known by the alone efficient teaching and application of the Spirit of God; and then tell how the word of truth is a word of eternal duration, and that the salvation and righteousness of Christ which it proclaims endureth for ever and ever. Therefore, my dear brother, if you would be such an one as St. Paul desired Timothy, you will find that it requires much study, industry, diligence, and application.

IV. THE BENEFITS OR BLESSINGS you may reasonably expect to be the result of the pursuing such a course as prescribed in the text.

Comfort to your own soul for the doctrine you preach to others, you will experience, consequently practise. The results will not only be beneficial to yourself, but also to the church, and your conduct will exert its influence on those around you. The comfort of your own soul, the peace and prosperity of the church, a good report of those who are without, and above all the glory of God are results not to be despised, but the rather to be prayerfully desired, and will to some extent be realized, if so be, my brother, you "Study to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." And in so doing you will also be approved of the Lord's people, if not by all, yet by the most intelligent, and really spiritual among them.

A PORTION FOR BABES, YOUNG MEN AND FATHERS.

BY MR. WILLIAM LEACH, OF NORTHAMPTON.

"Thou art mine."

"Thou great and compassionate King,
Drive all my sad doubtings away;
And let me with confidence sing,
'The Saviour expired for me.'
The witness that I am thy child,
O Jesus, to me now impart;
The pleasing sensation will yield,
Unspeaking joy to my heart."

If that hymn you have just been singing, describes the feelings of your heart, and the desires of your soul, the words I have to preach from this morning, will prove very appropriate to you. They are written Isaiah xliii. and the last clause of the first verse, "Thou art mine." Precious words! O for the sealing power of the Holy Ghost, to make that portion ours. In speaking

from them, we shall draw your attention—

I. To the persons to whom they are spoken.

II. To the import of them.

III. Describe some of the effects arising from the reception of them.

I. The persons to whom they are spoken.

"Thou art mine." You will perceive a speciality in the language of the text. Numbers there are who know nothing of these words, and are unconcerned to realize their interest in them. This is a testimony God does not use to everybody. He never said to the lost, "Thou art mine," for they never belonged to him in the sense of the text. They are the peculiar portion, then, of a

peculiar people, of whom we shall endeavour to give such a description as will apply to all who are partakers of Divine grace, and I hope shall be so enabled to compare spiritual things with spiritual as to bring the past to the remembrance of some, and impart encouragement to others. The way by which the Lord leads his people into the truth, is first by making them thoughtful; they are exercised about eternal things, and deeply concerned for the welfare of their immortal souls, consequently are found frequently perusing God's holy word; for when God brings a person to see and feel his lost estate, and undone condition, he will have recourse to the word of God, and will be exceedingly anxious to obtain some instruction and comfort therefrom. Such are taught by the blessed Spirit from the word of God, that God has a people whom he loves with a peculiar and everlasting love, who are near and dear unto him, and whom he regards above all other people, for they are precious in his sight; he accounts them his jewels, portion, and peculiar treasure; and that this people were blessed with all spiritual blessings, in the heavenly places before the world began, and that they shall attain to everlasting life and felicity, through the precious blood and obedience of his dear Son. These truths, whether known in a greater or less degree, are found to be God's own testimony, and form the groundwork of that experience we are now speaking from, and distinguish it from the shallow and empty profession of such who are not divinely taught.

Here we notice further, there is a firm conviction of mind wrought, that our present comfort and eternal safety depends upon our belonging to them, and our being identified with them; and we are brought to a conclusion in our minds about this matter, that if we belong to the people of God all will be well with us in time and in eternity, according to the words of the prophet, "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with them." Hence a question will often arise in the mind, Do I belong to the Lord? am I an object of his favour? does he regard me in the light he does his people? and shall I unite with them in singing their song of praise through a never-ending eternity? And this solicitude will be discovered in a man or a woman, such will manifest by their conduct, conversation, and sensitiveness, that eternal things engage their attention, that their faces are set Zionward.

Then there will be earnest desires for the Lord to appear, and make the matter clear unto us, and decide the point. Nothing but this will satisfy those that are thus exercised; the Lord himself must reveal the secret, it cannot be obtained from books or creatures, and that in such a way that will set the matter at rest, by speaking home to

the soul the testimony of the text, "Thou art mine." Mark such a man in public or in private, and his breathings will evince that this is the prevailing desire of his soul, and accounted by him as the one thing needful; this is, indeed, the point he is anxious to attain unto, and which he wants the Lord to satisfy him upon, "Thou art mine;" and before the Lord is pleased to grant him his desire, what a conflict there is within, and how variously affected he is at different times, by the judgment he forms of his state. Sometimes the Lord is pleased to give him a little insight into the word, and impart some comfort to the mind thereby; then a feeling arises that he does belong to the Lord now, for he feels a love to his people, his truth, and his ways, else how come these desires into his heart? Surely the Lord is the author of them, "for every good and perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights." But perhaps the little comfort is withdrawn, and the little joy and peace he has experienced in believing departs, and conflicts with the powers of sin succeed in the mind, and he now sees nothing but evil in his heart, so contrary as he thinks to what is in existence in the people of God; for he finds them for the most part cheerful. Then he is apt to conclude he must be wrong, surely God's people cannot feel as he does, for he is so much the subject of unbelief, with fear and hope arising alternately in his mind; which stages of experience God's people know something of, for they are not brought into the possession of the truth all at once. Perhaps we might draw the line of distinction between those who know they are the Lord's, and those who do not: one is guided more by faith than by feeling, and the other for the most part by feeling, and very little by faith, which those who know their God, and the things that accompany salvation, are well aware to be an unsafe criterion to judge of our state by; for we sometimes feel as bad as the devil himself, and to draw a conclusion then, would be to act wrong altogether, and be highly dishonouring to God. But faith steps in here, and argues thus: though I feel as wretched as sin and Satan can make me, and am as black as the tents of Kedar, I know this does not affect the love of God towards me, for by the perfection of his righteousness, and by the efficacy of his precious blood, sin is put away, and I am complete and accepted in him the Beloved.

(To be continued.)

"As earthly portions carry away worldly hearts from God: so when God comes to be a man's portion, he carries his heart away from the world, the flesh, and the devil. All the world cannot keep a man's interest and his heart assunder."—*Brooks*.

CRITICAL REVIEWS OF RELIGIOUS BOOKS.

"*A Sermon on Baptism, &c.* By the Rev. W. LINCOLN.

THE commencing paragraph of this discourse contains sentiments so truly Christian, and of such enlarged liberality, as to disarm all hostile criticism, and to call for a candid consideration of its entire contents.

For the worthy author we feel respect and Christian esteem. Of himself we shall state nothing that shall militate against our views of his character as a laborious minister of Christ. As, however, his production is an appeal to the general sentiment and judgment of the Christian public, in the discharge of our duty as Christian reviewers, we shall take leave to apply his reasoning, criticisms, and expositions of holy Scripture to the legitimate tests of the standard of truth.

To win assent, and to secure the subjection of the understanding of every right-minded person and lover of truth, the proper way is to make a clear and distinct affirmation of fact, doctrine, and meaning, and then to support the same by proof. In the matter in hand, Christian baptism can only be judged and concluded from the words of the institution of the sacred rite, or by some precept of Christ or his Apostles, and by recorded examples. The true, literal, and straightforward meaning is that previous to baptism, the subjects of baptism should be taught as disciples are taught by learning the truth as it is in Jesus, and when faith is wrought in the heart, and confession is made unto salvation, then the recipients (grave confessors of the truth) are to be initiated by immersion; this being, according to the unexceptionable testimony of Richard Porson, that giant of Greek literature, the invariable meaning of the Greek word, as used in reference to this initiatory rite in the New Testament.

Instead of this process of reasoning, Mr. Lincoln rests the entire burden of proof—if such a term is suitable at all to the method he adopts on ASSUMPTION—on gratuitous inference—on mere negations.

In page 8, we have the expression that "*as a matter of course,*" and "*as taken for granted*" that persons baptized themselves should have their infants baptized too.

What lawless license does this process sanction! and whither will it lead in a way of direct result but to the wildest fanaticism, sanctioning every vagary and wild fancy which rises uppermost in the mind? This is not to follow Christ in his word, but to set up a right for every man to have his own Gospel, and his own favourite plan of a church. 2dly. The doctrine of inference is utterly unsafe. Who doubts that God did include children in a national covenant, and according to the plan and scope of a system of carnal ordinances, that is according to the genius and intent of that dispensation; yet the covenant of grace, however manifested and dispersed, had respect to the spiritual seed, not only in the impartation of blessings, but

in the seals of the same. God never did look moreover, with equal favour on all the offspring of godly men, however high they stood in the Divine favour. "Jacob have I loved," "Esau have I hated." Unless an inference be sanctioned and confirmed by express testimony of the Holy Ghost, it can never form the basis of faith and practice in the Church of God.

There is a mistiness and confusion in our author's method of arguing from negatives on his own shewing and principles. For while he speaks of what he styles the partial silence of Scripture (p. 7). in the same breath enunciates, not as a partial silence, but a silence entire, which on review must astonish himself. We were not a little surprised to arrive at this ominous and startling sentence.

"*There is not in the New Testament a direction or a prohibition with reference to the baptism of infants so clear as immediately to settle the question one way or the other;*" which to our seeming, is to give up the whole question at once.

There is "no direction" for the baptism of infants in the New Testament, which is our creed as Baptists, which we hold, and are ready to prove against comers. This frank admission from our truth-seeking friend gives us hope to find him eventually in our ranks, fighting the good fight of faith, and bowing in cordial subjection to all the commands of Zion's King, and walking in all the ordinances of the Lord.

"*The Ordination Services of Mr. John Bennett, Pastor of Enon Chapel, Chatham.*" London: HENRY JAMES TRESIDDER; and of all Booksellers. Price 6d.

We shall be very modest in speaking of this book, because its contents are as follow:—

"The nature of a Gospel Church, and the usual questions asked, by C. W. Banks;" "The Charge to the Minister by Mr. James Wells;" "Sermon to Church and Congregation, by Mr. John Andrews Jones." The experience as related by our brother Bennett was certainly most striking, affecting, original, and instructing: it will surely be read by tens of thousands with tears. Mr. Wells's charge to the Pastor is worthy the careful perusal of all young ministers—the elders are too far gone to benefit by it; but the young ones will do well to ponder it carefully as the result of a man's mind whose life has been most zealously devoted to the pursuit after, and the publication of, pure Bible knowledge. We are glad the "Charge" is in print; we shall send it to some of the bishops and clergy; it will be read (in secrecy) by many who are not "*with us*" in some things. Who can tell the good which may result? We believe that an earnest contention for TRUTH—*lovingly and intelligently* set forth—will always achieve immense moral victories over the minds of men; and be *instrumental* in wiping some of the dust from their eyes, if it does not remove death

from their spirit. Mr. J. A. Jones's address to the Church is affectionate, and truly good, simple, careful, and sincere.

"*Sermons on the Parables in Luke xv.*" By the Rev. W. LINCOLN, A.K.C., Minister of Beresford-street Chapel, Walworth.

See the two first parts of "NEW CHURCH OF ENGLAND PULPIT," 4d. each Part. London: Published by Henry James Tresidder. There is a pure originality and evangelical harmony in these sermons, which render them more edifying than any we have lately read."

"*The Prodigal's Return to his Father. Part of Three Sermons preached from Luke xv. in Providence Chapel, Cranbrook, Kent, by J. MARCHANT, and a short Account of his Experience, and of his Backsliding, and of his being Restored.* London: Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane, and 182, Dover Road, S.E.

MR. MARCHANT has gone through some sharp discipline; is well established in a knowledge of his own heart; and has felt (as every saved soul must), to his sorrow, the strength and power of sin and Satan; the terrible majesty of God's holy law; and he has been driven to lay hold of the only hope set before him in the gospel, even that hope which is by Christ Jesus as made an High Priest for ever after the order of Melchisedec. But not only so, Mr. Marchant, is one who has not been content with a form of godliness without the power; nothing short of the Holy Spirit bringing the healing word of truth into his soul, could satisfy; he has been made to know that his faith must stand not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God, and that he must not rest upon the testimony of men, but upon the testimony of God. This realized peace with God he has sought and obtained, and can therefore preach that mercy and salvation to others, which he himself possesses for himself. And this is as it should be; he has thus tarried in Jerusalem until he is endued with power from on high. He is not, therefore a deceiver, but a new and true-born Son of Zion, and holds forth the word of life boldly, yet not presumptuously, setting forth with great force the discriminating truths of the everlasting gospel. The people who hear him may well esteem him for the living power of his testimony and for his earnest and sincere desire to do good. He has undergone, shall we say two conversions, and is as it were doubly converted; he got, it seems into the world and all its follies, and we suppose its vices too, but terror afresh seized him, and brought him into the way of truth with more of the root of the matter about him than he appears ever to have had before. So far as *vitality* of godliness is concerned, we think the work before us is a well written work, and well worth reading. But Mr. Marchant's zeal seems in some things to override his judgment, and the subject he seeks to illustrate, he occasionally most deplorably obscures. Mr. Marchant professes to give us the meaning of the Parable of the Prodigal Son, and in accordance with some writers, he very justly makes the elder brother to be one who is under a covenant of works, and is entitled only to that which that covenant affords. In his remarks upon this part of the parable, Mr. Marchant shines like a star of the first magnitude. His remarks are telling and to the point. But his very questionable application of the word *backslide* has led him in another part of the parable sadly astray. "Give me the portion of goods that falleth to me," Mr. Marchant makes to be the real Christian asking for his portion. So according to this interpretation, the prodigal went and spent his *eternal* inheritance in riotous living. Mr. Marchant does not use these words, but he makes the portion asked for, to be the *real portion* of the believer, as an everlasting kingdom is the portion of the Christian. Then,

according to Mr. Marchant, the prodigal must have spent God's everlasting kingdom in riotous living. *This must have been riotous living with a vengeance;* Mr. Marchant does not of course *intentionally* mean such a disaster to heaven and earth as this, but his mode of handling this part of the parable unavoidably involves this. Now Mr. Marchant will, with us, remember that it is only a parable, and that the key thereof hangs up over the door. Does not Mr. Marchant see at the head of the chapter two different classes of hearers; the one publicans and sinners; the other Pharisees and Scribes; that one class heard him gladly; and the other class *murmured* at him? Are not the Pharisees represented by the elder brother? And are not the publicans and sinners represented by the prodigal? but had these publicans and sinners ever been converted before, and were now what Mr. Marchant would call backsliders? We think not. Were they not hitherto dead in sin, merely God's creatures? and in this sense have we not all one Father? hath not one God created us, and is there not an essential difference between the paternity of the Most High in creation, and his paternity in salvation? And is not every natural man impatient for his portion of goods? And do they not all go astray like sheep, turning every one to his own way, but when brought under the chastening hand of heaven, they come to themselves, *begin* to be in want; he was never so in want before; and is not such an one willing to take the lowest place, "make me as one of thy hired servants?" We must look not in some respects so much at the letter of the parable, as at the spirit and main design of the parable. Did we not in the first Adam all leave our Father's house and home? Did we not all there fatally backslide, which is the same thing as apostatize, for the difference men have sought to establish between backsliding and apostasy, is merely mythic. Had then Mr. Marchant taken this view of this part of the parable, he would have been consistent both with himself, and with the truth.

Mr. Marchant tells also, that the kid the elder brother complained of not having, is the *new creature*. So the elder brother would say, "thou never gavest me a *new creature* that I might make merry with my friends." We hope Mr. Marchant in his next edition of his three sermons, will give us something on this part of the parable a little nearer the mark than this.

But there is another very material drawback in the *manner* in which this author handles his subject. He sets out with the professed object of giving us the meaning of this parable; but we get but just a slight peep at some small part of the parable, but we are driven off with a whole shower of Scripture quotations all tumbled in upon us pellmell, and we lose sight for pages of the prodigal, the elder brother and all belonging to them. These Scripture quotations, some belonging to the old covenant, some to the new, but are so hurled in that they bewilder us, smother the poor prodigal, and we wonder what is become of him, and we seem as though we were reading a concordance more than the writings of one who sets out as an interpreter. This *redundancy* of Scripture quotation swells out the book, but dreadfully obscures the meaning, *wearies* the reader, and tempts him to pass one half of it by. We are glad to see Mr. Marchant mighty in the letter of Scripture, but we want to see him mighty in the *meaning* also of Scripture, remembering that the substance lies in the *meaning*. It was not an excellency, but a fault in the great Huntington, that there was redundancy of Scripture quotation which we see in his writings, sometimes half a chapter quoted, when one or two clauses of the same, would have given the sense much clearer. But his excellencies were so great, that he more than counterbalanced that superfluity. Confirm by all means everything by the word of God; but when a sermon or book consists of very little but mere quotations strung together, no one is profited, and few care to hear such a minister or to read such a book. Mr. Marchant's book does to a considerable

extent contain the fault of redundant quotation; let him look to this; it will be to his advantage and to the advantage of them that hear him; for there is so much of the truth and vitality of the gospel in him, that we think he is one of those very men, who, above all others, ought not to neglect the gift that is in them.

"*The Rural Shepherd and his Sheep. A Narrative of the Rise and Progress of the First New Testament Church in Ware. With an Account of the Conversion and Ordination of Mr. J. STAMFORD.* London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane, Paternoster Row; Robert Banks and Co. Price One Shilling.

This title, "The Shepherd and His Sheep," is not very suited to the contents of this seventy-six page shilling book, as the chief contents are an account of the formation of a church, and the ordination of the minister Mr. Samford of Ware, Herts, on July the 25th of the present year. These main contents of the pamphlet are preceded by very curious kinds of introductions; first, that the people of the town of Ware have been most abominable monopolists in wickedness; that some great man committed crime there fifty years ago; that the people took the hint, and followed his example, glorying in all sorts of sin; and that this abominable Ware is unhappily only twenty-one miles from London. So, of course London must have been from such proximity of this abominable people of Ware, very much demoralized. And now, reader, our little book explains the *mystery* of all this abominable moral degradation: it is because the town produces so much good water and good malt, and unhappily the New River comes from this said abominable place. Oh! poor London. But ought the town altogether to be blamed for the good water? Is not the fault rather chargeable upon the river for being so pure and liberal? and also ought not the fields to bear some blame for producing such good barley; and if these abominable wretches would but keep the water and malt apart, they might by this simple act, have been looked upon at least as common sinners, and not have been such sinners above all sinners. And yet, reader, would you believe it, this same abominable town of Ware, the little book before us, does in its fifth page, assure us, that this abominable little town has sent out many champions of truth into other parts! Well, come, this does shew the excessive benevolence of these abominable Ware people; they sent out many champions of truth to other parts, thus, in the fulness of good nature, simply saying, we are going to hell ourselves but we should not like people in other parts to go to hell, so we send out from us the champions of truth into other parts; and now think of it, that dear Mr. Flack was born in this abominable den; and also the late Mr. Irons was a native of this town of sinners above all sinners. Who can but sympathize with poor Mr. Flack being born at Ware! We do not think that such dreadful misfortunes ought to be told abroad; it raises our pity to the very highest pitch of sympathy; it is not kind in Mr. Flack to serve us so, for he it seems, has thus written. He ought to keep the abominable place of his origin in the back ground.

But the little book next gives us some little historical account of Ware, on which we are assured that in the time of William the Conqueror, Ware was only a village. There, reader, what do you think of that? do you not feel instructed? and we begin to assure our readers of something more wonderful still, namely, that in the time of Adam, Ware was no-Ware. We wish thus to speak luminously. Ah, but just stop a little, and we shall begin to brighten up here; in this, the historical part, the good water, and the good malt come again before us; but ah, how improved, how changed! These hitherto abominable things at Ware, turn into money; and by the benevolent heart, and liberal hand of R. Hanbury Esq., (brewer,) build Churches, help Chapels, improve the people; and thus you see these abominable wretches at Ware, have not

wasted their money so badly after all, seeing the much good water, and very much good malt have produced much good, and the good people of the place (for we have some good people now,) do not refuse this good water and malt money. No. They think the church or the chapel paid for by this money will be quite as holy as though paid for by money gained by selling bread or potatoes. Such then, are the curious introductions to this little book. But when these parts are passed, all is sunshine, while the two introductions have more about them of the moonshine. But now having no more occasion to travel that way, all is clear before us. Here is a good Missionary question, with 22 questions, to which he gives conclusive and scriptural answers, except to the 2nd question, where he says the fallen creature rejects the gospel to his own condemnation, as though men were not already condemned independent of the gospel; as though no man could be condemned until he rejected that which the living God never intended he should savingly receive; for "whom he will he hardeneth," and "it shall be given to them for whom it is prepared;" but we think the answer to the second question is better in meaning than in words. All his answers do the missionary credit, and reflect equal discredit upon a Missionary Society, which could dismiss from its services so faithful a man, a man so divinely taught, and made too his distribution of a tract written by Mr. Doudney of Plymouth, entitled "Nothing to Pay;" a more Scriptural, sweeter little tract does not exist, it is the very essence of the gospel:—the distribution of this tract was the crime for which he was dismissed. In this little book we are now reviewing, we have Mr. Flack baptizing sixteen persons, Mr. Banks describing the nature of a gospel church; Mr. Samford a working man, and the minister, giving a good account of his call by grace; also how he was led to preach, and also a concise, but Scriptural account of the doctrines he holds; then comes Mr. Banks with his pastoral charge; and all together they appear to have had a good day. Mr. Flack spoke well; Mr. Samford, (brother to the minister,) spoke well in describing the rise and progress of the cause at Ware. No one we think can find any fault with what was advanced. Mr. Banks's pastoral charge we think was very suited to the occasion, as were Mr. Flack's remarks at the baptizing. Mr. Banks's position in giving the pastoral charge was somewhat difficult, for as the minister has at present to labour for the bread that perisheth, he could not be set to work at his ministerial department as one can who is in that respect free. Mr. Samford would not be wise to give much of his little spare time to any book but the Bible; the capabilities of the Bible, and that without any other book, are greater than is perhaps generally thought; and if Mr. Samford be a thinking man, a hard, deep, devoted thinking man, he will do well to read the Bible much, but never read a chapter without numbering the paragraphs, and thinking in his mind what the successive subjects of that chapter are, and let him think them over until he can master them, and have them in full possession; he will then be well furnished, and have sometimes subjects before he has a text, and it is better to have a subject without a text, than a text without a subject; for when you have a subject a text is easily found, and when you have text first, then subjects will always help and carry a minister through. We are glad to see the advice given by Mr. Banks tends this way.

This little book, the "Shepherd and his Flock," is very well worth the shilling, which is the price of it, as notwithstanding the good water and malt of the preface and its curious bit of history, it (this little book) is a good testimony not only of what the grace of God can do, but of what it does do, and what it has done among the working people of Ware. Let them go on as they have begun, and they will do well.

"*The Lamb of God.*" A Sermon by JOHN BLOOMFIELD. Preached at Salem Chapel, Meard's Court,

Soho, London. Published by James Paul, Chapel-house court.

Sitting the other evening in the midst of a company of happy Christians, the conversation turned upon Mr. Bloomfield's ministry:—one most intelligent, aged, unbiased, and devoted follower of Christ, said, "Mr. Bloomfield is a safe minister. He preaches the gospel of Christ sweetly and clearly." The sermon before us is a confirmation of that statement. We have others of Mr. Bloomfield's recently published; and shall notice them in succession.

The Times of the Gentiles; or, the Image that Ne-

buchadnezzar did see." London: H. J. Tresidder, 17, Ave Maria Lane; R. Banks and Co.

As a frontispiece to this extraordinary pamphlet, we have a splendidly engraved full length figure of the Image itself, which Nebuchadnezzar did see, with all the chronological dates of the different reigns of the golden head; the silver breast; the brass; the iron, the clay, &c., &c., with quotations and expositions from ancient writers, &c. &c., then we have an entirely new and original exposition of those chapters in Daniel which refer to the remarkable times now passing over us. We think this chilling pamphlet, and its plate, will excite some interest in the different circles of Bible students.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

LAYING FOUNDATION STONE OF MR. J. A. JONES'S NEW CHAPEL.

On Wednesday, the 10th of October, 1860, the foundation stone of Jireh New Chapel, for Mr. John Andrews Jones, who attained on that day his 81st year, was laid in the presence of from three to four hundred friends. The day unfortunately was very wet, otherwise, no doubt, many more would have attended to witness the ceremony. The site selected for the new chapel is a piece of ground in the East Road, close to the City Road; and the estimated cost of building is about £700. It had been stated in the bills that George Lowe, Esq., F.R.S., would lay the stone, but he was unable to attend, being absent in Ireland. He, however, sent a very kind letter to Mr. Jones, expressing his sympathy with the cause, and he had previously given the handsome sum of £25 towards defraying the expenses of the building. The stone was to have been laid at half-past two o'clock; but in consequence of the inclemency of the weather, workmen were engaged till a quarter to three in covering the temporary shed with tarpaulin. When this was done, the platform was speedily crowded; but no sooner had all taken their places than the centre of the platform gave way. This caused some little alarm for a moment, but as the ground was not more than a foot distant, nobody sustained any injury. Shortly afterwards the venerable pastor, Mr. J. A. Jones, mounted the platform, and proceeded to lay the stone. A glass bottle was placed in the cavity, containing a scroll of parchment, on which the following was inscribed, written by the hand of Mr. Jones himself:—"Jireh New Chapel, East Road, City Road. This house of God was erected for Divine worship by a Baptized Church of Christ. We date our origin in the year 1751. Our first pastor was the celebrated Thomas Craner, a champion for truth. He died March 18, 1773, in the 57th year of his age, and was succeeded by Mr. Thomas Powell, in Mitchell Street, who was our pastor upwards of forty-six years. He went to his rest, Nov. 18th, 1829, in the 81st year of his age. He was succeeded by our present pastor, Mr. J. A. Jones. The Church and congregation removed to Jireh Chapel, Brick-lane, in 1838, and from thence, on that chapel being taken down, they have erected

this place. This Church holds, and firmly maintains, the Gospel doctrines of one God, in a Triune Jehovah, Father, Word, and Holy Ghost—eternal and personal election—original sin—particular redemption—efficacious grace in regeneration and sanctification—free justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ—the final perseverance of the saints—strict communion, and the maintenance of all gospel order, according to the Scriptures of truth. The above sacred principles this Church has held inviolable from first to last. It has been under the pastoral charge of two ministers only, for the last seventy-seven years; and this corner stone was laid October 10th, 1860, being the day our pastor completed the 81st year of his age, and in the 52nd year of his ministry." This being done, Mr. Jones informed the friends that the speeches would be made in Buttensland-street Chapel, close by, and all proceeded there. The little chapel was soon filled; every one seemed to sympathise with the aged pastor, who was in good health and spirits, justifying the appellation given him by Mr. Wells, of "*young* John Andrew Jones. The following ministers addressed the meeting:—Messrs. Foreman, Wells, Pepper, Crowther, (of Leeds), Ponsford, and Attwood. Mr. Pells was also present, in the afternoon, and would have spoken, but was compelled to leave at the commencement of the evening, having to preach at his own chapel. Tea was provided at about five o'clock, and the meeting did not separate till nine at night, all appearing deeply impressed with what they had both seen and heard. A report of the whole was taken in shorthand, and is published separately in the NEW LONDON PULPIT.

NOTTING-HILL.

The Anniversary of Johnson-street Chapel, Notting-hill, Mr. Williamson, pastor, was held on Tuesday, the 2nd of October. In the afternoon, Mr. James Wells gave a discourse on "The Church in her royal array," taking for his text the first six verses of the 7th chapter of Solomon's Song. In the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. Williamson in the chair; when the following ministers gave addresses on Zechariah iii. Mr. Woollacott,

"Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?" Mr. J. Griffiths (of Hayes), "A change of raiment;" Mr. Foreman, "A fair mitre;" Mr. Bloomfield, "The engraven stone." Before the evening addresses, Mr. Williamson gave a short history of the chapel, which was erected in 1851, at a cost of £961. 2s. 4d. Twelve months later the school-room was added, at a further cost of £153. 2s. 6d., making a total of £1,114. 4s. 10d., of which £322. 14s. has since been paid, leaving a balance still to pay of £791. 10s. 10d. The chapel was thronged, and the eloquent addresses given by the various ministers were listened to with the greatest interest. At the close of the service, a collection was made towards the liquidation of the debt. A report of the whole was taken in shorthand, and is published separately in "NEW LONDON PULPIT."

PLYMOUTH, DEVONPORT, AND STONEHOUSE.

REPORT OF THE THREE TOWNS EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION.

A CROWDED and enthusiastic meeting was held at St. George's Hall, Stonehouse, on Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1860, for the explanation of the objects, and inauguration of the above. The lovers of the glorious doctrines of free and sovereign grace residing in the towns of Plymouth, Devonport, and Stonehouse, mustered strong on the occasion; and never were Calvinistic doctrines more clearly or unhesitatingly enunciated from pulpit or platform than they were on this occasion,—so uncompromisingly were they stated that even opponents were constrained to admire the candour displayed by all concerned.

Brother Collins, of Plymouth, gave out a hymn; Brother Vaughan, of Mount Zion, engaged in prayer. J. Barrow, Esq., of London, was called to the chair.

A report of the proceedings of the promoters was read, which met with a warm reception from the audience. Letters also were read, sympathising with the movement, from Revs. Doudney, Babb, Bulteel, and Hemington.

Brother Collins, of Plymouth, moved the first resolution, viz., the adoption of the report, in a long and energetic manner, describing the nature of the work and the means by which it would be accomplished, viz., tracts written in accordance with the doctrines stated,—by expository lectures, preaching services, and united prayer meetings, without compromising the truth,—whose aim would be the ingathering of the scattered sheep of Christ. It was his firm conviction that a great amount of latent talent was in our own churches, which only required gathering and directing, and, under the blessing of the Most High, must be productive of good to the election of grace. The smallness of numbers should not intimidate, but nerve us for the conflict. Reason would say you are too few to accomplish it, but faith in the Lord of Hosts goes forth conquering and to conquer.

Brother Easterbrook seconded, by giving a plain statement of the doctrinal views intended to be propagated, viz., God's everlasting love to and choice of his church in Christ, the full and complete redemption of that church by God the Son, the effectual and invincible grace of God the Holy Ghost, in bringing home that church to glory; while the operations of this association would be of a purely unsectarian character, not a tract, lecture, sermon, or prayer meeting, but would harmonize in every particular with the doctrines thus stated. Cornwall presented great claims; to that county especially our aims will be directed. It is in a fearful state of spiritual destitution; it was his firm conviction that not more than four men sound in the truth were to be met with throughout its length and breadth. It was high time men of truth bestirred themselves now they had such great facilities for travelling. The resolution being put, it was carried with applause.

Br. Vaughan, of Mt. Zion, Devonport, moved the second resolution, viz., "That this meeting agrees to use all lawful and legitimate means for supporting and carrying out the objects of the above association, and that a general fund be raised for that purpose." It was necessary, when preferring a claim upon the liberality of the people of God, to show we had a just and honourable cause to which we invited their co-operation; to prove the necessity existing we had no occasion to send across the seas to paint the horrors of heathenism in Hindostan, but here in our very streets, around our very sanctuaries, vice and crime, in all their unmitigated abominations, issued forth their polluted streams,—added to which Popery, in her dying throes, was putting forth all her powers to proselyte and debase the mind,—Puseyism, if possible, still worse, because under a mask and in the receipt of Protestant pay, is putting forth all its powers and influence to substitute mere forms and genuflections, flowers and millinery, in the place of the everlasting Gospel; and infidelity, that serpent, scotched not killed, is again rearing its head, and is endeavouring to poison the youthful mind of both sexes, is again busily sending forth its foul blasphemies and pollutions; and when we look to the great mass of professors, do we not discover a pandering to the powers that be? True, they preach a Gospel, but not *the* Gospel—a self-contradictory one, which needs no infidel to oppose, because it defeats itself; both in their preaching and in their tracts we see free grace at the outset, but free will at the close. Now, it is not sufficient for us to find fault; but, with God's help, we intend to do better. Our aims will be the dissemination of the truth as it is in Jesus, to avoid anything like a temporizing policy. Our movements and teachings shall be so plain and unmistakable as will necessitate a hearty co-operation or undisguised opposition. The advantages resulting we anticipate will be the resuscitation of the old Puritan spirit—an energetic Christianity, a living ministry, and a more clear line of demarcation between the Church of Christ and the world.

Brother Cousins seconded, urging the necessity of those who valued the doctrines so clearly set forth, and which he believed to harmonize with the inspired word, to put forth every nerve at this important crisis, and under the influence of the Holy Spirit to consecrate themselves to this important service; thus they would be instrumental in gathering the stones from nature's quarry for building up the church—that spiritual temple, the habitation of Jehovah;—those precious spiritual stones eternally loved of God, redeemed by Christ, and now being brought out and prepared by the Holy Spirit, through the instrumentality of his word, preached by redeemed and qualified men. Thus the building shall go on, till the top-stone shall be brought up with shoutings of Grace, grace unto it.—Carried with applause.

A committee was then appointed for carrying out the objects stated. The Doxology being sung, and the benediction pronounced, the meeting separated, highly gratified,—if we can judge by the collection at the doors. And now, O Lord, send prosperity.

A FRIEND IN THE FAR WEST.

[The above report bespeaks a good beginning of a most important enterprise. We hope these brethren will shame us London ministers, by carrying out, practically, powerfully, perseveringly, and prayerfully, the great objects of their mission. We have desired to see this done in London, and it is a foul blot upon us that it is not done; but, after many efforts, discouraged and distressed, we have almost buried the hope that the ministers of truth will ever unite in a work so noble, and a commission so evidently given to them. We are much inclined to write faithfully and truthfully upon this subject; but, convinced that nothing but sneers and contempt would be the result, we at present forbear. We have lately commenced a home mission in our own place, and a few have banded together to pray their way up into a sphere of usefulness. We are anxiously watching the result. That our brethren in the far-west may quit themselves like men shall be our hope and prayer.—Ed.]

KEPPLE STREET CHAPEL, RUSSELL SQUARE,

Is a neat, airy, and commodious sanctuary, wherein the Lord's name has been proclaimed for nearly seventy years, and where the present pastor, Mr. Samuel Milner, has laboured for about six years with acceptance and steady success. Mr. Milner is well known in the provinces and in the metropolis as a minister of observant and cautious bearing, of solid parts, and a stern defender of the faith.

Sunday, October 21st, being the sixty-sixth anniversary of the chapel, the venerable Mr. Murrell, of St. Neo's, preached morning and evening, and Mr. J. Foreman, of Mount Zion, Dorset-square, in the afternoon. The attendance was large, particularly in the evening, when the chapel was quite full.

Mr. Murrell preached in the morning with

much sweetness from Isaiah xxxiii. 17: "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty: they shall behold the land that is afar off." Mr. Murrell's heart seemed too full for utterance, as he dwelt on the character of Christ "the King," then the beauties of Christ as our King, and the extended views intimated in the text. "they shall behold the land afar off." Follow me (said the preacher) ye Spirit-taught minds, while we contemplate the character of Jesus. Go down to Bethlehem's manger, visit Jordan's flowing streams, as the God-man is immersed beneath the healing waves of those consecrated waters; see him take his stand at Pilate's bar; view him hanging on the cross; follow him to his prison-house, and from whence he breaks the bars of death asunder. Then just go to Mount Olivet, that lovely spot—witness there the Saviour's rising, and listen, before he rose, to that gracious blessing to his disciples; and see, while he blessed them, behold he departed from them, and was taken up to heaven. This Jesus is my Saviour and King. Is he not yours, my dear friends?

In the afternoon Mr. Foreman preached from Matthew xv. 13: "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up;" and dropped some telling remarks on the trees of the Lord's own planting.

Mr. Murrell spoke in the evening from 1 Thess. i. 3: "Remembering without ceasing your work of faith and labour of love, and patience of hope in our Lord Jesus Christ, in sight of God and our Father." Faith and its works, love and its labour, hope and its patience, were subjects handled by the veteran in a thoroughly practical and experimental manner. Time and labour seem doing their work on this venerated saint of God. His heart appears full, but his voice is decidedly weaker than when we last heard him, and those sweet and savoury sentences in which he delights were with some difficulty uttered. May his end be peace.

HAPPY MEETINGS; AND A CHAPEL FREE AT MENDLESHAM.

[After years of difficulty; and scenes of sorrow and joy, Mendlesham church is set free. Surely, our brethren Runneckles, Curtis, and others, who have stood by the ark, in all her troubles, must be constrained to praise their God!—Ed.]

BR. BANKS.—With pleasure I address you, knowing you are always pleased to hear of the welfare and prosperity of Zion; you have been kind to help (as an instrument in the Lord's hand) both in coming among us, and sending us many supplies; and in many instances it has proved to demonstration to have been of the Lord. I could name many whom the Lord has made signally useful in calling sinners from death to life, and in liberating the captives. This is to inform you of the present state of things at Mendlesham. We had special services on the 2nd October; the object sought was the commemoration of the opening of our little "Jirch" in that once dark spot, and the clearing off the remaining debt of fifty pounds. The morning was fine;

a goodly number was gathered together; the service commenced by Brother Hill of Stoke-ash giving out that beautiful hymn—

“Hail! mighty Jesus, how divine is thy victorious sword;
The stoutest rebel must resign at thy commanding word.”

Brother Nunn, of London, read; implored the divine blessing; and in his usual pleasing strain, delivered a solemn and savoury discourse. In the afternoon Brother Hill read and prayed; Brother Slim of Hailsham, spoke to us in the name of the Lord, of the preciousness and suitability of the Gospel of Jesus Christ, to the comforting of many. The Lord was with us; and did wonderfully bless us, spiritually and temporally. About 200 sat down to tea; after which our esteemed minister, Mr. Bartholomew, and Brethren Slim and Nunn, delivered some pleasing and soul-animating discourses. Brother Hill was obliged to leave. It would have done your heart good to have seen the one-heartedness both in ministers and people; it was not all talking; but there was a practical carrying into effect the object sought; those above dropped their money down; those below handed theirs up; thus the cash had a friendly meeting, and a warm reception; so that with some in hand, some sent, and some promised, we have a chapel free; and what is still better, we have the Gospel ministry, and are dwelling together in peace, harmony, and godly prosperity.

On Lord's day, October 7th, we had another happy day. It having been previously announced that ten of the Lord's loving children were to be publicly baptized, long before the opening service the chapel was filled; many could not get in. After a solemn discourse, Mr. Bartholomew led the ten down into the water, and baptized them into the Name of the Holy Trinity, amidst the largest assembly that ever was seen there; others were saying, “Oh, that I were among them!” that verse seemed verified in the experience of many—

“The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shews his heart is mine,
And whispers I am his.”

Many wished me to write a few words respecting one of the candidates; it is a peculiar case; it is of a female that travels round the country, having no certain dwelling place, but pitches her tent from place to place; and having done so for a night or two at Mendlesham many times, and come had gone from chapel, unnoticed; but being there a short time ago on a baptizing occasion, she could scarcely refrain herself, and was particularly noticed by some of us; the result of which was, Mr. Bartholomew conversed with her, found she had loved the Lord about eleven years, and that a special desire was created in her soul to show that love by walking in the footsteps of her loving Lord. Two portions deeply impressed her mind; one was, “if ye love me, keep my commandments; the other followed her, go where she would, “why call ye me, Lord, Lord, and do not the things that I command you?” I had the happiness to hear

from her through one of my brothers, who promiscuously met with her at a little chapel, at Ashfield, in Suffolk, and she told him she had spent a happy week, proving the truth of that scripture, in keeping his commands there is great reward.

Yours in love's best bonds,

A POOR AND WEAK ONE.

Mendlesham.

BRIGHTON.

CHURCH ORGANISATION.

Tuesday, Oct. 9th, 1860, a Church of Particular Baptists was organized in Bethesda Hall, Windsor-street, Brighton, under the pastorate of the Rev. T. Stringer. In the afternoon service, Mr. J. Nichols, (of Harwich, editor of Zion's Trumpet) desired one of the brethren to give a brief statement of the leadings of God in bringing them together. Brother Strong stated, for some years past there had been a few scattered sheep in the town, who could not find a home. The truth was preached in the town by good men, but they wanted a minister whom they could hear acceptably. They had heard Mr. Stringer years ago much to their satisfaction, and wished him to come among them; but he was then immovable. They earnestly sought the Lord; and subsequently they had a meeting, and resolved to ask Mr. Stringer to come down and preach for them for a few weeks, that they might see if the Lord sanctioned their proceedings. Mr. Stringer came (though with great reluctance); and preached the first time, Friday evening, Feb. 24, 1860. After a few weeks they took a room for Lord's-day services; Mr. Stringer continued to preach the word of life among them; God greatly blessed it, and still does so.— There had been a steady increase of hearers from that time; they felt assured the thing proceeded from the Lord. They were unitedly desirous of being formed into a church, in accordance with New Testament principles and order; they had long prayed, waited, and longed for the day to come when in Gospel fellowship they might be united together; he thanked God the day had arrived.

Mr. Nichols observed this church was not formed in opposition to other places, but from the purest motives; fellowship with each other in Gospel privileges—the want of a home—the enjoyment of Mr. Stringer's ministry—the good of souls—and the glory of God. Mr. Nichols then joined the right hands of the two brethren appointed deacons on behalf of the Church. He then desired the members (forty-five) to shew that they unanimously recognized Mr. Stringer as their pastor, by raising their right hands, which was done unanimously. He then desired Mr. Stringer to show his acceptance of the pastorate by the same sign, with which Mr. Stringer complied. Mr. Stringer then gave a brief outline of the Lord's gracious dealings with him in a way of Providence and grace from the age of ten years; also his conspicuous call to the ministry; with his inward disposings to comply with the unanimous request of the people at Brighton in coming to preach among them

"the glorious Gospel of the blessed God." Mr. Stringer's original hymns were adopted to be sung in connexion with Dr. Watts's.

Mr. Nichols gave a good, sound, soul-supporting, heart-encouraging, affectionate address, praying that Gospel union and communion, peace, power, and prosperity, might exist among us. Brethren Nichols and Glas-kin, of London, officiated in the administration of the Lord's Supper. The service was concluded with praise and prayer.

At 5 o'clock, about one hundred and thirty sat down to tea; gratuitously given for the help of the cause by our esteemed brother, Mr. Cutress. The service commenced again at 7. The Hall was crowded. Mr. J. Glas-kin announced his text, "Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus." The sermon was great, good, grand and glorious, and the power and presence of God was solemnly felt and sweetly enjoyed. The sound counsel and scriptural admonition our brother gave to pastor, deacons, members, and people will not be erased from mind and memory. Our brother realised much holy delight in his work; saying, when he received an invitation to be with us on the occasion, his mind was at once in a marvellous and extraordinary way and manner, directed to that sweet and suitable portion of the word of God, and he believed it was a conspicuous and sure sign of God's approbation of the step we had taken. He wished us Gospel success and great prosperity, which God Almighty grant may be experimentally realised, to the praise, honour, and glory of his great and holy name. It was truly a God-glorifying day.

Mr. T. Stringer preaches in Bethesda Hall, Windsor-street, every Lord's day morning, at 11, evening at half-past 6, and on Wednesday evening at 7. Prayer meeting every Monday evening at 7. "O Lord, I beseech thee, send now prosperity."—Ps. 118, 25. So prays

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

GARNER CHAPEL, CLAPHAM.

WHAT DOES ALL THIS MEAN?

On Wednesday, October 3rd, two persons were baptized. Mr. Bird read and prayed; and Mr. Hall preached and baptized.

Notice.—This Chapel having been sold to the *Bible Christians*, our labours are brought to a speedy end. We went to Garner in October, 1853, to almost an empty chapel. By the Lord's mercy we have now a church of 40 members, a comfortable attendance, and within the last six months 13 persons have been added to the church, two baptizings, and an increase in our finances of just one-fourth; yet, notwithstanding this, and also that a written assurance was given us on the 23rd of April, 1860, by the lessees of the property, that for twelve months certain we should not be disturbed for the truth's sake, accompanied with a verbal assurance that not then "if we prospered," on Oct. 16th, 1860 (just 5 months and 3 weeks after the above promise) we receive notice that Garner is sold without our having any intimation previously. We are not aware of having acted in any way

to produce this result. We have remonstrated, but in vain. The bargain is struck—the deposit is paid—Garner is gone, and into the hands of the Wesleyan connexion too; thus the Chapel which has been said to have been built in faith, is likely to end in works, and we hope we may rest from our labours, for we had rather the Chapel become Wesleyan than ourselves. These things are, however, indeed, painful, and if hyper-calvinism (as it is called) was not burnt into our very souls, we would throw off the badge.

We shall close with the public meeting advertised on the 30th instant; we shall be homeless; and as in the very Chapel which was erected for the proclamation of the high and eternal truths of God, and for the administration of Gospel ordinances in all their purity, another Gospel will be proclaimed, we have resolved in the fear and faith of Christ, to raise another house as economically as possible, near the present site, as a piece of ground has been offered us on advantageous terms, and a dear friend is ready to sink £100 immediately in it; surely under the circumstances our God will support us! And can our strict Baptist and truth-loving brethren and sisters stand aloof, and see the church and congregation gathered under our ministry and attached to us, scattered like sheep having no shepherd, without lifting the heart to God, and extending the hand of sympathy? Contributions, great or small, will be most thankfully received, and gratefully acknowledged by

H. HALL, Minister.

24, Thurlow Place, Manor-st., Clapham.

[If this is not being wounded in the house of our friends, we know not what is. This is to us a fearful feature in the present history of our churches; and would serve as a text from whence a most awful series of lessons might be drawn. Who were the lessees? What on earth could induce them to sell a house *professedly* built for God's glory, and for Christ's Gospel? to sell it to the Armenians, too! Oh! this to us is a heart-breaking result of much that we fear is deeply and dreadfully iniquitous among high-sounding professors! What a day of wonders will the day of judgment prove to thousands who — we add no more at present.—ED.]

JOHN CARTER GONE HOME.

DEAR BROTHER BAKES,—I have to inform you of the death of an old friend of yours, who departed this life on the 3rd of September, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection. I can assure you he was one who sympathized with you, and very highly esteemed you for the truth's sake. Gladly would he have seen you on your return home from Whittlesey last Good Friday, had your Master permitted you to come on that occasion; but you remark in the May number of the *VESSEL* "when dangers and deaths take from you dearest ties, you cannot for the moment go forth in the work." Thus our dear friend was prevented seeing you once more in the flesh; but the day will come

when he and you will meet, with all the ransomed, to tell of his wondrous faithfulness and the performing God.

For the information of many that knew and loved the dear old saint, who for nearly forty years was no ordinary minister of the everlasting Gospel of a Triune Jehovah—Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—which many here and elsewhere can testify, though he sought not praise of men, his record is on high,—in the next Vessel please to give a corner just to say,—Died, of cancer, at Peterborough, on the 3rd of September, after two years severe affliction, Mr. JOHN CARTER, for upwards of thirty years the faithful and beloved pastor of Zion Chapel in that city, in the eighty-third year of his age. His remains were interred in the new cemetery by Mr. J. T. Smith, our esteemed minister, accompanied by many of the friends and members of his church, who were anxious to pay their last tribute to departed worth. "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." W. B.

SUDBURY, SUFFOLK.

THE second anniversary of Ebenezer Strict Baptist Chapel was held on Tuesday, Oct. 16. Mr. James Wells, of the Surrey Tabernacle, preached three sermons, evidently much assisted of the Lord. This indefatigable and thorough honest servant of the Lord proclaims his Master's will, fearless of what men may say or do. No compromise of principles is seen in Mr. James Wells. Truth, naked truth with power, he was honoured of the Lord to preach, and such the Eternal Lord Jehovah will bless. O Lord, send out more labourers into thy vineyard. Through the gracious hand of our God upon us, the gathering was good all day. Several ministers and friends from neighbouring churches came, who enjoyed the opportunity of hearing Mr. Wells. A good hot dinner and tea was provided by us gratis for all the ministers who were present. Above seventy persons sat down to tea in the chapel. Collections were very, very good, through the mercy of our God upon us. MURRELLS PLAICE,
Minister of the chapel.

GLEMSFORD, SUFFOLK.

ON Lord's-day, Oct. 21st, there was a glorious sight on the banks of a little river near Glemsford. Mr. Jonathan Mose, the minister of the new chapel, gave an address to above 2,000 persons, who assembled beneath the trees, and beside the beautiful stream, to witness the baptizing of seven persons who that day publicly put on Christ. Mr. Mose's address is described to us as forcibly instructive and encouraging. The Lord has powerfully sanctified his mind by the afflictions through which he has been passing, and hundreds of souls are deriving spiritual good therefrom. Mr. Mose was unable to baptize the friends himself. His brother in

Christ, Mr. Whorlow, of Sudbury, took them down into the river, and baptized them for our brother Mose. One correspondent says—"The first Mr. Whorlow baptized was his own daughter, and being the first time he had the honour of administering that ordinance, it afforded peculiar pleasure to all; he having alluded to it, and offered a few suitable remarks thereon. On the 23rd of October they held their anniversary at Glemsford. Brethren C. W. Banks and Pells preached on the occasion. The Lord was manifestly there with his dear servants, and the people found it good to be there. It was a great day; the place was full to overflowing."

PLYMOUTH.

ON Monday evening, October 22nd, we were permitted at Howe Street to commemorate the second anniversary of the settlement of Mr. F. Collins as pastor of the church assembling there. We had a good supply of ministering brethren, viz., Mr. Turner, from Exeter; Mr. Vaughan, from Mount Zion; Mr. French, from Stoke; Mr. Westlake, from Pembroke Street, Devonport; Mr. Easterbook, of Plymouth; Mr. Barrow, from London, &c., &c. In the afternoon a meeting for prayer and praise was held, and a blessed season it was to many; the Lord was manifestly in our midst. After the prayer meeting the friends partook of a tea, well served by the kindness of the ladies. A public meeting was commenced at seven o'clock by singing the beautiful hymn of Toplady's,

"Rock of ages, shelter me."

Mr. Vaughan engaged in prayer; then the deacons, brethren Westaway and Foot, in a very suitable and edifying manner, presented their pastor with a fraternal pledge or token of the continued affection of the friends worshipping in Howe Street to the Gospel of Christ, and of esteem for him as Christ's minister and their pastor, which was thankfully received and gratefully acknowledged. Addresses were then delivered by Messrs. Vaughan, Easterbrook, Turner, Barrow, and French. The addresses were delivered with power. It was a good day. Mr. Westlake closed the proceedings of the day with prayer.

ONE WHO REJOICES IN THE TRUTH.

ST. PANCRAS.

ST. PANCRAS.—The annual meeting at "Zion," Goldington Crescent, Old St. Pancras, was held on Tuesday, October 23rd, 1860. Mr. James Nunn, the pastor, presided. A very large company assembled; and good Gospel speeches were delivered by the brethren Beacock, John Harris, Cornelius Slim, Wm. Flack, Thomas Attwood, and others. We announce with pleasure two joyful facts—first, Mr. Nunn's health is better; second, the cause is greatly revived: beyond all contradiction, God is most blessedly and powerfully with his servant the pastor, and with his saints the people, who has literally filled their beautiful house of prayer, even to excess. The Lord be praised.

SHARNBROOK.

Wednesday, Oct. 10, services of an interesting description were held at Bethlehem Chapel, to celebrate the Lord's goodness in respect of the harvest. In the afternoon, Mr. Ashby, of Whittlesea, preached an excellent sermon on the glorious subject of "The King on whose heads are many crowns." Afterwards a numerous company met for refreshments at the Swan Inn, where every attention was given by the people of the house to the comfort of the guests. In the evening the chapel was thronged with people, when Mr. Wilson, of Risely, read the Scriptures, and prayed, after which addresses were delivered on subjects suited to the occasion by Mr. Corby, of Sharnbrook; Mr. Ashby, of Whittlesea, and Mr. Rose, of Bedford. The proceedings of the meeting being interspersed with a variety of good singing, rendered it highly agreeable, and the people appeared to feel a lively interest in the occasion.

WOODFORD, ESSEX.

For some time past, a little company has met together in a small house where prayer has been made unto the Lord, that he would give them a little sanctuary; and enable them to establish a gospel church. Mr. Cossons has preached to them travelling to and from London, and labouring hard; the ministry has been honoured and useful. A kind friend has recently given them a piece of ground to build a chapel upon; now they want the funds. We would advise them to hold some public meetings in any public places they can obtain; invite ministers and friends to come and plead their cause: commence getting subscriptions, and build as they get the means. E. Lee, No. 11, Mason Street, Old Kent Road, London, S. E., can give further particulars.

KETTERING.

On Lord's day, October 14th, Mr. Wilson, of Risely, preached three sermons in Ebenezer Chapel, being the re-opening of the above place of worship; in the morning one person was baptized; and in the afternoon the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered to the friends who have commenced meeting there for worship, as a strict communion Baptist cause of truth in the town, which we hope will be honoured of God.

NEW NORTH ROAD, HOXTON.

Dorchester Hall Baptist Chapel.—Lord's day, Sept. 2nd, the first anniversary was celebrated. Three sermons were preached; morning by Mr. Dawson, late of Barking; afternoon, by Mr. Wyard; evening by Mr. Crowhurst, minister of the place. The Gospel trumpet gave no uncertain sound. Salvation flowing from electing love, through the blood of the everlasting covenant. On the following Tuesday a tea and public meeting was held; and was responded to in such a manner, as to far exceed the most sanguine expectations. Between eighty and ninety sat down to tea. At the succeeding meeting, Mr. Moor, one of the elders of New Park-street, was voted to the chair to serve a premeditated purpose. The chairman, after a few remarks, called on the Secretary, Mr. Bradbury, to read the

report, which contained a faithful epitome of the rise, progress, position, and prospects of the work in this part of God's vineyard. It recorded three baptisms, and additions of 21 members during the twelvemonths. The report having been adopted, the business of the evening was introduced by Mr. Bradbury, the presentation of a testimonial to Mr. Crowhurst, which consisted of Matthew Henry's Commentary, 3 vols. handsomely bound in Morocco, bearing a suitable inscription, accompanied by a crimson velvet cushion for the use of the desk. This unexpected gift was feelingly acknowledged by Mr. Crowhurst, who appeared almost overcome by this high mark of the attachment and esteem of the people committed to his charge. Warm-hearted addresses were given by Mr. Loud, Mr. Hardwick (of Plaistow), Mr. Kimber, Mr. Dormer, and Mr. Watts. And thus closed the first anniversary of this cause; and if the Lord increases here as hitherto, a larger and more commodious place will be absolutely necessary.

WEST END, CHOBHAM.

All who love the truth, will rejoice to hear that the church of Christ in this place, which has long been under a cloud, has at last felt a revival. The labours of our dear pastor, Mr. J. Lambourn, have by the influence of the eternal Spirit been blessed to many. The chapel is well filled. On Sep. 30, seven believers put on the Lord Jesus publicly by being "buried with him in baptism." On the 22nd Oct., a public confirmation was holden in the chapel. The bishop of Winchester in whose diocese the chapel is situated, having £10500 a year to look after, was unable to attend; so Archbishop Foreman, of London officiated, and the Lord helping him, was enabled to confirm many.

KEDDINGTON.

Our anniversary was holden on Wednesday, October the 10th, 1860. It was exactly ten years that day since the chapel was opened; during that period Mr. B. Powell has ministered unto them the word of life; and the cause has been preserved from divisions or destruction. Mr. Powell has, however, for some time been inclined to remove; and he has left for Coggeshall. He certainly did a good work there. The Lord made him instrumental in raising the cause; in planting the standard of the cross; in erecting the chapel; and in paying off all the debt incurred; and we hope it will still stand as a monument of the sovereign goodness and grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. On the anniversary day we had clouds and darkness round about us; the rain fell in torrents all the day; and very many were prevented from coming. Our steady friend, John Dillestone, and his kind wife provided an excellent dinner for the ministers, beside those beautiful and extensive fields of fruits and flowers, called "the Sturmer Nurseries" (near Haverhill), and the friends prepared a bountiful tea in the chapel. Mr. Kevan, of Halstead, preached a Gospel sermon in the morning; C. W. Banks in the afternoon and evening; other ministers assisted; we hope good was done.

HACKNEY ROAD.—You will be glad to hear the Lord continues to prosper us at the Oval, Hackney Road; and to bless the fearless and faithful proclamation of the glorious gospel of the Son of God, by our brother Henry Myerson. We desire to thank God, that these are not the only evidences of the working of the eternal and ever blessed Spirit among us; others have come forward to declare what the Lord has done for their souls, to the joy of the minister's heart, and the rejoicing of the people; one of whom when first she heard our brother's preaching, considered him unnecessarily severe; another determined she would hear him no more; but as one said to the first Napoleon, "Man proposes, God disposes." So it was in these two cases, the one soon after was made to cry in bitterness of soul, "what shall I do?" And by the revelation of the blessed Spirit, has been brought to know him who was once to her as a root out of a dry ground; but now is to her soul the chiefest among ten thousand, the altogether lovely; the other who once occupied the seat of the scorner, was made to tremble beneath the thunderings of Sinai, and sink low under the weight of guilt; now through the Spirit's teaching, can see that God can be just and yet the justifier of her that believeth in Jesus; and has been raised to hope in his mercy through the atonement. These, (known to the writer,) two other females, and one young man, have come forward to put on Christ professionally, and publicly, by walking in that ordinance which he himself honoured, enjoined, practised (by his disciples) and commanded, namely, baptism by immersion. Brother Myerson, with a considerable number of friends, assembled on Wednesday evening Oct. 3rd, when we were favoured with the company of brother Geo. Webb, who, after reading the beautiful 53rd chapter of Isaiah, and supplicating the divine presence and blessing, gave us a warm-hearted and pithy discourse from Acts viii. 36, 37, in which our brother was enabled to lift him high who stooped so low to hear our grief and carry our sorrows; and very emphatically and aptly spoke of that solemn, sorrowful, yet glorious baptism, which he (whose love no waters of tribulation could quench, or floods of Almighty wrath drown,) passed through to deliver his bride elect. After which our brother Myerson spoke a few words of solemn import; 1st, to those who through mere curiosity had been drawn to witness the sacred sign; warning them of the darkness and horror that will surprise the guilty soul who descends to the grave without receiving from the God of all grace some tokens for good; 2nd, to those who had hitherto stood aloof from or made light of the ordinance; proving its divine appointment; defining its true character; and shewing the unreasonableness of those who by their actions declare the wisdom of our God to be foolishness in that they set aside his commandment and put in its place one of man's wise inventions; 3rd, to those who through grace had believed in Jesus and had come forward to confess his name before men. He then went down into the water, and making a few appropriate remarks to each candidate, our brother baptized them in the name of the Father, the Son, and ever blessed and eternal Spirit. We believe it was a season of refreshing to many. We hope his work will still prosper in our midst, and that our brother Myerson may be called with greater zeal to proclaim a full Christ for empty sinners, and a rich gospel feast for those ready to perish. J. B.

FARNHAM STATION, Oct. 16th, 1860. This morning I was called up at half-past 5; walked from Heath End in wet and wind to the station with a desire to proceed homeward. The thanksgiving services at Hungary Hill yesterday were beclouded by reason of the immense deal of rain which poured down all the day. The chapel was not crowded as I have always seen it before; but our songs, sermons, and services altogether were cheerful, and I hope to some extent useful. This has been, upon the whole a melancholy season for anniversaries, the clouds have been heavy, and many disappointments have

befallen the people: as we walked from Hungary Hill, last evening, so dark and dismal that no one could see an inch before him, my companion and brother in Christ, George Wells, fell down into a hole by the way side, but was not injured I hope. Had we been much longer on that dark and dreary road, we might have been frightened if not killed; a young horse in a gig took fright and fled; flying towards us, but coming in violent collision with an omnibus which ran on before us, it was arrested in its hot pursuit, the pole of the bus was broken; and from the gig one gentleman was thrown, fracturing one arm and one thigh; whether he will survive this terrible disaster is uncertain; thus, to the present moment preserved amid a thousand snares and dangers, thick on every hand. Our brother Joy is the accepted minister at Hungary Hill; he also preaches at Knap Hill; and other places as the Lord directs, a useful fellow-labourer in the gospel field. A new cause has been opened for the friends of truth at Aldershot; and Mr. Hazlerigg there invites the soldiers to assemble that he may preach Christ unto them. I was glad to see this: Aldershot is growing fast into an immense population; it is, therefore, a cheering sight to see a gospel church arising there. At Hartley Row, Mr. Spencer is treading out the corn; the church there has experienced many losses by death and removals; but God is in her midst; and peace is preserved.

MENDLESHAM.—Tuesday, Oct. 2nd, was a bright day with that truth-loving people, the Baptists at Mendlesham. Mr. James Nunn, of London, preached like one raised from the dead; the Lord is his God, the truth as it lies in the new covenant, is his element and his soul's delight. In this the Holy Spirit helps and honours him; and the people rejoice and are strengthened. Our patriarchal brother Cornelius Slim also spoke to us of the way of life. He carried us downward to the deep foundations of Zion's ancient standing; and forward to her glorious hope. We were glad to hear he is useful to the church at Guildford: many prayers are going to the fountain of all blessings that in his ministry the church at Guildford may find food for their souls, and fellowship with their great High Priest, and that to our brother Cornelius, Guildford may prove a happy and a fruitful home. Henry Bartholomew, our minister at Mendlesham, is one of brother Slim's children in the faith of the gospel. It was a pleasing sight to see father and son happily yoked together in the same service on the occasion to which we have referred.

SAXMUNDHAM; AND THE SUFFOLK CHURCHES.—The anniversary of the Baptist Chapel was held on Tuesday, Oct. 2nd. Two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks; the congregations were very good; and the cause is rising in strength and good works. Mr. Frith, our present minister is an industrious man; he appears suited to, and accepted by the Suffolk churches and people; and with the Lord's blessing, he will grow and gather in a good harvest. Mr. Brand of Aldringham, assisted. He is a solid and savory servant of Christ; for twelve years he has toiled on in that sea-side circuit; and although often faint, and not unfrequently discouraged, yet has the Lord supported him, and stood by him. Many of the dear old saints at Aldringham are gone home, but the great Husbandman is still bringing in the plants of his own right-hand planting. Brother Baldwin, of Cransfield, looked happy; while the beauty of the Lord is seen among his flock. The Tunstall pastor, Arthur Baker, is preaching to many hundreds; God is confirming the word: he has seals to his ministry. Nearly all the Baptist Churches in these parts are growing in numbers—sinners are called, the saints are glad.

SAXMUNDHAM.—The anniversary services of Rehoboth Baptist Chapel, Saxmundham, were held on Oct. 2nd, when C. W. Banks preached two excellent sermons which were well received by the people who sit under the ministrations of the

gospel in that place. Many who are members of other churches were also present with us. About 120 sat down to tea. Many of our members and friends were absent, being engaged in the harvest field; but the Lord sent us a blessing upon those who were present.

CARLTON BEDS.—Baptist meeting, on Friday, Oct. 5th, the anniversary sermons were preached, that in the morning by Mr. John Bloomfield, to about 600 people. Two sermons in the afternoon, one by Mr. C. Drawbridge, and one by E. J. Silvertown, to about 700 people; then about 600 persons sat down to a good tea, provided at 6d each. At night, Mr. J. Foreman preached to about 1200 folks. We had a good day. The collections were good, which helped Mr. Silvertown the pastor of the place, to give the £20 he had promised for the New School Rooms, which rooms were opened on the same day. God is proving by the gospel, as preached by Mr. Silvertown, at Carlton, that he will have his own in calling from some of the words, "From the dunghill of mire, sin, to Christ the Lord. Praise God."

ROTHERHITHE.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — By your two lines in your last month's notice, many have been pressed with the idea that Mr. J. Butterfield is moveable. Allow me to say that such is not the case. But having disappointed some of my brethren by the non-fulfilment of my promise to serve them, (through business engagements,) I thought I would let them know, (though your VESSEL,) that being free from business, I am in a position to devote myself solely to the ministry. But as to leaving my much-loved Bethlehem, which I have been the means, in the hand of God, of raising out of the debris of "Bethesda's porches;" and after getting our affairs so straight as we have, and the good success of our "weekly offering" system, and of doing battle with *infidels* and *discordants*, I should be a coward to think of leaving. No, Mr. Editor, I am (if possible,) firmer than ever, in every respect, and yet hope that the gospel as well as "Bethlehem," will be established in Rotherhithe before I leave the "manger" for the "mansion." Your's faithfully
J. BUTTERFIELD.

1, Albert Terrace, Annerly, Surrey.

FAREWELL MEETING AT

HAILSHAM, SURREY.

In a Letter addressed to the Editor.

UNDER a weighty cross, with the waves of tribulation around, and contrary winds blowing hard in my face, I write this at the request of many valued friends who wished to see a record of our farewell services, and the parting hymn composed for the occasion preserved in the VESSEL. It is purely to gratify their feelings I pen this, otherwise I should not write just now in my present pensive mood. You are aware that the Lord had again afflicted my only companion, shut her up in a lunatic asylum, and left me in solitude to mourn my loss. This occasioned my frequent and long absence from home, (from Hailsham rather, for I felt my home was gone,) and for seven or eight months, complied with the request of several churches to supply for them in Northamptonshire, Suffolk, Essex, and Guildford. From the places first and last named, I received invitations to settle, and was ultimately brought to accept the latter, believing it to be the spot the dear Lord had appointed for my future labours. And I have reason to bless his precious name for the acceptance given me in the hearts of the people at Guildford for their noble generosity and sympathies toward me in my calamity. Being under an engagement to commence my pastoral labours among them the first Lord's-day in Oct, I took an affecting leave of my dear old Hailsham friends on Lord's day, Sep. 16, and on Monday following, a farewell tea meeting and deeply interesting public service was held. We talked of what the Lord had done for us during the last five or six years, the conflicts we

passed through; the opposition encountered from quarters where we had least reason to expect, and the good hand of our God who had delivered us from all and brought us hitherto. The frequent allusions to our domestic calamities, and the close of my pastoral labours among them, were very touching, and proved they knew how to feel a brother's woe, and to "weep with those that weep;" nor was it in mere empty words, for one of the deacons rose, and in the name of his brethren presented me with a purse of sovereigns subscribed by a few friends of truth at Hailsham, and though not equal to the amount that *complimentary presentations* usually display, yet it was above all price and invaluable as an expression of Christian sympathy, and hearty affection, from a poor, but generous people; altogether it was a memorable meeting, a night long to be remembered by many whose mingled feelings were visibly expressed in smiles and tears. The happy meeting was brought to a close by all singing as with one heart and voice

THE FAREWELL HYMN.

Arise, depart from hence
For this is not your rest,
Rise from the scenes of time and sense
To mansions of the blest.

We see the cloudy sign
A watchful Providence,
It speaks a Father's voice divine.
"Arise depart from hence."

Here we have often met,
And fed on love divine,
A feast of fat things freely set
With honey, milk, and wine.
Though now we meet to part,
And say, "dear friends, farewell!"
We're one in Christ, and joined in heart.
Wherever we may dwell.

Then let us praise his name,
We know it shall be well,
Our Jesus ever is the same,
And never says "FAREWELL."

I have only to add, by your kind permission, for the information of numerous friends in different parts of the country, that my sorrow has been painfully intensified this week. I succeeded in bringing my dear wife to Guildford with me, hoping the change of scene might be beneficial. But after a few days, the malady began to develop itself so fearfully, that she was obliged to be conveyed back to the asylum. O! my dear brother, I know it is the Lord, and can sometimes say, "Let him do what seemeth him good." But how difficult it is to say at all times "THY WILL BE DONE!" Begging an interest in your prayers to God for me, and wishing you every blessing in your extensive work and labour of love. I am your's affectionately in Jesus.
Guildford, Oct. 1860. CORNELIUS SLIM.

BETHNAL GREEN ROAD.—Squirries Street Chapel, — On Lord's-day evening, Sept. 23rd, our pastor, Mr. Flory, after delivering a powerful sermon from Acts x. 47, immersed three believers in the name of the Triune Jehovah; a mother and daughter, and the other the wife of one of our present members, making a total of twenty-eight who have united with us in church fellowship during his pastorate, ten by baptism, and eighteen on dismission by other churches. We have reason to hope that God is honoring the labours of our beloved pastor, and that the cause of truth in this place under his ministry is progressing. On the above occasion, the chapel was full in every part, and we trust we may record the presence of the Lord of Hosts.
E. H.

GREENWICH.—Providence Chapel, Bridge Street, Greenwich. The Lord is blessing his own word to the conversion of sinners, and to the building up of his saints. On the last Lord's-day in September, Mr. J. Gwinnell, preached from the 14th of John, and 15th verse, "If ye love me, keep my command-

ments;" and baptized sixteen believers in the name of the sacred Three, before a vast congregation of people; and on the first Sabbath of October, they, with five more, were added to the church, making 36 by baptism since March. To God be all the glory.

CROYDON, SURREY.

The following is the history of the church meeting at Pump Pail, Croydon, which was read at the recognition of Mr. Thurston, of which an account appeared in our September number.

We are sorry to be unable to supply any information relative to the origin of this cause. All we know concerning it, is gathered from the trust deed dated June 22nd, 1738. But the cause was in existence several years prior to this. The Chapel was built in 1729. We find the church described in the trust deed thus:—"A society, or congregation of Protestant Dissenters, of the Particular Baptist or Calvinistic denomination; maintaining the doctrines of the one living and true God, three equal persons in the Godhead; Eternal and Personal Election; Original sin; Particular Redemption; Free Justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ; Regeneration; Conversion, and Sanctification by the Spirit and Grace of God; the Final Perseverance of the Saints; the Resurrection of the body to Eternal life; the Future Judgment; and practising Baptism by immersion to such only as are of the years of understanding upon their own confession of repentance towards God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ." This was the faith of the church then, and it is the faith of the church now. It is evident it has always been a wilderness church, having its wilderness trials, and its wilderness mercies. During this long period, the church has had several pastors, who were more or less successful in preaching the word. The only pastorate we shall refer to is that of our brother Woodington, who was elected to the pastoral office in the year 1849. During his pastorate, the chapel was enlarged at a cost of £130. About £90 of which still remains unpaid. This alteration greatly improved the chapel. The first Lord's-day in March, 1856, our brother Woodington thought it advisable to resign his pastorate. The church was consequently without a pastor. A few months previous to this, a church had been formed in a school-room at the north end of the town. Our brother Hanks kindly gave the friends a Sabbath for the express purpose of forming the church. This was a day never to be forgotten by most of the friends present, a day noted for the abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the services of the day, the savour of which rests upon the spirits of many at this present time. This was not a division from the old cause, the friends being members of churches in London and elsewhere. Both churches being of the same faith and order it was thought advisable to unite the two. This was done on Whit Tuesday, May 18th, 1858, when our brethren Moyle, Meeres, Bland, Keyworth, and Bracher, took part in the services. From this time the cause began to revive. We continued on supplies. On Whit Tuesday of last year, our brother Bloomfield who was here preaching one of our anniversary sermons, gave us the name of our brother Thurston who had two Sabbaths to spare. We invited him for a Sabbath in July, and again in August. At this second visit, from the frequent enquiries we had concerning him we spoke to him upon the subject of his removal. He, at that time gave us but little encouragement. We again invited him for a Sabbath in September; this time we asked him if he would accept of an invitation to supply the pulpit for a term with a view to the pastorate. He replied he could not promise so much as that, but would promise to give the subject a serious consideration. We then, after meeting for prayer, called the church together, when 554 members voted for him. We then sent him an invitation to supply the pulpit for

twelve months with a view to the pastorate. Our brother accepted the churches invitation, and commenced his labours amongst us the first Sabbath in December of last year, opening his mission with, "I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, it is the power of God unto salvation." After labouring in our midst for eight months, we called a church meeting, when the whole church invited him to the pastorate. Hence the services of this day. We are constrained to believe the Lord is in our midst. During the few months our brother has been with us, the place has become too straight for us. We earnestly pray that both pastor and people may live and walk together in peace and unity, and that the Lord will abundantly bless the labours of our brother for many years. Amen.

SEVEN O'CLOCK—TOO SOON!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me a corner in your magazine for the purpose of asking the pastor and deacons of our Baptist Chapels, why they do not commence their week-night services at half-past seven, or quarter to eight, instead of seven o'clock. The time is very awkward, and is a great barrier to many attending the house of God. I, as well as many others, have been asked, "Why do you not come? being late of a week night is excusable." But sir, I am sure you will agree with me, when I say it is not very pleasant to get to chapel after the prayer, the most requisite, and solemn part of the meeting, find your pew full, and books locked up. It is considered, I am aware, by many, that if we get to chapel just to hear the sermon, it is enough, but I say not so, for to lose the opening hymn, and the glorious solemnity of kneeling before the Almighty in prayer and thanksgiving, is to lose the finest part of the service. Why do our churches determine to commence at seven? Even if their chapels are well filled, (when so, they are mostly females,) why do they shut out those few who would gladly swell their numbers, were they to commence at the time stated? It may be said that the service would be too late; not so, the service could easily be concluded by twenty minutes to nine, and then the congregation, instead of assembling in groups in the chapel, could talk of what they have heard and proceed on their way home. I have been an eye witness to parties who have said the time would be too late, stand in the chapel or courtyard, and gossip for nearly twenty minutes. I have been induced to take up my pen on this subject, and hope others will assist me, on account of the many complaints I have received, and sir, one or two of the ministers have, and still do agree with me, saying, "I believe we should have many more, were we to commence at half-past seven, but the deacons do not seem to like it." I sincerely hope these few words may arouse the attention of thinking men, and cause them to alter their time to half past seven. Perhaps, sir, you may think fit to offer a few remarks upon this letter, and thus help to carry out the object of

ONE WHO WOULD GO.

[We have long considered seven o'clock an hindrance to many. The way to remedy this, is to have a special service every week for the working classes.—Ed.]

IPSWICH.

BELOVED BROTHER BANKS,—In reading the holy word of God, I see how useful it is to be under divine teaching; often do we read, I fear, for the sake of reading without either looking or asking for the aid or mind of the Holy Spirit in his word; we consider ourselves capable of concentrating just ideas upon Bible doctrines, select Bible promises; and in our judgments, apply them suitably to persons, places, and things, the precepts also, proper to character we judge correct. As I read to-day, Zechariah the prophet, I felt impressed with, I hope, the sweetness in my soul of the prophet's temper of mind; he says, chapter vii. 10, "And let none of you imagine evil against his brother in your heart."

How desirable to possess and practice this lovely precept! Would it not prevent mistakes, and unlovingly and unlovingly ideas touching preachers, and preaching, as in your case, and Mr. Wells in this month's *VESSEL* noticed? I am going rapidly home to my given inheritance; glad should I be to see and feel more of the mind that was in our sweet Master. May we prayerfully read the 13th chapter of John, admire the doings of the sweet exemplar; adore his condescending love and mercy, then and there so lucidly displayed; be daily supplied from that rich flowing fountain and exhibit to some humble degree, that we are "joined to the Lord, and are of one spirit with him."

A supper; such was never seen
In heaven, on earth, nor yet between,
The eternal word calls in his guests,
And for their pillow gives his breast.
From supper see him stately rise,
Not to destroy his enemies,
He rose to stoop, he stoops to shew,
What his unequal love could do.
His robes of light he laid aside,
From them he hid his greatness hide;
A towel now his girdle is,
Who girdles all the promises.
He, water in a basin pours,
By whom alone all water roars.
What does my Maker mean to do?
O may my soul with rapture view;
His children's feet they were not clean,
Unless they washed were by him;
This menial office to complete,
Behold him washing all their feet;
And wiped too they all must be.
Before they were completely free,
But Peter never could submit,
For his dear Lord to wash his feet,
What now you know not, you shall know,
As on your journey you will go.
Unless I wash thee Peter, see,
You have no part, no lot in me:
Then O my Lord my sin forgive,
Wash me entire, so I may live.
Yes Peter, every whit is clean,
Of those I wash, I wash from sin,
Walk thou with me, with me abide,
Beware of self, beware of pride.
Example thus to all I leave,
That you do not each other grieve,
And if a brother go astray,
Try pray him back into the way,
Thus wash his feet, and wipe them too,
And shew yourselves disciples true.
Lord help thy children one and all,
And may we each with humble mind,
Expect thy gracious help to find,
And thy example thus approve,
That shows us how we ought to love.
Ipswich, Oct. 4th, 1860. THOMAS POOCK.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—DEAR BROTHER—

The Lord is graciously giving us his blessing at John Street. I had the pleasure, and privilege of baptizing four believers in Jesus on Lord's day, Oct 14th, and we expect more to come forward soon. On the previous Saturday evening, we held an especial prayer meeting, which was well attended, and was a season of blessing.

October 7th.—MARRIED at the Congregational Chapel, Wolverhampton, by Mr. H. T. Pawson, Baptist Minister, Mr. George Oliver, to Miss Eliza Munsey, both of Wolverhampton.

CAMDEN TOWN.—BAPTIST CHAPEL, LITTLE KING STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, N.W. Brother John Higham, (from brother Foreman's Mount Zion,) has accepted the unanimous invitation of the church to preach the word among them for two months, commencing the first Sabbath in October. The

help of friends in the neighbourhood, is earnestly sought for this little cause.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

There has been a substantial and commodious Baptist Chapel recently erected in Manor Street, East India Road, Poplar; Mr. Bowles, who was the pastor of the church for several years, has recently resigned the pastorate. Several have left the place altogether; the remaining few are in possession of the New Chapel; and the no small burden entailed by its erection. It cost altogether about £1600. The builder has a mortgage upon it for £1,150. But there are two dwelling houses also erected upon the same site, which produce £40 per annum; the friends have to pay in November, the interest £57 10s. and have no thing in hand; *what is to be done?* This is a grave question; and difficult to answer. A costly chapel has been erected; the church divided; angry feelings excited; the Holy Spirit grieved; the place partially deserted; and the builder holding out his hand for £57 10s, being the interest due for the past year.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE?

Before we attempt an answer to this question, there is another very important one, can anything be undone that has been done amiss? we are all erring creatures; we often do the things we ought not, and leave undone the things we ought to do. Cannot the people at Poplar undo a little of what has been done in the flesh? Begin at the right point friends; and humble yourselves. Yes; humble yourselves to God pre-eminently; and to one another if you can. Our proud flesh is apt to start back at such a proposal; but we may depend upon it, though it be hard, it will work well. It is the true source of reformation; and the sure harbinger of future prosperity. "Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God, and he shall exalt you in due time." You cannot pull your chapel down again; there is no need; it may yet be filled with anxious, waiting, worshippers, for Poplar is a populous place, at the east end of London; and I think, there is but one more place of truth (*i.e.* the same sort of truth) for some miles round.

Then again, it seems you cannot invite your minister back again. I suppose, you are both at a point here; his work in done in Poplar; and though you could not continue to feed under his ministry, the Lord may favour him with another sphere of usefulness. We live in a changing world; and are ourselves poor changeable creatures; so that separations are inevitable; but they might be brought about reasonably, and scripturally. If churches can't hear their ministers, tell them so in kindness, and pray the Lord to remove them. But to the point: what is to be done? Well, I would say, come to the light; and walk in the light; judge yourselves; try and be kindly disposed to those who have separated from you; and to all other lovers of truth in the neighbourhood. Do all you can to shew you are sorry for much that has been done. You want the help and co-operation of all lovers of truth in the neighbourhood; try to earn it, and shew that you can appreciate it. You want a good experimental preacher, one who knows what heart-work is; you want a few nursing fathers, and nursing mothers; but what is immediate and imperative is the £57 10s, for the builder. It is to be hoped lovers of truth will come forward speedily; and help this infant cause, so that the incubus may be removed; then with a useful pastor settled in the place, "Salvation may go forth as a lamp that burneth." Your's in gospel bonds, THOMAS SMITH.

P.S. See advertisement on covers of *EARTHEN VESSEL*.

Mr. R. Searle, of King's Langley, is still much afflicted, but he has proved the power of the Lord in supporting under the heavy trial. We trust thousands will remember him at the mercy-seat.

The Sonship of the Son of God.

BY MR. WILLIAM BIDDER.

[WHILE this controversy on the *Sonship of the Son of God* has been pending, we have thought seriously, and read carefully, Simeon's prophecy concerning Christ, as recorded in Luke ii. 34,—“Behold!” said he, “this child is set for the fall and rising again of many in Israel; and for a sign which shall be spoken against.” Then, addressing Mary, he said, “Yea, a sword shall pierce through thy own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.” A sword of severe contention has been piercing the soul of poor Zion most painfully of late; but the end will be in strict accordance with Simeon's prophecy—“the thoughts of many hearts will be revealed;” therefore, let us patiently bear the sharp conflict, comforted with this persuasion, that the glory of our glorious God—MAN can never be diminished by all the mistaken views of mortal men; but rather through their frail misconceptions, shall the brightness and the beauty of our IMMANUEL be more powerfully unveiled. For more than thirty years the *ETERNITY of the SONSHIP of our JESUS* has been revealed in us, and most firmly believed by us; with Peter we have rejoicingly said, “Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we believe, and are sure, that thou art THAT CHRIST—THE SON OF THE LIVING GOD.” We stand amazed at the fact, that good men, great men, godly men, dispute and cavil here. That “A Little One” should not be with us, is an affliction indeed. As soon as our November number was out, brother William Bidder came to our office; we both mourned over some things written to Theophilus. We requested him to give the Churches his testimony. He has done so; and we must express our deep conviction that “THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS” is contained in the following letter. Let no hot and angry spirits rise against any brother. Let us listen to them; learn all the TRUTH we can from them; and where they err, let us strive to shew unto them the more excellent way. The interest now excited—the letters now written—the books now issuing, is truly wonderful. “All things work together for good to them that love God.”—ED.]

MR. EDITOR,—In compliance with your request, I forward you a few remarks upon the piece entitled, “The Sonship of the Saviour,” which appeared in your November VESSEL, by “A Little One.” And if what he has therein said be a specimen of his Divinity, I give him credit for the title he assumes; very modest to be sure, “A Little One.” But doth he really mean it?

He observes, just after he commences, “Even the advocates of this figment:” (awful, meaning the eternal Sonship of the Son of God) “admit that if Christ as God were begotten as to his essence,” &c. Now he must know, or he ought to know, that such advocates believe no such thing as that the Divine essence is, or was, begotten; nor do they dare think so—much less say so. They believe that God the Son, as a Person, subsisting in that essence, was eternally begotten of the Father; not made or created, but begotten, and in the same nature in which he is God. And there being nothing in the Divine nature, but what is eternal—then this generation must be eternal generation; a phrase which is no more a contradiction than a Trinity in Unity—or a Trinity of Persons in the Godhead. And as the prophet saith (Isaiah liii. 8) “Who shall declare his generation?” And why can they not? Because it is eternal and incomprehensible. I hope this was not intentional in “A Little One” to charge us with what we never asserted or believe.

Next, he reprimands the *Gospel Standard* for maintaining and defending the doctrine of the Divine Sonship. But here I have no need to say anything, as its editor is quite

capable of defending its truth, and I have felt in my soul to bless God on his behalf for enabling him so to do.

In the next place he asks this question, “And where in all the Bible is Jesus Christ called the eternal, or everlasting, Son of God?” We answer, nowhere.

What shall we hear next? I suppose the old exclamation,—“Thou art not yet fifty years old.” Had an Arian or a Socinian so written or spoken, it would not have surprised me. But for a person professing to hold the great truths of the gospel so to write, is to me very shocking; yea, awful; nay it is grievous. How absurd to object as to the phraseology of a truth, if it doth not alter its sense or mar it. I dare say that “Little One” often uses certain phrases setting forth certain truths, the exact phraseology which he uses not being found word for word in the Bible; and yet the doctrine thus set forth being easily proveable. For instance, did he ever use the word Trinity? I dare say he hath, and yet the word is not in the Bible: or such assertions as eternal election, eternal predestination, eternal adoption, eternal relationship, eternal justification, &c., &c. Now though, therefore, such phraseology is not in the Bible word for word, I bless the Lord the doctrines they express are all in the Scriptures, and may easily be proved. So, also, although you have not these words following each other, word after word, the eternal or everlasting Son of God, I do insist upon it, we have the truth of what they express in the Scriptures of eternal truth, set forth and proved in the most luminous and confirming manner possible, so that he that runs may read.

And I do hereby engage to prove from the Scriptures of God the Holy Ghost, (but it may be that "Little One" will object to the words God the Holy Ghost, because word after word as I hereby express it, is not in the Bible. But is not his Godhead therein most luminously set forth and declared, together with his distinct personality as a co-equal Person in the Divine essence with the Father and the Son? Oh! when will mortals cease to cavil and carnally reason upon those sublime mysteries? But what is man!) the eternity of God the Son with his eternal Father, and co-equal eternal Spirit. And may the Lord bless his own truth to his own chosen heritage. Amen.

One would suppose that common sense might dictate to the people that an everlasting Father supposes and proclaims an everlasting Son; and that the one could not possibly be without the other: and that they both co-eternally exist together without beginning or ending; for what is eternal is devoid of commencing or cessation. And if, as is said of a type of our Lord, (Heb. vii. 3) "Having neither beginning of days, nor end of life, made like unto the Son of God," how most true, then, must this hold good as to the Son of God himself. Who can get over this? Then, is he not eternal? Again, (Heb. i. 2.) "Hath in these last days, spoken unto us by his Son," that is God the Father, "whom he hath appointed heir over all things; by whom also he made the worlds." But how could he have made the worlds with his Son if, as saith "A Little One," his Sonship consists in his complexity? for that, as yet (and for 4000 years after) had not taken place. When men run from truth there are no bounds. Again, (verse 3) "Who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his Person," &c. Some render this, "the forthbearing of the Father's glory." The idea seems to be taken from the material sun. Perhaps no other object in the whole compass of nature could have supplied the apostle with a piece of imagery equally majestic. Light proceeds from the sun, and yet the sun never existed without light. Christ, therefore, is at once the only begotten of the Father, and co-eternal with him. The sun's rays, or unintermitting efflux of light, are of the same nature with the sun itself. And, why doth the apostle tell us, as in Ph. ii. 6, "That he," Christ, "thought it not robbery to be equal with God?" God the Father is an eternally Divine Person, possessed of all Divine perfections. He himself is a necessary Being. He existed, and could not but exist without beginning or end; and is what he is by nature, whose nature is Divine. Now, how could the apostle call the Son the Father's express image, and equal with him, if not eternal, and possessed of every attribute

Divine, as is the Father? Had Paul for one moment considered the Son in any perfection of the Godhead inferior to the Father, he could not have so set him forth; nay, he dared not. Again, Col. i. 17, "And he, (the Son) is before all things, and by him all things consist." How dared the apostle to have said he preceded all things, if he was not the Son of God in his Divine Person from all eternity? As he himself declares, (Rev. i. 8,) "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord; which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty." If almighty, then, eternal. Again, (Gen. xxxi. 33,) "And Abraham planted a grove in Beersheba, and called there on the name of the Lord, the everlasting God."—(Before Abraham was I am). So also (Ps. xc. 1.) "Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God."—(Moses wrote of me). As also (Deut. xxxiii. 27) "The eternal God is thy refuge. Compare John xvii. 5, "And now, O Father, glorify thou me with thine own self with the glory which I had with thee before the world was. Must he not, then, be the eternal, the everlasting Son? As said Hahakkuk, i. 14, "Art thou not from everlasting, O Lord, my God, mine Holy One?" No less Jeremiah x. 10, "But the Lord is the true God, he is the living God, and an everlasting King: (margin reads, "King of eternity,") then eternal. See also, Micah v. 2, "And thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me, that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting." Must he not, then, be the everlasting Son? "For to him give all the prophets witness." Again Ps. xciii. 2, "Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting;" (and in the Psalms concerning me) compare with Heb. i. 8, "But unto the Son he saith, thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever." Will the "Little One" tell me, in the face of such an assemblage of witnesses, that he of whom these Scriptures speak, is not the eternal and everlasting Son of the Father in truth and love, not so by his being complex? For by his assuming human nature he became the Son of man—who was before, and from all eternity the true, the proper, the eternal, and essential Son of God: else why are people exhorted to kiss the Son (as in Ps. ii. 12) a thousand years prior to the incarnation? But, according to our "Little One," there was no Son then to be kissed. And also as in Psalm lxxii. 1, "Give the King thy judgments, O God, and thy righteousness unto the King's Son," if there was no Son then existing for righteousness to be given unto? And how came Nebuchadnezzar to remark, when looking into the furnace of fire, that he saw one there like the Son of God? Per-

haps some might reply, that the ignorant monarch knew not what he said. Perhaps not so ignorant as some might suppose: Daniel iii. 28 and 29 sounds not much like ignorance; at all events the Holy Ghost hath thought proper to record these things in his Bible, and they have their meaning. Do reader, remark with me, Proverbs xxx. 4, "Who hath ascended up into heaven or descended? who hath gathered the winds in his fists? who hath bound the waters in a garment? who hath established all the ends of the earth? what is his name, or what is his Son's name, if thou canst tell?" So then, it seems, by this Old Testament record, centuries prior to the incarnation, that the Father was the Father, and the Son the Son then. Aye, and from everlasting, as said the Gentile church by the prophet Isaiah, (lxiii. 16,) "Thou, O Lord, art our Father, and Redeemer; thy name is from everlasting;" and his name is himself, as you read (Ps. xxix. 2,) "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name:" that is himself. But Agur means by saying—"what is his name, or what is his Son's name, if thou canst tell;"—that is, it is secret. Judges xiii. 18. No mortal, or angel either can tell, that is how the Father is the Father, or how the Son is the Son. It is, therefore, inexplicable and incomprehensible, as declared in Matthew xi. 27, "And no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son." What is the mode of their existence, they themselves know only; and their Divine relationship together, as declared through the Bible—but explained nowhere. And why? We have no capacity for such a profound mystery, and language is too poor to express it: however, we are informed, Prov. viii. 22, "That the Father possessed his dear Son in the beginning of his ways, (and his ways are everlasting.—Hab. iii. 6,) before his works of old." And that his dear Son, as the covenant Head and Husband of his church, was set up from everlasting, and his church set up in him as early,—(Eph. i. 4,) and blessed in him, and himself her blessedness, for ever and ever. It should be understood that the wise man in the above chapter (Prov. viii.) all through personifies his great anti-type, and that a greater than his Solomon is here; though all the "Little Ones" in the world should say to the contrary, it would not move me. (Ps. cviii. i.) Once more you read in Gal. iv. 4, "But when the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son—(then he must have previously possessed him, or he could not have sent him forth,)—made of a woman, made under the law," &c.; and verse 6th, "And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the spirit of his Son into your hearts, crying, Abba, Father." Do, reader, remark with me, that the Spirit of his Son is expressly called

in Heb. ix. 14, "the Eternal Spirit;" must he not then be the Eternal Son to possess an eternal Spirit? Where is the figment of a created Son now? If created, and his man-nature was by the overshadowing power of the Holy Ghost in his virgin mother without the intervention of a human father; if his Sonship consisted, as "Little One" saith, in his being complex,—and this a circumstance of time,—how could it be said, as in Heb. i. 2, that the Father made the worlds by him? (The apostle doth not say that Jehovah the Father made the worlds by one who in time became his Son; but "by his Son," who of course was then with him as his Son.) And how could it be said, that the Son is the Father's express image, seeing God hath no material or tangible image? If the Sonship consisted in the human nature, as "A Little One" suggests, our apostle observes, (Gal. i. 15,) "When it pleased God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by his grace, to reveal his Son in me, that I should preach him among the heathen," &c., in accordance with his mission, the first sermon he preached, was the Sonship of his almighty Lord, as you read (Acts ix. 20,) "And straightway he preached Christ in the synagogues, (that he is Christ—more) that he is the Son of God." And when the Master said to Peter, (Matt. xvi. 15,) "But whom sayest thou that I am?" the reply was, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." So the Eunuch (Acts viii. 37,) "I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God." Pilate also asks this question, (see Mark xiv. 61.) "Art thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed? And Jesus said, I am." Said the Judge upon hearing this, "What need we further witnesses? ye have heard the blasphemy." What was blasphemy in Pilate's opinion? Why that his prisoner thereby laid claim to divinity, and thereby made himself God; as said the carnal Jews, when the dear Lord said (see John v. 17,) "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work;" they immediately upon his so saying sought to kill him, because he said God was his Father, thereby making himself equal with God. And they rightly understood him so, for that is what he did mean. (See Phil. ii. 6.) And why did they crucify him? (See John xix. 7.) Because he made himself the Son of God. And how did he prove it? (See Rom. i. 3, 4.) "Concerning his Son Jesus Christ our Lord, who was made of the seed of David, according to the flesh; but declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the spirit of holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." Doth this prove Divine Sonship, or doth it not? Let us hear no more then of the voice of hell. "If thou be the Son of God," Luke iv. 3. Oh, what an "if" was there. Paul observes at 1 Tim.

iii. 16, "God was manifest in the flesh, not the Father or the Spirit," who was it then? See 1 John iii. 8. For this purpose the Son of God was manifested. Then he must have been the Son of God before he was manifested. Therefore the assumption of our nature whereby he became complex, did not make him the Son of God; for this he was before, and from everlasting too, let men or devils bawl or say what they please to the contrary. I need go no further for proof, I presume, for the confirmation of those who are believers in and upon the Son of God; and as for Arians and Socinians, who can convince them but God himself? if he please so to do. I ask, therefore, of any sober-minded, simple-hearted child of God, in the face of the scriptures adduced, if I am justified in calling my Lord the eternal and everlasting Son of God. However, I shall continue so to do, I am certain, the Lord being my helper, until mortality is swallowed up of life.

I notice another saying of a "Little One," viz., that if Christ, as a Son, were begotten, then there was when he was not begotten. O what poor limping carnal reason is this! Doth the "Little One" conceive of and measure eternity by the before and after hours of the fleeting years of time?—is not eternity one eternal now, devoid altogether of before and after, sooner or later, was and was not? A scripture or two will soon silence such nonsensical talk as to eternity, and as it respects the Persons in the one indivisible Jehovah. God the Father, saith James i. 17, is without variableness or shadow of turning, and God the Father saith of his dear Son, Heb. i. 12, "But thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail." No was, and was not, here. God the Son saith, Mal. iii. 6, "For I am the Lord. I change not." God the Holy Ghost saith in Heb. xiii. 8, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." And he is "the only begotten of the Father." So the word allows of no room for was and was not; but Jehovah's voice therein utters forth (Ex. iii. 14), "I am that I am, I am what I ever was, and I am what I ever shall remain." "Moses," said the Son of God, "wrote of me." See John v. 46.

I fear I have been too prolix; but you must allow me to reply to one more of a "Little One's" assertions, viz.,—"But we ask, also, where in all the Bible do we read that he lay in the bosom of the Father." This astounds me positively, how a person, who reads his Bible can for a moment question this. Will a "Little One" shew me one text to say he was ever out of it? I leave out the word lay, and proceed to answer the question. When our blessed Lord was tabernacling upon earth in our nature, these words John heard escape his sacred

lips, (John i. 18.) "No man hath seen God at any time. The only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father he hath declared him." No room for carnal reason here; and I hope "Little One" will admit that this is a satisfactory answer, or, if he won't, others will. But, more (John iii. 13), "And no man hath ascended up to heaven, but he that came down from heaven, even the Son of Man which is in heaven." Can "Little One" unravel this? Again, Philip said (John xiv. 8), "Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us." To which his Majesty replied, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father," and yet the Son was not the Father, but his express image. Now, I remark, that if his Sonship consists in his complexity, but I know it doth not, but in his Divine Person, irrespective of his being complex, on these words, "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father also," he could not use. The Father was not complex, consequently it is only in his Divine Person he so resembles his own Father, and thereby shews that he is his Father's own Son. Where is the complex Son now? Not but that he was a Son when complex, but his being complex did not make him so, rather thereby he became a Servant, who was everlastingly a Son; but, again, verse x., "Believest thou not that I am in the Father, and the Father in me." Again, "The Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works (verse xx.); at that day ye shall know that I am in the Father, and you in me, and I in you."

As Kent sings,—

"Tis I in them, and thou in me,
For thus the union stands."

Again, John xvii. 21, "That they all may be one as thou Father art in me, and I in thee," 23rd, "I in them and thou in me." Once more; see Is. lvii. 15, "For thus saith the high and lofty one that inhabiteth eternity, (no was, and was not, here) whose name is holy. I dwell in the high and holy." I leave out the word place, as it is not in the text; now these things said Isaiah, when he saw his glory, and spake of Him (our Jesus,) what is meant by the "I dwell in the high and holy." Doth any ask "Master, where dwellest thou?" we may safely reply according to the above Scriptures, "In the Father and the Holy Ghost, and they both dwell in him," (see Col. ii. 10,) by a mutual inbeing and inhabitation. Jehovah is his own dwelling place; no other house could contain him, for the wise man informs us, 1 Kings viii. 27, "that the heaven of heavens cannot contain him," so then he dwelleth in his adorable self, "yet condescends to behold the things that are in heaven and in the earth," Ps. cxliii. 5, but the Psalmist declareth that there is none like him who

dwelleth on high, in himself, in Persons three, in essence One.

Once more: In John xv. 9, you read, "As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you," compared with chapter xvii. 24. "For thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world." As the Son then loveth as doth the Father love, he must be one with and equal to him, for the Father's love is from everlasting to everlasting; so must also be the love of the Son, or it could not be said that he loveth as doth the Father, were it not so, and himself eternal and everlasting; and Paul's doxology is, 1 Tim. i. 17, "Now unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible &c.;" so speaks he of his Master, and in Heb. v. 9, he calls Him, "the Author of eternal salvation," and chap. ix. 12, declares that "he hath obtained eternal redemption for us;" must he not then be the eternal and everlasting Son of God, "for the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world," 1 John iv. 14, so speak the apostles. O! let us listen to them, and abide by their testimony, and not be carried about with every wind of doctrine by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive, but be steadfast, unmoveable &c., notwithstanding all the heresies afloat and all the errors which abound.

I must not proceed further, but would suggest that if any one thinks proper to reply to what I have written herein, and

will adduce only, "Thus saith the Lord," it will be noticed, but if it be only carnal reasoning and abuse, I shall neither notice or reply.

After all, I believe that where the Father hath not revealed the Son by the Spirit, or, and in the heart of a sinner, shewing him of the glories of his Person, as the Son of God most high in the glory of the Father; they neither can or will submit to, and cordially receive the doctrine of the Divine Sonship as testified in the Scriptures of God the Holy Ghost; but exclaim how can these things be? John saith, i. Epistle. v. 9, "This is the witness of God, (and it must carry everything before it,) that he hath testified of his Son." God the Father here saith, he is his Son, God the Son saith the same, John x. 36, God the Holy Ghost bears witness no less, Rom. viii. 3. So then my simple reason for believing that Jesus is the Son of God, is because God saith so, 1, John v. 9. Can I assign a better? 1 John 4. 15, and shall continue to unite my voice with our old reformers, where they thus exclaim,

"Thou art the King of glory oh Christ!
Thou art the everlasting Son of the Father."

May the good Lord deliver his own dear church from all false doctrine, heresy and schism. So prays your's in the faith of God's elect,
W. BIDDER.

London, Nov. 15, 1860.

EPISTLES TO THEOPHILUS.

THE SONSHIP OF THE SAVIOUR.—No. III.

MY GOOD THEOPHILUS.—I am now to show that the Saviour is never called the Son of God apart from his complexity; yet men tell us that the words *Begotten Son* are never applied to him as man, but are applied to him only as God. Yet so far from this being the case, (as I will show before I close the subject), it is just the reverse, that the word begotten is never once in all the Bible applied to him as God, abstractedly considered, but applied always to his manhood. So that where his human nature is not, the word begotten is not; and where the word begotten is applied to him, there his human nature is. But the eternal generation doctrine destroys the original unity and equality of the eternal three divine persons, the same said doctrine making Jesus Christ to be *two* sons of God; for in their doctrine they have a son of God purely and abstractedly divine; and the Holy Ghost declareth that that which was born of Mary was the *Son of God*,—not the son of man, mind, but the son of God; and thus we get *two* sons; *man* gives us one son, God gives us another; I will say, thanks be to God for *his* unspeakable gift, but the eternal

generation doctrine I will leave for those who like it.

But 'thou art my Son, *this day* have I begotten thee.' Psalm ii. 7. You see I have put the words *this day* in italics, because these words throw a light upon the whole sentence; what then is *this day*? Men tell us that this day means *eternity*? But what proof do such men give that it means eternity. Alas, none at all, but their *ipse dixit*. You must believe it, because these eternal generation men say it is so; but as these men give us no proof that *this day* means eternity, and if the word of truth do not explain it, then we must remain in the dark; but the word of God *does* explain it; and so far from this day meaning eternity, it means the *time* of Christ's resurrection and exaltation. This is seen in Acts iv., where the rage of the people fulfilled the first part of 2nd Psalm; and where he who in the 2nd Psalm is called the *begotten* son, is called in Acts 4th, the *holy child Jesus*. Then again, Acts xiii. 33rd, 'thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee.' Here the words, as in Rev. i. 5, are applied to the resurrection of Christ. And now what becomes of men's

assertion, that the words begotten Son never relate to his manhood, but only to his divine nature? Are we to be wiser than God? Was it Christ's human nature or his divine nature which rose from the dead? Do the words *holy child* Jesus refer directly to his divinity, to the exclusion of his manhood? I think not. Well, now, my good Theophilus, if we are to be led by the Holy Ghost, and receive his testimony, and I may say *his explanation*, then *this day* means the New Testament dispensation, when Christ was begotten from the dead; and this resurrection of Christ was the *decree* to be declared; and the Saviour himself did, as you well know, in the days of his flesh, declare this decree, over and over again. Did he not declare that he should die, and rise again; and this day is but the beginning of an everlasting day. 'This is the day the Lord hath made, we will be glad and rejoice therein.' The after part of this 2d Psalm refers to the ingathering of the Gentiles, another proof that the *day* here spoken of is the New Testament dispensation. I think my good Theophilus, that the least our opponents can do is to acknowledge, that in saying *this day* means eternity, means that Christ as Son of God was begotten before all worlds, and that the words Begotten Son are never applied to his human nature; the least, I say, they can do is, to acknowledge that they are *wrong*; for to all intents and purposes *they are wrong*. But let us look again at *this day*. Does not the Psalmist here *personate* the Saviour, and is he not carried in the spirit of prophecy into the kingdom of Christ, and so uses the language prophetically, which the Saviour would and did carry out practically; and is this at all unusual in the Scriptures? Does not the Psalmist often and extensively personate, in the spirit of prophecy, the Saviour in his sufferings? Are not the 22nd and 69th Psalms, interesting and instructive instances of this mode of prophecy? So then, beyond all dispute, the *this day* in this 2nd Psalm, means the time of the New Testament dispensation; and the same person who in this Psalm is called begotten Son, is in Acts the 4th, called the *holy child* Jesus. Could *divinity* be a child? No; but human nature could be a child, and was a child, even that holy child which was called the Son of God: and in the Acts, 13th chapter, this same holy child Jesus is begotten from the dead.

But, my good Theophilus, while you see how eternal generationists pervert this second Psalm, do not lose sight of another point well worthy of your attention, namely the Saviour's *assurance* of his sonship; 'the Lord hath said unto me;' the enemy tried to get him to doubt his sonship, but the serpent could make no impression of this kind upon this *holy child* Jesus, upon this invulnerable rock. He always knew he was of God, and he always set the Lord before him. He always knew that he was from God, and went to God. I will declare the decree of my resurrection, 'the Lord hath said unto me, thou art my son, this day have I begotten thee,' as Acts xiii. and Rev. 1st, shew, from the dead. So much, then, in this Scripture,

for the old fable of an eternally generated divinity, generation from original constitution into sonship. But as I have here shown you, how different is the interpretation given by the Holy Ghost from the one given by the eternal generation doctrine. Isaiah says of the Saviour, 'he was led as a lamb to the slaughter;' so I suppose we shall be told next, that he was not only relatively and virtually slain from the foundation of the world, but that he was *actually* slain from the foundation of the world; and this would be quite as true, and not a whit more preposterous, than the doctrine of eternal generation. We must, my good Theophilus, ever distinguish between a thing done in vision, and the same thing done in fact. Joseph's dreams contained things done as yet only in counsel and vision; but the performance thereof in due time is sure. 'Then thou spakest in vision (that is in revelation and prediction), unto thine Holy One, and saidst, I have laid help upon one that is mighty (here is his Godhead—he is the mighty God), I have exalted one chosen out of the people, (here is his manhood); I have found David my servant, (here is his servitude.) David means beloved, and so Jesus was God's beloved servant (in whom his soul delighted), as well as his beloved Son, in whom he was well pleased, and God gave not the Spirit by measure unto him. Now you see this 19th verse of the 89th Psalm, speaks in the past tense, yet the things were not done *actually* until the day of Christ. Thus God calleth things that are not as though they were; and so, my good Theophilus, just in the sense that the covenant of salvation is eternal, so is the sonship of the Saviour eternal. 'His goings forth were from of old, even from everlasting;' so that what he was in counsel he became in constitution; thus becoming *actually* what he was before relatively, as Abraham was *relatively* constituted a father, before he was *actually* a father; for the Apostle, in the 4th of Romans, thus argues, 'I have made thee (Abraham) a father of many nations.' So we must understand the New Covenant paternity of the most High. His name (Isa. lxiii. 16) is from everlasting. Here is the relation and nomination from everlasting; here, then we have New Covenant relationship from everlasting, but are we to trifle with this, and call it being a Father and son *officially*, when at the same time that he had, in the excellency of his counsel, constituted a saving relationship to millions of the human race. If this is to be despised, then as the election of grace were not *actually* there when they were chosen, then despise election, and despise also the doctrine of Christ's being slain from the foundation of the world, simply because he was not *actually* slain from the foundation of the world. Again, then, I say of the 2d Psalm, that while men tell us *this day* means from everlasting, the Holy Ghost, in the 4th and 13th of Acts, shews us that David was carried forward in spirit to the day of Christ, the day which Abraham saw and was glad, that in *that day* Christ was begotten from the dead. What, my good Theophilus, will you do here?

Will you take the unproved assertion of uninspired man, and hold that Christ as a divine person was begotten before all worlds; will you believe this, or take the explanation of inspired Apostles, who refer the same to Christ's resurrection. I am sure you will not hesitate which to choose. Thus you must distinguish between things in their relative position, and in their actual existence and accomplishment. 'Ye are complete in him,' for instance, is the relative position of things to be made good actually at the resurrection, and in glorification; you will thus see though the words *eternal* Son of God are nowhere found in the Bible, yet as he is God, and as he went forth in mercy from everlasting (for the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting), as he thus went forth, he was relatively the Son of God from everlasting, but not by any generation of his divine nature; the word *generation* never ONCE being applied to his divine nature, but is applied merely to his genealogical descent, as shewn in the first of Matthew, and also to his people as one with him, called the generation of the upright, who shall declare his generation, for he was cut off out of the land of the living. Well, the Holy Spirit of God declareth by his work who his generation are; but what in the name of the world, and in the name of common sense, yea, what in the name of the Lord, has this to do with the notion that he was a divine person generated by the Father into Sonship: it has not a shadow of reference to anything of the kind. The eternal generation doctrine I most solemnly believe to be from beneath, and is intended by the enemy to lower and lessen the absolute divinity and Godhead of Christ. And we are told, too, that we must not reason upon such a deep subject. Ah, thou that sayest we should not reason upon it, dost thou reason upon it? dost thou thyself do that which thou teachest should not be done? Ah, yes, thou art verily guilty, for thou reasonest thus, that as the ray of the sun issues from the sun, yet is coeval with the sun, so Jesus Christ as a divine person, thou sayest, generates from the Father, and is yet co-existent;

and then thou dost with an air of great triumph, ask if we can tell which is first, the ray or the sun. Well, we *will tell* thee, that the light was three days before the sun: light the first day, but no sun until the fourth day; so that thy fancied sonship is three days prior to paternity. Who has heard such a thing, for a son to be *three days older than the father*; and this is your eternal generation doctrine, is it? Ah, good brother, drop thy fable, and come to Bible facts.

Ah, are you now running off to the 45th Psalm; but there you shall find no rest for the sole of the foot for eternal generation. Well, again I say Jesus Christ is God, but never called, apart from his complexity, the Son of God. 'Unto the Son he saith, thy throne, O God is for ever and ever.' Ah, but mind, that *before* he is in this Psalm called the Son of God, he is viewed as man. Verse 2d, 'thou art fairer than the children of men;' he was fairer than other men, because he had no sin, he did no sin, he was without blemish and without spot, and the church is all fair by him: then after he is thus brought before us as *man*, then, and not until then, he is called the Son of God. He is thus addressed in his complex person; and though the divine Word was not yet actually incarnate, yet he stood in covenant relation to our nature, and therefore addressed as though it was in fact, God again calling things that are not as though they were. And to confirm what I here state, he is described as living a life of love to righteousness, and hatred to wickedness, and he has hereby brought in everlasting righteousness, and has put sin away, and so is anointed with the oil of gladness above all his fellow kings, from David down to the last that reigned on Judah's throne. No king or kingdom ever brought the joy that this king and his kingdom shall bring. Here, then, I say, the Saviour is seen in his future complexity, and so the Christ dishonouring doctrine of eternal generation has no place in Psalm 45th.

So believes

A LITTLE ONE.

A PORTION FOR BABES, YOUNG MEN AND FATHERS.

BY MR. WILLIAM LEACH, OF NORTHAMPTON.

(Concluded from page 285.)

"Thou art mine."

II. THE IMPORT OF THE TESTIMONY.

Now if you have travelled with me in the former part of my subject, you are brought into a position where the words will be truly acceptable to and highly appreciated by you, yea, where they will appear as waters to a thirsty soul. You will find the Lord prepares the minds of his people for these promises and manifestations, he is at work with them, and will not let them be satisfied with anything short of the manifestation of his

love; for they are brought into the position where they would freely part with ALL, yea, with ten thousand worlds if they possessed them, to be interested in his favour, and to have the words given them for a portion, "Thou art mine;" mine, for ever mine, my property, that I shall never relinquish, my people, in whom I have a claim which I shall never forego; for if we are the Lord's to-day, we shall be the Lord's for ever, not the Lord's to-day, and the devil's to-morrow.

Oh no! we never find the Lord altering his word, or changing his mind; we were the Lord's from everlasting, we continue the Lord's in time, and we shall be the Lord's throughout eternity.

Let us now look at the testimony, as the language of each of the Persons in the God-head: the Father's we are by *eternal election*: when the Lord bears this testimony to a soul, that time is indeed the time of love to him; for election never appears so precious, as when the Lord makes known our own election, and his choice of us in Christ; as Hart sweetly sings,—

Though God's election is a truth,
Small comfort there I see,
Till I am told, by God's own mouth,
That he has chosen me.

And when we are told by God's own mouth that he has chosen us, we shall never endure to bear the precious doctrine spoken against, nor the order of that doctrine disarranged by man-made ministers. In the subsequent part of a Christian's experience this truth will yield unspeakable comfort to his mind, for it is a truth well calculated to convey the sweetest comfort to the believer, throughout his whole pilgrimage course on earth. This foundation of the Lord standeth at all times, and on every occasion *sure*; and he hath laid it to impart stability, as well as to administer comfort to his Zion, whom he hath fixed his love upon in eternity past, and will never take it from in eternity to come: the realization of one's being the object of God's love and choice in Christ, will produce indescribable pleasure to the soul; "Thou art mine," thus saith the Father, *by gracious adoption* as well as by eternal election; this is a step in advance, and something further than election, for it is more to be an adopted child, than a servant to wait upon him, which capacity the elect angels occupy. When God chose his people it was not to make servants of them, but sons,—*"having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to himself."* What are all earthly titles to be compared with this? to be an heir of glory, is a privilege our minds cannot as yet fully realize the blessedness of; as his adopted ones he gives us a new name, "for thou shalt be called by a new name which the mouth of the Lord thy God shall name;" with the white stone given to the bride (Rev. ii. 17.) there was in it also a new name written, a name just the opposite to the one we possessed at first, for the name that most probably belonged to us in our native state is "sinner;" an evil name this and one of degradation: this shews forth the boundless grace, the matchless mercy, and wonderful love, of God our Father, in that he takes such degraded beings, raises them from the dunghill, and brings them into

that relationship with himself from which they shall never remove, and in which they shall enjoy him for ever and ever.

We regard them also as the words of Christ, "I have redeemed thee, thou art mine;" hence he claims them on the ground of indisputable right. Christ purchased his people with his precious blood, and by it they become his in an equitable way. When we consider the cost, there will be no ground for arriving at the conclusion, "tht so rich a cost will ere be lost:" for we do not consider those in their right mind, who maintain that the purchase of the Redeemer's blood will ever be lost, such does not seem consistent either with reason or revelation. I think not for a moment that the Lord Jesus Christ shed his blood at random, without a perfect and proper understanding as to the benefit that should accrue therefrom. Oh no! when he agonized in Gethsemane's garden; it was no matter of uncertainty with him, present to and in his mind's eye was very one for whom he was to die the death of the cross; hence the redemption of Christ is an eternal redemption, a real redemption, by which we are exempted from the curse and delivered from going down into the pit; "deliver me from going down into the pit, for I have found a ransom;" here is the ground of deliverance, the ransom provided and paid; Christ ransomed his prisoners out of the pit by paying the ransom price in full, his own heart's most precious blood, and thus they are sent out of the pit by both law and justice, whose claims he hath fully met and amply satisfied. This redemption is an eternal one; if redeemed to-day, we shall not come under condemnation to-morrow, no! "having obtained eternal redemption for us;" this is what the soul lives upon and is strengthened thereby, for what would life, mercy, or redemption, or all salvation's covenant blessings, be to us with all our fears and fluctuations, if they were not eternal? O friends, it is this that constitutes the glory of the gospel, all the blessings thereof are eternal. "Thou art mine," is this the language of our most gracious Christ! Mine by *marriage union* also, "for when I passed by thee and looked upon thee, behold thy time was the time of love; and I spread my skirt over thee," an act typical of protection, as Boaz did over Ruth previous to his making her his wife; "and covered thy nakedness; yea I swore unto thee, and entered into a covenant with thee and thou becamest mine;" it is a marriage covenant here spoken of, "for I am married unto you, saith the Lord."

We regard them as the words of the Holy Ghost, "thou art mine;" mine by *consecration*; this will refer to the sanctifying grace of the Spirit of God, that grace whereby we are separated from the world;

the world that lieth in wickedness, and the world that is bolstered up in a mere empty form, and outward profession of godliness, for we are called from both by the distinguishing grace of our God. The Spirit's we are by *inhabitation*, as well as by consecration; "know ye not that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" What a marvel this! for what were our bodies prior to it? The devil's palace where he resided, kept his court, put forth his baneful influence, and exerted his malignant power, only to think of this wonderful change, the devil's palace converted into the temple of the Holy Ghost; as the temple of old was God's residence, so the bodies of believers are the temples of the Holy Ghost, and where he dwells he will also exert his influence, for he is a living and powerful Spirit, and cannot dwell in any one without their knowing it, such an one will have a religion of feeling; and when the Spirit of God takes up his residence in a man or a woman it is for ever, according to the promise of our Lord "he shall abide in and with you for ever."

"Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry;
My soul can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die."

III. NOTICE SOME OF THE EFFECTS ARISING FROM THIS TRUTH.

It will make us feel happy; it does not matter how miserable a man may feel at times, under the misapprehension that the Lord will cast him off, for God's people are often thus exercised; let but the testimony of the text, or a similar confirming one, be spoken or made known unto them, so as to satisfy them of their interest in the Lord, and their hearts will be filled with happy emotions, their sorrows will immediately be turned into joy. Again, confidence is one of its results; this is how I would have my confidence increased and settled, even by the testimony of the Lord himself, for then it will be firm and strong, and not weak and

fluctuating, resembling the morning cloud and early dew, which soon passeth away, but it will be like a springing well, and the sun shining in his strength. I may not always have the comfort of it, but I shall have my confidence when I have not got my comfort; which you will find to be the case with David throughout the Psalms. Whatever were the trials he was exercised with, whether doing business in deep waters or under pleasurable feelings from an enjoyment of interest in the covenant love of God, it was always, "my God, my rock and my salvation;" thence arose his plea "save me, O Lord, for I am thine." Again prayer is another; when the Lord is pleased to manifest his love, and assure us of our interest in his salvation, by speaking some such a portion as the text, we shall assuredly praise his name; praise is the sure consequence of manifested love and favour. Lastly devotedness; "you are not your own but the Lord's, therefore glorify God in your bodies and in your souls which are his: you find me a man or a woman possessing the assurance of faith, and they shall be the most devoted to the Lord; and where this devotedness is lacking, there is also wanting the assurance that they are the Lord's. My dear hearers, I class you under three different characters; you who have obtained this testimony, "thou art mine;" you who are indeed a highly favoured, and abundantly blessed people, "for flesh and blood hath not revealed this unto you, but your Father which is in heaven. You who are anxious to obtain it, well, he who gave you the desire will fulfil the same, and bring it to good effect; for faithful is he who hath called you who also will do it," and you who know nothing about it, and have no desire after it. O may it please the Lord to lay the importance thereof upon your mind and cause you eventually to hear these words by the voice of the Spirit, for unless you belong to the Lord, you are irretrievably lost.

A CRITICAL REVIEW OF "ZION'S WITNESS."

THE second volume of *Zion's Witness*, edited by Arthur Wilcockson, is before the churches, and contains many excellent pieces, both doctrinal and experimental, and will no doubt be read with pleasure by some who hold what I may term extreme Calvinistic views. Some good men run into extremes, nay into errors, which if not dangerous to themselves, prove so to others of weaker judgment.

William Winkworth, was separated from Hopo chapel, Rochdale, for holding these two points of doctrine:—1, That it is impossible

for true believers to backslide. 2, That God does not chastise his people for sin. He makes known his grievance to the editors of *Zion's Witness*, who pat him on the back, and encourage the good brother to go on in the liberty wherewith Christ has made him free; and in some following numbers endeavour to strengthen his faith in the non-backsliding scheme; the whole of which is a miserable perversion of Scripture, unsupported by real evidence, opposed to the teachings of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of the elect, and danger-

ous in its tendency, as calculated to lull the conscience to peace in carnal security and sinful departures from the Lord.

It is the essence of antinomianism, and strikes a dead blow at Christian holiness, without which the Bible tells us, no man shall see the Lord. How good men, with the Bible in their hands, can ever advocate such doctrine is to me a mystery. When I see a man (as I did once) advocating such doctrines in a public market-place, in a state of intoxication, I wonder not; for it is all of a piece with his life—creed and conduct harmonising; but when I see men whose lives are not (as far as we can judge) in any way perverted, by their wretched perversions of Scripture, I am astonished. I would deal gently with their persons, but I would with all faithfulness point out their errors, for the sake of others, who may be led astray by them. With this object in view, and out of no disrespect to the editors of *Zion's Witness* (who are personally unknown to me) I offer a few strictures to the readers of the *Earthen Vessel*, upon those weighty points.

First—That it is impossible for true believers to backslide.

By backsliding, I understand a sliding back, giving up our profession, becoming cold and careless in the things of God, giving way to the flesh, so that for a time it gains the mastery. Now the Scripture word for all such defection in heart or life is backsliding. "The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways. Israel slideth back as a back-sliding heifer." To deny this, then, is to give the lie to God's word, and thus endeavour to become wiser than God himself.

It is asserted that what is said about backsliding in the Old Testament, refers to persons under the law, and will not apply to us under the Gospel. This is a great mistake. To argue in this way, would be to exclude our use of the Old Testament altogether. We go to the Old Testament for comfort, for establishment, &c.; why not for correction and caution? No doubt there are declarations in the Old Testament, which refer to Israel backsliding from God, nationally; but even these will apply spiritually to God's saints in all ages of time. No Scripture is of private interpretation. Thus when we read of Israel's going a 'whoring from her God,' of 'playing the harlot with many lovers,' of 'forsaking the fountain of living waters,' of 'falling by her iniquities,' though this was all true of her nationally and outwardly, as a profane people, it was also true of her spiritually, even of some of those who were happily preserved from the outward defection. The fact is, when Israel as a nation, revolted from God, and became infatuated with their idols, the Israel within the Israel, the chosen seed, partook of the defection, and became to a certain extent involved in their sin and punishment, and to them the gracious promise belonged, 'I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; I will be as the dew unto Israel.'

Besides, we all possess the same nature, the same inclinations to evil; the heart is de-

ceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. The solemn injunction of the Apostle Paul, 3d chap. of Hebrews, 12th verse, 'Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God.' The Apostle had been speaking of the Jews tempting God in the wilderness, grieving the Holy Spirit, hardening their hearts, and their exclusion from the land of Canaan in consequence; and he makes use of all this as a caution to the Christian church, whether Jews or Gentiles—Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you, who are believers in Christ, followers of God, chosen to salvation—an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God. This, then, proves, that the non-backsliding theory is a delusion, and the exhortation the Apostle gives is utterly inconsistent with such a tenet, 'But exhort one another daily, while it is called *to-day*; lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin.' Sin is very deceitful, very alluring, and where is the child of God to be found, who has not more or less proved it so to his sorrow? It is not only deceitful, but it possesses a hardening tendency. Once fairly carried away by it, we are in danger of further relapses, and the heart gets so hardened, that reproof will not touch it; judgments will not affect it. It cannot feel the awful nature and extent of its crimes. And then comes this lullaby—this lie of the devil (excuse me if I am plain)—

"This thick-skinned monster of the ooze and the mire."

"Sin can do a believer no harm; it is impossible for him to backslide, and God does not chastise his people for sin." A pretty doctrine this is. Arminians may well look with wonder, and inquire, is this Calvinism? No, this is not Calvinism, but a wretched perversion of it. It is Calvinism run mad. It stands opposed to all the precepts and admonitions of the Gospel; for if we cannot backslide it is superfluous to caution against it. The Apostle Paul, in the 4th chap. of Ephesians, 30th verse, says, 'Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.' Then there is such a thing as grieving the Spirit; or to use another Scripture figure, 'Quench not the Spirit,' 'don't throw cold water upon the holy fire of the blessed Spirit'—don't live wantonly and carelessly, so as to remove that heavenly visitor from your breast. This is the plain unsoftened meaning of the text; David felt afraid of this terrible result, 'take not thy Holy Spirit from me.' And how many poor backsliders, sick of sin, and self, and the world, and sick of the Lord's angry contention in their souls, having been filled with their own ways, have felt the suitability of those sweet lines—

"Return, O holy dove return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast."

What is this but backsliding?

Again, 'If ye live after the flesh ye shall die; but if ye through the Spirit do mortify the deeds of the body, ye shall live.' Now

when a child of God lives after the flesh, that is for a time, the flesh rules, and reigns. Some temptation is presented and fallen into. It may be striven against for a time, but the flesh constantly lingering after the temptation, is for wise ends on God's part, given up to the snare; conscience becomes stifled, and offers less and less resistance, the man is carried right beyond where he intended to stop, and finds though he has power to run into sin, he has no power to run out of it, when once fully overcome. Well, this may be continued for weeks, or for years; the man is held in bondage, he walks after the flesh, and though he may read his Bible, say his prayers, go to chapel, and take the sacrament, his heart is not right in the sight of God; he has no sweet helps and encouragements in prayer, but rather the accusations of a guilty conscience; and as his praying don't cause him to cease from sin, *'the sin which so easily besets him;'* his sinning makes him more formal and superficial in prayer. Well, I ask what are we to call this but backsliding? You deny the word, but can you deny the thing? the reality which the word conveys? no, you cannot; then I say it is the height of folly to quibble about words, in order to mystify spiritual things. It is childishness to say a believer cannot backslide, because he has two natures, *one* holy that cannot sin, the other unholy that cannot backslide. This is a cloud of dust raised to blind our minds to the important fact, that if we walk contrary to God, he will walk contrary to us, *'yea visit our transgressions with a rod, and our iniquities with stripes.'*

It appears that this passage, 89th Psalm, 30, 31, 32, can easily be tortured to speak in favour of non-backsliding. Thus in *Zion's Witness* it is made to respect the punishment of our sins upon Christ; that if we as his children forsake his law, and walk not in his statutes (which he foreknew we should in the Adam state), then he would visit our sin upon Christ, and cause him to die for them in a penal way. This is a specious but unwarrantable exposition. There needed no 'if' in the matter, if this was the meaning of the text. It is too far fetched, too novel. It is a truth, maintained in Scripture, that God punished our sin upon Christ the surety; but it is not *the* truth of the passage; it refers to chastisement for sin, not in a penal, but in a loving, gracious, fatherly manner. A child in grace would so understand it, and he who is never chastised for his sin, nor corrected when he goes astray, is a bastard in the family, not a true son of the free woman.

It is a lie of the devil to assert that a child of God cannot backslide, when we have evidence in the Scripture to the contrary. Did not David backslide into adultery and murder, and was not his heart hardened to a certain extent, until Nathan was sent to him to bring him to a sense of his sin? Did not Solomon backslide in his old age, fall from his eminence, and bring down the righteous punishment of God?

C— was a member of a particular Baptist church in Leicester, upright and sincere for

some years, but fell into a temptation. It is believed, through the pride and vanity of his wife, he carried on a systematic course of fraud and deception, until he was discovered by his employer, yet attended the house of God, and prayed at the sacrament; all the time a backslider; but no doubt lulled into carnal security by the opium dose, poor dear child of God, it is no more thee that does it, but sin that dwelleth in thee.' He was brought to repentance, and it is believed he died happy, after the Lord had mercifully chastised him for his sin.

I once visited a dying woman, nearly 80 years of age. When her daughter came to fetch me, she said she wanted to see a high Calvinist minister, for she was in great trouble. I found the poor creature in great trouble of soul at the approach of death. The first words she uttered were, 'Am I right? shall I be saved?' I replied 'I cannot tell, but has the Lord ever done any thing for your soul?' The reply was 'I believe he did many years ago, and once in Christ, bless the Lord, in him for ever.' 'Then,' I replied, 'you must certainly be happy, and need not fear death.' 'O,' said she, 'if I knew that I should be saved, I could die happy.' 'Then there is something else you want besides a belief that the Lord converted you so many years ago; you want the Lord to shine upon you, and say to your soul, 'I am thy salvation.' I prayed with her, and left her in much perturbation of mind. When I got down stairs I asked the daughter, how her mother had lived, and whether she ever attended the means of grace? 'O, sir,' said she, 'my poor mother has lived a very carnal and miserable life for years. No body, no religion was right for her. I have a brother, a Wesleyan minister, and I used to dread his home visits, it was nothing but wrangling and strife. Mother would tell him he would go to hell if he did not alter; and he would tell her she would go to hell if she would not alter. It was like hell upon earth, at times, to be with her, ridiculing everything that was good, if it was not exactly according to her mind.' I visited her again, but no relief. She could not die upon the belief the Lord called her so many years ago. She wanted that blessed evidence described by Paul, 'the Spirit itself beareth witness with our Spirit that we are the children of God;' and that evidence, through the free gift of God's grace, is only to be enjoyed in a practical obedience to all the Lord's ways and ordinances. I could see she had grieved the Spirit, and he had left her to walk in the dark, according to that text, 'I will hide mine eyes from them, I will see what their end shall be.' It is a truth that God does sovereignly hide his face from his people, as was the case with Jeremiah, Heman, and others; but it is equally a truth that our iniquities often separate between us and our God, and cause him to hide his face from us; and to deny this is downright antinomianism. Well, the Lord mercifully restored this poor old woman before she died, visited her with a felt salvation, and the daughter said after her death, it was like heaven to be with her, after the

Lord turned her captivity, according to his own free and loving promise, 'I will heal their backsliding. I will love them freely, I will be as the dew unto Israel.' An old man died here in Leicester some short time back, who had been a backslider for many years; he had formerly been a flourishing Calvinistic minister, contemporary with the learned William Wales Horn; he positively told me he much enjoyed the Lord's presence in his work before he was invited up to London to preach. There he got acquainted with many high-flying Calvinists, who held the notion (for notion it only is) that sin cannot do a believer any harm, and that saints could not backslide. He said once, when I visited him in his wretchedness and poverty, 'Ah, Thomas, beware of those crafty men who seem to live above law, and sin, and fear; they were my downfall. I preached with strong confidence from 'Let the inhabitants of the rock sing; let them shout from the top of the mountains;' but, alas, I took no heed to my ways, and the devil soon threw me down from my confidence; my mouth was closed, and I became a wretched outcast.' I knew him for some years when he was addicted to a sinful course of life, living in intemperance and yet withal prating upon the doctrines of grace. The view I then had of him was, that he was a presumptuous dead Calvinist, but I believe he was restored some time before his death, and gave evidence that though the Lord pardoned his sin, he took vengeance on his inventions.

Once more, and then I close. *Zion's Witness* holds the erroneous dogma, that God does not chastise his people for sin. The quibble is this, it is not *for* sin, but *from* sin. But did not the Lord chastise David for his sin? To the law and to the testimony, 2 Samuel, 12th chap. 10 & 11th v. 'Wherefore hast thou despised the commandment of the Lord, to do evil in his sight, thou hast killed Uriah the Hittite with the sword, and hast taken his wife to be thy wife. Now, therefore, the sword shall never depart from thine house, because thou hast despised me, and hast taken the wife of Uriah the Hittite to be thy wife.' And was it not fulfilled to the very letter, and yet the Lord freely pardoned his sin. God is a just God as well as a Saviour; he will be just to his own threatening, as well as merciful to his children. Chastisement is a fruit of love it is true, but it is no less a fruit of sin. As God chastened his people in Babylon for their sin, so he chastens us and condemns us here for our sin, that we should not be condemned with the world. We suffer in the flesh that we may cease from sin. There is no legality about this; neither is it intolerable bondage as some suppose. There is a sort of hyper-Calvinism in many of our churches, which cannot be made to square with the Scriptures, and hence these must be twisted and wire-drawn in order to sanction it. It is no longer old fashioned Calvinism, but a stage higher, and another upon that, making it super-hyper, and here and there even this is running to seed.

THOMAS SMITH.

MR. PHILPOT AND MR. J. A. JONES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Without at all entering into the subject of controversy between Messrs. Philpot and Jones, except to avow my utter disbelief of the generation of the God-head of Christ; I say *not eternal* generation, for it is manifest that cannot be eternal which is generated or begotten; will you allow me space in your columns for a few brief animadversions on the unchristian spirit which pervades and darkens Mr. Philpot's notice of a 'Letter' addressed to him by that venerable servant of Christ.

I am fully aware that Mr. Philpot is regarded by a minority of the ministers and people of God, as their leading man in a certain line of things, and that he is esteemed as a minister of the Gospel by others who do *not* so regard him. But if Mr. Philpot, presuming upon this, has thought, as he appears to have done, that his own *ipse dixit* on any subject upon which he writes, should be received as conclusive and final, and that he may indulge without impunity in that acerbity of temper which seems natural to him, and which renders him so impatient of contradiction; or that he can treat contemptuously, and without rebuke, any who may question the truthfulness of his statements, or the soundness of his creed, he must now see from Mr. Jones's reply the folly of such a presumption.

I agree with Mr. Philpot, and so would Mr. Jones himself, that 'time and age cannot turn falsehood into truth,' which he more than insinuates the latter to suppose. But time and age in Mr. Jones's case have not attempted it. The insinuation is as untrue as it is unkind; and Mr. Philpot must have known this when he set it down. The ill-natured manner in which he refers to Mr. Jones, must be apparent to all his readers. Indeed throughout his reply, which evinces a great deal of angry and wounded feeling, he employs no veil to conceal his spleen. It is to be seen as plainly towards Mr. Jones, as it was lately seen towards Mr. Crowther, in the malignant review of his sermon preached at Hitchin.

As if age in itself was contemptible, Mr. Philpot designates Mr. Jones, 'the poor old man,' and in the bitterness of his spirit charges him with 'spending his last days in the miserable vanity of reprinting his erroneous creed'—of employing his *dying fingers* for a dishonest purpose; and on the wrapper of the current number of the *Standard*, he is pronounced by its amiable editor, as a man, 'who seems to be past shame!' Oh, how ungenerous and unchristian-like is all this! Can Mr. Philpot reflect hereon without remorse? It is to be hoped he cannot.

If nothing more certainly proves the *weakness* of an argument than mere confident assertion, and the *temper* of an opponent than contempt and abuse, then is Mr. Philpot's argument weak, and his temper vindictive indeed!

A CONSTANT READER.

REFLECTIONS ON THE REVIVALS,

BY THE REVS. W. PARKS, OF OPENSHAW; AND G. GILFILLAN, OF DUNDEE.

"William Parks, B. A., Incumbent of Openshaw," has published, through David Kelly, of Market-street, Manchester, an address delivered to his congregation on the completion of the seventeenth year of his ministry." Its title is—"The Foolishness of Truth:"—it is a sharp two-edged sword; to the tender and timid, it will appear exceedingly severe; to the undisciplined professor of a natural religion, it will appear most dreadful: but the rigidly righteous man; the real, the living believer in Christ, who has discovered, been deceived by, and delivered out of, the delusions of the Great Red Dragon and his host, will read the expositions given by Mr. Parks with all the care and attention they so much deserve. We shall quote a few paragraphs from the new pamphlet. Our readers will perceive that Mr. Parks is as decided as ever; and we most zealously wish tens of thousands of the professing tribes would read this address. If there be a grain of godly fear in a man's heart, such an epistle as this will make him tremble lest he be deceived. Passing other parts, we come to Mr. Parks on the Revival.—The following are his own words:

"I would now make a passing allusion to the religion of our day, the so-called "*Revivals*," and the general delusion of professors.

"After an observation of many years, I can, without hesitation, affirm that the religion of the present day is, generally speaking, nothing but *profession without possession*. There is no knowledge, no experience, no practice, *i.e.* such practice as must arise from possession of spiritual life, to be found in the mass of religionists. The religion of the day is a sort of spasmodic religion, an imitation, a fussy, noisy, babbling, spouting, prating, religion—that is no more like Christ's religion than is the brawling torrent of fanaticism like the smooth deep river of soberness and truth! There is a want of fixed principle about it that is enough to stamp it with falsity. * * *

"I may be thought harsh, or uncharitable, or bigoted, but I would rather a thousand times be considered either, than dishonest, or double-tongued, or hypocritical."

"The religion of the day is the result of *excitement*. Were it not for advertisements, and placards, and novelties, and tea meetings, and concerts, and bazaars, and lectures on curious subjects, orations, missionary hubbub, and sol-fa classes, I believe that the majority of religious communities would

go spark out. Ministers cannot keep their congregations together without making some clap-trap effort about once a quarter. Even the sanctimonious Dissenters have been forced to throw off the mask of singular piety, and they have their opening-of-organs services, and advertise *Dr. Musicus* to preside, and *Signor* and *Signora* to take the tenor and soprano parts! Ay, the very men who howled down *Oratorios* some years ago are now amongst the most energetic in drawing audiences to their chapels by means of unbelieving musicians! Preaching the gospel, the pure gospel, is but little known, but the deluding and debasing effort to draw crowds in the name, but without the power of godliness is all but universal.

"But what of those "*Revivals*," you ask? Well, I will answer in all candour, I never had any faith in them. Not that I for a moment question the possibility of God pouring out His Spirit in a more wonderful manner than He is wont; the God I serve is Sovereign who does as He pleases, but I do not think that He has done anything of the sort amongst us. You ask me for my reasons. I give them, they are four:

"1st. Because the principal men mixed up in these so-called *revivals* seem to me to be *without judgment*; and many of them without any clear notions of their own conversion.

"Now of all things in a religious leader; *judgment, experience, and knowledge of the human heart*, are indispensable. Without these his testimony goes for nothing. He is not a credible witness. A man that has never known for himself the dealings of God with his soul, and what it is to have been drawn out of darkness into marvellous light, can never discern *profession* from *possession*, change of *life* from change of *heart*, so his testimony upon such a subject goes for nothing.

"2ndly. I have no faith in the so-called "*Revivals*," because the demeanour of the converts has not been marked by that sobriety, decorum, and solemnity, that are to be expected from every soul conscious of a passage from death unto life. I maintain that such a one instead of indulging in unseemly mirth, or repulsive vain-glory at public meetings would be imbued with a holy reverence and awe. The following extract, alleged to be from a sermon by the Rev. G. Gilfillan, expresses my sentiments so exactly on the Revival Movement that I cannot forbear quoting it:—

"The Rev. G. Gilfillan, of Dundee, in

preaching from the words 'Rejoice evermore,' took occasion to refer to the nature of true and false joy, as seen in the present revival movement. He said: Christian joy cannot be produced in a very short time, or by a very speedy process. It is impossible to conceive how a sinner, in a few hours or minutes, may pass from the horrors of hell to the hallelujahs of heaven. In the history of every man or woman who has ever come in contact with spiritual realities, there has been a long period of deep anxiety and anguish of mind about eternal things; but I do not believe they ever carried their sorrow to a public meeting, and there exposed it to the ridicule of some, and to the rapture of others. No, they fold their cloak around them, and allow their feelings to work unobserved within. This may, perhaps, continue for many years, but their joy becomes valuable in proportion to the length of time the anxiety lasted, and in proportion to the silent agonies through which their joy had been borne. Again, true religion is of a sober and solemn kind. When a man is delivered from the danger of death, what are his feelings? Does he break out instantly into raptures? or begin instantly into a song? No such thing. He goes trembling to his God, and there pours out his mind in solemn gratitude and in deep awe. It is the same with spiritual death. If a man has suddenly been delivered from the danger of everlasting death, is he likely to sing those mawkish hymns which are so common in the present day? No such thing. His mind will be subdued and solomnised and he will much rather abide in silence than express his emotions in outrageous song. I never like to see too much gladness, whether in the temporal or spiritual world. When a man is too happy we say, and we say it with great truth, that there is something terrible coming upon him. When a man is too happy in a spiritual sense, especially when he has become too happy in a few hours or minutes, I tell that man to be on his guard, for there is danger, deep danger, before him. There is a saying that has passed into a proverb:—"From the sublime to the ridiculous there is only one step." That is true in the spiritual world as well as in the

intellectual world; and while journeying in the various parts of the country I have seen instances of it where, from the sublime or imaginary conversions that have taken place, there has been a descent into the depth of sin, and a very rapid descent too. The vanity that actuates men at a prayer meeting is just the same folly that you will find actuating men in the ballroom. The vanities of the ballroom and the prayer meeting are much alike, and often lead to the same scandalous and shameful results."

"I have no faith in this revival movement.

"3rdly. Because there is nothing in it that I have heard which may not be accounted for by natural causes.

"Fourthly. I have no faith in the "revival" movement, because the Lord, for the most part, does not work in this noisy way. Since the Pentecostal effusion of the Holy Spirit, I am not aware of his descent having been marked by a noisy tumult. Most generally His is a quiet, unobserved, imperceptible, inaudible work or operation. I think He meant to teach us a beautiful lesson upon this very subject through the building of Solomon's Temple. The stones were cut, we are told, at a distance, and the timber was also there prepared for the rising temple of Jerusalem; and during the building *there was not the sound of an hammer heard*. I, for one, believe that this is the mode in which the "lively stones" are placed by the Great Master Builder in their several positions in "the habitation of God"—the holy temple of the Lord, that is being raised to the glory of His name."

"I say it in all seriousness, if *excitement* can produce a change of heart, can rescue a single soul from hell, then go on with it; put forth all the appliances of histrionic art, to accomplish your laudable desire: but if all this is folly and delusion and impertinence, if it is true that the Holy Spirit of God does not countenance such proceedings, in the name of God, let us protest against it!"

[There is too much cause for these remarks, we fear.—Ed.]

THE INDIAN SOLDIER AND THE SUFFOLK PASTOR.

SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LORD'S GOODNESS TO ARTHUR BAKER,
FORMERLY OF THE 78TH HIGHLANDERS; NOW OF TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.

(Continued from page 264.)

"God's foundation standeth sure,
We shall to the end endure;
Safely will the Shepherd keep
Through dangers deep his chosen sheep."

DEAR SIR,—In resuming my narrative,

and in again recalling to memory the marvellous loving-kindness of our gracious Father to his redeemed ones, I am compelled to exclaim with the Psalmist, "God is my refuge and strength, a very present help in

trouble." If ever a poor sinner was a living witness of the Lord's watchful and protecting care to his redeemed ones, it is he who now pens these lines.

But to resume my narrative: on the 7th of February, 1857, my regiment was ordered to proceed immediately to the seat of war in Persia. After a tedious voyage, we were safely landed on shore on a Sabbath-day. Here the sinfulness of man's heart was manifest in its vilest character; the devil appeared to have a double power over the minds and actions of the men; the shoutings, blasphemings, and cursing of the intoxicated soldiers were dreadful in the extreme; bands were playing, and all manner of wickedness was being carried on on all hands. Such scenes as I then witnessed put my poor soul into a low state; and I think I cannot ever forget such a proof of man's utter depravity as I was then called to witness. The first night we were ordered to encamp at a place named Rushline. It was a bitter cold night; and my feelings were nigh as cold. At a late hour, we retired to rest, wearied with the toils and journeyings of the day. Early on the following morning, before day break, one of my comrades arose to go out of our tent; just at my feet he stumbled over something. Not knowing what it was, and being at my feet, he desired me to get a light. I did so hastily; and we found a man there dead and cold. He had fallen there during the night in a fearful state of intoxication, and never rose again. This circumstance drew my soul up in thankfulness to my ever gracious Father, for his loving care to me, a poor sinner; but it had not the slightest impression, as I could see, upon any of my companions in arms. Oh, what a mighty power has Satan over the actions and minds of the fallen sons of Adam; not a heart was moved at this solemn warning! The dear Lord graciously supported my soul under this sight of his judgment; but the devil was near to worry me if grace had permitted him. I was much exercised in my mind when we came to commit this man's body to the grave; there I thought a great iniquity was wrought. When the chaplain read the solemn words over the lifeless corpse of this man who was called away in the very midst of his sins, "In sure and certain hope of a resurrection," &c., oh, how my soul shuddered at such a solemn and awful mockery! I felt I could not read such words over a poor sinner who had been called away in the very depth of his sin, as this professed minister had done, if I were offered the whole earth. But since then I have often been called to witness scenes of a similar kind. We were soon ordered to prepare for marching on to the foe. Previous to coming into contact with the enemy, one of my comrades in a jeering tone, said to me, "Well, Arthur,

how do you feel now: if *you* kill a man, how then?" To this I could say but little; but it caused me to fly to the mercy-seat; and there I was favoured to lift up my heart and soul in earnest supplication to the God of my salvation, to guide and protect me in the path I was now called to tread in. Here I received a little comfort and encouragement. Praises to his ever watchful care, I was preserved through this engagement both in body and soul. But this poor man, who had so jeeringly taunted me before entering the engagement, while fighting close by my side, received a shot through the head; he fell; and died from the wound. But grace preserved me, and I came from the field a living monument of the Lord's preserving care to his blood-washed family. The next day our army was drawn up about 4 o'clock p.m.; we were ordered to pursue the Persians; we marched all day and night, and part of the following day, when we routed them out of their camp. At night the Persians turned upon us and attacked us; and while we were sleeping on the ground, the shots fell all around us—but not one touched me. Next morning we again attacked them, when the scene presented to our view was awful—we literally walked over the dead and the dying. Nothing but the power of God could support my soul here. I cannot tell what my feelings were on witnessing and being engaged in this scene. As soon as the engagement was over, I felt a quietness and calmness of spirit; and leaving my company I retired to a large tree, and there was favoured to pour out my soul in gratitude to my gracious Father for having once more preserved me in "the heat of battle." Oh, how sweet is that religion that affords the soul quietness, calmness, and a measure of consolation when all outward circumstances look dark and dreadful. Here the reality of a heart and mind stayed on God is realised as a great and unspeakable mercy. Here was I in a foreign land, surrounded with men led captive by the devil at his will; no brother or Christian companion to speak to; called to fight hard and often; walking among the dead and dying; and not knowing but that the next hour I might be lying dead, or groaning with some frightful wound. Here, I say again, was the position to be in to test the vitality of your religion; and under such trying circumstances as these Arthur Baker found sweet consolation and quietness of mind in waiting upon his all-sufficient God. May I not use the words of David experimentally and say, "when I cried unto thee, then shall mine enemies turn back. This I know, for God is for me?"

From here we were ordered to take steamer, and sailed some hundred miles up the river Euphrates—where a great battle

was fought at Mohameran, and another large sacrifice of human life was made. Here the Lord preserved me; and again I left the human slaughter ground untouched, to praise his name for his kindness in sparing me while hundreds fell all round me :

"His love in times past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink;
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite
through."

The Prince of Persia fled before us, and we kept the ground. One night I was posted on duty by the side of the river, and as I was marching up and down, I was led sweetly to meditate upon the Lord's great goodness towards me; I could say truly, "my meditation was sweet when I thought upon thy name." I am sure the Lord measures out grace according to our day. Often did he favour me while engaged in these trying paths with a smiling ray and comforting promise. After a time our camp became somewhat quiet, and I found a companion or two; and we met together, and read, and prayed, and meditated upon the word of God; these were often pleasant seasons—and here we sang together,

"Jesus thou art the sinner's Friend,
As such I look to Thee;
Now in the bowels of thy love
Dear Lord remember me."

Thus in this foreign land was my soul continually fed by grace Divine; and God the Spirit gave me many a sweet manifestation of his love towards me; so that the desert blossomed (spiritually with me) like the rose, and I was sometimes ready to sing

"O! for such love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break."

At length, news arrived that peace was proclaimed. This was peace to me, for where is the Christian that loves not peace? and therefore, must be a hater of war and strife. The more we see of strife and war the more, I am sure, we shall desire and covet peace. O, my brethren, seek very earnestly this precious pearl; it will prove a goodly diadem in thy journey here; seek to promote it in thy own country; seek to keep it in thy own castle; but, above all pray earnestly, and work fervently for it in the church of Christ. As soon as I heard that peace was proclaimed, I applied for my discharge. We shortly left Persia with a view of proceeding home to England, by India. I was now anticipating the pleasure of hearing the good tidings of the gospel as proclaimed by many faithful servants of Christ in this favoured island. I pictured to myself the meeting of old friends; and the warm grasp of the believer in Christ already made me think I was surrounded by men of God. How often is the anticipation of a pleasure more sweet than the realization! We arrived at Bombay, and there, to

my dismay, we were ordered to proceed immediately to Bengal, for there the native troops had rose in open and determined rebellion against the English Government. This cast my soul down into a low estate, and flung all my sweet anticipations to the wind. We left Bombay in great haste, and again we entered the battle-field, but what I saw and heard during the Indian Revolt I must leave for another paper.

Tunstall, Suffolk.

A. BAKER.

(To be continued.)

Erratum.—My date of birth is 1827, and not 1829, as printed.

THE LATE MRS. WHITEHAND.

On Wednesday, October 10th 1860, died aged 68, the beloved wife of William Whitehand, the senior Deacon of the Baptist church, at Tunstall, Suffolk, which office he has filled for many years;—but now he is called to mourn the loss of a beloved wife, of whom he thus speaks.—"I found in my dear companion, a wife—a mother—a comforting and consoling friend:—a wife to sympathize and bear part with me in the many trials I have passed through; she was thoughtful, and careful for me, for my family and for the church of Christ: in her life and death the power and influence of Divine grace was manifested, the precious faith she had received was tried, and proved to be real and true faith; she spoke with confidence of her interest in a living Redeemer, and though doubts and fears would sometimes perplex her mind, her faith maintained its hold, she would still cleave to Jesus, and say,

If I perish I will pray: and perish only there: believing she would never perish there. It appears from the church book that our departed sister was baptised and added to the church during the pastorate of the late Daniel Wilson, in May, 1824; and that she stood an honourable member at that church at Tunstall, 36 years; Previous to her death, she was called to endure a long affliction; but the Lord gave her patience, so that she cheerfully submitted to the will of her covenant God; and often said, "it is the Lord let him do what seemeth him good;" indeed it may be said her faith never failed; she was firmly fixed on the Rock, Christ; and when she saw her beloved husband cast down in his mind, she would say to him, "fear not, I have committed you into the hands of the Lord: naturo twins around my heart; and I feel for you in the many trials and troubles of this life. I have thus far shared with you in them; and we have often witnessed the manifest kindness and gracious deliverance of our covenant God. Therefore trust him and fear not; and now of myself I can say

My cares and my labours, my sickness and pain,
And sorrows are now at an end;
The summit of bliss I shall speedily gain,
The sights of perfection ascend.

To the many friends who visited her, as well as to myself, she spoke of the support and comfort the glorious truths of the everlasting gospel were to her soul; how cheering the promises! and while she talked with me about by-gone days, the many happy seasons we had spent together in the house of prayer, the deliverances the Lord had wrought, the many Ebenezers she had in view and of the many friends who had left the church militant since I first was sent to Tunstall, in 1837. We talked of their lives and happy deaths, and of their safe arrival in glory and of the certainty of our joining them to sing "unto him that loved us" &c. The chamber of death seemed to lose its gloom, for at eventide it was light; her favourite song was,

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me.

It was good to be there, she asked me to promise to attend her funeral, and preach her funeral sermon from the 13th Psalm 6. "I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me." She said "The Lord has indeed dealt bountifully with me in cheering me in Christ my living head; in my redemption from the curse of the law, calling me by his grace, justifying me by and through the obedience and blood of my precious Redeemer, and supplying my every need," &c. I said, "I suppose if I am spared to preach your funeral sermon I may tell the people that you are singing above?" "Yes, you may tell them so; for the Lord has dealt bountifully with me;" and my brother Whitehand assures me that her confidence remained unshaken to the last and she seemed to anticipate death with pleasure and said, "Come death, when thy cold hand my eye-lids shall close.

And lay my pale corpse in the tomb,
My soul shall enjoy an eternal repose;
Above in my heavenly home.

When I took my leave of her I said, "My dear sister, it will not be long before you reach home; and it will not be long before I shall follow." "Yes," she said, "I think it will not be long before you will follow me, the Lord has afflicted you of late; the earthly house is coming down;" but afflictions and trials, and death, itself her faith triumphed over, at least, so I thought when she said,

But oh! what a life, what a rest, what a joy,
Shall I know when I've mounted above.

and now I may add that from the knowledge I had of our departed sister, (her faith, walk, and conversation) I have not a shadow of a doubt on my mind, but what she is realizing that life, that rest, and that joy before our heavenly Father's throne; for when she was evidently sinking in death and could scarce-

ly speak, she said, "I feel myself safe in the hands of my precious Saviour. I am happy, Jesus is precious;" and thus died our beloved sister in the Lord. And may the Lord heal the breach thus made in the family, and raise up others to fill her place in the church at Tunstall.

On Tuesday the 16th of October, the mortal remains of our departed sister were interred in the burial ground attached to the Baptist chapel at Tunstall. Before the corpse was removed from the house, brother Baker spent a few minutes in solemn prayer to God that this bereavement might be sanctified to the family and to the church; while we all united in thanksgiving to our covenant God for the victory over sin, death, and hell our sister had obtained, and prayed that we might come off more than conquerors too. At the chapel Brother Baker gave out the hymns. I read a portion of the word of God, and delivered a short address, and then proceeded to the grave, when I again addressed the people on the solemnity of death and eternity; and committed the mortal remains of our sister to the grave, in sure and certain hope of a resurrection unto eternal life. On the Sabbath following, Brother Baker and myself changed pulpits and I endeavoured to fulfil my promise, and preached as far as the Lord enabled me her funeral sermon, to a very large, and very attentive congregation, estimated at 900 or 1000 people. It was a solemn season, and I hope the blessing of the Lord may descend upon the church at Tunstall, and its ministers; that they may revive as the corn and grow as the vine.

Wishing you the presence and blessing of our covenant God, I remain your's in Jesus,

WILLIAM J. GOODING.

Halesworth, Suffolk, Nov. 17th 1860.

New Books.

"A sermon preached at the Baptist Chapel, Halesworth, Suffolk, Oct. 14. 1860. By W. J. GOODING, upon the death of E. H. Yeo." Halesworth: John Day, Jury Street.

Mr. Gooding has been for many years a most determined and successful preacher of a New Covenant Salvation. We call him one of the oaks of Basham; but his outward man has of late decayed; while the inner man has been more and more deeply led into the solemn and vital principles of that salvation which is from heaven. The sermon before us is truthful and experimental. Mr. Yeo, (whose death occasioned this discourse,) was just such a Christian as the ripening grace of God is sure to produce. Mr. Gooding's account of Mr. Yeo, will explain what we mean. The preacher says:—

"You will expect me to give a brief account of our departed brother. It appears from what I can glean from his letters, and the conversation I had with him, that he was called by grace when about fourteen years of age; and after a short time united with an independent church, where he took great interest in the sabbath school; he and others formed a bible class, and after reading the Scriptures, was led to see the ordinance of believers' baptism, and six years ago was baptized at Plymouth,

upon a profession of his faith in Christ Jesus, and at the time of his death stood a member with the Baptist Church in that place. A friend of his writing to me, says:—"I could say much of him that was worthy to be related of him. His uprightness was great, and I feel that all those who ever had any dealings with him will say the same: he was beyond his years in thought, and his love for souls was intense." He was a man of prayer. He had for some time the charge of the Ragged School, at Plymouth, and in one of his letters to a friend, he speaks of the unruly conduct of one of the boys, and says, "We must use the lever of prayer, that the Lord may help us to manage them," and there he was made a blessing to the young. At length, in the providence of God, a way was opened for him to come to Halesworth, and his stay with us has been only eleven months, but long enough to be beloved and highly esteemed by all who knew him; they all speak well of him—they feel his loss. I am glad to see so many young friends here to day, as it is a proof of their love and attachment to him.

"I feel his loss; how often has he, in my affliction tried to cheer me—how pleased he felt if he could tell me of another soul he had heard of, asking the way to Zion, and then another; he would say, Cheer up, the Lord will work; His cause will go on. I think I see him sitting in that pew. O! how delighted he has been under the sound of the gospel; I have often seen his countenance brighten up, and his eyes sparkle with joy, when hearing of Jesus and his deathless fame, the triumphs of his cross, the victories he has won, and the glory that shall follow. I miss him to day I feel his loss, I hoped he might be spared to help us, especially in our prayer meetings, for he used to speak to our brethren on such occasions to the comfort and the encouragement of their souls; and they miss him to day. The last time but one, when he addressed the meeting, he spoke of the church as being a garden wherein many choice flowers grow, and that the Lord sometimes came into his garden and plucked the choicest flowers, and he said he had a right to do so if he pleased. Surely the Lord has done so here. One of the choicest flowers is plucked—our brother is gone, the Lord has taken him to Himself.—

"Immortal honours rest on Jesus' head."

"It is not long since he smilingly looked at me when I was speaking of going home, I said,

"If you get there before I do,
Look out for me I'm coming too."

"I little thought he would so soon reach home and it may not be long before I may be called hence to join him in the song before the throne. While on earth, he used often to say of himself, 'A sinner saved by grace,' and now before the throne he sings, 'unto him that loved us and washed us from our sins in his own blood, etc.'"

"*The Way Home; or the Gospel in the Parable, &c.*" By the Rev. Charles Bullock, Rector of St., Nicholas, Worcester. Published by Alexander Straughan & Co., Edinburgh; and by Wertherms, London.

We have before noticed this work. With the exception of some few minor points, we consider this a masterly exposition of the real design of "The Prodigal Son." The work has met with a most extensive welcome, the seventh or eighth thousand is now selling; and there is little doubt but that this very cheap and unique edition, got up by that first class house, "The Straughans of Edinburgh" will find its way through many thousands more. The author is evidently a child of God of a most excellent spirit, having rare talents which he lays upon the altar of his heavenly Master, with such a pure zeal, and earnest desire to be useful, as renders him and his work lovely in the eyes of all who can appreciate genuine worth.

"*Dr. Gill on the Character, the Deity, and Eternal Sonship of the Logos; or the Word.*" Edited by

Edward Samuel, Minister of Ford Street Chapel, Salford, Manchester. London: Published by Robert Banks and Co; Chapter House Court, Paternoster Row.

Dr. John Gill needs no commendation from us his words are weighty; his conclusions are conclusive. Mr. Samuel has thought this a fitting time to give the churches this testimony; all who esteem the ancient Dr. and have not read this powerful portion of his works, will feel thankful to Mr. Samuel for the contribution.

"*Quarterly Reporter of the German Baptist Mission.*" No. 11, is just issued by J. Heaton and Son, 21, Warwick Lane; and contains tidings of the Fifth Triennial Conference of the German Baptist Union. Mr. Oncken, like Garibaldi in another field, is going forth to conquest and a crown.

"*The Scripture Revelation of God: His Eternal Will and Way to His Elect Human Family.*" Written by Edmund Greenfield, of Barnhall near Cuckfield, Sussex.

This penny pamphlet, published by Ebenezer Palmer, 18 Paternoster Row, contains Mr. Greenfield's mind on the greatly agitated question. We say, read it, examine it closely; it may lead many in confusion to a right and scriptural conclusion.

"*Extracts from Dr. Hawker's Commentary on The Old Testament.*"

This little Golden Pot of Spiritual Manna, published by W. A. Collingridge, is really better than the Dr.'s Commentary itself; you have the very life and soul of Old Testament beauty and glory without the trouble of wading through volumes of great thickness.

"*An Address delivered at Chiltonington, in Sussex;* by H. C., of Brighton; Published by C. E. Verrall. Here is a good measure of Gospel truth given out by a young hand; we should think, therefore, to the little ones it will come pleasantly.

"*Second Number: Containing Six Sermons, Preached by Mr. W. Bidder, at Little Park Chapel, Hurstpierpoint, Sussex.* Brighton: C. E. Verrall, "Brighton Pulpit Office;" London: "Gospel Times" office, 4, Chapter House Court; and all booksellers. (8d.)

A lengthened review of these Sermons is quite unnecessary. Mr. Bidder obeys the Apostolic command, "Feed the Church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood." William Bidder, as a preacher of the word of God is a Master in Israel; and his Lord and Master amazingly honors him in his work. Mr. Verrall is a first-rate reporter, and printer, consequently these sermons are in every sense very superior. For six stamps we can send a copy anywhere.

"*The Lovely and Precious Jesus.*" By E. J. Silverton, Carlton, Beds.

A tract for babes in Christ. Mr. Silverton evidently studies his Bible, loves his Master, and is devoted to his work. We are glad the press is now so freely used.

LIFE.

"For the fashion of this world passeth away." 1 Cor. vii. 31.

How fleeting this life, and its pleasures
Though sought with untiring zeal,
Each anxious to clutch at its treasures;
And secure what it cannot reveal.

Though Fame and Ambition invite,
The laurel and wreath to entwine,
Th' illusion, alas, takes its flight;
For all is not gold, though it shine.

It is better to seek where we find
No disaster or change in pursuit;
Since we know that an immortal mind,
Can feed only on immortal fruit.

W. P. B.

Intelligence from our Churches, their Pastors and People.

SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET.

—The second annual meeting, commemorative of Mr. Pells' settlement as pastor, took place on Tuesday evening November 6th 1860, and a more delightful meeting it would be impossible to experience. Upwards of 200 sat down to tea, besides many who were admitted free of expense, and a holy delight seemed to rest upon the faces of the guests. At half-past six o'clock, the chapel was filled to excess, many persons having to stand, although forms were placed down the aisles for the convenience of those who could not gain admission into the pews. Brethren Foreman, Bloomfield, Milner, Palmer, Green, and Wyard (although many other ministerial brethren were present, among whom we noticed brethren Webb, Attwood and Flory), took their respective places over the baptistry, and truly did they appear a group of free-grace champions. The service commenced by singing a verse of the favourite hymn,

"The Lord descending from above
Invites his children near;
While pow'r and truth, and boundless love
Display their glories here."

When Mr. Griffiths, of Haynes, offered up a short prayer to the Almighty imploring the divine blessing upon the meeting. Another hymn having been sung, M. Pells, the pastor delivered a short address and presented a report of the Lord's dealings with them as a church, which was not only delightful to hear, but a great encouragement both to Pastor, deacons, and members. After having said a word or two concerning the Sunday afternoon services, he said that six members had been removed by death, and two dismissed. He had descended the pool the same number of times in each year, and the church now consisted of no less than 288 members.

During the past year have lost six by death, two dismissed, and two withdrawn from, (not for immoral conduct) nevertheless the Lord has more than made up the number, for we have received 51, 40 of them by baptism. The present number of members is 288, and the odd 88 is the exact nett increase during 2 years pastorate. Seventy-three by baptism, therefore the gross number received is 116.

The subjects allotted to each minister were as follows:—A good minister of Jesus Christ—An able minister of the New Testament—A faithful minister of Christ—The ministry of Reconciliation, —The ministration of the Spirit, and The consummation of the ministry. As we have neither time nor space to enter upon the details of each of the subjects, suffice it to say that six good, sound, practical, doctrinal, able addresses were delivered proving that each was "a minister after God's own heart." The doctrines of free-grace were nobly defended, the duties of a minister of the gospel beautifully explained, and the divinity of our Saviour strenuously advocated. Each handled his subject in a masterly manner, which proved to us who were hearers, that a minister must be taught of God. Methinks had some of our yea and nay men been present, they would have been non-plussed at the words which fell from the lips of those honoured champions.

Mr. Foreman characteristic of his name, *stayed during the whole service*. After Mr. Wyard had very ably stirred up the people for the collection, Mr. Foreman again spoke a few words, and the following hymn was sung, and never did we hear harmonious voices ring more joyfully.

"On Zion's glorious summit stood,
A numerous host redeem'd by blood,
They hymn their king in strains divine;
I heard the song, and strove to join."

Mr. Parsons of Brentford then closed this happy, this spirit-enlivening meeting, by offering a short prayer; and from our very heart would we say, that never were three hours spent so joyfully; the Master was there, and the "Foreman" did his duty. The presence of the Lord was seen, his power made known, his glory shone forth in our midst, and truly may we say "It was good for us to be there." May our beloved pastor go on his way rejoicing, and a wreath, or garland of heavenly flowers, be placed upon his head, that his uniring zeal, and unceasing labours may receive their due reward. "O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man who trusteth in thee." May thou still go on, thou honoured champion, proclaiming the glorious gospel of the ever-blessed God, is the earnest prayer of

CRESWICK NICHOLS.

(From our own Reporter.)

The second annual meeting commemorative of Mr. Pells' settlement as pastor of the above chapel was held on Tuesday evening, November 6th. Tea was provided for the friends at five o'clock; and the meeting commenced at half-past six; Mr. Pells in the chair. Before the ministers addressed the meeting, Mr. Pells gave a brief account of the progress of the cause during the last two years; from which it appeared that the church had been gradually increasing in numbers, and that the members now amounted to 288. Altogether the account given was most satisfactory. The following ministers spoke. Mr. Foreman; on, A good minister of Jesus Christ, Mr. Bloomfield; An able minister of the New Testament. Mr. Milner, A faithful minister of Christ. Mr. W. Palmer, The ministry of reconciliation. Mr. S. Green, the ministration of the Spirit. Mr. Wyard, consummation of the ministers. The speakers all kept close to the point; and entered clearly and discriminatingly upon the subjects before them. The following ministers were also present. Messrs W. Webb, G. Webb, Flory, Rayment, Parsons (of Brentford); Griffiths, (of Hayes;) Hart, (of Coggeshall;) and others. A collection was made at the close of the meeting for the pastor, Mr. Pells. The chapel was crowded; and it must have been gratifying to the minister to see his friends thus rallying round him to encourage him in his labour of love. A report of the addresses was taken in short-hand, and is published in the "New London Pulpit," and forms a faithful exposition of the mental powers of our metropolitan ministers.

SHOREDITCH.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, CUMBERLAND STREET.—On Tuesday, October 30th, Mr. Bloomfield preached in the afternoon; and in the evening a public meeting was held, Mr. G. Webb, the pastor in the chair. The following ministers addressed the meeting. Mr. Chamberlain, upon *The sovereignty of salvation*. Mr. Green, on *The nature of salvation*; Mr. Myerson, on *The way of salvation*, Mr. Flack, on *The necessity of salvation*. Mr. Butterfield, on *The blessings of salvation*. Mr. W. Webb, on *The way God brings sinners to feel their need of salvation*. Mr. Chivers, on *The certainty of salvation*. The speakers dealt with this great subject of salvation in a solemn spirit, and what they said came evidently not merely from the head but also from the heart. The chapel was crowded; we have seldom witnessed a better attendance; in fact the place seemed too small to accommodate all that came. It is a good sign when these week-evening meetings are so numerously attended. The addresses were taken in short-hand, and are published separately in the "New London Pulpit," to be had at its own publishing office in Chapter House court, Paternoster Row.

SHALOM CHAPEL, OVAL, HACKNEY ROAD.—This church and congregation so recently and so suddenly deprived by the hand of death of their esteemed pastor, Mr. Haslop, through the kind providence of God are still highly favoured under the ministrations of Mr. Myerson, the present pastor at Shalom. For the purpose of furthering the cause and interest in the above place, two sermons were preached on Tuesday, Nov. 13th, in the morning by Mr. James Wells, in the afternoon by Mr. C. W. Banks. At the conclusion of the service, the friends, and a goodly number of ministers sat down to tea; after which a public meeting was held, which was numerously attended. The pastor, Mr. Myerson presided, and was supported by Messrs. Foreman, Pells, Flory, C. W. Banks, Hayesman, G. Webb, W. Webb, Green, Flack, &c. A hymn having been sung, Mr. Flack invoked the Divine blessing on the proceedings. The chairman then, in his opening remarks, referred to the time when that church left Squirries street, and came there to worship, events proved that the cloud went before them. The gospel within those walls had been fully preached by Mr. Haslop, and as soon as he ascended that pulpit, Christian friends rallied round. But it pleased God to put in his sickle, and remove Mr. Haslop; shewing the Lord's ways are mysterious, and his judgments past finding out. Death was no respecter of persons; the king on the throne, as well as the merest peasant, the useful minister, or the private Christian, all here were equal, and alike must submit to the hand of grim death. Death indeed was grim to the sinner, while to the saint, he was the convoy to the heavenly regions. Referring to his (Mr. Myerson's) coming among that people, he said he came one Sunday morning, and seated himself in a pew, the then officiating minister entering being unwell, requested him to ascend the pulpit. From that period, nine months, he had proclaimed the gospel simply, and the result had been, twelve persons added to the church, five baptized and seven were writing to be admitted into church fellowship. Then as to the object of that meeting, he would make some allusion. At the death of Mr. Haslop, the church as a token of respect for their late pastor, handed the widow £15 to set her up in business. A debt was incurred which they were now anxious to pay off, for which purpose collections would be made. Mr. Foreman inquired what would be done with the overplus, would it be given to the widow? The chairman explained that the church had been liberal towards the widow, and as charity began at home, he hoped they would now be liberal towards the present pastor. Mr. Foreman next addressed the meeting: subject "loins girt about with truth." The girdle was useful in war, and through life the Christian, had to contend with powers from without and with inward opposition; external foes, and internal foes. Still Christ had fought the great conflict, there was no fear but his saints, through him, would overcome too, for before they could be destroyed, the Lord himself must be overcome. The girdle was useful for different purposes for strength, for labour, for travelling and for conflict. These points were spoken to by Mr. Foreman in his usual expressive manner. Mr. Green spoke on the "breast-plate of righteousness." Mr. W. Webb, (as Mr. Palmer, through illness, was prevented,) spoke on "Feet shod with the preparation of the gospel." Mr. Pells followed on "The Shield of Faith." The shield of the earth belongeth to the Lord. He, (Mr. Pells,) being a true loyal subject, looked at Queen Victoria as an important shield to the nation. If it were now, as in Mary's time, they could not meet as they did. Shields might be spoken of in various ways. Jesus was our shield, through him the saints were victorious. The shield of promise which was never broken, the shield of prayer, shielded in the perfection of the atonement of our dear Redeemer, shielded in his death, the saint could then face death and view the gaping grave with calmness. Mr. Geo. Webb, spoke of the "supplication of the Spirit;" he remarked the child of God could not live without prayer. Let all be exhorted

to pray, to pray fervently and constantly, let who would call that free-will, he wished to see more of it, for

"Satan trembles when he sees,
The weakest saint upon his knees."

Mr. C. W. Banks spoke on "The sword of the Spirit," he said he did not know why the sword was put into his hand, he was certain not because he was so sharp. He asked them to consider the subject in a four-fold view. An old Hebrew scholar said, "the sword will hurt, will heal, will conquer, and will defend." All these things the sword of the spirit will do. Mr. Flory followed with a few remarks on "Perseverance;" after singing a hymn, Mr. Haysman concluded with prayer, and collections were made. The reporter was requested to give Mr. Banks' speech at length; but we have not room. It was a crowded and delightful meeting. Mr. Myerson is a bold and truthful minister; and the blessing of heaven rests on his work and people. Hallelujah.

POPULAR.—Mr. EDITOR,—Pardou me for intruding. I should not have done so, but for Mr. Smith's letter, headed "what is to be done?" it would have been better if Mr. Smith had first had an interview with Mr. Bowles, or his friends; and not have suffered himself to be influenced by ex parte statements. Mr. Smith intimates that the people could not feed under Mr. B. Will not your readers (who perhaps never heard Mr. Bowles,) infer from such a statement, that Mr. B's ministry is of an unprofitable character? This is the impression; nothing can be more opposed to the truth. Let any person familiar with the state of the congregation during Mr. B's ministry, turn into Manor Street chapel now, any Lord's-day morning, and see the few persons there; then let the same person direct his steps to Mr. Davies, High Street, Poplar; Mr. Bracher's, West Ham; Mr. Bayfield's, Commercial Road; Mr. Clark, of Stepney; in all those places and others, he will find persons who for years have been fed and nourished under Mr. B's ministry; and would he find one that in their hearts could have prayed for his removal, nay, but rather for his continuance. It may be asked, why did Mr. Bowles resign, seeing the majority of the church was with him, and for him? Because he was pained and wounded by many who ought to have held up his hands.—depressed in mind, and weakened in body, he retired. His resignation was never accepted; and is it not a trial for members of 7 and more years standing, should be deprived of such a ministry? Truly this is hard to bear. Now a word or two about their financial position; which is not so bad as represented:—the £1,600 was reduced to £1,150, while Mr. B. was with them, beside meeting other heavy expenses. A MEMBER UNDER MR. BOWLES'S PASTORATE OF NINE YEARS STANDING.

[We have condensed this letter because we would not increase any unhappy feeling:—We have inserted it, because we are anxious to let the churches see Mr. Bowles stood well with his friends; and we believe the only source of difficulty was the liability on the chapel. We are certain our brother Thomas Smith had but one motive, that was, to help a burdened cause; the same time entertaining the deepest sympathy with Mr. Bowles, whom we all desire to see settled and happy again in his Master's work.—Ed.]

CARLTON, BEDS.—Mr. Silvertown took one down into the water, who, on the following Wednesday was bound for America; she felt that she must follow her Christ before she left good old England. She hopes to return from America in a few months, and then worship God at Carlton, for there she has found a home. She left England about seven years ago, and God, while she was in America, was pleased to manifest his love to her by her reading one of Joseph Irons' sermons—it was then she read her title clear. It is a great mercy for all who are brought from the dangers of hell to the safety

of the people of Christ Jesus, a Divine favour to have God for a Father, and Christ for a King, and the Spirit for a Comforter; to know that we are no more servants, but sons, sons for ever, sons of God for ever; to know this is no small favour. One thinks much of it if a king steps into his house, but the man twice born thinks more of the King of kings entering his heart, and making him to serve and bless the lovely Christ. Is it not a favour to know that we, as the saved by Jesus, are as safe in the storm as we are in the calm; or in poverty as in riches, or in life as in death.

"In time and in eternity,
Tis with the righteous well."

Concerning the safety of the saint it may always be said, all's well, all's well; the Lord will have his own, for if Christ shed his blood to save them from the curse of the law, he will most rightly send his grace to deliver them from the net of sin. If Christ died for us, we shall live for Christ; if God has paid our debts, we shall pay our praise; if Christ for our sakes became poor, we for Christ's sake shall become rich; if Christ has ever looked us out, he will one day bring us out, and all whom God brings out hold on and hold out. Now the saints should not be backward in working out what God has worked in; may all the saints be helped to profess outwardly what they have felt inwardly; may they be baptised for Christ's sake in water, who was baptised for their sakes in blood. If the reader should be led to put on the Lord Jesus, it will offend the devil, help the church, and please Jehovah.

MR. JOHN CORBITT.

Many inquiries have been made respecting our brother John Corbitt's health. We are thankful for the following note:—

MR. ERROR.—Through the tender mercy of our God, our highly esteemed pastor at Orford Hill, is so far recovered from his late severe and painful affliction, as to be able to preach three times on the Lord's-day, and again on Thursday evenings, but is still weak. We have had many very confirming testimonies that Mr. Corbitt was sent among us, by the Lord; such as all our adversaries can neither gainsay nor resist; there were some that had intimated their attachment to the truths proclaimed, and their desire to follow their Lord, through the ordinance of Baptism, before Mr. C. left us to visit America; these persons have been constant and attentive, waiting first Mr. C.'s return home; and then again waiting, hoping and praying with us for his recovery of health and strength, until it pleased the dear Lord to hear and answer our many and fervent cries, and after being proposed and visited, and relating their experience to the church, were unanimously received, and on the evening of Monday the 29th of October, after a short sermon by Mr. C. White, Mr. Wilkins, of Chatteris, delivered an impressive address, and administered the ordinance of Baptism to the candidates, eight in number; four males and four females; all of whom were added to the church on the following Lord's-day, Nov. 4th; thus our hearts have been cheered. We look forward with confidence, to our gracious and triumphant Jehovah be all the praise. Our dear pastor has been sadly misrepresented by some, to the wounding of his heart, and many others with him, but with the truth, and the God of truth on our side, we have nothing to fear.

"Tho' painful at present,
Twill cease before long;
And then, oh! how pleasant
The conqueror's song."

Your's faithfully, JAS. MUSKETT, Secretary.

THANKSGIVING SERVICES AT

EXETER.—Dear Brother Banks,—The Lord be praised for your visit to Exeter. The heavenly influence you enjoyed in prayer and preaching; the Divine unction, heavenly dew, sweet savour, that abundantly rested on our souls in hearing the joyful

certain sound, and the mighty power by which God the Eternal Spirit caused the sanctifying doctrine to drop like rain into our thirsty souls, made our Harvest Thanksgiving a day long to be remembered. God maketh our hearts soft and warm; the highest mountains of sin flow down at his presence; he fills the deepest valley of adversity and distress that ever his Jonah sank in. When he ariseth and shines into our souls then we arise and shake ourselves from every sort of dust, and put on our beautiful garments of salvation, and humility. In him concentrates all spiritual blessings; from him flows all our health, wealth, consolation and peace. He is the Alpha and Omega of the well ordered covenant; and of all the communicable blessings treasured up in this covenant for the elect. In union with our adorable Lord, Covenant love encircles all the chosen family, and binds them all up in the bundle of eternal life, with its nubreakable cord. Covenant favour secures our interest, and puts the salvation of our souls beyond the possibility of a failure. Christ then became responsible and accountable (as our Substitute) for all our sins, iniquities, and transgressions, committed before and after our conversion to God. He then and there agreed by entering into a solemn contract with the other Glorious Persons in the Holy Trinity to remove them from us as far as the east is from the west, and not to leave a hoof behind. Justice is satisfied; wrath appeased; heaven opened, and the way into the holiest of all made plain and easy (for Christ's brethren) by the blood of Jesus. His blood was as efficacious before he died as it is now. The father, speaking to him encouragingly, said "As for thee also, by the blood of the Covenant, I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit wherein is no water." In this blessed portion we have Christ, his blood, his people, their horrible position, the prison and the pit, and his most precious blood the cause of their deliverance. His blood not only removes every outward charge, but every internal spot. The Holy Ghost comparing the provisions of the Old Covenant with that of the New, after he had shewn the vast disparity, says, "For if the blood of bulls and of goats," &c., "how much more shall the blood of Christ, who, through the Eternal Spirit, offered himself to God; purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God?" When the Eternal Spirit opens the sinner's eyes to see Divine holiness, the spirituality of the law, and its requirements—and to feel guilt, condemnation and death stamped upon every thing he has done, is doing, or shall be ever able to do; with a persuasion established within that he is cursed, lost, rejected by God for ever, and must dwell in everlasting burnings, a guilty unpardoned rebel: when he looks within, and sees a heart deceitful above all things, and feels his bosom to be the residence of every unclean and foul spirit, when the sorrows of death encompassed him about, and the pains of hell gat hold upon him, then he finds trouble and sorrow, such as he never felt before; then he smites on his breast, a mark of unbearable anguish, and cries in earnest, "God be merciful to me a sinner." "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." To a sinner in such circumstances nothing but the blood of the everlasting Covenant realized in his conscience by the Spirit's mighty power, will heal his wounds, bind up his broken heart, proclaim liberty to his fettered spirit, establish his wavering feet, bring peace into his distressed soul, and enable him to sing with the living in Jerusalem. "We have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace." Behold the spiritual hind let loose! "Is it possible?" says he: what? "The prison doors opened—the officers disarmed—the condemned cell broken up—the gallows destroyed—the executioner fled?" "And I who reckoned till morning, that, as a dove, so will he break all my bones; from day until night wilt thou make an end of me. Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter; I did mourn like a lion; mine eyes fail with looking upward." Behold! I had great bitterness; but thou hast in love to my

soul delivered my soul from the pit of corruption, for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back." With a contrite heart and streaming eyes will the pardoned soul look on his lovely Saviour, and say, "Was it for crimes that I had done,
"He groined upon the tree?" &c.

Blessed be God, the fountain stands open to cleanse the Lord's people from all their pollution, that they may hear their Lord say to them every day, "Children, where are your accusers? I hath no man condemned thee?" and they answer, "No man, Lord;" "Neither do I condemn thee." When the Lord Jesus speaks pardoned blood to the restored child, he will joy in God through Christ, by whom he then receives the atonement. Now, my brother Banns, by the above you will see, the Lord's people who meet at Zoar, Exeter, are not satisfied with the old Adam rubbish, such as, "you may be saved to-night if you will; 'tis all your own fault if you are not; Christ died for you, and has put you in a salvable state, and now is weeping over you because you will not give him your heart: O turn you, why will you die? the Holy Spirit is waiting to enter into your hearts, and has been ever since you were children—and should you refuse to night, you may be in hell before morning, but if you will come this moment you will be admitted into fellowship with the Lord, who is waiting to be gracious." We have not so learned Christ. The Holy Spirit made no mistake in sending you to Exeter, in the fulness of the glorious gospel. His doctrine dropped like the rain into many precious souls, and by its regaling, refreshing, invigorating, strengthening, cheering and consoling influence, they took courage and pressed forward to the great harvest day, when God will gather them into his barn. The Lord carries on his harvesting, summer and winter, day and night, wet or dry weather. One of the dear family with us has been gathered since you left, and soon many more will follow. The Lord bless you in your work of faith and labour of love, is the prayer of your's in the bond of Covenant love,
Z. TURNER.
No 1, Albion-place, St. Sidwell, Exeter.

NEWICK.—DEAR SIR,—Trusting you feel an interest in our little cause at Danehill, and Newick, I have the happiness of telling you, that on Sunday, September 9th, our beloved pastor, Mr. Warren, baptized two believers in the name of the blessed Trinity, a mother and her son. A blessed sight. Our pastor was enabled to give a very powerful discourse in defence of Believers' Baptism, from the words, "why baptizest thou?" Then, like Paul to Timothy, he gave a sweet address to his own dear children in the faith. If I never meet him at the pool again, I shall until my dying hour remember his fatherly caution and warning. On Sunday, October 7th, the two baptized persons were received into church fellowship; which proved indeed a happy season. In the space of fourteen months, we have been favoured to see the moving of the waters four times. "Oh, clap your hands all ye his saints, for the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." The Lord is gathering in his jewels from the different parts of this neighbourhood under the instrumentality of our worthy pastor.
A THINKER UPON HIS NAME.

THE DUMB PAPIST PREACHING THE GOSPEL.

PLYMOUTH. From a letter by Mr. J. BABB, (dated Nov. 12,) we quote the following.—He says, Mr. David Cresswell, from the neighbourhood of Coleraine, in Ireland, is with me; and preached three times yesterday to large congregations:—he gives all the glory of our salvation to the Lord alone.—He was dumb from his birth; and being a papist, at 17 years old, he went to a revival meeting to blaspheme; but the Lord met him; and struck him down; for a fortnight he was in a state of prostration. Within six hours of his obtaining peace; his speech was suddenly restored. He never preaches without some being convinced of their

state. The work is going on in my chapel.—[We do not know what the work is; but we have known Mr. Babb many years as a sound and solemn minister; and must hope he can sanction nothing but the Lord's wonderful doings. Mr. Babb is an honoured servant of Christ; and we know the Lord uses him for good to the poor of the flock. The case of Mr. David Cresswell is miraculous. We trust the Lord will prove this to be His own work.]

OXFORD STREET.—SOHO BAPTIST CHAPEL. The 21st anniversary of the Sabbath School in connexion with the above place, was held on Tuesday, Oct. 2nd, 1860, on which occasion above 250 persons partook of tea; in the evening a much larger number of persons attended the public meeting. The chair was taken by Mr. Pells, (pastor,) who gave out a suitable hymn, and after fervent prayer by Mr. Hart, of Coggeshall, stated the object of the meeting, and called on the Secretary and Treasurer to read the reports, which showed that the sum of £120 had been collected during the past year, thus clearing a debt of £85, and paying £32 expenses of School, which includes the annual sum of £10 sent to school in Ceylon, children's gratuitous tea in April, and old scholars' and teachers' tea; also the children's excursion to Erith on 21st June, inclusive of dinner and tea. The moving and seconding the adoption of Reports, were accompanied with animated addresses by brethren Attwood and Crowhurst, and unanimously carried by a show of hands and loud applause. Stirring addresses were then delivered by brethren Wyard, on Christ the Teacher's theme; Dickerson, on love, the Teacher's power; Anderson, on conversion the Teacher's aim; Flory, on prayer, the Teacher's strength. The audience seemed deeply interested in the cheering remarks and soul-comforting truths advanced by the speakers. Other ministerial brethren were present, but the time being so far advanced, the chairman thanked the friends both for their attendance and attention, and stated that in consequence of the Lord's goodness in the past, and a balance of £3 in the hands of the Treasurer, there would be no collection. A hymn was sung, and prayer offered, which terminated, it was said, one of the best and most profitable meetings of the kind ever held. To Jehovah be all the praise. Amen.

COLERAINE, IRELAND.—Mr. Medhurst is progressing in his new sphere of labour: already the congregations are too numerous to be accommodated in the present chapel, which is to be enlarged early in the spring of next year. On Wednesday evening, Oct. 11th, Mr. Medhurst immersed three believers in the name of the triune One; and on Wednesday evening, October, 25th, a Crimean soldier followed his Redeemer through the liquid grave. Eight new members have already been added to the church, and many others are waiting the moving of the waters. Any liberal Christian sending to our brother, a parcel of free grace gospel tracts, would be instrumentally aiding the glorious work of the Lord, now going on in this long neglected, but now wonderfully favoured portion of the Lord's vineyard. Our readers would do well to bear in mind, that one person joining the ranks of the despised Baptists in Ireland, has more influence for good, than have ten persons joining in our own highly favoured land. So great is the prejudice and opposition which our brethren have to meet in Ireland, that they have really to take up their cross, and go with Jesus outside the camp, bearing his reproach. Cold, withering Sectarianism, united with a death-like formality, has done its dire work here. The people are afraid of assemblies and synods, and until the Spirit of Jehovah is pleased to snap the chain, which at present enthralls this part of the world, they cannot enjoy much of that real gospel liberty, without the enjoyment of which, the spiritually-minded man must "mourn sore like the dove." Christians of England, will you not pray for those who are struggling to keep themselves

ture from a conformity to the systems of fashion and death? **A WATCHMAN ON ZION'S WALLS IN THE NORTH OF IRELAND.**

FAREWELL MEETING AT GARNER CHAPEL, CLAPHAM.—A meeting was held in Garner Chapel, Clapham, on Tuesday evening, Oct. 30, 1860, the original intention of which was to thank Almighty God for the harvest. That intention however, was, by circumstances which occurred afterwards, altered, and it was decidedly a farewell meeting. A good tea was provided. The public meeting commenced at 8 o'clock, Mr. Henry Hall, the minister, took the chair. In an opening address of some length, Mr. Hall narrated the whole of the facts in connection with their removal from Garner. The place having been sold, to a denomination by the name of Bible Christians, Mr. Hall told his friends he thought it better that he should leave Clapham altogether. To this, however, they would not listen; they said, we have been married, and will not part. In conclusion, Mr. H. was about to close with prayer, praying for Divine direction in their somewhat trying position. Mr. Keys, Sen., apologised for interrupting the chairman, but he had a little secret to tell them. One that had been brooding for some time, and in which he had had a hand. They must not say he was a conspirator, though a little conspiracy. It had been proposed to give the minister (Mr. Hall,) a token of their real love for him. Various had been the proposals, but, after all, he thought none so good as the one settled upon, although he (Mr. Keys,) did not see it so quite at the time it was first proposed. Mr. Keys, here gave a pleasing statement of the way in which a testimonial had been got up, and then presented Mr. Hall with a purse containing £10, with a memorial signed by 60 persons of the church and congregation. Mr. Whybrew, deacon of the church, read the memorial. Mr. Hall, who was somewhat affected, in a short, but pithy speech, returned his heart felt thanks. At the conclusion of the meeting a discourse was delivered by Mr. J. Bloomfield. Messrs. Attwood, Bird, and other ministers were present and assisted in the proceedings.

DEVONPORT.—**BELOVED BANKS.**—You will be glad to hear of your brother Vaughan's anniversary tea meeting, of Mount Zion Chapel, held in the large room in the Temperance Hall, on Wednesday evening, November 7th, to celebrate the completion of the first year of his ministry: near 500 people took tea, additional interest was attached to the proceedings from the presentation by the congregation, of a handsome testimonial to our brother. After the tea, the business was proceeded with, Mr. Vaughan presiding; between the speeches, several pieces were sung by the children of the Sunday School, raised by him since last New Year's day. Prayer having been offered by our long and much loved brother, Mr. Horton, of Hope Chapel, Brother Vaughan said, the occasion was one of great gratification; it was the first anniversary of his connection with them; and as they looked backward they could see trials, anxieties and blessings. During the past twelve months, many old friends had been taken from them by death; in every case leaving good testimony behind; many new members had been added. The Lord had remembered them in their low estate. When he first became connected with them, they had no Sunday School; a school had been called into existence on New Year's day; and that without the use of any temptations to induce children to come; his mode was to go out in the streets and lanes and take in children who never went to school elsewhere. He concluded by some remarks, relative to the brethren and officers of the chapel, the great kindness and brotherly love he had received at their hands, and that not an unpleasant feeling had taken place amongst them. Mr. Adams, then presented to Mr. Vaughan the free-will offering of the congregation, a purse containing 26 pounds; Mr. Vaughan briefly returned

thanks, stating that there own act testified how they had found him, and by God's help he would by prayer and supplication continue in that course. Mr. Wood, Presbyterian minister, then addressed the meeting; brother Collins, minister of How Street Chapel, Plymouth, followed; he spoke well from the heart to the people, exhorting them to hold up the hands of their beloved pastor in all righteousness as they had hitherto done. Mr. Horton, of Hope Chapel, warmly commended the consideration shown by the congregation to their pastor; he pointed out the grave responsibilities devolving upon ministers; and asked his hearers to support them (in a powerful manner). Mr. Hummerstone, Moravian minister, followed in a very loving, affectionate, and spiritual way, giving good spiritual admonitions to the congregation. Our Brother Mr. J. Cousins, of Plymouth, followed. This meeting was the happiest I ever witnessed.

J. GREENSLADE.

CHATHAM.—"The Lord hath been mindful of us; he will bless us." The love of Christ has led six more (four males and two females) to tread in his steps, who has said, "Why call ye me Lord, and do not the things which I say?"

"Jesus says, let each believer

Be baptized in my name;

He himself in Jordan's river

Was immersed beneath the stream."

Our dear pastor, brother John Bennett, after preaching a sermon from Isaiah xxx. 21, baptized them in the holy and reverend name of the Three in One Jehovah, on Lord's-day morning, Nov. 4th. One of our sisters received her first impressions at the Sabbath School while listening to an address by brother Terry. Since that time she has been led hither and thither in the providence of God, and the Spirit of God has worked more powerfully in convincing her of sin. A Sermon preached by brother William Cowdry, from the words, "Lord it is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room," was much blessed to her soul's comfort. The other sister the Lord met with while brother John Player was addressing one at the Lord's table (who, with several others, he baptized last year). The words, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee," came to her as a sharp sword, causing a deep wound in her soul, feeling that she was not one thus loved. After groaning beneath the burden of sin for some time, the Lord sweetly revealed himself to her, as her Redeemer, while engaged in her domestic affairs. We have a striking instance of the sovereignty of Divine grace in calling one brother (a soldier) "out of darkness into light" by an application of the word of truth to his soul while in India, without the use of the outward means of grace. He has lately returned to England, and has found a home amongst the people of God where he first heard a gospel sermon proclaimed. The other brethren have given satisfactory evidences of being made "partakers of the heavenly calling. To each the preaching of brother Bennett has proved a blessing. They were received at the Lord's table with three others, (formerly members with us) in the afternoon of the same day. May the solemn searching, discriminating truths of the glorious gospel of the blessed God as proclaimed by him, be attended with the unction of the Holy One, is our earnest prayer.

Enon Chapel, Chatham.

GREAT CATWORTH.—Our brother Arnold has kindly accepted the unanimous invitation of the Baptist Church at Catworth to become their pastor, after four months' probation, which has been attended by the Lord's blessing in our soul's peace and comfort individually and collectively. I hope as the Lord has taught us by his Spirit, and made us one in heart, we may be found one in effort, striving together for the faith once delivered to the saints.

J. BALNARD.

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.—October 15th, 1860.—Dear Brother,—The dear Lord favoured me to baptize a dear brother on the first Sabbath in August last. On the first Sabbath in this month the Lord brought forth two ransomed daughters of Zion, who publicly put on Christ by baptism. Great attention was given by those present, numbering about 800. One of the candidates is the tender offspring of believing parents, who for many years have stood honourable members of the church, and now have the pleasure of seeing their children walking in the truth as it is in Christ. "Bless the Lord, O my soul." ARTHUR BAKER.

WILLINGHAM.—On Monday, November 12th, a large tea and public meeting was held in the Particular Baptist Chapel, Willingham, when Mr. William Alderson took a most affectionate farewell of the church and congregation to whom for more than ten years he has preached the gospel of Christ, and over whom he has presided as Pastor with much acceptance by them, and with great affection and esteem. Our excellent and worthy brother, Thomas Jones, now of Warboys, presided: His Opening Address; the presentation made to Mr. Alderson, and his explanation, and parting words, are given at some length in our "APPENDIX," published as the closing section of this Sixteenth volume, and to which we refer our readers.

NEW NORTH ROAD.—The Second Anniversary of the Sunday School in connection with Salem Chapel, Wilton Square, took place on Tuesday evening, November 20th. Brother Flack, the pastor, took the chair. After singing, and prayer by brother Butterfield, the Secretary and Treasurer read the Reports. Brethren C. W. Banks and Woollacott moved and seconded the adoption of the same, and in so doing gave very excellent addresses, well adapted to the occasion. The Reports were ably supported and accompanied with admirable addresses by brethren Bloomfield, Williamson, Wyard, Chivers, Anderson, S. Green and G. Webb, and unanimously adopted. After singing a hymn (composed by the Superintendent), brother Pells concluded the meeting by prayer.

WHITTLESEA.—On Tuesday, October the 23rd, the Sabbath School and Harvest Meetings were held in Zion Chapel, Whittlesea, when in the absence of Mrs. Ashby, through a severe illness, the Teachers of the School presented, by Mr. Forman, to Mr. Ashby, a very handsome Tea Chest full of Tea, as an expression of Christian love and esteem for Mrs. Ashby, for her unwearied attention in the services of the Sabbath School. Mr. A. rose to acknowledge the gift, but from the unexpected presentation was overcome by his feelings, but did so very heartily in the evening. Upwards of 130 sat down to tea, after which the evening meeting commenced with singing and prayer, when Mr. Ashby gave a short statement concerning the welfare of the school; he then introduced Mr. Blake, of Wisbeach, to speak to us from "Some of the Lessons Taught us in the Open Book of God's Providence," which address was one of thought, warmth and worth. Mr. Forman then rose and assigned many Scriptural and forcible reasons which may well prompt to diligence in Sabbath School Instruction, the Christian Course, and the Gospel Ministry. We felt it was a season of deep solemnity and soul profit, and our friends appeared encouraged and happy in the service, but none more so than A LEARNER.

CROWFIELD.—If rightly informed, this baptistry has been opened but once during the past 8 years. The Lord is again turned towards Jerusalem with mercies, and the fruits therefrom are flowing forth. The ministry of the word delivered here by Mr. Dearing, has been accompanied with unction and power from the Most High. On Sunday, Oct. 28th, we were favoured with Mr. Last,

of Ipswich, who, after delivering a discourse from 128th Psalm, baptized four believers: others are expected soon; the Lord will bless these heart-searching, yet soul-reviving truths of the everlasting gospel delivered here. Many were present.

AN EYE-WITNESS.

LOWESTOFT.—The New Baptist Chapel, in Tanning Street, Lowestoft, was opened on Tuesday, Nov. 6th, 1860. Mr. Geo. Wright; Mr. Chas. Hill; Mr. Samuel Collins, were the Preachers. On the following Sunday, Mr. John Corbitt preached three sermons. We wish the brethren at Lowestoft the real blessings of the everlasting covenant. "They have fought nobly in defence of their principles."

BUCKLAND COMMON, NEAR TRING.—The ordination of Mr. James Clark, as pastor; and the formation of the Church in the chapel recently built there, took place on Monday, November 12th. The brethren John Bloomfield, C. W. Banks, S. K. Bland, and other ministers, conducted the services. It was a glorious day indeed. We hope very fully to record the mercies of that day in January.

AMERSHAM, BUCKS.—Our young brother, Thomas George Bell, Jun. is gathering in and baptizing. We believe the blessing of the Lord is upon his labours.

SOHO CHAPEL, Oxford street. On Sunday evening, October 28th, 1860, Mr. Pells (Pastor) preached to a densely crowded and attentive audience from Matt. iii. 11; after which he immersed ten believers in the name of Israel's One Triune Jehovah. Two of the above are scholars in the Sabbath School, also members of Immanuel's college, having the Holy Ghost for their Tutor.

A NOTE FROM MR. J. A. JONES TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR BROTHER,—This evening I sat in my study and read through carefully and critically, your "Nature of a Gospel Church." I feel obliged, yea, cannot help writing just a line or so, to thank you for it. I consider it to be truth, vital truth; my desire is, that it may have a wide circulation. Not only that many may read it, but deeply think while reading it, and derive spiritual profit. I am honoured with the epithet of a "garbler" i.e. one who sifts, winnows, separates &c., &c., but I have found nothing to "garble" in what you have now put forth. If I had, I was determined to point it out to you, but I am most pleasingly prevented. You know me of old. I have told you my mind before now, and will venture to do so again if needful. See Provcrhs ix. 8. Since I began this note, a thought has struck me. You will find, in the printed paper I sent you that Thomas Craner, a celebrated man in his day was the first pastor of our church. Now I have a treatise of his entitled "A Scripture Manual, or a Scriptural Representation of a Gospel Church, the Business of its Officers, and Duty of its Members," dated 1759, (101 years old). It is indeed a choice work. There is not its equal that I know of. And not another copy to be had in the kingdom. My dear old deacon, Mr. Beal, of Ringstead, gave it to me 40 years ago. 'Tis rather long, but 'tis as choice as gold. I am your's &c.

J. A. JONES.

50, Murray Street, City Road, Oct. 15, 1860.
[We hope soon to issue this.—Ed.]

* Published in Mr. Bennett's ordination.

Memorials of Departed Saints.

A FEW

PARTICULARS OF THE LIFE AND DEATH OF MRS. BUCKINGHAM.

THE church never tires hearing of the victories achieved by grace, of the first quickenings of an elect soul, the growth of spiritual life, and the ripenings of the golden grain for the appointed harvest. Angels and men rejoice when a sinner is born again, and angels (if not men) rejoice when the heir of glory enters on his inheritance, and another instalment of the Saviour's purchase is presented in his upper court.

If men are silent of praise on the same occasion, it is because their creature feelings are wounded by the removal of a loved object, and the eye of faith is dimmed for the hour by the sorrow of the flesh. But, as true wisdom regains its sway in the believing mind of parent, child, wife or husband, the Shunamite's declaration is cordially adopted; God is justified in the claim he has made, and the glorified spirit is congratulated on its emancipation from earthly toils, and its triumph over the last foe. IT IS WELL.

The deceased was a native of Buckinghamshire, the daughter of a respectable farmer, and one of a large family of which there is reason to believe, she will not be the only one to return to give glory to God for his "curing of the leprosy." Luke xvii. 18. She could tell of serious moods, and of thoughts of another world flashing across her mind while she was a mere child, but whence they came, or what their tendency she knew not, for she lived in a land of darkness, where God's truth had no voice, and man's relation to his Maker was not understood. The Church, so called, the civil establishment which assumes to be the nation's teacher, and which has been trusted to a fatal extent by many, had credit in the neighbourhood where our friend was trained for all that is needful in religion; and if people went through its forms, had been duly christened, learnt its catechism, joined in its responses, and were laid in its consecrated earth at death, there was no doubt that, as good church folk, they went straight to heaven. All this the clergyman gave sanction to at the grave, and if he did not know, who in the parish could know? She was thoroughly imbued with this blind faith, it was the faith of her parents and neighbours, so it is still the faith of thousands, despite the plain teaching of the Scriptures on the vital character of real christianity, and the worthlessness of mere ritualism, and rote services. But this ignorance was not to be permanent; grace

had inscribed her name in the Book of life; she was predestinated to be conformed to the image of Christ, "the features of which are knowledge and true holiness." Eph. iv. 24. By nature she was neither wise nor holy; quite the reverse, and could only become so by regeneration and divine teaching. Predestinating love had provided for these, and in this manner was the purpose revealed; sickness seized her frame, wasted her strength, and brought her low, and near to the grave. She had the sentence of death in herself, (2 Cor. i. 9), her youthful dreams of pleasure, and many days of sensual good, were scattered. She was about to leave this world, what would be her portion, where her abode, in the next? The law under which we are all born, but the breadth and terror of which we never recognize, thundered its condemnation, and she was afraid. In vain she turned for comfort to the right hand and to the left; refuge failed her; she had fallen and had none to help her. Now she became in her own sense and views, what she had formerly worded with lip confession—she was a miserable sinner. The clergyman was sent for with the hope that he would furnish effectual aid. He came and read with official solemnity the prayers for the sick; and now a strange feeling affected the poor heart-stricken patient. She had been wont to revere the men who did duty in gown and cassock; who made little children inheritors of the kingdom of heaven; who spoke from the pulpit as men having authority, and who sent their parishioners to their final home with "God, we thank thee that thou hast delivered our brother out of the miseries of this sinful life;" but as this man went on reading his stereotyped formulary, a loathing antipathy for the functionary and his system wrung her very soul. She shrunk from contact with both, as a living person would from the embrace of a corpse. She did not understand the sensation at the time, she was surprised and confounded at it, but it really was the shrinking of life from death. The spirit of life from God had entered into her, and dead teachers and dead teachings were repulsive to her. "What communion hath light with darkness?" 2 Cor. vi. 14. She then felt there was a something in herself that separated and cut her off from old associations; a something that could not be satisfied with creature doings or sayings, and her anxiety deepened as her case

seemed more desperate, and she doubted if there were any means in existence which could suit her, or any remedy for her deep-seated malady. It was known that a labourer on her father's farm was a praying man, deemed by many to be a sorry enthusiast, one righteous overmuch. Prejudice and pride were not to be listened to in such a time of extremity. Relief was wanted and speedily, and if obtainable would be welcome whatever the medium it came by. The poor peasant was introduced and he offered up for the sufferer a simple spirit-stirring, and as the result proved, a God-moving prayer. There was hope for her soul if not for her body, and the advice of the honest rustic was taken, and his minister was sent for, whose godly discourse and prayers were blessed to her enlightenment, and the gospel way of salvation opened before her admiring eyes. How acceptable to her sin-burdened heart was the good news of free-grace, forgiveness without pay, righteousness without works, and a heavenly inheritance freely bestowed on guilty offenders whose just desert was hell, only they can imagine who have seen and felt the loathsome qualities and damning demerit of transgression, and who have been plucked as brands from the burning. The word came with power, she had faith to be healed, (Acts xiv. 9.) she cast her burden on the Lord, her fears were quieted, and her anchor was cast within the veil. Her mind disembarassed, her health improved rapidly, and she might expect to go on her way rejoicing: and in some sense she did; but who follows Christ without a cross? She must needs carry her's, and learn that the friendship of the world is enmity with God. We shall not amplify in details, as we do not wish to wound the living, or reflect on the dead. Suffice it to say that her determination to hear Christ's gospel in a conventicle rather than listen to sounding brass in a steeple house, drew upon her some painful vexations; but she had naturally a strong will, and as God had delivered her from a double death, and given her an appetite for the hidden manna, we are sure that the threat of martyrdom would not have moved her from her purpose. Though a girl in years, she could discern things that differ, and made the choice of Moses rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than enjoy the pleasures of sin which are but for a season: for she had respect unto the "recompense of the reward." Heb. xi. 25—26. By and bye she left her father's house to enter on a situation, and her faith and judgment were exposed to new tests. In the rural simplicity in which she had lived, she supposed all who went to chapels were sincere Christian people, and that all the preachers agreed in one sound testimony.

It took a little time to discover this mistake, and learn that the trumpets do not all give a certain sound, and that the apostle's doctrine is not always preached even in meeting-houses. "By grace are ye saved, through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." She found herself "robbed and spoiled," and knew not how. Legality of spirit, bondage in prayer, and dimness of sight, were among the fruits of a year and nay ministry, and great was her indignation when the cause was detected, and to the end of her mortal life she was severe on mongrel preaching, and it cost her an effort to be civil to any minister to whom she was introduced, and who was suspected of muddying the waters of life, and preaching "another gospel," not "the gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." Pet. i. 12. The beguilement which had been practised on her helped no doubt to develop her native firmness, and a more thoroughly honest, outspoken advocate of truth can scarcely be imagined. Her characteristic frankness verged sometimes on severity, and veiled for the moment the genuine kindness with which no heart was better charged than her own, but nobody could be long offended with her plainness of speech, because they knew her meaning was good, and her aim faithfulness. While she resided in London, she ever sought the ministry of those men who told out most emphatically the truth as it is in Jesus, and the Lord gave her a good amount of enjoyment through the preached word. During a visit to Rochester, she had an opportunity of doing what she had long wished to do, she followed her divine Master in the ordinance of baptism, which service was rendered in Enon chapel, Chatham, where, with several others, she confessed the Saviour in the presence of many witnesses. Subsequently she was married to her now bereaved partner, and came to reside at Blackheath, where, with many comforts she was not slow to acknowledge, she had also a large share of domestic and personal affliction, quite enough to verify her relationship with those to whom the Lord said, "in the world ye shall have tribulation." But heavy as were her trials, she was ever the "help-meet," the devoted mother, the attentive friend; and not less the servant of the church in all that was proper and possible to a deacon's wife. She did nothing by halves. Her constitutional energy sanctified by the charity which is kind, scarcely took counsel of prudence, consequently her exertions exceeded her strength. She had a presentiment of an approaching death some months before the messenger arrived, and her conversation turned frequently on the divine appointment which gives to earth the earthy, and takes the spirit to

God who gave it. She said she had no fear of death deprived of its sting by the Conqueror Jesus: and she desired to depart to be with Christ which is far better. When through weakness she fainted, by and the application of restoratives was revived, she said it was a shame to take so much trouble to bring her back again to a burdened existence. One day she said, "That is a beautiful thought which some one has put into words, 'He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,' and he does temper and soften these afflictions, or I could not so patiently endure them. It affords me much comfort to know that nothing happens by chance. Not a sparrow falls to the ground but at the will of our heavenly Father, and his children are of more value to him than many sparrows." On the Sabbath day her husband sat by her in great heaviness of spirit, fearing the worst (as men say) and he asked her if she was really happy? and she exclaimed, "Yes, yes, yes!" adding, "the promises of Jesus are exceedingly precious to my heart." Afterwards she said, "Do you think it possible for the devil to bring those promises to my mind?" Her husband answered, "No, dear, he will never bring a good consoling thought into your mind; if the promises are precious to you it is the Saviour himself who makes them so." Then, at her request, he read to her several hymns relating to the afflictions of the people of God, which she enjoyed much, making her own comments on the most striking and beautiful passages. Then he knelt down and prayed with her, after which she affectionately embraced him, and said,

"The fellowship of kindred minds,
Is like to that above."

At another time he said to her, "This may well be called the furnace of affliction;" to which she promptly rejoined, "True, but he sits by as a refiner to moderate the heat, and not a grain of pure metal shall be lost." On Tuesday evening, it was evident she could not last long, and her husband asked her if Christ was still precious, and near to her. "O yes," she replied,

'On Christ the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.'

After a while she requested that some one would pray, which done, she said, "That is beautiful, pray on;" this was repeated four times, her brother taking part, and then she said, "Now I wish to be quiet for a time." After some minutes of perfect stillness she bade all around her good bye, and threw her head back in their arms, as if waiting the severance of the last thread of earthly ties. As she still breathed and exhibited entire consciousness, her husband asked, "Are you happy?" She replied, "Yes, I shall soon be in glory;" and thus breathed her last. Those who witnessed

her end, agreed there was no gloom in a death like that, where heaven seemed to come down to enfold the soul before it had vacated the body.

Her remains were interred in Lewisham cemetery, on Sept 24th. Her pastor, Mr. Cracknell, read and prayed in the chapel, and Mr. T. Jones, who baptized her and her husband, spoke at the grave, around which were gathered a considerable number of deeply sympathizing friends. On the following Sabbath, Mr. Cracknell substituted Mr. Jones at Warboys, while the latter preached Mrs. Buckingham's funeral sermon at Dacre Park. The respect in which the deceased was held, drew together a crowded congregation. The text was 1 Cor. xv. 56—57, from which was noticed, 1, The enemies alluded to, viz., sin, death, and hell, (see margin). 2, The Victor who overcame them, "our Lord Jesus Christ." 3, The triumph made our's, by the Father's gift and the grace of the eternal Spirit.

May the reader share in that conquest and know, and trust, and rejoice in Him who overcame death and him that had the power of death, even the devil.

PEACE IN PASSING OVER.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The following letter was sent to me a short time before the departure of one of the Lord's poor and afflicted children, a widow in Israel. Many troubles and trials she was called to endure, both from without and within. She was like many more of the Lord's family, through fear of death, nearly all her life time subject to bondage. I often told her that she sought for what the Lord had never promised to give: that is, dying grace in living moments. I have endeavoured to comfort her many times, and told her (blessed be God as she found it) that at 'evening time if would be light.' I sought an opportunity to go and visit her a short time before her departure, and almost as soon as I entered the room she said to me, 'the fear of death is all taken away.' The Lord had enabled her to leave her family in the hands of a covenant-keeping God. She then mentioned to me a text in the second chapter of the book of Ruth, and the former part of the 16th verse, that the poor unworthy writer spoke from at Farnborough, Kent, some time since; and was made a blessing to her soul. She said, 'I shall not stand in need of any handfuls of purpose to be let fall for me many more times.' I told her not to be alarmed if Satan should be permitted to make another attack at her. Her reply was she was watching for him. My poor soul was delighted to see and hear the experience of such an one in her last moments; one of those whom the enemy was permitted to worry and annoy for many years. Who when in their right mind dare doubt or call in question the final safety of those who have once tasted that the Lord is gracious? Oh, that soul reviving doctrine,

final perseverance! how many times it has cheered my drooping spirits, when God the Holy Spirit has been pleased to apply the truths to my poor soul, and has said 'I am thy salvation.' Although, my dear brother, I am one of the Lord's cast down ones, yet ever blessed be his dear name, I am not destroyed, and I hope I am not deceiving myself when I say, that I know I never shall be. From sinners and from saints I meet with many a blow. But greater is he that is for me, than all those that be against me. Ever blessed be his dear name, he hath done all things well.

Yours in the bonds of the Gospel,

JOHN ROOTS.

Luton, Chatham.

[John Roots is a good kind-hearted brother in Christ; his ministry in the Gospel is useful; and he is willing to work when the Lord calls him.—The following is the letter referred to.]

DEAR FRIEND,—I have been thinking of you for the last few days. If ever you should come near this neighbourhood, and have time, call on me. I am not confined quite to my bed. I feel as though I should be choked at times. I am fast sinking, not able to swallow anything but a little drink. But it is my mercy that I am sinking into the arms of Jesus; and wishing for the time to come when I shall leave this poor body of sin and misery, and join that glorious company where sorrow and sickness is never known. I never could have thought that I should ever have felt as I do now at the approach of death, such a poor, doubting, unbelieving wretch as I have been. I plainly see and feel too, that it is because He abideth faithful, and that he is Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Yes, he had thoughts of me before all worlds, and hath kept me safe all through time, and is now interceding at his Father's right hand, and sits as a refiner, so as the furnace shall be no hotter than he enables me to bear. I know I shall soon be with him, and shall sing the loudest of the throng, and Christ shall be my song. May you be so blest when brought into the solemn hour of death. How safe does the church of God seem to me, more than I ever saw them before, not one shall ever perish. May the dear Lord enable you to pray, that I may be blest with patience to suffer all his will. I do not know whether you can make these poor scribbles out. I have given up writing for some time. May the Lord be with you is the sincere prayer of

MRS. J. WEATHERLEY.

Orpington, March 19th, 1860.

A short time, or a few moments before she died, she spoke as well as she was able to some dear friends that were standing around her, and said, 'Peace, peace—waiting, waiting. The dear Lord is dealing very gently with me.' And shortly after took her flight to join the redeemed around the throne—

"Where in a nobler sweeter song,
She is singing his sovereign power to save."

ONE OF THE LORD'S LITTLE ONES.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—About a year or two ago one Sunday, a young man came to my house with some tracts; I asked him in; he told me he was doing God's work, asked if I ever read the Bible, and many other things of the duty-faith school. I said, 'my Bible tells me, God would work, and none should hinder; and that his grace was saving, rich, and free;' he was puzzled, replying he did not get anything for doing it. He took his leave, no doubt thinking what a *hyper* he had met with; I was never asked for that tract, never was another one brought; but he was one of the Lord's little ones; so the Lord taught him. He had a grandfather, a good and precious man, who wrote to him about the truth as it is in Jesus; and the Lord made it useful to his soul, so that he could say, 'I was blind, but now I see.' He could not stop any longer under the ministry he used to hear; and as there was no place of truth near, he opened his own house for the truth's sake. Mr. Parker, of Twiggfoly, preached the first sermon, a few were gathered; and having become agreed, we could both walk together and talk together in the things which pertain to the kingdom of Christ. I shall not soon forget his remarks one day,—'*Well; I cannot say much; but when I think of Jesus, how he suffered and died, I do love him; and say IT WAS FOR ME, for sinful me.*' He was very anxious that God might raise up a cause in Enfield, where he lived. He went to Ware on the opening day, and enjoyed it; he seemed somewhat poorly, and was much tried in his business; but little thought his end was so near. On Tuesday, Aug. 15th, he took to his bed, never to rise again; a rapid consumption, scarce three weeks landed him safe on that land where the inhabitant is no more sick. On Sunday, 26th, being alone with him, I asked him how it fared with his soul? 'Oh, he said, 'last Thursday I had a trying time of it; was just like that man that wrestled.' 'What, Jacob?' I said. 'Aye, Jacob.' 'And did you prevail?' 'Yes, bless God, I have felt easier since.' 'Well, the Lord does not afflict willingly,' I replied, 'so do not be cast down.' 'I cannot help it; I should like this little cause to go on.' A friend asking if he could lay all in his Father's hand, he shook his head, as if he could not. Many friends called to see him, to whom he gave good testimony of the hope within him. I felt from the first he was going home, though most friends thought otherwise. These words seemed fixed on my mind, 'Sorrowing most of all, they should see his face no more.' On Wednesday, the doctor gave up all hopes; he said, 'I know in whom I have believed.' Coming from Ware on Sunday evening, I walked over; on entering I was met by a brother who said, 'I know not how you fared at Ware; to-day we have had a solemn feast; the dying man has preached a sermon not soon to be forgotten.' He was now in one continual strain of ejaculations, most of which were inaudible, but at times he recognised friends around, and would shout '*God bless*

you; may his presence be with you; I am going home; yes! I am coming! He bid his wife, mother, sister not to cry. It was a melting time. I stayed till 4 o'clock on Monday morning, when he sunk quite low. I think the last words I caught were 'bright as angels!' I took my farewell of him, hoping to meet him in Canaan's happy land; he rested still until Tuesday morning, Sept. 4th, a little after 3, and fell asleep without a pang. How sweet was that promise fulfilled, 'they shall be mine!' They who meet in my name, that think on my home. He was only a little one; there are many such that are afraid when they come to die their names will be left out. Whom once he loves he never leaves, but loves them to the end. Our dear brother's name was William Bright; he was 32 years old, had been a loving and tender husband for 14 years; but now he sleeps, not dead but sleeps, and those that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

JOHN STRICKETT.

"FATHER, WILL YOU BE THERE?"

A short account of the last illness and happy death of EMMA JANE GOBLING, who fell asleep in Jesus, 20th October, 1860, aged 16 years, formerly a scholar in Carmel chapel Sabbath School, Anglesea Road, Woolwich, being a letter addressed to Mr. Henry Hanks, pastor which was read by him after preaching an excellent sermon, from John xiv., 19, 'Because I live, ye shall live also.'

MY DEAR SIR,—When hearing the sermon preached by you some few months since, on the death of two dear children, formerly scholars in your school, I little thought that my dear daughter, who was then sitting with me in the pew, and listening to those interesting details respecting their happy end, would be the next to declare her love to the Saviour, as well as joy in the prospect of exchanging worlds. Whether she had any idea at that time that her end was at hand I know not, but this I know that I observed on that occasion something more than ordinary in her conduct, which has led me to believe that that sermon was made useful to her. However, shortly afterwards the Lord was pleased to lay his afflicting hand upon her, and although various means were employed to bring about her restoration, yet they proved of no avail, the Lord having evidently determined that her mortal life should be brought to a close by the disease which had overtaken her. During her affliction, which extended over rather more than four weeks, many were the petitions which I addressed to a throne of grace on her behalf, in answer to which I invariably found my mind impressed with the language of the poet—

"Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying head?"

which I am now perfectly satisfied was the Lord's answer to my entreaties, and although they brought with them the impression that she would not recover, yet I fondly hoped that I was wrong in my conclusion, and that

by the blessing of God and great attention, she would be spared to us; consequently everything was done by her dear mother and sister, as well as by myself, which could be done to save her life, and up to about 16 hours before her death, we still believed that she would be restored to us; but at that time diarrhoea returned with such violence, and so completely prostrated her, that she never rallied afterwards, and therefore from that moment all hope of her recovery was brought to a close. It now became very evident that death was doing his solemn work, for such was the effect of the disease upon her nervous system, that the bed on which she lay shook to such a degree, that we were obliged to keep at a trifling distance to escape the effect which it had upon our own persons. But

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,"

and so it was in her case, for her enjoyments were such, that her happy spirit appeared to disregard the ravages death was making on her mortal frame, for not a word escaped her lips respecting her sufferings, but her whole time from the return of consciousness, which was the day preceding her death, till the time of her departure, was spent in prayer and praise. Nor did she during that time so much as express a wish that she might recover. On my approaching her bedside about two hours before her death, I said, 'My darling, the doctor says you are dying, I hope therefore you are not afraid to die, and go to heaven?' upon which, with a heavenly smile, she said, 'Oh no, for I shall have a harp, and sing hallelujah.' 'Father, she said with peculiar emphasis, will you be there?' upon which I replied, 'I hope so, dear.' I then spoke to her of her sinnership, and of the way of salvation, and how our sins are remitted by the Saviour, and by that means were everlastingly delivered from wrath and condemnation, if we are trusting in him, the relation of which appeared to afford her great pleasure. I then left her bedside for a few minutes, and retired to another part of the room to give vent to my feelings, when I observed that she followed me with her dying eyes, seeming to say, come back, I want to hear more of these things. Upon which I returned and resumed the subject, and while I was speaking, she seemed so delighted with it, that she commenced singing, as well as her poor diseased tongue and lips would allow, that beautiful hymn by Dr. Watts,

"All hail, the power of Jesu's name,"

And when she came to the chorus, 'Crown him, &c.,' which in health requires considerable exertion of the lungs, so great appeared her strength, that I concluded death had several hours work before him, but on the contrary she lived little more than one hour afterwards. On the night preceding her death, as well as within a short time of her departure, she sung parts of several of those sweet hymns which she learned at Sunday School, and also part of the 119th hymn of Dr. Rippon's selection. That the Lord had for some time been preparing her for an exchange of

worlds, we are quite satisfied; but by what means she was brought to know she was a sinner, she never informed us, but that such was the case, and that she had been much concerned to know whether she was interested in the great work of Calvary, has been abundantly confirmed, for since her death her mother found in the copy of her dress, a copy of Mr. Newton's beautiful hymn, and also Mr. Daniel Herbert's rejoinder—

" 'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I his, or am I not?"

" What is the point you long to know,
Methinks I hear you say 'tis this:
I want to know I'm born of God,
An heir of everlasting bliss.
Is this the point you long to know;
The point is settled in my view;
For if you want to love your God,
It proves that God has loved you."

Feeling satisfied that she had passed from death unto life, through the regenerating power of God the Holy Spirit, I asked her if she could take up the language of Simeon, and say, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation?' This she immediately repeated. These things tend to show that she sought the Saviour in health, and that he was found to cheer and comfort her as she travelled through the dark valley of the shadow of death. Death had no sting for her. She feared him not. She hailed his approach, and while heart and flesh were failing, with her dying breath she sang the high praises of her exalted Redeemer, and without a sigh, a struggle, or a groan, in the full assurance of faith, she entered into the joy of her Lord.

Go happy spirit, take thy crown,
Thy harp, thy seat, thy victor's palm;
And there amongst the blood-bought throng,
Thy Saviour praise in endless song.

I remain, dear sir, yours sincerely,
W. GOSLING.

Mr. H. Hanks, Baptist Minister.

MINISTERIAL CORRESPONDANCE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—I read October VESSEL; I rejoiced to read brother A. Baker's relation of the dealings of a covenant God with him; and was glad to see "A Little One" had resumed his pen, after it had been laid up for several weeks; and was pleased with Mr. James Wells' letter to the Editor. I am sure there are many who would rejoice to see the downfall of both of you; my desire is you may hold together in the fundamentals of infallible truth. You have many enemies; I know a minister a short time since was reading the 4th chapter 2nd Corinthians, when he came to that passage "We have this treasure in earthen vessels, he said "I don't mean that filthy book called *The Earthen Vessel*." I have been persuaded for some few years past, that the Lord would bless your labours, both ministerially and editorially; and if He does bless we cannot expect the enemy to be very quiet. There was nothing gave me so much satisfaction in the October VESSEL as Mr. Bidder's notice of your "*New Life*." I am sure he did not exceed the bounds in his kind recommendation. I gave one to a young friend who was just leaving home, to fill the office of governess in a gentleman's family; and knowing, the chapel she was obliged to attend was a place where the gospel was despised, I thought it would be useful to her to read in her spare moments. I

received a letter from her the other morning in which she alludes to your "*New Life*." She says—"I am very, very much pleased with the book you gave me; when I read it it seems like being at home at "Bethesda." O, I wish I was there on a Sunday; for I never did spend my Sundays so miserably before; the seats seem so very hard; sermons long, and very dry. I seem as though I could not listen. I am very often down in the valley. I was on Saturday last, but that sweet voice, the last in the 299th hymn (Denham's) was very sweet to me; but I must leave off now."

Dear Brother, your labours are blest; and I would advise others to go and likewise; for what can be more satisfactory when a person is going where they will be deprived of the privilege of hearing the true gospel, to put the *New Life* in their hands? "The Courtship," I strongly recommend to the earnest seeker. I have read it with great pleasure, and I am sure that God will own and bless such preaching. I am, yours in the truth,
Bedmont. H. HUTCHINSON.

LINEs ON A SERMON.

Preached by MR. T. CHIVERS at Ebenezer Chapel Bermondsey New Road, Sunday morning, Oct. 28th 1860, from the words, "In what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us, our God shall fight for us." *Nehemiah iv. 20.*

The servants of God in all ages have found,
Where Jehovah doth work oppositions abound;
It was so in the days of good Nehemiah,
Who set up the gates that were burned with fire.
When the enemies heard what he meant to perform,
They with one accord did laugh him to scorn;
What do these feeble Jews? If they build up the wall,
And a fox run against it, why down it will fall.

But oh, the great secret to them was not known,
Nehemiah had wrestled with God, at the throne;
And strength had received in answer to prayer,
To build up the wall, and the gates to repair.

The first was the sheep gate of regeneration,
Through which all must go that attain to salvation;
This truth is recorded in language quite plain,
No man can see heaven unless born again. [pair,
At the sound of the trump to this gate we'll re-
For God, even our God, will fight for us there.

The fish or the water gate bears a relation,
To the work of the Spirit in sanctification;
Through the water of baptism also we hold,
Is the right way to enter the visible fold.

At the sound, &c.

Then the old gate, the way to the old beaten road,
Which leads to fair Zion, the city of God;
No new fangled doctrines, or systems we'll own,
But trust in the merits of Jesus alone.

At the sound, &c.

Next the gate at the valley of humiliation,
A safe and a sure path to reach exaltation;
Where grace takes possession the sinner must fall,
And own himself nothing, that Christ may be all.

At the sound, &c.

And then comes the dung gate, where like holy Paul,
Our bad and our good works, we'll bury them all;
No righteousness have we to plead of our own,
But trust in our Jesus' obedience alone.

At the sound, &c.

Then also the gate of that glorious fountain,
Which Jesus did open on Calvary's mountain;
Where sinners however defiled with sin,
If brought to repentance can wash and be clean.

At the sound, &c.

Then likewise the horse gate where saints ride at large,
Who from law and justice receive their discharge;
With Calvary's merits their claims they can meet,
And tread all their enemies under their feet;

At the sound, &c.

W. STRINGER.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC PRIEST.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE LIFE OF PASTOR CHINIQUY.

ALL our old readers know we rejoice exceedingly in the holy triumphs of grace, especially when those triumphs are seen in the conversion of men to Jesus and to his truth; moreover, when conversions from poisonous Catholicism to pure, spiritual, earnest, and devoted Protestantism are confirmed and clearly demonstrated, we then feel it to be our high and holy privilege to lay such testimonies before the many thousands who now read *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*. The following review of Pastor Chiniquy's life, will open up to the minds of our readers some of the deep mysteries of iniquity, and some of the sacred mysteries of grace divine. We are in possession of heaps of evidence of the genuineness of this man's conversion. We shall endeavour to furnish our readers with a history as complete as possible. From "*the Wynnd Journal*" the following notes are taken. At the great Protestant gathering, pastor Chiniquy said:—

I was born of Roman Catholic parents, and was educated in that church. I was ordained a priest in 1833, and till the day that my God opened my eyes in a marvellous way, I was a sincere Roman Catholic priest—so sincere that I would have given every drop of my blood for my church. If there are any who will expect from me that I will say words that can be taken as abuse against my Roman Catholic friends, they will be much disappointed. I do consider it a misfortune to be born in a church which teaches nothing almost but error; but it is a misfortune, not a crime. There are in the church of Rome many most sincere and respectable men, and we must surely pray the Lord to send them his light; but we cannot go further, we must not abuse them. I would give every drop of my blood for their conversion, but I will never insult them. Having been ordained a priest, in the providence of God, I was chosen in my country to preach temperance, and God gave a great blessing upon that, so that after ten years of preaching, no less than 200,000 French Canadians took the pledge of temperance at my hands. I was then in Canada, where I was born, and I was invited by the Roman Catholic bishops of the United States to preach temperance to the great numbers of my countrymen who had emigrated from Canada to the United States. Going from one place to another in the United States, I was not a little surprised to find that no less than 150,000 French Canadians had left their country to live in that great Republic; and I was truly sorry to see the greatest part of them were in daily danger of leaving their Roman Catholic faith, being scattered among Protestants, and every denomination of Protestants trying by every means to conquer them to their religious views. Going

back to Canada, I told the bishops of the dangers of our countrymen to fall into the Protestant denominations, because they had nobody to take care of them, and to teach them in their own language. I told the bishops that it would be a good and glorious thing to select some priests in order to gather all these Roman Catholic French Canadians, and bring them to the great far west of the United States to make a distinct people of them. See my zeal for my church. And then I was chosen and permitted to execute a plan, in the year of 1851, of planting a colony in the great western countries of the United States. I made selection of a fine place, which was then a wilderness, and which could contain about 200,000 people. Then I invited my countrymen who were scattered over the United States to come along with me—and there came in two years no less than 12,000 who had settled around the cross that I had planted and set up. The ways of God are not the ways of man. I was working to keep my dear countrymen in the perishing ways of a false church, but God brought me there for other purposes. But before going further, I must tell you a fact of my younger years, which will be the key of many things which happened after. I used to read the Holy Scriptures when young. My father was educated to be a priest, but he changed his views before his ordination, and he kept the Bible which he had got. In the place where my father was settled there was no school, as it was a new country. My mother was my first teacher, and she taught me to read in the Holy Bible, and from my infancy I had great pleasure in reading that holy book. There is not an hour now that I do not bless the Lord for that great privilege. My father being the only man in that place who had a Bible, it happened one evening that some neighbours had come to our house. I read some chapters of the Old Testament, and they thought it a great crime for them to have heard these things from the Bible; and when they went to the priest they confessed, among other sins, that they had heard the reading of the Bible. The priest inquired from whom; and they said it was in Mr. Chiniquy's house. The day after the good priest came to our house, and I was greatly frightened. I was young, and I had a great idea of the power of the priest. When I saw him coming I ran to a corner of the room, for I wished to be as far from him as I could. After the first compliments had

passed, he said to my father, "You have a Bible." My father said, "Yes, sir." "Do you read it?" inquired the priest. "Yes, sir, and my little boy reads it also." "Don't you know, Mr. Chiniquy, that it is forbidden for you to keep the Bible in the French language?" My father said, "I never saw anything bad in the Bible." The priest then said, "Mr. Chiniquy, you know better; you know it is forbidden you to have any Bible, except in the Latin or Greek language, and I have come here to get your Bible and burn it." My father was a quick-tempered Frenchman, and without answering a single word, he began to pace the room, and I remember his lips were trembling. The priest was surprised at the silence of my father; but after pacing the room several times without saying a word, he told the priest—"Sir, if you have nothing else to tell me, you know the door by which you came in." The good priest thought it advisable to take the hint of my father, and he went away. I ran to my father's arms, and embraced, and kissed, and thanked him, because he had not given up my Bible. In this Protestant country the Roman Catholics have the privilege of reading the Bible; and if you speak to some of your good Roman Catholic friends, and tell them that they are forbidden to read the Scriptures, they will immediately tell you that you don't know their religion, that Protestants are always calumniating the Church of Rome. They will tell you with pride that they have a Bible in their house, the Douay Bible, and that there are Roman Catholic Bibles sold in all the book shops; and I must tell the Roman Catholics, if there are any here, that I am very glad they look on this as a great privilege to have a Bible in their house. But I must tell them something more. To whom do they owe that privilege? Is it to the Church of Rome? Not at all. It is to their Protestant friends, to the Protestant countries in which they live. Were they at Rome, they would be put in jail for the same thing allowed to them here. Then, if the Church of Rome permits the reading of the Scriptures, it is not because she likes that, but because she can't help herself. The light is so near the eyes of the Roman Catholics of this country that it can't be entirely put out from them. The Roman Catholics then in this country, and in Ireland and England, and the United States, have the privilege of reading the Scriptures; but how have they that privilege? It is with this condition, that they will not interpret the Scriptures according to their conscience, according to their intelligence. The good priests permit Roman Catholics to read the Bible, but they say to them, 'My good friends, you do not want that book—you must take care—it is a mysterious book—it cannot be understood by every one—

it is full of difficulty; you see how the poor Protestants are fighting among and contradicting each other, and do not know what to believe; and if you read it you will be no better than before. It is much better for you to look for your salvation to the Church, which has infallible authority to guide you in all your ways.'

While I was a priest I never could understand why the Bible should be taken from the people; and, while preaching to my countrymen for twenty years, I had always with me my box containing twenty or fifty New Testaments or Bibles, which I freely gave to those who wished them. You understand, then, I studied much my Bible, and also the holy fathers; and about twenty years ago it came to my mind, by reading the fathers, that I found many differences between them and the doctrines of my church, and my reading of the Bible made me suspect that everything was not right in my church. But every time these thoughts came into my mind that my church was not a church of Christ, I went to my knees and shed tears, thinking I was tempted of the devil. The voice of God was coming to me twenty times a day, saying, 'You are following in your church the laws of men, and not the laws of God.' But then I had to go to confession, and ask pardon for having heard the voice of God, and was obliged to take the voice of the church for the voice of God. But when in Illinois I was studying the Scriptures with more attention, and giving them to my people, we had some discussion with the bishop, and after two years sharp discussion, I was publicly protesting against what I thought great iniquity. I publicly protested against what he had done; and one day, to punish me and my countrymen, we were told that we should be excommunicated. On the day of the excommunication, I sent an express over the country, that my countrymen might come and see what a ceremony it was to be excommunicated. They came, the third day of September; there was an immense multitude round the chapel—and at the appointed hour, we saw the priests coming to the door where Father Chiniquy and his people were to be excommunicated because they were disobedient. It was a very warm day, and the good priests who came to excommunicate us were thirsty on the way, and had drunk a singularly bad quality of water, which had an extraordinary effect on their tongues and bodies, not to be understood in what they said.

(To be certainly continued until complete.)

"Every man obeys Christ as he prizes Christ, and no otherwise. The higher price any soul sets upon Christ, the more noble will that soul be in its obedience to Christ."

THE END OF 1860!

AND

THE CLOSING UP OF MY SIXTEENTH VOLUME.

[To my Readers I render thanks; of my Correspondents I ask forgiveness; of all my Friends I seek increased support; because the labour is not only heavy, but the responsibilities are still exceeding great. This week, from November 5th to November 11th, I have been travelling and preaching in Yeovil, in Exeter; in Barnstaple, and in Ilchester. I have, while riding, written a few notes, and here they are. I wish they may be read, and that all who love the truth, and have any faith in the use of means like this EARTHEN VESSEL, will give me their co-operation in still further extending its influence and circulation. I am emboldened to add this—because in the ministry of the word I have lately had some tokens for good; and in all my labours the hand of God hath helped me.—ED.]

YEOVIL, SATURDAY MORNING,
November 10th, 1860.

ON my journey from this to London, shall briefly review the past, and present my petition for future support. After returning from Barnstaple to Yeovil yesterday, I went on to Ilchester, where I was favoured to enjoy a spiritual liberty in speaking beyond any time this week. My pleasant brethren in Christ, William Day and George Kellaway, accompanied me; and our sister Day also. We had a pleasant journey there and back; Wm. Day read and prayed with some happy freedom; the singing was most delightful; and I am persuaded the word did not fall to the ground. Ilchester is a small town, having several places of worship, among them the chapel where I preached last evening, where Mr. Gawler was for seventeen years; where George Kellaway has been helped to unfold the Gospel banner; where souls have been quickened and nourished for many years; but now the "tabernacle of David" is fallen into weakness; and needs both the north and the south wind to come forth with power. "The Tabernacle" in Yeovil, is filled with people to hear our brother Day, they require more room. I spoke to them on Tuesday evening, and could feelingly say, "I have loved the habitation of thy house, and the place where thine honor dwelleth." Before I leave this part, I would notice the strong feeling expressed by some of the Sherborne friends respecting the "Sonship of our Sa-

viour," by "A Little One." I have a rather painful conviction that some of "A Little One's" assertions and conclusions are not so truthful as he considers them to be. Nevertheless "A Little One" has expressed a desire to give us his mind upon this great question, we had hoped that the Lord might make him useful in bringing the divisions to a close; but, in the present state of things, that hope is turned to disappointment. The Borough Gunner has levelled a heavy fire at us; and many on all hands are threatening; but the desire that every good man should do his best to open up the glories of Immanuel's Person has induced us to allow the controversy still to proceed;—if we find that instead of those glories being more and more discovered, they are mystified and beclouded by angry spirits and by vain speculations, we shall close our pages against it. Let no man think, however, we are to be frightened by spasmodic effusions of anti-Christian feeling. THE ETERNITY OF THE SAVIOUR'S SONSHIP—the ETERNITY OF HIS distinct, yet undivided PERSONALITY IN THE GODHEAD is a heavenly mystery too deeply and too powerfully received by faith into our soul, ever to be moved; albeit, we have a charitable desire that every good man who is moved to speak his mind, shall do so; and to our readers we say, be patient—read, and examine for yourselves. Receive the good, and cast the bad away; and if you are thoroughly persuaded that THE EARTHEN VESSEL brings you nothing but "the bad"—then cast it away; while our hope and prayer shall be that richer treasure than ever shall be found therein.

Having wandered behind the editorial plural, I will now return to the brief review anticipated. I cannot here detail in how many merciful dispensations the Lord, in this 1860, has appeared for me; another day his goodness to me and mine may be declared. During the whole year my health has been so far given, that a constant continuance in preaching the gospel and publishing the truth has been maintained. Unicorn Yard Chapel has lately been the scene of a few most sacred seasons. At one of our church meetings for hearing experiences, my eldest son George (with some other young men) came before the church; his testimony was simple, but exceedingly solemn; the whole church most heartily received him, and the other dear souls; so that I have baptised, and the first Sunday in November received nine into our communion. On the following

Monday, we held our Church-members Special Prayer and Fellowship Meetings. A goodly number of members were present; and after tea, to my most grateful astonishment, they made me a present—as expressive of their affectionate regard. As a church, we cannot boast either of perfection or any large amount of prosperity; but with Ezra we may say, “the Lord hath granted us a little reviving in the midst of our bondage:” and there is a spirit at work in our midst which aims at greater usefulness in the immediate vicinity of our present habitation. For seventeen years now I have been permitted to stand in the midst of the people, who at the first, called me out of obscurity, and instrumentally set me once more upon the walls of Zion; and with them still I stand praying the Lord to increase us in true devotion and obedience to his will. For sixteen years I have laboured, through the press, as an humble instrument to set the truth of heaven before the immense masses of my fellow men, who have not, as yet received it in the love of it. It has been the joy of my heart to be useful in any and by every gospel means. As a preacher and publisher I have suffered much; am still in bonds; but I cast myself upon the Lord for help, and for an honourable continuance in these things; and I earnestly entreat my friends to hold up my hands by their prayers, and by their exertions to extend these organs of usefulness to the utmost extent of their power. Active co-operation, and heaven’s choicest smiles and strength is all I need. This week’s toil in Somerset and Devon is coming to a close, and so must this part of my address.

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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, 1860.

THIS morning my kind brethren, William Day and George Kallaway, (two faithful ministers of Christ) accompanied me to the Yeovil Station—and now on the Bristol and Exeter line I am travelling to brother Turner’s to his Harvest Thanksgiving Service, to be holden in Zoar Chapel, in the city of Exeter. My mind is led to think upon these words, “They joy before thee, according to the joy of harvest; and as men rejoice when they divide the spoil.”

This ninth chapter of Isaiah is a peculiar chapter to me; it carries me back to three solemn occasions. 1st.—It carries me back to that sacred time when the Son of God came into our world; when he was born in Bethlehem, when the angels came from heaven to the shepherds, and sang that beautiful song, “Fear not; for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people, for unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord.” There were all the beautiful notes of the gospel in that Song.

I.—The Saviour was come; He was CHRIST THE LORD. II.—His manifestation was implied, “Unto you is born this day.” He is come to you—that is the great point, Christ coming to me and to you as a Saviour. III.—There is the *existence* and the *removal* of fear, “*fear not*, I bring you glad tidings of great joy.” Sin brings sorrow, the law brings condemnation, wrath and guilt work despair and death—but Christ brings life, pardon, peace, joy, and meetness for glory. This chapter also carries me back to the time when I was a singing boy in the parish church of Cranbrook, in Kent, and at Christmas time we sang the hymns and anthems with these cheering words in them; but I was a stranger to their beauty and blessedness, and power, a poor blind bat in the church, yet at times groaning in sorrow and sin. This chapter carries me back to the year 1843; seventeen years ago. I was at the commencement of that year in darkness, and in the shadow of death. I had been in that awful state of mind all through the years 1840, ‘41, ‘42, and a part of ‘43; the thought of that most awful death-state I was then in—and the amazing mercies of the Lord to me, sometimes make me feel a secret desire to proclaim more fully than I have ever yet done, both sides of that eventful period of my history. It is easy for Satan, for sinners, and for saints too, to batter my name, and to cruelly slander and condemn me; but I have long had the conviction that not many could continue that course, if the Lord enabled me to say and do as David, “Come unto me all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he has done for my soul:” for as is said in this chapter—“the people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.” So it was with me in the summer of 1843; one evening as I was then working in Edmund Spettigue’s Printing Office, that dear and long afflicted saint of God, Samuel Foster, of Sturry, came to me; and entreated me to go with him to hear Mr. George Abrahams. I at first sternly refused; for I had resolved not to attempt to hear any more; for my misery under hearing, my disappointment and despondency after hearing, had been so dreadful, I quite resolved to give it all up. However, Foster prevailed; I went with him—Mr. Abrahams told us he was sure his text and sermon was for some poor sin-burdened soul. He said he had the text fastened upon his mind the Monday previous, but something prevented his taking it then; now he felt he must read it. The text was “Thou art more excellent and glorious than all the mountains of prey.” Mr. Abrahams knew nothing of me, but through him, the Lord traced out all the mountains of prey through which I had been, and then went on to shew the excellent

glories of Christ; here a blazing bright ray of glory shone through my soul; guilt and shame, sin and sorrow all were swept away, my captivity was turned, my pardoning Lord had come. I must not here enlarge. Some months after, that word in this ninth of Isaiah took full possession of my soul. "The Lord sent a word into Jacob; and it hath lighted upon Israel." I had never known that word before. It took me days to find it; but I did find it, and now, as I sit in the railway carriage, writing and riding from Yeovil to Exeter, I do think it was prophetic of all my subsequent work, both in preaching and publishing the gospel: seeing, therefore, that the Lord hath thus delivered, employed, and preserved me—seeing that in thousands of well known cases He has been pleased to make my labours useful to His family and friends—seeing that this VESSEL is still in bonds; and I am bound with it: moreover, seeing that the separating ordinance of Baptism is so slighted, and turned away from by many; and that the great principles of the pure faith are hidden and despised; seeing all these things, I humbly, but earnestly, prayerfully, and affectionately intreat my readers, one and all, to become colporteurs for THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and for *Cheering Words*. Let every faithful friend become an active agent; and my circulation may be increased, and my temporal burden lightened.

BARNSTAPLE, NORTH DEVON,
November 9th, 1860.

I LEFT Exeter yesterday morning, and was rolled rather roughly down the North Devon line. The country through which the steam-engine carries you from Exeter to Barnstaple is scarce of inhabitants; you see little beside mountains, mole hills, trees, and orchards of fruit; it is a quiet run; but the rail accommodation is rather behind the present time. At Barnstaple station I was met by that exceedingly happy man, that real Christian, CHARLES ALEXANDER, the pastor, for many years of the first and only Strict-Communion Baptist Church in this town; a man highly esteemed as a man, but thoroughly hated as a minister of Christ's gospel, because he preaches JESUS CHRIST as the Covenant-Head of a covenant seed—because he contends most earnestly for a glorious unity in the Trinity, and because he openly and constantly declares that he has fellowship with the FATHER, with the SON, and with the HOLY GHOST—and that, therefore, each and every glorious Person in the ever blessed TRINITY may be worshipped and honoured, and adored. This Christian contention for vital and spiritual worship—this constant and earnest proclamation of THE WHOLE truth as it is in JESUS, has caused him much affliction: the pious parsons sneer at him,

and call him "*the elect*;" the brethren call him "*the bigot*," and some of the worldlings (whose hearts Satan hath filled with enmity) say "he ought to be hung." In the midst of all this persecution, CHARLES ALEXANDER "keepeth fast the word of Christ's patience." His creed is from heaven; his character is all that becometh a Christian, and his most excellent partner in life, and beloved children are an ornament to that profession of the gospel which grace enables them to maintain; but, of our brother Alexander's conversion to God, and of his call to the ministry, I hope to give my readers a full account another day. I will only add, if any of THE EARTHEN VESSEL friends travel in the North of Devon, they will find my noble looking brother in Ebenezer Chapel, in Barnstaple; and they may rely upon hearing the gospel of the grace of God faithfully preached any Lord's-day, or Tuesday evening. Our brother Alexander has also a young curate, in the person of James Hooper; whose occasional labours have been rendered useful, and whose future career in the ministry bids fair to be one of extensive acceptance.

Barnstaple is a first rate tidal town of great commercial and respectable influence; its scenery is grand; its position such as to render it delightful, and conducive to health. The "General Baptists" (a term I do not profess to understand) are building a new and spacious chapel, which is to be opened by "the Great Preacher of the Age," as the puffing publishers call him. "The Brethren" in Barnstaple are not in the most happy state of unity; and I fear that the one only vitalising bond of union is lacking among them, consequently all the master-minds are determined to be ministers; and because they cannot all be leaders, off some of them go and set up for themselves. This is, indeed, a sorry state of things—and clearly shews that even "The Brethren" are not perfect. Many precious souls, no doubt, dwell among them; but I have long feared that "The Brethren" are principally made up of persons who *like* to be preachers; and having some of this world's goods, they can be so charitable, as secure a company of poor people, who hang upon the bounty of the benevolent brethren. In all this they may be the means of doing much good in their way; but their erroneous views of faith, and their distinct and determined rejection of worship as due to the HOLY SPIRIT renders them, I fear, a dangerous body as regards eternity and eternal soul-matters; and must, I think, be the ruin of their standing in time. I am inclined to think their views and sentiments ought to be more fully laid open before the people. If I have misjudged them, I hope to be convinced and corrected; but the more I travel in the West of England—their strong-hold—the more I fear their soundness,

and the safety of those who confide in their teaching.

Ebenezer Chapel, in Barnstable, last evening was filled with a most respectable and attentive audience; the gallery was crowded; the body was well filled; and I hope the service was honoured with the presence of the Great Shepherd of the sheep. I sought for a message from heaven, and I had a persuasion in the secrets of my heart, that the text given was prophetic of a prosperity yet to come into that place. The words were these, "in that day, saith the Lord, will I build again the tabernacle of David, which is fallen," &c. I spoke of the day of sifting, a day of destruction to the sinful kingdom; and a day of salvation to the true house of Jacob. Why the church is called "*the tabernacle of David*" was briefly declared. Leaving the *literal* application of the text as belonging to the Jews, I went direct to the evangelical and the spiritual; and I enjoyed the conviction that the whole life of David was full of most striking features of the true church of Christ, "*the tabernacle of David.*" Look 1st—David was sovereignly called out from his brethren, "this is he; arise and anoint him." There are many churches; but the elect bride of Christ only has the anointing—the wedding robe, and the special favours of heaven. 2.—David went forth in faith, met, and overcame the great Goliath of Gath; as all the elect of the Father shall. 3.—David was sorely persecuted, and hunted like a partridge upon the mountains; yet preserved: and this is the heritage of all who fear God. 4.—David was brought through all up to the throne of Israel: and so it shall be with the righteous; they shall be more than conquerors through him that hath loved them; they shall be kings and priests unto God, and reign with their Lord for ever. 5.—David was, for a time cast down by sin and Satan, but the Lord had mercy upon him; sent Nathan unto him; and restored him to the joys of salvation; although penitence and prayer to God was his portion all the way homewards, even so the saints of God do at times, fall in some manner; but the Lord multiplies pardons, and saves them to the end. 6.—David was a laborious and zealous saint of God—he had no rest until he brought up the ark of the covenant; and although he could not build the house for God, yet he provided the material for it: and thus with all the true church of God—they love his gospel, and labour for his glory; or, if it be so, that thousands of lazy, lukewarm professors are to be found, this, by no means, alters the case with the true Christian. 7.—David died resting on the covenant, "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure." This covenant secures salvation to all the chosen seed.

For the present, I must say farewell to the West of England—and, as another year is nearly run out, as eventful times are passing over us, I close by praying that all my readers and friends may enjoy a happy Christmas indeed; and that 1861 may be a glorious period for the Gospel kingdom.

So prays, CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

A SINNER SAVED BY GRACE.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of our lovely and much esteemed brother Jacob Hunt, of Halstead, Essex. He has left a young widow and twelve children, ten of them at home; and all entirely dependent upon the providence of a gracious God. Jacob Hunt was, for years, a real friend to Zion, and to all the dear servants of God; he is suddenly taken from his friends and family; and we venture to believe a case more loudly calling for sympathy and real help, than this, has seldom come before our churches. We trust our ministerial brother, Samuel Kevan, of Halstead, Essex, will receive a multitude of kind expressions of real Christian love and sympathy.—EDITOR.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—The hand of death has taken away from our midst, our brother Jacob Hunt. Through a painful illness of a month's duration, I was privileged to visit him, and to witness to the triumphing power of Almighty grace in scattering his enemies with a strong arm. He had a calm, thankful, and patient possession of his soul all through, enabling him to say that though he dearly loved, and felt most solicitous for his wife and twelve children, (the youngest just born,) he loved his Saviour better, and knew that he would in his providence, appear for them when he was no more with them. About twenty minutes before his departure, he spread out his arms as I entered his chamber and cried of himself, "A sinner saved by grace," and after expressing his earnest desire to be gone, he quietly breathed out his soul, praying with every expiration of breath, "Lord! Lord!"—then

"One gentle sigh his fetters broke,
We scarce could say 'he's gone,'
Before the willing spirit took
Its mansion near the throne."

Our departed brother, who fell asleep on Friday, November 9th, aged 40, was baptized twenty-two years since by David Denham, at Unicorn Yard, and I believe sat under your ministry for some period afterwards. His end truly was peace. May my last end be like his. Great sympathy is felt for the bereaved widow with ten children at home. The future to her appears gloomy indeed. May the Lord appear as a light unto her and providentially and graciously appear for her as well as for the numerous tribulated souls in the church militant. "Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth out of them all." I am dear brother, Your's in the bonds of the gospel, S. KEVAN.