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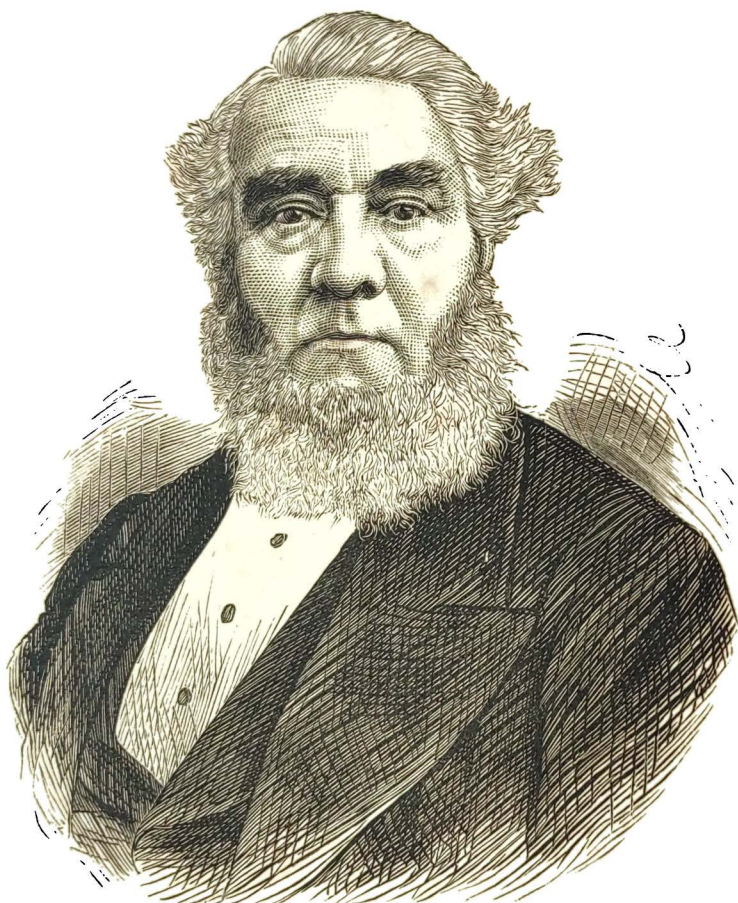
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THE  
EARTHEN VESSEL

AND  
CHRISTIAN RECORD

FOR  
1879.

EDITED BY  
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

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# THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

CHRISTIAN RECORD.

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“As God Hath Said.”

*“The voice that rolls the stars along,  
Speaks all the promises.”*

---

CHARITABLE AND CRITICAL READERS OF “THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD,”—After four-and-thirty years of service rendered to this little work, and after more than twenty-five years of previous service in several departments of printing and publishing enterprises, it may be considered high time for me to retire. It is not quite convenient to do so at present; neither has the hand of the Lord indicated it to be His will. How soon the summons may be sent, no one knoweth but the great “*Numberer of secrets.*” I have but three chief desires in my soul—to lay at His feet while I live, to lay in His arms when I die, and to be led into His kingdom when time with me shall be no more.

Blessed be the adorable name of the Lord my God, in commencing this Thirty-fifth Volume of the EARTHEN VESSEL, I neither feel old, nor ill, nor idle, nor tired, nor weary, nor worn-up, nor worn-out, nor worn-down—not boastfully, but gratefully I write it. I realise as strong a desire to be still busy in the Master’s service as I ever enjoyed in any part of my frail and imperfect life, and while I am thus upheld, my soul-yearning prayer is to be enabled, in the purity and soul-uniting power of a precious faith, to exclaim, “For me to live is CHRIST, and to die is gain.”

More than two hundred years ago, Dr. John Owen preached a sermon on the work of the Son of God, since His ascension, in building up His kingdom and Church, in which the learned doctor said, “There is a *carnal* Church in the world, or a worldly Church. How is that carnal Church kept and maintained? By force! By the laws and powers of men who have wrapt up their secular interest in preserving it, and they will fight for their kingdom.” “On the contrary,” continues Dr. Owen, “the LORD JESUS CHRIST hath a SPIRITUAL CHURCH,

composed especially of them that BELIEVE ON HIM. And they are preserved by a secret emanation of mighty power flowing from the LORD JESUS CHRIST Himself." We wonder if the devout and faithful Owen was alive now, and if he could clearly look out upon the wide, the deep, the long, large sea of professing Christendom; if he could examine the up-heaving efforts of every branch of the now wide-spreading "*visible Church*," what would the Doctor say? Certainly he would conclude that the Saviour's words were wonderfully passing into a literal fulfilment (which remarkable prediction of Christ, Matthew, Mark, and Luke all give in the same words), where He said, "Many shall come in My name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many."

There is the *false agency* employed by Satan, and there are the *fatal results*. The dark demon has listened to the advice of one of the ancient heads of the apostacy, when that cruel Pontiff said, "We must leave off burning them. The more flames we kindle, the more the heretics grow and spread." Hence that once dark demon has changed his character; he is polite, genteel, courteous, exceedingly pious. In fact, he is transformed into an angel of light, and his zealous war-cry now is,—

"ALL THE WORLD FOR CHRIST."

Artificial fine millinery for the clergy; musical and theatrical entertainments for the people; false doctrine in the pulpits; false zeal in the pews. With these the deceiver sends both the wise and the foolish virgins into a heavy slumber, and there, we fear, they will continue until the midnight cry is heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him." Then there will be such a consternation, clamour, outcry, wailing, and despair as this world never saw or heard before.

We enter upon this year of our Lord One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy-Nine under clouds more thick and dark than have overshadowed us for some time past. From the palace to the peasant's tent DEATH has made its stern and awful claims. In our own country the political, the monetary, the mercantile, and the manufacturing departments are all terribly shaken; and when we turn from the busy, the anxious, the crowded world, and review the condition of the Churches and worshipping communities, we find their controversies are so deep, so diverse, yea, sometimes so dreadful that we can find no solid rock to hide in, no foundation to build upon, until, with the ancient pleader, we come to Mercy's throne, crying, "O send out THY LIGHT and THY TRUTH. Let them lead me, let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles. Then will I go unto the altar of God, unto God my exceeding joy." And if there is a man on this earth who is truly blessed, it must be that man who "DWELLETH in the secret place of the Most High, who abideth under the shadow of the Almighty, who declares he will say of the LORD, He is my Refuge and my Fortress, my GOD, IN HIM will I TRUST." The several Trinities in Psalm lxxxiv. are enjoyed by that man, and he will often sing—

"He that hath made his refuge God,  
Shall find a most secure abode;  
Shall walk all day beneath His shade,  
And there at night shall rest His head."

"As GOD hath said." Yes, "As GOD hath said." These few words darted into my soul the other night with a fulness of light and meaning, not easily to be expressed. They are connected with three of the



deepest streams of vital truth to be found flowing from the one great river which proceedeth out of the throne of God and the Lamb.

Friendly reader, to the brief consideration of these three streams of holy truth I affectionately ask your attention for a moment. Not to terrify the souls of any of our Lord's redeemed and adopted children. Plenty are engaged in that bondage-producing work; but instrumentally to confirm and comfort those in whose hearts the Great Comforter hath revealed the exalted and beloved CHRIST OF GOD. For, again, we may ask,—

“What purpose has the King of saints in view?  
 Why falls the Gospel like a gracious dew?  
 Is it that Adam's offspring may be saved  
 From servile fear? or be the more enslaved?  
 To lose the links that gall'd mankind before,  
 Or bind them faster on, and add still more?  
 The free-born Christian has no chains to prove,  
 Or, if a chain, the golden chain of LOVE!  
 No fear shall fully quench his glowing fires;  
 What fear he feels his gratitude inspires.  
 Shall he, for such deliverance wrought,  
 Recompense ill? He trembles at the thought.  
 His Master's interest, and his own combined,  
 Prompt every movement of his heart and mind:  
 Thought, word, and deed His liberty evince,  
 His freedom is THE FREEDOM OF A PRINCE.”

The holy freedom which faith finds in Christ, for the “whole election of grace, is the pledge, the earnest, the foretaste of that ineffable purity and pleasantness which fill the souls of the ransomed with glory in their Father's home on-high.

*The three streams of holy truth* referred to may be correctly termed DISTINCTION, EXHORTATION, and DIVINE CONSOLATION. You may find them in 2 Cor. vi. 16—18.

The HOLY GHOST, by Paul, draws such a distinction between the regenerated and redeemed people of God and “the children of men,” as you will scarcely find equalled in any of the languages in the whole of the literary world. Study the six lines which precede the distinction.

1. “Be ye not unequally yoked together with *unbelievers*.”
2. “For what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness?”
3. “What communion hath light with darkness?”
4. “What concord hath CHRIST with Belial?”
5. “What part hath he that believeth with an infidel?”
6. “What agreement hath the temple of God with idols?”

Then addeth the great apostle, “YE ARE THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD.” Ye heaven-born Christians are, through the Spirit, a body of spiritual worshippers, who, through the grace given unto you, do worship God in spirit and in truth. Ye are not unbelievers; ye are not in unrighteousness; not living, nor delighting in, nor trusting to, unrighteousness; ye are not in darkness; ye are not with Belial or Beelzebub, the prince of the devils, who is against Christ while he may pretend to be for Him, as Judas did; ye have no part with the infidel, whose heart against God is hardened, whose mind is awfully prejudiced, whose conscience against Gospel truth is sealed, whose mouth is filled with blasphemy. God's true Christians have no part with such wretched and unhappy beings; neither have they any agreement with idols, let

those idols assume which form or shape they may. Nay, for "Ye are the temple of the living God."

What are the evidences, the benefits, the fruits? O, they are great, they are grand, they are beyond all disputation, certain and sure.

"AS GOD HATH SAID." Here is nothing of man's invention, nothing of human speculation, nothing learned in the schools, nothing drank in from educational prejudice. Nay, sirs, when you come to search after witnesses who will honestly tell you that you do form part of, and for ever will dwell in, THE TEMPLE OF THE LIVING GOD, you must not come to what Adams or Austin have said, nor to what Charnock or Cennick have written, nor to what either Hart or Huntington have given, nor to what Payne or Philpot have declared, any further than they have re-echoed truth—"As God hath said."

And of all His people God hath said, "I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people." Astounding words! Promises beyond all elucidation by man; yet some little effort to open them may be made.

The second stream is one of authoritative EXHORTATION: "Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not THE UNCLEAN THING."

"Come out from whom?" "Separate" from whom? The New Testament Churches were Baptist Churches—Churches composed of persons who heard Christ preached, who received the Word with much affliction, then with joy through the Holy Ghost. They were baptized and added unto the Church. New Testament baptized believers are NOT DISSENTERS. We dissent from nothing which, in the Gospel, "GOD HATH SAID." Through the grace given unto us, we continue steadfastly baptizing those that gladly receive the Word; these we receive into the Church; these we welcome to the Lord's table; with these we continue steadfastly in the apostles' doctrine and fellowship, "in the breaking of bread and in prayers." We are not Dissenters. We are the successors of the apostles of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and we hope to meet them with their glorified Lord in the heavens above.

If this be so—and it is so—men may sneer, snarl, pity, and despise us; but if there is any truth in the world, it is true that the faithful, the firm, the devoted Baptists are the only professors of Christ's Gospel who are not Dissenters. Who, then, are we to come out from?

It was seen clear enough by Christ, and by His apostles too, that while the New Testament Churches would form the little CENTRE OF CHRIST'S KINGDOM ON EARTH, it was known that other so-called Churches would gather as circles around the devoted centre; hence we have a circle near to us called "Moderate Calvinists;" another circle called Congregationalists, Presbyterians, and Independents. Beyond them are the extensive circles of the Reformed and the Romish Churches—of all which I must not stop to speak now; nor must I further trespass this month. Of these three streams of pure truth it is my wish to say a few words yet; and as, during the year 1878, I have travelled over fifty journeys in different parts of this country, as I have silently surveyed every part of this immense metropolis and its suburbs, I am requested (for the benefit of travellers, of visitors, of emigrants, of dwellers in the States, the colonies, the Indies, and other settlements) to

notify very particularly the places of worship and the pulpits wherein the pastors preach from, and abide by, what "GOD HATH SAID."

May God Almighty give us grace to fit us for His service in the New Year, whether we are called to render that service in the heavens or on the earth—even so prayeth your servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
London, Dec., 1878.

[A little examination of the writings, the essays, the speeches, the sermons, the controversies of our modern scientific philosophers, popular orators and elegantly eloquent doctors will clearly demonstrate the fact that all are, more or less, denying the revelation "AS GOD hath said." As stewards of the mysteries of God, it behoveth us more than ever to read God's Bible, pray over God's Book, and only preach "as God hath said." Brethren, read Jer. xxv., and see the misery resulting from not hearkening to what "God hath said."]

## GOD IN CHRIST THE REFUGE OF HIS PEOPLE.

*Notes on a Sermon Preached at Rehoboth Chapel, Clapham.*

BY W. TROTMAN.

"The eternal God is thy Refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms," &c.  
—Deut. xxxiii. 27, 28.

**L**ET us notice:—First, *The twofold declaration.* Secondly, *The threefold promise.*

I.—THE TWOFOLD DECLARATION. 1. "The eternal God is thy Refuge." 2. "Underneath are the everlasting arms." For the opening of this word we must first inquire of whom the declaration is made, and then consider the nature of the declaration. The word spoken is very emphatic and very discriminating. It reminds one of the saying in the Psalms: "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my Refuge, thy habitation, therefore there shall no evil come nigh thee, nor any plague come nigh thy dwelling." "The eternal God is thy Refuge." Who are they who are so doubly blest? They are addressed here under the new covenant name of *Israel*, and they are spoken of under a variety of names and descriptions throughout this chapter according to their tribes—each name and each tribe affording to the inspired penman some varied feature of the different individuals of the same family; and truly, whether we judge them as ministers or mere private Christians, we shall find the whole Church affording an almost infinite variety of character, yet all bearing the same family feature—*Israel*—the nobility of heaven, God's aristocracy, the princes of His people, every one of them a *prince with God* by reason of a new and Divine birth; every one of them "being born again, not of a corruptible seed, but of an incorruptible, which is the Word of God, which liveth and abideth for ever." They are thus distinguished from the horde of professors who, under the name of Christians, are strangers to, and despise the antiquated doctrine of, the new birth as visionary and egotistical. Those who have God indeed for a Refuge, are His people—the objects of His everlasting love; "yea, He loved the people" (see verse 3).

2. They are *His saints*, and, as such, in the hand of Christ: "Thine

they were," said Christ, "and Thou gavest them Me, and none is able to pluck them out of My hand."

3. They are disciples or learners; they *sat down at Thy feet*. "All Thy children shall be taught of the Lord;" therefore said Christ, "He that hath heard and learned of the Father, *cometh unto Me*."

4. They hear His voice: "Every one shall receive of My words." There can be no mistake here, as Christ—in describing His own who received Him, to whom He gave power, or privilege, to become the sons of God, and therefore, as children, to be joint-heirs with Himself of God—says of them: "I have given unto them the words which Thou gavest Me, and they have received them; therefore the world hath hated them, because they are not of the world, even as I am not of the world." These are a peculiar people in every age of the world—peculiarly loved, chosen, redeemed, quickened, chastened, instructed, comforted, and preserved unto the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

"And tho' the world esteems them strange,  
They would not with the world exchange."

It is of this people the declaration is made. What is the nature of it?

5. Here is a suggestion. These people are in some trouble; they are exposed to some dangers, and are beset with some cruel foes. How true! Their trouble springs from sin and a knowledge of its exceeding sinfulness, from the law which works wrath in their quickened consciences, and, for these troubled ones, the eternal God is a sure Refuge. The dangers to which they are exposed abound in their pathway, and arise from a deceitful heart and an enslaving and corrupting world, both religious and profane; and to these, *so exposed*, the eternal God is a sure and safe Refuge.

6. Their enemies are a host of sins, and fears, and wicked spirits, principalities and powers, Diaboleans lurking in the town of Man-Soul; and against these foes the eternal God is a sure and safe Refuge.

7. There is an instruction as to the nature of the Refuge. It is not a created Refuge, but the Creator Himself, the eternal Father, the eternal Son, and the eternal Spirit. Israel's *one* LORD is the Refuge of His people. But as there must be a certain fitness in a Refuge for those for whom it is intended, as it is said the high hills are a refuge for the wild goats, and the rocks for the conies; while the hunted dove flies away to hide in the clefts of the rocks, and the sparrow hath found a nest for herself, and a place where she may lay her young in safety from the devouring hawk; so is God *in Christ*, manifest in the flesh—the unseen—"seen of angels"—a fit Refuge for a sin-burdened, a soul-troubled, and Satan-hunted sinner. In the person of the Divine *Surety*, not the "*Divine Man*," as some prate about, the Lord's quickened ones find a safe Hiding-place from all the assaults of hell and sin; from foes without and foes within. The Father's love, the Saviour's blood, and the Spirit's grace are God's own antidote to the misery and ruin of Adam's fall; while "underneath are the everlasting arms"—under the lowest depths into which they have fallen or may fall—underneath them and their deepest miseries, betwixt them and that bottomless pit unto which, therefore, they can never fall—are the everlasting arms, with power to *raise*, and mercy to *commiserate*. So says David, "I will sing aloud of Thy power and of Thy mercy in the morning."

II.—THE THREEFOLD PROMISE. Both time and space compel me to be brief here.

1. The enemy shall be thrust out, and “*He*” shall do it.

2. The same enemy shall be destroyed, and “*He*” shall give the word, “Destroy them;” though there be a legion of them, they shall be bound, cast out, and destroyed in the destruction of swinish men of Belial.

3. Israel shall then dwell in safety alone; the fountain of Jacob shall be upon a land of corn and wine; also, “His heavens shall drop down dew.”

Peace, plenty, prosperity, blessing, and increase, are terms which express the blessedness of God’s people here set forth. It is a most glorious opening of the mystery of godliness and the mystery of faith. May the Lord open our eyes to see the glory, and our hearts to receive and taste the grace, for Christ’s sake; and to Him shall be all the praise, honour, might, majesty, dominion, and power, both now and for ever. Amen.

East Dulwich, Sept. 28, 1878.

### THE LATE MR. EDWARD CUTRESS, OF BRIGHTON.

WHO peacefully, and with remarkable tranquility, passed to his eternal rest on the 25th of November, 1878, having nearly attained the age of fourscore years. Born of very humble parentage, and of a large family, he received no education whatever. In his youth he entered the employ of a Brighton miller, who was not slow to recognise and appreciate his industry and shrewd business habits, and to whose business he eventually succeeded. This seems to have been the beginning of his long and successful commercial life. Though a hard-working man, of keen and quick perception, and invariably sound judgment, he always ascribed his success to the providence and blessing of God, to whose cause and to the poor and needy of the household of faith he has given back, with singular cheerfulness and liberality, his honest gains.

He was a true and genuine Christian philanthropist, and no trait in his character seemed more conspicuous than his unselfishness. His liberality was such that, if left uninfluenced by others, would have led to his own impoverishment. No class evoked his sympathy more, or shared in his open and ever-welcome house, or received pecuniary assistance in times of trial and difficulty, than the poor and afflicted ministers of the Baptist body, chiefly of the Strict and Particular section.

The writer believes that not a few who have gone to their reward, and others now living, would endorse these remarks with a tear of gratitude. The sentiments expressed by Mr. Boxall, who officiated at the interment, were exceedingly appropriate: “That beneath a somewhat apparently rough exterior, a more genuine, kindly, and feeling heart never beat,” and that was his testimony after a nearly forty years’ friendship.

Notwithstanding his hospitality to others, he was extremely frugal and careful in his own personal and domestic affairs. Humble and

unassuming as a child, he never exhibited any social distinction, or in any way held aloof from his poorer relatives, but in every possible way showed that their welfare and comfort lay near his heart. As a man he was exceedingly sociable, open, and communicative, with a strong vein of humour, occasionally approaching to real wit. To know him was to sincerely respect and reverence him.

When and how he was called by grace we cannot say, but it must have been early, as he was one of the faithful little band attached to the late Joseph Sedgewick, before the erection of Ebenezer chapel, towards which he rendered invaluable aid, and continued a consistent member of the Church until the death of that good and deeply-revered man of God, nearly a quarter of a century ago. Shortly afterward he, with several others, left and formed a Church in another part of the town; and it was through the influence of Mr. Cutress that the late Joseph Wilkins came to Brighton. During the earlier years of Mr. Wilkins' ministry, some difference arose on certain points of Church polity, which ultimately led to a secession; and it was about this time that a Church was formed in Windsor-street rooms, to which Mr. Thomas Stringer ministered for several years, until his return to London. The deceased was one of the chief supporters of the cause during Mr. Stringer's pastorate. Of late, since his retirement from business, and his ailment preventing his walking long distances, he has listened to the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Hewitt, the vicar of a new Church at Prestonville, and a faithful preacher of the Gospel of salvation by grace. This has been a source of blessing to him to be able to hear the truth near to his own house, although he had no sympathy with the ceremonies of the Establishment. On Sunday, December 8th, Mr. Hewitt referred to the deceased in the most feeling and appropriate terms.

During the past few months, he has been conscious that his time was drawing to a close, although his general health did not suffer much. His highly-sensitive temperament forbade him saying much, but the few expressions that escaped his lips, during the few weeks preceding his death, have now a very striking significance to those who heard them. His end was so peaceful and quiet that those who watched and held his hand were unconscious that he had gone until unmistakable signs appeared that death had taken place. He was twice married, but without issue. His first wife died twenty-one years ago, his second survives him—partially disabled through affliction.

J. C. S.

December 16th, 1878.

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GOD commanded not the fiercer creatures to be offered to Him in sacrifices, but lambs and kids, meek and lowly creatures; none that had stings in their tails or venom in their tongues. The meek lamb was the daily sacrifice; the doves were to be offered by pairs. God would not have honey mixed with any sacrifice; that breeds choler, and choler pride: but oil he commanded to be used; that supple and mollifies the parts. Swelling pride and boiling passions render our services carnal; they cannot be spiritual, without an humble sweetness and an innocent sincerity: one grain of this transcends the most costly sacrifices. A contrite heart puts a gloss upon worship.—*Charnock.*

## FROM DAWN TO DEATH!

A FEW LOVING THOUGHTS OVER THE DECEASE OF THE LATE MRS. ROBERT BANKS.

"She rests in peace—her pains and sorrows o'er;  
Silent on earth is now that silver tongue."

WE had been reading William Robertson Aikman's elaborate essay on the difference between the possession of high natural principles combined with the most exemplary moral conduct and the possession of the saving grace of God, when we were called to attend the funeral of our long and affectionately-esteemed EMMA, the very much-beloved wife of our excellent son, MR. ROBERT BANKS.

The character of the deceased exactly answered to that Mr. Aikman describes as one of high principle and of unblemished morality. We had known the deceased more than thirty years, and we never saw or heard of an impropriety in her. She was the obedient and strongly attached child; she was the quiet, inobtrusive maiden; she became, and she continued, a wife of warm and unabating affection; a mother ever most industriously anxious for, and devoted to, the well-being of all her children. I never heard an unfriendly, an unkind, or a censorious word spoken against her. In herself, from many years of affliction, there was *sorrow*; but, to those around her, there was *LOVE*; hence, of her it may be said:—

"SORROW and LOVE went side by side,  
Nor height, nor depth, could e'er divide  
Their Heaven-appointed hands.  
Those dear associates still were one;  
Yes, till the race of life was run,  
Naught could dissolve their bands!"

As I silently contemplated her wedded life, her portrait passed before the eye of my mind, as sketched by the pencil of one of the most gifted of artists that ever lived. As I mused over the picture, I said to myself, "What a faithful revelation of every class of character is in this blessed Bible—the God-inspired book!" It is not flattery, nor strained imagination, nor prejudiced love—it is *TRUTH*.

It is such a portrait as cannot be matched in every house, although, I hope, there have been, and still are, many of whom, and in whom, the same things may be said and seen, as are here drawn out in distinct and unmistakable lines. Of

## "THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN"

the inspired artist expresseth the well-grounded confidence which she has planted in the abiding convictions of her partner in life: "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She WILL DO HIM GOOD and not evil all the days of her life." True to the very letter. One more trait and testimony must be given. It is so beautifully correct: "Her children arise up and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her." Her children have risen up very much in accordance with the spirit and demeanour of the mother. They will revere her memory; they will treasure up her words and her works as long as they live. May Divine grace sanctify them! May the Lord Himself bless them! To their bereaved father may they be abiding blessings! and, at length, may the hitherto happy family meet in the "Home of God and of glory!"

“*Extolling the creature,*” some may think. Well, inspired authority sanctions it when for the glory of His grace it is honestly and truly done. Is it not written at the bottom of the portrait I have been examining, that “the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised?” And again, “Let her own works praise her in the gates.”

In what extraordinary language did the ancient and venerable Thos. Brooks write out the excellencies of Nathaniel Herne, once a sheriff of London. Read the dedicatory preface to Richard and Letitia Hampden by that pre-eminently sainted seer, old Geo. Swinnoek. Turn to Huntington’s letters on some of the pious and grace-made-good-people in his time. Yea, read your Bibles, and there you often find the Holy Ghost commending the natural and spiritual excellencies of those whose characters shone forth like glow-worms in the dark night of this world.

There is one other line in the inscription from which I have been quoting: “Her husband also, and he shall praise her.” I venture to quote from a private letter which her bereaved husband sent me in answer to my entreaty that he would give me a few lines. I trust he will not feel hurt at my justifying the position I have taken, and proving the truth of the testimony I have given by using his own words. He says:—

MY DEAR FATHER.—I would gladly have sent you a line before this, but this week I have had neither time nor mind. Three-and-thirty years my loved Emma and I knew one another, and were one another’s companions. The first Sunday you preached at Crosby-row, we saw one another. From that day we have been, first, companions, then man and wife; and if ever two lived in the full enjoyment of one another’s society, that has been our lot for twenty-five years. We have had sorrows, trials, losses, and crosses, but these only tended to draw us more to one another. We have laboured together, and the Lord has in a measure crowned those labours with His blessing; but my helper has been taken from me, and I am left here in sorrow. My dear wife was not a *talking* Christian, but she was a walking believer. Her only pleasure from her home was the house of God, and there she was to be found as often as health and circumstances permitted. She was greatly afflicted for about seventeen years, but I never knew her complain of the very trying path in which she was called to walk. She has often asked the Lord to give her strength not to murmur, and that prayer was answered. She was a *mother* to her family, and a wife to her husband, in the fullest acceptation of the term. Her home was the world in which she lived, and beyond it she seldom went. With her children around her she would spend her happiest hours. Her whole life was one of a consistent Christian course; no great profession, but a quiet working out the Christian life. She had a very low estimate of her saintship, often saying she was a great sinner, and that she had none but the Lord and His free-grace to look to for salvation; but she held firm to that anchorage, and only the day before her departure she spoke to one of her hope that her children were on the Lord’s side. Naturally, for her children, she was anxious not yet to leave them; but, towards the close, she was enabled to give them all up and leave them in the Lord’s hands. For about fourteen days her sufferings were painful to witness, and, from the nature of the complaint, she could not lie down for about a week, so that the body at last became weary with pain; and on the morning of November 22, with calm resignation, and conscious to the last moment, leaning on my arm, her happy spirit went home to be for ever with the Lord.

Your sorrowing boy,

ROBERT.



In a subsequent note her sorrowful husband says:—

No one ever knew her worth but me, and I seem half lost at present without her. I want to be reconciled, but I am not yet in that position. I am thankful that she was spared so long, and was enabled thus far to look to the children. But as we had for near a quarter of a century pulled on, and worked hard together, I did hope to have had a few years with her when she might have enjoyed more ease and comfort. But, no ; I am left behind, and for this I ought to be deeply thankful, if spared to see the young ones brought up.

And to my deeply-sorrowing son, and to all who are alike distressed, I would say:—

“ Repine not ! In mercy only  
 God took back the gift He gave.  
 Think ! Though thou art sad and lonely,  
 Heaven’s own path lies through the grave !  
 CHRIST has called her to her rest,  
 In the mansions of the blest ! ”

The following is a copy of the memorial card, which gives nearly her last words, and showeth, in few words, how hopefully and quietly she finished her course:—

IN LOVING REMEMBRANCE  
 OF  
 EMMA ANN,  
*For nearly Twenty-five years the devoted and  
 affectionate Wife of*  
 ROBERT BANKS,  
*Of Old Kent Road, & Fleet Street.*

Since all that I meet  
 Shall work for my good ;  
 The bitter is sweet,  
 The medicine is food ;  
 Though painful at present,  
 ’Twill cease before long,  
*And then, Oh ! how pleasant  
 The conqueror’s song !\**

DIED NOVEMBER 22, 1878. AGED 47.

Of the exercise of my own mind, of my personal knowledge, and of the closing scene at the grave, I must add a few words.

More than seventeen years ago, when I was in Devonshire preaching, one evening a letter reached me informing me of her dangerous illness. It had such a terrible effect upon me, I could scarcely get through the service; but a strong impression, which I cannot describe, assured me that she would not die, but live, and live in the fear and in the faith of the Lord all her life. From that time I realised a very tender regard and affection for her, and fully believed that the silent, saving grace of God was in her soul; and every interview I had with her, all through the last seventeen years, always confirmed me in the blessed fact that she was a very choice, although almost hidden, vessel of mercy.

In the night season, when in sleepless hours I reflected much upon her life and death, there came to me two impressive Scriptures : “ I have

\* The two last lines were nearly the last words of the Deceased.

chosen thee in the furnace of affliction!" She was chosen in Christ, but years of trying affliction wasted her gradually down to death. There was, as Southey puts it:—

"The calm decay of nature, while the mind  
Retain'd its strength; and in the languid eye  
Religion's holy hopes kindled a joy  
That makes the fainting one look lovely."

Some two or three years since, I was conversing with her concerning her continued illness, when she softly said, "Well, we have in Robert the kindest of husbands, and a most affectionate father." As though she meant, "I am in the furnace, but the Lord mercifully sustains me through the never-failing kindness of the husband He has given to me."

I am no spiritualist, no enthusiast, but there are still small voices often heard in the soul when we are absorbed in thoughts over those whom we have known in the Lord. And at four o'clock in the morning of November 30, the day of the funeral, I was awake with the words, "Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory, while we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen, are eternal." The body in death we saw; beside the open grave we stood; the mourners we acutely sympathised with; but these were all passing scenes. Faith pierced the cloud, and we had a glimpse of the happy spirit ascending homeward; and as she passed homeward, it was as though she said, "Don't forget me!" I said, "Nay, I shall never forget your gentle, kind, pure, and tender conduct to me at all times; and I am sure," I said, "your husband will never forget you, for you have taken his heart up into heaven with your own, and I do not believe he will ever get it fully back again. Your children will never forget you, neither will any who have known you."

Thns, with prayer, we closed the service, and retired from the deep dark grave, which was surrounded by many of the friends who had known and esteemed her in life, and mourned over her loss.

That this little expression of Christian love, to the memory of another of the immense number of my departed friends, may be useful to some who may read it, is the heart-felt desire of

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

December 7, 1878.

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## OUR NATIONAL SORROW.

**T**HE fourteenth day of December, 1861, was a time of sore grief for our highly-honoured Queen, when her royal consort, Prince Albert, sank in the arms of death. That was a stroke which, from the throne to the loyal peasant, made England's large heart to swell and ache with bitter sighs. We well remember that morning when suddenly the announcement was heard—

"PRINCE ALBERT IS DEAD."

Identified from childhood with the printing press, and with the prayers of the Church of England; trained up to pray for the Sovereigns

of the present century; and to have a hand in placing black borders around funeral sermons, and putting black rules down the columns of the papers on which we have been engaged, an instinct of loyalty to the throne of "Good Old England"—as she was wont to be termed—has always been lively and strong in our nature.

When that universally-beloved Princess Charlotte was mysteriously removed from this world by death, we distinctly call to mind the mental wail and weeping anguish which burst forth from every true lover of the British Constitution. The Princess Charlotte was well known to be virtuous, pious, a devout, and godly soul. She was England's hope; and England's anticipated heir to the highest seat of royalty in the British Empire. But, Ah!—some how or other—she was removed. We ask permission to quote, in remembrance of her, Beattie's lines:

"True dignity was her's—whose tranquil mind  
Virtue had raised above the things below;  
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resigned,  
Shrinks not, though something aim her deadliest blow."

Then old George the Third expired at the long age of 82, in the year—to us (because at the same time died our guardian grandfather, under whose wing we had come to trust, therefore to us) it was the memorable year—1820. His son, the Fourth George, was called to his account in 1830; and when that once popular, but broken-hearted, Dr. Dillon preached William the Fourth's funeral sermon, in 1837, in Charlotte-street, Pimlico, we heard him announce his text:

"THERE IS ANOTHER KING, ONE JESUS!"

Young Victoria came to the throne of England, and for more than forty years has her Majesty been supported, beloved, honoured, and prayed for by the millions of her people; and that this bereavement of her fondly and deservedly-attached Princess Alice may be mercifully sanctified to the drawing of our Queen more and more from the mere ceremonials of religion into the fellowship of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, is our heart-heaving prayer at the Divine throne of grace.

All our readers know that on (as some write it) the fatal fourteenth of December, in this year, our Queen's devoted Princess Alice, who was married in 1862 to the now Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt, peacefully expired, leaving a fond husband, several dear children, and an immense community of people to bewail a loss nothing on earth can repair. We know she was "one of the most noble-minded, and most gifted of women," but—was she more than that?

We believe she was by grace prepared for the solemn change. She had a most beautiful boy, who was suddenly killed by a fall from a window. The evangelical editor of *The Record* says that calamity was "the Divinely-used means of leading her in the usual way, 'through much tribulation, to enter the kingdom of God.' For of late, at least, it has been made known that, notwithstanding all the adverse influences to which she was exposed in Germany, Princess Alice had become a simple believer in the Lord Jesus Christ, 'and was not ashamed' to confess Him. An instance of this faith which worketh by love in 'wise and noble,' as well as in lowly and simple lives must be more or less public, in consequence of her Royal Highness's consent to be the Patroness of the Albion-hill Home at Brighton. The work of that institution, which has been much blessed

in making known to its inmates Him that came to seek and to save that which is lost, interested her deeply, as she was herself thinking of establishing one on a like model in Germany."

Furthermore, the same reliable authority goes on to assure us that he is "enabled to state, on the authority of those who had the opportunity of conversing with the Princess very recently, that whatever temptations might in former years have beguiled her Royal Highness to admire the writings of Strauss, the author of the infidel 'Life of Christ,' a complete change had passed over her mind. At first, that terrible calamity which deprived her of her little son, seemed to have produced only 'the sorrow of the world that worketh death;' but gradually it became, by God's mercy, the means of leading her to think, so that she finally came to seek and find peace in a firm faith in Jesus Christ, revealed in the Scriptures of truth as the only Saviour for sinners.

"To our limited apprehension it may seem strange that such an influence should have been removed; that the sun of so sweet a life should have gone down while it was yet day. For the explanation of this and many similar occurrences we must be content to wait. It may be given in the course of events. It may remain undiscerned till the fulfilment of the Divine word, 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.'"

We shall, if permitted, diligently search after such testimonies as may place beyond all doubt that the precious child of Queen Victoria—though "absent from the body"—is for ever "present with the Lord." Such is the faith of

C. W. B.

## GOD'S ANCIENT PEOPLE:

THEIR ORIGIN, SUFFERINGS, PRIVILEGES, AND PROSPECTS.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

(Continued from page 371, Vol. XXXIV.)

### CHAPTER III.

THE DESOLATION OF THE TEMPLE AND THE CITY OF JERUSALEM—  
THE CONTINUANCE OF AFFLICTION ON THE JEWS—AWFUL SLAUGHTERING OF THE HEBREW FAMILIES—THEIR PAINFUL EXILE IN DIFFERENT NATIONS OF THE EARTH.

THE greatness of the Jewish nation had arrived at a climax. The beloved country was destroyed; Jerusalem, the temple, and the priesthood were abolished, and the political existence of the nation was annihilated for ever. Since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, it has never been recognised as one of the States of the kingdoms of the world. Yes, the solemn words of the prophet Zechariah were fulfilled: "Open thy doors, O Lebanon, that the fire may devour thy cedars." Alas! Israel's cedars were devoured; the enemies of Israel were then drinking the cup of conquest; blasphemers might have said, "These Jews believed in Jehovah, but, behold, their God has forsaken them; and He hath also forgotten them." But every Bible reader will acknowledge that it was only in a little wrath that Jehovah hid His face from Israel, and in His holy and sovereign justice He was pleased to deliver

them into the hands of their enemies. Well did St. Paul study the history of the Jews :—"Hath God forsaken His people? God forbid!" No, no! God loved Israel, and He will continue in the same everlasting love; but, like a loving father, He is pleased to chasten His people. The chastisement of Israel was not finished by the destruction of Jerusalem. We must follow on in the history of the world and observe, with deep sorrow, the sufferings of this people.

During the reign of Vespasian, the Jews suffered very much indeed. The ruins of Jerusalem were occupied by a garrison of soldiers of about 800 men. Vespasian commanded that strict search should be made for all who claimed descent from the house of David, and barbarous acts were continually committed on the poor Jews. During the reign of Domitian, the Jews were treated with the same cruelties as under Vespasian. It was indeed delightful to the poor sorrowful and oppressed Jews to find themselves under the reign of Nerva, who seemed to show pity to the tried and persecuted people. Through his reign we are glad to find that the Jews enjoyed a brief interval of peace with the rest of the world. During the reign of Trojan and his successor, the Jews had to pass again through many very painful afflictions. The following incident—one of the very many accounts in the Rabbinical traditions—will be sufficient to describe the dreadful and most painful calamities which again came upon them :—

It is related that the birthday of a prince unfortunately fell on the anniversary of the fatal 9th of August. The whole Roman Empire was rejoicing, but the Jews alone were bewailing—in ill-timed lamentations—the fate of their temple. Again, while the imperial family were in the deepest mourning for the loss of a daughter, the unfortunate Jews were celebrating with noisy mirth their feast of lamps. The indignant Empress exclaimed, "Before you march against the barbarians, sweep this insolent people from the face of the earth!" Trojan surrounded a vast number of Jews with his legion and ordered them to be hewn down. He afterwards offered their wives either to share the fate of their husbands or to submit to the embrace of his soldiers; but the poor women, in bitter language, answered, "What thou hast done to those beneath the earth, do to those who are upon it." Their blood was then mingled with those of their husbands.

Although history is perfectly quiet on this story, yet the Jewish traditions firmly declare it (with many other similar accounts) to be true. However this may be, we know that during the reign of Trojan, the Jews went through many trying circumstances and troubles almost indescribable.

The treatment of the Jews has been very varied in different lands; sometimes in the same land under different governments. In Arabia, for many years, they were in a flourishing condition, a Jewish king once having ascended the throne. In early times the Jews of Spain were the most learned men that Spain possessed. Counsellors, poets, astrologers, orators, and philosophers of the highest eminence; but, the extravagance of the nobles, led them to mortgage their estates to the Jews, then, getting up a rebellion, the Jews were persecuted, their rights diminished, and their taxes augmented. At length, in 1492, an edict was issued for the expulsion of the Jews, who were to take neither gold nor silver with them. This expulsion was considered by the

Jews as almost as bad as the loss of Jerusalem, because a residence of 750 years had made it almost a second Judea to them.

The Jews of Rome have had a hard lot to bear, from the days when Titus carried them prisoners thence to the present time. In early ages, they were surrounded and guarded by the imperial forces, like prisoners of war, and in modern times excluded from employment under government; compelled to pay an annual sum to the Pope for the maintenance of a Church which persecuted them, to pay the expenses of the carnival horse races, to run races with ropes round their necks, to wear a yellow hat, and the women a yellow veil, as a badge of Hebrewism; but much of this has been done away with, for which the Jews ought to feel thankful to the last Pope, Pius IX.; yet an eye-witness of the present day states that "their whole aspect gives them an appearance of degeneracy—moral, spiritual, and physical—such as I have never witnessed in any of the other exiles of the Hebrew races."

The Jews in France at one time were all-powerful, but in A.D. 877, kings, bishops, and barons joined in the persecution of them. During the eleventh and twelfth centuries, their history is a successive series of massacres. During the reign of Philip Augustus, the Jews held mortgages at enormous value on the estates of Church and State dignitaries, all of which they were compelled to surrender and suffer banishment from their country; yet, twenty years after, the same monarch was glad to invite them back again. Louis IX., a pious prince, among other religious acts, cancelled a third of the claims which the Jews had against his subjects, "*for the benefit of his soul.*"

In the year 1309, they were again expelled from France, with the usual accompaniments of cruelty, but in little more than twelve years the state of the royal finances rendered it necessary to recall them again. They were allowed to enforce the payment of debts due to them on condition that two-thirds of the whole should be given up to the king. But a religious epidemic, known as the rising of the shepherds, broke out in A.D. 1321, which was signalised by horrible massacres of the detested race. In many villages every Jewish inhabitant was burnt; and we are told that Christianity never produced more resolute martyrs. Finally, in 1395, they were banished from the whole of France. At what period of time they returned, we do not know, but in the present day there are many Jews celebrated as lawyers and authors, some very high in office, while several have distinguished themselves in the army; and in no country are the religious affairs of the Jews better regulated than in France, yet in no country are they less exact in their observance of the law. The demoralising influence of their infidel neighbours, and the open profligacy and the pernicious results of Roman Catholicism, have tended greatly to undermine French Judaism; for the Jew of Paris does not scruple to keep his shop open on the Sabbath-day, and to transgress in every respect the law of Moses, which he pretends to believe.

(To be continued.)

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NOTHING but His love could have held Him on the cross, or to the whipping post; no nails but those of His love could have fastened Him to the cross.—*Goodwin.*

## DO WE WORSHIP GOD IN SPIRIT AND IN TRUTH?

[*A Visit to a Romish Cathedral.*]

A PAPER BY B. G. WALKER, OF WILLENHALL, STAFFORDSHIRE.

"God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—John iv. 24.

**W**ORDS very often used, but seldom realised; but to those that profess to love the Lord they are of great moment.

Let us make the inquiry, "Do we worship God in spirit and in truth?"

We often feel sorrowful when we witness the placid coldness and the lukewarm spirit in which the worship of God is carried on in many places, and especially in Churches which profess to hold the doctrines of grace. On the other hand, we find the votaries of worldly religions exhibit and feel the utmost of devotion to their numerous deities. It is an instinctive principle in man that he must worship. This is truly a natural religion, simply a following out of instinct. Hence we find that the Hindoos, the Persians, the Egyptians, the Greeks, and many other nations worship gods, and in almost every case a trinity of gods. We are also informed that the former inhabitants of this island prostrated themselves in worship to the various orbs of heaven. We find the Hindoo woman, in her great zeal for her religion, throwing her helpless infant into the Ganges, and watching with mingled feelings of sorrow and devotion its dying struggles; but she rests upon the hope that her sacrifice may be acceptable to her gods; and what would she not give to accomplish such a purpose? She would give her own life, which (alas! it is too true) she even does.

But to come nearer home. A few months ago, being in London, I happened to pass by the Roman Catholic Cathedral known as St. George's, Southwark. Seeing the doors open, I stepped inside and looked round the edifice, and amongst the many idols arranged round the church was a nicely-executed statue intended to represent our Saviour with the emblems of regality. I stood gazing on it, lost in contemplation, when I was disturbed by the approach of a middle-aged woman, rather meanly clad. She came directly in front of the image, and falling down on her hands and knees, commenced her worship. I, of course, retired a few steps, and had an opportunity of witnessing the struggles of that poor enthusiast as she poured out her prayers amid groans and tears. I seemed riveted to the spot, and these words came to my mind with great force, "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." I asked myself the question, "How can you account for this person's emotion when the object before which she kneels is only a block of stone?" and the answer was, "Her religion is one of sight, and not of faith; consequently only natural, not spiritual.

But another thought floated across my mind: "If a person worships a dumb idol with such earnestness and fervour, what worship should I give my God, who indeed is a living and omnipotent God, who inhabiteth eternity?" I felt ashamed when I considered what the Lord had done for His people, and yet how lifeless, how spiritless they are in their worship! how little do they extol Him! and yet how infinite His love to them!

“God is a Spirit.” How the sheep of Christ’s fold can bear their testimony to the truth of their Saviour’s words! It is the common failing of the religions of to-day that very little, if any, mention is made of the Holy Spirit; but we profess to be otherwise. Having felt His power in conviction of sin, in applying pardon to our souls, in sustaining us in our warfare, and in His sanctifying influence, we are of necessity great believers in the Spirit—God. It is upon the fact of God being a Spirit that our Lord bases His assertion, as if He would say, “All that worship God, He being a Spirit, must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” It is therefore highly desirable that we should see whether we follow this Divine instruction.

Let us consider the means of grace, “the assembling of ourselves together,” and I think we shall find hindrances to a spiritual worship. I have been pained, when at chapels, to hear the minister say something like this: “Our time this morning (or evening) is rather short, so we will curtail the preliminaries in order to have more time for the sermon.” This is surely not worshipping God in spirit. To impress the people with the idea that you are anxious to get through the hymns, reading, and prayer as soon as possible, and the sooner the better, is scarcely to be called spiritual worship, and, to my mind, is calculated to be very injurious. If there is any preference in our accustomed order of worship, the sermon appears to be last in the scale. Singing ought to be the grateful breathing of our hearts in praise to the Lord for His continual blessings. The reading of the Word is a very solemn part of our worship, for it is the voice of God speaking to us, and should be received as a blessing direct from God. But the sermon is not addressed to God; it is an opening up, explaining, and illustrating passages of Scripture, and drawing from thence comfort for poor souls who are traversing this wilderness world, and a warning to the sinner to flee from the wrath to come.

I would not for one moment under-rate the sermon, for sermons have been greatly blessed in being instrumental in awakening sinners and in confirming feeble knees; but this I would urge, that seeing what a great God it is with whom we have to do, let our worship be as much as possible freed from hindrances which would cause it to be void of spirit. The rage for sermons has reached such an extent that it matters not how apt a man might be in visiting the poor and afflicted, however consistent in walk and conversation, however firm in the faith, however solemn and impressive in conducting the worship of God, yet if he is not just what his hearers would have him to be in preaching, he is accounted of little worth.

Again, how many Christians are there that leave their business at home when they go up to the Lord’s house? I know there are times when the adversary comes and fills the mind with worldly matters to choke the seed; but, on the other hand, there are numbers who take no trouble about being free from the various duties of life while in the house of God. This is not worship. Worship consists not in going to the place of meeting, but rather in a bowing of the will and the soul to the supreme Ruler of hearts and Trier of reins.

There are also many good Christians who habitually neglect to attend a place of truth, even when they have one near at hand. This, I need hardly remind them, is doubly hurtful: their presence at the place of



worship would encourage others, it would be communing with saints; and by their absence they place themselves at a distance from the place where God's honour dwelleth. It is to the assembly of the saints that the Spirit comes in a large and copious manner; it was so at the day of Pentecost, when the Spirit rested upon the disciples; and it was so upon another occasion, when the Church had recourse to prayer, the Spirit came and shook the house; it was when all the disciples were met together that Jesus appeared in their midst and proceeded to dispel Thomas's unbelief.

May the Lord be pleased to give us grace to worship Him acceptably, and to be more zealous in so doing.

[Were we to publish some strictures on the conduct of some worshippers in some places, we should wound many; but we have considered the question, "Does the knowledge of Divine truth nullify the zeal, the consistency, the solemnity, the devotion of the Christian in public worship?" There is much cause for the consideration of this question. Where holy fellowship with God is sustained, habitually, in private, the public worshippers will not be so irregular, so irreverent, so unduly idolising the pulpit, as is so much complained of. We have the ancient discourse, "On the Nature and Beauty of Gospel Worship," which, in pieces, may appear, if our readers will read it.—ED.]

If you make out that the Lord loved man conditionally, his situation is really very awful: such systems of religion may serve for moral purposes, and may be admired among men; but if you make out the love of God to be conditional, you really set aside the Lord Jesus Christ. The Lord loves His people in Christ Jesus; and as they are in Christ Jesus, they neither hinder by their sins, nor help by their good works, if they have any; for they are loved freely, fully, and everlastingly in Christ.—*Wells*.

GOD, in making provision for His dear people, has gone to the end of all their needs, but not to the end of all their wants.—*Wells*.

#### DIVINE HELP.

"O my God, make haste for my help."—Psa. lxxi. 12.

O LORD, my Father and my God,  
My Guardian, Guide, and Friend,  
My life with all its woes I would  
Unto Thine help commend.

Help me to lay my every care  
Before Thy mercy throne,  
Assured that *Thou* wilt for me care,  
And make my cause Thine own.

Help me to feel Thy Spirit's breath,  
Like quickening breezes blow,  
Implanting life, removing death,  
That I in grace may grow.

Help me to live a life of faith  
On Thine anointed Son;  
Triumph through Him o'er sin and death,  
And all that sin has done.

Help me to lean on Thy strong arm,  
When weakened by the way;  
To trust Thy hand to save from barm,  
And lead me safe for aye.

Help me to mount celestial heights,  
Where my dear Saviour's gone;  
To rise above earth's vain delights,  
And serve *Thee*, Lord, alone.

Help me to watch the guiding cloud,  
Which leads me on to rest;  
To turn from paths that would enshroud  
My soul in scenes unblest.

Help me to sight the heaven-made light,  
Which brightens in its ray,  
Until the drear and darksome night  
Ends in meridian day.

G. BANKS.

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

*Baptism Discovered Plainly and Faithfully, according to the Word of God, wherein is Set Forth the Glorious Pattern of our Blessed Saviour JESUS CHRIST, the Pattern of all Believers in His Subjection to Baptism; together with the Example of Thousands who were Baptized after they Believed.* By JOHN NORCOTT. A New Edition, Corrected, &c., by Chas. Haddon Spurgeon. London: Passmore & Alabaster.—In a clear, honest, and excellent preface, Mr. Spurgeon says: "This little book was first printed in Holland, more than 200 years ago, by a servant of the Lord, who was in exile for the faith." In answer to those who tell us this ordinance was not designed to continue, John Norcott shows that "Water baptism is to continue till the second coming of Jesus Christ." It has continued! The most learned, eloquent, and high-standing ministers of our age either adopt the sprinkling of infants, or they do as the late Geo. Abrahams once said to us: "I will have nothing to do with the *whather*, it doth divide the Church." We had nothing to do with baptism by immersion until, by a sudden and an irresistible power (in a silent meditation), it was revealed to us in the baptism of our Lord Himself. Since then we have not been moved from the conviction that it is the will of God, the command of Christ, the teaching of the Holy Ghost, that "he that believeth, and is baptized, shall be saved." We have baptized some hundreds who lived and died in the faith. We know not that we may be called to baptize many more, but we should fear to speak and act as some great men do. This book of John Norcott's is a plain and godly testimony. We very sincerely thank Mr. Spurgeon for sending us a new edition, and we are persuaded it will have a large circulation in the schools and congregations of all our Churches.

*Lectures on Baptism.* By the late WILLIAM SHIREFF, Minister of the Gospel, Glasgow. With a Preface by C. H. Spurgeon. London: Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster-buildings.—The memoir of William Shirreff, by Mr. Spurgeon, represents a patient, prayerful, devout, and very godly man. The lectures we purpose to notice in a separate paper in an early number.

*An Answer to False Accusers! Being Eight Letters Written upon Baptism.* By Mr. C. CORNWELL, of Brixton Tabernacle.—On reading through this pamphlet,

there arose instantly in our mind the graphic lines of the poet penned expressly for children—

"Birds in their little nests agree,  
And 'tis a shameful sight  
When children of one family  
Fall out and chide and fight."

But it always has been so, less or more; and even amongst the feathered tribes the birds of one brood will quarrel with those of another; while the thievish sparrow will not scruple to appropriate to his own use the home of another, and fight till death for it, or till overcome by stratagem. What a true but sad illustration of the conduct of many professors of the sacred name of the lowly Jesus! Our esteemed brother Cornwell belongs to the "sect everywhere spoken against," and therefore must not expect to share any better treatment than his brethren receive, or the Great Master shared, who *Himself* instituted the "*sect*." The aggressor is, in the pamphlet, treated to as righteous a castigation as ever was administered by human hand. The author might justly have employed as his motto the language of Paul (Gal. ii. 11): "I withstood him to the face, for he was to be blamed."

The Shropshire Miner—the Poet and the Parson.—When nature and grace unite to lift a man up from the dust, they throw such genuine sparks of true originality out of him as to clearly demonstrate that the will of the Almighty is to render him useful to some of the fallen family of our unhappy father—Adam. Mr. W. Benson, of West-street, Hertford, has published a *Memoir of the late Samuel Hughes, a Shropshire Miner; with Some of his Hymns, Spiritual Songs and Hymns*. Seventy-two small octavo pages in paper covers post-free for sixpence. The profits will be given to Samuel's widow and sister. Samuel Hughes died May 10, 1878, in the 69th year of his age. Like some other poor things who have been forced out into the Lord's service, Samuel Hughes found many who said they "did not want his high doctrine any more!" "It might have done," they said, "in by-gone days, but in these days it would not do!" How cutting to our heart is such a saying! Has the Gospel altered? Has God changed His mind? Has the precious Christ of God withdrawn any part of His ministry? Has the Holy Ghost given out a new translation? Has Gabriel, or any angel from heaven, been commissioned to cut out any part of the

Book, or to add an addenda thereto? Nay, "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever!" But the Word of the Lord is not the basis of many in the ministry in this day. As we behold the bills all around us announcing the singular assemblies in order to draw the people into their different places of worship, we can but pity the parsons and the people who to such schemes are driven. God have mercy on them! Let us all send 5s. to W. Benson, of Hertford, and purchase one dozen of Samuel Hughes's Memoir and Hymns, and circulate them in our congregations.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER has completed his twenty-eighth volume of *Cheering Words* for 1878, and his publisher, Mr. Robert Banks, has added to it a sober, correct, and well-executed photographic likeness of our friend Mr. Isaac Levinsohn. The volume is thoroughly well bound in embossed cloth and gilt, which altogether presents a pretty appearance. We must confess we feel thankful for the grateful privilege of being permitted to issue so many thousands of good-tempered testimonies to the value of true godliness which *Cheering Words* for more than a quarter of a century has silently scattered hither and thither; in some cases we know they have been the means of strengthening the faith and comforting the hearts of afflicted believers. To live in Love's service is our delight, but—

"When Love departs, a chaos wide and vast,  
And dark as hell, is open'd in the soul;  
When Love returns, the gloomy scene is past,  
No tempests shake her, and no fears control."

MANY MESSENGERS, MANY MERCIES.  
—Our table is full of monthly messengers, all bringing good tidings from various quarters. *The Gospel Magazine* gives us verses for the "Old and Grey-headed," which well express the deep-sighing heart of many a weary traveller. We quote one or two verses:—

"Many a sorrow Thy mercy has sweetened,  
Many an agony helped me to bear;  
Heaven! and a sight of Thy face, now, are  
heightened  
By the same woes which have whitened my  
hair.

Jesus! dear Jesus! to Thee and Thy dying  
Owes my glad spirit its freedom from care!  
Ah! I am glad that the moments are flying—  
Nurtured so long—Thou wilt carry me  
there."

Of the "Going Home" of some godly ones, Dr. Doudney writes most blessedly. We have for many years loved our brother Thomas Edwards, of Tunbridge Wells, but his account, in *Gospel Advocate*, of his soul-travail, his deeply-exercised heart, his fervent and frequent prayers for his father's salvation, more

sacredly assured us of the true Spirit of Christ being in Thomas Edwards than we ever realised before.

Strange things in the flesh divide us,  
But in Jesus we are one!

When Thomas Edwards's father came to die, Thomas watched over his parent with intense concern; the father had never been brought out into manifestation as one of the Lord's. At the commencement of his sickness for death he said to his wife, "Mistress, I am frightened!" Well, indeed, may a dying sinner be frightened. But did the son endure all that agony of mind for his father's soul in vain? Blessed be God, no! As certain as the Lord is pleased to lay the salvation of a soul with pleading power upon the heart of a true believer, so certain is it that He will bring that salvation near. Hence Thomas says: "We thought he was dying, but he came again to himself, and, with a most heavenly smile upon his countenance, he said, 'Amazing! amazing! amazing!' Then, with a sweet smile, he said, 'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for us.' Again he said, 'I can now give up everything, with my soul, into the hands of my dear Redeemer!' He kissed all. Two or three times he said, 'The Lord bless you all!'" A sore conflict ensued, but his end was a solemn looking to the Lord.

"The City of Refuge" is a piece of history illustrative of Old Testament life, given in *The Prize*, a volume, in handsome cover, published by W. W. Gardner, 2, Paternoster-buildings. We shall (D.V.) give "The City of Refuge" in *Cheering Words*; also, a sweet narrative of a dear lad who died in Mr. Spurgeon's orphanage at Stockwell.

Where Shakespeare and his wife, Ann Hathaway, were born are given in two pictures in *Our Fireside* for December, which winds up some thrilling tales for sensitive souls; but Frances Ridley Havergal has furnished some verses which are the best of all. Here is one of them:—

"Gazing down the far for ever,  
Brighter flows the one sweet name:  
Steadfast radiance, paling never,  
Jesus! Jesus! still 'the same!'  
Evermore 'Thou shalt endure,  
Our own Saviour, strong and sure."

"All London's joy-bells rang harmoniously in the ears of the citizens" when "Mary died!" So Mrs. Orr writes in the *Day of Days*, a moral, evangelical, historical, and intellectual monthly conducted by Rev. C. BULLOCK. Mary Tudor's reign forms the blackest page in the history of Great Britain. When "Bloody Queen Mary died, the people cried out,

'God be praised, the queen is dead!'" She reigned only six years; her death occurred in 1558, three hundred and twenty years ago. She burned some two hundred persons, including Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley, Hooper, Dr. Taylor, and a multitude of women. How different from Mary has been the happy rule of our beloved Victoria! Mary died at the age of forty-two. England's present queen has had to lament the loss of a most honourable husband, but she has been surrounded by a large and loving flock of children, and esteemed by her country above many of her predecessors. Our Victoria will have reached her sixtieth year if she lives until May 24, 1879. For time to come, and for all eternity, we exclaim, "GOD SAVE OUR QUEEN!" [Thus far we had written, perfectly unconscious of the fact that at that very moment, in a far-distant clime, death was taking away our Royal Mistress's much-endear'd Alice, the Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt. In another page we have referred to this great "national sorrow," and expect to furnish our readers with some details touching this sore calamity.—ED.]

"American Indians," with illustrative scenes and sketches, exciting and educational, are found in *Chatterbox*, a thick volume issued by Mr. Gardner, 2, Paternoster-buildings. We see this *Chatterbox* with the juveniles is a fine favourite.

"Who Employs Me?" A searching Letter to all Ministers. By JOHN LINDSEY, Linslade, Leighton. Beds.—All young men, especially, should read it.

"Love in the Inward Parts."—A long sermon by ARTHUR WILCOCKSON. It is impossible to describe it. It must be read under the anointings of the Spirit, or no one can receive it.

"Stockwell Orphanage Dining Hall" is given in a clear wood engraving, with several edifying articles, in *Sword and Trowel* for December.

*Life and Light* is the title of a monthly issued by ROBERT EDWARD SEARS, pastor of the Baptist Church, Foot's Cray, Kent.—The press as an auxiliary to the pulpit is increasingly recognised. We believe in the use of all proper means to bring people under the sound of the Gospel. When our people can, before the Lord, honestly sing, and as zealously practise, that soul-animating lines—

"Then will I tell to sinners round  
What a dear Saviour I have found;"

when this holy vow is duly performed, we shall, with the Divine blessing, see our chapels better filled. A burning

love for souls, in the pews as well as in the pulpit, is the heavenly unction we all desire.

*The Everlasting Gospel.* This discourse, preached by Mr. J. S. ANDERSON at Speldhurst-road chapel, Nov. 21, has been printed. We may reprint in *EARTHEN VESSEL* some day.

Pleasing tendencies toward the good and useful are found in *Old Jonathan's* vol. for 1878. The variously-tinted frontispiece is cheerfully handsome.—Sixteen years in succession has the shilling *City Diary* been well produced and extensively used. A ruled page for every week, with everything about our enormous city, is a book no one can do very well without. Both the volumes are from the office of Messrs. Collingridge, *City Press*.

"The Lord Jesus Christ reveals to His bride the secrets of His heart because He loves her." Such is the tenor of Mr. J. Battersby's sermon, entitled, *The Secret of the Lord*. Experimental evidences and Scriptural expositions are continuous, consecutive, and conclusive in all the printed discourses of the vicar of St. Simon's, Sheffield. He adheres to TRUTH! To truth as revealed, to truth as realised. If we were asked, "In whose sermons can we read the most correct definitions of salvation by a Triune Jehovah?" we should fearlessly declare that we know of none better than those of Mr. Battersby, as published by Fisher & Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street.

"Even Mr. Gladstone, who is one of the most learned statesmen that ever lived, has recently written to the effect that 'THE BIBLE is the only safe political chart to the future!'" So saith "Antipas, F.D.," in his new version of *The Coming King* (Martin, 30, Ludgate-hill). Antipas now occupies the pulpit vacated by Mr. Thomas Stringer, Earlstreet, London-road, S.E. Who, or what, Antipas is we know not, but he gives us "The confession of faith signed by John Bunyan, and forty other elders and deacons; approved by more than 20,000 believers, and presented to King Charles the Second in 1660, on the coming and kingdom of Christ." If our people would read this confession, they must obtain this pamphlet by Antipas.

The new edition of *Thomas Guy* (R. Banks), is neat in style, testifying of the work of grace.

*Home Words*, on "The Early British Church," brings out the indisputable fact that "Saving faith always is a fruitful faith!"

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

HISTORY OF GROVE CHAPEL,  
CAMBERWELL.*(Continued from page 375, Vol. XXXIV.)*

OUR extract last month closed with an inquiry from the trustees of Camden chapel, to know if the late Mr. Flint had made any further engagements with Mr. Irons than those he had fulfilled. In replying, Mr. Irons furnished a list of the dates he was again to occupy the pulpit of Camden chapel: and in the months of April and May, 1818, he paid his second visit to Camberwell, preaching to crowded congregations. At the conclusion of this second engagement, he was informed, somewhat abruptly, that his labours there were at an end; the new trustee (the "man in office") intimating to the preacher "there was nothing but Christ in his discourses"—a remark intended as a reproach by the speaker, but received by Mr. Irons as a testimony that he had not "shunned to declare the whole counsel of God." But the multitudes who had flocked to Camden chapel on this second visit of Mr. Irons, were not content thus suddenly to be deprived of the ministrations of one who had been instrumental in feeding, cheering, and establishing them in the verities of the Gospel. The Word of God had been powerfully felt in their midst; reviving the downcast, bringing wanderers back, converting the dead, and building up those who had already believed. Mr. Irons also was strongly impressed that the Master had a work for him to do in this neighbourhood—an impression that was deepened and confirmed by the Lord's felt presence in his labours. Hopeless indeed it was to suppose for a moment the "man in office" would be induced to alter his decision; no, there was "nothing but Christ" in Mr. Irons' sermons, human merit and proud free-will being slain; and this had decided the issue: the fiat had gone forth—Joseph Irons was not to enter that pulpit again. Neither did he.

The only alternative left to the truth-loving portion of the congregation was either to lose the ministry of Mr. Irons, or to obtain another place wherein to worship. The latter course was decided on; but so fierce was the opposition by the opposers of the truth, and so powerful their influence in the locality (many of them being persons of "means"), that they were successful in getting the "hyper parson and his followers" ejected from no less than four places of worship which they had engaged, after holding a few services only in each building.

Truly has Mr. Irons remarked in reference to this matter, that "the facts connected with the rise of the cause are almost incredible." But where the Word of God has been received with such power as evidently accompanied the ministry of Mr. Irons at this period, and where the people have heard gladly "the joyful sound" through His own sent servant—persecution drives them to the throne of grace, for direction and guidance;

and in due time "a way of escape" is made, or grace given to endure the trial. The persecutors were now rejoicing, as the "hyper parson and his followers" were without a place to meet in! Some were downcast; the clouds seemed to gather blacker and blacker. Yet others sought the Master at a throne of grace, and their prayers were answered. "A large upper room," originally used as

## A CARPENTER'S SHOP,

presented itself, was taken, and after some £40 had been expended on it to make it somewhat suitable, this "upper room," which was situated in Veranda-place, Church-street, Camberwell, was opened as a temporary place of worship. It was here that the Church was formed, on the 21st of December, 1818, twelve persons constituting the same. The service consisted of a sermon by the Rev. Griffith Williams, from the words, "They first gave their own selves to the Lord, and unto us by the will of God;" the reading of the articles of faith; and the administration of the Lord's Supper. Speaking of this service, Mr. Irons said it was "a most memorable evening, in which the unction of the Holy One rested upon us in a peculiar manner, giving a blessed earnest of mercies yet to come."

Being thus favoured with a temporary place of worship, and enjoying the presence of God in it, they took courage, and turned their attention to the building of a permanent house for the Lord. Contributions flowed in most satisfactorily; a committee was formed, and means were taken for securing a suitable site, but here again the enemy appeared.

Speaking of this period, Mr. Irons says: "Our committee were now diligently looking for a piece of ground, and the opposers of God's work vigilantly watched their movements to prevent their success; at length, however, they obtained the site on which Grove chapel now stands, by being early in the morning before the spies were stirring; and signed the agreement for it before it was known, to the no small mortification of our determined persecutors."

The ground was taken; the plans approved; the estimates signed; and on March 15, 1819,

THE FOUNDATION STONE WAS LAID by Mr. Samuel Carter, who had given munificently to the work, and who cherished a lively interest in the prosperity of the Church as long as he lived. Not one of the ministers of the neighbourhood assisted at this service; some staying away from fear of their people, and others from hatred to the truths which were to be advocated in the building when reared. Mr. Irons therefore delivered the address on the occasion from the words, "And all the people shouted with a great shout when they praised the Lord, because the foundation of the house of the Lord was laid." One incident connected with the persecution manifest during the erection of

the chapel we might mention here. The lord of the manor—who at that time claimed the Grove as his private road—ordered a bar to be erected across the road, thus preventing the builder drawing any materials on to the ground, and at the same time threatening with an action of trespass. This compelled the builder to make a road across a pond from Grove lane, rather than be subject to an action at law.

The blessing that attended the Word in “the upper room,” the opening of Grove chapel, and Mr. Irons’ labours there, must be reserved for another month. R.

ISLINGTON.—We have been requested to give, from *The Islington Gazette*, the following note:—On Tuesday, December 3, services were held in Providence chapel, Upper-street (by permission of Mr. Styles and deacons), for the purpose of augmenting a Fund, to be presented to C. W. Banks. In the afternoon, a sermon was preached by Mr. E. Vinal, of Regent-street chapel, City-road, after which, tea was served by Mrs. Willey and the ladies of the chapel. In the evening, a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. W. H. Collingridge, of the *City Press*. From a circular issued by the committee, we take the following:—“For over 40 years, as a preacher of the Gospel, and as conductor of the *Earthen Vessel*, C. W. Banks has rendered valuable help to the Churches—affording them the means of making known their wants, and advertising, without charge, their notices, meetings, anniversaries, &c.; services involving extensive correspondence each month, and continuous labour for many years, but which have been ever done cheerfully and freely, as many can testify.” In consideration of these services, the Strict Baptists have thought some practical expression of their regard should be shown to C. W. Banks; hence the proposed Testimonial. The chairman said he had known C. W. Banks as an indefatigable worker for the benefit of others more than 30 years, and, after passing high eulogistic encomiums upon him, urged the committee to slacken not till they had secured a handsome sum, and he hoped soon to hear that his old friend had received such a mark of respect as a life of self-denial had justly merited. C. W. Banks’s journalistic efforts produced, about the year 1824, *The Weald of Kent Mirror*. A little later on, he printed and published the *Penny Sunday Reader*, a Church of England weekly, edited by the late Dr. Molesworth; and, on the remission of the Stamp and Paper Duty, was first in the field with a penny weekly religious paper, *The Christian Cabinet*. C. W. Banks has been justly termed the “Pioneer of the Cheap Printing Press.” The object for which the meeting was convened, was further advocated by Mr. Elsey, Mr. King, Mr. Stringer, Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Warren, Mr. Styles, Mr. Henry Myerson, and others. A vote of thanks to Mr. Styles and his friends at “Providence,” with the benediction, brought the meeting to a close.

## A VISIT TO AMERICA.

BY G. T. C. ARMSTRONG.

(Continued from page 379, Vol. XXXIV.)

At Montreal, as at Quebec, the Roman Catholic element is very strong, but it comes in contact with a more vigorous Protestantism which is slowly but surely making inroads into the domain of superstition and ignorance guarded and defended by the priests of Rome. The Protestants of Montreal were severely taken to task by the London *Times* newspaper, last July, for endeavouring to hold an Orange demonstration in that city, but the writer, if not himself a Romanist, was at any rate ignorant of the principles underlying that dispute. It seems incredible, but is nevertheless true, that it is almost impossible for a Protestant to pass along the principal streets to his place of worship, on the Lord’s-day, without being insulted and molested by the gangs of Irish and French Canadians who block the streets in order to witness the procession of the host; any one refusing to doff his hat, as it passes, being sure to have it removed for him in a way rather more rough than pleasant.

There is, however, every sign of public opinion being ripe for a change, and the passing of a bill through the Dominion Parliament, making religious processions of every kind illegal, will have a good effect.

One of the most interesting places I visited was the office of the Montreal *Witness*, belonging to Messrs. Dougall and Son. I think it is now nearly twenty years since they commenced issuing a daily paper, for the small sum of one cent (a halfpenny)—I believe the first daily paper, not only on the American continent, but in the world, issued at that price. It is now about double the size of the London *Echo*, contains general information, is neutral in politics, but strongly advocates evangelical Protestant principles. Every copy contains a collocation of Scripture texts bearing upon some important doctrine, or having reference to Christian conduct; a column or two is devoted to an exposition of the Sunday School Lesson, as appointed in the international series, while a corner is reserved for those who, unacquainted with the English tongue, can yet read for themselves Gospel truths in the French language.

A few years ago, the same gentlemen commenced a weekly paper, printed entirely in French, called *L’Aurore*, which, as may easily be imagined, evoked a storm of opposition from the Romish priesthood; the bishop denouncing the publishers from the altar, and threatening with excommunication any of the faithful found reading it.

Nothing daunted, however, Messrs. Dougall have gone on issuing the paper, week by week, until it now receives a very large support from the French-speaking population, and its influence upon their minds has so alarmed the priests as to constrain them to start a similar paper in self-defence.

One of the drawbacks to the material prosperity of Quebec, Montreal, and other towns in Lower Canada, is the large quan-

tity of land owned by the Romish Church, and which, by virtue of an old Act of Parliament, pays no taxes. Thus a considerable portion of the business part of the city is altogether exempt from taxation, and a double burden has to be borne by that part belonging to private individuals. Of course, other denominations share in the exemption, but as their possessions are mostly confined to the building in which they worship, and a parsonage, they would gladly hail an alteration of the law making them share and share alike.

I am afraid what I have written, so far, will possess but little interest for the majority of your readers, so I will proceed at once to record something more of my trip.

Leaving Montreal, I journeyed by Grand Trunk Rail to Prescott, where I changed on to the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Railroad, to Kemptville, a little village of about 1,500 inhabitants, where I sojourned for about three weeks. My late father having resided here for about eighteen years, and taken an active part in social and religious affairs, I received a hearty welcome, and was soon at home among a kind and hospitable people, many of whom had emigrated from the old country, and were delighted to hear anything concerning it.

The Baptists have a neat little structure capable of accommodating about 250 hearers, but the cause itself is very low, there having been no pastor for several years.

Pastor C. C. McLauren, their present minister, has been with them now some two years, and is a very earnest-minded young man. He graduated at the Baptist College, Woodstock, Ontario, and is certainly not deficient in courage, or he would never have undertaken the task of building up a Church amid the difficulties by which he is surrounded.

Having two Churches under his charge, for some time after his advent at Kemptville, the only service he held on the Lord's-day was in the afternoon, but when spending a few days in the village, last autumn, I recommended him to commence a Sabbath school in the afternoon, and change the hour of service to the evening.

In the beginning of the year he adopted this plan, but met with considerable opposition, many of his congregation being in the habit of listening to him in the afternoon and attending the Presbyterian or Methodist Church in the evening.

He, however, persevered, although much discouraged, for it was indeed a sifting time, but it enabled him to know those who placed any value on the principles by which we, as Baptists, are distinguished, and I believe he now sees the step he took has received the Divine approval.

To give you an idea of what is expected from a Canadian Baptist minister, I will try and put before you a succinct account of what may be considered an ordinary week's work. At eight o'clock on Sunday morning, my friend, with his wife, will start in his buggy (or if in the winter, in a sleigh), and drive for an hour or so, over a rough

road, to the sister Church at South Gower. Here he will find the school assembled, and which he superintends, his devoted wife taking charge of the Young Women's Bible Class, which is composed of a goodly number of intelligent, well-educated girls. On the younger children being dismissed, Divine service commences, the building being well filled with earnest and attentive listeners, many of whom have travelled six or eight miles in order to be present. Service over, there is the drive home, dinner is partaken of; school in the afternoon, and service again in the evening. On Monday there is a mission station, and service to be held at Oxford, four miles distant; on Tuesday, service again at Gower; Wednesday, at Kemptville; Thursday, at Burritt's Rapids, ten miles off; and, I think, alternate Fridays, another service at Spencerville, some fourteen miles away. For all this labour, there is a stipend of 600 dollars, or about £120 a year, and a house to live in.

I had the satisfaction of conveying this Canadian pastor a grant of books, kindly given by Mrs. C. Spurgeon, from her book fund, and I need not tell you they were most gratefully received. I was also the bearer of a number of Bibles and books given by friends belonging to the Church and school at Zion, New Cross; and 100 Gospels from the Bible Stand, Crystal Palace, all of which proved very acceptable to the Sunday scholars.

I was also permitted to take part in the services at these various places, and tried to tell, as best I could, what I had myself handled, and felt, and tasted, of the Word of Life, and if a hearty grip of the hand, and whispered "Thank you's," meant anything, I was more than repaid for my exertions.

We gave the Sunday scholars a picnic, rowing them in boats up the Rideau river to a place called Sanderson's Bay, where we landed and spent a pleasant afternoon in a grove of magnificent maple trees. A social party was also given at the Parsonage the night before I left, when a very pleasant gathering was held, and I said farewell to a host of friends, whom it is scarcely likely I shall see again this side of heaven.

*(To be continued.)*

ON THE TRENT, THE HUMBER, THE ANCAM, AND THE DUN.--Traveling lately on the borders of these rivers, considering the value of the Lincolnshire fens cole-seed, and surveying the rich pasture lands, I have been thrown amongst some of the hard hypens of these inland moors. Strange doings in some corners. Serious thinkers ask, Is that charity lost for ever? Is it not the duty of the Church to see that all things are done in order? [When the pastor is simply the decaous' servant, he must obey or leave. This dry rot is getting into the country cures very fast. Many ministers have neither spiritual, mental, nor moral power. They can do nothing. "A Buyer of Corn" must mind his own business.]

### THIRTY-FIVE YEARS' MINISTRY IN LONDON.

Our brother C. W. Banks has just past the thirty-fifth year of his ministrations in London; and, by his ruddy and vigorous appearance, he bids fair, under the benign hand of God, to last some considerable period yet in the great work of preaching the Gospel, and editing the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. "Cheering Words," &c. A certain sign of progress in the latter department of his life's labours is that of his being belied and betrayed by those who profess to be his friends. It is a singular thing in the history of human society that as soon as a person becomes useful in a good cause the petty jaundiced-coloured flag of jealousy is hoisted at once, and floats in the breeze of malice for an indefinite period afterward. That our brother C. W. Banks is in his right place as pastor of Speldhurst-road chapel, admits of a question which we are not prepared to answer. We think a fair trial has hardly been given by him. Were he to bind himself to preach regular for twelve months right off without more than a few days' absence, the real value of his labours would be more definitely known. But whether it amounts to a crime or not, our brother C. W. B., as James Mote, Esq., stated at the meeting of the 21st ult., that he (Mr. Banks) "is most at home on the line." Mr. Banks has felt himself free to exercise his gifts, going everywhere preaching the Gospel, and perhaps he does really more good in that way than by staying with this one section of God's great Church. C. W. Banks, as a preacher, has been exceedingly popular in the London Churches for many years, as Unicorn-yard and other places bear witness; but the age in which we live is vastly unfavourable to preachers, as a rule, who are going the down-hill of life, and there is a depraved taste for popular pulpit eloquence at the sacrifice of truth. Our brother Charles Waters Banks is firm in the truth, because the truth is firmly rooted and grounded in him; we are persuaded it will remain so till death.

"When the harvest home he'll keep,  
The summer of life he'll share,  
When they that sow and they that reap  
Rejoice together there."

Thursday, November 21, was a day set apart for the celebration of Mr. Banks' anniversary of his ministry in London. The long round of thirty-five years has passed away, and carried with it untold numbers of sound divines, and yet Mr. Banks is still spared to preach in our midst, and we hope he will be spared to see the death and funeral of the monster prejudice, and that his days will be peaceful. The services of the day began with prayer, in which several realised god to their souls. Brethren Inward, Gordelier, Edwards, Myerson, Beddow, Branch, and others took part in the service. At the afternoon service R. G. Edwards read Psalm cxxi., and dilated on the dealings of God with His people, making special reference to the circumstance which had brought the friends together. Mr. Austin, of Hackney, prayed, and Mr. Myerson made a

stirring speech, and then our beloved brother, Mr. J. S. Anderson, ascended the platform and preached a sound and savoury sermon on the words, "the everlasting Gospel."

In his introduction Mr. Anderson made kind allusion to the ministerial labours of Mr. Banks, and went on to describe the real nature of the Gospel. Friends then took tea.

The evening began by Walter James very earnestly asking for a blessing to rest upon the meeting; we are sure his prayer was answered. Mr. Wild, of Hayes, presided. He read Psalm lxxxiv., introduced the subject of the evening in a few suitable words, and Mr. Banks then narrated, in a very pathetic style, the Lord's dealings with him during the past thirty-five years. James Mote, Esq., made some excellent remarks on his long acquaintance of Mr. Banks, stating that he was the oldest friend of Mr. Banks in the assembly then present, and that of the thirty-five years of Mr. Banks' ministry he had known him personally for thirty years. Mr. Mote gave some pleasing words on the labours of Mr. Banks in connection with the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, and how that periodical was likely to exist years after its editor was numbered with the dust.

The chairman confirmed the statements of Mr. Mote, and added that he thought it would be conducive of good if many more sound Gospel sermons were taken down and published for the benefit of posterity. Mr. Steed followed with stirring remarks on the song of Moses and the reigning power of God. Mr. Steed was quite himself and perfectly at home in his work. Mr. Wheeler, a kind and genial Christian brother, spoke with freedom on "precious faith;" Mr. Bardens followed on "the Lord's doings," making special mention of Mr. Banks and the great work of Jesus through whose strength we can do all things. Mr. Cornwall gave an epitome of the first fifteen chapters of the first book of Samuel, showing the intrigue of Saul and the helpstone Samuel raised up after the conquest of the Philistines, which stone he called Ebenezer, the circumstance of which was applicable to the leadings of Providence regarding Mr. Banks. Mr. Winters spoke on St. Paul's advice to Timothy as a young student of divinity and preacher of the Gospel. Mr. Wild having cause to vacate the chair, Mr. Banks occupied it the remainder of the meeting, and spoke of the many men who had stated the tempting offers they had had to leave our denomination, and which offers some had accepted; but he was thankful to say he had been kept from departing from the truth. Several other brethren took part in the service, which terminated in a very agreeable and profitable manner. To the Lord be all the praise. W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

### THE LATE MR. JOS. WILKINS.

It is about twenty-five years since we first met with the above excellent servant of Christ. It was in his own cottage, in North Bradley, near Trowbridge. We perceived he was anxious and qualified to be useful in



the Lord's service. The Lord helped us instrumentally to lift him out of obscurity by sending him to different Churches then requiring pastors. The mischievous supply system was not then so almost universal as now. We then found many young men pastorates to begin with, from whence they proceeded to larger fields.

For over twenty years, Mr. Jos. Wilkins had been the beloved minister of the Church now meeting in Queen-square, Brighton; and his public funeral in the Brighton cemetery, on Friday, Nov. 29, 1878, shewed forth evidently the love which his own people, and all Christian charitable people in that town, bore toward our deceased brother. After twenty-five years of intense labour, at the age of 55, he has passed away, leaving a widow, the wife of his youth; a family, a Church, and a large circle of honourable friends, to bow with sorrowful submission to the will of our merciful Lord.

#### THE PRECIOUS PRIVILEGE OF PRAYER.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and others worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS, — I am happy to be able to give you a good report; my improvement continues to go on very steadily, and so far without drawback; the patient continued use of the same means gives every promise of complete cure. There is every reason to believe your prayers will be found to have been effectual as well as fervent. What an inestimable privilege prayer is! "From the ends of the earth" or of the sea the poor outcast calls upon God. He hears and sees when and where none other can; the mourner and afflicted one utters his sigh, which none see or hear; yet it penetrates into the high court of Divine Majesty, brings help and solace; the oppressed and despairing one feels within his groans that cannot be uttered, and thinks what he cannot speak. The Lord hears, and writes a book of remembrance for such, and while they are tempted to say, "No man cares for my soul," the Man of sorrows and the "Brother born for adversity" takes account of all, and knows in Himself what He will do, so that that poor desponding one may by-and-bye realise the value of His ability to sympathise, being made like unto His brethren, and of His ability to save as He who upholdeth all things by the word of His power, the true man and the mighty God. These need no license from man to pray to God, nor any instructions of men, or any book, or mode of man's arrangement for preparation to do so. The Lord prepares their heart, He inclines His ear to hear, He teaches us the need of His teaching, tells us to pray, "Lord, teach us to pray as John taught his disciples." He who taught them in answer to prayer also now teaches us, so that through Him, and by one Spirit, we all have access unto the Father, and find therein a freedom of approach, and a liberty with which none but the Son can make us free, by whom

also that same liberty becomes a confident assurance that warrants us in claiming kinship through Him, and saying, "Abba, Father," feeling we may ask Him what we will, and it shall be given us. It is indeed good for us at all times, and in all things, to draw nigh to God to tell Him our complaints, our weaknesses, our desires, and supposed needs, then to leave them in His hands for disposal, and we are sure to be satisfied with what He sends us in return, when by faith we see His relation to us, and rightly acknowledge His unerring wisdom and inexhaustible goodness. When God says, "Ask what thou wilt, and to the half of My kingdom it shall be given thee," the soul says, "I know not what to ask; but Thou knowest what to give; so I put it to Thy wisdom to give what Thou wilt." He answers, "I will give thee half of My kingdom, for thou shalt sit with Me on My throne, and where I am thou shalt be, for thou shalt be with Me, and like Me hereafter; whilst so long as thou art here, all thy needs shall be supplied out of My riches in glory." Blessed portion! All needs supplied here, and eternal glory reserved in safe keeping for us hereafter. May such be your portion and mine; may our happiness here be founded on an assured expectation of its full realisation when our Lord shall appear without sin unto salvation.

I remain, my dear friends,

Yours very truly,

WM. CROWTHER.

Field house, Gomersal, Leeds,  
Nov. 29, 1878.

#### A NOTE FROM BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Dead or alive? It is now a long silence between you; but let us hope all is well. "Jesus answered her not a word." True, but still there was a word in reserve for her. When Christ's mouth does not speak a word to us, He yet bears us on His heart, as did the high priest the children of Israel. It is a mercy if we have an ear to hear, even when Christ has not a word to say to us: for then the desires of the heart go up to Him like fumes rising from the lees, and we are prompted to say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." This long silence of yours has caused me to wonder whether you have grown weary of me, and have set me at nought as an object no longer worthy of your regard. I know it is not uncommon for friends to get tired of one another, and for friendship, after length of time, to die out. This reminds me of some of my pathway up the hill. How many times have I had to say, "Be not silent to me: lest if Thou be silent to me, I become like them that go down into the pit." Does not God's silence cause us to speak? If He conceals Himself, does it not cause us to search for Him, saying to our friends, "Saw ye Him whom my soul loveth?" The real saint can no more live without Christ's words and looks, than we can live without the emission of the sun's rays. I have for a long time looked for a word from you, which reminds me of the clouds withholding rains

and dews from the earth; and how much the more are those rains and dews desired because of their long delay! The earth chaps and opens, and you may see all nature around you longing for that which alone can satisfy, while this very longing and panting seems to say that there is a promise, which, like the blossom in the bud, is ready to break forth; for "He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." If mortal spirits should tire, and faint, and grow weary of one another, can Jesus, who sticketh closer than a brother, grow weary of His saints? Oh, no! they are in His book, in His heart, in His hands, and have eternal life promised to them, and so can never be disinherited, or put out of favour and friendship. Our dark clouds of sins, doubts, and fears, make us sometimes dull and pensive, and we are ready to think from our bad feelings that what religion we have, will end in moonshine, and we seem to have but little hope or courage to look up unto God; yet, though we thus faint, we cannot give up, but are constrained to say with Jonah, "Yet I will look again toward Thy holy temple." We sometimes look for the little cloud at God's throne, and there is nothing; we look for it under the word, but there is nothing; we look for it in the Bible, but there is nothing; we look for it among the saints, but there is nothing. We seem loath to obey the command, for want of faith and courage—that is, "Go again seven times."

To conclude, I hope, my dear brother, you are on Pisgah's top, viewing the Promised Land, and feeling yourself ready to depart with a song,—

"Then shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest;  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast."

Do not mistake as to who is the creditor, and who is the debtor, for you owe me one.

Affectionately yours in Jesus,  
Pulham-St.-Mary. B. TAYLOR.

#### PRAYER UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

God of my hope! my heaven! my joy!  
My life! my Refuge in distress!  
Let neither foe nor friend decoy  
My feet, whilst in this wilderness;  
From Thee—the only living way—  
Let me not for one moment stray.

The road is rugged; Lord, 'tis steep;  
Fierce storms are raging round,  
O'er many sins I think and weep,  
Yet mercy I have found.

The sword (Thy rod) still follows me,  
From grievous ills I cannot flee.

I look to faithless friends, and they  
No help or comfort give;  
To grief and care I am a prey,  
And die e'en whilst I live.  
Lord, help me! I am needy, poor,  
A beggar at Thy mercy's door.

Margate, Dec. 1878. G. H. M. READ.  
(To help this distressed, yet gifted, brother we have promised (D.V.) to give a lecture in Margate in January. See the notice. We ask the many friends around to join us in one good effort to set him in some honourable way of getting the bread that perisheth.—Ed.)

\* "I die daily."—Paul.

#### A WARNING AND A WITNESS.

A few years since under our own roof did dwell a fine young man, of strong faith, of holy zeal, of excellent native talent, of character untarnished, and of some acceptance in the ministry; but he was very young. Many a Lord's-day morning have we seen him, after a heavy week of office work, starting off through wet, wind, cold, and freezing air, to some distant village to preach the Gospel to a few poor people, returning home at night almost exhausted. He was travelling through the first part of that well-known text, "He that goeth forth and weepeth bearing precious seed;" the other part he has not yet realised. He became discouraged. Our Churches, our people have not the genius of helping an Apollo, nor of bearing with a young Timothy. The seers and sages often cast their contemptuous sneers on us because we have always had a heart to help a good young man, and although we have seen many a one driven or drawn from us by the wicked slanders of jealous spirits, we remain the same, knowing the old ones must die, and the young ones cannot jump into ripeness all at once.

The young man, to whom we have referred, was tempted to turn away and to seek a home and a field of useful labour in another and in a more "respectable" section of the visible Church. Almost immediately he fell into a furnace of deep affliction. Now, after years of mental grief and of physical suffering, he has been restored, and in a note just received he says:—

"I feel, dear brother C. W. Banks, that although I am much pressed to throw in my lot among other Churches I must determine to be proof against any profession of friendship to lead me where the whole truth is not preached. I feel it my duty to make my home where the whole truth is proclaimed." This witness comes with sacred comfort to us, and we do, with pure intensity, pray that our Lord may yet so build up this young brother, and so richly anoint him, that he may be a blessing to our Churches when we have left this much oppressed land for ever.

The following witness from his own pen, just received, we give with a persuasion it will be a blessing to some:—

"Times of sickness, times of health,  
Times of penury and wealth;  
All must come, and last, and end,  
As shall please my heavenly Friend."

Through grace Divine I shall anchor at last! Such was my exclamation as I quietly sat down one Sabbath morning not long since. For some months I had been walking under a cloud, and was almost ready to conclude, as one of old, "My God hath forgotten me." Now, in a spirit of true thankfulness to the Lord, I desire to record this experience of light out of darkness. As I thus mused, my soul leaped for joy as I remembered all the former lovingkindness of our ever-faithful God. I was deeply humbled at my mistrust and proneness to think hardly of Him whose ways all demonstrate Him to be

"Too wise to err,  
Too good to be unkind."

Al! my dear brother, when one has been sorely cast upon the deep and troubled waves of soul-trouble, how does the application of some sweet promise cheer the spirit and prove a door of hope in "Achor's gloomy vale." These trials of spiritual experience are the furnace by which our heavenly Father is pleased to refine us from our dross, and bring us nearer Christ.

How often these exercises prove a preparation for some trying ordeal which, in our human judgment and ignorance, we cannot foresee. Following the keenly-trying experience referred to, came bodily weakness and severe affliction; "then my soul refused to be comforted" by any earthly source, or any human sympathy. 'Tis sweet to grasp the hand of a true Christian in time of sorrow; it is like a thrill of electricity passing through one's spirit to be assured of true, prayerful anxiety for a fellow-believer. But this, sweet as it is, can never take the place of Him before whose presence all things in heaven and earth reverently bow acknowledging His mighty power. The voice of the soul then, in this condition, becomes one of deep importunity. O God, do let me realise that I am washed in Jesus' precious blood, unworthy though I am. To this comes the peaceful, quiet, soothing assurance, "Have loved thee with an everlasting love."

When our life, humanly speaking, hangs upon a very slender thread, these matters become very real. Standing as a frail mortal on the verge of death, there is a profound silence produced, and the spirit of man that in the Christian truly goeth upward, makes diligent search to find Christ and tell him all its distress. There is a sweet small voice, and none know its secret power but they who hear it. I cried unto the Lord in my sorrow, weak and long-wishing as I had become, and immediately I looked I was lightened; for with great power these words came to my comfort, "The Lord hath chastened me sore, but He hath not given me over unto death." The fulfilment of this promise, with the gradual return of bodily health, enabled me very sweetly to rest upon the faithfulness of our covenant-keeping God, and to exclaim, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." Thus, thanks be to God, my mournful complaint was exchanged for a song of praise.

Well, my dear brother, we are passing through this vale of tears to our Father's home. You and many others of God's eminent servants are at the very portals of the mansion. The Lord give you the richest consolations of His grace, then, indeed, you shall prove it true, "even down to old age I am with you." And, Oh! may those who are even yet ignorant of many difficulties they must meet in the Divine life, be encouraged by the blessed fact that the God who has helped you and thousands more, will guide them all their journey through. Of this I am confident—the more we see of ourselves, the more humbled shall we be, and led by faith to look off from the creature to the Creator.

What an infinite mercy we are resting on Christ for salvation! There are a thousand specious quicksands patronised and called of men "religion;" but the overflowing scourge must crush them all away, and save such as are His own, even as by fire, that are resting on anything short of the true foundation. What a grand hope it is that one day Romanism, Arianism, Socinianism, Unitarianism, Mahomedanism, and every other otherism of men's making, shall be swept away, and Christ shall come, whose right it is to reign and subdue all things under Him. Then, my brother, may it be our happy lot to cry out with all fervency, "Lo, this is our God we have waited for; this is our God, He will come and save us!" Till then may God help us to glory only in the cross of Christ, and to be found watching and waiting for His appearing.

A LOVER OF THE TRUTH AS  
IT IS IN JESUS.

CROYDON.

A BLESSED PASTOR—A HAPPY AND  
GRATEFUL FLOCK.

While we have for many years travelled in the midst of poor Churches and afflicted ministers, here is a report of one more honoured, favoured, and beloved by his people, during a longer and more successful pastorate, than falls to the lot of hundreds—even of faithful ministers of Christ. Mr. Covell, the minister of West-street Providence chapel, has steadily presided over one prosperous Church all his ministerial life. We give the following, with grateful pleasure (as sent to us), without abridgment:—

TESTIMONIAL TO MR. P. COVELL.

A very interesting presentation was made on Friday evening to Mr. Francis Covell, pastor of Providence chapel, West-street, Croydon. Sunday, Dec. 8, 1878, being Mr. Covell's 71st birthday, it was thought an appropriate occasion on which to present him with a token of the respect and affection in which he is held by the Church and congregation. As it was desired to take the gentleman by surprise, the proceedings were carried out in the most quiet manner, and the greatest success was happily achieved. Mr. Covell had not the slightest idea that any surprise of the kind was in store for him, but on the evening of Friday, Mr. Batchelar, Mr. Carr, Mr. Hinton, and Mr. Landon waited upon him in the name of the Church and congregation and presented him with a purse containing 130 guineas, a portrait of himself in oils, executed by Mr. Marshall, artist, of George-street, and a handsome clock, valued at 50 guineas. A very handsomely illuminated address on vellum, framed, was read, and handed to Mr. Covell. It was as follows:—

*To Francis Covell, Minister of Providence chapel, West-street, Croydon.*

DEARLY-BELOVED PASTOR,—We, the Church and congregation assembling under your pastoral care, desire to offer our affectionate congratulations, and to record our

thankfulness to the Father of all mercies, that your valuable life has been spared to complete the days ordinarily allotted to man, and, while we have no desire to offer flattering praise, we feel that no words or gifts can express the love of our hearts towards you, and it is in this spirit we feel peculiar pleasure in asking your acceptance of a purse of gold, together with portrait, timepiece, &c., as a token of our love and high esteem for you, both as a man, as well as a faithful servant of the Lord Jesus Christ, earnestly praying that you may yet be spared many years to proclaim the same glorious truths, to the comfort and ingathering of God's people; and when your days here on earth are completed, we feel fully persuaded your summons will be "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord."

Signed on behalf the Church and congregation,

THOMAS WONHAM,	} Deacons.
JOHN BAYLY RIDLEY,	
HENRY CARR,	} Committee.
J. T. HINTON,	
T. BATCHELAR,	
RICHARD LONDON,	

Croydon, December 8.

Mr. Covell who evinced great emotion, gave a suitable expression of his thanks, and the deputation withdrew. On Sunday morning the subscribers received a copy of the following, written by a member of the congregation:—

"As children, link'd in love and union sweet,  
A tender father's natal morning greet,  
And little offerings bring, with eager hands,  
Whose worth a parent only understands;  
So would we keep in memory the day  
That marks thy seventieth year now passed  
away.

And join in some attempt, tho' short it fall,  
To express the love that animates us all.

Three-score and ten years gone! O mournful  
sound  
To those whose wishes earth's low pleasures  
bound!

But unto thee,—whose soul hath waited long  
With ardent hope, and expectation strong,  
That face unveiled in glory's light, to see,  
That once was marr'd, and put to shame for  
thee;—

The thought ne'er brings a transient pang of  
grief,  
That Life's gay spring hath fled, and summer  
brief.

Nor on the future rests one cloud of gloom,  
As faith, exulting, triumphs o'er the tomb.

Yet must the thought to us be full of pain  
That soon we might not hear thy voice again;  
And just as once the Ephesian Church wept sore  
To think they should behold Paul's face no  
more;

So would we crave, if such thy Master's will,  
To have thy teachings, prayers, and converse  
still;

And since as yet we see but little sign  
That life's full vigour ceases to be thine;  
Since Time his hand hath lightly on thee laid,  
Thy locks unchang'd, elastic still thy tread,  
Our warm desires must this expression take,  
'Lord! spare Thy servant for Thy Church's  
sake!'"

## THE LAST DAYS OF MR. RICHARD SNAITH,

*Pastor of the Baptist Church at Carlton  
Rode, Norfolk.*

"God moves in a mysterious way."

So thinks the broken-hearted family and little flock at Carlton Rode, since it has pleased the Lord to remove from them their beloved pastor, Mr. R. Snaith. After having preached most impressively twice on Sunday, October 27, he seemed perfectly well, and so he continued till the Wednesday following, when he was suddenly taken ill while out visiting one of his flock. Reaching home, he became worse, and continued so till the following Sunday, when it was evident he was shortly to depart to be with Christ; and truly it was so, for he died scarcely a week from the time of his attack on Wednesday morning, Nov. 6. We thought, when we realised the solemn fact, of his late most impressive sermons, and his many sayings upon death, which were but as the knell of approaching dissolution. He is gone! What a joyful passage it was! He seemed to think he should not recover from the first. The Lord was precious to him. The many precious words that dropped from the lips of this dying saint will be remembered by those who were privileged to hear them. May they find a sure lodging in the heart, to the bringing forth of precious fruit.

He requested to be alone at one time, and passed the interval in fervent prayer for the Church from which he was being removed by the stroke of death, adding at the close (one overhearing him) those sublime words of Simeon: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." One said to him, "You are safe in the arms of Jesus." "Yes, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus' by faith," said he. He repeated many hymns and parts of hymns, among the rest:—

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
I love to think of Thee."

And—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee."

And this hymn commencing—

"Now I have found the ground wherein  
My soul's sure anchor may remain."

With these, and many other words of precious comfort and counsel for those about his bed, he fell asleep in Jesus.

He was buried the following Monday afternoon in the graveyard belonging to the chapel where he had so recently laboured. Mr. Tooke (of Mendelsham) and Mr. Muskett (of Norwich) officiated at the funeral, according to his dying request. A large company assembled to pay their last tribute of love and respect for the departed. Mr. Tooke spoke solemn, affectionate, and comforting words to those around, and after prayer was offered by Mr. Muskett, all was over.

Sunday, Nov. 17, the funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Tooke. After making a few remarks on the character of Mr. Snaith as one of the Lord's valiant servants in the Gospel, he delivered a powerful discourse. He

exalted a precious Christ, and alluded to that grace which had been so richly manifested in the character and ministry of the deceased. For the last three or four years, Mr. Snaith laboured at Carlton Rode. During that time, his labours have been abundantly blessed to the gathering in of the outcasts, to the establishment of others in the great and precious truths of the everlasting Gospel. He has declared boldly and fearlessly the doctrines of sovereign grace. He was faithful in example and precept. He was not only loved by the Church and congregation, but respected by all around.

Mr. Snaith has left a sorrowing widow, daughter, and niece to mourn their great loss. The Lord, who is a Father to the fatherless, and a Husband to the widow, will never forsake them. May the Lord comfort the bereaved family, and help them. May He send us a man after his own heart, is the prayer of one who had every reason to love him as his son in the Gospel. The deceased was 57 the Sunday preceding his death.

**RUSHDEN. — SUCCOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL.** "What hath God wrought?" Bless His dear name, much! very much He hath wrought for us, that we cannot refrain from praising Him. Since Mr. Drawbridge was removed from us by the hand of God, we have passed through scenes and changes better known than described; but about twelve months ago the deacons invited Mr. G. Pung to preach to the people here. He came, the Lord blessed the Word, an anxious desire was manifested that he should come again; he did so, the people heard him gladly. The congregation increased; the power of the Lord was manifested in convincing poor sinners, quickening them and causing them to cry to Him as His new-born children always do. Some in the congregation, who had long been seeking Him, were favoured to find Him; some, whose spirits had been for a long time in bondage, were, by the Spirit's power, delivered, and brought into the sweet liberty of the Gospel of the ever-living Jehovah. After seeking anxiously to know the mind and will of God, the Church decided to invite Mr. Pung to take the pastorate. This matter he laid before the Lord; at length, seeing the blessing of the Lord attending his ministry among us, feeling the cementing power of the love of God, and convinced the power of the Spirit was resting upon the souls of the people, he consented. The hearts of the people have been exercised at times; but, blessed be the name of our God, He hath said, "I will work, and who shall let it?" No opposition has been able to prevent His blessed Majesty from accomplishing His work in our midst. The power of the eternal Spirit has been seen in gathering His children to the Lord Jesus, our Shiloh. Lord's-day, Nov. 17th, was a day of special rejoicing at Succoth. Sermons full of Gospel truth were blessed to saints and sinners. At night, the large chapel was literally crammed. The ordinance of believers' baptism was observed. The pastor preached from Gal. iii. 26, 27,

forcibly explaining the nature and meaning of the ordinance in its bearing upon the Church and her once crucified, now risen, ever-living, and ever-loving Lord and Head. He then led six candidates (two females and four males) down into the water, and baptized them in the name of the ever-blessed Trinity. Each of the candidates (one of whom was Mr. Pung's eldest daughter) had previously borne testimony to the power of the Holy Spirit resting upon the Word preached by the pastor and blessing it to their souls. That the God of our salvation may be with us, still further gladdening our hearts by constraining many in our midst who are lovers of His dear name, to do likewise, and thus obey Him who has said, "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," is the prayer of one who loves to be here, even ZERAH NEWELL, of Irthlingborough, Norths.

#### BLACK BIRMINGHAM.

Seeing in VESSEL for December, account of a note from one F. Fraine, I would remind him and all who love the truth, that there are two causes of truth where a free-grace Gospel is preached — Charlotte-street and Frederick-street, Birmingham. There are also, to my knowledge, no less than ten causes of truth near Birmingham, all easily accessible by railway. One would imagine F. Fraine to be something like the prophet Elijah, who told the Lord that they had slain all the prophets, and said, "I, even I only, am left, and they seek my life." I am persuaded the Lord has a *remnant according to grace* even in the so-called Black Birmingham. It has always been seen that the Lord's people are a poor and despised people, ridiculed and set at naught by the world. Nevertheless, when the elect Church shall have been gathered in from East and West, North and South, it will be a number which no man can number — a complete Church. Blessed be God, we do thank Him that all His chosen ones are sealed in their foreheads, and no matter how Satan may try to hinder, they will all prove conquerors through Him who loved them and gave His life for them, that He might redeem them, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.

Kidderminster.

D. S.

**CHELMSFORD. — NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL ROOMS.** In connection with Baptist chapel, have been erected at a cost of little over £300. By the charitable and generous exertions of the superintendents, Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Cowell, and their numerous friends, the whole debt (with the exception of less than £20) has been cleared off. A circular, fully detailing the whole history of the movement, with balance sheet, and a final appeal to "the friends of Bible tuition," has been issued. We should be exceedingly thankful to hear that our readers, by their many donations sent in to Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Cowell, Chelmer Villa, Chelmsford, Essex, had entirely removed the remnant of debt yet due to the builder.

**TRING.**—On Sunday, Nov. 15, we expected Mr. E. Forman, of March, in our pulpit at Akeman-street. Indisposition kept him at home. Our kind, genial, and truthful brother, Mr. I. C. Johnson, of Gravesend, blessedly filled up the vacancy. He preached unto us the Gospel of God with freedom, and from the prayers of the brethren in the afternoon it was evident they had been favoured to rejoice in the hope of eternal glory. We should be thankful unto the Giver of all mercies for raising up godly men like our brother Isaac Charles Johnson—men of position in the world, men of thoughtful and well-disciplined minds—to stand up before the Churches (when their pastors are afflicted), lovingly and intelligently to defend the truth, and experimentally to open up the great mysteries of the Word. Some hope Mr. Johnson will come to Akeman-street again.—A VISITOR.

**NORWICH.**—“Orford-hill” correspondent says: “At Orford-hill Mr. W. E. Palmer is much liked. Of all the supplies I have heard for some years, I must say he is led more experimentally and blessedly into the deep things of God. Any Church without a pastor would do well to hear him.”

### Notes of the Month.

**MINISTERS, WHY IS ALL THIS?**—“Let brotherly love continue,” said the careless parson: “Let brotherly love come,” said a mother in Israel who knew well that where sin, unholiness, and vague talk, instead of preaching “the truth as it is in Jesus” did exist, no brotherly love could be realised. Oh! what truth-murdering mischief has the wickedness of some pulpit-men produced! No marvel the causes are poor in every sense, when holy love, Gospel truth, a consistent walk, honest dealing, and pure motives are absent. Our ministers, who travel hither and thither—as supplies or seeking pastorates—should consider God’s eye is on them, and many anxious souls watch them narrowly. What melancholy reports we are often compelled to receive! The Lord be merciful unto us all! Amen.

“LEFT IN ALL HIS GLOOMY GRANDEUR ALONE.”—So writeth the people’s journal, the *Daily Chronicle*, of the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose wife, Mrs. Tait, has suddenly been called from him by the hand of death. Some years ago he lost several children in rapid succession. Recently his only son, who was a young clergyman, of whose devotion both the father and mother were justly glad; but, the saddest of all, in his declining years, is the loss of the Archbishop’s loving help-meet. No position, no physical, no moral force can stay the course of “the last enemy;” although one day even death itself shall give up its dire, and oft-times dreadful, reign.

**NEW PASTORS.**—Mr. Geo. Holland has removed to Borough Green. His address is—Stone House, Platt, Borough Green, Kent. At Haynes, E. Fox commences his pastorate January 5. Mr. George Stevens, that venerable man of Bradford-on-Avon, is called to be pastor at Providence Room, 8, Pritchard-street, St. Paul’s, Bristol.

**THE ADVANTAGES OF THE GOSPEL.**—At Cardiff, on December 8, on re-opening a church, the rector of Merthyr complained that “trade depression was due to ineffective preaching on the part of ministers of the Gospel, and he

severely criticised the clergy of the present day, who played with parishioners’ wives and daughters at tennis and croquet. Some of them acted as squires to dames, as the *Saturday Review* had said the pure administration of the Gospel was not tolerated in the present day. If the Gospel was preached in its purity, and the clergy confined themselves to their proper sphere of labour, commercial honesty and integrity in this country would be more advanced than was the case at present.” Here is the root of all England’s coming misery! Neither in the churches nor in the chapels, as a rule, is Christ’s Gospel fully and fairly preached. The parsons do not know the truth, and the people will have shows, entertainments, and puerile pretensions at preaching. See, on every hand, the dark cloud gathers!

**TIME OF TRIAL.**—Afflictions have been very prevalent. Mr. John Vaughan, Mr. C. Cornwall, and other ministers have been ill. On Sunday, December 8, the following letter was read to the congregation at the Metropolitan tabernacle from the pulpit:—“Nightingale-lane, Balham, Surrey.—Beloved friends,—I have from day to day been looking for the high pleasure of worshipping with you to-day. Alas! it must not be. I cannot stand for even five minutes. During the night I have been fiercely attacked by rheumatism in the back and loins, and I now feel quite prostrate. How I long to speak again in the name of the Lord! Accept my hearty love. May God bless the two brethren who so kindly fill my place. Pray for me, and let nothing flag.—Your devoted minister, C. H. SPURGEON.”

**WANDSWORTH.**—Our brother in Christ, J. T. Messer (while we write) is down in sickness. We have visited him. He was cheerful, full of love, and of hope in Jesus. We cannot think his end is yet; but the following note is not very assuring of a recovery yet. He says:—“MY BELOVED BROTHER,—I write in bed. Yesterday and last night were seasons of great anxiety and suffering. I thought of you and yours all day, and prayed you might have a glorious day. Oh, how much harder it is to be ‘out of harness,’ than in it. Still they also serve who only stand and wait. My symptoms do not improve. The Lord seems to be pulling the pins out of the ‘aid clay biggin’ slowly and kindly; blessed be His holy name for ever! I have been a very unprofitable servant. I creep through the dust to the foot of the cross.

‘This all my hope and all my plea,  
Jesus hath liv’d and died for me.’

May it be our felicity to serve Him in His holy temple for ever. I hope Mrs. B. is better. My Christian love to her, and all the brethren and sisters worshipping at Speldhurst-road. Excuse more, as writing, lying on my back, soon tires me. With a heart full of love, I am, dear brother, yours in Him who is mighty to save, T. J. MESSER, 1A, Sabine-road, Dec. 10, 1878.”

“DISQUALIFIED MINISTERS.”—“The people will have it!” So the Bishop of Manchester told the Sheffield congress. He said a public actor declared to him, the people will have light and even licentious amusements. Is not this the spirit of the age? We see, we know that millions of copies, yea, waggoo loads, are taken daily from our large offices of what is modestly termed “light literature.” It is *light* enough. Is it confined to theatres, to halls, and to loose publications? No! It is in chapels, in pulpits, on platforms—it is everywhere. Stern, serious Gospel preaching is not acceptable now, only where the Lord’s deeply-sanctified families are gathered. “Oil” and an unctuous power—these are scarce; hence, wit, words, wonderful tales fill up the vacuum.

**DIED.**—At Plymouth, October 26, 1878, Mr. John Bardens, aged 77, the beloved father of Mr. B. C. Bardens, the minister of Hayes Tabernacle.

## THE DAWN OF LIFE'S DAY.

<p>O WELCOME the advent of death !          More truly the dawn of life's day,          When we yield up this troublesome              breath,          For pleasures that never decay.</p> <p>Our gracious Forerunner, our Head,          By the grave once ascended to God,          Then why should we tremble to tread          The path that the Saviour has trod ?</p> <p>Mysterious, unspeakable change ;          Mortality left in the tomb ;          The plains of the blessed to range,          Where flowers immortally bloom.</p> <p>Our brothers, our friends, gone before,          Who have taken your place in the sky,          We shall see you and know you once          And with you our God glorify. [more,</p>	<p>There happiness never shall cease,          It will be as eternity long,          And boundless our measure of peace,          With Jesus sole theme of each song.</p> <p>But thro' no deserts of our own,          Dare we hope the good country to win ;          By Jesus, and by Him alone,          Are we cleansed and absolved from our              sin.</p> <p>Yet yonder the chorus to swell [to face ;          When the saints we shall meet face          Each one will his history tell,          To heighten the triumphs of grace.</p> <p>After trials, they rest have attained,          Now that life's weary labour is done ;          The haven so toiled for is gained,          The battle, long doubtful, is won.</p>
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In faith and in hope for awhile,  
 We will wait till the order is given ;  
 When calm in the light of God's smile,  
 We ascend to our sweet rest in heaven.

Welling, Kent.

WILLIAM BRAZIER.

## The Late Mr. Thomas James Messer.

“ Before the power of love Divine  
 Creation fades away,  
 Till only GOD is SEEN to SHINE  
 In all that I survey.

Ah, love ! my heart is in the right,  
 Amidst a thousand woes ;  
 To thee its ever new delight,  
 And all its peace it owes.”

**M**R. SHENTON (the honoured and devoted son-in-law of our now departed Christian brother, T. J. Messer) told me that, in his last moments, he wished his warmest thanks to be given to all his friends in all parts. He died in perfect peace, and knew not that he had one enemy in all the world. As his soul was departing, he sighed out, “ My Lord ! my Lord ! ” and he was gone.

It is nearly thirty years since he first wrote to me, while he was in Hull. I was the means of bringing him to London, and of getting him settled as pastor over the Strict Baptist Church in Mason's-court, Shoreditch, where he was God's servant to make known salvation to some who very highly esteemed him. But his chief work was in advocating the cause of total abstinence from all intoxicating drinks; and as an eloquent orator on the temperance platform, very few excelled him. One of the reviewers once wrote of him the following truthful words:—

“His name is fondly cherished in very many homes. His temperance teaching—EVER SOUNDING FROM THE CROSS—proclaimed aloud that true teetotalism was the only remedy, the cure and prevention of national drunkenness. At the same time, this was accompanied with THE GREATER TRUTH, the vital thought—THE CROSS CAN ONLY MEET AND SETTLE the great perplexity of sin.”

My conviction is that Thomas James Messer was a faithful Gospel minister, a sound-hearted Baptist preacher, a thorough Calvinist in theology, a New Testament veteran in Church order, discipline, and practice; and his immense popularity as a temperance pleader opened the doors of multitudes of pulpits in Scotland and in England, where he preached the glorious Gospel of Christ more distinctly and definitely than the people had ever heard from other men.

When he came to settle down in London, he decidedly chose to unite himself with me and the Church in Speldhurst-road, in preference to any other minister or Church in London. This surprised me. But when before our friends he related his experience as a Christian, as a believer in the eternal Son of God for salvation, we were all delighted and edified. His presence, his prayers, his speaking and preaching amongst us was always gratefully welcome.

Twice I visited him when he was very near his end. We had some close and blessed conversation together. He said, with seraphic triumph, “I am full of faith! I am full of love! and I sometimes long to be gone! My legs are gone, but my voice is not gone. My throat and chest are well, but I am getting weaker and weaker every day.”

The last time I saw him he told me how “the enemy of souls” had been annoying him, tempting and reproaching him. I said, “On whatever grounds could he take to assail you upon?” I said, “He might buffet me, but what could he bring against *you*?”

“Oh!” said he; “he came terribly upon me, but I told him his character. I told him he was a liar from the beginning, and the father of lies, and I would not believe a word he said.” He said, so softly, “It keeps coming to me—

“‘I’ll wrap me in His righteousness.’”

Hence, it was plain that, when the enemy cometh in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord lifteth up a standard against him.”

My memoir of my long-loved Christian brother Messer I must reserve for another month. I thank God I knew him so well.

#### THE FUNERAL OF THE MORTAL REMAINS OF MR. MESSER

took place in Battersea cemetery, Saturday, January 18th, 1879. The brethren T. Stringer, C. W. Banks, Mr. Murphy, J. W. Banks, conducted the solemn services, of which some notice may be given another month.

Of Mr. Messer’s funeral the *Chronicle* said,

The Rev. Thomas James Messer, for a long period known in the temperance world, died on Monday last at the age of 75. His mortal remains were interred in Battersea Cemetery on Saturday, C. W. Banks officiating. He was considered a good platform orator, and about twenty-five years ago was engaged by the National Temperance League. His services were afterwards sought by the Scottish Temperance Association, and Mr. Messer acceded and



went over to Scotland, where he remained several years. He continued working until he was nearly 70, when he became almost blind, and though he underwent an operation, his vision was never perfect afterwards. He preached occasionally till within a few weeks of his death.

C. W. B.

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BURIAL SONG FOR MR. T. J. MESSER.

GENTLY, gently lay him down,  
He hath fought a noble fight;  
He hath battled for the right,  
He hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,  
Crowd around us from the past;  
He was faithful to the last,  
Faithful through long toilsome years.

All that makes for human good—  
Temperance, righteousness, and truth—  
These, the objects of his life,  
Till the end he still pursued.

Meek and gentle was his soul,  
Yet it had a glorious might;  
Clonded minds it fill'd with light,  
Wounded spirits it made whole.

Hoping, trusting, lay him down!  
Many in the realms above  
Look for him with eyes of love,  
Wreathing his immortal crown.

January, 1879.

W. P. T.

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THE LAST DAYS OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS POOCK.

**P**AUL knew whence his ministerial authority came from! As it began by the Lord Jesus sending him forth, so the apostle vehemently desired that he might "FINISH his course WITH JOY." And it is quite certain this desire was granted him. Before his martyrdom, writing to his beloved Timothy, he joyfully exclaims, "I am now READY to be offered; the time of my departure is at hand; I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith! Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Here were three sources of joy. Grace had kept him true to his commission. He was quite ready to be offered up, and he saw the crown of righteousness awaiting his arrival in the kingdom of his Lord and Master, the eternal Christ of God.

This was a merciful and glorious finishing of his course with joy! What truly sanctified and faithful minister of the Gospel can there be who doth not from the depths of his soul desire thus to finish the course which he has been called to pursue?

Some of the most aged ministers of our time have lately been removed from us:—Christopher Woollacott, Thomas James Messer, Thomas Poock, and the Lessness Heath old pastor, Mr. Avery. What a diversity of character and of ministerial work a faithful review of the lives of these four deceased brethren would furnish!

We only now present our readers with a short notice of the last days of Mr. Poock, which our friend, Mr. Morling, of Ipswich, kindly sends us. He says:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Our aged and esteemed brother Thos. Poock has departed this life. He was taken ill Friday, January 10th, with an epileptic fit. From the time of his being taken he was unconscious, excepting at very short intervals. His strength had been gradually declining for a

long time. He had been much tried at times, the enemy of souls being allowed to buffet him a great deal; but Christ and His finished work were the delight of his heart to the last. When he was ill, the very mention of the name of "Christ" seemed to thrill his soul. My last interview with him was on Tuesday, when I asked him if he knew me. His answer was, in his usual eccentric way, "A poor sinner." To which I replied, "Very true; but what a mercy if we are sinners saved by grace!" To which he said quickly, "It is all of grace from first to last, let him who will contradict." I then repeated the first line of that verse—

"Grace all the work shall crown."

"Ah!" he said, "that is a precious verse." I then repeated the whole verse, when he gently lifted up his hand twice, as seeming much to appreciate it, and seemed again to lose his consciousness.

On Wednesday morning, January 15th, he very gently breathed his last, so that it could scarce be said, "He is gone!" Had he lived till February 21st, he would have been eighty-three years old. For over thirty years he proclaimed the Gospel of Jesus at Bethesda chapel. His sermons were full of matter; short pithy sentences would often fall from his lips like gems. But the Master had need of him in the upper room, where he has gone, to adore that precious Christ whom he so much loved to preach while here.

The voice speaks to us: "Be ye therefore also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh." May the new covenant blessings of a Triune Jehovah be enjoyed by you, for Christ's sake.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

J. MORLING.

The following is an extract from a note we have received from Mr. J. Wright:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I saw Mr. Pook at noon on Sunday, January 12th, and remarked, "We must wait His time." He replied, "Yes, His time is best." I said—

"He who has helped us hitherto,  
Will help us all our journey through."

To which he smiled.

I saw him on the night preceding his death; was pleased to find his two sons with him. I could see a great change in him, although at intervals his voice was quite strong, his intellect clear. He spoke on the stability of the covenant, of the love of Christ, of the work of the Spirit as the Remembrancer. On leaving, I took his hand, and wished him good-bye, saying, "If we do not meet here again, we hope to meet above." He replied, "I have no doubt of it." About ten hours after, he fell asleep in Jesus.

Mr. Pook had been a widower twenty-one years. With Christian love,

Yours sincerely,

J. WRIGHT.

One of the local journals says of the late Mr. Thomas Pook:—

His first settlement was at Andover, in Hampshire. From thence he went to Cambridge, where he laboured for eleven years. From Cambridge he came to Bethesda chapel, Ipswich, in 1843, and for thirty-two years devoted himself heart and soul to the service of God, until, worn out with age and work, he at last resigned the pastorate in 1875, when he was succeeded by Mr. William Kern.

His health had long been in a precarious state, but it was not until Friday night, Jan. 10, that his last illness began. From that time till his death, early on Wednesday morning, he was only partly conscious. The cause of his death was entirely old age, he having numbered nearly eighty-three years.

Mr. Pook formed one of that band of Ipswich ministers who so sturdily represented Dissent in this town some fifteen years or so ago. He was, perhaps, more widely known for the exceeding amiability and gentleness of his character, and less by his preaching than by his every-day life enforced the principles he upheld.

## THE LAST OFFICE.

The funeral of our brother Pook took place Monday, January 20, 1879. The first part of the funeral service was in Bethesda chapel. At two o'clock the remains were brought in. Mr. Kern (who conducted the whole of the services throughout) gave hymn 861 :—

“ Absent from flesh, O blissful thought ! ”

He then read portions of Psalm xc. ; 1 Thess. iv. ; and Rev. vii., and said :—We fully believe what we have been reading concerning our brother is true. His tears are all dried, his sorrows all ceased ; he has entered into his rest ; his prayers are all answered, as far he is considered ; some are not fulfilled concerning the cause—some have been, others will be. He has heard his Master's voice and is gone. He has entered more fully into godliness than ever he did before.

Two verses were sung :—

“ Jesus ! the vision of Thy face  
Hath overpowering charms ;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.  
Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll !  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul.”

After a short prayer the service here concluded. The mortal remains were brought to the cemetery, followed by hundreds of friends, both from Bethesda and other causes. Several ministers were present. We noticed Mr. J. Dearing, of Crowfield ; Mr. Adams, of Chelmondiston ; W. Houghton, W. Leggett, T. M. Morris, W. Emery, J. Mostyn, T. Tomkinson, and J. Brewster. Our esteemed brother Whorlow was not able to be present ; we regret to say he is ill in London. No doubt he felt it keenly, having for many years been on intimate terms with brother Pook. At the cemetery the coffin was at once lowered into a neat bricked grave. Mr. Kern said :—We have entombed that which is mortal of our brother. He had himself buried over 400. During his life he lifted up Christ and exalted the blood, now his turn has come, and we have laid his mortal part here to rest until God shall send the archangel to sound the trumpet. We leave it here in corruption ; it will be raised in incorruption. We leave it here in weakness, it will be raised in strength and power. We leave it here mortal, it will be raised in immortality. He then reminded the audience that they were mortal, that death would come, how would it then be ?

Another hymn was sung ; a short prayer for the relatives closed the service. Many expressed surprise that no aged minister who had known Mr. Pook for years past, was invited to take part in the services. But we understand no minister, excepting Mr. Kern, either in or out of Ipswich, was invited to officiate.

Our Master continues to call away His servants ; the ancient branches are being lopped off. This is necessary that He may “ see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.” Time is short. May the servants of our Lord be watching for His coming.

Yours sincerely,

JOSIAH MORLING.

## TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY G. BURRELL, OF WATFORD.

"But we have this treasure in earthen vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."—2 Cor. iv. 7.

**I**N the above words there are three things presented for our consideration. First—*The deposit, or treasure.* "We have *this treasure.*" Second—*The depository:* Earthen vessels. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." And third—*The design:* "That the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us."

I. THE DEPOSIT, OR TREASURE. "We have this treasure." The treasure here we see, from the whole of the context, is the glorious Gospel of Christ, so denominated in the fourth verse: "In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ should shine unto them. And God hath shined in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. But we have this treasure," &c. The treasure, therefore, here spoken of is clearly the Gospel.

In what sense, then, is the Gospel of Christ a treasure? In the first place, we may observe the Gospel is a treasure, on account of that which it reveals. Secondly, on account of that which it contains. Thirdly, because of its wonderful effects and results.

Here is indeed a large field for our meditation—enough to employ the glorified minds of the redeemed to all eternity. There is indeed an ocean fulness before us in these things, and it was this consideration made the great apostle exclaim—"Who is sufficient for these things?" The themes are so great, so God-like and Divine, that Paul himself says he was amongst the saints in weakness, fear, and much trembling. And Oh, when we consider this was his feeling, who knew so much of Christ, who had learnt so much and seen so much in the depths of affliction, and in the glorious visions and revelations he had! Oh, what shall we say of such poor little minds as ours? If Paul cried out, "O, the depths!" what shall we say? What shall we do? Why, at best but dip our wings a little into the great, the mighty ocean of Jehovah's everlasting love and great salvation, hoping and trusting that, though we have not the grace-given abilities to go down into the depths, we are, notwithstanding, so near the surface, interested in the same great love.

What, then, we ask again, does the Gospel reveal? We answer—it is a wonderful revelation of God Himself in the Trinity of His great and sacred persons. He has in the Gospel of salvation revealed Himself, and as such, is known and apprehended by the objects of His love, though He never can be—by finite creatures, however exalted—comprehended.

"To comprehend the great Three-One  
Is more than highest angels can,  
Or what the Trinity hath done  
From death and hell to ransom man;  
But all true Christians this can boast—  
A truth from nature never learned—  
That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
To save our souls are all concerned."

God has revealed Himself in the Gospel to faith and not to reason.

Poor purblind reason is soon bewildered in contemplation of so vast and mysterious a theme; and faith itself at best can only lay hold, but never, no never, grasp the profound reality. "Hence," says the apostle, in writing to the Church at Colosse, "I would that ye knew what great conflict I have for you and for them at Laodicea, and for as many as have not seen my face in the flesh, that their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love, and unto all riches of the full assurance of understanding to the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ, in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge." Here, then, are all the treasures in one great and grand treasure hid in God, but revealed in the glorious Gospel, and which are not, and cannot be, fully comprehended, but apprehended and acknowledged. All the love of the Father is revealed, and breaks out in the Gospel of our salvation. All the greatness, suitability, preciousness, and merit of the great Son of God, and all the grace and power of the Holy Ghost—the source and spring of all, everlasting love; the channel of all, the wonderful, meritorious, precious blood of Christ, and the conveyance of all these blessings by the power and grace of the eternal Spirit. God Himself is revealed in all His persons; and not only so, but the whole of His great and glorious character is revealed. He has not revealed Himself fully—that is to say, all His perfections and attributes—anywhere else but in His Word, but in the glorious Gospel. We have in the works of creation much of God. The heavens declare His greatness and His glory; the firmament showeth His handy work; His infinite and unspeakable majesty and glory are discovered in the fields of illimitable space, where men, with all their mighty powers of penetration and research, are lost in unfathomable mysteries, and learn that "His ways are past finding out." Who, by searching, can find out God? Who can find out the Almighty unto perfection? Those who have searched the farthest into His great works and wonders revealed in creation, have often been the greatest infidels, because, impressed with a sense of His stupendous works in nature, so infinite and glorious a Being, they naturally conclude, is far too great, too lofty, to notice or to regard man. But the glorious Gospel reveals the wonderful mystery of this great God actually becoming man, and dwelling with us, and even dying for us. This wonderful mystery has stumbled and will for ever stumble the worldly wise, but God has revealed these things to babes. In the sun, the moon, the stars, the sea, the earth and the mighty mountains we see a part of God. "Lo, these are parts of His ways." His infinite greatness, boundless goodness, and consummate skill and wisdom are to be seen and to be admired by all who take pleasure therein; but where in the fields of space, or in the bowels of the earth, is a drop of grace or a ray of mercy to be found for the guilty? The beasts of the earth, they teach us, and the fowls of the air tell and speak of God, as Job says: "Speak to the earth, and it shall teach thee; and the fishes of the sea shall declare unto thee. Who knoweth not in all these that the hand of the Lord hath wrought this? In whose hand is the soul of every living thing, and the breath of all mankind. With Him is wisdom and strength; He hath counsel and understanding." Here we see a knowledge of God in creation, a remembrance of His greatness and majesty in His works, apart from a knowledge of His salvation, is enough to trouble, to awe, to fill the mind

with terror and dismay, instead of peace and comfort. But in all the works of Jehovah's hands in nature He has nowhere revealed Himself as a Saviour. No; the wonderful wisdom of God in devising the God-like scheme of salvation is revealed only in the Gospel. "The depth saith, It is not in me; and the sea saith, It is not with me. It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof. Man knoweth not the price thereof, neither is it found in the land of the living." It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir, with the precious onyx or the sapphire. The gold and the crystal cannot equal it, and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold. No mention shall be made of corals or of pearls, for the price of wisdom is above rubies. Whence, then, cometh this wisdom? and where is the place of understanding, seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living, and kept close from the fowls of the air? This wisdom cometh from above. This wisdom is that which the apostle treats of in his Epistle to the Church of God at Corinth, and which is revealed in the glorious Gospel. "For after that, in the wisdom of God, the world by wisdom knew not God, it pleased God, by the foolishness of preaching, to save them that believe;" and in this glorious method all the wisdom of God shines forth; for Christ therein is both the wisdom of God and the power of God. This is the wisdom of God in a mystery; even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory; and these things are revealed in the glorious Gospel in the letter to all, but in and by the Spirit of God to some. "God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." The glorious Gospel of the blessed God reveals as prominently the justice and truth of God, as His mercy and grace. It reveals the wondrous scheme devised by God Himself whereby He can be just and yet justify the ungodly. In the law of God we have a revelation of the immaculate purity and unsullied holiness of His character. Therein His righteousness is revealed, and His inflexible justice will for ever shine; but in the law there is no grace, no mercy, no salvation, nor even the smallest abatement; but its language is—Do and live; sin and die. But the Gospel is a revelation of all the attributes and perfections of Jehovah—all combined and blended in the salvation of the sinner. "Severely just and immensely good," the Gospel reveals a righteousness without the law—even the righteousness of God-Man, and which righteousness is witnessed by the law and the prophets. In the wonderful work of our dear Christ, mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace embrace each other, no more to part for ever. Truth thereby springs out of the earth, and righteousness, with perfect approval and pleasure, looks down from heaven; and as the blessed effect and result, the Lord shall give that which is good, and our land shall yield her increase. Christ and Him crucified unfolds the mighty scheme—the whole of God appears. All His heart of everlasting love, all His wisdom, all the unsearchable riches of His grace are unveiled, and all Jehovah's wisdom and power appear united gloriously for His people's salvation and His own eternal glory. Precious treasure, then, surely is the Gospel which alone reveals these great and eternal realities. Here I see, by precious faith, with a melted heart, how He can both be just and justify, how He can both punish and pardon sin—punish it in the substitute and pardon it in the sinner; remove it from the guilty and transfer it to the guiltless, and thus put away sin, and embrace the

sinner, sink for ever and ever into everlasting oblivion all the guilt of His people, and take them to the heights of holiness, happiness, and glory; smite the Shepherd, and turn His hand upon the little ones; receive all He required at the hand of the Surety, and set the debtor for ever free. O, wondrous God-like scheme! This He has revealed in the glorious Gospel. His whole will stands revealed therein; all His purposes made known; and truly blessed are they that know the joyful sound.

(*To be continued.*)

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MR. THOMAS STRINGER,

*Minister of Trinity Chapel, Borough.*

“ Since Christ is the Captain and Friend,  
The Director! the Pilot! the Guide!  
Sure we shall hold out to the end,  
In spite of temptation's strong tide.”

SINCE the photographic likeness of our friend, Mr. Thomas Stringer, appeared in our January issue, we have received the thanks of many of the Lord's people in different parts—all expressing a hope that a full review of his up-rising, and of his progress in the ministry, would be given in the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL. This cannot be done in one number. It is a life full of narratives; and although we shall not attempt to furnish any consecutive history of this good and gracious minister, still there are some striking appearances of the hand of the Lord being favourable toward him that (simply to magnify the grace of God) we wish to give in a few brief chapters.

Mr. Thomas Stringer is a man and a minister by himself. We have known multitudes of good and faithful ministers, but, for some things, we never did know any man at all like unto the present minister of Trinity chapel, in Southwark.

We saw the late Mr. James Wells baptize Mr. Stringer in East-lane chapel, on the 20th of May, 1844; and when James was fairly in the water with Thomas, James cried out, “ Nature has given me a pair of long arms, and when I get any in the water, I take good care that they go right under ! ” If nature had given James Wells a pair of long arms, what has nature given to Thomas Stringer! A body of large compass, and compact in every part, a head nobly and well mounted, a constitution of immense strength, a voice like a bell, and a tongue of almost unparalleled fluency. This personal appearance, this tenor-like voice, this rapid and ever-ready door of utterance, this frontispiece so fine, and this fountain of language so fluent and free, the Lord commanded nature to give him, that he might be as a bold trumpeter in the front of King Immanuel's army, in these days of insidious declension from the revelation which God hath given unto us by the ever-blessed SPIRIT—the HOLY GHOST—the COMFORTER.

The qualifications of nature, however beautiful and useful, yea, essentially necessary as they are to a public man, would be of no use to the living family of God if grace had not wrought within him that which the SPIRIT of GOD declares to be indispensable, when (in Psa. li.)

He saith, "Behold, thou desirest TRUTH in the inward parts; and in the hidden part Thou shalt make me to know wisdom." "Truth in the inward parts" means a new and a Christ-loving heart, a conscience purged from dead works, to serve the living and the true God; a soul filled with the life and fire of the Divine Paraclete; a mind with all the invigorating springs of mental and of deeply meditating powers; hence, our friend Thomas Stringer is not merely a rapid talker, he is a *thinker*, a reader, a man of prayer, with a poetic spirit; a man (as Burkett puts it) of unbending resolutions, of daring courage, with a long-standing character of morality, integrity, and of honesty to his God, to himself, and all with whom he may have to do. Not a perfect man, only as he stands justified and accepted in the Person of the ever-glorious Redeemer, High Priest, and Advocate, before the throne of God; but a man honoured of his God, and beloved by thousands of the faithful.

It is more than thirty years since we heard Mr. Stringer preach an anniversary sermon from the words, "A man in whom the Spirit of God is;" and in that discourse, at that early part of his ministry, we saw he had a strong mind to search after Biblical knowledge, a strong love for Divine unfoldings of the sacred mysteries of grace, a strong memory to retain, and to exhibit those mysterious mercies, and a most powerful voice to make the people hear all he had to say. From that day until the present time he has been a faithful witness to the truth, and a willing worker in the Churches of Christ all the land over.

We cannot conclude this introductory notice without adding that the distinction and definition given by a converted lady, exactly expresses the even tenor of Mr. Stringer's general style of preaching. Mr. Ramsey, in *The Christian Signal*, says,—

In the startling yet suggestive phrase, "Jesus & Co.," a Roman Catholic lady summed up the system of image worship and priestcraft, which, under the influence of Divine grace she openly renounced for "the simplicity that is in Christ."

On a visit with some Protestant friends, in the East of London, she volunteered, one Sunday morning, to attend the Christian sanctuary which they were accustomed to frequent.

Her mind was evidently in an inquiring mood, and for some time previously had been ill at ease concerning certain matters of faith.

Now, the Spirit of truth enlightened the eyes of her understanding, and opened her heart to receive "the truth as it is in Jesus."

The preacher chose for his text the two sweet words "Jesus only," and having invited attention to the scene on the Mount of Transfiguration—Divine glory enveloping the despised Man of sorrows, Moses and Elias rendering Him homage, and a voice from heaven testifying to His Messiahship—claimed for "Jesus only" as Saviour, the whole thought, and trust, and love, and devotion, of all His avowed disciples. Human righteousness was shown to be faulty and worthless as a ground of justification before God. Pious feelings, good works, bodily sufferings, were demonstrated equally void of merit, and utterly vain as a foundation for the sinner's hope. "Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood," was declared the only righteousness of the ungodly; and the Apostle Peter's testimony to the sovereign power of "The name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth," was cited as the essence of the discourse. "Neither is there salvation in any other: for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

At the close of the service there was a knock at the vestry door, and two ladies entered, one of whom appeared to be labouring under deep emotion.



Her countenance was flushed with joy while bathed in tears. Grasping the preacher's hand in her's, she exclaimed, "O, sir, I see it all now—it must be 'Jesus only,' for Saviour! How miserably I have been deceived. I have been putting many things into partnership with Jesus Christ—my works, my prayers, the Virgin Mary, the saints, the priests, the sacraments. I have been trusting for salvation in JESUS AND CO., and the way of peace I have not known until now. Henceforth 'Jesus only' shall be my hope. No other creature in heaven or earth shall usurp His place in my heart. No more human mediators for me—not Jesus and Co., but 'Jesus only!' No more compounding of my own worthless merits with His precious righteousness—too long it has been Jesus and Co.; now it shall be 'Jesus only!' O, how happy I feel in the knowledge that 'HE IS ABLE TO SAVE TO THE UTMOST!' I want no other Saviour. I have done for ever with the 'Co.' My heart shall cleave to 'Jesus only!'"

Within the walls of that vestry, no gladder scene was ever witnessed by men or angels. No fuller confession of Jesus Christ was ever uttered by mortal lips. After listening to words of encouragement and counsel, she departed homewards with her friend, the Virgin Mary's song echoing in her experience, "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit doth rejoice in God my Saviour."

Are there not many nominal Christians who have no sympathy with the flagrant errors of Popery, and yet are fundamentally wrong in the matter of their hope of salvation? Our Lord Jesus Christ is formally avowed as Saviour, but they do not trust solely in Him. They link with His propitiation for sins, their own obedience, their prayers, virtues, charities, and sacrifices of self, supposing that thus there is laid a meritorious ground on which to build securely for eternity. The creed of their heart and life is really Jesus and Co.!

Take heed, lest you fall into this snare of Satan. Nothing is more dishonouring to the Saviour, and more perilous to the sinner, than an attempt to supplement with human righteousness the all-sufficient propitiation—the finished work of Christ.

To that "Foundation" which God has laid in Zion, you need not vainly add the "wood, hay, stubble" of your works to make a firm basis for faith. "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

"I stand upon His merit—  
I know no other stand—  
Not e'en where glory dwelleth,  
In Immanuel's land!"

I once heard an Irish-speaking missionary translate from the New Testament in his own language that beautiful text (Heb. vii. 25) which was such a help to the Roman Catholic lady, "Wherefore He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him;" and in the simple idiom of his mother tongue he read it thus, "Wherefore He is able also to save them MORE THAN ENOUGH." Yes, Jesus is able to save: He is able, *more than enough*, to save. Trust Him fully; trust Him only. Do not attempt to link any "Co." with Jesus. Let your life-song be "Jesus only!" "Jesus only" for justification. "Jesus only" for sanctification. "Jesus only" for refuge. "Jesus only" for hope. "Jesus only" for heaven!

Written in your inmost soul be the motto sent to his bride by that illustrious scholar Bengel:—

"Jesus in Heaven,  
Jesus in the Heart,  
Heaven in the Heart,  
The Heart in Heaven."

We hope to be able to continue to review this singularly useful man's ministry in future numbers.

## ADDITIONAL LIGHT ON THE LORD'S GRACIOUS DEALINGS WITH THE PRINCESS ALICE.

BY W. R. AIKMAN.

“THE memory of the just is blessed : but the name of the wicked shall rot” (Prov. x. 7). This assurance we have by inspiration of the Spirit of God : while the same ever-blessed and unerring Teacher gives us elsewhere to understand, that by “THE JUST” is meant, not the man of high principle who seeks to keep his dealings with the world unimpeachable ; nor yet the blind Pharisee, who vainly deems that by self-righteous effort he shall be able to attract the Divine admiration ; but the soul by Himself quickened to apprehend its great danger because of sin, to turn with purpose of heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, and to rest not until by Christ Himself justified and raised to faith in His righteousness and precious blood.

To this ineffably glorious condition—condition which constitutes the earthly distinction between the children of God and the world—there is every reason to believe the Lord Jesus Christ had, through the eternal Spirit, in sovereign favour brought the lamented daughter of Victoria, the Princess Alice. And in this belief not a few humble Christian bosoms rejoiced, until, like a refreshing cup rudely dashed from the lip, their joy was suddenly converted to mourning by a report, that the departed lady had not only lived, but actually died at agreement with infidelity.

Through the EARTHEN VESSEL therefore, to the Christian public I declare it, that from the facts patent to myself and another above—which facts, without addition to, or diminution from them will in this paper be given—I was, notwithstanding the absence of posthumous evidences walking in the grateful belief, that the Lord through His own atoning blood had made the Princess a daughter, and in tender mercy early called her to partake of the Divine rest. Need I attempt then to describe in what manner my inmost soul was wounded, when confidently assured that to the last her Royal Highness remained an unbeliever. As I was not in a position to contradict what as fact had been asserted, I was under necessity to hold my peace, and digest as best I could my inward grief. And here I take all shame to myself for suffering the mental eye, in regarding the misrepresentations so unwarrantably promulgated, to be for a season drawn off from the Divine attributes of faithfulness and immutability—attributes which, from the sovereign providences which will here be narrated, I ought to have regarded as a bulwark against the most adverse insinuations of mere enemies.

It is written of the God of providence, that a sparrow falleth not to the ground without Him : and if so, then, certainly, He has not been indifferent to that blot, with which the adversaries would glory to obscure the grace of the Holy Spirit in His regenerate daughter. For this reason perhaps it came to pass, that while yet mourning under that deep feeling of disappointment to which reference has been made, the Lord caused the remarks which appear in the EARTHEN VESSEL for January to be placed in my hand. And I may truly say, that on reading the statement of the evangelical editor of the *Record*, I mean with reference to the calamity of the killed boy and its consequences in the heart of the

Princess—to wit, first, *carnal rebellion*, and subsequently, *gracious subjugation*—not only did all my fears and sorrows flee away, but those inward ponderings as to my own Christian duty began to spring, which have at last resulted in the publication of the following statement.

There certainly is, then, such a thing as thought pursuing through long years the Christian mind—its pertinacity such, as almost to seem of the nature of a presentiment. And something of this kind, I may say, I have experienced in connection with the Princess Alice. The thought to which reference is here made, was, that the Lord would of His goodness in due time visit that royal lady, and graciously humble, and bring to the enjoyment of salvation. But leaving for as much as it is worth that consideration, the time at length came, when in the wisdom of God substantial providences were to have effect. And forasmuch as none but the Lord Himself could know the eternal purpose—none save He determine the time and the season for its fulfilment—it pleased Him, in the early part of the year 1873, to begin to give effect to His holy will in the way which will now be shown.

When consulting upon a certain occasion with a faithful Christian sister—who for twenty-five years has been my helper with the sick and dying, but especially the invalids of her own sex—she informed me that she had had a remarkable dream about the Princess Alice: of which, the substance was as follows: “I dreamed that the Queen was laid upon a sick bed, and only the Princess Alice and I were in attendance. Her Majesty appeared to be in some anxiety with regard to her spiritual state, and inquired of the Princess the way of salvation. I soon perceived that Her Royal Highness was utterly ignorant of the Lord’s righteous scheme for bestowing justification upon the guilty. She stood at the head of the bed, I, at the foot. Ere long I advanced toward the head of the bed, and explained to both ladies the Divine plan of salvation; and on ceasing to speak, the Princess gave me one look of ineffable love—enfolded me in her arms, closely pressing me to her bosom—and most affectionately kissed me. I felt my soul firmly knit to her Royal Highness, but was not touched with any special feeling toward the Queen. When I awoke, though it was but a dream, yet that tender union of soul to which reference has been made did not pass away.”

I was *not* greatly struck by this dream, and yet, having many years before had the salvation of my own life in action opened up to me by the same means, I did not feel at liberty altogether to disregard it. As well as I can remember, my remarks upon the circumstance were to the effect,—That I did not in this dream detect that pointed and impressive character which has in certain instances distinguished supernatural, or Divinely-sent dreams: but, to say the least, there was nothing fantastic in it. And though at the moment we had reason to believe that her Majesty was in health, yet it was not impossible, that exigency such as that in the dream exhibited might at a future period in providence arise; and since the reference was exclusively to such things as belong to the great “*work of the regeneration*,” it might be well to place some pure Gospel truth in the hands of the Princess Alice. Lest therefore, in the execution of His purposes, the Lord should at any time for her Royal Highness’ guidance have need of such instrumentality, it was decided to transmit some full, deep, radical expositions, of the sovereign wisdom and omnipotent dealing of God in salvation. The matter of the dream

having thus been disposed of, I prepared a small parcel in which were a few publications containing the purest evangelical truth—the rough with the smooth—even the whole counsel of God. Nothing else was added ; no letter, no name, no motto, no address, no syllable except the saving truth itself. It so happened, however, that a memory greatly impaired by sickness and severe labour in tropical lands, had caused me to forget which of the two palatinates called Hesse had the honour of claiming the Princess for its Grand Duchess. Hence, as the affair seemed not at the moment of a pressing character, the little parcel was placed on a side table until I could assure myself which of the two Hesses was that to which it ought to be addressed. The very same failing memory through which I had forgotten the proper address, caused me continually to forget the needful act of inquiry, and thus, the packet was left for many weeks, I will not say neglected, for the intention was ever to get it rightly directed, but, undispached.

The affairs of men may tarry, but when the set time of the Lord to favour Zion is fully come, His purpose brooks no delay. While things therefore were still in the position which has been described, it came to pass that again it was necessary to consult with my faithful fellow-labourer—a circumstance of the commonest kind, seeing that on every hand the wounded and dying lie scattered like bones at the pit's mouth. But that which made this particular occasion to differ from the mass of its fellows was, that in the course of conversation my devoted sister informed me that she had had another remarkably striking dream with regard to the Princess Alice : the substance of which, as told me at the time, and now again rehearsed by her from memory, was this : “ Many weeks after the former dream I had a second, in which I was mysteriously directed to look through a keyhole which appeared before me. On doing so, I beheld a large apartment filled with dazzling light, which light, without the need of verbal testimony, made itself manifest as the brightness of the Saviour's glory. At the farther end of the apartment, over the glory in question, there rested a shadow ; which shadow, again without the need of oral instruction, I instinctively recognised as the shadow of the Lord Jesus Christ : while in the full effulgence beneath, or that on which more immediately the shadow rested, sat the Princess Alice. Desiring greatly to get a more open view of this resplendent scene, I moved aside to a window, but to my intense disappointment saw nothing ; and on returning to the keyhole, every vestige of the glorious picture had vanished, and was gone : but in place of it, the words were wafted into my mind, ‘ SHE SAT DOWN UNDER HIS SHADOW WITH GREAT DELIGHT.’ For many days after this occurrence, the power and savour of the dream continued to rest upon my mind.”

The substance of this second dream did not as that of the former appear to lack the impress of the stamp Divine : it arrested me in a moment. I felt sure that the finger of God was there : and it instantly flashed into my mind, not merely that the Lord intended to visit the Princess with salvation, but that His chosen way of working being by instrumentality—the instrumentality of His own Holy Word—He had sent the vision to rebuke my own unjustifiable procrastination, and to show that His matter was urgent. I therefore said to my Christian sister, “ We have verily been guilty of neglect before God, and He here

graciously shows us our folly. Not another day must be lost—the packet must be despatched forthwith.” Being still uncertain as to the correct address, I went to the shop of a German baker in the next street, who proved to be no wiser than myself: both he and I therefore taxed our memories to the very uttermost, and at length mutually decided wrong—to wit, that the address was Hesse Cassel. To Hesse Cassel therefore the packet was addressed: and by the hand of my indefatigable friend it was sent to the “Continental Daily Parcels Express,” 52, Gracechurch-street, and duly booked for transmission. The address was wrong, but no doubt it would early have been corrected by some of the clerks through whose hands the parcel passed. Thus, at length, the Lord’s will was done: and from that time until the morning of the announcement of the death of the Princess in London, I cannot call to mind a single day on which at morning and evening prayer the departed lady was forgotten. From the period therefore of the despatch of the above-mentioned publications, I firmly believed that the Lord had taken the discipline of His daughter into His own hands: hence looked to Him for her salvation—believed in Him for that salvation—had no thought of aught less for her than His salvation: feelings which were entirely shared by my Christian sister, who continued with much interest to watch with me the moving of the Lord’s hand.

But to proceed, let it next be noted, that the Lord having in the way exhibited provided Himself with that instrumentality by which He has determined to work—to wit, evangelical truth—not very long after came the crushing calamity of the violent death of the beautiful boy. Let the overwhelming nature of that catastrophe be first correctly estimated, and then let every intelligent Christian to himself say, whether in the hands of the Holy Spirit here was not a sufficient means by which to lower the brow of human pride, and effectually curb the vainest prancings of infidelity? And the pride and the infidel tendency once broken, the above paragraphs are sufficient to make it unmistakably evident that the God of Israel had not left His dejected daughter without the purest evangelical instruction.

When the news of the terrible blow which had fallen upon the Princess arrived, and that not so very long after the last of the dreams mentioned and the dispatch of the publications, I need scarcely say, that to such extent was my own soul and that of my Christian fellow-labourer struck by this manifest revelation of the Lord’s mighty hand, that with both it was, and for some time after continued to be a season of special prayer. I think I may say, that both, notwithstanding that we had no actual or positive evidence to confirm the belief, have ever since been in the habit of considering the salvation of the Princess Alice as a thing accomplished. Hence the bitterness of the feeling of disappointment, when it was confidently asserted and from mouth to mouth bandied, that she whom we had fondly believed to be a glorified daughter of Christ, had lived and died an ungodly spirit—or, in plain words, neither more nor less than a miserable infidel.

My best thanks are due, and by the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL I desire to transmit them, to the evangelically-minded editor of *The Record*, whose notes, as republished in the EARTHEN VESSEL, have proved an inexpressible relief to my mind, and I doubt not also to the minds of many others. Blessed, for ever blessed be the God of grace and salvation

for His unmerited goodness to the amiable woman whom He has taken. May He, in every case in which the sovereign gift of His grace shall for the unworthy ends of the sceptic be denied, take measures to confute the unhallowed counsel of Ahithophel.

The packet to which, in this brief statement of facts, reference has been made, contained the following purely evangelical works:—

1. "The Fountain of Israel: or, Jehovah's Sovereign Ordinations in Zion." A meditation.

2. "The Arrow of the Lord's Deliverance: or, Divine Light for the Broken in Heart." A meditation.

3. "The Severity of Divine Discipline. Experimentally Traced from the Case of David." A meditation.

Of the two first six copies were sent, in the hope that they might be placed in the hands of any English servants who should chance to be in the Grand Duke's household; of the last, but two, I think, there being some reason to believe that her Royal Highness had seen the work before.

4. There was also a copy of the poem entitled, "The Star of Prophecy: or, First-born of Shinar."

5. And a copy of the poem called, "The Last Regret: or, the Power of Divine Regeneration."

And here, to the glory of the Divine wisdom, it may be right to record, that while at the time of the dispatch of the above-named publications I had not the slightest knowledge of the taste of the Princess Alice for infidel writings, yet I am now struck with the special adaptation of those works—more particularly the two poems—to cast contempt on the pride of infidelity.

For the sake of any who may be curious to know the contents of the said works, it is signified, that the three "Meditations" are to be found at Houlston and Sons, Paternoster-square; "The Star of Prophecy" at Nisbet and Co., Berners-street; and "The Last Regret" at Gardiner and Son, Princes-street, Cavendish-square. It will I trust be seen, that in all these publications, so far from there being anything calculated to flatter the pride, or pander to the natural self-sufficiency of the Princess, there is everything which in the very highest militates against such states of soul. Indeed, to one cherishing a strong predilection for infidelity, and the arrogant exaltation of carnal *reason*, the "Star of Prophecy" could scarcely fail to prove to the very uttermost distasteful; and not merely the poem, but its footnotes and appendix.

## THOUGHTS ON THE MYSTERY OF THE SEVEN STARS, AND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN CANDLESTICKS.

(REV. I. 20, AND REV. II. 1.)

BY J. WILKINS, OF CHATTERIS.

"CHRIST is all, and in all." He is IN all the leading types, symbols, doctrines, emblems and promises of Scripture. He is the centre figure of revelation; and to the inner spiritual life of the Christian He is ALL. *There* He meets every want, answers every call, and fills every vacuum. He is ALL in every spiritual requirement. Having Him, I

have all things; without Him, I have nothing. He is ALL in salvation, in religious pleasure, and in the prospect of ultimate glory. Take away Christ, and salvation is gone, peace and joy are gone—all is gone. For, "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee." We have in this Scripture—

I.—CHRIST. Christ in His headship, in His supreme authority as the only Head and Lawgiver in Zion. "The government is upon His shoulders;" He claims the dominion, and asserts His right to RULE in Zion. Ministers claim no dominion over the faith of their hearers, but are, instrumentally, helpers of their joy. Christ appeared in vision to John at Patmos, in the dignity and majesty of His person, as "the Son of man," as "the Son of God," and as the glorified HEAD of Zion. The representation was not that of His priesthood. His vestments were not those of a priest. He had no mitre, no ephod, no breastplate, and no censor. The object was not to represent Christ as a prophet. His robes were not those of prophet—he had not on a prophet's mantle. Neither was it to represent Christ as a king—he did not appear in royal robes, nor with a crown and sceptre, such as monarchs bear, but with costume appropriate to the Son of God, as having been raised from the dead and received to the glory of heaven, where He now dwells as the glorified HEAD OF ZION.

Christ in His proprietorship. He is seen, by John, walking in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. Taking a lively interest in them as His property, He claims them as His own. He is also seen to hold the stars—His ministers—in His right hand. THEY also belong to Him. He holds them; He claims them. He it is who ordains them, makes them shine, and places them in their respective spheres. He knows them well. "He telleth the number of the stars; He calleth them all by their names." Poor trembling penitent, He claims thee also, saying, "Fear not, I have redeemed thee; *thou art MINE.*" My sheep, My jewels, My people, My portion. Precious thought! Christ claims us as *His own* PROPERTY, saying, "*Ye* belong to Christ."

Again: He is seen in the MIDST of these candlesticks, holding sweet communion with His saints, and granting unto them the rich enjoyment of His sacred and hallowing presence. "Where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." John also observed Him WALKING in the midst of the candlesticks, showing His inspection and supervision. He superintends the affairs of Zion, wisely manages and controls all the circumstances by which she is surrounded, and disposes of every event so as to secure her well-being and His own glory. He also pays particular attention to the STATE—that is, to the INTERNAL state—of His Churches, as is shown by the letters sent to each of the seven Churches of Asia. Then what is the state of our Churches now? If brought under His *inspection*, can they stand the searching scrutiny of His eyes, which John saw to be "as a flame of fire?" On a close examination of their internal condition, can He commend them for their zeal and liveliness? for their purity, union, and fidelity? Brethren! He *walks* in your midst as a Church to examine *your* light, to see if it be burning brightly with a steady flame. To you whose lights are burning but dimly, and with an uncertain flicker, can you not hear the Master saying, "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father

which is in heaven?" It is a long time with some of you since men saw your good works. It may be they have often seen—seen by far too much of your evil works and unchristian spirit. Wake up, I beseech you, from your slumber, and from that spirit of *indifference*. Trim your lamps, for the day is far spent, and the night is at hand. The Lord save you from that awful midnight cry, that heart-rending and despairing cry, "Our lamps are gone out."

II.—HIS MINISTERS.—Christ's ministers are here called *stars*. The *mage* is celestial—not borrowed from earth, but from the beautiful starry heavens. How appropriate! How full of instruction! Stars, indeed, says some objector. Yes, friend, and in addition Christ here calls them angels. *Their* work an angel of heaven might covet; their message is heavenly, the light they carry is celestial. I admit it is REFLECTED light. The ministers of Christ shine with borrowed light, reflected from Him who is "the Sun of Righteousness." Their light is not their own native inherent brightness; Jesus is the source of their light, and no longer than He shines upon them do *they* shine.

Ministers of Christ are stars for VARIETY: "One star differeth from another star in glory." Diversity of gifts and variety of talent is displayed in the ministerial office: some are stars of the first magnitude, and in some few very splendid gifts and brilliant talents are displayed, like what astronomers would call double, triple, and multiple stars. It is confessedly allowable to covet earnestly the best gifts; but if I cannot shine in all the splendour of a star of the first magnitude, let me be content to twinkle as a little star; perchance that twinkling light may aid some poor benighted traveller, or guide some lone wanderer to his *home*.

Stars are things of BEAUTY; the light they give is beautiful light. I do not mean the beauty of their persons, but of their mission and message. "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." If their very *feet* and footsteps are so beautiful to the spiritual eye, then what must their tidings be? especially when they "publish peace," and come, as Nathan did to David, with a "Thus saith the Lord, Thou shalt not die. The Lord also hath put away thy sin?"

Another thought is that of PURITY. Can we conceive of anything more pure and free from every moral taint than light? Let ministers seek to maintain purity of doctrine and character; unholy ministers and erroneous preachers are called "wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever."

Our last thought upon Christ's ministers as stars, is that of SECURITY. They are held in His hand; it is the place of their safety. How foolish the thought, how vain the attempt, to ruin the approved ministers of Jesus Christ! What infatuation! Who can pluck stars from the firmament? Who can wrench them out of *His* hand? In like manner He holds all His people. "My sheep are in My hands," said Christ, "and no power is able to pluck them out." Here, believer, you can brave all the storms of life, defy the malice of hell, and challenge the powers of darkness. Safe! but safe only in the hands of the Mediator.

III.—HIS CHURCHES.—"I saw seven golden candlesticks," said John. "The seven candlesticks which thou sawest are the seven Churches," said Jesus.



**GOLD.** All gold ; for their **VALUE** and costliness. A scoffing world may hold religion in contempt, and write the *lowest* estimate upon the Church of God ; but Jesus writes the *highest* estimate upon His Church, and ever speaks of His people in endearing terms.

**GOLD** is durable—one of our durable metals. The Church of the “first-born” will endure throughout all ages. All that is false and spurious in connection with His Church will pass away as wood, hay, and stubble ; but the real and genuine character will remain as the precious metal. I hold that the work of Christ is *indestructible*. It is His work to make a disciple : “ Jesus *made* and baptized more disciples than John.” He can only make real disciples, and, when made, none can *unmake* them. The Spirit’s work is indestructible, and it is His work to make a Christian, to mould, and form, and build up the Christian life and character, which, when done, cannot be destroyed.

The Church of Christ is as gold for its *purity*. The candlesticks were of gold purified of its dross, perhaps not absolutely pure, not perfectly free from alloy. Nor do I claim for the Church militant absolute purity, but comparative—or rather, contrasted with the surrounding defilement and moral uncleanness, she is purity itself ; not, I admit, in her Adam nature, but in her grace standing ; in her spiritual life and being, in her life and standing in Christ Jesus, she is *pure*. Blessed purity !

Our last thought here is that of **UTILITY**. A candlestick is of *use*. It is not *the* light, but bearing light—first, receiving light, then giving light. The Church of Christ is a depository and a dispensary. Christ is the light, “ The Sun of Righteousness ;” but His Church is a centre where rays of spiritual light meet, and a centre from whence they radiate. “ Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill cannot be hid ” (Matt. v. 14).

## GOD’S ANCIENT PEOPLE :

THEIR ORIGIN, SUFFERINGS, PRIVILEGES, AND PROSPECTS.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

(Continued from page 20.)

### CHAPTER IV.

**T**HE first appearance of the Jews in England dates from the period of the Saxons, for in the year 740 they are mentioned in a charter of that date, and William the Conqueror and William Rufus favoured them—the latter actually farmed out vacant bishoprics to them at Oxford, even then a seat of learning. They possessed three Halls—Lombard Hall, Moses Hall, Jacob Hall—where Hebrew was taught to Christians as well as to the Jews ; but as they grew in wealth, they grew in unpopularity. Among their persecutors was John Luckland, who, during his reign, wrung from them 66,000 marks, equal to £700,000 ; and instead of rewarding his favourites by sums of money or presents, he issued royal letters, absolving them from all debts due to the Jews, of which the following is only a specimen of many:—

“ The king to all. Know ye that we have acquitted Robert, the son of Roger, during his whole life, of all debts due to the Jews, and also

those of William de Chesney, father of Margaret, wife of the aforesaid Robert. August 19, 1208."

Henry III. accused them of incredible crimes, in order that their confiscated property might augment the royal treasury. Edward I. largely stripped them of their possessions, and subjected them to capital punishment on the ground of imputed offences, such as chipping the coin and forging. At last, in 1290, he confiscated the property of the entire community, and ordered them to quit the realm by a certain day, on penalty of death. This they did, and 16,511 departed with scarcely sufficient means to pay their passage beyond the sea, leaving behind them houses, lands, and treasures, all of which were forfeited to the Crown. They were not found in England till the Commonwealth, Cromwell being favourable to their admission; but the nation generally, especially the religious portion of it, was strongly opposed to such a proceeding. At last, after several years of wearisome jangling, they were permitted, in the reign of Charles II., to settle in England, and from that time to the present they have been admitted to a variety of privileges.

In 1723 they obtained the right to possess land. In 1753 they obtained the right of naturalisation; since 1830 they have been admitted to civic corporations; in 1833 to the profession of advocates; in 1845 the offices of Alderman and Lord Mayor were opened to them; and in 1858, as a crowning triumph, they were admitted into Parliament. It may be as well to mention that the present Prime Minister, Lord Beaconsfield, is of Jewish descent, although not by profession. Father Hyacinthe, too, of whom very much has been heard, was also of Jewish descent. Professor Leoni Levi, of King's College, is also a Jew (converted to Christianity), while the names of Baron de Rothschild and Sir Moses Montefiore are as common as household words.

Space in this magazine will not permit to take more than a glance of the history of the Jews in other countries. In Russia, under the reign of Peter the Great, they were treated kindly, but were expelled after his death. In 1805 they had liberty to carry on trade and commerce, but were afterwards deprived of such privileges. Since 1835 they have been gradually admitted. Poland, however, is their principal residence, which is owing to the humane reception given to them in the 14th century by king Casimir, who loved a Jewish mistress, and for many years the whole trade of the country was in their hands; but during the 17th and 18th centuries, they were severely persecuted, and so sank into a state of ignorance and poverty. Since the French Revolution, great progress has been made by them (thanks, be it said, to education).

In Germany, Prussia, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, and Turkey, they have been admitted to many privileges of late, but in Persia their condition is miserable. One of them being questioned, replied, "Heavy is our slavery; anxiously we wait for redemption." We earnestly hope and pray that Persia's king, who not long since visited this blessed land of freedom and liberty, may learn to grant the same liberty to Jews and all the other inhabitants of his land.

Thus far we have taken the opportunity to observe the history of the Jews, as an introduction to the papers we have prepared for the EARTHEN VESSEL, in which we shall notice the Religion, Rites, Worship, Manners, and Customs of the Jews, earnestly praying that we may derive spiritual blessings, and be more and more thankful to the

Almighty God for having shown His grace to us, whilst permitting the Jews to be still in darkness and ignorance of the blessed truth as it is in Jesus Christ our Lord. Oh! may the time speedily come when the spirit of grace and supplication shall be poured out upon the ancient people of Jehovah, and that Jew and Gentile may by sovereign grace look to Jesus, the King of Zion, who alone can give the happiness to the yearning soul. Amen.

(To be continued.)

#### A NOBLE BAND OF BAPTIST MISSIONARIES IN BRIGHTON.

FOR many years we have groaned under the felt sense of the NEED of an aggressive or missionary spirit in our Churches. It is true—it is a mercy—in some cases even now—our heavenly Father's promise is verified: "I will give them pastors according to Mine own heart;" and under such distinguished, God-given pastors, Churches have settled down to praise, and pray, and feed on Asher's bread of fatness, and enjoy royal dainties. But have they realised, have they manifested, have they practised, the full meaning of the royal commission: "Go ye into all the world?" &c. Have they considered the evangelical force of that "fast" of God's choosing, recorded in Isaiah lviii.? We, silently sorrowing, write down the awful fact—THEY HAVE NOT! What are the consequences? Starvation in many pulpits, scarcity in most of the pews, luke-warmness in the people. We must pause for the present; but we burn with desires to be a little helpful in arousing the sleepy Jonahs to a sense of our guilt.

Meanwhile, we can only notice, in few words, this month, that a report has come to hand, in a Brighton paper, of the inaugural meeting of teachers, friends, and workers of the Mighell Street Baptist Mission Hall in that town, which took place Tuesday, January 21, when over 400 sat down to tea; and at the splendid public meeting, the chief originator, under God, of this benevolent movement—Mr. Thomas Boxall—presided, and gave quite a history of the whole enterprise, which we desire to make known to our readers next month. Messrs. Boxall, Virgo, and their co-workers, must have, will have, the sympathy, the prayers, the support, of all sound and wise-hearted Christian people. We have no other interest in the matter than that of a long, deep concern for the ingathering of precious souls to our Lord, even His other sheep; but occasionally we have seen, heard, and witnessed Mr. Boxall's spirit, gifts, and grace, evidently given to him of the Lord for a good work. He has caught the fire which shone forth out of the Saviour's heart, when He said, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." God Almighty prosper the Mighell Street Baptist Mission, prayers

C. W. B.

#### MY SOUL'S DESIRE.

THOMAS CHARNLEY,

*Of Preston, Adopts, from Kelly, the Following Hymn:—*

While contests rend the Christian Church,	But keep me, Lord, from party zeal,
O may I live the friend of peace;	That seeks its own and not Thy praise:
The sacred mine of Scripture search,	This temper I would never feel,
And learn from man, vain man, to cease.	Or when I do would own it base.
O teach me, Lord, Thy truth to know,	Be mine to recommend Thy grace,
And separate from all beside;	That sinners may believe and live,
This I would guard from every foe,	That they who live may run the race,
Nor fear the issue to abide.	And then a crown of life receive.

Lord, search my heart, O search me through,  
 Detect, destroy, what's not Thy own;  
 Whene'er I speak, whate'er I do,  
 O may I seek Thy praise alone.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## THE DEACON AND THE POOR ITINERANT.

### *A True and Real Parable.*

BY ONE WHO HAS BEEN SOME TIME  
ON THE ROAD.

"He judged the cause of the poor and needy; then it was well with him. Was not this to know me? saith the Lord."—Jer. xxii. 16.

"UNTO us a Child is born. Unto us a Son is given." So sung the seraphic Isaiah 2,600 years ago, and the echoes of that song have resounded from the hearts of redeemed and grace-delivered sinners from his day to ours. The Star of Bethlehem has rejoiced many since the day wise men came from the East (Matt. ii. 10), opened their treasures, and presented Mary's babe and God's firstborn gifts, gold, frankincense, and myrrh. Beaming through the vista of nineteen centuries, that Star still cheers and brightens many spots in this dark sin-stricken world of woe and want. The bright rays of the magi's joy and liberality still shine and illumine Western England. Their frankincense has not lost its fragrance, for charity never faileth; and when burning on the censers of loving hearts, it still perfumes the house of the destitute, the chamber of the sick, and fills with the incense of praise the homes of the necessitous.

To light up the countenance of the poor with gratitude, to cause the widow's heart to sing for joy, and make the eyes of children sparkle with delight and glee over Christmas cheer or a New Year's gift, is to share the holy pleasure of angels who sung, "Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and goodwill to men."

Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings to the poor and needy aged of our Churches tickets for coals, nice pieces of meat, parcels of grocery, hags of flour, gifts of clothing, warm flannel, and blankets.

The parcel delivery cart pulls up at the minister's door. The boy runs up, knocks. "Is this 103, David's-terrace; Mr. Thomas, Baptist minister?" the man on the cart bawls out. "Quite right." In comes a hamper. "Carriage is paid, sir." Quickly opened. Out comes a plump turkey, a fine ham, carefully folded in paper, a neat present for the worthy wife; oranges, a picture-book, and a box of toys for the children. The minister walks to the end of the room; a big tear trickles down his cheek as he repeats to himself, "Blind unbelief is sure to err."

"Isn't it kind, ma," says the little girl, as she turns over the pictures, "to send us such nice things? Who sent them?" "I don't know, my dear," replies the mother; "but your father and me told the Lord this morning we had no money to buy them this Christmas. We must thank Him, and ask Him to bless our unknown friend." "Did

oo' tell Jesus me want Noah's ark, ma?" said rosy-faced Georgy, four years old. "No, dear, Jesus loves little children. He told the kind friend to send it."

Brother Mnason, now an old disciple for twenty-five winters, has left his fireside on Saturday evenings; trudges through rain or fog, frost or snow; travels twenty, fifty, or eighty miles in a cold third-class, to break the bread of life at some village chapel. Things were better with the poor minister formerly. Old friends have died; others don't think. Saturday before Christmas he left home with a scanty larder and a heavy heart; had to borrow the money to pay his railway fare. The wheelwright's boy meets him at the station with the pony-cart, and jolts him three miles through a damp frosty air to his lodging.

"You don't look very well, Mr. Mnason," says the deacon. "Take the old chair. Thank God for a good blazing fire and plenty to eat, weather like this!" So thought the minister. "You must be hungry," says the homely wife. "Supper will be ready in ten minutes. Shall I make you a nice hot cup of coffee with hoiled milk?" "Thank you; if it won't give you too much trouble." "That ain't no trouble, sir; that's a pleasure to make you comfortable."

Supper over, the old Book is laid on the table, and after a few words of prayer, says the deacon, "I know you like a nice clean pipe, and you'll find that a bit of good tobacco." And now begins a chat on better things. "I've been a thinking to-day," says the deacon, "of that verse in Corinthians: 'He hath dispersed abroad; He hath given to the poor; His righteousness remaineth for ever.' When I look back at the many times the dear Lord dispersed my fears and troubles by His mercies and favours, I thought I shouldn't be worthy the name of a Christian if I didn't do what I could for His cause and poor servants. You'll notice our poor collection—just a word or two—after the sermon to-morrow. But I shall keep you chatting all night. You must want to go to bed. My wife will show you the room." "There, sir," Martha said, as she opened the door, with a bright, cheerful fire burning in the bedroom, "you'll find the bed and sheets well aired. Good-night."

As the deacon and his wife retired, Martha said, "I don't care what other people do, John, but a minister shan't come all these miles to preach to us this bitter weather and sit down to a cold dinner on Sunday. The poor man looked nearly froze when he came in to-night."

"We had a good collection for our poor this morning," said the deacon, as they sat down to a joint steaming from the oven. The minister sighed as he thought of the wife's scanty table at home.

"You have given us some of the best

wine," said the honest farmer, after the day's service. "I can't help thinking that our minister is in some trouble," said the farmer's wife, as they sat down to supper. "How beautifully he opened that text, 'Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble.'" "Well, that's strange," said the farmer; "do you know I had the same impression while he was preaching? Couldn't we make him up a hamper, and let Tom meet him at the station with it in the morning?" "There's a nice leg of pork, and a few apples, and a home-made loaf," replies the wife. "'T would be better than nothing for a Christmas dinner." "There's that brace of rabbits I shot yesterday, father," says Tom. "Let him have 'em, my boy, he's done my soul good to-day; and you put this half-sovereign in an envelope, I reckon that'll come handy to his wife. And put in a pound of our butter; they won't beat that in London."

Tom was at the station. "Good morning, Mr. Mnason," with a happy grin. "Father's sent you a hamper." "Your father is very kind. I thank him very much, and you for bringing it." "You be quite welcome, sir; and we wish you a happy Christmas!"

On reaching home, down goes the hamper thump. "There, old lady," said Mnason to his wife, "I told you the Lord wouldn't let us starve." "Ah, you have got more faith than me. What have you got there?" "We'll soon see, my dear." Cord undone; pulls out two fine rabbits, plump leg of pork; under straw a home-made loaf, a dozen fine russets, roll of fresh butter; nice savoy, outside leaves trimmed off; few potatoes. "Here's something for you; envelope; Mrs. Mnason." Wrapped in three or four papers was the glittering half-sovereign. The poor wife put up her apron to wipe her eyes. "Well, well," said she, "the Lord is mindful of us. We can say, 'Hitherto the Lord has helped.' I'd been thinking it would be a dull Christmas this year." May the Lord repay the friends for their kindness, says

SPECTEMUR AGENDO.

WHITTLESEY.—ZION CHAPEL. Recognition service.—New Year's day Mr. S. Willis, late of Swavesey, was publicly recognised as the pastor of the Church over which D. Ashby so long and happily presided. A public meeting was held, when Mr. Willis gave satisfactory account of his call by grace and his call to the ministry. Sound and suitable words were spoken to the pastor elect by Mr. E. Forman. A very appropriate address was delivered to the Church and congregation by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Chatteris. Some have expressed a wish to see this address in print; it was well received and calculated to do much good.—G. S.

CHATTERIS.—The New Year's meeting at Zion chapel was held on January 8. Addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Wilkins, the pastor; Mr. E. Forman, of March; and Wilderspín Smith.

#### MANCHESTER.

Our dear friend Mr. John Hudson, in a letter of great interest, says:—

"Thank you for giving us such a fine portrait of Thomas Stringer. My heart warms at the remembrance of his preaching the Gospel of Christ in Oldham-street chapel. He was a valiant man for truth and I loved to hear him.

"I shall be glad to read a few words of him next month in VESSEL, and wish we could have such an anti-duty-faith man to visit us in our chapel sometimes. A Baptist minister I heard preach last Sunday, when one asked, 'What is duty-faith?' 'I don't understand what they mean by duty-faith (he said); there is no such phrase in Scripture.' Yet he advocates it. Surely it is the faith of duty, which can only be a natural faith, or faith in the mere history. That cannot save, although it is the duty of all to believe God and His Word, because of the self-evident facts nature can see and understand (Rom. i. 20).

"Our good old divines used to distinguish the two by calling the one saving faith, or the faith that saves—that is, an appropriating faith. 'Lord, help me. He loved me, and gave Himself for me. He sent His commandment of life into my soul, and I died. He said unto me when I was in my blood, Live, and I lived. He sent His Word and healed me. He brought me to His banqueting house, and His banner over me was love.' That is all living faith, the grace of faith, or faith by the grace, mercy, and free gift of God, not of duty, works, or merit, lest any man should boast; 'we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works which God before ordained that we should walk in them.

"Let these solemn considerations have some weight in our Churches, not to encourage duty-faith preachers and despise grace-faith preachers. The former ministerially ignore and degrade the work of our adorable Jesus, making it incomplete without man does his duty; then hurl damnation at him if he does not accept and believe in their offers of salvation. But the latter exalts Christ and His work in all its completeness and perfection, all the sins of all God's elect being laid upon Christ (Isa. liii.), and the bearing them away in His own body on the tree (1 Peter ii. 24), and blotted them out by the blood of His cross (Isa. xliii. 25); so that He died for our sins independently of our believing; yea, 'he commendeth His love to us in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us' (Rom. v. 8). 'Much more, being justified by His blood, we shall be saved from wrath through Him.' There is no wrath in reserve for the elect. Faith is the evidence of these blessed Gospel verities (Heb. xi. 1).

"Thanks for your very nice article, from 'Dawn to Death.' Give my kind sympathy to your worthy son Robert and his family. May the dear Lord speak peace to them and make up the breach.

"Last month I preached two sermons at Pemberton, from Psa. xli. 1: 'God is our refuge,' &c. The word God is Alehim, the

learned tell us is derived from the root *Aloah* — to assure upon oath, to covenant, &c., so to interpose, &c. (Heb vii. 20); thus we find Him a refuge (Deut. xxxiii. 27; Psalm ix. 9; Isa. iv. 5, 6, xxv. 4; Heb. vi. 18—2); Num. xxxv. 15, &c.). The Lord bless you.

“Yours truly,  
“J. HUDSON.”

#### HACKNEY ROAD.

Shalom, The Oval, Hackney-road, boasts not of wealth or numbers, influence or fame. A sociable, homely people, and if not models of excellence, they exhibit, at least, practical Christianity. Quite recently the pastor, Mr. Henry Myerson, raised £11 16s. for the bereaved by the *Princess Alice* calamity, the proceeds of verses composed on that disaster. Charity never shines brighter than when those who have little, help those who have less. Shalom has its benevolent fund to temper the winds of adversity in the straits of sickness to the vessels of mercy. When Christmas comes, a few useful garments for the needy, a tea with oranges and entertainment for the school children, a collection for the poor, mark the event. If some Churches forget their pastor's Christmas dinner, Shalom is an exception. Love was born in the heart of a Jew, and Christmas is its birthday. To keep the feast, the proceeds of a lecture were devoted to supply the minister's table with roast beef and plum pudding this year — the pastor's brother Jew, and son in the faith, Isaac Levinsohn — a member of Shalom — kindly giving “Daniel in Babylon” for that object. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn possesses an English heart though a Russian by country; a Jew by his first birth, a Christian by his second, he is a nobleman by both. The lecturer presented the varied phases in the history of the royal and captive ancestor. Lessons were drawn from the purity of Daniel's private and public life, his fidelity to the law of his God, his wisdom and candour with his royal masters, his absence from pride when raised to dignity. Mr. Levinsohn exhibited the Jew captive as a model for young men in his moral character, a type of faithfulness and constancy to the Christian, and a pattern and example of industry and integrity, firmness and patience, for every calling in life from a shoeblick to the Prime Minister. The lecture realised £5 8s. 9d.

B.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—Special service at Ebenezer, December 31. At ten several friends took tea. Mr. W. Winters delivered an address on “Christmas and New Year Customs,” concluding with some seasonable remarks on St. Paul's oration before Agrippa (Acts xxvi. 22): “Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day.” The friends were happy. It is to be hoped that the winds may blow upon the dry bones, and an army of living valiant Christian soldiers may arise out of the dust of death through the preaching of the Gospel of Christ, to the everlasting praise of its Author. So prays

AN EARNEST ONE.

#### A VISIT TO THE ISLE OF ELY.

The guiding cloud of Divine Providence recently led us into Sutton, Cambs, where we received many welcome greetings from kindly disposed hearts. In the ancient Baptist chapel on Sunday, December 22, we desired to “inquire in the temple of the Lord,” and wended our way to this house of prayer. We longed for the quiet of Divine service, and we seemed to have begun our egress from a world of care to the paradise of God. As we entered the gates of the graveyard, the solemn fact stole into our minds, that we were surrounded by the congregation of the dead. We thought how many fathers in Israel have laid the body of sin and death down in this place, whose glorified spirits now dwell in the land where “there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.” We silently said—

“My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I a pilgrim stranger  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
These hours of toil and danger.”

We entered the chapel sighing, “Peace be within her walls, and prosperity within her palaces.”

A hymn was announced. Miss Nickson, who sings with grace in her heart, led the choir in sweet harmonies of praise to the Lord, who giveth songs in the night of our pilgrimage. Mr. S. Cozens bore us on the wings of his petition to the throne of grace, and we seemed baptized in solemnity and mystery, yet felt that we were nearing our Father's heart, and realised the renewing of our spiritual strength.

The text was “lovingkindness,” which formed the basis of the morning and evening discourses. The preacher spoke in the morning on “love,” in the evening on the “kindness” of love. He said love in God was an eternal property, love in Christ was an unchangeable affection for His bride-elect, love in the Spirit was educational. We are taught of God the Spirit to love one another. Love in the soul was essential to life, and happiness, and heaven.

In the evening we had a sermon of great compass on the kindness of God in the gift of His Son. The ideas worked out were:—1. He gave Him to the patriarchs by promise; 2. To the prophets in vision and revelation; 3. To Mary as her Son and Saviour; 4. To Joseph by a name above every name; 5. To Simeon as the consolation he had so long waited for; 6. To the world and to the Church “a light to lighten the Gentiles, and the glory of His people Israel.” We afterwards gathered from the prayers of the brethren that this was a joyous season to many. Faith was strengthened, hope encouraged, and God honoured.

Mr. Cozens is not an Hercules, but he is strong in the Lord and in the power of His might. He is not a Socrates, but he is an able minister of the manifold wisdom of God. He is not an Alexander, but he manfully wields the sword of God's Word in the good fight of faith. We pray that his visit to Sutton may be blessed to the friends. There are many good people whom we think would

be a spiritual acquisition to the Church were they to join. We cannot understand why some that have been baptized should be outside the fold. And why is it that some who ought to have been baptized long ago do not follow the Lord in His appointed way of baptism? But we do hope that this ancient cause of God may yet blossom as the rose, and send forth her smell as Lebanon.—A VISITOR.

#### ONE YEAR AT WHITESTONE, WITHINGTON, HERFORD.

DEAR FRIEND IN THE LORD,—I do not wish either to forget or to be forgotten of friends; permit me to drop you a few lines, especially as it is now twelve months since I came down to this place. As far as that period of time, and the Lord's blessing upon the work therein is concerned, it has not been a year of barrenness or of stagnation. The Holy Spirit has been actively engaged at work in our midst, the waters of repentance have flowed, the waters of baptism have been moved. We trust it will not be many months before they are moved again, for we cannot but believe that the Lord is doing a good work in the hearts of several of the young friends. While this is apparent, we are fully conscious that it is not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord, and to the Triune God we render unreservedly all the glory; for, among other devotional exercises, it is a joy to render grateful praise to the Lord for all His mercies. If I am not mistaken, too, the lambs have been well watched and nourished, and the sheep well fed and folded. When the Lord creates the fruit of the lips in the people's praise to Him for sanctuary privileges and mercies, it has the appearance of a healthy state amongst them, and though we do not see all we want, yet we are thankful for what our eyes see and for what our ears hear of the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living.

The Rev. Mr. Abbott, rector of Withington, died rather suddenly on Sunday morning, Dec. 29, 1878. His widow told me that he said he was quite ready to go, and died like a little child trusting in the Lord, and bid his wife still to "trust in God." Seeing we must have another rector, may the Lord of all graciously send us as good a man as the deceased. For, notwithstanding all the faults of the Established Church, a man of faith in Christ and a lover of souls demands our Christian charity and prayers.

I am happy to say brother Godwin is better, and is again actively engaged in various branches of Christian usefulness—in the Church, in Sabbath school, and in speaking occasionally in the villages around; also several other brethren are now speaking in turns at Dodmarsh-cottage. May the Lord of His servants, and of His harvest, bless the humblest and smallest efforts put forth for His great name.

Your "Blessed Brother,"

JOHN BEDFORD.

#### BOX MOOR.

This is a lovely piece of Nature's poetry. From the station to Salem chapel is very long metre, which the ministers, who have to walk, know quite well. On the Moor it is high and round metre. The immense paper and card mills look strong and tall metre. The scenery is sweetly reviving; the inhabitants are industrious; many live to great ages.

Sunday morning, January 12, 1879, was a hard, biting frost. The white carpet was thick on the ground. Three sermons and three services that day in Salem, so I left home early; and when I reached the Moor, the sun shone brilliantly, the snow sparkled cheerfully.

Mr. William Green led me to the hospitable residence of his venerable and pious widow mother. Then over the Moor, passing the grave of the late Richard Searle, under the silent viaduct, over the bridges, and through the little park, up the lane, into Salem. Brother Picton was giving a lovely hymn, and the choir rendered it with a calm and comprehensive fullness. My soul had sighed for some solid subject to begin with, and one sentence has set my mind to work for many hours. It was this, "Even from everlasting to everlasting

THOU ART GOD."

Oh, what a sea of Divinity in that sentence appeared. I thought, I read, I searched, I felt I might easier describe the depths of the ever-flowing seas; could sooner count her waves and tell the source and strength of all her ebbing and flowing billows, than I could elucidate the eternity of God. Eternity I saw in all the revealed attributes in the Deity. God's love, He declares, is "an everlasting love," and His loved ones being drawn to Him by a new birth, by a Divine revelation, by faith and prayer, is but the outcome, the result, the evidence of that everlasting love. So His mercy is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him. It is the same with that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure. All these revealed powers in the eternal God I saw; but when I came to an exposition of the eternity of God, how I felt I failed. History and revelation were to me like a carriage and a steam engine; they carried me back to the apostles' days, to the days of our Redeemer's incarnation, to the times of the prophets, the kings, the judges, the Mosaic, the patriarchal, and the antediluvian ages; but on reaching the creation, my carriage and engine fell into the deep, the unfathomable sea of an everlasting eternity before time, and in that sea I appeared to be drowned. However, through all the three services I was permitted to travel, but the anointing in my own soul was, as I feared, withheld.

Next day, I entered upon a commission of inquiry as to the state of the flock; searched out eight or nine cases. I concluded once more that the Bible is as true as its Author. Every doctrine, prophecy, promise, and precept quite true; and none more so than that prediction, "I will leave

in the midst of thee an afflicted and poor people, and they shall trust in the Lord."

All around Boxmoor there are many widows, some going on for 90. I visited some, helped and promised help to others. Had interview with the ancient John Roberts. He is the father of Salem, nearing on to 90 years of age. His faculties good, his judgment clear, his decision for truth firm as a rock. He looks like the Christian Burkett describes, "a man of holy resolutions and of a daring courage." He has walked in the shoes of Gospel peace for many, many years. God bless him in his last days!

After all the visiting, I made some diligent inquiries into the condition of the four orphans left by the late Charles Wootton, of blessed memory, which orphans, with his dying words, he committed, under God, to my care. The eldest boy I have been favoured to place in the hands of a good tradesman in London. God grant he may do well. Millie, the eldest, is a good mother to them. The children look beautiful. It did my heart good to see them looking so well, so clean, so cheerful. The orphans' funds will soon require replenishing.

We had pleasant New Year's tea meeting. Then I was enabled to deliver my last sermon there. Brother Kingham saw me to station. I reached home at midnight, after two busy days. C. W. B.

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**WALTHAMSTOW.**—**ZION STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL,** Maynard-road. Our friends had usual watchnight service on New Year's eve, the address delivered by Mr. John T. Carter, of Leyton; and on the following Thursday the scholars attending the Sunday school met together for their annual New Year's treat. The little folks having been regaled with an excellent tea, proceeded to entertain themselves, their parents, and friends (several of whom were present during the evening), with singing and recitations, under the direction of their superintendent, Brother E. Smith, who had evidently taken great pains to render the little ones efficient, judging from the excellent manner in which the various pieces were rendered. Brother Smith also gave us an interesting address on "A Child," which was listened to with great attention. Through the kindness of friends, a monster Christmas tree, over six feet in height and well laden with prizes, had been provided. These were afterwards distributed amongst the scholars, making their happy little faces look, if possible, still more happy. The singing of the well-known hymn,

"For ever with the Lord,"  
 and prayer for God's blessing on the whole, brought a very pleasant evening to a close.—C.

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**SHEERNESS.**—Our minister of the New Baptist chapel has been seriously ill ever since the completion of the building, but we have had exciting services. We hope some good times are coming, for we have not much pure Gospel in all the island. We require men "strong in the Lord and in the power of His might."

## OUR CHURCHES IN BRIGHTON AND THEIR EVANGELICAL EFFORTS.

We have enjoyed some soul-reviving feasts in Brighton lately. But of all the men we have met with on the Southern coast there are none to compare with Mr. Boxall, whose faith, charity, zeal, and practical perseverance in the good cause, set him in the front with a cheerful boldness and a fervent spirit, indicating great success in the work he has entered upon in connection with Mr. Virgo and other useful labourers. I was present on Dec. 31 at Bond-street chapel Sunday school meeting. After tea Mr. Daniel Friend presided, and pastor Glaskin, T. Boxall, and other Christian workers gave us strong and holy discourses on the 60th year that the school had been established. It is not weary of well-doing; a Divine blessing has attended it all through its long career.

A correspondent says, "A tea meeting was holden Jan. 2, 1879, in the Baptist Mission Hall, Mighell-street. Mr. Boxall, the much beloved pastor, gave the members of that Church a beautiful tea at 6 o'clock. Then a special meeting was held; they sang,

'Come, let us join our cheerful songs.'

Pastor read Psalm c. Mr. Virgo, senior, addressed the throne of grace with a heart full of thankfulness to God for His tender mercies to us as a Church. Mr. Boxall told us he hoped this year to give the children of our Sunday school, and their parents, a free tea; he wished to have a good library in the school, one lady had given him 25 volumes, he wanted 200; he also hoped to have a blanket club, a kind lady had sent six pairs to the mission hall, he must have eighteen more pairs, it will be a valuable club to the poor; he suggested we should form a Dorcas Society, and meet once a month to make up useful clothing to be given to the poor, he would give £5 for that to be started at once. These auxiliaries are all needed. Our good brother is ever ready to help the poor and needy, and we are surrounded by the very poorest of the inhabitants of Brighton. May God bless them in these works of faith and labours of love, and constrain many to go forth and help them. Mr. Virgo, senr., and Mr. Fish gave nice warm addresses, also Mr. George Virgo; we were very thankful to God for His restoring mercies to our young brother. A very happy evening was spent. Mr. Boxall preached a good sermon on the first Sunday in the new year."

Mr. Israel Atkinson was at Ebenezer chapel, Jan. 5; but did not preach. Their new year's tea meeting was a successful commemoration of the Divine goodness. A contemporary says:—

"Mr. William Lambert Payne, the treasurer of the schools, presided. On the platform were Messrs. Cozens, the superintendent, J. Nunn, and T. Read. The chairman, speaking of the events of the past year, said it had been one of anxiety to them for fear that their pastor, who had been attacked with illness, would be taken from them. God,



however, had spared him, and he would soon be among them again. He trusted they would all continue their sympathy with the Church and schools. He felt a lively interest in all things connected with their Church, the schools, the clothing club, the Dorcas Society, and the penny bank, all of which were branches of work established for the benefit of their congregation. Mr. Cozens said that last Sunday there were 500 children and 41 teachers in attendance. He had been superintendent for eight months, and during that period the teachers had worked with a will, and the continued sympathy of their congregation would enable them to do still more."

#### REHOBOTH CHAPEL, CLAPHAM.

Thursday afternoon, Dec. 26, 1878, we had a sermon by C. W. Banks, from Luke ii. 49: "And He said unto them, How is it that ye sought Me? wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" The preacher spoke of His Father's business, to redeem the Church, to give satisfaction to the law, and to save the people. He told us of Martin Luther, who, when he was riding across country, saw a man on the roadside, and he dismounted and went to look at him. Finding him very low, he took him on his knee, and raised his head on his shoulder, and poured wine—a drop at a time—into his mouth, when the man opened his eyes, and said, "Who are you?" Martin said, "Who are you? Where did you come from?" The man said he was a monk, and had been travelling to seek forgiveness. Martin said, "You cannot get it from man, or from forms, or ceremonies." "Where, then, can I get it?" Martin said, "You can only get it from God's Son." The man then said, "Then I am damned." Martin said, "No; God loved, and gave His Son, that He might give forgiveness unto His people;" and so preached Christ that the man kept saying, "More of it, more of it." He then set him on his horse, and took him to a house. This man suffered death for the truth after he had received forgiveness. The sermon was very savoury and acceptable.

A select company then took tea, and at 6.30 the public meeting began, brother Mealow in the chair. Brethren S. Banks, Holland, Benford, Silvester, Backett, and F. Wheeler, spoke on the prospects of England and believers in Christ.

The meeting closed at nine o'clock. May the dear Lord shine into the souls of the people from time to time, is the prayer of

F. WHEELER.

CAMBRIDGE.—We had a very pleasant gathering at Eden on the evening of Friday, December 20, when W. J. Styles, Esq., delivered his very popular lecture upon "Christmas, its Customs and its Cheer," in the course of which the choir sang several carols in a very efficient manner. Both old and young were thoroughly amused and instructed, and judging from the hearty vote of thanks given at its close the endeavours of the lecturer to please were highly appreciated.—JOSEPH FAVELL.

#### A SPIRITUAL CONVOCATION AT BILSTON.

Annual tea and public meeting in Broadstreet Baptist chapel, was Thursday, Dec. 26, 1878. About one hundred took tea. After tea, chair was taken by Mr. A. B. Hall, our pastor; addresses delivered by Messrs. Howard and Lloyd, of Birmingham; Mr. Wright, of Wolverhampton, and Mr. Walker, of Willenhall. The chairman opened the meeting, relating his experience in the ministry, and spoke of the goodness of the Lord in enabling him to stand on the walls of Zion to preach the unsearchable riches of God's electing mercy and grace; in supplying him with matter from time to time; in enabling him to bring things new and old out of the treasury of the Gospel. He spoke of how the Lord had brought him to see his own weakness and inability, leading him to trust to the directing of the Holy Spirit, having no confidence in the flesh, but rejoicing in Christ Jesus.

Mr. Wright gave an account of the deep exercises which the children of God were at times called to pass through. He spoke encouragingly to the young people, pointing out a few evidences by which they may see whether they were called by Divine grace. Showing the difference between lip and heart service, he said our God heard even the groans and sighs of His people when they were unable to utter a word. Oh, how encouraging to the child of God it is to know this when he is cast down; when he comes to the place of stopping of mouths; when the Beloved is pleased to withdraw Himself; when he is in Doubting Castle; when he cannot so much as lift up his eyes to heaven, but sighs, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner." Oh, how sweet it is, then, to hear the Beloved say, "Rise up, My fair one, and come away;" sweet to feel oneself made white in the blood of the Lamb; sweet when in the banqueting house of His love, when the promises contained in the Word are felt and realised as belonging to himself, then can he say:—"My Beloved is white and ruddy—the chiefest amongst ten thousand, and the altogether lovely."

Mr. Lloyd spoke on the birth of our glorious Immanuel, and gave a few thoughts on the will of God. Having made known unto us the mystery of His will according to His own good pleasure which He purposed in Himself, he spoke of God's eternal will in election, and of the revelation of it to sinners ("Having made known unto us"). Oh, what a mercy when we know this mystery! know our calling and election to be sure; when we feel our interest in the covenant ordered in all things and sure, which

"Was made with Jesus for His bride,

Before the sinner fell;

Was signed, and sealed, and ratified,

In all things ordered well."

And then what a mercy that it is according to His good pleasure purposed in Himself in eternity, not only to save sinners, but also to reveal Himself in His own good time, and make known the mystery of His will to all those who are in this blessed covenant.

Then those to whom the Lord hath not revealed this mystery, laugh us to scorn.

Mr. Howard gave a sound address on the deliverances of the children of God when in trials and troubles.

Mr. Walker shewed — "God is love." Votes of thanks were passed to the ladies for the excellent tea, and to the ministers and chairman. "All hail the power of Jesu's name," &c., was sung. Thus concluded one of the pleasantest meetings ever held in Bethesda chapel. So thinks

A MEMBER.

**WALWORTH.**—The seventh anniversary of the Sabbath school carried on at Penrose-street, by friends connected with the Surrey Tabernacle, was held January 21st. The superintendent, Mr. John Piggott, presided, and there was a good attendance of friends, who, previous to the public meeting, took tea together. The short report given by Mr. Green, showed progress in every department; and the financial statement was most satisfactory. Mr. Williamson, in moving the adoption of the report, spoke as an old scholar and an old teacher, gave words of encouragement to those engaged in the work, pointing out that even where no other result was produced, great moral good had been effected by the Sabbath school agency. Mr. Thomas Carr noted two important statements in the report—first, the glory of God was sought, and next the good of the children. The teachers had many discouragements in their work, but he reminded them of the parable of the sower: some seed fell by the wayside, some on stony places, some among thorns, but some fell in good ground; here was first discouragement, but there was also encouragement: let teachers learn a lesson from the parable. Mr. Joseph Beach, in speaking of the blessing of having godly parents—which was highly to be prized—showed that it was alone the work of grace that could effectually save a soul. Mr. Hand drew attention to the determined efforts of the Roman Catholic party to again compass England, and read extracts from a speech of Cardinal Manning's proving the same. Mr. Mead spoke words of encouragement to the teachers. Mr. Boulden followed in his usual kind and loving manner, relating a remarkable circumstance of how his life was providentially preserved in his youth. Mr. Hall, Mr. Levinsohn, and others helped in making the meeting both cheerful and of an intelligent character.

**IPSWICH.**—**BETHESDA CHAPEL.**

Our old supply, Mr. William Large, of Sudbourne, occupied the pulpit on Lord's-day, Jan. 12. Many heard him well in the morning from Isa. liv. 11, 12, "O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted," &c. Our brother's study is a wheelwright's shop, and if such are the fruits of his meditation, his little flock on Sudbourne Common are favoured indeed. May he long be spared to them, and faithfully witness for the truth, opening up the Word of God to the hungry.

**BOW.**—**MOUNT ZION CHAPEL.** New Year's day, 1879, a new Strict and Particular Baptist chapel was opened in Botoiph's-road, Devon's-road, Bow, for the use of the Church and congregation hitherto worshipping in Albert-terrace. Brethren T. Stringer and J. B. McCure gave addresses in the afternoon. About 175 persons partook of tea. In the evening, there was a public meeting; brother J. Bonney in the chair. A goodly number of ministers and friends from West Ham, Stepney, Homerton, and other parts, were present. Brother J. Battson engaged in prayer. After some remarks from the chairman, the meeting was addressed by brethren T. Steed, C. Cornwell, J. Inward, G. Elven, R. G. Edwards, J. Griffith, and the pastor, W. Webb. The chapel has been built by brother H. Lee, assisted by his brother, J. Lee, at an estimated cost of about £800. It is capable of accommodating about 250 persons. There are vestries, baptistery, and every convenience which can be desired. Brother Hammond, one of the deacons, made a statement of the rise and progress of the cause, from which it appeared that, about thirteen or fourteen years ago, a young man (W. H. Lee, now of Wellingborough) returned from Australia, and, finding a great dearth of the truth at Bow, he consulted with a few friends, who agreed to meet together. They hired a schoolroom in Albert-terrace, Bow, and opened it for Divine worship. Brother G. Elven, of West Ham, preached morning and evening, and T. Stringer in the afternoon. On the following Lord's-day, W. H. Lee preached morning and evening, and the late J. Wells in the afternoon. They were supplied for a time by brethren W. H. Lee, W. Symonds, and W. Sack. They then agreed to form themselves into a Church, which consisted at first of thirteen members. They chose W. H. Lee as their pastor, and H. Lee and May deacons. On March 2, 1869, they were publicly recognised. T. Stringer stated to them the nature of a Gospel Church. C. W. Banks recognised them as a Church, and gave the charge. C. Cornwell preached to the Church; R. G. Edwards also taking part in the service. It was soon felt desirable to seek a more convenient place. A building fund was commenced, which, however, made but slow progress, and proved a source of anxiety and trouble, which this day had come to a pleasing and satisfactory termination. Brother W. H. Lee resigned his pastorate in December, 1872. They were then served by various supplies, brother J. Battson serving them for some considerable time. In 1876, brother W. Webb was invited to supply, and was ultimately chosen pastor. The Church then numbered thirty-four; the present number is forty-two members. The building fund at present has reached about £160. The brothers Lee have built the chapel entirely at their own expense, and it is proposed that they let it to the Church at a rent of five per cent on the cost, till such time as the Church are able to take it off their hands, the treasurer, in the meantime, holding the money collected at an interest.

The Church at Bow have the prayers and good wishes of the causes of truth. May the people prosper and realise the presence and blessing of their covenant God, Father, Son, and Spirit, in their new and convenient chapel.

**BERMONDSEY.**—A cheerful sermon was preached at Lynton-road chapel, Jan. 7, by Mr. Bardens, of Hayes, to a select company of friends. Our brother Bardens said, "He has done all things well." In the evening his friend and deacon, Mr. J. Wild, presided. Mr. C. Cornwell opened the service with prayer; Mr. Wild read Psalm xxxiii., and read a letter from Mr. Lawrence (pastor of the Church) regretting his unavoidable absence, expressing also his hearty sympathy with the Banks' Testimonial Fund. Mr. Bonney stated the purport of the meeting, and was followed by experimental addresses from Mr. Albert Boulden, and Mr. John M. Rundell, of the Surrey Tabernacle. Mr. W. Stringer made some pathetic remarks on "A Sinner's Prayer," and alluded frequently to the blessing attending the ministry of his relative, Mr. Thomas Stringer, whose portrait adorns the January number of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**. Mr. W. Winters dilated on "A Father's Prayer," and Mr. Bardens treated of the "Apostle's Prayer." Mr. Thomas Stringer made some telling remarks on "A Minister's Prayer." Mr. C. Cornwell gave us his views on the "Saviour's Prayer;" and Mr. Myerson expressed what "A Leader's Prayer" should be; and Mr. Wheeler brought up the rear with some suitable words on the "Mediator's Prayer." Mr. Boulden presided after Mr. Wild; the meeting ended well.—**W. WINTERS.**

**OUNDLE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.**  
—It was my happy lot once more to visit my old friends in this place, and preach the anniversary sermons on the third Lord's-day in Oct. I found a better attendance than I expected; the Lord was there, which made it a blessed meeting. Collections were good. We had public meeting on the Monday; friends took tea. Then I had the pleasure of calling on brother Smith, of Kettering; brother Hall, of Peterborough; and brother Ward, of Earls Barton; they spoke solemnly and faithfully. Brother Ward is young in the ministry; he spoke right well; he has grown much in the truth. The Churches around would do well to invite him to preach for them: so also the other two brethren. The cause at Oundle stands firm to the truth; no one is allowed to enter the pulpit but men of free-grace principles. I went to visit the venerable deacon, Mr. W. Beesley, who has stood by the cause many years, and has given many pounds to it; he now keeps his bed. I found him in a blessed state of mind, waiting for the Master to fetch him home. I rejoiced to find his son, Mr. John Beesley, is walking in the steps of his father, and is very useful to the cause. The Lord greatly prosper the cause at Oundle, is the desire of theirs and yours in the Lord, **W. TOOEK.**

## A VISIT TO AMERICA.

BY T. G. C. ARMSTRONG.

(Continued from page 29.)

While staying at Kemptville, I made two or three trips to Ottawa, the Canadian capital, a city centrally situated, and destined at some future date perhaps to be a place of some note, but at present it is not of much commercial importance. It is the seat of the timber trade, and the huge piles of timber stacked on the wharves, the vast saw mills close by, and the enormous rafts floating down the river, give it a busy appearance. The Parliament buildings here are very fine, standing upon an elevated plateau, and forming three sides of a quadrangle. The House of Commons and the Senate Chamber remind one of our Houses of Parliament at home, although on a smaller scale, and in the centre of the library is placed a magnificent white marble statue of her Majesty the Queen. Rideau Hall, the official residence of the Governor-General, was being put in readiness for the reception of the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, so I did not have the pleasure of inspecting it.

Here, as in Quebec and Montreal, Romanism is making desperate efforts to maintain her supremacy; but the Free Churches are increasing in numbers and in influence. Congregationalists and Methodists have some handsome buildings, while the Baptists were just putting the finishing touches to a new edifice, the memorial stone of which had been laid by the then Premier, Mr. A. Mackenzie, a man who had worked his way upward from being a stone mason to the highest position attainable, and who is neither ashamed of his origin nor of his connection with the Baptist denomination.

I called on the pastor, Mr. A. A. Cameron, but did not have the pleasure of seeing him, as he was away with his family for his summer holiday. He is spoken of as a hard-working, earnest-minded Christian minister.

Passing through Brockville (so named in honour of General Brock, who fell in the battle of Queenston Heights, in our last war with the United States), I saw another new Baptist church being erected for the congregation formerly under the pastoral care of Dr. Robert Boyd, a well-known Canadian divine, who was eminently useful for many years in this and other places; but who has latterly been completely incapacitated from labour through paralysis.

Toronto, the queen city of the West, was, to my mind, by far the finest place I visited in Canada; with its wide, well-kept streets, handsome blocks of buildings, mile upon mile of wharves, and its busy railway depôts, it presents the appearance of a highly prosperous city. Its largest church is the Metropolitan (Methodist Episcopal), which will seat 1,500 people, while perhaps the handsomest is the Jarvis-street Baptist church, recently built at a cost of over 100,000 dollars (£20,000), nearly one half of which was contributed by one of the members, Mr. McMaster, also a member of the Dominion Parliament.

Leaving Toronto, I crossed Lake Ontario, and soon found myself gazing at one of the wonders of the world—the Falls of Niagara. It would be almost impossible to describe one's feelings, whether standing in the level and watching the waters rolling over into the abyss below, or after descending some hundred feet, you crawl along a narrow ledge, and gaze upwards at the enormous volume, estimated at 1,500,000,000 cubic feet per hour pouring overhead, and almost blinding you with its spray as it dashes on the rocks beneath with resistless force, and seemingly rushes back again a mass of milk white foam. In writing of Niagara you feel as if you want to get a guide book and quote the description of it as given by some one else, one's own power of imagination and command of language seeming powerless to describe the impressions made upon your mind. Surely here, if anywhere, the thoughts will rise from "Nature up to Nature's God," and with reverence we are led to exclaim

"Great God, how wonderful Thou art!  
What finite things are we!"

Leaving Niagara on Saturday evening, I journeyed to Rochester, where I spent my first Sabbath in the States.

Here, as in Canada, we find legislation has taken steps far in advance of our Government at home. The bars in all the hotels and all public houses are closed, by law, from 7 p.m. on Saturday till 7 a.m. on Monday, and so the working man is found wending his way with his wife to market on the Saturday evening, and on the Sabbath morning clothed and in his right mind, taking the little ones to school and church, or else helping the wife in her home duties, which is more than can be said of many in our own land. I hope the day is not far distant when our own legislators will see the wisdom of, and put into practice, the law which obtains not only in America and our Australian colonies, but also nearer home in Scotland and in Ireland.

As I am afraid I have already trespassed on your space, I will reserve for the present an account of how I spent a Sabbath in Rochester. *(To be continued.)*

**BROADSTAIRS.**—Sunday, January 5, being the anniversary of the pastor, appropriate discourses were delivered by himself, morning and evening. He expressed gratitude to God for His goodness during the past twelve months, and thanks to all kind friends for the voluntary support they had given him, which was beyond expectation; he is still encouraged to trust in the Lord. On Tuesday, 7, a sermon was preached by C. W. Banks. Tea was provided at 5.30; a large number of friends filled the place. Public meeting in the evening presided over by the pastor, Mr. Carter; excellent addresses were given by brethren C. W. Banks, Bennett, Dennis, and Wise; closed by singing,  
"Crown Him Lord of all."

Attendance was good.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

A JUVENILE.

**HULL.**—The Church and congregation, under the ministry of Mr. McDonald, assembled to hold Christmas social meeting on December 30, in the Foresters'-hall. The ladies' committee—sisters McDonald, Thirk (seu.), E. Easterbrook, Chapman, Peerson, Gale, Bowlers, Thirk (jun.), Crumpton, Gibson, and others—set forth such tables of wholesome and refreshing provisions, as only the Yorkshire people can do. Bountifulness and godly cheerfulness, with faith and love, made us all happy. We were glad to see pastor McDonald so well in the midst of his real friends. Some Hull Baptists have lately passed through scenes of grief, but our Strict Church, meeting for many years in Foresters'-hall, has been maintained as a witness to the eternity, purity, and harmony of a new covenant Gospel. At this our Christmas meeting, pastor Thomas McDonald delivered a spiritual discourse. He was followed with interesting testimonies to the faith of God's elect, by brethren J. Crumpton (a steady friend to the cause, and an occasional preacher of the oldest Gospel in the world) and E. Easterbrook (a son of that veteran, well known through the West of England as a faithful minister in all the Churches where our heavenly Father's revelation of His Son, by the Eternal Spirit, is loved and received); Mr. Bowler and our ancient friend, John Hill, also edified the friends. But some said "the choir was better than the best." Well! when they rendered "In Judah is God known," "He shall feed His flock like a Shepherd;" when they thrilled our souls with "Come unto Me;" when Miss McDonald gave us (in strains almost sublime) "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" when dear little Master Thirk sweetly rendered his recitation; and when all "sang together" "Praise God from whom all blessings flow;" when all these various streams of mental meditations and of electrifying choral voices were poured forth, we wept and sang for joy. Bless the Lord, "the living in Jerusalem" can rejoice even in these days of want and woe.

#### ZION CHAPEL, NEW CROSS ROAD.

—Services in commemoration of Mr. J. S. Anderson's pastorate were held on Tuesday, the 7th ult. In the afternoon an eloquent sermon was preached by Mr. Hazelton, from John x. 10: "I am come that ye might have life, and that ye might have it more abundantly." About 200 friends sat down to tea in the schoolrooms which were very tastefully decorated for the occasion with evergreens, &c. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel and largely attended. The pastor, J. S. Anderson, presided, and after singing and prayer by Mr. Bloom, delivered an address suitable to the occasion. He said, I suppose, beloved friends, that a few remarks will be expected from me, and they shall be very few, inasmuch as we have many brethren present who have come prepared to speak to you, and it would be discourteous on my part if I were to occupy the time they ought to have in which to deliver their addresses. Fifteen years have

rolled away since I first became the pastor of this Church. Many of our friends have passed away since then, and others have grown grey-headed and feeble, but with regard to the past we can say, "Surely goodness and mercy have followed us" through all these years. Although we have witnessed many changes, yet we have made no change in our creed, for we have not met with a better; we have not changed in any respect with regard to the truths of God; the Church is now as she was when I became the pastor, and I trust will remain the same. During this year we have gone on very quietly, and remained in peace and brotherly affection. No root of bitterness has sprung up amongst us, no seeds of discord have been scattered, and there is no disaffection in any quarter whatever. The Lord has given us some tokens of His blessing the Word in the calling of some who were outside into the Church—not so many as we could have wished, but we are thankful that sixteen have been united to us. We acknowledge His mercy, and are looking for others to be brought too. I feel very pleased at seeing around me on the platform so many of my ministerial brethren, and especially three of them, Messrs. Bloom, Martin, and Nightingale, who are associated with us in Church fellowship, but are almost continuously employed in the work of the ministry, their labours proving very acceptable to destitute Churches. The Ven. Mr. Flack, in a genial speech, proposed a vote of thanks to the ladies for their services in connection with the tea and decorations, which was seconded by Mr. Nightingale, and agreed to. Mr. W. J. Styles, of Islington, handled the subject of the "Church as a family," in a fatherly manner. Mr. R. E. Sears, of Foot's Cray, as a practical gardener, gave an exposition on the Church as a "garden enclosed," and was followed by Mr. Clark on the "Church as an army." The closing prayer was offered by Mr. Martin, and a collection was taken up on behalf of the Baptist Annuity Fund.—T. G. C. ARMSTRONG.

**KETTERING.**—Alas! the pretty little chapel is shut up. It stands in what may be called a fast-growing suburb of the busy town of Kettering. Streets were rising up around. We have seen the place well filled. It was under respectable and hopeful influence. But our correspondent says, preachers have sometimes only had six or eight for their congregation. To us, these sights, these desolations are cutting to the very core of one's heart. It is no good to tell us "the people will not hear the truth." At whose door, now, is to be laid the cause of the downfall of this once sweet little hopeful cause at Kettering? We have seen for years how our little Churches are ruined. Oh, how true—

"Though various foes against the truth combine,  
Pride, above all, opposes her design;  
Pride, of a growth, superior to the rest,  
The subtlest serpent, with the loftiest crest,  
Swells in itself, then kindles into rage,  
Driving the chorub—mercy—off the stage."

Kettering people, ye put your hand to the

plough, can ye look back? Did ye open the door for our Lord Jesus Christ to come in? And now have ye shut the doors against Him? If ye began in the Spirit, and end in the flesh, where are ye? The papers announce that £20 have been given to the pastor on leaving. Ah, it is a common event now to sell the poor parsons out. We are thankful for the kindness of the people who put a good purse into a poor parson's hand; but, we are wicked enough to fear that where the Gospel has to go round with the hat on a begging suit, there is something awfully wrong in some quarter.

**ST. ALBAN'S.**—When the "Great Standard John" condescended to visit the once ancient and wonderful city of "*Verulam*," now called "St. ALBAN'S," perhaps he little thought of the many of God's blessed saints who had sounded out the Gospel of Christ in that district many centuries since; and even until now the truth is preached, and some, whose names are in the book of life, do (in that most antiquated city) worship God in spirit and in truth. When the "Great Standard John" flung his contemptuous negative against the young Jew, he only exhibited that spirit of dogmatic judgment, of bitter and jealous censoriousness which has tended to weaken our causes, and has driven many from us who love HOLY TRUTH, but who cannot, who will not, listen to men who, with sarcasm and ignorant reproach, declaim aloud against others whom they never knew, never saw in all their lives. "Great Standard John" has a good nest of his own. He is well received by the Churches of his own parts, but, as a leader in the sect he is attached to, if he could be disposed to believe it possible that the Lord may have some of His own dear children even in those Churches John so much despises, he might be even more useful than he is. We hope "the young Jew" will be found in our Church when many like John are gone home to glory. Our pastor, Mr. Dawson, has resigned and left us. We have had C. W. Banks preaching the Gospel to us, and we hope the Lord will yet revive the Strict Baptist Church in St. Alban's.—A VISITOR.

**TOOTING GROVE.**—December 26, the friends here, under the pastoral care of Mr. Henry Welsh, held a special service to commemorate the goodness of God for His mercy to them through the year. A godly company came to help and cheer the kind and generous pastor and deacons; the chapel was full. A sermon was preached by Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey. Tea was much enjoyed, and was followed by speeches on Gospel subjects by Mr. Davis, Mr. Nugent, the pastor, and Samuel Banks. We wish Mr. Welsh and his friends Divine and lasting prosperity.

**TORQUAY.**—We have a small cause of truth here. Mr. Varler occasionally gives us a Gospel sermon. Our pulpit is supplied by Mr. Lee, Mr. Clancy, and a good brother from Brent.

**WEST BRIGHTON.**—January 1, 1879. Providence Baptist chapel. New Year's thanksgiving services; pouring rain; I preached in afternoon; had tea; then public meeting; Mr. Boxall presided. He is a man filled with the spirit of life, of zeal, and of holy love. He is exactly the man to conduct a public meeting. Had he been devoted to the ministry in early life, he would, doubtless, have been a powerful preacher. Ebenezer Turquand gave a soft and sweet speech. The elder deacon of Bond-street Baptist chapel, Mr. Read, delivered a Scriptural address. He is called a walking concordance. A staid, solid, Scriptural quoter and expounder. He recommended Romaine's lectures on the 107th Psalm. Bad as the weather was without, we had a warm, cheerful meeting within. That devoted missionary, who is working for Christ in connection with the brethren Boxall and Virgo, also spoke to us wisely and pleasant. We pray, as we onward journey back to London, that a Divine growth may be seen in the new little garden of Christ's Gospel in Cliftonville, West Brighton.

**ORPINGTON.**—Another constant reader of the *VESSEL*, a lover of good men, a lively member of Bethesda, has fled away from sin and sorrow to endless joy and lasting day. Our brother Jonathan Mott, aged 74, finished his course on Wednesday, Nov. 6th, without a struggle or a groan. He had suffered much both in body and mind. The enemy hotly pursued him to the very gates of the New Jerusalem, but, through victorious faith in the Lord our righteousness, he triumphantly entered through the gates into the city.

No lion there his peace to tear,  
Nor any ravenous beast;  
But all is joy without alloy,  
And perfect is his rest.  
In his dark hour Satan had power  
Upon his soul to prey;  
But now in light, with perfect sight,  
He views him far away.  
For his return with us to learn,  
We have not in our heart;  
But we desire, and would aspire,  
To take with him our part.

I pray we may, when the Lord shall call, be prepared to join the happy hand who ever stand and sing the lasting song.—Yours, still lovingly, JOHN SALE.

**CUCKFIELD.**—Mr. Boxall commenced the week night services at Cuckfield. There was a good number; on the Tuesday after he baptized, this being the first since the death of our beloved pastor, Mr. Field. Mr. Boxall baptized eight persons in our Brighton Mission Hall in October. The place was full of strangers, and all went well. This makes eighteen who have been baptized since August. Mr. Light, in Cumeford-street, departed last Sunday week. He went out to preach; attended Mr. Atkinson's chapel. He has left a widow and seven daughters. He died so happy.

**BETHNAL GREEN.**—Mr. Matthew Branch and his friends in Zion Baptist chapel, Matilda-street, held annual thanksgiving services January 14. Mr. John Bonney presided, and did the very best part of the work. Mr. Gordelier sent forth good news. Mr. Kemp discoursed on salvation, the result of a blessed Trinity of Persons—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Mr. Hunt was eloquent on the Saviour's desire that His disciples should be filled with joy. The pastor, M. Branch, expressed gratitude to all who came to help them. C. W. Banks gave a few parting words. The friends declared it had been a happy season. This Zion is the only true Baptist chapel in old Bethnal Green. We wish they could have a more commodious meeting house.

### Notes of the Month.

**DEATH IS EVERYWHERE.**—Two of the oldest ministers have fallen asleep. David Pease, a Baptist pastor at Ashfield, Massachusetts, died recently at the age of 95; and on Thursday, Jan. 2, 1879, Mr. Christopher Woollacott died in London, having nearly reached his 90th year. Christopher Woollacott was born September 15, 1789. He was a Baptist pastor full fifty years at Modbury, Westminster, and Little Wild-street. Honourable and honoured in life, quiet and peaceful in death. A man of sound principle, if not of ministerial power. The once popular lecturer, Mr. Henry Vincent, has also recently laid down his oratorical powers, and undressed of all that is mortal, his spirit has winged its flight to those inconceivably extensive mansions where the gatherings must be great, the scenes glorious, and the worshippers happy beyond all compare. Another good Protestant champion has retired from the field—Rev. William Curling, so long and belovedly known as the minister of St. Saviour's, at the foot of London Bridge, on the Southwark side, to which he was called and elected by the parishioners in 1833. During the forty-five years in which William Curling preached in St. Saviour's, many thousands heard the Word of God carefully dispensed by him. He was not a very high Calvinist, but he preached CHRIST, the sinner's Friend. He died in the 75th year of his age.

**BAPTISTS IN AMERICA.**—An ex-London pastor now in America, writing home, says:—"I had been told before I left home that to speak in a Baptist family in America of such a heresy as 'Open Communion' was a treason which would not be tolerated, and that pulpits, and homes, and hearts would be shut against me if I dared to touch on such a theme. But, somehow, we got 'hammer and tongs' upon this very topic from the first half-hour of my entering the house to the last ten minutes before quitting it. My friend was a Baptist of the Baptists, and could no more 'sit down' with any one who had not been immersed than the cherub could sit down in the ark, or anywhere else. He would not let me alone; and, though he said tremendous things, and extorted from me as plain a statement of opinion as it is possible for a man to make on such points—if I only succeeded in making him love me half as much as I learned to love him—we did not part the worst of friends."

### Death.

IN affectionate remembrance of Mary Ann Sarah, the devoted wife of J. A. Lewis, of Oobham, and Boundary-row, Blackfriars, London, who died Dec. 21, 1878, aged 62.

# Another Ebenezer.

BY CHARLES MASTERSON,

Minister of Little Ailie Street Chapel, Whitechapel.

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.”—1 Sam. vii. 12.

HOW appropriate to, and expressive of, the feelings of the believer as he reviews the past, and remembers all the way the Lord his God hath led him! “EBENEZER.” This was uttered by Samuel, and a stone, on which it was inscribed, erected to commemorate God’s great goodness in delivering Israel out of the hands of the Philistines. How suggestive! May our meditations tend to evoke true thankfulness as we think of the past, and excite holy confidence as we think of the future. Notice—

I.—That benefits vouchsafed demand grateful acknowledgments. We are constantly receiving blessings upon blessings from the hand of our God, mercies upon mercies, until the number becomes innumerable, and our life becomes a monument of Jehovah’s mercy. God’s mercy is an everflowing and overflowing river. Can we count the drops of water making up the mighty torrent? Can we count the stars in the firmament? Can we count the sands on the sea-shore? Our answer is in the negative. Neither can we comprehend or enumerate the mercies of God which are commensurate with all our wants and necessities from the cradle to the tomb. God is the Author of all mercy, and the Giver of every good and perfect gift, and we would, with our whole soul, gratefully acknowledge—

(1.) His *preserving* mercies, and, with trembling old Jacob, say, “The God of our fathers hath led, fed, and cared for me unto this day;” and in the exercise of faith, we have also said, “Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.” Preserved. What a mercy! Preserved on earth, where plagues and deaths around us fly. Preserved in the midst of a sinful world, proving, though we are in it, we are not of it. The use of our faculties, both of body and mind, preserved to us. Preserved in the faith of Christ, in the fellowship of saints, and in hope of eternal blessedness. Let us gratefully acknowledge—

(2.) His *pardonning* mercy. This we need day by day, and it is our joy to know He is ready and willing to “forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.” What sins and imperfections have characterised our past lives and labours! Yet we may sing:—

“Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransom’d Church of God  
Be saved to sin no more.”

For—

(3.) His *enlightening* mercies, let us be thankful. The eyes of our understanding being enlightened. When Christ comes to the soul,

what discoveries He makes! He discovers the nature of sin. Those abominations of the heart, such as unbelief, pride, uncleanness, covetousness. The very secrets of the heart are made manifest when the light of life shines within. He discovers also the nature of GRACE, and shows the trembling soul how it reigns in the sinner's eternal salvation. It is no small mercy to be found looking to, and resting upon, JESUS and His merits for present peace and future felicity. We must remember—

(4.) His *guiding, comforting, sustaining, and communion* mercies. As pilgrims of the night; as subjects of sorrow, affliction, bereavement; as children of God, we have been helped to look up and away to the everlasting hills, and have obtained guidance, support, consolation, and communion with Him whose promise has been verified in life's chequered pathway: "And I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known; I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." The Lord doeth all things well. We would, therefore, kiss the rod, and say, "His will be done."

II.—The next observation we shall offer upon the word "Ebenezer" is, that returns of praise should be instantaneous—the spontaneous effusions of a grateful heart. As soon as Samuel and the people had experienced so remarkable a deliverance out of the hands of their enemy, they set about the work at once, in ascribing thanksgivings to the Lord; unlike those in the days of Christ on earth, to whom He said, "Follow Me," and they all began to make an excuse; but they were like the leper in the Gospel, who returned glorifying God. "Whatsoever our hand findeth to do, let us do it with all our might."

III.—Again we notice there was a cautious abstinence from self-praise and creature glory in Samuel's acknowledgment—"Hitherto *the Lord* hath helped us." What a contrast between this language and that of arrogant Nebuchadnezzar's!—"Is not this great Babylon that I have built for the house of the kingdom by my power, and for the honour of my majesty?" How terribly were our Saviour's words fulfilled in this proud monarch: "He that exalteth himself shall be abased!" But Samuel's feelings were more in harmony with David's, who said, "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us; but unto Thy name give glory;" and with those before the throne, crying, "Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

It is well to note how that in all their great struggles God fought for His people; they were not left to the might of a human arm or the wisdom of human tactics; but their mightiest victories were brought about by a direct forth-putting of Divine power. The God of Israel was emphatically the God of battles. As we think of the past, the road travelled, burdens borne, dangers faced, difficulties surmounted, foes conquered, and victories won, we gratefully exclaim, "Hitherto *the Lord* hath helped us."

IV.—The remarkable deliverance celebrated was in direct answer to prayer; it was while Samuel was crying to God for help, the thunder began to roll and the enemy was discomfited; the Philistines were dismayed and destroyed. The thunder was no doubt attended with lightning, which probably, as Josephus says, flashed in their faces and



struck their weapons out of their hand; he adds also that there was an earthquake which caused great gaps in the earth, into which they fell. Well, it is quite evident God appeared on behalf of His people, lifting them up and casting down their enemies. Does not our experience attest the truth of the promise, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me?" His gracious hand we have seen in answer to prayer, both in providence and grace. What a precious reality is prayer! What comfort, peace, joy, and support are found in the hallowed exercise! Beloved believer, let us therefore "come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."

"For blessings like these,  
So bounteously given,  
For prospects of peace,  
And foretastes of heaven;  
'Tis grateful, 'tis pleasant,  
To sing and adore;  
Be thankful for present,  
And then ask for more."

Lastly.—Expressions of thankfulness should have as much of a permanent form as possible. Samuel took a *stone*. Let mercies be written in marble, injuries in sand. Alas! how often our gratitude is like the morning cloud and early dew, it soon passes away; but we ought better to understand the lovingkindness of God, and remember what great things the Lord hath done for us. The Lord help us to express our loving gratitude in forms most earnest and practical.

Reader, where are you? which road are you travelling? what are your prospects for another world? Eternity is at hand, *safety only in Christ*.

"Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope by Thy good pleasure  
Safely to arrive at home."

### THE LATE MR. THOMAS POOCK, OF IPSWICH.

IT is to be hoped that it will not be seemingly out of character to supplement what has already been stated of Mr. Poock by just adding that he laboured, in years gone by, with his pen as well as with his tongue, and his occasional contributions to the contemporary magazines, &c., which have come under the notice of the writer, bear evident signs of being the fruits of a master mind, written in a godly and nervous style peculiar to himself. His experience in the laws of versification, like that of our own, was very limited, although doubtless he fully realised the meaning of Swift's playful lines, which run thus—

"Then, rising with Aurora's light,  
The muse invoked, sit down to write;  
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,  
Enlarge, diminish, interline," &c.

Mr. Poock was an easy and ready versifier, as also a good prose writer in "English undefiled," as a glauce into the pages of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* of days past will prove. In the volume for 1851,

p. 200, will be seen the Christian experience of Mr. Poock in verse. The poem is worthy of many times reading, not so much for its diction as for the sweet, sober, and Scriptural sentiment it contains. The value of a man's true character may be more correctly estimated by his private and domestic life than even by his public labours. And this is realised in the case of Mr. Poock. In turning to that beautiful piece of Christian biography of Mrs. Elizabeth Poock, written by her bereaved husband in 1858, much of his inner life, in the position of a Christian, a husband, and a father, is clearly obvious. He speaks of his beloved wife as being married to him on June 15, 1817, and in the December of 1818 she presented him with a daughter, and from that period to 1827 she brought to birth five sons, and (says the biographer) "if ever children had an anxious loving mother, her's had." He further states that "death took away the daughter when ten months old; her second son when nine months old; her fourth son when three years and four months old; and her last born son when one year and one month old. The two latter were snatched away by the hand of death both in one day." The mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Poock, fell asleep in Jesus Feb. 4, 1858. A marble tablet in Bethesda chapel, Ipswich, records her happy departure, and it may be here stated that this tablet was erected by the liberality of the "young friends" of the cause. Mrs. Poock appears to have been most deeply tried in her soul, and was divinely helped in the realisation of Gospel liberty by her dear devoted husband.

In conclusion we beg to contribute a few lines in memory of the blessed dead.

IN MEMORIAM—THOMAS POOCK.

Farewell awhile, old friend. The veil of sadness  
 Hangs o'er us still, yet we in hope will wait  
 Till the bright morn arrives, when joy and gladness  
 Shall be our lot in that celestial state.  
 No more farewells, but the full joy will be,  
 To dwell at home for ever, Lord, with Thee.  
 Now the stark form in its lone chamber sleepeth,  
 The debt is paid, grim death hath no more claim;  
 But this we know, the eye of Jesus keepeth  
 Watch o'er the dust till He shall come again;  
 When, in His likeness clad, it shall arise,  
 And mingle with Him in the higher skies.  
 Strong are the ties and cares of life, which often  
 Tempt the poor pilgrim from the heavenly goal;  
 But stronger are the bonds of grace which soften  
 The hardest heart, and sanctify the soul;  
 That yield a peace most sacred and Divine,  
 And to the end of life more clearly shine.  
 Oh! happy state to which the ransomed spirit  
 Of this our friend is borne on wings of love;  
 Newly released from suffering, to inherit  
 Undying bliss with all the saints above.  
 Around the throne most glorious and sublime  
 There the blest throng in holy service join.  
 In mansions fair for ever and for ever,  
 Far from the shadows that becloud the way,  
 There the great spirits of the just together  
 Bask in the sunlight of an endless day.  
 No night is there, no sins nor sorrows come  
 To mar the peace of that eternal home.

Free from the toils of time and pains distressing,  
 Free to indulge in things of heavenly worth ;  
 Ah ! favoured saint, the bliss, the mighty blessing,  
 Known now by thee, outweighs the joys of earth.  
 'Tis hard to part, but who could wish thy stay,  
 To tabernacle in a house of clay ?

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

## KEEPING THE FAITH.

OUTLINE OF A FUNERAL SERMON FOR THE LATE MR. POOCK,

PREACHED BY

MR. JOSIAH MORLING,

*At Zoar Chapel, David Street, Ipswich, Lord's-day Morning, February 2nd, 1879.*

“ I have kept the faith.”—2 Tim. iv. 7.

IT would have been thought strange if I had passed over the circumstance of our brother Poock's death without taking public notice of it. That would not in the least have disturbed me if I felt justified in doing so. I feel justified in my course this morning for three reasons: 1. Brother Poock was for many, many years an honoured servant of our Lord Jesus Christ. 2. The scene of his labours, for over thirty years, was in this town. 3. For seven years past I have been intimately acquainted with him. I have a threefold object in view. (1) To exalt the LORD our God and His grace. (2) To comfort and encourage God's living family. (3) To publicly pay a tribute of honour to the deceased who, to his latest breath, abided firmly by the grand old doctrines of sovereign grace. No text could be more appropriate.

We shall simply notice :—I.—The faith kept. II.—The keeping it.

I.—(a) What are we to understand by the term “ faith ? ” We answer most emphatically, Not the grace of faith. The grace of faith is a Divine bestowment, and is Divinely kept. What is here called faith is sometimes called the Word (2 Tim. iv. 2), meaning either Christ the essential Word—“ In the beginning was the Word ”—“ We preach Christ ”—or else the written Word, which gives a revelation of the Person and work of Christ. (b) Law—“ The perfect law of liberty ”—because it sets forth God's fixed order and plan in saving poor guilty sinners. (c) Doctrine—“ Sound doctrine ”—because it contains the matter taught by Christ and the inspired apostles. (d) Truth—“ The Truth ”—because it reveals Christ as the truth, and contains nothing but truth, the truth of God. (e) Gospel—“ Preach the Gospel ”—because it is the good and glad tidings of Christ coming into the world to save poor perishing sinners from hell and damnation. (f) Here is our text—faith—because we have in the Gospel the true and only matter and substance of faith, or, in other words, it is the only true system of religious belief. We shall not stay to notice the various kinds of *human* faiths there are extant—but “ the faith. ” “ The faith in Christ. ” “ The faith of God. ” “ The faith of the Gospel, ” &c. It would be practically impossible to treat fully upon the subject; but notice a few particulars. The faith of the Gospel is the transcript of the Divine will concerning His people. The moral law, as given on

Mount Sinai, was a transcript of the Divine will in a judicial sense, but that only presents to us one side of Jehovah's character. It is in the Gospel we get the full revelation of His will: "Having made known unto us the mystery of His will." It is here we see the purpose of God to save. The purposes of God are made known to us in the promises. Every promise presupposes purpose. We therefore know God's purposes by His promises. The purposes were made known to the Old Testament saints in a variety of ways. It is here we see purchase. Christ purchased the Church with His precious blood. The purchase was agreeable with, and as extensive as, the purpose.

Then we see possession. Neither purpose nor purchase would be of any avail if He did not possess what He purposed to save, and also purchased. Hence, in the order of the everlasting covenant, the Holy Ghost brings into possession the chosen heritage. There is another line of thought might be very profitably traced out—viz., Mercy, merit, might. Mercy in the everlasting Father. Merit in the dear Redeemer. Might in the Holy Spirit, &c. Here, in the faith of the Gospel, we have *love* in all its multiplied forms; *justice* unsullied as the noon-day light; *mercy* in all its sacred operations removing the misery produced by sin; *wisdom* in all its perfection; power without limitation; faithfulness fully displayed; in short, all the attributes and perfections of the Deity harmonising for the salvation of God's chosen inheritance.

II.—What is meant by keeping the faith? Let us take the idea of *stewardship*. See 1 Timothy i. 11, 12, &c.: "According to the glorious Gospel of the blessed Lord, *which was committed to my trust*. And I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry." God's servants are stewards in the household of faith. By keeping the faith, we are, therefore, to understand—a being faithful to his trust; a firm adherence to the great verities of the Gospel. "It is required of stewards that a man be found faithful." Silvanus was "a faithful brother." "Be thou faithful unto death." "Antipus was My faithful martyr." "And has kept My Word." "Thou hast kept the word of My patience; I also will keep thee from the hour of temptation," &c. Reasons why he kept the faith:—1. He saw the excellency of it. One would be horridly unfaithful to preach what he believed was not the most excellent. He saw no way so just to God, so safe to man. He understood and approved the blessed Gospel. 2. He had a revelation of it from God. Does not the Holy Ghost reveal it to all whom He sends into the work? Did not the Holy Ghost, by His infallible teaching, reveal it to our brother? 3. He had an *experimental acquaintance* with it, which is essential for every Gospel minister. 4. There was the constant *upholding and supporting influence* of God the Holy Ghost. Abiding by this view of keeping the faith, our brother was—

1. A free and sovereign grace doctrinal preacher. If a man preaches, he must necessarily, whether intentionally or unintentionally, preach doctrine. It is folly to say, Mr. So-and-So does not preach doctrine. Our brother held very firmly to, and preached clearly, the doctrines of distinguishing grace. A day before he died, brother Dearing, who preaches at Crowfield (whom he always addressed as his boy, being called by grace under him), said, "Is there any doctrine which you have preached you would like to recall?" "Not one," was the emphatic

answer ; nay, those doctrines were very precious on his dying pillow. A few hours before he departed, he said to me, "It is all of grace from first to last." Like a rock amidst the foaming billows of false doctrine, he stood firm to the last. These blessed doctrines were his boast in life and his strength in death.

2. Our brother was an *experimental* preacher. He insisted upon the necessity of an inwrought work of grace in the heart of God the Holy Ghost; a mere natural religion was not enough for him. When on his death-bed, one said, "Then you *hope* you are on the Rock." "I *know* it," was the reply. Again, "I want to see His face." "Glory, honour," &c. Oh, may this be encouraging to some who so fear death, is my earnest desire.

3. He was a *practical* preacher. A true Baptist, yea, a New Testament Baptist—that is, a *Strict Particular* Baptist. He was baptized in his 21st year. A mere profession was not enough for him, knowing that profession alone is useless if there be not a daily corresponding practice. Well, the fight is over; the goal is reached; he kept the faith, and has entered into the joy of his Lord. "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season." May the dear Lord be pleased to raise up many, many more such faithful, uncompromising men, for His name's sake. Amen.

THE LATE MR. THOMAS POOCK.

*"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."*

OUR brother's dead, his spirit's gone  
To yonder worlds, no more to mourn ;  
His pains and sorrows now are o'er,  
And earthly trials he'll know no more.

For many years he did proclaim  
Salvation through the Saviour's name ;  
This was his theme, he lov'd it well,  
'Twas joy to him on Christ to dwell.

Rich fruits did here his labours crown,  
By him the Gospel trump was blown ;  
But now his happy soul has gone,  
Yes, where the weepers cease to mourn.

Ipswich, Feb. 5th, 1879.

He stood, a soldier brave and bold,  
God's Holy Word he did unfold,  
Till in the battle-field he fell,  
Then upward soar'd with Christ to dwell.

He fought the fight, the victory won,  
His ransom'd spirit now has gone  
To join that sacred host above,  
And ever feast on Jesu's love.

Ah ! now his happy soul doth sing  
Eternal praises to his King ;  
Now all his powers unite to praise  
The Ancient of Eternal Days.

B. J. NORTHFIELD.

SEEKING THE BELOVED.

*(Repeated by our departed brother on his death-bed).*

To those who know the Lord I speak,  
Is my Beloved near ?  
The Bridegroom of my soul I seek,  
Oh, when will He appear ?

Though once a man of grief and shame,  
Yet now He fills a throne,  
And bears the greatest, sweetest name  
That earth or heaven has known.

Grace flies before, and love attends,  
His steps where'er He goes ;  
Though none can see Him but His friends,  
And they were once His foes :

Such Jesus is, and such His grace,  
Oh, may He shine on you,  
And tell Him when you see His face,  
I long to see Him too.

E. C. SAYER.

## "AS GOD HATH SAID."

"When God made promise to Abraham, because He could swear by no greater, He swore by Himself."

"When God's right arm is bared for war,  
And thunders clothe His cloudy car,  
*Where? WHERE? O, where shall men retire,*  
To escape the horrors of His ire?  
'Tis HE—the LAMB—to Him I fly,  
While the dread tempest passes by:  
GOD sees His well-beloved's face,  
And spares me—in my hiding place."

**A** GAIN and again, in thinking, in prayer, in speaking, by night and by day, it comes, "As God hath said, I will dwell in them, and I will walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people." No cluster of promises, anywhere that I could find, ever could excel this richly-laden bunch of eternal blessings. This is that "HOLINESS without which no man can see the Lord." But, whether it is possible for any finite mind to conceive, or any angelic or human being to express, what is the full meaning of this most majestic unity of mercy's bequeathments, is yet out of my reach. Hence, although last month I hinted at my desire to unfold a little of it, and although in all my studies and public services my soul has hovered around it, no moment has yet come when I could commence an investigation so profound.

"Whence come those silent whispers?" Often I ask myself this question. Monday morning, January 20, 1879, was wintrified enough to deter any little thing like myself from daring to venture out. On the previous Saturday, a pitiless killing day, a few of us went to Battersea Cemetery to see the mortal part of the late beloved THOMAS JAMES MESSER laid in the silent grave. Our brother THOMAS STRINGER did read, and did speak so piously and so preciously upon Paul's words, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" and so graciously did his utterances roll over my soul, that I sat and cried like a child. It was to me a season of great solemnity. Then, on the Sunday, from Paul's words—"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness"—I had discoursed a little upon my departed brother Messer's life and death. But now, on the Monday morning before referred to, I was pushing off for two services at Hadlow in Kent, when suddenly, closely, convictingly this sentence was spoken in my inmost feelings, "*There is too much DOWNWARD TALKING in this day!*" The sentence thrilled through me, and when I reflected upon the immense amount of what is called "experimental preaching;" of the light and little rattle of many speakers; of the resolving all Revelation now into *questions*, as though God had not spoken, or had not spoken positively and plainly; when I read that wounding sentence of Master Kern's over the grave of his aged predecessor (which I feel disposed to consider another time), yea, when one reflects upon the streams of witticisms and anecdotal reiterations, so constantly poured out upon the floors of our sanctuaries, I felt, indeed, it is too true "there is too much *downward* talking in these days" for the real good of the Churches around us.

“What should be the theme?” *This* :—“All things are of God, who hath reconciled us unto Himself by Jesus Christ, and hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation,” &c. Here is a sea of Divine revelation. Look at it. An eternal purpose and an all-comprehensive possession is implied :—“All things are of God.” A perfect work by a perfect Person is declared :—“Who hath reconciled us unto Himself by Jesus Christ.” A commission of saving power is granted :—“And hath given to us the ministry of reconciliation. Through the coming in of such mighty words, my soul took wing, left all the “downward talk” in the world, and feeling as though the whole of God’s glory was opened, she sang,—

“The God that rules on high,  
And thunders when He please.  
Who rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas,—  
This awful God is ours,  
Our Father and our love ;  
He shall send down His heav’nly powers,  
To carry us above !”

Upward to our God in Christ, by the Spirit, brethren, may we soar !  
So desireth thine in the faith,

C. W. B.

More as soon as I can receive and send it.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
January 22, 1879.

## GOING FROM ONE CHURCH TO ANOTHER.

**B**ISHOP NICHOLSON is an American, and he gives us in a pamphlet of thirty-one pages what he calls his *reasons for joining* the “Reformed Episcopal Church ;” but which we think he might more properly have called his *reasons for leaving* the “Protestant Episcopal Church,” which is a branch of the Church as by law established in England, and which “immediately after the American Revolution became established as independent of the mother Church of England.” Bishop Nicholson tells us that “in the early years of his manhood he entered the ministry of the ‘Protestant Episcopal Church,’” and although he does not tell us how many years it was from his entrance upon that ministry to his withdrawal from it, we gather from what he says of it, that he must have been in its ministry for a considerable number of years ; for he says, “I remember how faithfully were preached the necessity and the marks of conversion to God, and that prayer-meetings were established institutions in many of her Churches. Even the custom of occasionally inviting ministers of the other Protestant bodies of the land to occupy her pulpits, was scarcely as yet discontinued ; and it was only here and there that the unchurching dogma dared to show itself. In the midst of such associations I was admitted into her ministry.” He continued in her ministry until, as we gather from his preface, “inconvenient conclusions forced themselves upon him,” and made him feel that to continue in it would be to “sell his birthright for a mess of pottage,” which he implies his belief that many do, in which implication we quite agree with him.

It was on December 20, 1874, in the city of Newark, New Jersey, where he had been minister for nearly three years, that he made known the reasons publicly, afterwards publishing them, for ceasing to be a minister of the "Protestant Episcopal Church."

The reasons are somewhat elaborately stated in the pamphlet before us, and are in substance as follows:—

1. The first and greatest reason for his dissatisfaction was his conviction, notwithstanding all subterfuges and special pleadings to the contrary, that the baptismal service teaches, and cannot be honestly interpreted otherwise than as teaching, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration.

2. His second reason is the "exclusivism" of the Church of England, or the "Protestant Episcopal Church," which leads her to reject the ministrations of any who are not ordained by the "imposition of bishop's hands," ordinarily called apostolical succession.

3. Priesthood as assumed by those who receive confession, pronounce absolution, and believe in and preach the real presence in the bread and wine, is stated as a third ground of discontent.

4. Next comes "ecclesiasticism," or clerical government for the insuring of uniformity, and the prevention of schism.

These four grounds of dissatisfaction decided Bishop Nicholson on leaving the "Protestant Episcopal Church." It appears to have taken some years to bring this determination to a climax, as he tried every kind of excuse and special pleading to quiet his conscience, but could not succeed in doing so. We should have thought no man of ordinary understanding (not to say a "bishop," and a D.D.) could have read the Prayer Book without at once perceiving that it teaches as plainly as words can declare the four doctrines stumbled at—namely, baptismal regeneration, episcopal ordination, auricular confession and absolution, and ecclesiastical domination. It appears, however, Dr. Nicholson was several years in making such discovery as led him to decision and action. He says, "he could not but feel that God was saying to him, 'Go.' And at last, in tears, I said it to myself, Go. Then I wrote it down. And then I sent it forth, and irrevocably I stood committed." Whither was he going, or what great change resulted? When Paul renounced his connection with the Jewish hierarchy, which had as articles of faith circumcision, when the Episcopal Church has infant baptism, and for the same objects, official succession confined to the family of Levi, and priestly domination exercised with an arbitrariness that would have been exclusive enough to satisfy the most strict episcopalian, he thus explains his conduct, and gives in few words his "reasons," not only for leaving his former friends, but taking a course at any rate somewhat different to that adopted by Bishop Nicholson. "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 might preach Him among the heathen, immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood," "but I went in to Arabia." The change which Dr. Nicholson made was this: he left the "Protestant Episcopal Church" to take up his abode next door with the "Reformed Episcopal Church." In other words, he left the Church which practised infant sprinkling and called it baptismal regeneration, for another which practised the same without attributing regeneration to it; he left a Church which believed in the imposition of hands and called it apostolical succession, for another which practised the imposition of hands without calling it apostolical succession; he left an Episcopal (or bishop-ruled)



Church for another Episcopal Church. This change does not appear to us as Baptists to have been a very great one, and not at all to be compared with that made in the case above referred to.

We think this pamphlet, whilst it gives no tangible reasons for joining the "Reformed Episcopal Church," gives very cogent reasons why every honest Christian man should disconnect himself from the "Protestant Episcopal Church," and come out from such corrupt and lying practices. It also gives a forcible reply to the excuses of those who profess to stay in the Church to try to improve it. Many of the Evangelical ministers in the Church of England are trying to salve their consciences with such shallow pretences now. But such is a very temporary expedient. They bear the strain on their consciences without protesting (by coming out from such) whilst they live. As they die off, their places are filled up by others who are better Churchmen, but worse Christians (or no Christians at all), and their hearers after a little murmuring settle down quietly, as those who desire to show allegiance to their Church at whatever sacrifice, and would not on any consideration allow themselves to be identified with Dissenters or schismatics. The Evangelicism of the Church of England is being gradually weeded out, and in a few years, at the present rate of progression, it will be comparatively, if not literally, extinct.

It is often asked by the Evangelical clergy, If we leave the Church we are in, what other body should we join? for we have not discovered any perfect Church on earth yet. To this our reply is, If you are led and taught of God, He will show you not only what to leave and lay aside, but where to go and what to do, as He so distinctly did in the case of Paul; but there is no doubt the "conferences with flesh and blood" interpose an insuperable barrier in the way of many whose conscience prescribes what their prudence overrules.

W. CROWTHER.

## THE VENERABLE THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 367, Vol. XXXIV.)

SOON after the delusion of a brief eternity had passed off, and my soul was re-awaked to the terrible fact that Divine justice was no fable, and hell no myth, I heard there was a preacher at Broseley who was causing considerable excitement by his bold statements of truth, and his exposure of the Yea and Nay systems of human device, which, with "Lo here" and "Lo there," run a poor sinner off his legs, and never bring him to a city of refuge. It was said he was an accident of royal dalliance, of which his physiognomy gave striking evidence. With rapid utterance he delivered, in pungent language, the oft-disputed, but never-disproved, Reformation doctrines, which lay the sinner in the dust, and exalt Jesus as the Alpha and Omega in the absolution of the sinner and the discomfiture of Satan. The chapel was crowded, persons of all creeds and of no creed went to hear—many to scoff, some of whom remained to pray, and in those who believed and those who believed not there were great searchings of heart. Without wishing to be censorious or uncharitable I had begun to doubt whether I had ever heard a God-sent preacher, so I resolved to walk to Broseley and hear this man,

reputed to be one of those who turn the world upside down. I went, therefore, and found the chapel door locked, and no one about could explain the case. In a few days we heard it bruited that the preacher had been so outspoken in his denunciations of error cherished in different sections, that in the fear of violence he was dismissed the chapel, and on the day I was there had preached in a dwelling house in the town; also that the rector and two or three other clerical magistrates had employed an informer to swear that he had held a religious service in an unlicensed building, rendering himself liable to a very heavy fine, and all of the persons identified as present were fined ten shillings each. Remember it, ye juniors, as a feature of the good old times that none might pray or talk one to another on the gravest of all subjects without becoming chargeable with law-breaking, punishable with sequestration of goods and incarceration of person. I might tell of providential reprisals which, within a few years, fell on the chief actors in this persecution; but let bygones be bygones—all the malignants have been called away. I may not omit the fact that a stern execration was evoked against this clerical act, and all the sects clubbed their subscriptions to shelter these delinquents from the worst consequences of their illegal conduct. The minister himself left Broseley for ever, leaving behind him, however, some admiring friends, from whom I heard in my early days many an anecdote of the wit and pith of his discourses, sometimes sweet and sometimes severe, but always having a basis in the law and the testimony, and leaving impressions no time could obliterate. What God writes on the heart (Jer. xxxi. 33) will be ever legible. With myself, after this disappointment, I was floundering in the slough of despond for weeks and months; and gathering no hope from the ministries around, I ceased to go to hear, and remained in the house on Lord's-days reading and praying with varied frames and feelings; but more gloomy than gladdening. One thing, one thing only, was needful, one word from the warm loving lips of Jesus—PEACE. Blessed be His glorious name, I have many times since then heard that voice pronounce that word, and felt that when He speaks peace, none can give trouble.

On one particular Sunday it was indeed a day the Lord blessed. I was alone in the house with a book of Huntington's on my lap, which I had been reading. Do not remember what book nor the subject of the passage I had been reading, but my thought went from my then *present* through a three or four years' *past*, to the solemn hour when I first felt I had a soul, and that soul, as far as I knew, unsaved. I reviewed the way I had been led, rehearsed the lessons of truth I had learnt as by line upon line, and precept upon precept; how I had striven to enter in at the strait gate and had never been able; how I had cried to the Lord day and night, and there was neither voice nor any to answer, nor any that regarded (1 Kings xviii. 29). I had been told by one and another I had only to believe. I did believe; no credit to me, the word was branded on my conscience, it was my meditation all the day, and mixed in all my consciousness in the night. *Now* every truth is questioned; all that pertains to law, and every portion of Gospel, is put into the crucible of human logic, and as men's minds vary in breadth and strength, the results of this kind of chemistry vary also, and hence the discords in our schools of theology, and the contradictions echoing from our pulpits. If all were taught by the same Teacher, all would speak

the same thing, and the confusion of Babel would cease. These and a cloud of kindred thoughts filled my mind and obscured hope. To save the book from the stains of tears, which flowed plentifully, I closed it on my thumb, not wishing to lose the place, and still sat musing on misery. At length I carelessly dried my eyes, and threw the book open, when these words met my view—"THE WRITTEN IS THE SAME AS THE PREACHED WORD; BUT HAS NOT THE SAME POWER." It would require many more pages of the VESSEL than I have any right to monopolise to tell the information which those words brought to me. The written Word, the immediate inspiration of the Spirit who searcheth all things, yea, "the deep things of God" (1 Cor. ii. 10). I had read many times over *the written Word*, still the same in substance, manipulated by prayerful study and gracious experiences, and so coming to us through many hands, yet the same, "Christ All and in all." The written Word in many versions I had read, and felt at least that it was true and good to those who could receive it as a message from God to themselves; but it had never emancipated my soul from legal bondage, never lifted me out of the pit wherein is no water. Had the preached Word some peculiar virtue for effecting such deliverances? I knew that it could not be in the mere letter of the Word; the question simply was, Does God of wise design put honour on preaching not commonly attending that which is written? At all events I accepted the author's statement, and there and then resolved that, if it were possible, I would get within the sound of a Gospel trumpet, blown by a duly-qualified herald of the King of Zion. How this resolution was carried out shall (D.V.) be told anon.

(*To be continued.*)

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## TREASURE IN EARTHEN VESSELS.

SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON BY G. BURRELL, OF WATFORD.

(*Concluded from page 45.*)

SECONDLY. The Gospel is not only a treasure on account of that which it reveals, but also on account of that which it contains. And what, then, is contained in this treasure? In a word or two: Everything that God requires, and everything the sinner needs. It contains itself a precious Christ. He is the sum and substance of the Gospel, His person, work, blood, righteousness, and unsearchable riches. The Gospel is good news and glad tidings; it is a proclamation of salvation full and free by Christ alone; it contains all His love, all His merit, proclaims all His grace; Christ is the treasure in the treasure that makes the Gospel what it is—"the treasure hid in a field"—the pearl of great price—the altogether lovely One—the Plant of Renown—the Rose of Sharon—the perfection of beauty—the centre of all attraction—the meeting-place where God and man are one—the great and only Mediator between God and man. Christ is the "Treasure to be desired"—the jewel in the casket—the All in all of the Gospel—a precious treasure indeed—a soul-enriching treasure, that whoever possesses, possesses all things worth possessing. "All things are yours, for ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's." The Gospel contains all that a soul can need for time and eternity—a full Christ. It hath pleased the Father that in Him all

fulness should dwell, and this fulness is resident in Christ to be communicated. What a storehouse! What a bank of treasures and wealth we have in Christ! All needful grace and glory too, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. The Church is enriched in and by Him in all things. Surely, then, the Gospel is a treasure for that which it contains, as well as for that which it reveals. All the goodness of God, His covenant goodness, laid up in Christ, to be laid out on His dear grace-saved family, all are contained in this treasure—the everlasting Gospel.

Thirdly. The Gospel is a treasure because of its wonderful effects and results. It is God's method or great instrument He has been pleased to employ to accomplish His great and mighty purposes in the salvation of millions—the preaching of the cross, the publishing of salvation: "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel." O what a treasure it is where it comes! What wonders have been accomplished thereby—3,000 pricked in their hearts under one sermon! Who can ever calculate the benefit accruing, even in this world, from the reception of the grace of the Gospel? "Our Gospel," says the apostle to the Thessalonians, "came not unto you in word only, but in power and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance, and ye became followers of us and of the Lord, and from you sounded out the word of the Lord, so that we need not to speak anything, they turned from idols to serve the living and true God." The grace of the Gospel accomplishes wonders—destroys idolatry—pulls down strongholds—casts down imaginations—casts out the devil and sets up the kingdom of grace in the soul—changes the raven to a dove—the lion to a lamb—spreads and diffuses light, knowledge, and love wherever it goes—and all the blessed things that accompany salvation attend its course. "The grace of God which bringeth salvation teaches us that denying all ungodliness, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present evil world." By the Gospel the Holy Ghost finds the lost sheep, and by the same He feeds the flock. All the doctrines, promises, and precepts of the Gospel are a treasure indeed, revealed to, and dropped into the heart to bring forth the fruits of righteousness. In these and many other respects which we cannot enumerate the Gospel is a sacred treasure—a treasure on account of that which it reveals—a treasure on account of that it contains—and a treasure on account of the very blessed results which flow therefrom.

II. Now a few thoughts in the second place on THE DEPOSITORY of this sacred treasure. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels." A vessel, notice, is not a self-made thing, neither is it self-filled. A vessel gives us the idea of workmanship. It is an instrument made by some one; so saints are vessels of mercy, formed by God and filled by Himself. We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works. This will apply to all Christians, but the vessels here are constituted not only to receive and retain grace, but the Gospel also; they are vessels formed by the Great Master for His own use, and filled and fraught by Himself. This is evident from Paul's own experience as a minister; he did not make himself, neither did man make him a minister. "The Gospel (he says) I preach is not after men, for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it but by the revelation of Jesus Christ." This precious, sacred treasure, he informs us, was committed to his trust; he was thus made a steward of the manifold grace of God. "Unto me, who am less

than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ; whereof (he says) I was made a minister according to the gift of the grace of God given unto me by the effectual working of His power." Again, in writing to Timothy, he says: "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord who hath enabled me for that He counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry. Here we see, therefore, why the apostle calls himself a vessel, he was not a self-made minister. Alas! how many there are and have been who profess to be Gospel ministers who never had a commission from God, and to whom the Gospel was never committed, and of all such the Word declares, "They shall not profit My people at all."

Secondly. As a vessel is not self-made, neither can it be self-filled. So the servants of the Lord are dependent upon the Lord; entirely so, to be held up, filled, and supplied, by the hand or power that made them. The treasure is put into them: the grace of God first, and the gifts of grace to qualify them second. Hence we read, "Christ hath ascended up on high and gave gifts unto men," and He is as much a Sovereign in the bestowment of His gifts as He is of His grace. He often chooses the most unlikely instrument to accomplish His purposes, and never will be at a loss for instruments. He can go, and often does, into the very front of the enemy's ranks, and single out the greatest enemy, and make him at once a zealous and most successful servant of His, as in the case of the speaker in the text, Paul himself. "He is a chosen vessel unto Me, to bear My name before kings. . . . and I will show him how great things he shall suffer for My name's sake." And then we have not this treasure in vessels only, but earthen vessels, not heavenly vessels; this treasure is not committed to angels, but to men, and not put in golden vessels—kings or great men of the earth—but into earthen vessels, mean vessels, brittle vessels, weak vessels, earthen vessels, because it is on the earth the Gospel is to take effect. "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, goodwill to men." It is on earth where His people are, and sensible saved sinners therefore are best qualified to publish to sinners the good news of salvation. Angels never tasted redeeming grace and dying love, for they never needed it, but fallen men receive mercy, and it is their privilege to publish the same to their fellow-sinners; they are earthen vessels therefore, imperfect and brittle, and being men of like passions as the rest, call for sympathy as well as manifest it to others, the sons of God and the servants of the Most High God, yet esteemed by men as earthen pitchers, despised and hated like their Master, and yet containing and bearing this most inestimable treasure. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels."

III. THE DESIGN. "That the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us." This is God's design, who has purposed to hide pride from man and to stain all creature glorying, that no flesh shall glory in His presence. By most unlikely instruments the great God has always accomplished His mighty purposes. When Jericho's walls were thrown down, it was by the blowing of the rams' horns and the shout of the people; they did as God commanded—in itself a most unlikely mode of taking the city, but it was God's ordinance, it was for them to obey and God to work; and so in the preaching of the Gospel, the great trumpet is blown, and power attends the Word, and they come that are ready to perish. The thing itself seems very foolish—called the foolishness

of preaching—but says our God, “My Word shall not return unto Me void, it shall accomplish that which I please, and prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.” The weapons are not carnal, but spiritual, mighty—not in themselves, but, through God, they are mighty to the pulling down of strongholds—casting down imaginations and everything that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ. It is not the eloquency of the preacher or his oratory: these things may *work upon the natural passions*; but the power that attends savingly the preaching of the cross is the power of God. “It is not by might, nor by power” of men, either argument or persuasion, “but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.” Therefore we see the excellency of the power of God displayed in the preaching of the apostles, though some of them were considered unlearned and ignorant men; yet Peter and the rest were so emboldened to speak, that superstition and idolatry fled and fell before the light and power of eternal truth, as darkness flees before the rising sun. The Lord working in them and with them confirming the word with signs following; this was the secret of their success, and this, and this only, the ground of their glorying. “God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,” was the language of grace-saved Paul. “I have therefore whereof I may glory through Jesus Christ in those things which pertain to God. For I will not dare to speak of any of those things which Christ hath not wrought by me to make the Gentiles obedient by word or deed; through mighty signs and wonders by the power of the Spirit of God, so that from Jerusalem and round about unto Illyricum I have fully preached the Gospel of Christ.” Here we see how Paul recognised the power which wrought; he was but the instrument, it was Christ that wrought the change, and it was accomplished by the power of the Spirit of God. This, then, is the design our God has in putting the treasure into earthen vessels, that the work may appear as it really is to be, the work of God alone, and that the excellency of that power may be more conspicuous as it is displayed in connection with earthen vessels. Paul’s preaching was not with enticing words of man’s wisdom; but in demonstration of the Spirit and of power, that the faith of the people should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God. The treasure, therefore, in our text is the Gospel. It is a treasure on account of that which it reveals, contains, and accomplishes; the depository is earthen vessels—God-made and God-filled servants of His who know and feel their weakness, dependence, and frailty; and the design is that the excellency of the power may be clearly seen to be of God, that the creature may be laid low, and God in all things glorified through Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

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#### WHY IS THIS?

**I**N reading the early history of the Christian Church, as recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, and contrasting therewith the present state of the Church, we are astonished at the wonderful power accompanying the preaching of the Gospel then, as manifested by the multitudes of conversions, and the want or absence of that power now as is evident by the small number of conversions. And the question naturally forces itself upon us, Why is it thus?

The inspired apostle of the Gentiles, writing to the Church at Corinth, speaks of himself and of his fellow-workers as "able ministers of the New Testament: not of the letter, but of the Spirit; for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life"—that is, that the knowledge of the truths recorded in the Bible, apart from the Spirit's vital influence, is but a dead thing, but the Spirit going with, and working by, the Word, giveth life. "Of His own will begat He us by the Word of truth." "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." The Scriptures and the experience of God's children alike teach that the ruin to which sin has brought us, must be feelingly realised before the salvation of the Gospel can be received and enjoyed. "When He, the Spirit, is come, He shall convince the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment." Of sin first, then of righteousness. And what is the work of truth the Spirit uses to produce this conviction? Is it not the great central truth—"Jesus Christ, and Him crucified?" "He shall convince the world of sin because they believe not on Me," &c.

Take the sermon preached on the day of Pentecost, when in one day there were added to the Church about three thousand souls. What were the truths Peter, in his application, pressed home on the hearts of his hearers? *First*, their great guilt in crucifying Jesus—"Whom ye crucified." *Secondly*, that this same Jesus was the Divinely-appointed manifestation of the invisible Jehovah, and the Divinely-appointed Saviour of sinners—"God hath made that same Jesus both Lord and Christ." And *Thirdly*, that these were facts admitting of no dispute, whether they received or rejected them—"Let all the House of Israel know assuredly," first, their great guilt in rejecting the loving, self-denying, benevolent Son of God, and in preferring a murderer to the Lord of life and glory. *Secondly*, that God was a God of love, whose goodness was to be seen in Jesus Christ; and *thirdly*, that Jesus Christ was come to seek and to save them that were lost.

Thus it is at the cross of Christ the sinner must learn to know the greatness of His guilt, the true character of God as a God of love, and the way of salvation through the sacrificial and substitutionary death of the Lord Jesus Christ. And may we not hope for and expect success in proportion as we use the same truths in the ministry of Christ's Gospel?

First, let us endeavour to bring home to the sinner that he is guilty of the blood of Christ—not literally, but in the sense spoken of by the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews—"Crucifying the Son of God afresh," by serving Satan, the liar and murderer, and refusing trust, love, and obedience to the Son of God; that our sins are the thorns that pierced His brow, the nails that pierced His hands and feet, the spear that pierced His side. It is here by the cross that the Spirit breaks the sinner's heart, convinces of sin, and extorts the cry, What must I do? whilst a sight and sense of the love of God in the gift of His Son, with the proclamation of forgiveness and eternal life to every one that believeth, brings peace to the troubled conscience, binds up the broken heart, heals the wounds that sin has made, and fills the believing soul with peace, and joy, and love.

May the Spirit of wisdom, power, and love, so teach, strengthen, and fill Christ's ministers that they may so preach that multitudes may believe.

Yours in the truth and love,

Kettering.

SAMUEL L. MARSH.

A LETTER FROM MR. THOMAS JONES TO HIS  
FRIENDS AT BROSELEY.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I wished when writing to you a week ago to point out to you a lesson recently learnt from John xvii., am half afraid I have not strength to do it now. When I reached the house of my friend at Wolverhampton, on my way hither, I found there the minister of Temple-street; the conversation turned on the recent death of a member of his congregation—a gentleman I had known many years and much esteemed as a consistent supporter of our Lord's cause, a good citizen, husband, father, and friend. Mr. Wright, the minister, asked me to preach on Sunday morning, the first service after the funeral. It was not my intention to preach during my absence from you, but as the good man persistently urged me to do so, I thought it was a call in Providence to bear my testimony to the worth of the deceased. As soon as I said "Yes," a text came with some sweetness into my mind, which I seized as a gift from my Master. The text is John xvii., the great intercessory prayer of our blessed Mediator—a model, no doubt, of His advocacy at the right hand of the Father in the high court of glory, where He ever liveth to make intercession for His blood-bought brethren. Many, many times I had read it, prayed and praised over it, yet never seen so much of its beauty before. In every word there is approval and commendation of them; no hint of their unbelief, of their strife after greatness, their forsaking of Him in the hour of His arrest; no, no; it is "Father, I have given them the words which Thou gavest to Me, and they have received them, and have kept them, and have known surely that I came forth from Thee." Then He lovingly commends them to the Father's loving care, that He will keep them from the evil of the world, and that they should come and behold His glory in the upper kingdom, from which His friends go out no more. Never before had the tender compassion of Jesus been apprehended by me in such a brilliant light; this, I thought, *is glory*, this is grace in its true character, freeness, fulness, culmination, *glory*. This is the Gospel I would fain preach—salvation for the lost, the perishing, the worthless. This is the Jesus I lean and live upon, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The good Lord give you to know Him as He is known to them to whom He is revealed in His own light. "This is life eternal that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." Wait on Him, wait for Him, pleading the Word. Blessed are *all* they that wait for Him.

THOMAS JONES.

Fernleigh, Eltham-road, S.E., Jan. 11, 1879.

P.S.—My love to all. Am decidedly better, and think I may yet be spared to repeat in your hearing the Word of life; be that as it may, I trust we shall meet before the throne,

"To sing and tell  
Our Jesus hath done all things well."

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## THE PULPIT—THE—PRESS—AND THE PEN.

WE HAVE RECEIVED—*The Nation's Glory Leader*, a penny weekly, edited by Ed. Hine, in which the *students*, not the careless, casual readers; not the priest-led people; not the prejudiced partisan of some singular sect; but the *students* of the WHOLE Bible, will find downright useful interpretations. This weekly is published by R. Banks.

"Why 25,000 left the Church of Rome." If some delicate ladies and effeminate things called men are going from England to Rome, there are thousands of grace-enlightened souls leaving Rome for freedom in the fields of Christ's Gospel. This is demonstrated in *The Chiniquy Lectures*, now published as delivered in the Protestant-hall, Sydney, and can be had of Lee & Ross, Market-street, Sydney, at about 6d. per copy, post free. Charles Chiniquy has been through the dens of iniquity, and he fearlessly exposeth them. He is a real convert, a true Christian; no impostor.

"An Evening with the Little Flock in Ancient Rome." No. 13 of *Grove Chapel Tracts*, by THOS. BRADBURY (R. Banks). Each of the persons mentioned, as believers in the Church of Rome, are here made to bear their testimony to the one essential and glorious central truth of the Gospel, which declares and proves "It is God that justifieth." The pastor of the Church in the Camberwell Grove furnishes continual evidence that he is "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the Word of truth." Only in the one ordinance which so many despise, which we dare not set aside, do we differ from this valiant man in Israel. We would (D.V.) go any distance to see him baptized, if the Lord constrained him.

*Seven Portraits of C. H. Spurgeon, with Reminiscences of his Life at Waterbeach and London.* By G. HOLDEN PIKE (London: Passmore). Here, in pictures and in print, you may see how this exceedingly-popular man has grown. We knew him when he was as the first photograph represents him; since then, he has spread abroad on the right hand and on the left; each progressive step is here minutely given. We all must feel a sadness on account of his many afflictions; but presently he will come out of the furnace, and no one can tell what the Lord will yet do for and by him.

*Conditional Immortality.* By Dr. W. Huntington, of Massachusetts (Elliot Stock). A thick pamphlet, full of arguments against the eternal punishment of

the wicked. We never can overthrow the positive declarations of the Son of God. Would He speak wrongly on such an awful theme? Would He leave us in the dark concerning the final destiny of lost souls? Has He not declared His Father's will? "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" To be found in Christ, to realise Christ's Spirit in us daily, is the one deep concern of all who really fear the Lord. All the rest we must leave where the great Messenger of the covenant left it, let men argue as they may.

*The Pilgrim of Ether Castle.* R. Banks, Fleet-street.—This second volume from the pen of Mr. J. W. Stanford is in every department so thoroughly good that we shall not strive to eulogise either the author or the printer. Only let the book be seen, and the superior character of its production demands the admiration of all who can appreciate first-class printing and binding in the best style. As regards the "Original Narrative"—having read the whole of the manuscript, preparing it for the press—we can speak of it as calculated to excite most intensely a warm zeal for the Protestant faith, while it exposes with much ability the craft, the cruelty, the wickedness, the awful terror of the Popish schemes and works.

The *Adelaide Protestant Advocate* is the best printed journal we have ever received from any of the Australian printing-offices. Its contents indicate a strong feeling in favour of the "grand old Reformation," which Reformation requires perfecting, reviving, and truthfully extending. "The Seer of Crown-court," Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, Mr. Frith, and other eminent lecturers, are invited to read a new work, by a Wiltshire vicar, entitled *Daniel and John*. We tremble over Dr. Desprez's book, but the failures of many modern prophets have shaken the confidence of multitudes. In Michellet's *History of France* facts are stated which cannot be denied. He says:—"It was the universal belief of the Middle Ages that the thousandth year from the nativity would be the end of the world—a belief which induced universal terror, and a disposition to surrender property for the good of the soul. The abbot Joachim, at the close of the 12th century, predicted that the final consummation would take place in 1260—his vaticinations giving rise to the two mendicant orders of the Dominicans and the Franciscans. The epoch, however, having passed without witnessing a fulfil-

ment, the 1,335 days of Dan. xii. 12 was next taken, and the year 1335 fixed upon as the date of the destruction of Antichrist. In the 16th century there arose among the Lutherans a sect, headed by Nicholas Storck and Thomas Munzer, announcing a consummation in five, six, or seven years, which led to a bloody war, quenched only at last in the destruction of Munzer and his associates. Bengel, it is said, calculated that the Millennium would begin in 1836, while Joseph Wolf assigned 1848 as the true period." Since then, other periods have been fixed. We feel more concerned to be right in the first coming than to speculate on the second advent. Our Wiltshire vicar has worked hard to shake the faith of some.

*The Echo of Truth* is the English title of a new Baptist magazine commenced (in France) last January. Our excellent Christian brother, Mr. Isaac Charles Johnson, of Mayfield, Gravesend, has actually translated the first number of this French *Echo of Truth* into the English language for our use. We acknowledge this generous act of kindness with a deep sense of gratitude, and hope to furnish our readers with some extracts therefrom, which, we trust, will be acceptable and edifying.

"Sir Charles Reed, LL.D., F.S.A." If you wish to look upon the life-like picture of A MAN, with a head of immense capacity, a countenance of genial and of granite expressiveness, with an expanding chest in connection with a full, firm, fruitful, and affectionate heart, then you will obtain a copy of *The Protestant Dissenters' Almanac* for 1879, being its thirty-third year of publication, printed on well-wove paper by Robert Banks, in Racquet-court, Fleet-street, containing for sixpence over 130 octavo pages of interesting and edifying matters. For any public man's study it will be found a companion of rare merit.

"Deep-toned and well-arranged theology!" Thus we whispered after looking into that bold, solid volume, which bears the following title: *Grove Chapel Pulpit. Fifty-two Sermons* by THOMAS BRADBURY, Minister of Grove Chapel, Camberwell. "As the Lord liveth, what the Lord saith unto me that will I speak." Vol. II. London: Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. 1878.—"From great men, and on great occasions," once said an ancient critic, "we expect great things. And truly great things we have; yet, alas! we are not satisfied." Thus we write of this most substantial volume. Here is—by grace, and by nature, and by position—a great man,

and his sermons are elucidations of the greatest things any man can possibly attempt to expose and expound in the whole universe of God: and we may honestly affirm that the large and lofty subjects herein discussed have been examined, considered, digested, pondered, and prayed over with so much perseverance, anxiety, and soul-travail, that the preacher—who is only just rising up into the prime of his manhood—often looks as though he was not so very far distant from the threescore years and ten. Thomas Bradbury has a mind as well as a mouth. He works his mind well in *private*, then opens his mouth boldly in public. We write not to please, puff up, or to exalt any man. But when we thoroughly believe a man LOVES CHRIST in much secret fellowship; when we know a man LIVES CHRIST in a steady, sacred walk, and becoming conversation; when we are persuaded that almost the highest joy of that man's heart is to labour for CHRIST'S honour, in exalting Him alone before all people, then we fearlessly praise God for such visible and blessed fulfilments of His own promise to give the Churches on earth pastors according to His own heart. And yet, as the ancient critic said, "we are not satisfied." WHY? We answer not now. Mr. Bradbury has, no doubt, run carefully through *St. Chrysostom on the Priesthood*, of whose argument, it is thought, "it was intended to depicture the awfulness and difficulties of the pastoral care, for awakening the closer attention of those who, with the most proper views, are engaged in it: and as a solemn warning against the intrusion of ignorant and wicked persons upon an office and work so tremendously solemn." The giddy boys—and unthinking ones—who are now climbing our pulpits, laugh at the solemnity of the Puritans; but we render thanks to our Holy Lord for the gift of some men whose gravity and greatness in God's grace render them well-pleasing and abidingly profitable to the Churches. We have a word or two more presently.

*Pulpit Discourses.* By J. A. PICTON, of St. Thomas's-square chapel, Hackney. No. I., New Series: "The Reproach of Weakness."—Such is the title of a pamphlet before us, weighed in the balances by "Indagator." Verdict: The utterances of a deep thinker, and are cogently expressed. May be read to advantage by various sections of the human family; but if the members of Christ's mystical body, whether babes, young men, or fathers, look therein for spiritual sustenance, they will be totally disappointed.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE LATE THOMAS JAMES MESSER.

By W. WINTERS, F.R. HIST. SOC., WALTHAM ABBEY.

OUR beloved, revered, and most genial Christian friend, Mr. Thomas James Messer, passed away from our midst in undying peace to the happy world of spirits on Monday, Jan. 13, 1879, in his seventy-sixth year.

"That the true crown for any soul in dying  
Is Christ, not genius; and is faith, not thought."

And it is with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that we record the circumstances of his interment in Battersea cemetery on Saturday afternoon, January 18. The day was bitterly cold, and the snow fell thick and fast as we gathered around the "blessed dead" to pay the last tribute of real affection to its memory. Several respectable mourning coaches brought to the ground a goodly number of relatives and friends of the deceased, and the little stone chapel was nearly filled with a select class of spectators, among whom were noticeable the representative of the National Temperance League, also the well-known lecturer, Mr. J. Ripley, and a number of ministers belonging to other denominations than our own. As we took our stand there, we thought truly the grave buries all religious differences, and all things that are of the earth are levelled there; one thing alone remains unchanged—namely,

"The honest beauty of the face of Truth."

Mr. J. W. Banks commenced the solemn funeral service by reading the hymn beginning—

"Why do we mourn departed friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms?  
'Tis but the voice which Jesus sends  
To call them to His arms."

This hymn having been sung as cheerfully as circumstances would admit, Mr. Thomas Stringer, of Trinity chapel, Borough-road, read a part of 2 Cor. v., and spoke in a decided and racy manner on the first words of the chapter: "For we know," &c., and when he expressed his love to the memory of his departed friend he was manly, pathetic, and faithful. Mr. Charles Waters Banks, who was appointed to perform the solemn obsequies, followed Mr. Stringer, in a lengthy but telling speech on the genuine Christian character of his deceased friend, whom he described as Barnabas—"a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith." Mr. J. M. Murphy also spoke a few kind parting words, and the corpse was then brought to the ground, and as it was being lowered silently into the cold grave, the mourners assembled together, and the silence was broken by the reading of another of the immortal Watts' hymns, which was sung; and Mr. C. W. Banks prayed solemnly and earnestly, and closed the service with a full benediction. As we took a farewell glance into the grave, we noticed the coffin-plate, on which was inscribed the biography of departed worth in brief:—

"THOMAS JAMES MESSER,  
BORN  
Nov. 14, 1803;  
DIED  
Jan. 13, 1879."

A number of ministers were present as has been stated, also Mr. I. Dobson, Mr. Beddow, Mr. W. James, Mr. J. W. Banks, and the writer. The cause of Mr. Messer's death was from a cold taken after preaching, as we understand from a letter addressed to his friend Mr. Dobson, of Walworth, which reads thus:—"Yesterday (Oct. 26) I had to preach twice at Battersea Park Baptist chapel. In the morning I had a good congregation; but at night the chapel was crowded, and the heat was so great I took cold in coming home. If I feel at all well enough to come as far as York-street tomorrow, I will do so, but don't depend on me. Whether I am present or absent, I hope the meeting will be a good one."

His last text was, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ," &c. (Rom. i. 16). As a public man Mr. T. J. Messer was highly esteemed, especially in the Temperance Society, whose principles he had long and warmly advocated. In fact, Mr. Messer was no mean seoiist, but an orator of the highest intellectual order, far beyond the reach of many of his contemporaries who entertained no appreciation of the Christian cause he had so long espoused. Others have been delighted with his eloquence, and can truthfully say,—

"O mighty orator, with voice so glorious, [gone]  
That thousands sigh now that sweet voice is

In his knowledge of the flowers of history and of the spirit and poetry of the Bible he was rich. His beautiful high and broad forehead indicated the great endowment he possessed of imaginative power, helped by the retentiveness of his wonderful memory; and more than all, he had a large soul, active and pregnant with sympathy—fired with love to promote the spiritual, moral, social, and physical interest of fallen humanity, in which glorious work he fell a martyr, to rise to the heights of ineffable bliss.

"Oh, long unrecognised, thy love too loving,  
Too wise thy wisdom, and thy truth too free!  
As on the teachers after truth are moving,  
They may look backward with deep thanks  
to thee."

Our beloved brother was, perhaps, better known on the other side of the Tweed than in the immediate neighbourhood of his later residence. As a lecturer he was engaged by the Scottish Temperance League and the National Temperance League, which occupation brought him into the society of some of the most spiritual and intellectual authors of his day. As a versifier he exhibited great pathos and sublimity of poetic diction, as will be seen in his poem entitled, "ЖЕЛОВАУ

TSIDKENU," written while at Hull in 1847, and commencing thus:—

"Hail, Son of God! bright Morning Star, all hail!  
I welcome Thine approach, and with the angel  
Thy praises sing." (choir)

This piece appears in full in the **EARTHEN VESSEL** of that date, and is repeated in the January number of this present year. His lines bearing the title "The Hallelujah in Heaven," written on the "early death of a young lady to whom his ministry was made useful," is easy, graceful, and truthful (see *E. V.*, Feb., 1878). We have been highly pleased with many useful and instructive articles from his rapid pen in days past and from his conversation in private.

As a preacher of the Gospel of Christ he was mostly very happy in his work; but from his manner in the pulpit we often thought him less free than when on the platform. This is not singular, for it is rare that the pulpit and platform gifts are equal in one and the same person. Perhaps the wonderful gifts he possessed as a lecturer, and which were developed in the temperance cause, drew him from the more elevated employment of preaching the Gospel, which, if correct, somewhat accounts for his not being long over any one Church as pastor, although he has informed us that the chief hindrance to pastoral work was his deafness, not being able to preside at Church meetings, &c. We have heard of Mr. Messer as the pastor of Havle in Cornwall, of Hull in Yorkshire, and of Ebenezer chapel, Shoreditch, in which Church he succeeded as pastor Mr. C. W. Banks, August 10, 1851. While there Mr. Messer drew a considerable number of persons together, as did also his predecessor, and in February, 1855, he published an address under the following title:—

"Mine Opinions: being the Substance of an Address delivered to the Members and Friends of the Ebenezer Church and Congregational Temperance Society in Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, Shoreditch, on Lord's-day evening, Feb. 11, 1855 By T. J. Messer, Minister of the Chapel (Published by request)." The address is based upon Job xxxii. 10: "Hearken unto me, I also will show you mine opinion."

Mr. Messer was, for the last year or more of his life, prevented from taking his usual summer tour to Scotland through infirmities consequent upon his advanced age, although his mental faculties were vigorous and his lung-power as strong as many not half his years. He contented himself in the meanwhile with preaching occasionally in the Churches in and around London, and which was attended with some considerable success. On September 11, 1874, he sustained a severe loss in the death of his beloved wife Mrs. Mary Ann Messer, who was born at Hull, and was his senior only seven days. She was baptized by her consort in the year 1842, and they lived in conjugal happiness for forty-eight years. It is difficult to say how much real good Mr. Messer was instrumental in effecting in the temperance cause during the last half century of his life; it must at any

rate be great; but we have no wish to speak merely from that standpoint of his usefulness, although we admire his decision of character in maintaining what to him seemed right and just. In things essential to salvation he displayed firmness in all his ministrations, and this is the secret why he appeared in the rear ranks of men of his day. As a rule, the major part of the society that highly appreciated his total-abstinence views, entertained but little or no sympathy with the pleasure he realised in the grand old-fashioned doctrines of the Holy Bible. And we say with all true Christian charity that Thomas James Messer was not the man to sacrifice the truth and his conscience for either worldly gain or popular applause. He loved the freedom of Gospel and was "faithful unto death." His liberated spirit now basks in the unspeakable bliss of glory, the sweet earnest of which he so much enjoyed in life, and in death could sing,—

"Redeemed, sweet Christ, made spotless by Thy blood,  
To endless time I'll praise Thee, O my God!"

Churchyard, Jan. 23, 1879.

**SHEFFIELD.**—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I have been requested by Mrs. Johnson to inform you of the death of Mr. Bryhurst, who departed this life November 6th, 1878, aged seventy-four, who was a quarter-master sergeant in the army, and also a consistent member of the Baptist Church, Portmahon, twenty-nine years, and a reader of the **VESSEL** sixteen years. He was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, upright in all his dealings, punctual with all his payments. Mrs. Johnson went into his house, he had got it cleaned down. She said it was written: "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die." Are you ready?" He replied, "I am." His niece took him a cup of tea about nine o'clock in the morning; he was dead before ten. Job said, "Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth?" How solemn! He shall return no more to his house, neither shall his place know him any more. Dear brother, you will remember when you were down in Sheffield we went to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Bryhurst, my late dear wife was there also; all three are now gone! Well might the wise man exclaim, "There is no man that hath power over the spirit, to retain the spirit, neither hath he power in the day of death, and there is no discharge in that war!" "I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." "These were redeemed from among men," and with that good and gracious man of God, Paul, they could say, "By the grace of God, I am what I am." In Christ, the covenant Head of God's elect, they are without fault before the throne of God; just and justified from all sin by the blood and righteousness of our adorable Lord Jesus Christ. On this Rock the Church of Christ is built, and the gates of hell cannot prevail against it.—J. E.

**RECOGNITION OF MR. J. CLARKE AS PASTOR OF THE CHURCH, HEATON ROAD, PECKHAM.**

Not infrequently, now-a-day, the recognition and the resignation of pastors follow each other too closely, from causes not necessary to be dilated upon here. Of the Church and pastor of Heaton-road, Peckham, "we hope better things, though we thus speak;" may the day be long distant ere a separation shall be deemed judicious. The knowledge we have of our brother Clarke is not sufficient to form an opinion upon; but, from observation, we believe him to be a man of kind and genial temperament, deeply grounded in experimental religion, and well worthy of all the support the Church can give him. The fast age in which we live appears singularly unfavourable to many of our Churches; Christian hearers generally cannot endure the old stage coach system of the past; long-winded sermons well freighted with weighty theology and very productive of soporiferousness—whether a good or evil omen—such a system will not find support only by few. Sermons in these days are expected to be short, lively, and to the point, as also the congregational singing must be cheerful and spiritual. The day has past when a five-hours' sermon was looked upon as a short allowance of spiritual provender for an army to digest at one sitting. But the fashion of the Church, as well as that of the world, passeth away, while God and His truth remain unchanged. On Tuesday, Jan. 21, our brother James Clarke, late of Dunstable, was publicly recognised as pastor of the Church at Heaton-road. In the afternoon Mr. G. W. Shepherd read Acts ii., and offered prayer. After a hymn was sung—

"Shepherd of Israel, Thou dost keep"—

Mr. J. S. Anderson ascended the pulpit and "asked the usual questions." Mr. Anderson remarked that he had not come to exercise any undue authority over brother Clarke, but in a friendly way to recognise him as a brother and co-worker in the ministry. Mr. Anderson spoke also of Church fellowship, and then called upon Mr. Clarke to inform the friends where he got his religion from. Mr. Clarke rose to order, and declared in a lengthy speech how, when, and where he became possessed of Divine grace, and it really did our hearts good to listen to the glorious scheme of salvation as manifest in the early career of the pastor elect.

Mr. Clarke informed us that he was born in 1841, and that it was his happiness, from a child, to be under the religious influence of a Christian home; his parents being members of the Church in Frogmore-street, Stevenage, he was sent to the Sabbath school there, where, in 1857, he was favoured to be placed under the tuition of a spiritually minded teacher—a blessing beyond price to a Sunday school. This teacher usually engaged in prayer before his scholars, and mentioned them each by name, by which means he arrested their special attention, and we may imagine the effect it had on his thoughtful and tender-hearted pupil, James

Clarke, when he prayed these words, "O Lord, bless James," &c. One day in June, 1857, this godly teacher said to his scholars, "My dear boys, I want each of you to ask yourselves a question—namely, Am I on the road to heaven, or am I on the road to hell?" This question was brought home to James Clarke's heart with Divine power, and caused him considerable anxiety of mind, and his trouble was greatly increased by the loss of his dear teacher, who was snatched away in a few days by death. Mr. Clarke was then tempted to believe he had committed the unpardonable sin, which caused him to envy the brute beast that had no soul to be saved or lost. Others in the class were affected in a very similar manner. What a lesson of encouragement for Sunday school teachers! Those of the class who were so blest agreed to meet for reading and prayer, and which little spiritual services they kept up regular until March, 1858. Still James Clarke could get no solid peace of mind. The thought that he was on the road to hell troubled him much, and often he was found at the throne of grace begging of the Lord to decide the doubtful case; but found his position represented by the poet,—

"The more I strove against its power,  
I sinned and stumbled but the more."

and was tempted to give all up for lost, when the Holy Spirit applied the following comforting words to his soul, "Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are all forgiven thee." Then the darkness fled away, and light and joy followed, and he talked over the matter with his school companion, and they both sang and praised God till two o'clock in the morning. After this Mr. Clarke felt a desire to tell to sinners round what a dear Saviour he had found. He was also led to see the Scriptural ordinance of believers' baptism, and upon the simple testimony that he was a sinner, and nothing at all but that Jesus to him was All and in all, he, on the first Lord's-day in April, 1858, was baptized and admitted into Church-fellowship, which Church was not thoroughly strict in its order, as he was afterwards led to see. At this juncture of the service Mr. Clarke resumed his seat, when Mr. Anderson rose and said he believed that all present, who were the subjects of Divine grace, would feel satisfied with our brother's statement as to his call by grace. Mr. Anderson asked Mr. Clarke to give an account of his call to the ministry, as that call was distinct from his call by grace. Mr. Clarke was assured that no human being had anything to do with the matter, which was a source of comfort to him in the hour of temptation. Mr. Clarke spoke of some very early signs of preaching, which he was wont to exhibit in the days of his childhood, and how he was desirous of being a missionary and going to India, and was led to pray for God's direction in the matter, being then only in his eighteenth year. The thoughts of missionary work gradually began to decrease as the work of the public ministry was presented to his mind, and which was confirmed by the

distinct voice he heard, "Go to Buckland-common," etc., a place he knew nothing of, situated between Tring and Chesham-common, Bucks. His companion had a similar impression, and after mature consideration they set off to Buckland-common, delivering tracts as they went, and shortly were invited to hold a service, which they consented to, dividing the service between them; and in this way he (Mr. Clarke) was led eventually to speak from a text. His companion in course of time gave up all thoughts of the work of preaching, and agreed to act as clerk to Clarke, and the Lord wonderfully blest their united efforts, and especially Mr. Clarke's preaching. These services were carried on and the people continued to gather, till, in 1859, it was deemed necessary to build a chapel, which in due course was done, amidst considerable persecution from the vicar of the parish and his friends; however, the new chapel was opened in Aug., 1860, and on Nov. 12 of the same year Mr. Clarke was publicly recognised as the pastor. Mr. C. W. Banks, Mr. J. Bloomfield, Mr. S. K. Bland, and other brethren took part in the services. In 1862 the term of Mr. Clarke's apprenticeship expired, and he felt it his duty to devote his whole time to the work of the ministry, and from that time till the present year Mr. Clarke has laboured in the Churches of Somersham, Stowmarket, Chatteris, and Dunstable. In July, 1878, Mr. Clarke entered upon his probationary services at Beaton-road, which has terminated in the present settlement. At the request of Mr. Anderson, Mr. Clarke stated his belief in the doctrines of the Bible, and which he intended to preach. Mr. Wilkins also expressed the circumstances which led to the choice of Mr. Clarke as their pastor, and that fifteen members had been added to the Church since Mr. Clarke first came to them.

In the evening Mr. Griffith opened the service with prayer, and Mr. Anderson delivered "the charge" to the minister, basing his remarks upon 1 Kings xii. 7. Having given the literal interpretation of the subject, he expressed the experimental and practical points prominent in the text, which rendered the charge very effective and suitable. Mr. G. W. Shepherd then followed with an address to the Church, founded upon Phil. ii. 29. And in the course of his very able speech gave many helpful and instructive hints which, we hope, will be found useful to both Church and pastor in days yet to come. Brethren Stringer, Winters, Webb, Lawrence, Griffith, and others took part in the services of the day.

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey, Jan. 24, 1879.

READING.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS, —I here send report of progress in this part of Christ's Church meeting in Providence chapel. Reflecting upon the past, I am impressed with the words, "He led them forth by a right way, that they might go to a city of habitation." The redeemed of the Lord were in the wilderness, wandering in a solitary way; hungry, faint, and weary;

but "He led them." How applicable to us! Who, but our God, could have sustained, provided for, guided and helped us amidst all the changes that have fallen to our lot? We are numerically the same. Our mercy is, "Jesus is the same, yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Our financial report shows all claims paid up with the treasurer, and unity with the brethren in office has produced union in the Church and congregation; blessed with the Spirit of Christ, the Divine blessing has been with us! Mr. Thomsett is with us for twelve months. On Wednesday, January 8th, we held new year's tea and public meeting. Brethren Anderson and Milbourne engaged to be present. Brother Grey, of Wokingham, gave hymn, "Come, let us join our cheerful songs." Brother Vize offered up prayer. Brother Martin gave a brief report of the cause. Brother Milbourne gave us a spirited address upon the goodness of God. Brother Anderson gained the attention of all present while commenting on the remarkable events of the past year; the especial providences of God; the death of crowned heads; calamities by sea and land; railway accidents, and explosions in mines, &c.; and noted we are often struck by these gigantic events, but lose sight of the smaller providences: not so with our God, for He hath said, "the hairs of your head are all numbered." "All hail the power of Jesu's name," was sung, then we departed in peace.—A. MARTIN.

FINEDEN.—We are glad to have a Gospel preacher when we can. Wm. Smith, of Kettering, has visited us. Come and tell us all you know of the certainty of Christ's salvation, and of our safety by Him. Faith springs out of Divine revelations made to the living soul. Then (1) Alarming fears are in the conscience; (2) The announcement of Gospel mercies throws some light on the mind; (3) The soul accepteth the tidings of heaven's proclamation; (4) Anxiety and some perplexity may toss the regenerated soul about for some time; (5) Assurance of faith in Christ, as the only way from the wrath to come, gradually purifieth and possesseth the heart; (6) Anticipations of a future state, with serious altercations between grace and grievous assaults of the old foes, awaken desires and fears indescribable: but (7) Adoption into the blessed assembly of the redeemed ancients is the crowning "Amen" to the believing soul's happiness in glory. This is the way, the work, the walk, and the wages of faith as we know and understand it.

MARGATE.—Feb. 17, 1879. A correspondent says:—"We are pleased to state that the Lord is still blessing us here. Our brother Wise has again been baptizing. Since last June, when the chapel was re-opened, seven have been added to the Church. We hope our visiting friends in the coming summer will come and support us by their presence, and so cheer the heart of our minister, who is, we are glad to say, a hard-working, faithful labourer in the cause of truth."

## STORM IN MARGATE.

## RAILWAY PENCILINGS.

Note to Samuel Foster, Sturry, near Canterbury.

**AFFLICTED CHILD OF GOD.**—On my way to Margate, on Friday, Jan. 24, 1879, I fully hoped to have broken my journey at Sturry, and to have spent one hour with you, but it could not be. Mr. and Mrs. West, of the Fort-crescent, Margate, had become deeply interested in a case of distress, and appealed to me to deliver a lecture to raise funds to help up the fallen and distressed ones. I could not find it in my heart to refuse. Mr. Drew, the minister of Ebenezer, compassionately lent his large hall, and presided over the meeting with that gentlemanly and Christian bearing which rendered the evening very pleasant. Mrs. Emily West—one of the noblest descendants of good old Deborah that I ever met with—set her face like a flint to work out the benevolent movement, and I engaged to give my poor services absolutely free of all charge, so that neither for my time, for travelling, nor for telling my tale of “The Triumphs of Grace,” should one farthing be taken from the proceeds of the lecture; hence, I went, worked, and returned without touching one penny of the receipts.

Mrs. West travelled all over Margate, sold over 200 tickets, and raised near £7 for the poor objects on whose behalf the effort was made. But, O my heart! no sooner was the work commenced, than such a volley of opposition against it was poured in, as almost to threaten a total failure. How far this opposition was justified, I shall not now attempt to explain. The weather was severe. A cough sorely tried me, but to Margate I went. Never did I see Margate look so destitute before. The sea lay dull, sorrowful-looking. Not one cheerful wave could shew its creamy crest. The sands, so full of life, and so crowded with children and visitors in “the season,” were totally deserted. Scarcely a creature to be seen anywhere. The tall figure of my friend, Mr. West, I saw looking out for the pilgrim, so through the almost deserted village we pushed on to that fine mansion on the fort—18, Fort-crescent—where families and visitors often find a home of comforts and of Christian joy.

Kind friend Carter, from Broadstairs; our mutual brother Austen, from Birchington; and 150 or so, assembled in the hall; and my silent cries to the God of all our mercies, were answered. For one hour and a quarter I was enabled to travel on with my “mystic journey” with more freedom than is usual; “for I am not fond of lecturing,” but every time I have attempted it, I find some blessed Scripture is given me to begin with, so that I give the people a little Gospel sermon before I set sail on the voyage; and thus I hope some good may flow therefrom.

On this occasion, at Margate, as I saw a thick and numerous company before me, I commenced by heartily thanking Mr. Drew for his Christian philanthropy in allowing us to meet there, at the same time assuring him

I had owed a debt of gratitude to Margate for fifty years, and I would now frankly acknowledge it. In the first place, after the Lord had called me; after the blessed Spirit had revealed the glorious salvation of a Triune God in my soul, Mr. Young—at that time the venerable and beloved Countess of Huntingdon’s minister at Margate—came up to Canterbury, and I trust a gracious Providence led me to hear him one Sunday evening from Paul’s words: “Being confident of this very one thing, that He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.” It was a sealing season to my soul, never to be forgotten. Then, in the second place, when my brother John and myself were hungering after Gospel truth, we heard there was a wonderful man, called David Denham, preaching at Ebenezer, Margate. Accordingly, one Sunday morning, we arose very early, walked sixteen miles from Canterbury to Margate, to hear David Denham. We saw a little white-faced, meek-speaking gentleman in the pulpit, and he said, “There shall a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign to the people. To it shall the Gentiles seek, and

“HIS REST SHALL BE GLORIOUS.”

Oh! Samuel, that was a treat, that was a feast of fat things to us.

Well, on the Thursday evening before leaving for Margate, having to preach in London, nothing would do, but I must try and preach from Mr. Denham’s text; and although I cannot recollect one idea of Mr. Denham’s sermon, when the text came up to me last Thursday, it appeared to be as full of Christ as ever it could hold. There was the incarnation of the Son of God: “A root of Jesse;” then Christ in His ministry, “Which shall stand for an ensign to the people;” thirdly, the attracting power of Christ in the Gospel: “To it shall the Gentiles seek.” Yes, sir, wherever THE CHRIST OF GOD is preached, there goeth forth a drawing power; there is a general and temporary attraction; there is, also, a vital and uniting attraction, so that, through the power of the Holy Ghost, THE GOSPEL becometh the power of God unto the soul’s salvation. THE FATHER, by the SPIRIT, draweth the redeemed elect unto CHRIST the Son, and to Him they are savingly united. Others are drawn to make some confession and profession of Him, but they fall into a lukewarm condition, or they turn away altogether. Last of all: “His rest shall be glorious.” Christ has been, He is, He will yet be, “seeing of the travail of His soul.” When all His members are brought home,

“HE WILL BE SATISFIED.”

Thus, dear brother Samuel Foster, the lecture made room for a little Gospel, and for shewing forth some strong cases of the “Triumphs of Grace.” From letters from Margate, we shall (D.V.) clear all this up; but the train is stopped, I must shut up my book here. Still I am your servant in Christ,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Jan. 25, 1879.

### A LETTER OF LOVE FROM A THREE-FOLD BROTHER.

MY VERY DEAR BROTHER C. W. B.,—Since I saw you at Ashford station, Saturday, January 25 last, I have thought much of you, and as I believe to-morrow you will have completed your 73rd year of travel in this wilderness, I thought I would write a line of congratulation to you, and many thanksgivings to the Lord who has spared you so long running to-and-fro in this our native land, making the attempt, at least, to reach the hearts of many with the all-powerful Word of eternal truth. We trust that the Lord will spare that life, thus preserved so long, for a little season longer, and then, like a shock of corn fully ripe, gather into the heavenly garner, for the Master's use at home.

I thought of years gone by in Iron Barlane, at St. John's, Northgate, of the old chapel at Sturry; then, in your earlier days, at Littlebourne; places of sacred memory to me in many ways, for there I often hung upon your lips, and received the Word of God, which I think I may say, as I advance in years, increases in value more and more, as the only unerring standard of Divine revelation. And as I grasped your hand that day, I felt how soon we must part as regards this short life, and be no more seen, and that we must stand alone as touching our earthly brotherhood, that our opportunities for converse or writing to each other are growing perceptibly less. 'Tis then we shall feel the need, and value it more than we can possibly do here, of the Rock of Ages, upon which to stand amid the wreck of all connected with time. We have had a long and stormy voyage, and as we near its end we see breakers are yet to be passed ere we can enter into harbour.

O what struggles and conflicts is there yet to endure, and which we are enduring day by day, so that we have feared at times the enemy would get the mastery! But no, not yet, not yet; through infinite mercy, we are holding on still, we are looking up, we are trudging onward through this night of death, and would now and then catch a distant gleam of the break of the eternal day, and

"Amidst the roaring of the sea,  
My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee;  
Thy faithful love, Thy constant care,  
Is all that saves me from despair."

Well, we do bless his Holy name for this, and we can feel a holy joy in any little prosperity that attends our Zion in this our native land. And does it not afford a momentary comfort to the mind that God has been pleased to use us in anywise to this end? Me but a little, you in a much larger sphere of usefulness and blessing. Will our God spare Charles Waters Banks for a few years yet, and gird him with renewed strength of body and mind? help him to gird on the whole armour which God has provided for His faithful ambassadors? and still help him to unfurl the blood-sprinkled banner of the cross of the once-suffering Lamb of God. That, amidst much which to me seems light and frothy, and

counterfeit Christianity, our God may continue you, and many more, and raise up others (as the valiant of Israel depart to their reward), to fight the battles of the Lord, and feed His sheep, and gather His lambs into the fold. We have no fear of the ultimate issue, but we see much lukewarmness, and this we fear and lament; we see much of self in the Church, and this separates many friends; we behold much of the spirit of the Corinthians in our day, and this draws the attention from the one only source of trust and joy.

Well, my dear brother, we would look away from this as much as possible, and listen to the Master's voice, and catch the Spirit, when He said, "What is that to thee? Follow thou Me?"

Well, now you'll say, What a rambling note he has written! Yes, it is; but it is a little broken fellowship, a little brotherly intercourse, as we stand on the verge of another world.

The Lord bless thee and thine, prays your three-fold brother,  
Feb. 8, 1879.

R. Y. BANKS.

SOUTHWARK.—We looked into Trinity chapel, Borough, January 14th, when Mr. J. B. McCure was preaching the new year's meeting discourse. The pastor, Mr. Thomas Stringer, read one of Watts's sublime pieces of heavenly poetry; and Thomas sung it, too, so melodiously that it came rolling into us with a sacred richness nature cannot understand. After the company had enjoyed their tea, a public conference commenced under the careful direction of Joseph Beach, Esq. There was a fair bench of speakers. Nathaniel Oakey first sought the Lord's blessing. C. W. Banks opened the subject for the evening—the conflicts and conquests of the good soldiers of Jesus Christ. Those twin-brothers, V. Cornwell and R. A. Lawrence went very logically into "the whole armour of God;" of course, Thomas Stringer gave us an enthusiastic speech; and W. Webb, J. Battson, H. Myerson, and others, helped to open up that Gospel dress of which very few of us in these days know much. A little cheerful converse mostly occupied the time.—AN OLD SOLDIER.

HAYES TABERNACLE.—This tabernacle was opened for Divine worship Jan. 27, 1869. Its tenth anniversary was commemorated Jan. 27, 1879, by a tea and special prayer meeting. A friend says: "O! how many have been the mercies of the Lord toward us. We trust His favours will be still continued." [In the ministry of our sincerely beloved R. C. Bardens, in the extensively useful Sunday schools, and in other good works, we feel we may affirm (without flattery or presumption) the Church at Hayes Tabernacle has obeyed—lovingly laboured to carry out—the blessed Saviour's injunction, "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven." We wish them very many years of holy prosperity.—Ed.].



## THE WORK OF THE LORD AT WOLVERHAMPTON.

MR. THOMAS JONES IN THE PULPIT AGAIN.

Mercy, faithfulness, and truth are delightful themes to the people of God. When it is manifested in their midst, they can "sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever." Such were the feelings of Zion's travellers who worship the Lord at Temple-street Baptist chapel, Wolverhampton, Lord's-day, Feb. 9, when the venerable Mr. Thomas Jones was once more enabled to preach the Word of life to them. He is a wonder to many. We expected to hear of his departure to be with Christ; instead of that, he stood before us with sweetness, liberty, and power. He dilated on the eternal love of God, and as the everlasting portion and guide of His people. Truly the afflictions of our aged brother have been greatly sanctified.

Monday, Feb. 10, was the birthday of our pastor, Mr. Wright. The friends thought we could not do better than commemorate the event with a tea and public meeting. About 100 had an excellent tea. The public meeting was presided over in a Christian-like and gentlemanly manner by W. Fleeming, Esq., who dwelt upon the necessity of union among the Lord's people in the Black Country. He introduced Mr. Adams, pastor of the Coppice Church, near Dudley, who related his soul experience, his call by grace, and spoke well of the deep sympathy that existed between their pastor (Mr. Wright) and himself. This brother is a worthy defender of the faith as it is in Jesus. He is much blessed of God in the work of the ministry. Mr. A. B. Hall, of Bilston, then spoke to us. He appeared to have lost a little of that cheerfulness he is usually favoured with; still, he delivered an address which was much appreciated.

We were glad to hear our old friend Mr. Thomas Jones, who went on well to speak of the union of Christ and His people, the certainty of the progress of the Gospel in the bringing in of God's people that are without. To the young people, a portion was given by him, and a little advice to the aged friends. Mr. Wright then acknowledged the goodness of God in a way of providence and grace toward him. He thanked the ministers and friends from a distance for their sympathy and presence. A hearty vote of thanks was given to the chairman. The doxology was sung; thus, this highly-interesting meeting came to a conclusion. A VISITOR.

HOMERTON.—The ancient and aristocratic Strict Baptist chapel, in that quiet walk called "Homerton-row," was the scene of cheerful gatherings, and of New Year's greetings, on Jan. 28, 1879. Mr. John Bunyan McCure discoursed out the preacher's weakness, counteracted by God's efficient aid. The pastor, J. Inward, "took the chair" in the evening with much happy propriety. The Wilderness-row pastor, Mr. Beunett, with some other kindred spirits, edified the assembled friends with their various views of the work and wisdom of the men who occupy

the pulpit. Nothing in the world, at this time, is more diversified than are the themes, the faiths, the speculations, and the theories of the pulpit and of the platform. The "Worcester Theologian" tells us "the students, the clergy, the priests do not now study Divinity." John Wade, the author of the "Baptism of the Spirit," told us in his immense library, nearly thirty years ago, "that Divinity was gone into a consumption, that since the days of the Puritans there had been but little Divinity written, read, or preached." We looked at him with astonishment; but as we have been compelled to read the productions of the press for over fifty years, and as we have scanned the Puritans closely, John Wade's conviction has often appeared true. In our Strict Baptist ministers we have some Divinity yet.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE SUNDAY SCHOOL fourth anniversary was held January 12th and 15th. Sermons by Messrs. Cornwell, T. Stringer, R. A. Lawrence, and J. Hazelton. At tea about eighty sat down. Mr. John Bonney presided over public meeting, supported by brethren Stringer, Lawrence, Battson, Dearsly, Myerson, Beazley, and Cornwell. All of them had a good word to say for Sunday schools. The secretary's report displayed a goodly attendance of scholars and teachers during 1878, and presented a hopeful future for the school, which we trust, under Divine blessing, may be realised. The total income for the year was £25 15s., and the expenditure £24 19s. 9d., leaving a balance in the school's favour of 15s. 3d. By the kindness of the ladies, who provided the tea on both days, the expenses were considerably reduced, and the net collections reached the noble sum of £10. Mr. Bonney presided with his usual ability, and conducted the meeting in a manner highly satisfactory to those present. The children sang sweetly at all the services. The teachers desire to render grateful thanks to that God who hath helped them in their labours, and enabled them to abide by His revealed will, and sincerely thank those friends who, by their timely aid, have provided them with means to carry on the important work of teaching the young.—P. M.

HADLOW, KENT.—At New Year's meetings, Jan. 20, C. W. Banks spoke in the afternoon from "Without Me ye can do nothing," to the edifying of some poor souls; at the evening meeting, deacon Seager spoke of the plan of salvation; pastor Holland (from Boro'-green) of the Holy Spirit; E. Beecher, jun., gave a short address; then our esteemed friend and brother, C. W. Banks, opened his little bag, and made several presentations which he wished the friends to keep and think over in their leisure hours. We quite enjoyed the season. Unless the Lord is pleased to put brother Seager into the pastor's office, we must still cry unto the Great Head of the Church to send us a true Gideon, one that could not only thresh out a little wheat, but thresh the mountains as well.—A KENTISH INHABITANT.

## A SOLEMN FESTIVAL.

By W. WINTERS, F.R.H.S.

[We are indebted in a very large degree to our highly-gifted penman and excellent Christian brother, Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey, for many useful articles. We honestly wish him the richest of blessings.—Ed.]

Happy meetings of Christian friends were convened in Speldhurst-road chapel, Feb. 10, to congratulate the pastor, C. W. Banks, on his arriving at the mature age of 73 years, and we are pleased to say that he is still healthy, vigorous, and well able to work both with his pen and his tongue, and, like Moses, his eye is not dim, he never requiring the use of spectacles. His long life has been as useful and interesting as it has been chequered. For nearly half a century he has freely and faithfully preached Christ and His Gospel, and for upwards of thirty-four years conducted the EARTHEN VESSEL, and for a little shorter period that of *Cheering Words*. He thought it well to celebrate the occasion of his birthday by calling a few friends together and holding a sacred service of praise and prayer, and we think such an action highly commendable and God-honouring.

Mr. Banks was favoured with the presence of his Divine Master, and encouraged by the help of many brethren in the ministry—namely, Messrs. Vaughan, Trotman, Holden, Kingston, Bonney, Norton, Branch, Eley, Gordelier, Levinsohn, Oakley, Rayment, Woodrow, Burbridge, Beddow, Wheeler, Winters, and others. C. W. B. conducted the afternoon service. After a comfortable cup of tea, the Rev. John Waters Banks, brother of C. W. B., presided, and opened the service with a short speech expressive of his pleasure in being present on the occasion of his beloved brother's seventy-third birthday, and then gave out a hymn in Denham's Selection; this having been sung, Mr. C. Gordelier prayed; the worthy chairman then made some feeling remarks on the 44th Psalm, the substance of which he compared to the experience of Mr. David Denham, whom he knew in person many years ago. He also mentioned with deep respect the name of Elijah Packer, precentor of the Church where his brother, Charles Waters Banks, was formerly pastor.

The address of the rev. gentleman, the chairman, was mild, deliberate, and very savoury. Mr. J. Vaughan addressed the meeting in a most instructive manner on the "holy brethren" mentioned by St. Paul (Heb. iii. 1); Mr. Holden followed with some lengthy remarks on "what constituted a good old age." Some practical and experimental thoughts on the work of the ministry were given by Mr. J. Bonney. After a few remarks from C. W. Banks, Mr. Winters, and Mr. Trotman, a sermon was delivered by Mr. Levinsohn, which the friends were anxiously waiting to hear.

[A friend said to me, "C. W. B. must feel happy in seeing not only his clerical brother presiding, but also the whole of his

living family, and a host of faithful friends surrounding him. Here is Mrs. C. W. Banks and her staff doing their utmost to make all happy. Then there are all his living sons and daughters—Mr. J. W. Banks, Mr. Robert Banks, Mr. C. B. Banks, Mr. Samuel Banks, Mrs. John Dunham, his eldest daughter, and Miss Eleanor Banks, the youngest of all!"]

It was cheering to see such an attentive gathering. We think our brother C. W. Banks must have felt encouraged by the prayers and good wishes of so many kind Christian friends. A cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the worthy chairman, who responded to the same in a genial and affectionate manner.

Our brother C. W. B. has been told that he is likely to live another twenty years. Well, according to his present state of health, we are happy to say such a thing does not look impossible, although, with the wear and tear of preaching and writing, such as Mr. Banks is subject to, it is very improbable that the Church on earth will enjoy his company until the last year in the nineteenth century. May God grant it, if consistent with His Divine will. We are sure our brother will not want to stay in this militant state after his work is done.

"A sleep without dreams, after a rough day  
Of toil, is what we covet most; and yet  
How clay shrinks back from more quiescent  
clay!"

W. WINTERS.

CHATHAM.—ENON. At our annual meeting attendance very encouraging. Tea was provided free of cost by our lady friends. At public meeting I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., presided, supported by J. Bonney, Wood, of Ryarsh, our staunch friend C. W. Banks, J. Lawson, J. Casse, and the pastor, J. W. Norton. The chairman gave the keynote (the exalted position of a Christian) in an able speech; the pastor gave a *résumé* of the year's mercies; eleven had been added to the Church. There is hope of land for our new chapel; brother Oliff has bought land for £400; if the friends can raise the money, will be put in trust for that purpose. The proceeds of the meeting, from voluntary contributions (including £1 from the chairman and £1 from Mr. Bonney), was a little over £6. If any wealthy friends in the denomination could help us, we should be very grateful. We are in the midst of a large population, and our lease will shortly expire.—J. W. NORTON.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The friends to New Testament order of worship held a meeting on Monday, February 10th, it being the forty-second natal day of their esteemed minister, Mr. Walter Wright, whose work in the Gospel has been one of faithful witnessing, and of much usefulness, in different parts of the country, and occasionally in the pulpit of Surrey Tabernacle, Mount Zion, Hill-street, Meard's-court, Gravesend, Croydon, and other places. His friends are thankful to find his ministry in Wolverhampton has resulted in some additions to the Church. All the glory unto our Lord we give.

## OXFORD STREET AND THE ASSOCIATION MEETINGS.

The thirty-eighth anniversary of the Soho Sunday school was Tuesday, February 11th. Pastor J. Box presided. Mr. E. Faulkner, former superintendent, prayed. Mr. Battersby, present superintendent, read report. Prosperity continues, peace and unbroken harmony prevail between Church, schools, pastor and people.

During the year 1878, four missionary meetings have been held, at two of which excellent prizes were awarded to reciters. 400 volumes are in the library.

The scholars now number 239; during the past year, 138 have been added, and 66 have left, making a clear increase of 72.

The treasurer's report showed a balance of £8 in hand.

Brethren Usher and Dr. Cooper delivered practical speeches. Brethren Dearsly and Cox made well-timed remarks. Brethren Langford and Alderson moved a vote of thanks to speakers and singers. Chairman briefly responded.

[We understand the pastor, the Church, and the cause generally at Soho, are exceedingly happy and prosperous. It would be a mercy if the Lord was working by our Strict Baptist ministers in the conviction, genuine saving conversion, and ingathering of sinners from the world. On Tuesday, March 11th, a blessed feast of fat things is anticipated, when that deservedly esteemed man of God, J. L. Meeres, will deliver his inaugural address to the Churches, as president of the Metropolitan Strict Baptist Association. We have a hope he will set all the ministers' hearts on fire for a year of evangelical and soul-saving success. As the chief of sinners, it does not become us to offer any suggestions to an association so superlative in talent, in respectability, in honour, and in positions most exalted. Nevertheless, painfully witnessing the almost lifeless state of many Churches, we dare not be silent on a question so vitally important as that of the ingathering of redeemed sinners from the world. "Soho" is a beautiful garden now. John Box is a gifted and happy pastor; but Meard's court is DEAD! Many of the Churches once alive and working wonderfully for Christ, in those overflowing masses of the West-end millions, are also dead, or they are in a deep consumption. We have been sorrowfully looking into these Gospel mausoleums. We have listened to the jangling of the only few faithful men, about "loose Baptists," and so on; but while these immaculate Divines are thus in holy conference, we are burning with zeal over the miserably low state into which many—almost all the causes are sinking. Nehemiah's fire and force comes up hot within us. But we forbear. Most devoutly do we pray that brother Meeres may be filled with the Holy Ghost, and that the cloven tongues of fire may rest upon their heads, inflame their hearts, and give an irresistible power to their ministry, that the year of our brother Meeres's pre-

sidency may be one of great ingathering in those Churches who abide by the New Testament revelation, by apostolic doctrine and practice. O our God, grant it for Christ's sake. Amen.—C. W. BANKS.]

LYNTON ROAD, BERMONDSEY.—On Tuesday, Feb. 4, services were held to commemorate the tenth anniversary of Mr. R. A. Lawrence's settlement over the Church worshipping as above. Mr. J. S. Anderson, of New Cross, preached in the afternoon to a fair congregation an instructive sermon from Deut. xxxiii. 3. A tea at the close of this service was partaken of by a goodly company, and in the evening a well-filled chapel was presided over by Mr. James Pells, of the Surrey Tabernacle; the subject for the speakers was, "The Prayer of Jabez;" Mr. Thomas Stringer spoke on "Jabez, the Person Praying;" Mr. John Parsons, of Brentford, "On the One prayed to, the God of Israel;" Mr. J. M. Rundell (Surrey Tabernacle) on "The First Petition;" Mr. Cornwell (Brixton) on "The Second Petition;" Mr. John Bonney (Hackney) on "The Third Petition;" and Mr. Wm. Webb (Bow) on "The Fourth Petition." All the speakers were listened to with great attention and apparent interest; a tone of spirituality pervaded the meeting, which was considerably enhanced by the "softly-powerful" remarks of the chairman interspersed between the speeches. Mr. Lawrence, at the close of the meeting, spoke of the Lord having blessed the Word preached to many. No one seemed at all inclined to extol the creature; many felt it good to be there, and a collection of £18 at the close of the gathering (presented to the pastor) seemed really to be what the worthy chairman described it as—viz., "Fruit which should abound to the people's account." In spite of earth and hell, then, we take courage and go on.—R. A. L.

PLYMOUTH.—MY DEAR MR. BANKS, —One of the most interesting meetings known in connection with How-street Baptist chapel, where Mr. Parnell now labours, in word and doctrine, was held February 5th. Nearly two hundred partook of a hountiful tea; after which a public meeting took place, the pastor presiding. The financial accounts for the past year were gone through, which proved very satisfactory. All things appeared cheerful and encouraging both to pastor and friends. Several addresses were given by brethren Westaway, Ackland, Whitmarsh, and Easterbrook. Mr. Parnell then rose and said he had a most pleasing duty to perform, which was to present to Miss Northcott, in the name of the Church and congregation, an acknowledgment of her gratuitous services as harmonist, which consisted of a lady's dressing case, together with three handsomely-bound volumes of the "History of Protestantism." Mr. Northcott responded in behalf of his daughter. This pleasant evening was closed by singing, "All hail the power of Jeau's name."—ONE WHO WAS PRESENT.

## THE GOSPEL IN HEREFORDSHIRE.

WANTED, A TRUE MAN.

The whole of the city of Hereford, which contains many churches and chapels, does not possess one Strict Baptist cause. There are only two S. B. causes in the whole beautiful county; these are small; that of Ross is in a very low state—no young members coming in to take the places of the deceased members. Whitestone is the most flourishing of the two causes; but though she has much to be thankful for, she has to labour against the influence of the Established Church. Ours is only a large, scattered village. In villages the people seem, to a great extent, paralysed by Church influence; and it requires a stronger amount of true principle to act an open and independent part. As to Hereford city, it is in doctrine nearly all of a piece. There is a General Baptist; they are getting money to build a more conspicuous chapel. There are Wesleyans, Primitive Methodists, two sections of the Brethren, Independents, Countess of Huntingdons, and Quakers. More prominent than all the rest are the various branches of the Established Church. Some of the clergymen, with the bishop, are considered the most Evangelical type of the whole body of ministers of the Establishment. Now, is there a man of true Christian courage, of burning love to the souls of dying men, who can preach to saints and sinners in a full-toned Gospel style and spirit, to make known all the grand doctrines of the Gospel and the true ordinances of the Lord's house, who is only waiting for an opportunity to be useful as an evangelist at whatever cost? Here, then, is a city with thousands of people who know very little about those doctrines which lay at the foundation of the Strict Baptist Churches—which doctrines the people have been taught to despise because they are not understood. The natural scenery round about Hereford is very inviting, it well repays a good inspection. If a man of the above description is ready and willing, I shall be glad to make his friendship and show him the city; but if not, little Whitestone hopes to plod gently on, watching her opportunities to use her little strength, by the grace of our all-sufficient Lord and Master, in any way which may seem at all promising.

Yours very sincerely,

J. BEDFORD  
(Pastor, Whitestone).

HERTFORD.—Ebenezer chapel annual meetings were Jan. 22, 1879; a large number sat down to tea. At public meeting, pastor R. Bowles presided, who stated that 18 years had passed away since he entered upon the pastorate. They had seen many changes, many had been called home, but it was a pleasing reflection that in every case of those removed by death, satisfactory testimonies had been left behind that it was well with them "when called to die." The last year had been a year of special mercy; never had he been more blessed in soul, or more fully sustained in his work; the friends had found the ministry precious and powerful;

they had much to be thankful for. Mr. Sampford gave a cheering address; a worthy deacon expressed, on behalf of himself, the Church, and congregation, the sincere affection they still entertained for their beloved pastor; he had their prayers, their sympathies, their support, and he had the pleasure of presenting to him a New Year's gift, consisting of £14 16s.; he did so with the earnest desire that Mr. Bowles might be spared to them for many years to come. Mr. B. expressed his gratitude to all. Brethren Keford, Pannell, Blackaby, Samworth, and Salmons spoke on the occasion. A former deacon (now residing in London) came down expressly to show his attachment to the pastor and his flock. He stated he was a member of the Church when Mr. B. was called to the pastorate, and had been his deacon ten years. He could speak of him as one who lived and preached the truth. After a few words in prayer, this happy meeting closed. It was considered the best meeting they ever held. "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."—DELTA.

## BOROUGH GREEN AND MEOPHAM.

—It is pleasing to see in the villages those old places of truth still standing like a city upon a hill. I was looking at that chapel, Borough Green, where Mr. Morris laboured hard in the truth of the Gospel. I was there the 4th of February; saw smiling faces; the aged looked happy. It was the new year's tea meeting. A first-rate tea was given by the ladies. It made one's heart to rejoice. Precious meeting in evening. The minister sounded a good note. Passing on the road, I came to Meopham, on 10th of February. There is a comfortable little chapel; a happy-looking flock; it was their new year's meeting. Tea and everything looked well. Meeting in the evening. Pastor expressed his thanks for every favour; he said they were at peace one with another; the deacons had taken him into their hearts; and he had found a place in his heart for them. This is how things ought to be. Brethren spoke. They finished with "All hail the power of Jesus's name!" The Lord make Zion a praise in the earth.—A LOVER OF TRUTH.

## THE DEPARTURE OF THE VENERABLE AND BELOVED MR. WM. KERSHAW, OF WARRINGTON.

This devoted, earnest, and faithful minister of Christ, was taken home Dec. 19, 1878, after about seventy years of care and toil in this world. He was baptized by his relative, the late John Kershaw; and for many years, in different parts of Lancashire, he preached the true Gospel to the edification of some thousands of precious souls. Our Christian brother, Mr. R. H. Widdows, of Victoria Mills, near Wigan, has written an affectionate memoir of this good man, which we have given in full in *Cheering Words* for March. We may gather up some further testimonies of Mr. William Kershaw's life and labours for another number of this work, as time will not allow us to do more this month.

### THE CHURCH'S COMMISSION NEGLECTED.

DEAR BROTHER,—Many thanks for your kind invitation, also for remarks in your letter, they stirred up deep feelings and strong desires in my heart, which have been working within me during the last few months of my preaching among the Churches. I am only waiting until I find it to do, then, by the grace of God, I will do it with my might. I refer to the great Master's commission: "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature."

In many of our chapels the precious Gospel is preached to more empty seats than to men and women, while the masses of the people are beyond the voice of those who are crying in the wilderness.

In times past, I have preached in all kinds of places; in theatres, music halls, town halls, dancing saloons, public houses, ship-board, and in the public highways. and have never preached with greater freedom and success in my life than on those occasions, and very many more souls and seals the Lord has given me from those services than from any others. Now that the Lord has so graciously restored me to health and Gospel work, I am both ready and willing thus to work, and more than ever to give a missionary character to my work, more particularly as to the places wherein I labour, and come to the forefront with the unfurled banner of truth, in public halls, theatres, barns, or in any place that can be obtained, and preach the Gospel to all sorts and conditions of men, not as the servant of men, but the free servant of my royal Master King Jesus. To carry this out efficiently, those who are like-minded with me in this great work, should form themselves into committees and communicate with me, so that the most unorthodox and unconsecrated places may be engaged from time to time for preaching the Gospel of Christ.

On the first Lord's-day in March will be the thirty-ninth anniversary of my ministry; during those many years it may be said, "What hath God wrought?"

Until the end of March all letters may be addressed to me as below, after that date my new address will be 1, Sydney-villas, Upper Tollington-park, Finsbury-park, N.

Wishing you every blessing,

I remain,

Yours, for Christ's sake,

JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.

4, Northampton-villas, Northumberland-pk.,  
Tottenham, Feb. 7, 1879.

[We pray the Lord to give our brother, and all our Churches, grace and strength to carry out this missionary work. "The love of Christ—love to souls—zeal for our cause—constraineth us."—ED.]

STURRY, NEAR CANTERBURY.—A lamentable cloud has fallen upon the Strict Baptist Church, in the exceedingly painful death of Mrs. Moat, which occurred Feb. 9th, 1879, while her husband was preaching at Whitstable.

SURREY TABERNACLE BENEFIT SOCIETY.—The 35th annual meeting of this society was held in the large vestry adjoining the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth-road, on Tuesday sennight. The chair was occupied by Mr. Albert Boulken, one of the trustees of the institution. There was about the average attendance of members. The chairman, in opening the proceedings, congratulated the members on the highly satisfactory report and balance sheet presented to them, and which he concluded by moving for their acceptance. It showed that the society at the present time numbered over 1,000 members, and had a balance of nearly £9,000 in hand. During the past ten years it has disbursed amongst its members upwards of £11,000 for sickness and burial money. A remarkable feature in the society was the small expenses of management, the account for this department showing that the cost of conducting the business of the society was not seven and-a-half per cent. on the income. Several members having expressed their approval of the report, and of the satisfactory financial position of the society, the same was adopted. The resolution re-electing the five retiring members of the committee—namely, Messrs. Anderson, Beach, Dorey, King, and Syms, and the two retiring auditors, Messrs. Doring and Eade, was also carried unanimously. Reference was made to the great care and ability displayed by the secretary in conducting the business of the society; and after the matter had been spoken to by several members of the committee and others, it was resolved, "That the hearty thanks of the meeting be tendered to Mr. Robert Banks (the secretary) for his care in conducting the business of the society."—From the *South London Press*.

HACKNEY.—To MR. ROBERT YOUNG BANKS (pastor of Baptist Church, Egerton Forstall, Kent).—Kind and affectionate brother Robert,—Very comforting to my heart came your sweet letter. Our services on Feb. 9 and 10 were merciful seasons. The sermons on the 9th were "The Biblical Mirrors of Man, Here and Hereafter." I was permitted to pass through all the four services on the Sunday and the two on Monday without at all feeling any difficulty. On Monday the clouds poured down rain all the day. I thought no one could come out into this far-off island. But many did gather. Our loving brother John presided over the evening meeting in an excellent spirit. Several speeches, and a sermon by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, filled up the evening. With the purest faith, deep penitence, solemn prayer and devotion to the Lord would I finish my course. Gratefully your brother,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road,  
South Hackney, Feb. 1, 1879.

GRAVESEND.—ZOAR CHAPRL. Members and friends worshipping at the above place have presented to their minister, Mr. F. Shaw, a handsome and valuable timepiece, as a token of Christian affection and esteem.

## MY SAVIOUR'S VOICE.

THY Saviour speaketh thus to thee,  
 "My soul, I am thy great Creator, and  
 Thy form I gave thee, suited to My mind;  
 Yea, the nature and the grace of Mine  
 Own heart and life; for I not only  
 Made thee from the dust at first,  
 But made thee, since thy fall,  
 A fairer damsel, virgin true;  
 Pure, without spot, renewed  
 Into My likeness, without guile.  
 For thee I died, and thus redeemed thee.  
 Thou art Mine, as Ruth belonged to Boaz  
 When he redeemed her. And as her other  
 Kinsman could not, so could not the law  
 Thy soul redeem, hence thou art Mine;  
 And hence, when rolling billows come,  
 Fear not, but still confide in Me,  
 For thy Redeemer will thy Saviour be.  
 Hence, My beloved spouse, rejoice in Me;  
 Be brave, nor fear life's purging fire,  
 For naught shall hurt thee here on earth,  
 Nor in the heavens above thy head,  
 Nor in the hell beneath: but know  
 That since I saw thee, precious, thou in Me,  
 Hast been most honourable, and I will give  
 For thy release those who oppress thee,  
 And will set thee free."

J. BEDFORD.

## Notes of the Month.

"GOOD LORD, HAVE MERCY UPON US!"—So writeth John Thomas from his cottage of affliction mixed with mercy. We first met with this good John Thomas, in the Forest of Dean, some years ago. We found him a man mighty in prayer and faith, and firmly rooted in all essential salvation principles. He has been, for some years, working in one of the large coal mines in South Wales: he is also pastor of a small Strict Baptist Church. Not long since, he was nearly crushed to death. We have had the privilege of sending him little helps, and we hope to do more. The following is the last note we received from him: it is dated January 31st, 1879. He says:—Beloved brother in the best of bonds, in sincerity and truth in Jesus. Amen. The Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob bless you with all blessings, according to His great will, in your labours, and in all the works the Lord has given you to do. I pray, and will pray, by God's help, that strength within and without may be yours, and all to the glory of our blessed Redeemer. May you be a blessing to His poor Churches. Amen. Dear brother, you can see I am not able to write: but, I am anxious to tell you how good the Lord has been and still is both to my poor soul and body. On the morning of November 30th, at ten o'clock, I was in tolerable full health, and in good glee for being able to work by the sweat of my brow, and at one moment, I was as one in death. In the face of this great darkness, by a little glimpse of hope, I could see that it was the Lord: I ventured to speak to His great Majesty: "It is all right, my Lord," and indeed it has proved to be one of the best visits I have received at His hand. I have learned many lessons from this that I never learned before.

"He near my soul has always stood,  
 His lovingkindness, O, how good!"

Many thanks for your letter, and also for what you sent. Glad am I to have them. Nine weeks to-day was stormy weather. Bless the Lord, O my soul, for His great goodness. I am better in body, and can walk the room. Yours in Jesus. Amen. Dear brother, it is a most distressing and sorrowful time here! Sixty-two of our fellow-men entombed in the Dinas pit as yet; and all our work at Plymouth, where I labour, is at a stand still. From 2,000 to 3,000 people are requested to take a ten per cent.

reduction, or the works stand still. Here is much sickness, and the people half starving for the want of food, and the weather is so bitter. "Good Lord, have mercy upon us!" prays JOHN THOMAS.

TOSSED, NOT DROWNED.—HIGHLY-FAVOUR'D.—Since last I heard your voice I must tell you in some part where I have been. I feel, though not in presence with Peter's person, I have been sailing in a stormy sea, where the billows have moaned and foamed; many fathoms my poor soul has sunk. Let a living soul only be weighed in the Almighty's balances, yea, put into the eternal scales, and, "O Israel, thou hast destroyed thyself," sounded into the soul louder than ten million thunders; and all this time staggering to and fro on the deck of Psalm cvii., still thirsting and panting after a sip of Bethlehem's waters; let one feel as a dear saint of old said, "When I cry and shout, He shutteth out my prayer," it will shake and try faith sorely. Beloved, not one in a thousand doth my soul find in those seas. Pressed with men, pressed with employer, pressed with the world, pressed with the insinuations of the devil, pressed with wonder, pressed with strong desires to see the cause of truth grow, and its branches run over the wall; yet only pained to hear of the annihilationist in this wicked city baptizing and making many members, while we are looking unto Him, our blessed and beloved Him, and watching for one soul or seal, we have not slack'd our speed through grace. We know it is written, "They shall run and not be weary; they shall walk and not faint," because their shoes are iron and brass—the brass for beauty, the iron for hardness; and this is a blessed Gospel preparation; hence, "the righteous shall hold on his way." Beloved, it is written, the swords "shall be turned into plowshares." Some of the deceived hosts are looking for this to be done; my soul sees it done already. I go to plow with the eternal heifer, but, Oh, what crooked work! I have been to Esek (contention), and now my poor soul is at Sitnah (hatred—Gen. xxvii.). Ah! the circumcising knife of the eternal God passed through my poor heart, opening it like Lydia's, compelling me to feel my own leprosy and sore plague. You have favoured me with a new title, yet I have been in the heat of the battle, so am not a deserter; not isolated. Waiting, watching, weeping, wailing, despised, humbled. All in love, willing to serve in the Gospel of God.—W. SIMPSON, 32, Sincil Bank, Lincoln.

MR. THOMAS JONES.—This venerable and valuable servant of Christ came to London at Christmas, but illness laid him down a little. I saw him on February 1, and he said: "I am well in body—well in mind—well in soul." And he looked all he said. He is now a good way over eighty, and contemplates going home to Broseley, to preach the Gospel until he shall finish his course with joy, and receive the happy, the holy, the heavenly crown. Many long years has he done this!

## Birth.

On Wednesday, Jan. 23, Isabella Fillane, wife of Isaac Levinsohn, of a son.

## Death.

Died, on the 3rd February, at her daughter's at Gravesend, Eunice, fifty-five years the beloved wife of Isaac Lingley, late Pastor of the Baptist Church, Mote-road, Maidstone, in the 81st year of her age.

Her hope a sure foundation had,  
 In righteousness and blood 'twas laid;  
 Its worth she proved full sixty years,  
 In storm and calm—in mirth and tears:  
 And now she dwells where hope's unknown,  
 Except as to fruition grown.

# The Sea of Darkness and the Shores of Glory!

TO WHICH ARE YOU GOING?

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“Look to thy soul, O man!  
For none can be surety for his brother;  
Behold, for heaven, or for hell;  
Thou canst not escape from immortality!”

THUS Martin Tupper finished his sublime piece of philosophy on “Immortality”—a contemplation to which all men had need to have their closest attention directed. To every man he saith:

“Thou art an imperishable leaf on the evergreen bay-tree of existence.”

“Looking up my credentials” was our reply when one would ask, “What art thou doing here in thy retired chamber?”

“Looking up my credentials for admission into the land of light and freedom!”

“Have ye never looked them up before this?”

“Yes! many a time. But when a man is off for a long journey, he will review his case once more to see if all is safe and sufficient.”

Everybody knows the four winter months were filled with much cutting weather. All these months was I running hither and thither to help one and another. But the rain, the snow, the frosts, the bitter winds entered into me, and ere I had got far into March, bronchitis laid me down to rest awhile.

As I lay there one morning, the sun came shining in upon me, and really it was as though it said: “I can shine now, and the clouds may go somewhere else now you are prostrate.” Quietly to myself I sang:

The beautiful spring  
Is off on the wing:  
She smiles, and says, “I am coming.”  
Then the ncap-tide gales  
All nature assails,  
And they fling us a terrible drumming.

“Why, nature appears more to revive you than grace!”

No! but I have seen and suffered so much from the adverse winds and weathers during long, late, and laborious journeys, that now, when down, to see the sun come smiling upon me almost worked in me Jacob's sad, old-fashioned conclusion; but in the sunshine of nature's joy my spirits rejoiced.

Before this casting-down occurred, early one morning, in a dream, in a semi-sensible vision, in some indescribable night-mare, or dosing meditation, I saw myself (of course hard-letter schoolmen will laugh at this: but I saw nothing to laugh at, all was so impressively real that the sight has not vanished; for I saw myself) standing AT THE END OF

TIME! All time was behind me, as one huge, black, and barren mountain. I stood alone! Yes, quite alone. And while time behind me was as one immensely high and barren, black mountain, there was nothing before me but a BLACK SEA. O, such a black, wide-spreading sea. There was nothing else to be seen. I looked right, left, forward, in every direction but behind. All was one dark sea; there was nothing else to be seen. There was no sky. The material heavens and the fruitful earth, all had passed away, leaving only a dark chaos. There was no star: no light of any kind: yet I saw myself standing there, at the very ends of the earth, and nothing before me but the black, the endless ocean.

It was not a rolling sea, with waves moved by winds: there was no motion, no sign of life. It was, verily, a dead sea, or

A SEA OF DEATH.

I was not quite in it: but as close to it as I possibly could be. I cannot recollect being frightened or alarmed; but I thought, "That is the black dead sea into which lost souls sink down. What there is in that bottomless gulf," said I to myself, "no one can tell." I was as one lost; yet not quite lost. What an awful surprise it must be to lost souls when death driveth them to the ends of the earth; then to find they have nothing before them but the deep, the dreadful, the black sea of wrath.

"Oh!" I thought, "Who can tell what it is to be cast into such a sea?" Perpetually sinking. That is not annihilation: it is banishment from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power. Shut out: sent down, deeper and deeper, in the unfathomable abyss of woe.

"Whether unto grace or guilt,  
All must live through Him!  
Live in vital joy:  
Or live in dying woe."

My kind reader! From the ends of the earth I would roll back a voice to you, and, without presumption, I would echo the sacred words of the Redeemer, when, in His first most extensive sermon on the Mount, He pressed it upon them to "Enter in at the strait gate, for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction: and many there be that go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life: and few there be that find it."

"The soul will live when all has passed away,  
And time o'er worlds has ceased its mighty sway:  
Scripture declares these orbs shall all expire,  
And earth dissolve in elements of fire;  
As long as ages ceaselessly shall roll,  
God's breath in man shall live!  
His deathless soul!"

The prophet Daniel tells us he had a rather frightful view of this sea. At first, when he looked upon it, it was quiet. Then, he says, "Behold, the four winds of heaven strove upon the great sea: and

"FOUR GREAT BEASTS

came up from the sea diverse one from another."

I must not stop in this short paper to describe the alarming vision Daniel had. I almost feel myself standing there now. Were I an



artist I would furnish a view of this remarkable scene: a poor soul standing alone on a narrow slip of land. Behind him, TIME, like a mountain of coke, black and burned as charcoal. Before him, the horrible sea of a dark eternity, with no visible way of escape. To go back was utterly impossible; to go forward was fearfully perilous. That penetrating Sedgewick will say, "This was the earnest of thy perdition." Both in a providential and in a spiritual sense I have stood nearly in such a dangerous crisis. More than once there has been but a step between me and destruction. Hence I have seen truth most certain in those lines:—

"The mount of danger is the place  
Where we shall see surprising grace."

Either while, in vision, standing on the brink of the great sea, or soon after, a voice came, so soft that at first I did not notice it; but it repeated itself again and again, although I did not recognise it as being expressly to myself. Yet how merciful! It said, "LOOK UNTO ME, and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else." This voice followed me, so that the last sermon I ever preached were from the words, and I was a little prepared to preach from them as a prophecy concerning that part of the Church of Christ to be gathered out of the Gentile nations, called "the ends of the earth," which is true of the regenerated vessels of mercy in their soul's experience, the sense of sin and guilt, the terrors of eternal wrath, the howlings of a poor troubled conscience, the cares and trials of life, the workings of unbelief;—all these together have driven many to the ends of the earth. From thence Christ calleth them from His

### THREE HIGH PULPITS.

From the cross on Calvary, as their sin-offering, He crieth out, "LOOK UNTO ME." From His Father's own right hand in glory, as their Advocate, He crieth, "LOOK UNTO ME." From thousands of pulpits, and by tens of thousands of the HOLY SPIRIT'S inward voices, Jesus has been perpetually crying out, "LOOK UNTO ME." And still, even in my poor soul I would hope, and by my feeble ministry He has still been crying, "Look unto Me."

The great and magnanimous end for which Christ calleth is that they might be saved. His Royal Majesty sends out no mere ineffectual proffer. No undefined offer comes forth from His heart and mouth; He calleth His own unto and into salvation. He saith, "And be ye saved." Saved from sin's reigning power, from its dreadful penalties, and from the curse of the second death.

And when we shall see, and feel, and find ourselves saved from all the before-mentioned soul-destroying evils, we shall sing loud songs of "Worthy is the Lamb for ever and for ever." Christ useth two strong arguments in His saving call of His people: "FOR I AM GOD." There He expresses His eternal power and Godhead, His almightiness, His omnipotence, His new covenant salvation, His perfection in every sense.

Can any one called sinner present a character so black, an accumulated load of guilt and sin so preponderous as to defy the efficiency of the great Saviour? No; it is a question out of court altogether. He follows up the call by announcing His character—"FOR I AM GOD."

Then the second argument is most conclusive—"And there is NONE

ELSE." We translate the four words three ways : they express the three acts of *obedient* faith in a grace-converted soul. The first is, "TURN unto Me. The second is, "LOOK unto Me." The third is, "COME unto Me." The Holy Spirit has *turned* us to LOOK and to *come* to CHRIST ; and have we not been saved ? We were looking after our credentials ; looking after our experiences ; looking after our deliverances ; looking over the Lord's many kind providences toward us, and His precious promises spoken in us. But we could not get on at all. We began at evidences of new birth, of many years seeking and erring in the dark, of Christ revealed in us and around us, so that the earth shined with His glory. But there appeared no weight nor value in them. After some time, this thought came rolling in, "If a man is in Christ, God views him in Christ, receives him in Christ, welcomes him in Christ, gives him his place in the kingdom of Christ. If a man is not in Christ, all the things in the world, all his profession, all his devotion, all his supposed experiences and excellencies, all his creeds and charities, when placed in the balances, will pronounce him 'WANTING.'"

"For I am God, and there is NONE ELSE." Full well I know this. For more than fifty years have I known the warfare ; known soul trouble ; known the loss of all things ; known that the theological doctors were bitter against me ; but never did I know one who ever, or at any time, or in any manner, exercised toward me the part of the Good Samaritan. No ; not one. From the silent and unknown depths of my soul the exclusive vow has ascended—

"JESUS *alone* shall bear my sighs  
Up to the Father's throne.  
Kind Intercessor! there He sits,  
And sweetens ev'ry groan."

Whatever can make a man afraid to meet death ? A sense of his rebellion against a just and holy God. But to every one found in Christ, that immeasurably God-like proclamation is applicable : "As far as the East is from the West, so far hath He removed our transgressions from us." If in Christ we stand ; if with Christ we are one, we shall never meet our transgressions any more, after leaving these bodies of sin and death in the grave. It was this made Paul so concerned to "win Christ !" "to be found in Christ !" to "put on Christ !" "to know nothing but Christ," for in salvation matters "there is none else."

My kind friend, W. M. Haydon, who writes me from his sick chamber, at this very moment, says : "Ofttimes I could see no marks, no faith, no repentance, NOTHING ; but I could see a precious Christ ; and, although I could not always say, 'My Beloved,' I felt Him too precious to let any other trust intrude." Well said, dear afflicted friend Haydon.

"With Christ in the vessel, we smile at the storm."

Miss Lewington, of a dying minister, says he said :—"Christ in His Person ; Christ in His offices ; Christ in the power of His arm ; and Christ in the love of His heart, is the Rock on which I rest !"

"From the centre of my soul I would say, 'Be this religion mine ;' and will you not add your Amen ?" Yes, indeed. "May God abundantly bless your stated and occasional labours, and oft may it be yours to quaff of those reviving streams that flow from Bethlehem's well."

One moment longer, dear reader, and we must part, for the present. Otherwise it was in my mind to show you how

“THE SHORES OF GLORY”

were partly climbed by me, after being delivered from the dark sea of death; also how my mind was exercised between the two last verses in the fiftieth chapter of Isaiah: but “One thing is needful;” it is not of vital import as to whose ministry we sit under, but to know, daily, the LORD JESUS CHRIST; to walk with Him in faith, in fellowship, in communion, in a sacred resting of our souls upon Him, for all things for time and for eternity. With this rod and staff, we shall pass safely through the valley. God Almighty be merciful unto us poor sinners, in His dear Son: so always prayeth

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
March 13, 1879.

WAITING FOR GOD'S SALVATION.

THE EXPERIENCE OF SARAH BENNELL, ETC.

BY WALTER BROWN,

*St. John's Green Chapel, Colchester.*

“I have waited for Thy salvation, O Lord.”—Gen. xlix. 18.

THUS spake Jacob on his dying couch, and so have very many since his day, both in life and death. Simeon waited for the consolation of Israel, and waited not in vain; he saw “the Lord's Christ” and died in peace, saying, “Mine eyes have seen *Thy salvation*” (Luke ii. 30).

There are three things implied in waiting for God's salvation:—

I.—KNOWLEDGE. Self-knowledge. No one can or will believe in, and wait for, salvation until they know and feel their need of it; until one feels himself lost, and knows himself to be guilty before God, God's salvation is not prized; it is not needed, and, therefore, is neither sought after nor waited for; but when guilt stings the conscience and fear fills the heart, and the evil, the desperate evil of our state and condition by nature, is realised; when one sees sins enough in his best prayers, and in his most sincere repentance, to sink him in despair of ever doing anything that will stand before God's throne, and bear inspection by the light of His holiness, and meet the claims of His unbending law, then will salvation, great, free, and eternal salvation by Christ Jesus, be highly esteemed. Do not then, dear reader, overlook the work of the Spirit in thy heart in thus preparing thee for, and teaching thee how to prize, so great salvation; thou wilt never be among those who neglect salvation; the more clearly thou seest the need of it, the more wilt thou long for it.

II.—FAITH. Waiting for God's salvation implies believing in the fact that God does save those who wait for Him. The Holy Ghost never teaches a sinner his need of God's salvation without implanting in the heart at the same time a firm belief in the power of Christ to save. He does not teach any to despair of Christ's power to save, but to despair

of ever being able to save themselves. To know our need of Christ, and believe in His ability to save, are marks of the Spirit's teaching. And at every new discovery of their wretched, fallen, guilty, and helpless condition, which causes the heart to sink and sorrow, to grieve or rebel, there will be made known to the soul again by the Spirit the power of Christ to save, even to the uttermost. There is no place for despair when Christ's power to save is seen. That faith which empties the soul of all ground of hope and trust but God's salvation, is a God-given faith; and though it may be small and weak, and unable to rest peaceably in Christ and His finished work, it will not, it cannot, rest in anything else. If little faith cannot joy in God, it will hope in Him; if it cannot sing in the ways of the Lord, it will sigh in them; when it is unable to *run in* the Lord's ways, it will not *run from* them. Little faith has but small comfort in waiting on God; but all its consolation springs from waiting for Him; when it dare not say God has been merciful to me, it will say, "God be merciful to me." Although little faith is quite unable to exclaim, "Behold! God is my salvation, I will trust and not be afraid," it will never cease to cry to Him, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." Thus a deep sense of need, with faith in the power of Christ, keeps the soul waiting for God's salvation.

III.—EXPECTATION. We cannot say we are waiting for God's salvation unless we in some measure expect it. Desiring and expecting is hope. "If we hope for that we see not, then do we with patience wait for it." This hope, this expectation, keeps the soul from being either drawn away by unbelief, or driven away by despair.

"The darkest cloud hope pierces through,  
And waits upon the Lord,  
Expects to prove that all is true  
Throughout the sacred Word.

True hope looks out for blessings great,  
And though they're long delayed,  
Yet hope's determined still to wait  
Until they are conveyed."

The foregoing manner of waiting for God's salvation was most remarkably manifested in the life and death of Sarah Bennell, who died at Colchester, March 4, 1879, aged sixty-three. She had been seeking of, and hoping for, God's salvation, with a deep sense of her need of it, for about forty years. A humble and consistent walker in the Lord's ways, a lover of His people, an adherer to a free-grace Gospel; the more plainly and pointedly it was preached, the more she prized the preacher. She desired to hear the full truth of man's fallen condition declared, and Christ highly exalted as All in all in salvation. Her days of darkness were many. I had almost said, all her days were spent in soul darkness. She constantly attended the means of grace when able to do so; and although she seldom received any help or blessing therefrom herself, she rejoiced to know that others were blessed and comforted. She was a constant reader of the Word of God, and a lover of gracious and experimental hymns; but if any friend referred to a precious promise, or a sweet verse of a hymn, with the view of encouraging her in faith and hope, she would reply, "But that is not for me." But the set time arrived.

She attended the evening service at St. John's-green chapel on Wednesday, February 19, when the text I preached from was, "That

which is born of the flesh is flesh ; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit" (John iii. 6). The Lord was pleased to bless in a special way to her soul the word spoken from the latter part of the text. On the following Tuesday she was taken in a fit, and for six days suffered very much pain with great patience and resignation. I visited her on Monday, March 3, when it was evident that she was fast sinking. I asked how her mind was ; she replied, " My bodily pains are so great that sometimes I cannot think or care about my soul." Then, after a pause, said,—

" Encompass'd with clouds of distress,  
And tempted all hope to resign,  
I pant for the light of Thy face,  
That I in Thy beauty may shine.

If sometimes I strive, as I mourn,  
My hold on Thy promise to keep,  
The billows more fiercely return,  
And plunge me again in the deep."

Then, after a rest, added, " I will not say one word more than my conscience will bear witness to, and I hope the Holy Spirit also. If I should never see you again, nor have any clearer manifestation of my interest in Christ, I wish to tell you that, when you were speaking on the words, 'That which is born of the Spirit is spirit,' there was a hope raised in my soul that there was something more than flesh in me. I don't mean that you raised a hope in me, but the Holy Ghost by you as an instrument, and that is all I can say."

The following verses among others were found with her papers, &c. :—

#### THIRSTING FOR GOD.

O fragrance of the wine,  
Crushed from the bruised Vine,  
Come and breathe upon our souls dead and dry ;  
Oh, rich, undying love,  
In the heart of God above,  
Revive our drooping hearts, or we die.

O show to us once more  
Thy lasting love and power,  
And let us not exhausted thus die beside the way.  
Thou hast set us in the road  
That leads us home to God—  
Thou wilt not, canst not, leave us to our enemies a prey.

And Oh, be with me still,  
Though Thy hand I do not feel,  
And keep me from denying Thee, and keep me from despair ;  
Draw all my thoughts above  
In the shadow of Thy love,  
And my dead soul revive with the dews that answer prayer.

#### THE POPE AND DR. MANNING.

WE must sometimes look beyond the narrow circle of our own denomination into that wide and wild wilderness called "Christendom," to clearly see how faithfully the prophetic spirit, in the Redeemer's ministry, and in that of His apostles, predicted the feeble-

ness, the fanaticism, and the substitution of worldly wisdom for the wisdom of God, so growingly rampant in these last days. We shall not attempt to travel through the various fields of error which are opening up on every hand ; one *fact* must suffice.

We all remember that exceedingly terrific Scripture in Paul's second epistle to the Thessalonians, where, in describing the man of sin, he says, "Whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power, and signs, and lying wonders, and with all *deceivableness* of unrighteousness in them that perish ; because they received not THE LOVE OF THE TRUTH, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should BELIEVE A LIE."

It is generally known that the Roman Catholic priest of England, now called "Cardinal Manning," has recently been to the "*Vat-I-Can*," or Pope's Palace in Rome, where consultations have been held with a view to bring this Protestant kingdom under the power of the Papacy ; and it is patent to all readers and observers of outside movements that this said Cardinal Manning has, in his "Lent Pastoral," boldly affirmed that all the afflictions now befalling the European nations, and all the distressing events on every hand, are the outcome of the Almighty's wrath, *because* we have "consented to the spoliation of our Vicar of the Lord (Pope Leo XIII.), because we have connived at the international compacts which hold the Pope as neither Sovereign nor subject, (but) as an outlaw in his own dominions. Therefore," says the Romish Cardinal, "at this moment the Almighty is offended with us, and is threatening every empire, every kingdom, and every government, in its own borders."

Understand this announcement of the Cardinal ! He means us to believe that because we dare not bow down to Pope Leo XIII., acknowledging him to be the Vicar of God, and the sovereign pontiff and father, and immaculate head of the whole Church and world, therefore there cometh wars, distresses, and plagues. "If," he continues, "we would only return to the Roman Catholic Church, and acknowledge its infallible authority, ALL WOULD BE WELL."

Will anybody believe this monstrous assumption ? Yes ! hundreds of thousands will. Therein is to be seen the power of the delusion. Will anyone in whose soul Christ has been revealed as the only hope of glory believe this ? NOT ONE !

Could the awful dungeon, the flaming stake, the blood-stained scaffold, frighten any of our revered fathers of old into this delusion ? Nay, never ! But seeing England is increasingly deluged with delusions so perilous to our peace and prosperity, should not every true pastor, every enlightened and honest Protestant, awake, arise, unite, and call upon God, in mercy, to remember us as a nation—a nation sinking deeper and deeper into darkness, division, and ruin ? Sirs ! do hear us. Lectures the people laugh at ! Tracts and papers they burn ! Such appeals to the people fail ! To whom, then, can we look but to the God of all grace and power ? "Cry out and shout, thou inhabitress of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee !" That we turn not a deaf ear to the loud call, is the inward prayer of

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Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
March 15th, 1879.

SALVATION FOUND IN THE DYING CHAMBER:  
SHOWING WHAT BLESSINGS FLOW FROM THE GOD-MAN.

*Outlines of a Sermon preached at Gomer-street Chapel, Willenhall, March 2, 1879,*

BY B. G. WALKER,

ON THE DEATH OF MRS. JABEZ BEDDOW.

“A Man shall be as an hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”—Isaiah xxxii. 2.

THESE words were suggested to my mind as being eminently suitable for the purpose we have in view—namely, making a few remarks by way of a memento on the occasion of the decease of our sister Beddow.

Their suitability is derived from the fact that previous to her departure she was enabled, by the grace of God, to say that she was resting on the Rock.

Our subject needs no divisions of man's creation. It is already divided for us by the Spirit of inspiration in a manner far more lucid than mere man could ever accomplish.

First.—We have a wind spoken of. *But what wind?*

Blowing over the head of the sinner there are a variety of winds of more or less power and duration. Some come in powerful and mighty gusts, threatening to carry all before it; while others, blowing more gently and calmly, are still not the less dangerous.

Experience tells us that when the dawn of light arises upon the soul, its brightness seems almost too strong for our feeble powers; the organs of sight have been so used to groping in darkness. Then is the time to be wary of false lights, which, like the fires kindled by cruel hands prompted by crueller hearts, blazing upon the sea-shore, only to allure us to destruction and banish our hope for ever.

So it is with the wind. While there blows upon the newly-converted soul the blest wind of the Spirit, at the same moment there are counter-acting winds, which would land us far from our desired haven. Let us analyse some of these winds, and speak of their manner of action.

First.—There is the wind of *Doubt and Perplexity*.

Christian walking across the fields book in hand, is solicitous of knowing to which point of the compass he shall fly. The perplexity and anguish of his soul is, however, relieved by the appearance of one Evangelist, by whose direction he is put upon the right track.

What was the experience of our own souls, awakened as to our sinful state, admonished by the words of our Book, “Fly from the wrath to come?” Was it not for a short season a time of doubt and perplexity?

*Such* a time of anguish, with the evil one continually whispering in our ears blasphemies against our God. “Yea,” saith he, “Paul was indeed a converted character, but *you* are a base hypocrite. The work of grace in the heart of Lydia was the work of God; but as for you, is it not the frenzy of your own brain? The love of John, who leaned on the bosom of Christ, was indeed a worthy and unselfish affection; but yours, what is it but a cowardly fear of wrath and an endeavour to jump into the fold of God?”

From whence, poor sinner, does this wind blow—from what quarter? Does it not come from the pit? Does it not savour of enmity towards

God on the part of the sender? Yea, but this wind of doubt is increased by the fanning of friends and companions, who, desirous of persuading you from your convictions, re-echo, by word of mouth, those doubts that have found their way silently into your heart.

Second.—There is the *wind of Infidelity*.

There can be no doubt about the point of the compass from which this emanates. Many of the Lord's people know what it is to have brazen infidelity rushing and roaring upon the soul, seeking to crush out the work of grace by creating doubts as to the Author of that work and of the work itself.

A great and mighty city walled and defended against the outside world is surrounded by foes, who seek to level it with the earth; but if you watch for a short time the tactics of the besiegers, you may observe that they, having found out the weakest part of the fortifications, bring their instruments and engines of warfare to bear upon that part. Exactly so in the case of the newly-awakened soul; the enemy seeks to crush him in the weakest part; and if he cannot succeed in other ways, he, as a last great effort, calls in question the grand principles of the Christian religion. Until the time of conviction, the soul may have had immunity from these distresses; but now that the prince of the power of the air is likely to lose his grasp of the soul, he concentrates his powers of mental argument upon the weakest parts.

The wind of nude infidelity receives an impetus from an observance of the professing bodies of Christians. As the evil one in olden time took Christ aloft to show Him all the kingdoms of the world, so does he now take the aroused sinner on his wings and bids him survey the various creeds, dogmas, rites, and ceremonies of professing Christians; he bids him behold the strife and confusion that is so rampant amongst the many sects who illegitimately take the name of Christ; and then the enemy draws the inference that religion is only a bone of contention without real food, and a shadow without a substance.

Third.—There is the wind of *Scepticism and Modern Thought*.

This surpasses, in the experience of many, all other winds, and is undoubtedly more dangerous than either of them. The source from whence it proceeds is identical with the others; but the medium through which it comes to us gives it the tendency of being extremely dangerous. From what point do we see it arise? Is it from the professed deist, or the boastful atheist, or the proud rationalist? No. Oh! better, far better, were such to be the case. It were more becoming the religion of Voltaire than anyone else.

But this wind—I speak it with shame—comes through professing *ministers of Christ*; men who will give you the license of believing or rejecting at will the truths of the Bible.

Such important subjects as the divinity of Christ, the reality of the miracles of Christ, the eternal duration of the soul, are only examples of what they deny, to say nothing of their errors as to the atonement, the sovereignty of God, and like fundamental truths. And these heresies are propagated by Nonconformist ministers of the most popular denominations.

Placed in the midst of such distracting and counteracting winds, what is to become of the soul? Thanks be unto God, it is not left to itself, for we are told a hiding-place is provided, where we can be safe



until the surges of life are o'er, and we enter where winds can no longer disturb our quietude. This hiding-place is proportionate to the perils of the situation.

It is a "MAN." The point of recommendation to the sinner is *the Manhood of Christ*.

In this blest character of man, He is able to exercise the climax of sympathy with the soul in its troubles. In this capacity, Christ can extend, with a benign love, the gracious hand of deliverance. While discomfited by conflicting powers, while perplexed by contradictory arguments, that ever-present Spirit of God takes the mind to scenes in the wilderness, where Christ is taken hither and thither by the devil; with patience and submission He bears the fierceness of the trial, and combats the foe with that two-edged sword, "It is written." When tempted of the Pharisees and Sadducees, when questioned ironically by the lawyer as to eternal life, this God-Man always combatted with the revealed Word of God.

We feel proud of being men when we consider the Almighty God in His character of Man; we would not exchange places with angels, for we have upon the throne what angels cannot boast of: our fort and our comfort is in the humanity of Christ.

Viewing ourselves in the prospect of the fair glory that awaits us, we feel that we cannot say Amen to the theology of the hymn the children sing:—

"We would be like an angel,  
And with the angels stand."

We know that if this Man is *our* hiding-place, then our future position will far transcend that of the angelic host, to whom it will be a continual source of pleasure to wait upon the favoured bride of Christ. Do we know anything of this hiding-place from the wind?

Second.—The next division given to us is that of a covert from the tempest. Do we know aught of this tempest? Is it not the *law of Sinai*?

The knowledge of sin opens our eyes to the justice of the law of God, its claims upon us we endeavour to fulfil, and, with all the enthusiasm of first love, we seek to atone for our past follies by future compliance with the letter of the law. The more we labour to satisfy the demands of the law, the more that law thunders; the more we increase our speed in a course of good works, the more fearful the aspect the Mount assumes. We have known what it is to be groaning under the law of God for days, weeks, yea, months, and only to be farther from gaining the Divine approval than when we first commenced. Thunders deafening the ear, lightning dazzling the eyes, smoke choking our utterance, and fear overhanging our heads; these are some of the consequences of trying to yield a graceless obedience to the law.

We might here borrow a figure from Mr. Leupolt who says, Suppose a boat to be upon the Ganges full of people, the day is dismal, the wind roars, the thunder peals, waters swollen, the current rapid; they are dashing on to the fatal rocks before them; if they could only be drawn to the narrow creek, they would be safe. The people on shore throw out a chain, the occupants of the boat catch at it, they begin to rejoice in the prospect of deliverance, when, alas! as they pull the chain, one link—not ten links—breaks: what shall they do? Why, overboard

with the chain, for it will cause the boat to sink the sooner, and cry to the Lord for mercy. That chain sets forth the law—yea, poor Christian, your heart tells you so. Can you see yourself in that boat?

The law renders the face of God imperceptible, for under the law Moses must not see the face of God, so he is hid in the cleft of the rock, and the back parts of Jehovah pass before him. Well might Moses *then* worship; and we may safely venture to say that such worship came from the heart, and was more than mere ceremony. But under grace we can look upon God under the veil of the flesh; we can hear His words; we have the records of His actions. In this sense we can understand the covert from the tempest. It has proved a covert in our own case. The manhood of Christ again appears to rescue us from wrath and perdition. He completely overshadows us with His wings, and proves what our text affirms He is, "a covert from the tempest."

Thirdly and briefly.—"Rivers of water in a dry place." To the soul that has an heavenly appetite, *what is so dry as the world?* Nothing yields him food; nothing assuages his thirst; nothing gratifies his desires; all dearth, all desolation. False friends, fleeting shadows, teasing pleasures, dead formality, sinister motives, aggrandisement of self-pomp and pride. These are the chief ends of worldly men. Can these satisfy the craving sinner? God forbid. What would the land of Egypt be without its Nile? Nothing but a barren waste; but its source of fertility and produce is this gigantic river. Such is the river of life to our souls. But whence do its streams flow? Here, sinner, is thy greatest consolation. This very river, whose streams we so much enjoy, proceeds from the very object which once we so much dreaded, for we are told it proceeds from the *throne of God*. How we once looked with fear upon that throne; but now we see that is the very fountain-head from whence the life-giving streams arise.

"Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows our thirst t' assuage?  
Grace, which like the Lord the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age."

The cause why this stream flows from the throne—The manhood of Christ. "A Man shall be as rivers of water in a dry place."

Fourthly and lastly.—"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Stability, endurance, immovability, incapability of penetration, elevation, place of defence. These are some of the characteristic features of a great rock, and all these features are borne out by the glorious God-Man.

The traveller in the desert is subject to a scorching sun and to sandstorms, and his only secure refuge in such extremities is a rock.

Now just such a refuge did our departed sister find Christ to be. Her life had not been the life of a follower of Christ. In her time of health she made no profession of religion, and in the days of her vigour she cared not for the things of eternity. Her illness was about a month in duration. When first taken ill, I visited her, and she told me that she would not be alive many weeks; she felt dying. I asked her if such should be the case what would become of her soul? She said she had received a knowledge which she never had before, for she knew she was a sinner; and not only knew it, but felt it. I asked her if, knowing herself to be a sinner, was she not afraid to die? No, she calmly replied, for she felt that she should not die before Christ had manifested

Himself to her as her Surety. I pointed out to her that Christ was peculiarly adapted to the anxious sinner's wants; but then she could not say that Christ was hers.

The following two weeks I continued to visit her, and she seemed to grow more hopeful each time.

On the Friday afternoon of the third week, brother Hall, of Bilston, visited her, from whose visit she derived great comfort. I visited her again in the evening of the same day. I found her scarcely able to speak through weakness and suffering, but far happier in soul. She enjoyed a sweet peace and tranquility, and spoke of the consolation she received from Mr. Hall's visit. She was able to speak of the welcome that awaited her at the pearly gates.

This was the last time I saw her. On the Saturday she was all day in a dying state, and in the early part of the night was unconscious for nearly three hours. When she opened her eyes, and her husband asked her how she felt in her soul, her reply was, "*On the Rock.*" He then repeated in her ears these words:—

" On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose?  
With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes."

Directly after this her soul took its flight without a struggle or a groan. On the following Thursday she was borne to the grave in Willenhall Cemetery, where she was interred by brother Hall and myself.

I may add, as a rule, I do not believe in death-bed repentances, as they are generally prompted by a fear of death; but I can safely venture to say that in her case it was not so; but it might be said of her, "Is not this a brand plucked from the burning?"

Thus in her experience the God-Man Christ was as the shadow of great rock in a weary land. May He prove the same to you and to me, both in our lives and at our deaths, and then will the sting of death be completely removed.

## THE JEWS—THEIR PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

**I**T is most remarkable to observe that although the Jews, as a nation, have been dispersed, gone through so many persecutions, yet there is an instinct within the Hebrew sons which says, "Cast down, but not destroyed." Into whatever compartment of life we may turn, we can generally find the sons of Abraham, from the most degraded to the highest and most extolled; from the poorest to the wealthiest. In the commercial, political, educational worlds, we cannot fail to observe that some of the most distinguished ones are Hebrews.

The great Disraeli says about the Jews, "Favoured by nature, and by nature's God, we produce the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel—they are our 'Olynthians,' our 'Phillippics.' Favoured by nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by nature, we have been persecuted by man. After a thousand struggles, after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled,

deeds of patriotism that *Athens*, and *Sparta*, and *Carthage* have never excelled, we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public. We have been content with the immortal melodies that we sang two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon, and wept; they record our triumphs, they solace our affliction. Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies. We were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? And as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza."

The Jews believe and hold that God gave the law in a two-fold character:—

1. There was the *Tôrâh Shebeketh*, or the law which is written. 2. The *Tôrâh Shebalpeh*, the law which is upon the lip—*i.e.*, Scripture and tradition, the written and the Oral law. It is the firm belief of the orthodox Jews that both are Divine, and therefore look upon each with holy veneration: and they look upon both as equally binding; for it is considered by most Jews that the written law is full of obscurity, and, therefore, could not be sufficient for them, neither could it be perfect without the Oral law, which removes all the difficulties, and supplies all the defects of the written law. The Jews say, when God gave Moses the law on Mount Sinai, He also gave unto him the interpretation: commanding him to commit the former to writing, and to deliver the other only by word of mouth. The Oral law was repeated by Moses to Joshua, by Joshua to the elders who succeeded him, by the elders to the prophets, by the prophets to each other, until it came to Jeremiah, who delivered the same to Baruch, and Baruch delivered it to Ezra, who has transmitted it to the men of the great synagogue, the last of which, according to history, was Simon the Just; ever since Simon the Just, it has been handed down through various successive channels, until it came into the hands of the distinguished Pharisee, Gamaliel (the tutor of Saul of Tarsus), and Gamaliel, as a pious and devout Jew, delivered it to his children, and children's children; and it came into the hands of the great Rabbi, Judah Hakkadosh, who distinguished himself by the accomplishment of that great Mishna—a work looked upon by the Jews as an infallible work, which must be observed as the written law. And though the Jews have so many times been dispersed by their enemies, and many gave up reading (too often) the Bible, yet, most remarkable, the Mishna was read even by such Jews with veneration and Godly fear. The Mishna consists of six different parts: it dwells very largely on laws concerning seeds and fruits, of the seasons and festivals, laws pertaining to women, injuries, punishments, and reparation, sacred things, pollution, and purification, &c.

When the Mishna first was published, it was a work which some of the highest educated Rabbins have taken up, and found it a most useful work, full of thought; and many have found the Mishna above the understanding of people in ordinary circumstances, who have only a common education: so that it was thought needful to write comments, and thus the Mishna and the comments on it, composes the *Talmud* of

Babylon, and also the Jerusalem Talmud : the comments are generally known by the name of *Gemarah*, or complement, because it fully explains the Mishna. All the doctrines now upheld by the orthodox Jew are entirely based on the Gemarah. It is very earnestly observed that no orthodox Jew can receive the honour of becoming a Rabbi unless he is well versed in the Mishna and Gemarah.

The Talmud, we must confess, is a work of which the Jew deserves much credit : for there we find some very grand and most sublime truths. Some of the Rabbins who were engaged in compiling that most interesting work, must have been, and we firmly believe that they were, good and pious men, but at the same time we must admit that other parts of the Talmud were written by such Rabbins who were indeed a disgrace to the community, whose writings, which have been united with the others, have thrown disgrace on the whole Talmud. And we say with regret, yet honestly we must declare, that the Talmud, although there is so much good, and a great deal of philosophy, yet it is a most dangerous work for the youth, because we believe much is *false*, and degrading : and we lament to know that such a work should be the chain which is fastened round them, and through this Talmud that the sons of the Hebrews neglect to study the Word of the living God. The 613 precepts, the creed formed by Maimonides, is also felt by the Jews a burden very heavy upon them : but as they firmly believe in the Talmud as Divine, they must, in consequence, be satisfied with all its precepts. I shall only give a few specimens of the Talmudic doctrines, and I am sure that every reader of these pages will feel thankful to God that His Word is our guide, and Judaism, with all its laws, is decidedly wrong, and that Rabbinism is not the way of salvation.

(To be continued).

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## OUTLINES OF A FUNERAL SERMON

*Preached on Lord's-day, Feb. 9, 1879,*

FOR MRS. ELIZABETH ANDREWS, OF PULHAM-ST.-MARY,

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

"Come, see the place where the Lord lay."—Matt. xxviii. 6.

THESE are the words of an angel. And do angels call us to look at Christ's grave? They mean we should take comfort and not be alarmed at the sight of it. Do angels also call us to look at Christ's birthplace? (Luke ii. 7—14). Do they lead us into a stable and tell us to look into a manger for the object of our desires? Our comforts sometimes come from such places from which we might least expect them. The angelic proclamation teems with comfort: "Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord" (Luke ii. 11). Then they call us to join in their song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" (Luke ii. 14). What a word of consolation the angel of God imparts to the poor sorrowful mourners of the blessed Jesus! Says he, "Fear not ye; for I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here: for He is risen, as He said. Come, see the place where the Lord lay." But who will come and see? Who are first at the grave? The two Marys. These were

His followers, His mourners. May be some other few women followed the Lord in the funeral procession besides these ; but two only are mentioned by name? Is it not strange that in this affair no mention is made of so much as one man. Some are followed to their long home by many mourners, who eulogise the departed one, saying many things by way of applause; but, Oh, how few followed the Saviour, the Friend of sinners, to His respective place of interment ! And what do we hear in praise of the dead, although it is the Son of God Himself that is entombed? Having made these few remarks, we shall now proceed to take two views of the grave :—

I.—We shall look at Christ's grave.

II.—We shall look at the grave of a saint.

I.—We shall look at Christ's grave. The place of the grave is in God's all-wise arrangements. Was not the birthplace of Christ in God's decrees ? It was decreed when He should be born, and where. By an unalterable decree, the stable was fixed on ; the very manger in which the babe was laid, was in God's pre-ordination; and, consequently, the grave of Christ was so likewise. Is it not true that our birthplace and our burying-place are both in the appointment of God? Our Father sees the very spot where we are to be buried, where that dust is to be placed, which shall rise again so refined as to be like unto the glorious body of Christ.

That the spot of Christ's burial was ordained of God is obvious from Isaiah liii. 9 : " He made His grave with the wicked and with the rich in His death." Yes, my beloved friends, He did it, although it might appear to be entirely in the hands of others. We are buried in what is generally termed *our own grave*. What is this ? Let us take an outside view of it. It is only about seventy-two inches long, and eighteen or twenty inches wide. Are these the only dimensions we require for our poor remains when we are dead? Oh, then, how vain and foolish are those who, regardless of death and eternity, keep adding house to house and field to field, when in the end they shall possess no more ground than what we have just looked at. " What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul ?" (Matt. xvi. 25). With this passing thought I would only add,—

" Hark ! from the tombs a doleful sound,  
My ears, attend the cry ;  
Ye living men, come view the ground  
Where you must shortly lie.

Princes, this clay must be your bed,  
In spite of all your towers ;  
The tall, the wise, the reverend head,  
Must be as low as ours."

I have noticed that we are buried in what we call our own grave. Was our Divine Lord buried in His own grave? We find He was buried in another man's grave. Ah, then, Christ's grave is rather our grave. It may well be called a bed, and its tenant may well be said to be asleep. Did our Lord make His grave with the wicked ? Yes, He died ~~for~~ with the wicked, and WITH the wicked ; consequently, the grave of every saint is His, although the sinful remains of fallen nature are deposited there. Consider, then, O child of God, that wherever your grave may find you, it becomes the grave of Christ; and that with His dead body you shall rise

in resplendent brightness, and shine as the sun in the firmament (Isa. xxvi. 19). And did our Lord make His grave with the rich? O blessed truth! our God can humble the rich as well as exalt the poor. If He makes His grave with some rich ones, or acknowledge their graves for His own, it is sufficiently evident that He died for them; for He is buried with all those for whom He died. Some rich ones are saved; and both rich and poor, in the election of grace, are buried with Christ, that they should rise with Him to behold His glory, which the Father gave Him before the world was. Just see here what a rich man did for Christ—namely, Joseph of Arimathæa, and who was one of His disciples. He begged the dead body of Jesus, wrapped it in a clean linen cloth, and laid it in his own new tomb, which he had hewn out in the rock, and then rolled a great stone to the door of the sepulchre. Yes, my beloved, all this he did for the dead Christ. How many of the rich are there in our day that are doing anything for Christ? They regard neither the dead Christ nor the living Christ. If they do nothing for Him, how can they expect to have a part with Him? O, what a blessing and privilege to trust in certain, and not in uncertain, riches! The reasons why some rich ones are saved as well as poor, may be seen in 1 Cor. i. 27—29. To express it in one word, it is, “that no flesh should glory in God’s presence.”

II.—Having taken a view of Christ’s grave, we come now to take a view of the saint’s grave. Lazarus was one of Christ’s disciples; let us take a view of his grave, and see what we may learn from it. In John xi. we read that when Mary understood from her sister Martha that the Master was come and called for her, she arose quickly and went to Him. When the Jews, who were in her house, to comfort her concerning the death of Lazarus, saw that she had left the house hastily, they said, “She goeth to the grave to weep there.” Now, it came to pass, that when Jesus saw the Marys weeping, and the Jews that were with them weeping, He groaned in the spirit, and said, “Where have ye laid him?” In what place have ye put the dead body of your brother Lazarus? They said, “Lord, come and see.” Are we called to see the grave of Christ? Here, you see, Christ Himself is called to see our grave. Looking at the grave, and looking into the grave, do our friends and relatives weep! Mark these sounds, I beseech you. “Jesus wept.” Do we weep with Him? He weeps with us. With respect to the grave, we have an exchange of views; we look into Christ’s grave, and He looks into ours, while, after all, there would seem to be but one grave. We just peep into the grave of Lazarus, and there we see a lifeless form. Presently Jesus cries with a loud voice, “Lazarus, come forth.” We look again into the man’s grave, and we say, “Behold, the place where Lazarus lay.” It is now empty; he is not there. That very body so recently there is now removed. So again, you look into Christ’s grave; He is no longer there. Rest assured, then, that at God’s time our graves will all be empty. It will happen to us as it did to Lazarus when Jesus said, “Loose him, and let him go.” Yes, my dear friends, we shall all experience what it says in Matt. xxvii. 52: “And the graves were opened; and many bodies of the saints which slept arose.” The same bodies that were buried, and not other bodies; the same saints that slept are the same saints that are now awake and are alive with Christ in His resurrection. We are only put to bed for a time; we are only made to lie down and sleep for a certain time. Under such a consideration of things I would say,—

“ Why do we mourn departing friends,  
Or shake at death's alarms ?  
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,  
To call them to His arms.

Why should we tremble to convey  
Their bodies to the tomb ?  
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,  
And left a rich perfume.”

Now a word about our departed sister, who went to her desired home on January 29, 1879, aged seventy-five years. Now, I am not going to really preach about her. There is a solid reason why I should not do this. She, through God's grace, preached to me and to all around us, having had her chaste and honest conversation among us, maintaining a spotless character for the term of twenty-five years. She was baptized into the Church of Christ in this place on January 7, 1854. She was respected by all who knew her and much loved both by the Church and the congregation. She was a constant hearer, and filled up her place always, both in the pew and at the Lord's table, never being away only in case of ill health. She was a lover, an unfailling lover, of good things and good people ; and often spoke of having sweet and blessed seasons under the ministry of the Word. The last Sunday she was in our chapel she spoke of enjoying the forenoon service, and said to a sister in the Church, “ We shall not meet many times more,” the tears starting in her eyes. That was the last time. Our sister is gone. I have buried nearly all my old friends who stood by me twenty years, thirty years, and some more. All gone with an exception or two ! What a solemn thought ! When shall I follow my dear departed friends ? I well remember the dying words of some who smiled upon me at their parting moment, and softly said, “ We shall meet again.” Yes, yes, we shall meet again, and meet to part no more.

“ Then shall we hear, and see, and know,  
All we desired and wished below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.”

Our departed sister has left only two sons to mourn her loss, while we shall all miss her much from our numbers, because she never had only smiles and kind words for all she spoke to about the things which concern salvation. May her two sons, who have been a comfort to their widowed mother so many years, be favoured to tread the same path she did. May they be burning and shining lights in the Church and in the world, possess grace as well as light and knowledge, be heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ, and finally follow their departed parent through the skies into the heavenly Jerusalem above. The Lord now help us all to sing cheerfully and feelingly,—

“ Jerusalem, my happy home !  
Name ever dear to me ;  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls,  
And pearly gates behold ?  
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,  
And streets of shining gold ? ”

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## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

GROVE Chapel Pulpit, in Camberwell, has always sounded its notes against the Baptists. Joseph Irons sent some away by his stern denunciations, and we baptized them. George Abrahams did the same. We suppose such ministers are justified in the eyes of the people for all this hurling of contempt upon others. We never could reach such perfect faithfulness yet. In No. 114 of *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, Thomas Bradbury says, "There are some who will tell you that only those who are immersed, who have dealt out their experience before the people, and have received the right hand of fellowship, that only those are the Church." Well, we know some of the Strict Baptists are very severe in their discipline. We know some who can be "surly" as well as severe; but we did not know that any had gone so far as to declare the Church of Christ was made up only of those who were immersed, who "dealt out their experience before the people" (rather sarcastic that!), and had received the right hand of fellowship!" We have not been quite "so far North" as Thomas has been, although we have travelled through the North to Sunderland, the Shields, to Blackpool, and all the manufacturing districts, but never found any who had reached the climax where Thomas Bradbury found them. We believe the true, elect, redeemed, regenerated, justified, sanctified, and preserved Church of a Triune-Jehovah is the "one body," whose members are gathered out of all nations; some of them are as yet to be found in the midst of all sections; yet no visible community on the earth can say, "We only are the Church of God!" We believe as firmly that genuine New Testament Baptists are the most ancient worshippers of God on the earth—after the Jews. We are deceived altogether if our Lord Jesus Christ, by His eternal Spirit, did not call us out of a fourteen years' apprenticeship in the singing gallery of the old Church of England; that He revealed Himself in and unto us, that He then made the Gospel most glorious, His person, and work, and kingdom most precious, and His ways plain and pleasant. We walked with Him through the fields and mountains, as described by Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John; but when the Spirit took us into the Acts of the Apostles, we settled down, so far as Church order is concerned, and for fifty years we have not been permitted

to leave our New Testament home. Genuine Baptists are a stay-at-home people. If, by the Spirit of God, they have received our loving and royal Master's parting injunction, by His Spirit, into their souls, they will abide, experimentally and obediently, in the truth He has wrought in them; and, behold, how perfect that injunction appears. Look at it for one moment. 1. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." There is the God-sent servant's work. 2. "He that believeth"—there is the Holy Ghost's work. 3. "And is baptized"—there is loving, obedient, and grateful work. 4. "Shall be saved"—there is the crowning work. Here we are at home, saved in the Lord, and, through grace, cleaving unto His commandments. We feel pained to know, soon after our Lord returned home, false lines were opened, false guides appeared, persecution and error abounded. But some genuine Baptists always have existed, and will to the end of the dispensation, as witnesses for Christ. We hope we belong to them, leaving other people to pursue the course they think to be right; but, as no man made us one of the few baptized witnesses, so no man can unmake us. Until we leave this earth, and in glory for ever, we shall be as a baptized believer in the eternal Son of God.

"Why should our Churches become concert rooms?" This question is asked in the *Gospel Magazine* for March. The thing is gone too far. The Church services in our churches and chapels are a species of idolatry. Our nation is flooded with it. Dr. Doudney, in his good old monthly, pursues the even tenor of his way in comforting the people of God.

*China's Millions*—its many millions upon millions drown us. England going forth to convert the Chinese is like the child going to empty the sea with a cockle-shell. Poor England! she yet requires conversion herself. The whole of the missionary organisations overwhelm us with fear and amazement. The more we reflect upon the machineries now employed by different religionists, and the little manifest good resulting therefrom, the more we are convinced it is awfully necessary that every man who is led to seek after God and glory should give the utmost diligence to make his own calling and election sure.

*In Memoriam.* Notes of a sermon by W. KERN, on "the death of T. Poock."

Mr. Poock has left behind him a large cause to be watched over, and worked up under God's blessing. We suppose the Church in Bethesda consider the present pastor the successor the Lord has sent to them. It looks pitiable to send out such a meagre and miserable thing as this, in memory of a man who laboured for the people so many years. When we were accustomed to preach Mr. Poock's anniversary sermons, we always witnessed immense gatherings, noble collections, and joyful services. According to this Memoir, Thomas Poock's religious career commenced under "dark and cloudy" circumstances; some shadows of sorrow often surrounded him; but Mr. Thomas Poock's career in Ipswich was miraculously merciful. His end was peace. We hope his sons will not suffer the long life and labours of such a man to pass away without giving the Churches a fuller memoir of his life than these "Notes" furnish. Nearly fifty years are gone since James Nunn was first settled at Bethesda, Ipswich; he was in the prime of life, in the full enjoyment of the grace of the Gospel, and multitudes flocked to hear, to believe, and to serve the Lord. Satan, enraged, sent fiery darts into the zealous preacher; and seas of sorrow overwhelmed pastor, people, and all the cause; yet it has lived on until now. May William Kern be filled with "the Spirit of Christ," the Spirit of holy life, of love, of power, of humility, of kindness, of charity, of truth and fervent zeal! May his soul travail in pain for the saving conversion of sinners to the Redeemer; then shall the Church triumph and grow: and all Zion will praise her God. After forty years in the ministry—twenty of which he laboured in London—James Nunn died, May, 1863, aged 63. His enemies pursued him to death; but there was light in the darkness. "God only can forgive sins!"

*The Silent Messenger.* Edited by J. S. ANDERSON, of Zion Chapel, New-cross-road. March number opens with a paper headed, "He Careth for You." It is a piece of every-day Christian experience, not in common-place phraseology, simply, but tenderly bringing home the consolations of God to the careworn followers of Jesus. To crown the whole with a literary dignity, we have an original poem, the three last stanzas of which we quote, hoping many of our poor readers may feel they are as God's mouth to their bruised hearts:—

"O saint, will thy Father thus clothe with such  
grandeur,  
The hills and the valleys, and make them so  
bright,

And leave to the desert, uncared for, to wander,  
His people, in whom is His constant delight?  
No; that be far from Him, although He afflict  
thee,  
Thy JESUS Himself was a sufferer, too.  
He knows how to succour, support, and protect  
thee,  
And work all for good, tho' we cannot see how.  
Then trust HIM, believing He still "careth for  
thee."  
All soon will be over, and then thou shalt hear  
His voice say, "Come, bless'd one, sit down beside  
Me;"  
And with His own hand He will wipe thy last  
tear."

Mr. J. S. Anderson is certainly "stirring up the gift that is in him," and his poetic genius, as well as his pleasant style of composition, will secure for his *Silent Messenger* a wide circulation of grateful readers. We have an account of "A Queer Old Lady" which the editor met the other day. She is one of an immense family; but we must not venture to describe the interview this month.

*The Voice of Warning of the Protestant Tract Society and Protestant Lecture Agency.* Offices, 17, Buckingham-street, Strand. We painfully wish these "voices of warning" could wake up the Protestant people, if there are any, to some effective course of action; instead of which, England is like a country fair, at the head of which is a large show, where Manning and the Mackonochies are heating up for the people, and the people are pouring into the show of delusion and of death, while the so-called Protestants, with their Records, their Voices, their Alliances, &c., are as little children, moving about with their penny whistles, which nobody heeds or cares for; only a few pious folk fling them money to keep their whistles sounding on. We appear to be getting a nation of impostures altogether.

*Death on the Pale Horse, as the King of Terrors, Seizing his Prey.* By THOMAS WHITTLE (London: Printed and sold by Robert Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. 2d.) "Death, the King of Terrors," is a weighty matter to put into rhyme; but when a man like Thomas Whittle has been preaching the Gospel for fifty years—when he has run on over eighty years—yet still finds himself hale, and healthy, and happy, because, in CHRIST, he is so lively and strong, we wonder not at his looking death in the face without fear. Having evidently studied the gigantic and unlimited ways, woes, and wonders which are at death's command, Thomas reviews his proceedings quite like a master of arts; yea, Thomas Whittle is naturally constituted a rhyme-making machine; hence, the Glasgow bankers, the deist, the miser, the hunter,

"The preacher of lies, in solemn disguise,"

the crash of railway carriages, the smash of steamers, explosions, floods and fires, Puseyite jackals, and every kind of evil, even the dialogues between Satan and the sons of the lying priests and persons, all, in this rhyme-making machine, are turned into verse. We would not, however, occupy one line over this pamphlet if it was merely "rhyme." It is a rythmetical exposition of the awful doings of death in this and other countries down to last year. Yea, sirs, let us honestly pronounce this as one of the most alarming discourses ever before spoken or written by the venerable Thomas Whittle. Children may understand it; no man with a grain of common sense will dare to laugh at it; half-bred classics may stick up their puny chins over it; every truly sanctified mind will pray for God's blessing on such a trumpet-tongued warning to all the sons of men. It is not issued too soon, for

"We're fast going back to the sins of the flood."

*The Light of Day.* This title beats all we have met with. It throws us all into the shade, and is the title adopted by Mr. George Reynolds for his Cave Adul-

lam monthly messenger. Mr. Reynolds has laid himself under immense responsibilities by setting up as the name of his magazine *The Light of Day*. Really, the line so charmed us that we could scarcely take our eyes off from it. The type is pretty, the words are clear, distinct, expressive, yea, perfect. What more can you desire than *The Light of Day*? For a long time the material heavens, the political, the commercial, and the theological atmospheres have been cloudy, misty, miserable, gloomy, sickly, and death-like. If Geo. Reynolds, as God's servant, brings forth *The Light of Day*, thousands upon thousands will rejoice. Get the monthly issue from the Shernhall-road Printing Office, Walthamstow, and judge for yourselves whether or not the title is sustained.

*Strength and Righteousness.* Sermon by J. BATTERSBY (Fisher, 23, Moorgate-street). Mr. Battersby always gives you the truth as plain as a pikestaff. He goes straight to the Word of God, then to the hearts of sinners and of saints, then to the final assize, heaven or hell. We call him a model preacher.

#### DIVINE BENIGNITY.

This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.—Psalm xxxiv. 6.

OH, God omnipotent! how wondrous 'tis  
That Thou, around whose high, eternal throne  
The angelic hosts of heav'n delight to tune  
Their noblest notes of praise; whose gracious ear  
Is ever filled with songs of gratitude,  
Which rise from countless multitudes of souls  
Redeemed and purified; how wondrous 'tis  
That Thou shouldst deign to hear a "poor man's cry."  
How passing strange; and yet, how sweetly true,  
That if Thy weakest child but breathes a prayer  
For strength or aid, Thine ear doth hear that prayer;  
That if an erring child but shed one tear  
Of penitence, Thine ear doth note that tear;  
That if the "chief of sinners" doth but cry  
For mercy free, that cry is heard by Thee;  
And from Thy throne in heaven's serenest bliss,  
Thou dost (amazing love!) stoop down and save.

Encouraged by Thy condescension great,  
My Father God, I to Thy mercy-seat  
Do boldly come, and in Thy willing ear,  
My trials and sorrows pour, and here confess  
My abject poverty. My faith, how weak!  
My love, how cold! Oh, God! I prostrate lie!  
And for the sake of Him who didst for me  
On Calvary bleed, I full forgiveness crave,  
And pray that Thou, who dost on men bestow  
All "perfect gifts and good," wilt give to me  
A love that ne'er shall die, a faith that shall  
No decrease know; and grant that I, each day,  
May grow more like to Jesus, and, at last,  
May with Him dwell in the blest "homeland"—heaven.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## FAITH—AND HER FRUITS.

"So rich a cost  
Can ne'er be lost,  
Though faith be tried by fire:  
KEEP CHRIST IN VIEW!  
Let GOD be TRUE!  
And every man a liar."

To my sacred and solemn brother in the Gospel, William Simpson, of Lincoln.—Often, my esteemed friend, when I am driving on from one work to another, does my mind revert to you, knowing your trials as a minister, as a man of business, and as a most conscientious Christian. Your few visits to London, and your ministrations here, have left loving impressions, so that you are remembered by the pure-minded with true Christian affection.

You are much interested in the preservation and prosperity of true Gospel doctrines and Church discipline. Hence, I am inclined to give you a note or two of a large meeting which I attended last evening in that bustling part of the metropolis called "Limehouse." It so happened that several Strict Baptist Churches in or near the metropolis fixed on Tuesday, March 4th, for special services; nevertheless, the spacious hall, called "COVERDALE," was literally crowded. After a multitude had enjoyed a bountiful tea, Mr. Holden, the pastor, as chairman, commenced the public meeting; our long-esteemed friend, Mr. Beckett, leading in the praise department, in his usually excellent style. Mr. Holden (after W. G. Smith had led us up to the throne in prayer) said he should act the part of a merciful chairman, by which he meant not occupying the time which the ministers ought to have in speaking on the themes assigned to them. Still, he was bound to inform the meeting he had now been twelve months in the pastoral office there. The Church was in peace. Additions had been made to the Church, the congregation, and the schools; and he felt he was called to occupy a very bappy position. All that they could wish for was a thoroughly commodious chapel, and with so many hundreds of friends, we thought—if the Lord's will was toward such a most desirable cause, and if each friend put a hand to the work—it might not be long before we should see this immense large hive swarming off to a new and comfortable sanctuary.

The programme for the evening was well prepared. It gave to each speaker a certain section of Hebrews xi., which was well adapted to draw forth some useful delineation of that vital power called "FAITH," respecting which so many mysteries are frequently made (by men) to exist.

Mr. John Inward, the Homerton-row pastor, was first called to show "What Faith is," from Heb. xi. 1, where it is said to be "the SUBSTANCE of things hoped for;" which is a definition I have never seen or heard explained as yet. Mr. Inward gave

us a careful analysis in the generally accepted sense. All the expositors gloss over this sublime text as best they can.

Of the "OBJECT of Faith," as expressed in Heb. xi. 4, I was next called to notice. Now, mine was the only part of the programme which went directly to the person of our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST, who in the bill was termed "the Object of Faith." In contemplation upon this particular subject, my mind had been carried up high indeed. I had said to myself, this is the "only Object" in all God's universe which has attracted such lofty, such loving, such deserved, such exalted affection and praise.

Of Him the Almighty hath spoken, as He has spoken of no other—of Him He has said, "Mine Elect, in whom My soul delighteth." Again, "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." Oh! the majesty of His Person! The eternity and equality of His oneness with the Father, and with the ever-blessed Holy Ghost! His offices and works! His condescension, compassion, and complete restoration of the whole election of grace ultimately to glory! These revealed facts had so filled my little soul, that when I heard it announced "a quarter of an hour was to be the limit of each speaker's time," I felt lost; and instead of going at once to show that the substitutionary sacrifice of the Person of Christ was the object of faith; instead of expounding Paul's positive, personal, and practical exclamation, "God forbid, that I should glory save in

THE CROSS OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST;"

instead of ministerially leading that immense host of bearers to Calvary's cross, and there looking on Him whom our sins had nailed to the tree, there listening to His cries, His prayers, His prophecies, His promises, and His short triumphant shout,

"IT IS FINISHED;"

instead of this, I was entangled in the text given me about Abel as a pattern of an Old Testament Christian worshipper, until my time was gone, and I sat down ashamed. Why, nearly every morning I am singing—

"When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of glory died."

But last night I was clean beat. And I deeply regret that anything in the world should have kept me from pointing the people, as Geo. Jos. Williamson has done, when he says—

"See there MY LORD upon the tree;  
I hear, I feel, He died for me:  
O love Divine! How can this be?  
Say, dear Redeemer!

Upon the cross He bore my load,  
And for my sins He shed His blood;  
Himself endur'd the wrath of God.  
TWAS MY Redeemer.

For me His head was crown'd with thorns:  
For me His side was pierc'd and torn:  
He hath my sin and sorrow borne—  
My kind Redeemer.

To me He hath compassion shown:  
For me He breath'd the dying groan:  
For me He pleads before the throne;  
My blest Redeemer!

My Saviour! now I trust in Thee!  
Yes! now my guilty soul is free:  
JESUS! I know Thou lovest me.  
My own Redeemer!"

Instead of getting away to Calvary, to behold "the Lamb of God" in all His agony and blood, I was carried away to something short, and sorrow filled my heart.

Terribly true it is that ministers fail to carry out Paul's covenant, "I determined to know nothing among men but

JESUS CHRIST AND HIM CRUCIFIED."

After I had retired, Mr. Millbourne (a highly-respectable preacher in different Churches) came to the front with that great mystery recorded in Heb. xi. 17, which is another almost inexplicable text. It says, "By faith, Abraham, when he was tried, offered up Isaac; and he that had received the promises, offered up his only begotten son."

Very pathetically, Mr. Millbourne personified Abraham, and reviewed the leading features in the life of that great patriarch. Perhaps it was the speech of the evening. Then came Mr. Henry Myerson, on "Faith's Warrant," from Heb. xi. 9: "By faith, Abraham sojourned in the Land of Promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heirs with him of the same promise." God's promise, I suppose, was intended to mean "faith's warrant," but Mr. Myerson insisted upon it that the Holy Ghost's application of the Word with Divine power was the alone sufficient warrant for a poor soul to trust alone to Christ for an eternal salvation.

There is no end of mistakes, and of mystification extant, about faith. Mr. Myerson glanced at the various faiths in the world; whether we all have "the mind of Christ" upon this great matter, I shall not now discuss.

Mr. Nugent gave a neat, quiet address on the Choice of Moses; C. L. Kemp went in for the Victory; and Mr. Christmas logically and experimentally testified to the meaning of several Scriptures connected with the discussion of the evening. The pastor offered the closing prayer. Mr. Holden has, we hope, a good and great day before him. He is a young man, a clear, careful, and sound-hearted preacher.

Most excellent William, I must close this brief epistle. The Strict Baptist Churches in London are not dead yet. They are the nearest of any to the Pentecostal pattern, and they will live until this dispensation ceases. So believeth your sympathising

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

## HOPES AND PROSPECTS.

*A Letter from Mr. W. Crowther to his Church, Deacons, and Friends at Lockwood.*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I am glad to be able to confirm the very satisfactory report I was able to give you of my state in my last, and to say that with favourable weather I may soon be able to move about again, as there only now remains one unfavourable symptom, and it has now begun to yield to treatment and to show signs of giving way. It will undoubtedly be needful to exercise great caution during the next two months, and then, unless the All-Wise has some other purpose to fulfil by my further-affliction in some different way, there is every reason to hope that I may again go in and out before you as of yore; yet I feel I may not expect youth to return again, nor to escape feeling those inevitable accompaniments of my years, which remind us of the approach of the autumn of life. Yet at this I need not be concerned, except to hope, that as in nature so by the blessing of God it may be in my experience, that the autumn of life may be the time of ripe fruit, and that the peaceable fruits of righteousness may be yielded for my own profit and that of others, out of these afflictions whereby I have been exercised so variously and so long. All fruitfulness is undoubtedly of God, and my earnest prayer is that when I am permitted again to preach, it may be with more oil, more dew, more fruitfulness; and that this may be realised in my own heart, so as to lead to more faithfulness, more love, more zeal, and more simplicity in everything connected with the ordinances and appointments of the house of God; and also that the believing hearers may be abundant partakers of the benefit by relishing the spiritual food by thriving under the heavenly sunshine and showers, by walking in the ways of the Lord with delight, and by ever seeking to exalt, adore, and obey the living King and Lord of Zion, who gives full freedom to all His spiritual subjects. But especially I would hope and pray that our young friends may be partakers of gracious and manifold benefits, and may be influenced, not by any human suasion, but by spiritual impulses to act and live under the controlling constraint of the love of Christ shed abroad in the heart by the power of the Holy Ghost, under such effectual motives. I hope we may see many made willing in the day of God's power, and holding forth in their course of action a living protest against that mere form of profession and nominal Christianity which is generally now accepted as a genuine adherence to the religion and fellowship of Jesus Christ. The general religion of this day is shallow, formal, professional, and, like a coat, easily put on or off. But I hope and pray that our God may ever cause that some may be found at Rehoboth who hate hypocrisy and love truth, and who, through evil report or good report, will still adhere to those old-fashioned truths which have been in all ages the glory of

saints and martyrs, and which will live in freshness and beauty when the new-fangled theories of the present day shall be cast to the moles and the bats, and shall have grown old and useless.

I am, my Christian friends,  
Yours very truly,

W. CROWTHER.

Field House, Gomersal, Leeds,  
February 28, 1879.

“THREE THINGS I AM CERTAIN OF.”

To our modern Job, Samuel Foster, in his Bethel, at Sturry.—Afflicted Man of God,—I was on my knees, pleading in prayer, when these words came into my heart, “But we have the mind of Christ,” on Sunday morning, March 2, 1879. I saw the mind of Christ, as it came out in His ministry, was like a seven-fold index; it pointed to seven different points. Of these shall I write you more fully? and, from the epistles, I find all the apostles contended for the very same thing as did Christ Himself, and so did many of the primitive fathers, and not a few of the ministers who were in the field when I was first sent to work therein; all held and preached the same doctrines, the same experiences, the same grace, and the same free and full salvation

“IN THE ALL-GLORIOUS GOD.”

And for myself and my people, as far as I know them, I can say there are immense diversities in the faith of different schools now.

“BUT WE HAVE THE MIND OF CHRIST.”

Some hope that God was still with us—revived. In the evening, “But put ye on the LORD JESUS CHRIST,” was the text; and in a review of the Christian’s clothing (both suits—one for time, the other for eternity), much freshness and elasticity of heart was enjoyed. We then came to the table, and a sacred flow of thought for a few moments ran through me as I repeated the words, “As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord’s death till He come.” After noticing this to be an intermediate ordinance, standing between the two advents of our Lord, and also referring to the many modern prophecies of the future glorious appearing, I said, I am only certain of three things: (1) That our Lord did come—and what a marvellous coming was that; (2) I am certain He will come again, when there will be the two resurrections, the final judgment, the marriage of the Lamb, and the consummation of the mediatorial reign of the blessed Redeemer; and (3) most certainly do I know I desire so to be with Christ now, and for Christ, by His Spirit, to be so with me, that He may not say in the last great assembly, “Depart from Me, for I NEVER KNEW YOU.” Do not you say, kind Samuel, “God forbid?” Amen. We cannot convert sinners in South Hackney, but we are sustained. Still send up a petition for yours in Jesus,

C. W. BANKS.

“RIGHTLY DIVIDING THE WORD OF GOD.”

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—As one of the little ones called to labour in the vineyard, I am always anxious to obtain any information that may be serviceable to me in the great business of preaching the Gospel. If I add to this statement the fact that I am in living sympathy with the language of the 137th Psalm: “If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I remember not Jerusalem above my chief joy”—you will understand me when I say that I commenced to read the article in this month’s VESSEL, headed “Why is This?” with some amount of interest, but, I must confess, to a feeling of grievous disappointment by the time I had reached its close.

Our brother Marsh, the author of the article in question, is a stranger to me, but I would ask him, through your columns, to reconsider some of his statements. I feel sure, if he will carefully and prayerfully study the passages he adduces from the epistles to the Corinthians and Hebrews, that he will discard the applications he has made of them as unsatisfactory.

The exposition he gives of 2 Cor. iii. 6—

“Able ministers of the New Testament, not of the letter, but of the Spirit, for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life—that is, that the knowledge of the truths recorded in the Bible, apart from the Spirit’s vital influence, is but a dead thing, but the Spirit going with, and working by, the Word, giveth life”—will, I am persuaded, fail to satisfy his own mind upon a careful and candid examination of the passage with its context. The apostle is contrasting the two ministries—the law and the Gospel, the one ministering death, and the other ministering life. To say “The knowledge of the truths recorded in the Bible, apart from the Spirit’s vital influence, is but a dead thing,” is to state what is undoubtedly true; but to make such a statement as an exposition of the words “The letter killeth,” is to “darken counsel by words without knowledge.” The apostle does not say the letter is a dead thing, but “The letter killeth.” It is the province and power of the law that he describes. He does not point out the difference between a knowing about the Gospel, and a receiving it in its power in the heart; but it is the essential and everlasting distinction between the law and the Gospel that is treated of—the letter, the law, ministering condemnation (death) to all who are under it; and the Spirit, the Gospel, ministering righteousness (life) to all who are brought, by the operation of the Holy Ghost, under its beneficent sway. The whole context clearly shows that the apostle is contrasting the two covenants—the old and new. This is a subject that the Gospel minister should be thoroughly familiar with, or otherwise he will be handling weapons with whose nature he is unacquainted.

Our brother’s application of Heb. vi. 6: “Crucifying the Son of God afresh,” the actual text is “Seeing they crucify to them-

selves the Son of God afresh," is a far more serious matter, as it involves truth of the utmost importance. It is supposed that a man has thoroughly digested his matter before he ventures to print, and especially when, as in this case, the professed object is to enlighten ministers of the Gospel who may be expected to have some knowledge of the Word of God. But how to account for the introduction of this passage in its connection and application, I am altogether at a loss. Has our brother ever considered this passage with its awfully solemn surroundings? or does he throw in his texts indiscriminately after the manner that cooks throw currants into a pudding? Ministers are to "endeavour to bring home to the sinner that he is guilty of the blood of Christ—not literally, but in the sense spoken of by the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews—crucifying the Son of God afresh." Now this is, to say the least of it, a startling piece of divinity. Upon it I remark,—

First. He who "endeavours to bring home to a sinner," who has never made a profession of the Gospel, "that he is guilty of the blood of Christ in the sense spoken of by the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews—crucifying the Son of God afresh," labours to fasten a lie upon that sinner's conscience, as it is clear from the connection of the passage that only an apostate can be guilty in reality. The man involved in this awful crime must have gone a long way in religion. The apostle describessuch unhappy wretches thus: "Who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good word of God, and the powers of the world to come." And these, who after all this fall away—these, and none others, "Crucify the Son of God afresh in the sense of the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews."

Second. He who "endeavours to bring home to sinners that they are guilty of the blood of Christ in the sense spoken of by the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews 'Crucifying the Son of God afresh,'" labours what in him lies to prove the sinners he thus addresses to be outside the pale of the Gospel, and beyond the reach of mercy. "For it is impossible to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame." For such "there remaineth no more sacrifice for sins, but a certain fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

Third. He who "endeavours to bring home to sinners that they are guilty of the blood of Christ in the sense of the writer of the epistle to the Hebrews, 'Crucify the Son of God afresh,'" will lend material aid to Satan in his attempts to distress and perplex weak consciences. To what numbers of seeking souls has it been suggested that they have committed the unpardonable sin, and what untold distress has resulted from this suggestion. The writer remembers such a dart hurled at him in his early days, and "the affliction and misery, the wormwood and the gall are still in his remembrance." But are Christ's servants to assist Satan in his hellish

work? Are they to throw the coming sinner down and tear him? God forbid. Rather be it ours to "gather out the stones, to cast up the highway, and to speak a word in season to those that are weary."

In conclusion, I would say there is no Scriptural warrant for charging sinners indiscriminately with being guilty of the blood of Christ in any sense. Brother Marsh admits that, literally, the charge cannot be pressed; that he has erred in his application of the words, "Crucifying the Son of God afresh," has, I think, been made manifest; and upon the Arminian notion of universal redemption, I need say nothing, as our brother, I take it, is a lover of the precious doctrine of a particular and efficient redemption. Without venturing to touch upon the "why" of the dearth in the Churches which every true lover of Zion deeply deplors, praying that the dark clouds may be speedily scattered,

I remain,

Yours in the Gospel,

EDWARD MITCHELL.

Guildford, March 10, 1879.

[It was a mishap Mr. Marsh's letter appearing entire at all. Its confused ideas are well corrected here.—ED.]

#### METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.

Thuesday, March 11, was a high day at Mount Zion chapel, Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell, it being the anniversary of the above association. The services of the day were prefaced with prayer. The friends were then instructed to go to the schoolroom, where a cold collation was prepared. In this room the business of the association commenced. Mr. John Slate Anderson, the retiring president, occupied the chair, and informed us that the prospects of the association were of a cheering character; that it was more prosperous the past year than heretofore.

Mr. John Box, the indefatigable secretary, read the seventh annual report. Mr. Box and Mr. Shepherd read letters from the associated Churches, after which Mr. Anderson retired from his post as president, which he had most ably sustained for the past three years. Mr. J. L. Meeres was installed into office as president for the year 1879-80. The association sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. J. S. Anderson from Exodus xxv. 3-8, who treated of the tabernacle as a type of the Church in a most instructive manner.

In the evening, Mr. Meeres addressed the meeting, dwelling chiefly on the real value of the association in helping Churches, and the good resulting from the efforts it had already put forth. Mr. Box read the report, and made an earnest appeal to the friends to show their sympathy with the association by adding their names to the list of subscribers. The most spiritual part of the meeting was the speakers. Mr. Hazelton spoke on oil as compared to the influences of the Holy Spirit. Others followed.

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey, March 13.

### RE-OPENING SERVICES AT SHOULDHAM STREET.

Not more than five minutes' walk from the Edgware-road station on the Metropolitan line, is Shouldham-street Baptist chapel, where, seventy years ago, Jonathan George commenced a thirty-seven years' pastoral work. For some time past, the place has been much deserted. The friends who have worshipped in Tarlington-hall have taken possession of Shouldham-street chapel, which they have rendered thoroughly comfortable; and hope, with the Lord's blessing attending their pastor's (William Carpenter) ministry, and, in answer to their united prayers, to see the pleasure of the Lord prospering in their midst.

Their re-opening services were Feb. 23 and 25. Sermons were preached by J. W. Styles, C. W. Banks, W. Carpenter, and J. Hazelton. On the 25th, a large number of friends appeared quite happy over a good cup of tea; after which, John Wild, Esq., of Hayes, presided at public meeting, and, in his opening speech, expressed his conviction that wherever the Gospel of Christ was faithfully preached; wherever the ordinances were Scripturally administered, and wherever true believers were united together in love, and faith, and truth, there we were bound to do all we could to encourage and to help them. In that spirit, he and his pastor, Mr. R. C. Bardens, came to wish them God speed.

Mr. Harris then furnished an interesting report, showing that they were formed into a Strict and Particular Baptist Church, under the pastoral care of their beloved brother Carpenter, in Tarlington-hall, on Lord's-day, May 7, 1876. They acknowledged the good hand of their God in directing them to, and in giving them possession of, the substantial place of worship which they were all thankful for. The expenditure in purchasing the lease for 50 years, including law expenses, amounted to £679 16s. 6d; alterations, repairs, heating apparatus, &c., £304 2s. 10d., making a total of over £983 17s. 4d. Amount collected up to Feb. 23, £510 9s. 9d.; collected at meetings, £41, making a total of over £550, leaving a balance due to the treasurer of £430. A Society styled "The Aged and Infants' Friend Society" had been established, and was actively working for good; also, their Sunday school was hopefully rising.

This beautiful report, given in by our much-esteemed brother Harris (who was for forty years a worker and worthy helper at Mount Zion, Hill-street), was gladly received, and we trust many wealthy friends of truth will speedily render aid in clearing off the little debt now laying on the friends at Shouldham-street. After our brother Mr. Harris had given a report, the chairman called C. W. Banks, who spoke a little on the character, work, walk, and spirit of a God-sent pastor. Thomas Stringer spoke warmly on the "name of the Lord." Isaac Levinsohn, R. C. Bardens, J. Griffith, E. Langford, H. Brown, W. Carpenter, Kemp, and others, rendered the meeting edifying to a

host of earnest Baptists who had come together to cheer the hearts and to strengthen the hands of this part of the Lord's vineyard. From the multitudes swarming around Shouldham-street, we pray the Church, the school, and the congregation may quickly, constantly, and efficiently increase. Such is the honest desire of a friend of Thomas Walker, and a true sympathiser with the cause in Shouldham-street. Expressions of kind sympathy to the Shouldham-street cause were sent from brethren W. Crowther, J. L. Meeres, and others.

—**WOOLWICH.—CARMEL CHAPEL SUNDAY SCHOOL.** Twenty-first anniversary was on March 9 and 12. Sermons were preached by John Box, R. A. Lawrence, and H. Hanks (pastor). Public meeting was presided over by Mr. Albert Boulden, who fulfilled the office with his kind and genial manner, which characterises him in that position; being supported by Messrs. Myerson, Clark, Squirrel, Lawrence, and Brittain, all of whom had encouraging words for Sunday schools and teachers. The secretary's report showed a good attendance of scholars and teachers; the former numbering 240, with 18 teachers for 1878, and presented a hopeful future for the school, which we trust, under Divine blessing, may be abundantly realised. The total income was £44 15s. 3d.; expenditure £40 2s. The collections realised £12, being the highest amount collected for years. The teachers held an early prayer meeting on the Sunday morning, to ask the Lord to bless the services both spiritual and temporal, and He answered us very graciously in both instances; in fact, far and above our hopes and expectations. The singing of the children was beautifully rendered on both occasions. At the teachers' quarterly social tea meeting, in February, a presentation was given from the teachers to our worthy superintendent (Mr. E. D. Bullock), Mr. Brain, the senior deacon (in the absence of our beloved pastor through indisposition), presenting the same on behalf of the teachers. The presentation consisted of three handsome pictures, a purse of money containing £4 10s., and a handsomely framed testimonial, reading thus:—"Presented to Mr. E. D. Bullock, the superintendent of 'Carmel chapel Sunday school,' by his affectionate band of teachers, as an expression of their mutual esteem and regard for him, and as an acknowledgment of his zeal and devotion in the interests of the school, and of the practical sympathy and kindness shown at all times towards the children and towards his fellow-labourers."—E. H. ADAMS, Sec.

—**LITTLE ILFORD.—EBENEZER.** We found ourselves (February 23) without any minister to occupy our pulpit; but our brother J. D. Fountain spoke to us from Exod. vi. 7: "And I will take you to Me for a people; and I will be to you a God; and ye shall know that I am the Lord your God," &c. Precious words indeed. Who can their fullest meaning tell?—**ONE OF JACOB'S FEARING ONES.**



**BERMONDSEY.**—Mr. Editor,—Being in this district of tanners on March 13, and having an hour to spare, I looked in at Lynton-road chapel, where a meeting in aid of the Sunday school was being held. A very neat building is this Lynton-road chapel, and on this occasion it was well filled; and on the platform there was a very respectable show of speakers, more laity than clergy, I think. Of course you know the pastor is Mr. R. A. Lawrence. He is a young man, tall, dark, thin, but with a bright eye, and a quick, active, nervous movement. He speaks freely and very familiarly, and I expect for some people rather too plainly; and he certainly does not hesitate to call things by their right name. At the meeting he said the time for the defence of Sunday schools was gone; he had heard them called "courting shops," but he did not know that a man could go to a better place to get a wife, for that was where he got his; and he knew if he had raked all England over with a garden rake, he could not have got a better. But I am out of order; you must excuse me, I am not used to writing for the "public press." I ought to have begun at the beginning; so allow me to try. It was the eighth anniversary of the Sabbath school, that was the occasion. The meeting was to be a reciprocity one—that is, the friends were to be encouraged, and in return were to encourage the officers and teachers; that was the object. Now for the meeting. Mr. Albert Boulden was the chairman, and he is a very kind and genial Christian gentleman; in a quiet, unassuming manner, giving a tone to a meeting that tends greatly to its harmony and usefulness. The report, read by Mr. Thomas Knott, showed progress in usefulness and buoyancy in a financial point. Then the superintendent, Mr. Joseph Beach (who, I heard, is a son of Deacon Beach, of the Surrey Tabernacle), in a calm address reviewed the work done and the results hoped for. He is a young man that I should hope, Mr. Editor, your Churches will encourage. He appears modest, spiritually minded, and very earnest; but as I told you, I don't write for the press, so I have no notes of the meeting, only as I enjoyed it very much, I thought I would tell you so. Well, next the pastor spoke; then came Mr. Thomas Carr (another deacon of the Tabernacle, the chairman said), and in eloquent terms spoke of the moral good the reading of the Bible had been to him; and I was delighted to hear of the store he had placed upon a copy of the Scriptures that his father gave him when he first went abroad to do battle with the world. But, there, I can't tell you the many good things that were spoken about God's Word, only I know I enjoyed it much. Then the children in the gallery sang so sweetly; after which (if I don't mistake) another deacon from the Surrey Tabernacle spoke, by the name of Rundell; and in a short, but very earnest address, gave his experience of the great moral good the reading of the Scriptures had been to him in his younger days in restraining him from acts of wickedness, when he knew nothing of the

spirituality of the Word. The next speaker was a superintendent, and he spoke practically of the work, and in a cheerful way touched on the trials and joys of a teacher's work. Mr. Piggott was his name. The congregation then stood up and sang to a very sweet tune, the hymn of Burnham's:—

"Here the Christian meets with trials," &c.

The next speaker was your young friend, "The Russo-Polish Jew," Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, who delighted the meeting by relating some of his experience as to the power on the mind of God's Word. But I can't tell you any more now, only the collection, the chairman said, was £14, and that showed the people gave liberally; and I am sure I never gave a half-crown more heartily, and thought I had good value for my money.—**A KENTISH MAN.**

#### RYE LANE CHAPEL.

##### FOUR MEMORIAL STONES.

On Tuesday, March 18, four memorial stones of the enlarged chapel and rebuilt schools were laid: that of the chapel, North wing, by A. McArthur, Esq., M.P.; and that of the South wing by Jas. Benham, Esq., treasurer of the Baptist Building Fund; the stone of the girls' school by Mrs. John Olney, and that of the boys' school by Colonel Griffin. The buildings are all rooted in and the floors laid. The school will be completed (D.V.) in April, the chapel in May. Though unfinished, they were the object of general admiration. After the ceremony, the friends adjourned to the Victoria Baths, where twenty-four tea tables were furnished by the ladies, and 450 sat down to tea. The evening meeting was held below, John Olney, Esq., presiding. The secretary (Mr. G. T. Congreve) reported progress, also the pastor (Rev. J. T. Briscoe) made an encouraging statement—the proceeds of the day were announced to be £360, in addition to £929 announced by former circular.

The following ministers took part in the services:—Revs. R. E. Sears, of Foot's Cray; G. Simmons, of New Malden; W. Alderson, of Walworth; D. Ashby, late of Whittlesea; W. P. Cope, of Maze Pond; J. T. Wiguer, of Brockley, and others; also James Mote, Esq. Letters of warm sympathy and regret that previous engagements prevented their attending, were received from Rev. H. Dowson, John Box, and C. Masterson.

The chapel, and school, and class rooms altogether, will be a beautiful range of buildings, lofty and commodious, chaste and convenient—a description whereof may be deferred until completed, and the holding of the opening services.

**CHATHAM.**—**ENON.** On Feb. 24, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn delivered his excellent lecture on the "Jews." The chair was taken by F. F. Belsey, Esq., Mayor of Rochester, who very gracefully introduced our good brother. The chapel was well filled. Lecture listened to with the greatest attention, friends expressed pleasure and delight. A good collection was made for the Baptist Itinerant Preachers' Society.—**J. W. N.**

## A VISIT TO AMERICA.

By T. G. C. ARMSTRONG.

*(Continued from page 66.)*

Rochester is one of the largest and most important cities in the state of New York, its population being about 90,000. It might be called the city of the Baptists, as our denomination have a university, a training college, and numerous large schools, all devoted exclusively to teaching and training ministers and schoolmasters of the Baptist persuasion; they also possess a large and very valuable library, and a noble hospital capable of affording accommodation for 1000 patients.

On Sunday morning, after having breakfasted, I sauntered through the streets of the city (which were as quiet as any in our own land, not a shop or place of business being open) until I found the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association. Here a consecration meeting was held from 9 to 10, after which I was directed to the first Baptist Church, a very handsome building with evidently a fashionable congregation. I was rather interested in the order of service which commenced with singing the doxology, the people joining in and standing; at its close they resumed their seats and remained seated to the end of the service, vigorously fanning themselves all the while, the rest of the singing being performed by the choir in the organ gallery. I do not know who the preacher was, but the sermon was little better than an essay which might have been prepared for a mutual improvement society. In fact, although there are several notable exceptions, the majority of American preachers are, as a rule, inferior in mental calibre, and in doctrinal sentiments, to our preachers at home.

At the close of the service, nearly one half of the adult congregation adjourned with the children to the Sunday school, where the international lesson for that Sunday was taken up in the classes. I found the Sunday school to be a great institution in the States, and as I sat in a class of some 40 or 50 adults, presided over by the preacher, I could not help thinking he had taken more pains in preparing the lesson than his discourse. There being no Sunday school in the afternoon, I went again to the Young Men's Christian Association, where I found about 150 teachers, belonging to the various Sunday schools, gathered together to study the lesson for the following Sabbath, the class being conducted in turn by the various ministers in the town. In the evening, I worshipped in a coloured Church, where nearly all the people were black, many of them doubtless having known what it was to be in bondage to their fellow-man, as well as that spiritual bondage from which Christ sets His people free. I should imagine the cause was a Methodist Episcopalian one, as they had a real live black bishop present, who sat beside the minister, but took no part in the service, beyond waving an enormous big fan to and fro the whole time. The sermon was a sort of farewell discourse, the preacher having laboured amongst them for three years, and was then removing to another sphere.

At its close a collection was taken up to speed their departing pastor on his way, an elder asserting he had proved himself to be thoroughly honest, not having taken a cent more than had been given him.

On Monday morning I took the cars to Albany, the capital of New York State, where I found some friends to whom I had letters of introduction, and who made me heartily welcome. I was much struck with that freedom from restraint and formality which characterizes the Americans, and makes you feel in a few minutes as though you had known your entertainer for many years.

My friends took me all over the city, showed me the capital or State house which will be one of the wonders of the American Continent when completed, took me through their beautiful public parks, and we wound up the day with an excursion up the Hudson (the scenery of which is said to rival the Rhine), and a picnic at Troy.

Nearly all the Churches at Albany are of recent erection. The prosperous times which followed on the close of the late civil war, and the abundance of paper money then in circulation, induced the various denominations to go to an enormous outlay in re-building their places of worship; the consequence is, at the present time there is outstanding an aggregate indebtedness of 18,000,000 of dollars or nearly £4,000,000 sterling! With such an incubus resting upon them, it is scarcely to be wondered at if the spirituality of the people is at a low ebb. Emmanuel Baptist Church is a very handsome edifice, and it has attached to it one of the finest Sunday schools in the State. In the centre of the building is a beautiful fountain, which plays during school hours, and round which are grouped flowering plants and exotics, the supply of which is kept up at the expense of the superintendent, Major-General Rathbone. One is apt to wonder how the school would fare if, when the General is gathered to his fathers, his place is filled by one who, equal in other respects, may not have at his command the means to keep up the present style, and to ask the question, Are the children attracted to the school by its surroundings? or are their hearts knit by love and affection to the teachers and the truth they teach?

The most popular mode of transit from Albany to New York is by the river steamers, which are the finest in the world, being little less than floating palaces. We may safely say that for beauty and comfort, we have nothing at home to compare with them. Our own ill-fated Princess Alice would be as nothing to them. However, it was not my happy lot to make the trip to New York by this means, for having promised to visit Boston, I made a *detour* in that direction, and soon had the pleasure of talking about old times and old friends with those whom I had not seen for a quarter of a century.

*(To be continued.)*

TUNSTALL COMMON.—We had farewell sermons, a farewell meeting, a farewell purse of £30, which shone the brightest,

and some farewell presents in February in our large old Baptist chapel. Mr. Lamb has left us after ten years' work. Why, we cannot tell, as he says he is open to supply any Church requiring such ministerial help as he can render. As a Church we have existed seventy-five years; but while we have room for several hundreds of people to worship, our membership is small, our school is weakly, and the cause altogether is low. We pine—and some, I hope, pray—for the Lord Himself to make, to qualify, to send, and to bless to our poor souls a downright earnest, faithful, and successful minister of the Gospel of God's grace. Our farewell services were cheerful and harmonious. Our old friend Wm. Brown, who has been pastor at Friston over forty years, was the only Suffolk minister I knew. Suffolk is not what it was once as regards Gospel truth in vital power.—A FRIEND TO SAXMUNDHAM.

#### OUR CHURCHES IN THE NEW OUTLYING PARTS OF LONDON.

“Up from the Country” is looking for a lodging place for the body, and a Gospel school for the soul. Surveying Croydon, found “Father Covell” too full; at Mead Place Baptist chapel is a small growing cause: many good praying men; the Church is growing. I know no one, nor does any one really know me. They are baptizing and increasing. At Forest Gate, not far from Stratford, John Hunt Lynn looks like a young cedar fresh and green. He is in the midst of a busy and blessed people, and the work of the Lord prospers. In many of the Strict Baptist Churches there are signs of life; the variety of the mannerisms and gifts of the pastors is wonderful; but Gospel matter is maintained. When ministers and people are instrumentally earnestly contending for the faith in honesty, purity, and spiritual power, good must be done. Yet, with yourself, some of us grieve much because the missionary spirit is not visibly going forth for the warning and working amongst the streams of immortals who never enter your pretty little close cottage chapel. May not many of your itinerant preachers exclaim, “They made me keeper of the vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept!”

WARRINGTON.—It is grateful to learn that the memoir (in *Cheering Words* for March) of the late William Kershaw, is so profitable to many, and fully confirmed, as regards his character, by those who knew him. One correspondent says: “Many had been the sorrows and persecutions he passed through, especially of false brethren, many of whom are gone to their last account. From his very heart he forgave every one long before he died.” The Lord be praised. While there are some cruel ones in a profession of the Gospel, there are those who endure hardness, and, by the grace of God, show forth the fruits of the Spirit even to the end.—ED.

#### “AT EVENING-TIDE IT SHALL BE LIGHT.”

Such is the promise by a faithful God, and such the experience of many of His children when called to pass through that trying ordeal from which poor nature shrinks, and from which the feeble faiths in God's family look forward to with mistrust and uncertainty; but “I am the Lord; I change not,” is also the declaration of Infinite Excellency; so notwithstanding all the fears of His children, they shall find, like those gone on before, that, in His own good time, they shall rise far above them all, and find He is faithful to His promise.

Many, Oh, so many, find it sadly true that “in the world ye shall have tribulation;” and amongst those sufferers who, though wearying trials and troubles, enter the kingdom of glory, was the subject of this brief note—Mr. John Knight, of Courland-grove, Clapham. “Poor old soul!” has often been the ejaculation of many as they have heard of the sad state in which they have heard he has been in. For five long years had he never been on his feet, but during the whole time was propped up in bed, not being able to lie down. His bodily sufferings were indeed sorrowful to look and think upon; but they were comparatively light to those of his mind. Although in years that were fled, he had enjoyed much in Divine things, yet the period of his affliction was characterised by such black, impenetrable Egyptian darkness, that it was distressing to see him, and feel you could not impart a ray of comfort or light. But the natural mind must bow the knee and hold silence to the dispensations of an all-wise Jehovah, who, we delight to know, does not afflict nor grieve the children of men willingly.

Such was the mysterious path through which the Lord was pleased to lead His child, and hard and trying indeed was it to walk through such a long dark valley without the bright beams of the Sun of Righteousness to illumine a single step. Nor was Satan idle in filling his mind with doubts, fears, and vile insinuations, suggesting that he was only a hypocrite, and it would one day be made manifest. But in this, as in many other cases, he proved a liar; for, from what we gather from friends who witnessed his last moments, it was light at evening-tide; and although he was unable to articulate to be understood, yet his countenance and manner proved conclusively that he was (although the words are often used on flippant tongues)

“Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
Safe on His gentle breast.”

His beloved pastor, Mr. S. Ponsford, made a few remarks relative to his decease on Sunday evening, March 16th, in which he said that the departed was amongst the first who composed the Church worshipping in Courland-grove chapel, to which he (Mr. K.) was most devotedly attached, and by whose fervent prayers the hands of the pastor were frequently upheld; and to his last he always manifested great pleasure in hearing of the welfare of the congregation assembled there.

His released spirit now shines in the upper and brighter world, where the "wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," and comprises one of that happy number who have been washed and clothed in robes of white, through the blood of the sinless Lamb of God. May such be the happy lot of those who mourn (or rejoice in) his departure, is the writer's earnest and fervent wish.

R. S.

#### THE LATE MR. CHAS. PARNELL.

My eldest brother, Charles Parnell of Shetham, Cambs, who, I believe, was well known to yourself, has passed into eternal rest. He died on Sunday, February 2, 1879, at the early age of forty-four, leaving a wife and eight children to mourn his loss. He knew the Lord, and was baptized when young. At the age of eighteen he began to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ. I was with him when he preached his first sermon, which was delivered in a thatch cottage at Chittering, Cambs (the same house where we heard Mr. Spurgeon preach when about sixteen). He adorned the doctrines of God his Saviour with a consistent life and conversation. He supplied very acceptably numerous Churches in Cambs and adjoining counties for about the last 25 years. He exemplified in his public ministrations a sweet experience and personal realisation of the love of Christ. More than twenty years ago, whilst hearing him preach from Isa. xii. 3, the Lord applied the Word with power to my benighted soul, showing me my lost condition and the necessity of the regenerating power of Christ. It may be said of him, He fought the fight and kept the faith, and now hath entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God. His end was peace.

J. PARNELL.

Plymouth, Feb. 18, 1879.

ASKETT, BUCKS.—The third anniversary of pastor's settlement was Thursday, February 27. Mr. Anderson delivered two Gospel discourses, listened to by large congregations. One hundred and twenty took tea. March 7, the teachers of Sabbath school, presided over by the pastor, Mr. Burgess, held their usual business meeting; this was preceded by a friendly cup of tea, kindly given. Report showed the school was in good working order, a large number of scholars and an efficient staff of teachers. Mr. John Read, in kind and feeling language, expressed the pleasure it gave him to be present, and, after referring to the fact that the greatest harmony and peace prevailed amongst the friends worshipping here, presented to the pastor a handsome Bible, with a surplus of money, the gift of the teachers, thus expressing their attachment to him for the kind manner in which he had always presided amongst them, and the energy he had thrown into the affairs of the school. Mr. Burgess acknowledged the kind gift, and the meeting closed with the benediction.

#### A GRAVE QUESTION.

##### WHO CAN ANSWER IT?

"Ave Maria" asketh, "Is this a Christian country?" Could this question be analysed, could England's political, commercial, so-called Evangelical, and spiritual classes be thoroughly sifted, we fear but little of the spirit or likeness, practice or self-denying principles of our Lord Jesus Christ could be found. "It is fashionable," says William Morgan, "to call ourselves Christians: but having in this age of profound modification of religious beliefs, given up in practice all that is most characteristic of Christ's teaching, why should we retain His name or pretend to be His followers?" Why indeed! Sydney Smith draws a fine picture of the parsonic tribes of this day. What saith that writer who signs himself "An Englishman?" "We are a very great nation indeed; but unfortunately a very great number of us are a contemptibly small-minded people. A policy of 'revenge' is acted on every hand." We have been looking through the lattices which divide the so-called "Christian Church" from the world for many years. Shams and shows, instead of solid substantial truths, are rampant.

We awfully fear it is not the souls of the people, but their money, their patronage, the plausible egotism of a few Popes, that is sought for.

Lockhart, of Liverpool, fetched the pretenders to piety some hard blows when he was in London the other day. "Idlers," says Lockhart, "are generally grumblers." "We want more of the power of God in individual believers." That is the great blessing we need.

Notwithstanding all the wretched characters which exist under the name of "Christians," there are many thousands of quiet, retiring, praying, believing, God-fearing people in our land; they are the salt. We rejoice wonderfully when we fall in with them; their garments smell of Lebanon; they know whom they have believed; and they know to whom they belong, and whither they are going.

If the Spirit might be poured upon us from on high, the wilderness would soon blossom as the rose; but now the clouds so constantly are over us, calamities so dreadful happen, we ask, Can this be considered

##### A CHRISTIAN COUNTRY?

HOXTON.—The sixth anniversary of the monthly prayer meeting held in Mr. Walter James's house was celebrated on Friday evening, March 7, in Vincent-street Ragged school Mission hall (kindly lent for the occasion by the Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Sturt). The room was well filled. It was a happy season. The brethren who took part were Messrs. Beazley, Macphail, Beddow, Hammond, House, Woodrow, Howlett, Green, Walter James, and others. Mr. J. W. Banks presided. A vote of thanks for the use of the hall was proposed by E. Palmer, and seconded by Mr. James, to which Mr. Macphail gave a cheerful reply.

**CAMBERWELL.**—The friends connected with Grove chapel, having completed the extensive improvements and alterations in connection with the chapel, held services on Tuesday, February 25, with a two-fold object—first, for the committee to render an account of their stewardship; and, secondly, to wipe away the remainder of the cost. Mr. Bradbury preached in the afternoon, and a tea was served after. In the evening a public meeting was held, the pastor presiding, who was surrounded by Messrs. Rolleston, Davis, Whittle, Crutcher, Carr, Hummel, Whillock, and others. Mr. Bradbury, in opening, remarked that no discussion was necessary as to the great improvement that had been made; for it was only to look round the building for evidence of the same. After Mr. Rolleston and Mr. Davis had spoken, Mr. Ebenezer Carr, the secretary, in a concise manner, gave a statement of the entire cost of the improvements, which amounted to £1,528 17s. Towards this about £1,260 had been subscribed, and this, as Mr. Crutcher remarked, by the Grove friends alone, as they had not gone abroad to seek aid. There was, therefore, about £268 left to provide, but no anxiety was felt about this, as a considerable part of it was realised at the meeting. The Church here is enjoying the ministry of Mr. Bradbury, and have much cause for thankfulness.

**HACKNEY-ROAD.**—**SHALOM CHAPEL, OVAL.** Meeting was held on March 11, when in the afternoon Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached a Christ-exalting and soul-encouraging sermon from the words, "Behold the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed" (Exod. iii. 2). Tea followed, which was superintended by the ladies. In the evening a very interesting public meeting was held, when Mr. H. Myerson (pastor), who was expected to take the chair, called upon Mr. J. Lee, who sustained that position in a very able manner. The speeches were good from Mr. W. Webb, C. Cornwell, T. Stringer, R. A. Lawrence, Battson, and J. Bonney; altogether it was a happy gathering, everything was smooth as it (I may say with praise to God) always is at Shalom; and if you wish to have a comfortable hour, and come and see us at any public or other meetings. Collections amounted to £10.

**BANBRIDGE.**—Our excellent brother S. J. Banks recently presided over the sixteenth annual meeting of the Baptist Church, whose pastor he has been for so many years. Mr. S. J. Banks is by no means a bird of passage. In the face of many discouragements he has ploughed on in prayer, study, preaching, and mission work amongst the Irish now for full sixteen years. Not one in a thousand of our feather-bed collegians would have stood it one quarter of the time. They are everlastingly getting the people to give them a purse, and off they go to another place to play the same game over again. We do not like to see people trifled with. All honour to our brother Samuel. We hope the Banbridge flock will take good care of their worthy pastor.

**HOLLOWAY.**—Our brother W. M. Haydon says:—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—About August, 1875, whilst preaching the glorious news of salvation in Enon chapel, Chatham, I had a sudden shock of paralysis all down the left side. The Lord helped me to finish the day by preaching the remainder of the time, and in the evening standing on one leg. Through the mercy of God, in a few months my strength all came back, except that I think I have had less power of thought. Two years since, at the anniversary of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, whilst speaking in Speldhurst-road chapel, I was seized in my mouth, and have never had a clear articulation since. Last Sunday week, just as I was concluding at Bethel, I was seized again in the left side, was taken home, put to bed, and here I have been ever since. The doctor says I am getting better; but I am afraid I shall not be able to

"Point to His redeeming blood,  
And say, Behold the way to God,"

for some months to come. My chamber has been a blessed place; some of the Lord's loved ones have been to see me; but above all, the Lord of hosts, the King of kings, has been here. God bless you.—Yours faithfully, W. M. HAYDON, 19, Dunford-road, Holloway, N., Feb. 27.

**KING'S CROSS.**—**EBENEZER CHAPEL.** Special services were held. A sermon by Mr. Bardens on "His name shall be called Wonderful." Tea was enjoyed by a large company. At public meeting J. Wild, Esq. presided, to the edification of many. Brother Beazley prayed; C. W. Banks, Bardens, Battson, Bolton, Beazley, Choat, Garrod, Palmer, White, and Oakey gave addresses on Gospel subjects. The Lord's presence was realised. Recently a tea to the children of the school, and books were given by the superintendent, Mr. Maries, after which the pastor presented, on behalf of the teachers and friends, a copy of Bunyan's Pilgrim and Dr. Hawker's Morning and Evening Portions, to the worthy superintendent, as a mark of their affection and their appreciation of his unwearied services to the Sabbath-school.—J. G.

**KENTISH TOWN ROAD.**—We celebrated ninth anniversary of our Church's formation Feb. 16 and 19. Sermons by W. Waite, W. Woodward, W. Carpenter, C. W. Banks, were given to us with sound doctrine and spiritual life. Martin Luther's great grandson, Thomas Stringer, presided over our public meeting, and several ministers came to speak to us. We are somewhat oppressed; changes have passed over us; but we have a good school, a hopeful cause, faith in the Lord, and to Him we look for a South gale when the winter season is over, and the spring tides set in. God be merciful to us, to all ours, and unto you. Amen.—**A QUIET OBSERVER.**—Another correspondent says:—Mr. Carpenter delivered an exceedingly comprehensive and comforting discourse from Song of Solomon iii. 3, 4. At the

evening service, Mr. Stringer presided, and conducted the proceedings in a thoroughly Christian and brotherly spirit. W. Beddow sought the Lord's blessing. Brethren Carter, Archer, House, Lawrence, and Waite brought us good words.

#### "EYES AND NO EYES."

Two interesting lectures have been recently delivered by Mr. G. T. Congreve, of Ryelane, Peckham, on behalf of the Sunday school library fund, entitled "Eyes and No Eyes," or the Beauties of Switzerland; the Rhine and the Plains of Waterloo being sketches from Mr. Congreve's personal tours, illustrated with dissolving views. About 600 were present at each lecture, and the nett profits were £15. The pastor (Rev. J. T. Briscoe) presided; votes of thanks to the lecturer were carried by acclamation.

**ROCHDALE.**—Newbold Baptist Church has found a pastor in the person of Mr. P. Parker. "The Baptists of Rochdale," by "A Religious Antiquarian," as soon as possible. The scenes the different sections have passed through since we have known Rochdale, have been remarkable in many ways. The elegant and well-appointed Newbold chapel has now a prospect of progressive prosperity. We heartily pray it may be fully realised.

**SUFFOLK.**—It is a sweet drop of comfort to know the truth-defending Church at Mendlesham, with pastor W. Tooke, is going on well. This Church has existed over forty years. It has had seas of sorrow rolling over it; but the fact that brother William Tooke is planted there, indicates to us that the Lord has a favour toward His people there. Of Little Stonham, a neighbour, and a sister in the faith, also an immense sufferer, we can say nothing at present.

**BRADFORD-ON-AVON.**—We sighed deeply over the announcement of the death of Mr. George Stevens, recently settled as pastor of Providence, Bristol. We have, in former years, been in the deceased's house, and obtained for him a pulpit in London. He was a faithful and laborious man of God. He died in January last, aged 61. We may refer to his singular life and lamented departure another time. The truth of the Gospel lay near his heart.

**KING'S CROSS.**—The Bethel Church, at Lavina grove, Wharfedale-road, are again without a pastor, in consequence of the affliction of brother Haydon. The history of this Church is interesting, which we hope to give. They have a Tract Society, Sick Visiting Committee, Sunday school, with about fifty members. They are looking to the Lord for a devoted, faithful, and useful pastor. C. W. Banks is anxious to see them settled and in prosperity.

**SOUTH HACKNEY.**—We have a place called "Hampton Chapel" very near to our own. It has existed many years. It has

had a variety of pastors and preachers; but the present Mr. Morgan is most indefatigable and persevering. He holds special services for a whole week at a time, lectures, bell-ringing entertainments, and temperance movements. It looks as if the Gospel, or the preaching in Hampden, is not successful. We do much mourn over the apparent failure of the so-called evangelistic labours, and especially do we grieve to see such desertion of places called houses for prayer.

#### Notes of the Month.

"IT IS ALL RIGHT, MY LORD."—DEAR FRIEND BANKS.—Feeling a deal of interest in our poor brother, John Thomas, of Bargoed, I was grieved to find the serious accident, as we term it, that had befallen him in the coal-pit. Almost crushed to death, but still spared to testify of a faithful God, and in the language of faith to say, amidst all, "It is all right, my Lord!" What! when in the gloom of the dreary coal-pit, well nigh pressed to death, life hanging as it were by a thread, "It is all right, my Lord?" Blessed state of mind! May it be mine, under trials and afflictions, to say, "It is all right, my Lord." But being only one of little faith, I have to wait till fresh trials come before I dare venture to say anything. In one of John's former letters, he told me he had to travel about nine miles over the mountains on the Lord's-day to talk to a few scattered sheep about a glorious free salvation, without money and without price. Now, the object I have in writing you is to assist this aged servant of the Lord, who for fifty-five years has worked in the bowels of the earth to provide comfort for your readers (and living, as I do, within half-a-mile of a coal-pit, and see the men returning to their homes, black as the very coal they have been hewing, with their davy lamps in their hands, I often think of the peril and danger those poor fellows have to brave to provide my comfort). Cannot nineteen of your readers join with me, say 6d. per week, and thus send this old servant of God about 10s. weekly? This, with the trifle the Church may provide, may enable him to live without exposing himself in his declining years to the toil and hardships of a collier's life. I throw out the hint; if acceptable, friends can send stamps to me, or I will send to you; anyhow so long as John Thomas is benefitted.—Yours truly, W. WRIGHT, 19, Bridge-street, Manchester, March 3, 1879. [We have from three friends, J. S. A., Lucy P., and E. B. B., 27s. 6d. to begin with. We have commenced to forward donations. We wish to see our brother John settled near to his people, if the Lord permit.—C. W. B.]

**ROCHDALE.**—At Newbold we have the prospect of a pastor, in the person of Mr. P. Parker. We hope to see our spacious edifice filled with true seekers after salvation.

#### Deaths.

March 3, at Kingsland, Harriett, for 48 years the faithful and beloved wife of John Bell, and daughter of the late Thomas Reed, in the 66th year of her age.

March 10, at 93, Sun-street, Bishopsgate, Daniel Sedgwick, the Hymnologist.

Recently, at Gravesend, Mrs. S. Cannabe, whose faith in Christ and love to all the saints, evidenced her meekness for a home more permanent and holy.

February 24, at his residence, Willington-road, Stockwell, Mr. Robert Wilkin, in his 63rd year, and one of the oldest members of the Surrey tabernacle.

# “The Head-Stone Brought Forth” with Shoutings of Grace, Grace unto it.

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

[It is the wish of some friends that the following outlines of a discourse, occasioned by the death of Mr. Thomas Thiselton, and delivered in Speldhurst-road chapel, South Hackney, Sunday evening, March 30, 1879, should be given in the EARTHEN VESSEL. As three reporters took the sermon down, and have given me the translation of their notes, I could not well refuse. The prayer before the sermon was also taken, quite unknown to me, and as it drew forth the sympathies of many friends, a small portion of it is here subjoined.]

## PRAYER.

Oh, Lord! we are yet in a desert land, we are yet in an enemy's country, where Satan's snares are deep, and multitudes fall therein by thousands every day. Oh, Lord God, we are only safe as kept by Thy mighty power. We thank Thee for a great High Priest, for a merciful Redeemer. Oh, Father! for Thy dear Son's sake, to-night grant an incoming of the Holy Ghost, so that, in the time of mourning, the Lord may comfort us. If any are broken-hearted, Lord, bind them up. Say unto them, “Fear not, for I am with thee. I know the path thou art walking in. I know thou hast a sighing heart, a wounded spirit. I have watched over thee; I have seen thee in all thy sorrows. Now thou art dis comforted and distressed; now thou art alone, walking alone, sighing alone, crying to thy Father God. His eye is upon thee; thy Redeemer's heart is still towards thee, and He will bring thee safely home.” Oh, we thank Thee for a perfect salvation all prepared, all finished, all revealed, all plainly brought home to the heart by the Holy Ghost Himself. Now, Lord, help us to-night in our attempt to worship Thee, our God in Christ for ever. Oh, Lord! a brother, who often worshipped here, is taken from us. How solemn! How deep the mystery! How sad to those who are left behind! Oh, our God, it is Thy hand that has done it! It is not an accident; it is not some fatal chance; it is all by Thine own appointment. Therefore, we bow down; we say, “It is the Lord; let Him do as seemeth Him good.” We pray for all left in sorrow behind; for the tender-hearted widow. Be Thou unto her a very present help, and comfort her in this her time of trouble. May she fall at Thy dear feet and say, “God be merciful unto me and unto mine.” In all spiritual as well as in temporal things, let her realise Thy power. Let her say, “God's promise is true in me; His presence is enjoyed; He is my Father and my faithful Friend.” Remember the bereaved family—the sons and the daughters. They have no longer a father's care; no more a father's counsel; no more his hand to help them. Be Thou the Father of the fatherless, we pray Thee for Thy great name's sake. The Lord preserve them from every kind of evil. They might have been wild, but Thou hast hitherto preserved them. Be still unto them a shield, and a Father for ever. And now, Holy Spirit, may Thy blessing be enjoyed by all the afflicted of Thy family everywhere. Oh, our God! be with them, be with us, and to Thy great name shall be given praise, honour, and glory, for ever. Amen.

## INTRODUCTION.

**T**H**ERE** are, to my mind,

### THREE DEEP MYSTERIES

connected with our meeting together this evening. We meet, I hope, to worship the Lord. I would not mar that worship by any word or feeling contrary to the Word of God; but we meet, in connection with

the worship, to pay a tribute of loving respect to the memory of our Christian brother,

MR. THOS. THISELTON.

And in reflecting upon his life and labours in the Christian Church, there stand up before me these three inexplicable mysteries:—

First.—Our departed brother was, I believe, mainly instrumental in raising the cause, and in the building of this nice place, called

“SPELDHURST ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.”

I believe his heart was thoroughly in the cause here, so was the heart of his much beloved, now painfully bereaved, widow, and it would be a joy to my heart to know our deceased brother's widow and her family could really find themselves at home in the place; albeit the erection of this place has appeared to me a deep mystery. It cost him many anxious hours.

Secondly.—Our departed brother, Mr. Thomas Thiselton, was instrumental in my being settled here as pastor of the Church. I have some of his loving letters at home now, inviting me to come. He wrote to me as a friend and brother, and I felt all that towards him. But I often ask myself, “Why was I brought here? What have I done here?” Shall I say nothing? That might not be correct. I have baptized here Mr. and Mrs. Jacquery, and their brother Joseph, Mr. and Mrs. Haydon, my son Samuel, and some others have been brought in, we trust, by God's hand and care; but still I have been many times full of sorrow; no one can tell, God's only knows, the trial it has been. One strong man said (when I was settled here with the chapel debt upon my shoulders alone), “It is like tying a mill-stone round a man's neck, flinging him into the sea, and telling him to swim.” Many stood aloof, expecting to see me sink, to see the chapel closed, and the Church scattered; but many times my soul has been favoured here to preach the Gospel with holy liberty and power.

The third mystery is the sudden removal of our brother from us. I had longed many times to see him; but I deferred till it was too late. When they told me he was gone, I was grieved indeed. Well, the place was built; the Church has continued; I was brought here; now our brother is gone home; it is all done. May we still sing,—

“My Jesus hath done all things well.”

It was in the dark hours of the night when my mind was listening for some sound from the Lord, that these words came into me: “Thou shalt be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory,” with other words following, which form part of one of the most eloquent and powerful arguments ever produced by man.

Paul, the apostle, was remarkable for many significant features of true Christian character.

(1.) His conversion to God, in and by Christ, stands out as a bold expression of the majesty, the mercy, and saving work of our Lord Jesus Christ. Every sentence, descriptive of that conversion which is three times recorded, is full of grace and truth.

(2.) Then consider Paul's *devotion* to his work.

(3.) His crucifixion to the world.

(4.) His affection for Christ and for all His people.



(5.) His knowledge of the entire plan of salvation.

(6.) His zeal in defence of truth.

Lastly. His confidence and assurance of his own interest in, and salvation by, the Lord God our glorious Redeemer.

These seven features in the character of Paul would strongly illustrate that choice confession of his: "By the grace of God, I AM WHAT I AM."

But the last verses of 1 Cor. xv. and their connection shew the apostle in his fourfold office of work.

1. A good soldier fighting in defence of truth.

2. As a theological expositor.

3. On the tops of the mountains in the spirit of prophecy.

Lastly. In the pulpit preaching a good sermon.

The Apostle Paul was truly

### CHRIST'S OWN PATTERN-MINISTER.

Paul's zeal was extraordinary. What are we, compared to him? He was as a flaming fire; we are dogged, cold, and frozen; sometimes we seem to have no life in us. Then there was his knowledge. Who laid the Gospel out like Paul? His epistles are grand monuments of truth. In this chapter, as I have said, Paul appears in his fourfold character:—so I have silently reviewed him.

First of all, Paul is like one in the battle-field: a brave soldier in defence of Divine truth. He says, "I am set for the defence of the Gospel." Some one said to him, "Paul, what do you think of the Corinthian people?" He replied, "They are wise; they are philosophers; they are astronomers; they are great in knowledge." But, sir, these wise Corinthians say, "There is no resurrection of the dead." Paul put on his sword and belt at this. "No resurrection of the dead?" Down he comes to them: "How dare ye say it?" His face flashes with fire; his heart is beating; his mind is stirred. They answered, "We do say it; and what is more, you cannot possibly convince us of any future resurrection." But were they true men? Is the resurrection past? Will there be none in the future? Shall the body never again come out of the grave? Shall this grand top-stone of the Redeemer's work be overthrown? This denial of the resurrection of the dead is Satan's effort to rob CHRIST of the highest honour and glory of His mediatorial work, and of His final completion of His kingdom.

It is against this infidel denial of the resurrection that the Word of the Lord comes forth so powerfully by Zechariah (iv. 7): "Who art thou, O great mountain?" Against the miraculous resurrection of the dead, Infidelity, Unbelief, and Carnal Reason have raised up a huge mountain of dark, dead, soul-deceiving arguments. "To tell us," saith this Trinity of false witnesses (Infidelity, Unbelief, and Carnal Reason), "that God will raise up the dead bodies of the millions of millions from the first Adam down to the second coming of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, is to declare a total impossibility."

"Who art thou, O great mountain?" If the mountain could speak, it would confess, "My name is, '*Utterly Impossible.*'" "Before Zerubbabel," saith the Word of the Lord, "Thou shalt become a plain, and He shall bring forth the head-stone thereof, with shoutings, crying,

GRACE, GRACE unto it. The hands of Zerubbabel have laid the foundation of this house, his hands shall also finish it."

There is the proclamation of ETERNAL TRUTH touching this magnificent display of the God-like power of our antitypical Zerubbabel. He laid the foundation, and He shall bring forth "THE HEAD-STONE thereof. Then will all the redeemed of the Lord unite with all the angelic choirs, shouting, "GRACE, GRACE UNTO IT."

#### WHAT IS THIS HEAD-STONE?

What wondrous scene will so excite the immense assemblies that they will, all at once, come forth with shoutings, "Grace, grace unto it?"

Dr. John Gill says, "This head-stone means the last elect vessel of mercy which shall be regenerated, and brought home to glory;" and the learned doctor repeats it.

That exposition of Dr. Gill's is too weak to be received by those whose minds are led to look at the finishing stroke of MERCY'S GLORIOUS BUILDING. The resurrection of the bodies of all them that are Christ's, the bringing them all forth from their graves, will be the perfecting of His redeemed kingdom; for then, saith the Holy Ghost by Paul, Christ "shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working whereby HE IS ABLE even to subdue all things unto Himself."

Oh! brethren, shall we behold this inexpressibly glorious sight? Shall we stand among them, of whom Paul saith, "The dead in Christ shall rise first?" Shall we then behold THE KING in "ALL HIS BEAUTY," and gaze upon the land of far distances? Shall we be witnesses of the Son of God's omnipotent power, when He shall thus bring forth the head-stone, the final perfection of His mediatorial work; when the bodies and the souls of all the ransomed shall be visibly united and blessedly glorified? Shall we then among them stand? Shall we join in the seraphic and celestial shouting, "GRACE, GRACE UNTO IT?"

The very thought of it makes one's heart to leap for joy. The prospect of that brilliant day, when JESUS shall so "SEE of the travail of His soul, as to be Divinely and eternally satisfied," cheers us onward through the valley, and causes us, with renewed visions of faith, to be "looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great GOD and our Saviour JESUS CHRIST."

"Oh! what a wedding day  
Will that bright morning bring;  
Our spirits married to our clay,  
And both to Zion's KING."

When we were in the chapel, in Abney-park cemetery, on Saturday, March 22, 1879, on commencing the service connected with the funeral of our late friend, Mr. Thomas Thiselton, without any previous intention or meditation, my soul was for a moment carried up beyond the mournful scene, and I broke out, exclaiming,—

O Lamb of God! Almighty King!  
How great must be Thy glory!  
It makes the angelic choirs to ring.  
On earth we've heard the story  
How JESUS, SON of GOD, came down,  
And now, before His Father's throne,

He wears His mediatorial crown,  
 While millions, millions stand around,  
 And worship HIM with awe profound,  
 Their most exalted SAVIOUR!

The above lines flew out of my heart originally and rapidly the Sunday evening previous, when I was home unwell; and they stirred up in me such blessed reviving that I appeared to begin to recover from that moment. But we were reviewing Paul's conduct as a good soldier in the battle-field contending for the doctrine of the resurrection.

And I ask, Did not each Person in the adorable Trinity in holy concord express and declare this most marvellous and mysterious truth? Who are they in Isaiah xxvi. speaking so strongly in concert? Does not Almighty GOD the FATHER unto His Son exclaim, "Thy dead men shall live?" Does not the SON of God in harmony with the FATHER reply, "Together with My dead body shall they arise?" Is it not the ETERNAL SPIRIT in prophecy calling the members of the mystic body both from the fall and from their graves, when He saith, "Awake and sing ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs?" And is not that the decree of Heaven concerning the universal resurrection, "*the earth shall cast out the dead*?" This is altogether a truly significant and expressive prediction of the ultimate resurrection, both of those in Christ and of those who were never known by Him. Of this much more may be given another time.

Our Lord Himself, in John v., speaks distinctly—first, of the spiritual, and then of the literal resurrection. Read John v. 25: "Verily, verily." How positively Christ brings this in. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, *and now is* (already our Lord had begun to call some of the souls given to Him out of a state of spiritual death), when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God; and they that hear SHALL LIVE."

When these words of our Redeemer fell just now upon my soul, I said to myself, "There is my hope, there is my promise of a home in heaven!" Christ is there speaking of the soul's spiritual resurrection, of its first quickening, of its effectual call by the voice of the Son of God through the Holy Ghost, and the words lifted up my soul; for I was dead, I was far sunken in most deplorable darkness. But JESUS cried right into my soul, "Awake, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light!" How those words sounded in me! How suddenly I did awake on that most auspicious Lord's-day morning! How I sprang out of bed, fell on my knees, and in prayer cried out in return, "Lord, fulfil this promise: Christ SHALL GIVE THEE LIGHT!" O, on that morning (more than fifty years ago), how I wept, and adored the precious CHRIST of GOD, I have never forgotten.

And, although, since then poverty, persecution, perilous temptations, losses of every kind, foes and fears of all sorts and shapes have assailed me, still my soul has been kept alive. CHRIST has been my light: and before God, I hope I may say, Christ by His SPIRIT and by His Word has never failed to speak to me in my soul from that day until now. Nearly all the parsons in Christendom stand aloof from me. They never approach me. I never intrude myself before them. They say of themselves, "We are respectable; he is wicked. Never go near him." Hence, although I have been called to preach Christ's Gospel in nearly all parts of this kingdom, there are but few, comparatively speak-

ing, who *know* whose or what I am. Nevertheless, I would not exchange places or positions with any one or all of them. To our own Master we each and all must give an account.

Leaving all these things, I appeal to thee, my hearers, and I ask thee, Dost thou know and love this Son of the living God? Hast thou in thine own soul heard His voice calling thee unto Him? Man! hast thou a living faith in Him? Does thy soul trust only in the CHRIST of GOD for all thy soul's meetness for glory and for an eternal salvation? Then you will stand in that grand day; you will unite in the sublime shouts of "Grace, grace unto it."

Come once more to John v. 28, 29. Here CHRIST speaketh boldly, thoroughly, unmistakably of the general resurrection of the bodies of all Adam's race. He useth a rather different mode of expression now; for He well knew how it would be disputed. Hence, He says, "Marvel not at this; for the hour is coming" (He does not say as before, "and NOW is"). He says, "It is coming, in the which ALL THAT ARE IN THE GRAVES shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."

Awfully grand and fearfully solemn words are those, so openly declared by Christ concerning the resurrection of which His own rising was the first fruits; and upon this ground Paul enters the field of conflict, and as a good soldier fights with the sword of the Spirit in defence of this terminating doctrine—the resurrection of man's body from the grave.

Paul's four-fold character (1) as a good soldier defending the stupendous mystery of God's Almighty power; (2) as an expositor unfolding it; (3) as a prophet on the high mountains looking forward to that morning of delight to the Church and of dismay to the wicked; and (4) as a preacher exhorting the brethren to steadfastness. In this four-fold character the apostle Paul was referred to; but of the reporter's notes no more can be given this month.

The resurrection, however, is a theme in which my soul is too deeply interested, to leave it here. My feeble testimony shall be given if a merciful Providence will enable me. I simply close this first part by giving from the notes of one of the reporters the following expressions respecting my knowledge of the now-deceased brother in Christ, Mr. Thomas Thistelton:—

"I knew Mr. Thistelton's father and mother well. They were truly sanctified Christians. I know they poured forth their prayers for their children, and I feel assured their prayers have been answered. Thomas Thistelton, when very young, was a pretty little boy. He lost his father and mother while in tender youth; but a gracious Providence took him by the hand and led him up into manhood, into a busy and useful life. He was a man of faith, a Christian man with a large, loving, praying heart. He has gone to his Father's rest, to his Saviour's home. On the memorial card it is said (and I like it very much indeed), 'A devoted Husband, a loving Father, and a sincere Friend.' A devoted husband, a loving father, and sincere friend—these are three good qualities; beside them he was a believer in Christ, most zealous for the truth, and having known the Lord, he is gone to be with Him for ever.

“Just before He died (he did not know he was going), they heard him say, ‘Around the throne of glory.’ His heart was aspiring, his soul ascending. We have no doubt. A believer, a zealous follower of Christ—can such a man fail? Oh, no! He is gone home, safe and sound. We cannot send a man to heaven; God only can take him there. We may sometimes doubt of our own safety, and say, ‘Do I love the Lord? do I know Him?’ While of others we can say they are safe. Now, alas! poor dear sister, the Lord comfort your heart! You and ourselves wanted him here: Our God thought better; but He will not forsake you. Friends, come forward and help the family in every way you can. Show yourselves practical Christians. I am sorry to say there is a practice too prevalent of the Church dealing with the world.

“Brethren, stand by the family, pray for them, and may God help you all for His name’s sake.”

The bereaved sons and daughters I would solemnly exhort. My dear young friends, may you have grace to cleave to the blessed Word of God, to pour out your hearts at the throne of grace, and to follow after and to abide by the holy truth of the Gospel as your deceased father did. That Heaven’s blessings may rest upon you all, is the deep, inside, fervent prayer of your friend,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Banbury-road, South Hackney, April 8, 1879.

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### THE LATE MRS. ANN MOTE.

**T**HE subject of the present memoir was born in the year 1817 in the parish of St. John, Southwark, London, and was brought up under the care of a widowed mother, her father having died when she was of the age of five years. At the time of her marriage to her husband she was not, nor was he, manifestively the subjects of Divine grace; but in the year 1847, the latter—who had, for some time, been labouring under a deep conviction of sin—was led to join the Church of England, of which his parents were members, in which communion he stayed until, upon a closer examination of its practice, he felt satisfied that he could not longer remain therein with peace to his mind or profit to his soul, and consequently left; and, after hearing the greater part of the then dissenting ministers in the South of London, he joined the Church at Unicorn-yard, Tooley-street, then under the pastorate of the late Mr. Bonner, by whom he was baptized in the year 1848. His wife, the subject of the present memoir, used, as often as she could leave her young family, to attend with him, and the Holy Spirit was pleased to apply the word spoken to her heart, so that, after a short time, she also followed her dear Saviour in the ordinance of believers’ baptism.

In the year 1853 her husband removed to Lewisham, and both he and she joined the Church at Dacre-park, Blackheath, of which she remained a member until the time of her death; and, notwithstanding her having to bring up a large family, she was never wanting in her attendance at the house of God whilst health was given to her, and was always ready with her service and money to assist in carrying on the work

in connection with her chapel. About twelve years since, she had her first severe attack of illness, from which, after great suffering, she, for some years, rallied; but, about four years since, the illness which terminated in her death set in. Her sufferings, during the whole of this time, were of a most painful and distressing character, but borne with the greatest Christian fortitude. Near her bedside she had the motto "Watch and Pray" affixed, and often expressed the great comfort she experienced in meditating upon this solemn injunction of her dear Redeemer, the necessity of which she fully realised. Scarcely ever did the language of complaint escape from her suffering lips, nor was she left to murmur at the mysterious, yet chastening, dispensation of her Heavenly Father; and, although at times left in astonishment as to why such a bitter cup should be placed to her lips, she always used the language of her dear Lord and Master: "If it be possible, suffer this cup to pass from me; nevertheless, not my will, but Thine be done."

During the last two months of her life, her intense love for her children manifested itself to a great degree, and, with it, a corresponding desire to live for their sakes; but, from certain signs, it became evident that this was not the will of her Heavenly Father, and she then, knowing that it was so, was enabled sincerely to say, "Not my will, but Thine be done." Her mind, from this time, became quite reconciled to leave all that she held near and dear to her by nature's ties to Him who has said: "Leave thy fatherless children to Me, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widows trust in Me." And henceforth the eye of faith was more fixed upon that unseen world to which she was so fast hastening, and Him whom, not having seen, she loved. At one of her interviews with her pastor, she told him how different the feelings were at the approach of death, and in view of facing the solemn reality, than when in health, singing of death and the grave. Yet she spoke not as having any doubt about her future salvation. Her long and painful illness elicited the sympathy of a large circle of her friends, by whom she was held in great esteem, and everything that human sympathy could suggest was procured by them to solace the long and weary hours of her illness and alleviate her sufferings. It is impossible, in this short memoir, to enumerate all of these, but to Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker, and Mr. Webber, a deacon of the Church, she felt deeply grateful; to the latter especially, for his long-continued visits and the fervent and sincere prayers he offered on her behalf in her sick room.

The affectionate attention shown to her by the children also caused the language of praise and thanksgiving to ascend to her Heavenly Father for having given them to her, to be such a solace during the long and weary days and nights that they watched by her side and ministered unto her.

About two months since it became too evident that her end was approaching, and her husband passed several Sabbath evenings with her in reading the Word of God and offering prayer on her behalf. It was during these seasons that she gave utterance to him of the feelings of her heart with reference to the grounds upon which her hopes for eternity were based. On one Sabbath evening, when 2 Cor. v. was read to her, "For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," she said: "What a mercy it was to have this

knowledge, and not to be left in doubt as to whether she had a heavenly home to go to or not !”

On another occasion, when John xiv. was read, on hearing verses 2 and 3 : “ In My Father’s house are many mansions ; if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you ; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto Myself, that where I am, there ye may be also,” she spoke of the kind and sympathetic character of the Lord Jesus Christ in not leaving His sorrowing disciples in doubt as to whether or not He would come again and take them to Himself, to be for ever with Him when they had left this world of sin and suffering ; and this blessed reality was, in the hands of the Holy Spirit, the means of bringing great quietness and assurance to her soul, and enabling her to look calmly forward to the near approach of the so-called king of terrors, and to exclaim with the apostle : “ O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ? the sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law ; but thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.”

On March 22nd, 1879, she was attacked about 5 a.m. with most agonising pains, which lasted, with interruption, until 12, when they ceased, and she gradually sank, expiring in about half-an-hour afterwards.

During the whole of this time, until the last half-hour, her consciousness remained, and she begged of those around her to entreat her Heavenly Father to release her from her sufferings. A few moments before her death she held up her right hand in token, it is believed, that she was happy, and so entered into her eternal rest.

“ In vain our fancy strives to paint  
The moment after death ;  
The glories that surround the saints  
When yielding up their breath.

One gentle sigh their fetters break ;  
We scarce can say ‘ They’re gone,  
Before the ransomed spirit takes  
Her mansion near the throne.

Faith strives, but all its efforts fail  
To trace her in her flight ;  
No eye can pierce within the veil  
Which hides that world of light.”

Her remains were interred at Eltham Churchyard ; a private service having previously been held at her house, at which her pastor, the deacons, and several of the members of Dacre-park chapel, in addition to her family, were present ; also at the grave her pastor offered up prayer at the close of the service, and on the following Sabbath evening he preached a solemn discourse from 1 Thess. iv. 13, 14 : “ 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 ; for if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.” He was careful in distinguishing the speciality of this promise as applying only to the believer ; and whilst he drew the distinction between the death-bed of the unbeliever and that of the Christian, he forcibly dwelt upon the very consoling and comforting nature of this promise to all the Lord’s dear children, and the sweet solace it afforded them in parting with their dear relatives and friends who had only gone a short time before them, to depart and be with

Christ, which was far better than dwelling in this land of sin and sorrow. The Church of God has lost a sincere friend, her husband an affectionate partner, and her children a kind and loving mother ; but they are all enabled to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

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### HOW THE CHAPEL DEBT WAS PAID.

[WE knew the good old man well ; he saw providences plain and powerful.—ED.]

SOME twenty years ago, returning from Gravesend with a relative, while waiting to bait the horse, we called upon the minister of a little Baptist chapel, who, in conversation, gave us the following display of God's gracious deliverance in the hour of need, as well as future provision for old age.

The dear old man stated that, when he first entered into the ministry, he worked at his trade as a smith ; that the chapel had a debt of some three hundred pounds upon it, for which he was liable ; but, as everything appeared, for a time, to go on comfortably, it gave him no great anxiety. But at last two deacons wished to bring into the Church a man who he well knew—and the deacons, too—was living in open sin. To this the minister strongly demurred, and refused to admit one who gave no proof or evidence of genuine sorrow for sin. This determination so incensed the deacons that they resolved to leave the chapel, and throw all the burden of the debt upon the man of God, whose uprightness of conduct ought to have endeared him to them, had they themselves been God-fearing men. After some little time, everything looked dark and gloomy. Beyond good wages, he had nothing to depend upon, and how to meet a debt of three hundred pounds, which was now demanded, was more than he could imagine. Satan and unbelief set in upon his troubled mind : "Where is now thy God ? You will now bring disgrace upon the very name of religion ; whereas, if you had only yielded to those influential men who once favoured you, everything would have gone on prosperously ; instead of which, the little flock is divided, and everything will go to ruin. You had better go and destroy yourself !" This temptation followed the poor fellow, until, one Sunday morning, he really thought he would go to the Serpentine and commit suicide.

Turning down Robert-street from Oxford-street for this purpose, he heard singing, and he felt inclined once more to hear the voice of prayer, although he knew nothing of the people. He crept up-stairs and got behind the door, as he thought, unseen ; but, in a little time, the leader of the prayer-meeting said : "Will that friend behind the door," pointing to him, "engage in prayer for a few minutes ?" With a burdened and heavy heart, the man of God poured out, as best he could, his broken petitions at the throne of grace. At the conclusion of the meeting, the friend who had called upon him to engage in prayer came to him and said : "You seem in heavy trouble. What is the cause ? Tell me all about it." The kindness of his manner prompted a full explanation of how matters stood. "Well," he replied, "do not let that trouble you. Here is my address. Come to my house to-morrow. We will see what can be done." Accordingly the dear man went, not without many fears



that all was a delusion—that surely a stranger would never lend him three hundred pounds ; but, amidst hope and fear, he attended at the hour appointed. Full particulars were explained, and the question asked, “How long do you require the money?” “I shall want it for two years,” was the reply; “as I shall have to save it from my wages.” “Very well, go and get a bill stamp, and I will draw upon you for the two years.” “But I have no other security to offer.” “Never mind, do as I tell you.” Accordingly, a bill for three hundred pounds was drawn, and cash handed over. By diligence and care, at the end of two years the good old man was enabled to return the money ; but, when he took it, his friend said : “I do not want it ; go and buy a house with it, and I will draw upon you again for two years.” An eligible offer was made for a house in Paddington, and purchase effected. At the end of two years more the money was taken. “I do not want it now,” replied his good friend ; “go and buy another house, and I will renew the bill.” The next house to the one bought was then for sale, and a bargain concluded. At the expiration of two more years the money was taken and received : “Thus,” added the old saint, “my God appeared for me, not only delivering me from my heavy trial, but, with the little I get from my little flock for dispensing the Word of Life, those two houses yield me a comfortable living.”

Many times in straits and difficulties which, as a man of business, I know much about, have I thought of good old Mr. Wallis, of Bexley-heath, and it is most precious to trace out delivering mercies in trying providences. Many, many times has my unbelieving heart come to the conclusion that ruin must follow the claims so heavy, the resources so few, the responsibilities so heavy—fifteen or sixteen young relatives, fatherless, with my own children depending wholly upon a weak mortal—heavy losses in business, till I have walked London streets not knowing what to do, half beside myself ; yet, to the honour of my gracious God, He has borne me through every trial and difficulty hitherto, delivered me with an outstretched hand, while I have looked on blessing and praising Him for His marvellous goodness ; and I have a hope when this mortal race is run, I shall dwell with Him, a trophy of sovereign grace and matchless mercy.

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### “WHY DON'T YOU PREACH THE GOSPEL?”

**I** REMEMBER, years ago, a gentleman said to me, “You have revealed to us a state of things which is fearful. You have revealed to us an amount of moral evil that is perfectly appalling. What do you consider to be the great remedy for all this moral evil?”

I said to him, as I would say to you or to any other querist, “The only remedy for moral evil is the power of the Gospel of the grace of God.” He replied, “Why don't you preach the Gospel, then?” I said, “The reason why I do not preach the Gospel is that I have such an idea of the awful responsibility that rests upon any man who dares to stand between the living and the dead, to deliver God's message to dying men, that unless I felt in the core of my heart, ‘Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel,’ with my sense of the requirements for the office, and with my views of it, I should not dare to occupy the position.”

Then he said, "You are preaching something else instead." "Oh, no!"—"Is not drunkenness a moral evil?" "Yes." "Is not the power of the Gospel of the grace of God the only remedy for moral evil?" "Yes." Now, by the total abstinence movement we do not pretend to do more than the one thing. Drunkenness is a moral evil produced by a physical agency. Remove the agency, and the moral evil ceases, so far as drunkenness is concerned. In the advocacy of total abstinence we do not present it as the remedy for all the evil and all the sin in the world. We do not pretend to say that if a man signs the total abstinence pledge he becomes endowed with all the cardinal virtues under the sun. There are some awfully mean men who do not drink; and one of the most unmitigated specimens of rascality I ever knew had one redeeming feature—that he did not get drunk; and yet he was guilty of almost every other form of wickedness in the decalogue.

Now, we do not venture to say that the total abstinence principle makes a man one whit the better than he was before, except so far as the drink is concerned; and there it does its work, and never fails. It is an infallible remedy. If the drunkard adopts that principle of total abstinence, he ceases to be a drunkard. He may not cease to be a thief, or a liar, or a profane swearer, or a Sabbath-breaker. We never said he would. But he ceases to be a drunkard; and that is all we claim for total abstinence and its advocacy. If your boy adopts the principle of total abstinence, whatever else he may be, he cannot be a drunkard.

[So spake Mr. Gough, and his answer is worth serious thought by all who do preach.—Ed.]

## THE MINISTER OF TRINITY BAPTIST CHURCH, BORO',

MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

[We regret the omission of this second part of our brother's eventful life in last month's number, but as we hope in July next to hear from himself much of the Lord's dealings with him, and as, on that occasion, we expect to witness, if spared, the presentation of a testimonial of at least £100, we are content to be simply introducing the memoir, anticipating shortly to shew Mr. THOMAS STRINGER was, by the blessed Spirit of eternal life, well prepared for a long life of usefulness in the Gospel kingdom, during the whole of which he has been enabled to sing with an honest conscience, accompanied by a Gospel life:—

"'Twas grace which kept me to this day,  
And will not let me go."

We shall gladly receive contributions toward the aforesaid testimonial, which will be acknowledged by C. W. Banks, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.]

"ALL successful reformers," says Dean Milman in his "History of Latin Christianity," "have been Calvinists; Calvinists in spirit, with a conviction that God had set them apart for some special work, and that they must not rest until, through them, God had completed His purpose."

This was the spirit that Paul had when he wrote his epistle to the Galatians, showing them the Divine source of his commission; that it was not from man, nor of man; but of God. He could boldly exclaim, "Knowing that I am set for THE DEFENCE of the Gospel;" and "Woe is me if I do not preach it."

No one can fairly review the whole life of our bold contender for the faith "Once (for all) delivered unto the saints"—THOMAS STRINGER, the pastor of the Church in Trinity Chapel, Borough—but must conclude that, in the great predestinating purpose of Almighty God, it was determined that he should be, in this generation, a firm, a fervent, a successful, and a long-standing witness of the true Gospel of the grace of God.

Scarcely can there be any greater difficulty in all Christendom, in these times, than to find a genuine, a CHRIST-ordained, a SPIRIT-anointed minister of the Gospel. The universities, the colleges, the academies, the schools, and the different societies manufacture, train, and qualify, as far as they can, such multitudes of men for the ministry that they overflow the demand most amazingly. We admit, some of the brightest stars that ever shone in the Protestant Churches came forth from the universities; therefore, we cast no unkind reflection upon them. From the colleges and schools have proceeded many highly-gifted and devoted pastors. In fact, the days have fallen upon us when, if a minister is not sent forth by some duly-recognised college, he is, to a large extent, looked down upon, by the well-educated generations springing up around us, with contempt. Nevertheless, it is not for us to enter any protest against collegiate training.

We are not fearful that there will ever be too many faithful ministers of Christ. Neither stand we in jeopardy every hour lest the elect and redeemed family of God should be finally deceived. Our grief springs from the character of the so-called worship which is patronised in almost the whole of our churches, tabernacles, and chapels now, where "CHRIST'S GOSPEL" is either ignored or so adulterated that deep delusions possess the minds of the people; and, as regards the way, the work, the witness, and the perfection of Heaven's salvation, they remain in darkness still; the attractive choirs, the musical concerts, and the splendid singing, carrying the people off into natural ecstasies, rocking them off in dreams of sensational pleasure, which they take to be "the joys of salvation."

" But we forbear ; long flights forebode a fall :  
Strike on the deep-toned chord the sum of all.  
Hear the just law, the judgment of the skies :  
He that *hates* TRUTH shall be the dupe of lies ;  
And he that *will* be cheated to the last,  
Delusions, strong as hell, shall bind him fast."

O, awful work ! sending souls to hell, while you smilingly tell them it is the way to God's glory. This is, beyond all imagination, vile hypocrisy indeed.

In a few brief papers on the life of Mr. Thomas Stringer, we may take occasion to refer to the present heterogeneous shades and dissimilarities of the ministry. It has been a perpetually painful study with us during the last fifty years, more or less; and of the lives of good, of bad, and of divers kinds of ministers, we have heaps and hordes—enough to break one's heart; only, having been so many times rent in twain, it almost refuseth to break any more. God have mercy upon us, and upon all the poor preachers now scattered abroad upon the earth; for we know of no men more terribly tempted and tried than are the living, the loving, the faithful followers of the now glorified "High Priest of our profession."

THOMAS STRINGER (like George Whitefield) was a publican's son, at Orpington, in Kent, where Thomas was born and christened considerably over sixty years ago. No doubt, some day, a full biographical history of this good man will be given to the Churches, and that remarkable "DIARY," which, we understand, is carefully "posted up" every day, containing observations of varied and of valuable interest to the generations yet to come. We have heard it hinted that this voluminous diary will never see broad daylight until our esteemed brother, Thomas Stringer, is safe at home in

"Our Father's house on high."

As Thomas will, doubtless, live many years after us, we can have no hope of ever reading the aforesaid diary. We must, therefore, be content with such scraps as we can gather up! If life, health, and opportunities are given to us, we shall follow him from Orpington to London, to Snows-Fields, to Gravesend, to Brighton, to Manchester, to Plymouth, to Stepney, to Earl Street; right up to his present substantial, commodious, well-appointed, and centralised Baptist Cathedral in Trinity Street, in the Borough, where he is surrounded by more places and peoples who profess faith in the adorable Trinity than in any other of the suburban surroundings of this rapidly-overgrowing metropolis.

For our May VESSEL, so much current information is flowing in that we must pause, only observing, if we had been consulted as to who should supply C. H. Spurgeon's pulpit during his serious affliction, we should have advised him to let Thomas Stringer stand on that platform for at least one Lord's-day, which would only be a practical fulfilling of the Master's version of the law, "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—Hush, for the present!

C. W. BANKS.

Banbury Road, South Hackney.

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#### CREATION AND, SALVATION.

<p>BEFORE this world from nought came          At great Jehovah's nod, [forth          The Saviour sat at His right hand,          An equal with our God.</p> <p>He heard the mighty word pronounced,          Which said, "Let light arise;"          And, lo! as soon as it is said,          Its ray through chaos flies.</p> <p>Though every creature God had made          Did of His love partake,          Man, high exalted o'er the rest,          Alone His law dared break.</p> <p>The Saviour marked the woeful deed,          And pity filled His mind          That man was doomed to endless death,          And could no refuge find.</p>	<p>He cast His Kingly state aside,          Descended unto earth,          And there (though not in sin like us)          Was born of mortal birth.</p> <p>And there pain, grief, and weariness,          And insults deep He bore;  <i>He</i> whom the heavens rejoice to praise,          And all their hosts adore.</p> <p>Perfection's fairest form was He,          In Him dwelt every grace;          And wondrous were His words and works          To bless and cheer our race.</p> <p>He toiled for us, He bled for us,          And now all glorified          He ever lives to intercede          For us for whom He died.</p>
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Angels who wing the land of light,  
 And all God's glory see,  
 Have noble subjects for their song;  
 But they have less than we.

WILLIAM BRAZIER.

Welling, Kent.

“ IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN DEATH ! ”

SUDDENLY FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS, APRIL 2, 1879, LOUISA LARDNER BURRELL, THE LATE BELOVED WIFE OF MR. GEORGE BURRELL, BAPTIST MINISTER, WATFORD.

**T**HE circumstances leading to the sudden decease of my beloved companion in life are as follows:—On March 3 last she accompanied me on a visit to our sons, and Christian friends connected with our old Gospel home at Chadwell-street. On the following Tuesday evening we attended the recognition meeting of Mr. Boulton, where I was engaged to address the pastor-elect from the words, “ Feed the flock of God.” This was the last time she ever met publicly with the Lord’s people on earth—a remarkable event to me, as in little “ Zoar ” I first opened my mouth in the Lord’s name after speaking once at Chadwell-street Chapel.

On our way home, on descending the stairs at Highbury station, my wife fell, sprained her ankle, and hurt both her legs. After a stay in London of a day or two, we returned to Watford. We thought, with rest and means used, she would soon recover the use of her legs ; one healed, but the other never did, and it is evident to us her impression was she would never recover her fall. The month of pain and confinement at home was a sanctified season to her soul. The whole of her time was spent in reading the Word, Hart’s hymns, Kent’s hymns, and in correspondence. She was led to close and prayerful examination as to her evidences of interest in Christ, and favoured to realise some sweet seasons in her solitude. But we had no idea of the way she would so suddenly be called home. On the Wednesday evening, a few hours before her departure, she welcomed me home on my return from the city, and was apparently in her usual health, with the exception of her suffering limb. As I took my seat at the table, I said, “ I feel so low.” She tried to cheer me, and wished myself and daughters to go to the prayer and Church meeting, and we left her quite cheerful and calm at home. I opened the meeting with the hymn, “ Dear Refuge of my weary soul,” &c. On our return she said, “ Well, how have you got on ? ” I said, “ We have had a good meeting ; the Lord reigneth.” “ Ah,” she said, “ He does ; look here (holding the Book of Psalms to me). I was just reading these words, ‘ Be still, and know that I am God.’ ” On retiring about half-past ten we observed, more particularly afterwards, how unusually free from anxiety and care she was. With a little difficulty she walked up stairs, and said to her daughter, “ Good night, dear ; thank you.” I heard her then in prayer, or ejaculating gratefully, as she was often wont to do on laying down, and being a little deaf, I did not catch what she said, but am sure now, from the tone of her voice, she was committing her all to God in solemn prayer. I was then aroused and alarmed at hearing a strange noise in her throat. My daughters were instantly by her bedside. We raised her up, but discovered an attack of spasms had suddenly come on. In ten minutes the doctor, who resided nearly opposite our dwelling, was present, but ere he arrived her ransomed spirit had fled. Not a struggle, groan, or even last sigh, accompanied her peaceful exit from the body. She closed her eyes, and sweetly fell asleep on her Saviour’s bosom. Spasms at the heart, in conjunction with her weak condition,

in consequence of her poor suffering limb, was the appointed means of conveying her to the land of rest above. About a quarter to twelve her ransomed spirit took its flight to that holy, happy world, where sickness and sorrow, pain and death, can never come.

On the following morning we found on the top of her box containing her letters, and apparently laid there with design, as expressive of her feelings, the following verses in print:—

READY TO DEPART.

“ All welcome is the thought to me  
That shortly I shall be set free  
From all the cares of time ;  
Shall soon depart from sin and woe,  
These bleak and barren lands below,  
And reach the heavenly clime.

My bliss in that unclouded place  
Will be to meet my Lord's embrace,  
And raise salvation's song ;  
Faith's full fruition to possess,  
Set free from all unholiness,  
And join the ransomed throng.

With them I'll rove o'er sunbright plains,  
Recount in more than angel's strains,  
What sovereign grace has done ;  
Haste, my Beloved ! haste the hour,  
Exert Thy resurrection-power ;  
Come, Jesus ! quickly come.

I long to burst these bonds of sense,  
Reach my reserved inheritance,  
Made like Thyself to be ;  
Bask in the sunbeams of Thy face,  
Extol the riches of Thy grace,  
And ever reign with Thee.”

From this and other circumstances it appears she had a presentiment she was not far from home.

My cup is full of mingled sorrow and mercies. The greatest sympathy and kindness has been manifested by all my friends here. My kind and loving brother, Mr. Higham, came to supply my place on Lord's-day following her death, and in the morning preached, I may say, her funeral sermon from the words, “ For whether we live or die, we are the Lord's.” On Tuesday afternoon, April 8, her mortal remains were deposited in Watford cemetery ; our late and much-esteemed pastor, Mr. Hazelton, officiated, and made some consoling remarks on the occasion from the words, “ For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.” A large number of the Church and congregation at Beulah accompanied us to the grave in mourning attire.

I may just add that my late dear partner was arrested by invincible grace at the age of sixteen years. Schooled under the law for nearly three years, was brought into Gospel liberty by the application of the words, “ Thy sins which are many are all forgiven thee ;” and was baptized by Mr. Packer at Lessness Heath, on April 14, 1833. We were brought together by a mysterious providence, and married at Tottenham, Middlesex, December, 1840, shortly after the call by Divine grace of the writer. Five of our beloved offspring she lived to see

depart to glory under three years of age, the remaining five to grow up to years of maturity ; and, what is still more wonderful to tell, to see them all called by sovereign grace, and to follow in the footsteps of the flock, four of whom have been brought out under the ministry of their father at Watford.

In conclusion, beloved readers, under this solemn, sudden stroke, I must and do bear testimony to the preciousness and power of those eternal truths we love to support, sustain, and comfort in the hour of deep sorrow. Nothing but a precious, living faith therein, sustained and fed by God the eternal Spirit, can enable us with calmness and submission to feel and say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." Amen.

GEO. BURRELL.

### ANTI-CHRIST'S JUBILEE IN ENGLAND.

**T**HE Popish followers have been celebrating a jubilee ! It was on the 13th of April, 1829, that King George IV. reluctantly signed the Catholic Emancipation Bill, hence, on Sunday, April 13, 1879, the apostacy reached its jubilee of freedom in this country.

It has been a high time with the Romanists. "See !" they exclaim, "this bonny little infant came crying into life, in this once grand old Protestant England, fifty years since. See !" they exultingly continue ; "see to what immense proportions this child has attained ! Still we are growing fast ! What will Roman Catholicism be in England presently ?" What indeed !

"*The Church of England*," as she was called, has followed the Church of Rome, and in many small beginnings the leading Nonconformists have turned their assembly rooms into semi-theatres. The Romanists, the Churchmen, the Dissenters, and the masses, are all approaching one amalgamating force, one Babylonish union, one anti-Christian army, whose aim is (if truth may be spoken) to eclipse the Gospel of Christ, and to set up systems of idolatry ; a variety of idolatries, full of sensational fire, and adorned with such dazzling and flesh-delighting attractions as successfully to gather the crowds of deceived fanatics, whose minds and moneys go together to support their sacerdotal and semi-theatrical services. Oh ! England, thou hast been sold ; politically and religiously thou art sold ! so foolish, so blind, so effeminate art thou become as to verify the words of the Great Redeemer, "If the blind lead the blind, they both fall into the ditch !" Fast downward into the ditch of Babylonish confusion and dismay this nation and others beside are being thrown, because they have rebelled against the counsels of the Most High. Nearly all the so-called religious journals are helping on this fearful amalgamation. We only know of one paper, the *Rock*, which stands out boldly, manfully, and ably in defence of the Protestant faith, and against its powerful voice even some of the cloth have cast their javelins, as their original predecessor—King Saul—sent his malicious darts against David. But the proprietors and editors of the *Rock*, being of the same spirit as was David and the three Hebrew children of old, being men of Christian courage, of faith, of unshaken

confidence in the God of all grace, they stand their ground, and recently they have obtained a signal victory over a most determined foe.

As one sample of the spirit evinced at some of the jubilee gatherings, we quote the following:—

“To-night the demonstration of the Bolton Catholics, celebrating the passing of the Emancipation Act, was attended by nearly 3,000 people. A Romish Bishop presided, and said this was not an occasion for Catholics to fall prostrate before the great British nation in memory of the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Act. Rather should the Catholics congratulate the nation for having wiped out, fifty years ago, the stain and disgrace, not upon their Catholic forefathers, but upon the nation itself. He spoke of the absence of a single Catholic Member of Parliament representing a British constituency, and urged the Catholic aristocracy and gentry to come more before the public.”

Well, and what will the Catholic aristocracy do with us who cannot bow down to the image they have set up? When they come more to the front, they will fill up the cup of their indignation. They will wage a furious war against the faithful witnesses of Christ, and as witnesses, if not as men, they will kill them.

One of the largest “Christian” journals in this kingdom says: “The Vatican is as intolerant as ever!” The jubilee I have referred to is called “an outbreak of Catholic fanaticism.” So it is! It is more than that. “It will,” says a powerful writer, “serve to remind us that in both Romish and Anglican priests we have foes to whom ‘the rights of conscience’ is an unmeaning phrase, and to every endeavour on their part to interfere with our civil liberties, or to bring the State under their control or influence, we must offer firm and prompt resistance.”

If our “resistance,” brethren, is to be of any avail, we must take unto us the whole armour of God, “the sword of the Spirit,” “the shield of faith,” and “praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance.” These, only these invulnerable powers can enable us to stand in this evil day. So believeth

C. W. BANKS.

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### THE LATE DAVID BAKER.

It is with very deep feelings of grief that the friends meeting at Beulah Baptist Chapel, Farnborough, Kent, have to record the death of one of their most zealous, conscientious, and useful deacons, Mr. David Baker, of Down, Kent. Mr. Baker, who died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two years, was baptized nearly thirty years ago by Mr. Nicholls; he has been deacon for many years, also superintendent of the Sabbath-school. Although he was called on by His eternal Father to suffer many losses and trials in life, yet his life, character, and Christian walk was ever humble, trustful, and happy in his Redeemer's love.

After two years of lingering suffering, induced by a fit of paralysis, he silently passed away into new life on Monday, October 29, 1878; leaving to his wife and children a spotless, honourable, and useful career as a sweet memory of himself. Though a small light in a dark place, yet shall he now shine in the fulness of the glory above in the presence of his much-loved Redeemer.



## THE PULPIT—THE—PRESS—AND THE PEN.

## OUR NATIONAL CHURCH FAITHFULLY REVIEWED.

*Episcopacy, not Establishment, the Bane of the Church of England.* By a LAY MEMBER OF THE NATIONAL CHURCH. London: W. H. Guest.—Most of the friends of the Church of England readily admit the existence of disease of a more or less serious character in her system. Many are her physicians, and very various are their prescriptions. Some outsiders do not hesitate to say the leprosy is all over the house, and that it admits of no remedy, but must be wholly pulled down. Amongst the various ailments which are known and alleged by her friends to exist, but to admit of cure under careful treatment, are Formalism, Sacerdotalism, Exclusivism, Tractarianism, Ritualism, Rationalism, Puseyism, anti-Protestantism, Latitudinarianism, Episcopalianism, Clericalism, Anglicanism, &c. These are a few of her diseases among many. The pamphlet named above thinks "Episcopacy the bane of the Church of England," and evidently regards the bishops as a preventative of her health and usefulness. If the writer's suggestion that the bishops should be amputated were carried out, he would not wish to part with, or at any rate with much of, the money liberated thereby; for in his opinion, "the present endowment of the Church of England, if fairly divided, would not amount to much more than her need." This would be what some would call an equitable re-adjustment, the "lay member of the Church of England" amongst them, but it would scarcely be so viewed by the bishops, who would probably consider it one form of "robbing God," and would class it with English *levelling* or French *communism*. We as outsiders who have no interest in Church emoluments, and desire none, because we believe that Christ and not Mammon is the true endowment of all ministers and people, regard it simply as one doing to another *within the Church* what they would most zealously unite to prevent any other doing to either. They seem to see no wrong in one section confiscating for its own benefit what another section have enjoyed; but if any dissenter or dissenting body propose any disestablishment or disendowment, a strong outcry is at once raised, and they are designated sacrilegious depredators or called by some more degrading name. Beyond setting at liberty a considerable sum of money for distribution, and per-

haps removing a restraint from the designs of some Papists in disguise, the abolition of Episcopacy would be a very problematical benefit, and so many voluntary bishops would start up as would probably precipitate the very internal dissensions which would cause the Church to fall to pieces, as hinted at by the author of this pamphlet on page 7. If a consultation could be held amongst the Church's numerous friendly physicians as to the disease "Episcopacy," we are disposed to believe that by far the largest number would vote that "Episcopacy" is no disease or bane at all; but, on the contrary, is an element indispensable to the Church's well being, the removal of which would be productive of immediate or early dissolution. The tendency at present is far rather to the creation of more bishops, and the endowment of more sees, than to the reduction of the numbers; and on this subject the Anglican and the Roman Church seem to be quite at one, and appear to approximate not only in views and objects, but also! in modes of carrying them out. We cannot but think the "Lay Member of the National Church" one of a very small minority in the Church, and one whose voice will scarcely be heard at all, or if heard will only be noticed to be consigned to oblivion, and his pamphlet deposited in the waste basket. A National Episcopal Church is undoubtedly a mighty engine of power in the hands of those who know how to use it; it serves not only for Ecclesiastical domination, but also for political influence, and general oversight and knowledge of the state of feeling in the country, by which those who are at the head of affairs of State may diffuse an influence, or check the diffusion of what is disagreeable to them in a manner in which it can be done through no other medium. As a political machine, the Church Hierarchy, as at present constituted, is invaluable to any Government, and laymen may inveigh as they please against abuses and improper applications of clerical authority and influence, but in the long run they will find that the *political* standing of the Church is a firmer one than its *religious*; that its relation to *secular* authority is closer than it is to *spiritual* grace; and that its establishment on the solid basis of Mammon will enable it to soar above, and live beyond, the power of any Scriptural arguments as to the kingdom

of Christ not being of this world. All arguments founded on, or deducible from, Divine revelation are of little force when employed against a gold-sustained Church, and they who seek, or profess to expect to find, spiritual religion in the Church of England as at present constituted and ruled, seek it in an alliance in which it never did flourish, and never in the nature of things can. There may be an abundance of the appearance of vitality and prosperity, but when closely examined, such appearance will be found to be the result of human influence and oversight diligently exercised by those whose pecuniary interest is involved in the production of such results; without which their prospect of advancement and advantage would be seriously diminished. Such sordid notions would no doubt be indignantly repudiated by the bulk of the clergy; still those who, like ourselves, have observed the changes of the last fifty years in their avowed sentiments and acts of conformity, and in their readiness of self-adaptation to newly introduced observances, cannot come to any other conclusion than that if principle, and not emolument, had regulated their decisions, they must have separated from a communion in which the elasticity of the consciences of its adherents have been so sorely and diversely tried. The Church of England will, whatever its inconsistencies may be, no doubt continue to maintain its position as a political organisation, and an ecclesiastical Hierarchy so long as it can retain its emoluments, but as a defender of spiritual truth, and as a consistent adherent of its original Protestant principles, it has long ago died out, and they who seek truth in England must turn their attention to other quarters than the Church as by law established.

"If We Could Think More of Christ and Less of the Church." Dr. GROSART'S work, now publishing by Hodder & Stoughton (*Representative Nonconformists*), contains excellent lessons for all who are called to the sacred work of "curing souls." The attitude of the Church of England toward Nonconformists is sharply reviewed. The author says: "It moves to pity all round to find this exclusive and excluding 'clergy'—as we come in contact with them—largely by the thousand under-educated, and especially unfurnished theologically, and many habitually trafficking in sermons from January to January that are not their own. Arrogance anywhere is bad, but it is double-dyed bad when, by thousands

the men who claim to be 'priests' show no signs of Divine recognition that Nonconformists do not show. The Church of England is a venerable section of the (professing) Church of Christ. But she is only a 'little sister' in comparison with the vast aggregate of evangelical Nonconformity in England, and her colonies, and Christendom. Emphatically the Church of England, I must solemnly reiterate, has been in the past, and is to-day, by a hundred proofs, guilty of schism in her attitude towards Nonconformity. The National Church sectarianises and provincialises herself when she unchurches those whom God has churchied, and holds aloof from those whom Christ has made part of His own body. The serene assumption that she is 'The Church,' and that refusal to believe in either her or Episcopacy is 'division,' &c., is not less unhistorical than it is ludicrous; is no less an impertinence than a wrong. It is a pain to me to say these things; but in the face of superciliousness and denial that Nonconformists are 'ministers of religion,' I dare not be silent!" We have noticed for many years with what contempt the clergy look down upon almost all other ministers of Christ; but "double-dyed arrogance" is not confined to the clergy by any means. That extremely exclusive section of the Baptists, who, under monetary and the monthly-magazine patronage and pay, dignify themselves with the conceit that they are about the only sound and savoury priests and people in the world, they pour the direst sneers and most unjust anathemas upon their less recognised fellows; while to every unprejudiced mind, it is patent enough that, with some excellent exceptions, they are the most ignorant, the most impudent, the most shallow-minded, and the weakest in pulpit powers of any race of men who dare to enter into an office so sublime, and having for its end the espousing of souls unto Christ. In all parts of this kingdom such exposures of their conduct are we compelled to become acquainted with, as to fill us with disgust and shame. The young students from colleges, and the chiefs of the pre-existarian, are equally guilty. Dr. Grosart might have extended his reviews, but such researches are not worth pen, ink, and paper. Truly sanctified ministers of the Gospel will be more concerned for the supremacy of CHRIST, for the eternal safety of immortal souls, and for the manifestation of the purity of their motive than for all the petty patronage or partisanships in the world. "Deep is the sea, and deep is hell, but pride

mineth deeper. Pride is a double-traitor, and betrayeth itself to entrap thee. See thou, O man, that thine arm reacheth unto higher than thyself. From the palaces of heaven hath pride cast down its millions."

"*Trust Ye in the Lord.*" A sermon by Mr. BATTERSBY, of Sheffield: might have been preached by any dissenting minister of truth for anything there is in it except the statement in the title that it is by the Rev. J. Battersby, and was preached at "Verulam District Church, Lambeth." We name this because Church ministers, as a rule (even when they preach the truth), take care to make known by some allusion to their "Holy Church," or their "Thirty-nine Articles," or some "pious and apostolic bishop," that they do not wish to be confounded with the ordinary run of unconsecrated preachers who are unendowed with episcopal ordination. Mr. Battersby is one of very few evangelical Protestants who remain in the Church of England, and who, apart from their own incumbencies, find its pulpits closed, or rapidly closing, against them, and have to seek a receptacle for their hated Calvinism where they can, and so far as hearers are concerned, they find it much more amongst Dissenters than Churchmen. Mr. Battersby's sermons are very truthful, simple, and instructive. He rather brings corroborative matter to his text, than draws forth hidden matter out of it; and his discourses are, therefore, rather to be called wide than deep. His definitions are Scriptural and pleasing. His outlines are well and distinctly drawn, and his arguments for truth irrefragable. Such men of God must always make their mark wherever found; but it must often raise in their minds perplexing inquiries as to their future when they feel themselves to be classified with the incongruous throng who all alike profess to be moved by the Holy Ghost as teachers in the Church of England. Alas, consistency! where is thy blush?—W. O.

*A Practical Lesson for all who Love the Saviour.*—Thomas Cooper, the lecturer, says, in his new book:—"Fifty years ago, while bending over the last and wield-*ing the awl*, I taught myself the elements of Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and French. I have time now to look into a Greek classic, but I read my Greek Testament every morning of my life, unless I have to travel very early; and I *always read sweet John first; he brings the Saviour so near to me, that I must converse with him first.*" That is a testimony of excellence and preciousness. Let us all do the same. No one ever wrote more bless-

edly of Christ than did John. His heart was opened to receive, to remember, to record the Saviour's teaching more than any other. John expounded, too, that saving power which Peter calls "like precious faith;" or, as it is rendered, "valuable faith," faith worth a great price, and faith which cost a great price. We are anxious to ascertain the exact articles of Thomas Cooper's faith; seeing he was a leader in the infidel schools, is now a lecturer and author of much eminence in the Christian schools, it seems desirable to know what line his faith follows. We will report if we can obtain it.

*Modern Thought: the Outcome of Infidelity.* By PHILIP JONES. A small pamphlet, price only 1d., emanating from the office of R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. It is utterly impossible to find language to extol too highly this *multum in parvo*, but incomparable testimony against the modern innovations upon the territory of the grand and vital truths of Christianity, and which awful innovations, concocted by the union of Satanic agency with human credulity and flesh-pleasing carnality, do now over-spread what is called Christendom. We hope this little pamphlet will have, as it deserves, a world-wide circulation; and let every earnest child of God use the prayer of David, "O send out Thy light and Thy truth; let them lead me; let them bring me unto Thy holy hill, and to Thy tabernacles."

*Green Leaves for March* gives a few edifying lines from one of John Inward's sermons. *Green Leaves* would be of more sterling worth if, occasionally, they gave us an entire discourse out of our big brother John's first-class series.

*The Harmony of Scripture.* Collated by THOS. FEARNLEY, published by W. Poole, 12a, Paternoster-row, will help students who stick to Bible principles.

#### RESTING IN JESUS.

JESUS, Thou lovely God, to Thee  
My soul in her distress would cling;  
Safety there is, and peace for me,  
Under the shadow of Thy wing.  
Faith may decrease, and joys decline,  
But everlasting love is mine.

'Tis morning now; shall eventide  
Bring me my doubtings back again?  
No, Jesus, at Thy bleeding side  
I am determined to remain.  
Hiding me there, I cannot die,  
The Strength of Israel will not lie.

Hold up my goings in Thy way:  
Preserve me from the pleasant snare,  
Lest amidst earth's bright flowers I stray,  
Or murmur at the cross I bear.  
Forgetful of the thorn-crowned brow  
Of Him in whom I glory now.

Great Baddow, Essex. MARY ANN CHAPLIN.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## BRIGHTON BAPTIST MISSION HALL.

ANOTHER YOUNG HEBREW CONVERTED TO THE FAITH OF CHRIST—HIS WANDERINGS IN AMERICA, IN GERMANY, IN ENGLAND, WITH INTENSE SUFFERINGS—TEMPTED TO SUICIDE—LED TO HEAR, TO RECEIVE, TO REJOICE IN CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD.

Our correspondent, Mr. George Virgo, says:—

Thursday evening, April 3, a baptismal service was held, when the elder, Mr. T. Boxell, after preaching from Acts ii. 32, led four candidates through the ordinance (three males, one female), making a total of twenty-four baptized since the opening of the hall, last May. May not we say, "What hath God wrought?" "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad!" One of the candidates is a descendant of the Lord's ancient people, a young Hebrew brother, twenty-four years of age, a native of Poland, descending from the tribe of Levi. His parents were strictly pious Jews; he, the youngest son of a large family, was much cared for, and very strictly taught in the Jewish faith, to hold fast, to believe in the law of Moses as well as the teachings of the Rabbis, their only ground, or hope, of salvation.

In consequence of a long and severe affliction of his father's, Leopold was obliged to leave his home at the close of his apprenticeship, and went to join an elder brother in America. Business failing, he wandered for some two years through some of the principal towns and cities selling wares, and was successful in saving 250 dollars. During this period his mind became deeply concerned in the matter of his acceptance and justification before a holy God, feeling and knowing he was constantly breaking that law by which alone he could expect to be justified.

Hearing that his father was in a dying state, he returned home to Poland in time to receive a father's blessing and follow him to the grave. Soon after this, a demand being made on the young men of Poland to join the army, our young friend resolved, rather than be a soldier, to leave his home and his native land. This he did, travelling through Germany, suffering oftentimes much privation and many sorrows. At last he found himself on English soil at Hull. Here he hoped to have found some employment. Failing to do so, he made his way to London; again he was disappointed, it being the commencement of the winter. Occasionally he received relief from some of the Jews. Being disquieted and anxious in his mind, he wandered on to Portsmouth, only again to meet with disappointment, with increased distress, and destitution. Worn out with fatigue, and without the means of procuring a night's lodging, he had to walk the streets all night. His simple yet earnest prayer was "Oh, God

of Abraham! I am very low, do help me!" Still finding no rest, no peace, he reached Brighton, February 1st, 1879, quite destitute. The little clothing he had upon him hung in tatters. Here he sought to get employment, remained for a few days, but finding that no man gave unto him, he resolved to destroy himself. The thought of his soul and remembering his mother prevented him from doing so.

One morning he started to leave the town, had got some little distance out, when a heavy rain came on; he felt he must return and wait until the next day. The next day he started again; ere he had proceeded far something seemed to say to him: "Return!" He was constrained to do so, hoping there was help for him yet.

Our young friend Leopold, in his wanderings about the town, passed the Baptist Mission Hall twice while there was a service going on; but, to use his own words, he felt afraid to enter. One day he went to the spot again, read the notice-board; finding there was to be a service that evening, he resolved to pluck up courage and go in, asking the Lord, at the same time, that if the Christian religion was really true, He would make him see it.

Our brother, the missionary, was just then preparing for the service, and having listened to a part of his sorrowful tale, invited Leopold to stay to the service. He did; after the service a little help was given him for present need, with an invitation to come again the next evening. Then the prayers of the brethren, offered in the name of Christ, as well as the word spoken, made such an impression that, on leaving the hall, he said, "I am a Christian, and I will henceforth pray for Jesus Christ's sake."

Suffice it to say, he was soon decently clad, through the kindness and benevolence of some of our brethren and sisters, who also undertook to instruct him in the way of the Lord more perfectly. Our young Hebrew brother received the truth as it is in Jesus, in the love of it, expressed an earnest desire to be baptized in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. He made a good confession before many witnesses, passed through the ordinance on Thursday evening last with much evident delight in his own soul; for he had found Him of whom "Moses and the prophets did write—Jesus of Nazareth!"

As he was about to go down into the water, he turned to the audience and said: "Dear friends, I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and the true Messiah; that He died for my sins."

We would add, a comfortable home and employment has been found for him. We are hopeful, and believe that he will prove a faithful witness for Jesus Christ. G. V.

SHEFFIELD.—We are glad to learn that Canon Blackley has presented to Mr. Battersby the living of St. James', Sheffield.

## THE BIBLE AND ITS BLESSED FRUITS.

**EBENEZER**, Waltham Abbey. Lord's-day, April 13, the fifty-fifth anniversary was commemorated. Sermons were preached on the occasion by Mr. Edward Casey (who is a member of this Church), which were profitably received. On following day Mr. John Kingston discoursed very encouragingly on the love of Christ. An excellent tea reflected great credit on those Christian sisters who managed it. A public meeting was held. We hope shortly a new building will be erected, as the work of the Lord is steadily prospering in this part of His vineyard. Mr. W. Winters baptized four believers in March; others are waiting. Mr. G. H. Wild opened evening meeting with prayer; Mr. W. Cottis (senior), Mr. Kingston, Mr. Casey, and Mr. Alfrey gave suitable addresses. Mr. W. Winters, the pastor, presided, presenting some interesting notices of the holy writers of the Bible; the diversity of their spiritual and mental gifts, in his (the speaker's) view, added considerable weight in proof of the originality of the Book, not merely as a literary relic, but as an inspired production, the very *Logos* of God; and which, by the Holy Spirit, is adapted to suit all cases and conditions of society needing sympathy and lasting good. All the godly works of uninspired authors that have been of real service to the individual Christian and to the Church of God entire, have originated from Holy Scriptures like so many myriad streamlets issuing from one main fountain head. Most Christian readers who have not contented themselves with simply scanning the current news of the day, have found immense advantage in studying, in conjunction with the Holy Bible, the finest productions of the best of evangelical authors. Who has not read with Dr. Angus the subtil semi-religious work of Robt. Parsons, a Jesuit, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, which ingenious production failed in its original form to render any spiritual or moral good to any person until some years later it was thoroughly divested of its Roman Catholicism by a Protestant writer, and a copy of it fell into the hands of a pedlar, who left it at the house of the father of the celebrated Richard Baxter, curate of Kidderminster, and who wrote more than many divinity students now read? This book eventually was the means of the conversion of Mr. Baxter. How apropos the words of Cowper!

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants His footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."

Dr. Philip Doddridge, a famous Nonconformist minister of the last century, wrote a small work called "The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul," copies of which may be found in great abundance on the book-stalls of London. A copy of this work was deposited in the travelling trunk of the eminent philanthropist, William Wilberforce, father of the late Bishop of Winchester; and God blessed the reading of it to his salvation. Wilberforce wrote a work shortly after,

entitled "A Practical View of Christianity." An old lady obtained a copy, and so much liked it, that she sent it to her nephew at Cambridge, begging him to read it and give her his opinion upon it. This task he did not like, although he was desirous to please the old lady; and to evade the labour he sent it to a fellow-collegian, a young clergyman, to read and report the circumstance and results to the old lady. This task proved of the greatest blessing to the young man, and he is known this young man was Legh Richmond, the author of "The Annals of the Poor," which work has been of immense value to many souls. In the author's lifetime it is said that more than fifty persons owned their conversion to that work. And who can tell the number that have received spiritual light in reading works of Bunyan, Owen, Toplady, Manton, Goodwin, Gill, Chalmers, Charnock, Hawker, Watts, and a host of others of a later date? But what is the number of those who have received everlasting salvation by the pure Word of God? It is a number which no man can number. If the Bible had a margin wide enough, what a host of mighty names might be annexed to nearly every verse in the wondrous Book! We should see the name of the Ethiopian eunuch on the margin of Isaiah liii., and far beneath his the noble signature of the once polite infidel, but afterwards worthy Christian, the Earl of Rochester. God's Word has been the support of dying Christians in all ages. The immortal Locke said to Lady Marsham, while she was engaged in reading the Psalms to him, "Cease now!" and died. "Come, Lord Jesus," said Burkett, and breathed his last; and Bishop Bull said "Amen," and died immediately. Others less eminent in the theological and polemical world, have given equal testimony of their appreciation of the Word of God ere they have reached the land of many mansions.

It is pleasing to see the pastor of this little Church so well supported by brethren in the ministry; few Churches in the country have in their midst more excellent brethren than Mr. Casey and Mr. Kingston. We wish them and the Church here lasting prosperity.

**NORWICH.**—At Orford-hill, on Easter Monday, tea and friendly gatherings were enjoyed, in order to give our new pastor and his excellent wife—Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Palmer—a hearty welcome. We were refreshed by the well-supplied provision; prayer was heartily and honestly offered up. Singing cheered us. Biblical, fraternal, experimental, and practical discourses were furnished by the very venerable brother Brand, of Bungay—quite a father among us; also by the beloved Pooke, Musket, Kempster, Hupton, Hosken, Field, and Howell. Could we give you all the dissertations, they would fill a volume; but good seed was sown. Now we hope our new harvestman and his helpers will bring us many "handfulls of purpose," for some in Norwich are (spiritually) sad and poor.

### THE FRUITS OF FAITH AND FELLOWSHIP.

Anniversary of Sick Visiting Society connected with Little Alie-street chapel, White-chapel, was celebrated Thursday, April 16. Public meeting was presided over by the esteemed pastor, Mr. C. Masterson. Brethren J. S. Anderson, J. Box, and W. Archer came to help us, and also our venerable brother and late pastor Mr. P. Dickerson, who is still able, although at the advanced age of nearly eighty-five years, to proclaim those glorious truths which, by the aid of the Holy Spirit, he has faithfully maintained for so many years. Brother W. Archer besought the Lord's blessing. The chairman said they had met to celebrate the sixty-second anniversary of the society, which was formed for the relief of poor persons in time of sickness and distress. The society had been the means in the Lord's hand of affording spiritual instruction and consolation to many of the Lord's poor and afflicted ones. In their work they sought to follow in the footsteps of Him who went about doing good. The religion of Jesus consisted not only in loving words, but also in living deeds.

The secretary read the report of the past year's labours of the committee, recounting the Lord's gracious dealings in blessing the work spoken by the visitors from time to time. It also showed that eighty-one cases had been attended to, that £32 8s. had been expended, leaving a small balance in hands of treasurer. The society has lost by death two of its members (one, our brother Bull, had been connected with us for many years); but our loss is their eternal gain.

Mr. P. Dickerson, in moving adoption of report, touched very feelingly on the removal of our brethren by death, and said that they were heartily in league with them in their blessed and glorious work. He also spoke many words of sympathy with the society and encouragement to the brethren whose duty it was to visit the sick, recommending them to constant prayer and dependence on the Lord, who has promised grace sufficient in every time of need. He heartily moved the adoption of the report, and recommended the society as worthy of their cordial support.

Mr. Anderson, in seconding, said he heartily did so; they need not be ashamed of it, go where it would; he was glad to be present and to see such a goodly gathering. The society was a very interesting one, it was so like the Divine Master, who was the source of all that was good and great, and who was worthy of our affections and the consecration of our time: "though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that we through His poverty might be made rich." Referring to our deceased brethren, he said their character and influence still lives; they had gone to join the choir above where every true worshipper of God must eventually go. Much more did our brother bring forth by way of encouragement to the brethren to continue their labours by prayer and supplication, and in humble dependence on the Divine help.

Brother J. Box said it was an excellent

thing when the Church of God in its individual members manifested a spirit of sympathy with the sufferings of others; mercy supposes sympathy. The work of this society was calculated to move the deepest sympathy of our hearts; this was a kind of institution that shews the world that we are not merely moral; if distress and suffering move the sympathy of the world, much more the people of God. He exhorted them to cast all their care on the Lord who careth for us. Those who were engaged in God's service often felt that energy failed, feeling becomes dead, there is a lack of heartiness in the work; this gives us anxiety, but we are not left to ourselves to work at our own charges; the Church's Redeemer cares for His people. God has given us a work to perform. They often did not know what to say even when they arrived at the door of the sick-room; but frequently found that freedom in the work that often surprised them; there was an anxiety to know the result of their labours, but they were to commit that care to God, who would drop the unction of His Spirit upon them and enable them to speak a word in season to the afflicted, and bless that word when spoken.

Thus closed a meeting long to be remembered. May God add His blessing for His name's sake.  
S. J. W.

WELLINGBOROUGH.—Good Friday, C. W. Banks paid us a visit to proclaim salvation through faith in Jesus' name. There was a nice gathering in the afternoon to hear the Word. Over 100 took tea, which was given by the ladies. Many thanks to them for their continued kindness. In the evening there was a good company to hear the Word of Life. We do not remember ever hearing brother Banks so well, and so said the friends. We hope, if life be spared, to see and hear him again. C. W. B., like many other ministers and believers, has to press forward through evil report and good, as did the great Head of the Church, the prophets and apostles before us. Some can lay claim to that saying of the Friend of sinners: "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you, and when they shall separate you from their company, and shall reproach you, and cast out your name as evil, for the Son of Man's sake." The total proceeds of the day was £8 4s., our heavenly Father again proving Himself Jehovah-Jireh, and so confirmed His Word and name, and honoured the faith and supplication of His people.—Yours in Jesus, W. H. LEE, Zoar chapel, Knox-road, Wellingborough.

WALTHAMSTOW.—ZION CHAPEL, Maynard-road. It is encouraging to observe that the Lord is still adding to this Church. On Sunday, March 23, two candidates for Church fellowship were baptized by Mr. Griffiths, at Hope chapel, Bethnal-green (with others from his own congregation), for the Church at Walthamstow, which does not at present possess a pool of its own. An excellent discourse had previously been delivered by Mr. Griffiths, from "See here is water; what doth hinder me to be baptized?"

## A VISIT TO AMERICA.

By T. G. C. ARMSTRONG.

*(Continued from page 128.)*

Of the various places in the American continent I visited, in none of them did I feel so much at home as at Boston. This was owing partly to the fact that I met with those whom I had known in the old country, and partly from the old world characteristics of the city itself; for traversing its streets teeming with life and filled with bustle and excitement, one is insensibly reminded of those sights and scenes with which a long acquaintance with England's metropolis has made one familiar. The very soil is rich with historic associations.

Not very far away, at Plymouth Rock, the old weather-beaten *Mayflower*, after her long and perilous voyage, came to her moorings and landed her precious living freight of thinking men and women, who for conscience sake had forsaken home and friends, every one of them for love of God, and truth, and liberty, expatriating themselves, and braving the ten thousand dangers which a journey across the Atlantic then entailed, and ready to face the unknown perils and the certain discomforts which awaited them in the land of their adoption. We think of brave Miles Standish and the gentle John Alden, and the fair Priscilla, and the little group of worthies whose names are emblazoned on history's page.

Sailing across the bay now crowded with shipping from all parts of the habitable globe, we pass close by Fort Independence (which was thrown up in an incredibly short space of time, and from which, we believe, was fired the first shot in the war for independence), and landing on Nautasket Beach, we clamber to the top of one of the rocks and have a picnic to ourselves (a little party of four or five), consisting of sandwiches, and cakes, and Bartlett pears and luscious peaches. Watching the mighty waves, with their long broad sweep, as they come rolling in, we think if the earth were only flat, and our vision keen enough, we might gaze upon the white cliffs of the land we call "our own."

We drove over to the Navy Yard, paying our respects to Uncle Sam as we entered (who was here represented by a solitary soldier, who acted as sentry), and visited the various "shops" and examined the machinery, my acquaintance with the uses of which was unfortunately very limited. There are still in the stocks the hulls of the *Pennsylvania* and one or two other wooden ships, which, commenced many years ago, are never likely to see completion, and which, doubtless, but for "red tapeism," which prevails there as well as here, would long ago have been broken up for firewood.

At Cambridge (now one of the suburbs of Boston) stands the house where General Washington made his head-quarters, and in which now resides one of America's greatest poets, H. W. Longfellow. Nearer still, on the spot where the British troops were defeated, stands Bunker's Hill monument,

commemorating the struggle which determined the independence of the Americans.

Bostonians are justly proud of their city, which is the foremost in New England, and is designated by them the Hub of the Universe. Its public buildings are very fine, notably the State House, with its gilded cupola looking from a distance and in the sunshine like a mass of burnished gold. The Art Gallery is a handsome building, as is also the Free Library, both of which I found were open on Sundays, while the majority of churches (of which there are over 200) were closed for the summer vacation. At "Old South," as it is affectionately called, one of the most ancient of city churches, I found the telephone was being exhibited, the congregation having removed to a new edifice recently erected in a more advantageous position. The most popular preacher, I suppose, is Dr. A. H. H. Murray, who is not only pastor of a large church and edits a weekly magazine, but also superintends a farm of considerable extent some sixty miles away, and is considered the best judge of horses in the State! He proposes raising a vast building capable of accommodating some thousands of worshippers, the cost of which shall be defrayed by contributions from each State in the Union, and the management to be in the hands of a committee composed of delegates from each State! He evidently would not agree with Mr. C. H. Spurgeon in his opinion of committees, who, if I remember rightly, once said, the only committee he had any faith in was a committee of one, and that one, himself!

Professor Lorimer stands first in the ranks of Baptist worthies, and has a large congregation—Tremont Temple, where he preaches, being generally crowded with from two to three thousand people. Here Joseph Cook delivers his celebrated Monday lectures, which have a large circulation in our own country, but are, perhaps, too rhapsodical for the majority of sermon readers.

The Massachusetts Charitable Mechanics' Exhibition was being held while I was there, and was on rather a grand scale, and considering the exhibitors were confined to one State, was a very creditable affair. I was somewhat interested in the lighting up of the building, which was by lime-light, two or three different systems being in use at the same time. The Americans are far ahead of us in the use of machinery for the lessening of labour and the saving of time; and as the cost of obtaining a patent is considerably less than with us, a man with an inventive mind will find plenty of scope for the exercise of his ingenuity.

As I visited the houses of living friends, so I also visited the resting place of kindred I had never known, and who were sleeping that sleep from which the archangel's trump alone can waken. Forest-bills Cemetery, like Greenwood, at Brooklyn, whether for extent, or situation, or scenery, is unapproached by anything we have in England, Abney Park or Nunhead being nowhere in comparison. Among the graves

noticed a large number decorated with miniature stars and stripes, and on enquiry, I found a number of soldiers are told off every year, whose duty it is to visit the various cemeteries throughout the Union and to place these tiny flags on the graves of those who fell in the late civil war.

I could write at greater length about Boston and its surroundings, but respect for your space and my reader's patience forbids. Leaving there by rail, I journeyed to Providence, Rhode Island, where I found other friends whom I had not seen for many years.

Rhode Island is the smallest State in the Union, and, for its size, the wealthiest. Providence, its capital, was so named by Roger Williams, who settled here with his little band of true-hearted Baptists, when they were expelled from the community of the Pilgrim Fathers, because of their adherence to the New Testament in doctrine and in practice. It seems strange that men who had themselves suffered in the cause of liberty, and for the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience, should refuse that right to others. But, so true is it, that "the best of men are but men at the best."

The story runs, that on landing, they were met by some Indians, whose chief addressed them in the only English words he knew, "What cheer?" Welcomed by their dusky brethren, they laid the foundations of the township which, to-day, is the second city in New England, and upon whose public buildings are to be seen inscribed those words of greeting uttered nearly 250 years ago. Here is to be found the oldest Baptist Church in America, founded in 1638 by Roger Williams, and the building still bears his honoured name.

Sailing down Naragansett Bay, we landed at Rocky Point, and had a clam dinner in an enormous building capable of seating 1,500 people, and which I was told was often crowded four or five times a day during the season. I cannot say I enjoyed a "clam-bake," but as it was an American institution, and I wished to learn as much as possible of their manners and customs, I went through the ordeal as creditably as I could. Returning to Providence in the evening, I took the cars for Stonington, where the steamer was waiting to convey us to New York, the cheapest trip I ever made, being 190 miles for one dollar (4s. 2d.).

*(To be continued.)*

**BOROUGH.—TRINITY CHAPEL.** Half-yearly meeting in this noble house of God was Lord's-day, March 30, when Mr. Thomas Stringer and Mr. Cornwell delivered discourses full of Bible truth. On the following Tuesday Mr. W. Winters preached; after which a good company took tea, which one always considers is an excellent preface to a social evening's meeting. Mr. W. Howe presided over the evening meeting, which he commenced by reading Ps. lxxxv. and then called upon Mr. Rayment to pray. Mr. Howe introduced the subject for the evening in a few

words, which, on an occasion of that kind, was very good and thoughtful of him, seeing there were so many speakers on the platform to address the meeting; and we often wish other like moderators would take a lesson from Mr. Howe in this matter; and speakers are not always hameless in this particular; if they also would study each other in either not going over the whole ground of the evening's subject, or in not occupying double the time that is allotted to them, meetings would terminate more satisfactory to all present; as great men are not always wise, we presume a word to the wise is enough. Mr. C. W. Banks was first called upon to address the meeting, to which call he speedily responded, and gave a brief heart-stirring speech on the Saviour's fondness of His people, and His faithfulness to His promises, verified in His sublime utterance, "Lo! I am with you always," &c. Mr. C. Cornwell followed with some savoury words on Christ in the midst of the Churches expressed by John under nine different heads. Mr. R. A. Lawrence spoke very ably on the glorious Person seen by John and of His official garments; and was followed by Mr. Beazley on the effect of Christ's presence on John. Mr. Myerson treated of the God-head and purity of Christ—He being in the midst of the whole of the seven candlesticks. Mr. Elsey, Mr. Webb, and others took part in the service. Long live Thomas Stringer, and God speed his work, prays W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey. [We are anticipating (if we stay in this country so long) a grand meeting in July next, when (D.V.) Mr. Thomas Stringer will reach the ripe age of threescore-and-ten. That spirited and benevolent Christian, Mr. James Lee, of Bow, has commenced to raise a £100 testimonial to be then presented to our brother Thomas Stringer. We shall be glad to aid the effort by all means in our power.—ED.]

**SAXLINGHAM.**—Our Strict Baptist Church was born nearly eighty years ago. Small family. Our work of winning souls has not reared a great heap. We have been saved by hope many a time. Our pastor, E. Debnam, has been unwell. On Good Friday we had a good preacher—W. E. Palmer, from Norwich. We had no "three hours' agony," but we had good news of a great and gracious Saviour, and it came with such fragrance that it did us good. Mr. Palmer, the new Orford-hill pastor, delivered unto us two plain, wholesome, and understandable sermons. We hope he will be manifested as a star in the Redeemer's hand.

**ILFORD.**—It will pain many hearts to know our gifted and studious friend, Mr. Woodard, has been much afflicted again for some time past. Ilford people have not, for years, given a very hearty reception to the original, the genuine, the ONLY TRUE GOSPEL of Zion's salvation. We have "a little sister," however, in Ebenezer chapel, close to the railway station; of her future reviving and prosperity, our hopes are great.



**BERMONDSEY. — LYNTON - ROAD. —** Sixty-three years have rolled by since the late George Francis, with a band of earnest helpers, first started the "Society for the Relief of the Poor and Sick," in connection with the Church at Lynton-road. Easter Monday has for years been the red-letter day in the calendar of that Church for the celebration of its Poor Society's anniversary, and accordingly on Monday, 14th ult., the friends met for that purpose. Mr. McCure preached in the afternoon, from Zech. iii. 9; dispensed sweet music to his hearers: the sermon being followed by a good tea. In the evening a public meeting was held, under the presidency of Mr. James Lee, of Bow. On the platform were Messrs. Clarke, Cornwell, Meeres, Stringer, Webb, F. Wheeler, R. A. Lawrence (Pastor); and his Deacons, Stringer, Knott, Blackman, and Weston. After Mr. Wheeler had sought the Divine blessing, Mr. Knott (Secretary) read the annual report. From this it appeared that the society had been favoured with sixty-three years of uninterrupted prosperity; but at no period of its history was it better placed, in a monetary sense, than now. During its sixty-three years existence it had been favoured to distribute to the necessitous poor over £1,700, of which £44 had been given away in the past year. Their present financial position was attributed (under God) to the great kindness of their chairman, Mr. James Lee, whom the committee ventured to hope would kindly allow them to reckon as their regular chairman of this society. One earnest, active agent, whose kind offices at sick bedsides would not soon be forgotten by the poor, had been lost to the Society in the past year, by being called to enter her longed-for rest: but the work of the Lord still went on, and, as the report touchingly put it: "During the thrice-repeated winter through which we have passed, who can tell how much the loving heart of the great Head of the Church has been gladdened (if we might reverently say so) by the few pieces of coal put into an otherwise empty grate, and the two ounces of tea put into a cupboard, which, apart from your society's aid, would seldom be the holder of such a luxury?" The £44 given away in the past year had entailed an expense in printing, postage, public-meeting expenses, &c., of only £2; so that the committee of the society really deserve the appellation given them by the pastor of the Church, later in the evening—viz.: "A Board of Works with careful spenders." The committee reviewed their past with gratitude to God, their present position was most encouraging; and for their future, as banner-bearers in Israel, they set up their standard, and this was the motto inscribed upon it:—

"He that hath helped us hitherto,  
Will help us all our journey through,  
And give us daily cause to raise  
New Ebenezers to His praise."

The after part of the meeting was taken up by some excellent spiritual remarks on the subject of the "Good Samaritan," by the brethren Cornwell, Meeres, Clarke, Stringer, and Webb, while Mr. Lawrence brought up

the rear with a word or two on the moral of the parable, "Go and do thou likewise." The collections were good; the chairman in contributing £5, and promising an annual subscription of £10, made some remarks which evidently came direct from the heart, and in which he presented touching allusions to the Lord's great goodness to himself in providence; and the faces of several of the Lords' poor were seen to brighten while they listened to his speech. The children of the Sunday-school contributed by their pence the handsome sum of £1 16s. 0d. Some of the congregation (going out of town) had left their contributions before they started; and £16 was the net financial result of the meeting in favour of the Lord's poor. A nice tone of spirituality, pervaded by cheerfulness, seemed abroad in the place, and a really happy meeting was brought to a close shortly after nine.

#### ARE WE JUSTIFIED?

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—What causes exist in preventing larger additions of members into our Strict Baptist Churches is a subject worthy of discussion in the pages of your valuable VESSEL. I desire to refer to one cause which has been brought under my own notice for many years. It has occurred in some such example as the following:—

A young person, of whose piety and consistency of character there is no doubt, desires to become a member of a Christian Church. She is informed of the pathway—namely, an interview with the minister; the Church appointing two of its members to satisfy them of the suitability of the candidate for union with their body, and lastly, to appear before the whole Church to give a vocal testimony as to the experience in the Divine life. The last condition it is that supplies a barrier, for our friend is so diffident, and withal so afraid of a presumptuous spirit, as to cause her to decide on continuing an outsider rather than pass through an ordeal, to her mind, so severe.

Were candidates allowed to choose for themselves whether a *viva voce* experience or not should be granted, a sensible augmentation of members to our Churches would be a result; in the meantime it may be well to bear in mind that there is no other foundation for the existing practice of "confession" before an assembly of Church members, than what is supplied in the word expediency, and which too frequently terminates in Popedom.

Yours truly,

April 2, 1879.

M.

**WALTHAM ABBEY.**—Sunday evening, March 30, was a lovely season. Pastor W. Winters baptized several believers. The congregation crowded the place, and blessings were realised. We anticipate seeing a new chapel before long. I believe ground is purchased, and money for building is in hand; but all I know for certain is, the truthful Baptists in Waltham Abbey are growing, for which the Lord be praised.

### TESTIMONIAL MEETING AT HAYES TABERNACLE.

Monday, Feb. 24, J. Wild, Esq., generously arranged for services as a special aid to the Testimonial Fund. Mr. E. Forman preached a savoury discourse exhibiting the Author, exercise, trial, and end of faith. Friends from Colnbrook, Windsor, and adjacent places came. Coffee and tea were served in the cheerful schoolroom, arranged in good taste and order.

At public meeting Walter Howe, Esq., presided, and opened with an apt, lively, and forcible address, placing the object of the meeting before the assembly, with a business tact, Christian discrimination and brevity, worthy of emulation. The secretary gave a report, shewing amounts contributed by donations, and Churches which had given public meetings for the fund—expressing the view of the committee that the credit of the denomination, as well as their own, were involved in completing the fund.

Mr. Thomas Stringer gave a masterly address. Mr. William Webb followed. Mr. Forman in a kindly manner described how, upon being refused the assistance of a conscientious, but rather austere, minister of Christ, at the opening services of his chapel, he sought and obtained the help of a certain man, always ready to run and serve any cause in the furtherance of the Gospel, and to befriend anyone and everyone except himself. Mr. Forman deprecated that spirit which, under the self-deceptive pretence of being conscientious, separates ministers whom God acknowledges. Such jealousy is contrary to Christ and the Gospel, it raises barriers of prejudice, divides into parties Christians and ministers holding, living, practising, and preaching the same truths.

Mr. J. Wild in some homely and honest remarks stated that he wished to show his interest in the testimonial by calling together his friends to help it forward, and hoped the full amount would be obtained. He appreciated the friendly spirit shewn by Mr. Banks to the Churches; but still he thought he had been too prodigal of his own interests, which was wrong in any man.

The chairman next introduced the object of the gathering. The collection for the testimonial fund—from report he found one Church had raised £21, also that about £20 was then required to bring up the fund to £500; he should like Hayes tabernacles not to do less, but more, if possible, than other Churches.

The collection being made, Mrs. J. Wild, who had kindly and laudably taken great interest in the meeting, handed her card with amounts as follows: Mr. John Wild, £3 3s.; Mr. John Gregory, 10s.; Mr. Willis, 10s. 6d.; Mr. R. C. Bardens (the pastor), 10s.; Mr. Ambrose Griffith, £1 1s.; Mr. T. Rayner, £1 1s.; Mr. John Rayner and Sons, Colnbrook, £2 2s.; Mrs. H. Weekly, Colnbrook, £2 2s.; Mr. Humphreyson, 5s.; Mr. H. Hutt, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. R. Weekly, Colnbrook, £1 1s. These sums, with the day's contributions and a donation (the second) of £5 5s. by the esteemed chairman,

brought the total amount to £21 12s. 1d. On behalf of the committee, the secretary expressed his gratitude to Mr. John Wild for his kindness in promoting the meeting, to the chairman and friends for their great liberality. Mr. R. C. Bardens spoke a few words from Psa. ciii. 1: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me bless His holy name." With the benediction a good meeting was brought to a close, illustrating the Roman maxim, *spectemur agendo*.

N.B.—The committee solicited permission to append a note to this report. Grateful to numerous donors in being able to state the fund now exceeds £500. They are anxious to complete and close the fund early this summer. Towards the last £100 one friend guarantees £20, another £5, a third £10. To complete the £600 about £60 is wanted. Will a few friends send their promises to the secretary, JOHN BONNEY, 23, Gore-road, Victoria-park, London.

### A LONDON PARSON IN A SNOW-STORM.

Cottenham is a pleasant village, remote from the busy din of city life. It was our lot to pay a visit to the good folks of Ebenezer chapel on Easter Sunday. The previous evening was one long to be remembered by the poor suffering preacher for the occasion. Having arrived at Cambridge, through sleet and snow, we were delayed nearly an hour on our short journey to Oakington. When we arrived there, being strange to the locality, we ventured to ask a lad if he expected anyone by that train. Shivering with cold, he replied, "waiten far the paresun." We mounted, and with a steady pace waded through a fearful snowstorm, the like again may we long be preserved from. It appeared the longest ride we ever realised; as to the village itself, there seemed to be no end to it. At last we reached the house of a good hostess. On the Sabbath it was thought no one could be at chapel, the snow was so deep; but it gradually disappeared; we had large gatherings to speak to. Mr. Moore and Mr. Prime gave us a hearty welcome; we enjoyed ourselves well. The chapel affords excellent accommodation for six or seven hundred persons. There is also a nice Sunday-school. We rejoice the Church at Ebenezer is supplied by able men of truth. The Lord will, we trust, send them a pastor after His own heart. We wish the friends at Cottenham all the success that may be desirable for them that God thereby may have the glory.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

WHITESTONE.—March 24, an interesting lecture was delivered in our chapel, by Mr. W. H. Godwin, on "The Prodigal Son," with illustrations. A crowded audience showed their appreciation of the lecture. The collection was on behalf of our Sunday school. A vote of thanks was accorded to brother W. H. Godwin for his kind and gratuitous services.—J. BEDFORD, Pastor.

### SUNDAY SCHOOL MEETING AT CAMDEN TOWN.

Camden-town Lecture-hall witnessed, on March 5, the sixth annual distribution of prizes to, and recital of pieces by, scholars of Sunday-school. Chair was taken by pastor Evans, of Avenue chapel, supported by superintendent, Mr. J. C. Burrows, and Mr. J. Dawson, who is supplying the pulpit. After the devotional service,

The Chairman, in addressing the meeting, thought the time had gone by when an apology was needed for the existence of Sabbath-schools in connection with our Churches; it was now generally acknowledged to be a good work, and one which the Lord had owned with His blessing, to the strengthening of many sections of His one Church, to some of which the Sunday-school had proved to be the very bone and marrow of the cause; and one Church especially he had in his mind, whose pastor had round him two generations who had attended the Sabbath-school, the first having grown up and in the order of the Lord's dealings joined the Church, their children in turn taking their places in the school.

Mr. Evans then addressed the juveniles, and called upon them severally to recite their pieces. At the close of each piece the Chairman addressed a few kindly and appropriate words to the reciter, and presented them with a prize in the form of a good book.

After the young people had discharged the part allotted to them, a pleasing episode arose by a handsome stationery case being presented to the secretary of the school, Mr. P. Harrow, by the Chairman on behalf of the teachers and friends, as a token of their esteem for him and appreciation of his services, which was gratefully acknowledged by him.

A vote of thanks to the Chairman for presiding was proposed by superintendent, seconded by brother Freeman, unanimously carried. The last hymn was then sung, and a parting blessing implored by the Chairman, followed by the benediction.

This proved to be one of the most successful meetings of the kind we have had, and by the large number of friends present, their appreciative attention throughout the proceedings, and their kind liberality in making a good collection, evinced the fact that the labourers in the school were not wanting for sympathy and support, for the manifestation of which we were truly grateful.

Many of the pieces recited had a deep meaning, which no soul can realise the truth of unless quickened into newness of life by the effectual working of God the Holy Spirit; but in endeavouring to bring up the young in "the fear and admonition of the Lord," what can we do better than teach them by the Word what He is to His people; what He does for them in bringing them out of nature's darkness into His marvellous light; and endeavouring to point their young minds to Him who graciously said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," prayerfully leaving the result of our planting

and watering in the hands of Him who alone can follow our labours with His blessing and increase.

ASHFORD, KENT.—Good Friday, April 11, annual services at Beulah chapel, Hythe-road, Ashford. Our brother F. Hancock preached a Gospel discourse founded on Paul's exhortation, "Stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage." Our brother showed of what this liberty consisted, to whom it belonged, how the subjects thereof were brought into it, what they had a liberty to, and what they had not a liberty to. Brother Denmee preached afternoon and evening on Deut. xviii. 15: "The Lord thy God will raise up unto thee a Prophet from the midst of thee, of thy brethren like unto me: unto him ye shall hearken." He showed that here the purposes of God concerning the salvation of His people were expressed. In raising up this prophet, the prophetic office of Christ foretold, the relation shown between the Prophet and His people, "of thy brethren," which was a glorious truth to Heaven-horn souls. Jehovah's Fellow, yet becoming man's Brother; a teacher who is God, a sympathiser who is man. Their Brother before time, set up in the council and purposes of Jehovah. Their Brother in time, "God manifest in the flesh," not taking upon Him the nature of angels, but the seed of Abraham, as it behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren, thus truly being "a Brother born for adversity." Their Brother now in glory, who ever liveth to show His sympathy toward His brethren sojourning in Kedar's tents. The likeness between Christ and Moses—As a deliverer, as a leader, as a mediator, as an intercessor. The command given, "Unto Him ye shall hearken," showing that all must give place to Christ. The law and prophecies find their fulfilment here, as was shown on the Mount by Moses and Elias. So with the believer it must be Jesus only. A good tea was served by Mrs. Hancock, her daughter, and Mrs. Reed. We enjoyed their kindness much. To our Triune God be all the praise.—A  
LITTLE ONE IN ZION.

NORTH WALES.—"Mute Mentality" bath once more left his busy mill, and wandered into the mountainous scenery of the Northern shores of Wales. He looked into the new Baptist chapel in Bangor; there were seven select worshippers. He wondered what the parson and people were dreaming of. At Rhyll, he sought out a Baptist chapel; there the platform orator cries out, "Jump into the arms of JESUS, and you are safe!" He then came out, saying, "Oh, Sir, what must God think of this preaching? It is all man's work! He can do everything. God the Father's purpose before time, God the Son's particular redemption in the fulness of time, God the Holy Ghost's regenerating and revealing grace in the souls of the elect, all these are kept in the background!" Sir, said a visitor, "Error is a hardy plant; it flourisheth in every soil:" but "he is a bold,

bad man who dares to tamper with the dead. The heat of an excited intellect may kindle dry leaves. Beware of *seeming* truths, that grow on the roots of error. The apples that spring from the Dead Sea's cursed shore are comely to look upon, but within they are dust and ashes. The hand that plucketh them shall rue it!" We murmured over this sort of preaching while halving our tea; and our landlady, a Welsh Calvinist, cried out, "Ah! it is that mighty man Spurgeon who sends us these "*Jump-into-Jesus men!*" "Well!" said "Mute Mentality," "C. H. Spurgeon himself is not of that kind! Here are his own words, 'General redemption leaves tens of thousands to perish. All the general redemptions that were ever preached are of no use to any man. I loved to preach the free-grace of God years ago; it grows dearer to me every hour. Saints may have a little tinge of Arminianism when health and strength make them self-confident; but when their strength faileth them, they will find the Calvinistic doctrines of grace only can comfort them. Grace! grace! nothing but grace can bring them to their journey's end!'" "O, if that be Spurgeon," said the old lady, "I wish his student-boys were like him."

#### HAYES TABERNACLE.

Our tenth anniversary of opening this place of worship was celebrated April 8, 1879. The sermon was preached by Mr. Warren, late of Cottenham, now of Colnbrook. Over a refreshing cup of tea we had pleasant fellowship. Charles Wilson, Esq., presided at public meeting in his accustomed cheerful and practical manner. Mr. Waters, of Colnbrook, pleaded for a blessing on the meeting. E. Beazley was genial and savoury on showing how the Lord helped His people. T. Stringer, on the words, "the seed shall be prosperous," was, we thought, like Lucian, the elegant Greek writer, who lived in the second century, and of whom his biographer saith, "his works are remarkable for their wit." Lucian, however, was no friend to the Christian faith; but our brother Thomas Stringer doth at all times contend earnestly for the truth as in Jesus it is revealed. We had some wholesome words from Mr. Warren on the Divinity, personality, and vital power of the Holy Ghost. Mr. Warren's evening address was well received, it came evidently from a mind well-balanced on the great principles and practical evidences of true Christianity. "Our well-beloved Gaius," alias J. Griffith, is always good. His motto, "My people shall never be ashamed," was pleasantly proclaimed. R. C. Bardens, who has been eight years pastor of the Church in Hayes tabernacle, looks as healthy and speaks as happily as ever he did. C. W. Banks briefly reviewed the years which have passed away, and made us think of some of Christ's ministers who have also gone from this lower world. The proclamation to be made to the Gentiles, as found in Joel, concerning the plough-shares being turned into swords, was referred to. God did once give His

Church a race of plough-share men who opened up the deep things of God; but now the world is so filled with idols and errors that the Lord calleth for sword-men who can fight the good fight of faith without fear. Such proclamations, however, in these laudanum and sleepy days are not very welcome; nevertheless, the cowards and the custard-makers may some day be made to know that while Christ will have some Peters to feed the sheep and the lambs, He also requireth daring and dauntless Pauls who, with the sword of the Spirit, will boldly lift up a standard against every foe. We all did wish the pastor, the deacons, the people, and the schools at Hayes tabernacle continued, increasing, God-given success.

CAMBRIDGE.—The venerable Peter Harris, of Cambridge, entered into eternal rest on March 15, 1879, in his 77th year. He was formerly pastor of the Baptist Church at Wymondham, and of Stapleford; for the last few years he supplied vacant pulpits. His ministry was simple and experimental, dwelling most upon those things he had himself handled and tasted of the Word of life. His end was rather sudden; he preached the Sabbath previous to his death at Potten. He was happy while fording the Jordan, anticipating his heavenly rest, and encouraging his afflicted partner to look up to and trust in Him who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and a Judge of the widow. Death hath passed upon all men, but in the case of our departed brother and friend, may we not say with the writer of the following lines?—

"Oh, call it not death,—it is life begun,  
For the waters are passed, the home is won;  
The ransomed spirit hath reached the shore  
Where they weep and suffer and sin no more.  
He is safe in his Father's house above,  
In the place prepared by his Saviour's love:  
To depart from a world of sin and strife,  
And to be with Jesus—yes, this is life."

[Mr. P. Harris was one whom we greatly esteemed. We have travelled and preached with him in years gone by. All the country over we are losing our friends. Jesus only is ever the same.—Ed.]

GRAYS, ESSEX.—Monday, April 14, two sermons were preached, that in the morning by Mr. W. Archer, in the afternoon by I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P. Tea; public meeting in the evening, I. C. Johnson, Esq. presided. Brethren House, Archer, Bear, Kitch, and Thompson addressed the meeting. We had a good attendance through the day. We trust the Divine presence was richly enjoyed. Donations, collections from cards, &c., amounted to £50 5s. in aid of the new Baptist chapel now in course of erection. We earnestly plead for the kind co-operation of friends in this very interesting cause. Donations will be gratefully received by the Treasurer, I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., Mayfield House, Gravesend; also by the Hon. Sec., Mr. W. Heymer, Jun., High-street, Grays; and W. Archer, 33, Varden-street, London, E., Financial Sec.

**"THE SAFETY OF THE CHURCH."**

When our rising young gentlemen who preside at our meetings, and deliver speeches to the people, show forth their faith as being so much stronger, and more durable than the old men's fears, it pleaseth the people well; and causeth some of the ancient ones to feel that they are fools indeed when compared with the wisdom and confidence of the rising generation. That excellent and truly benevolent Christian gentleman, Walter Howe, Esq., presided, with useful utterances, with an easy reticence, and with a cheerful demeanour, at Mr. Thomas Stringer's April meeting, making some of us know that

"Doubtless there are who serve;  
Or a throne would have small glory."

In his opening address Mr. Howe said (and he looked so smilingly on some of us) that he was not one who thought we were all going over to Rome; he was quite sure God would take care of His own interests, and would preserve His Church. We have believed, and we have published that doctrine for full fifty years; and nothing is more certain that against the Church of Christ the gates of hell never shall prevail. But when we come to speak of Great Britain, and her possessions, we believe, "If the rulers of a nation be holy, the Lord hath blessed that nation; if they be high and impious, chastisement has come upon that people; for the bitter scourge of a land is ungodliness in them that govern it." In every department of the nation's constitution, there are symptoms of wreck and ruin. Politically, commercially, ecclesiastically, evangelically, and morally, England quakes; and the sounds of coming trials are heard. In our particular section of the Church there are evidences of serious weakness, or we have lost all discernment, and judgment too. Few of our leaders are stalwart hearts of oak; some are falling: Churches are amalgamating. We are going over to the open and easy communities, asking them to come over and help us: while everywhere the absence of the unction and power of the Holy Ghost is seriously lamented. God's Zion is safe; but what of our nation?

**SOUTH AUSTRALIA.**—To the Editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL.**—DEAR SIR, —Thinking you and the readers of **VESSEL** may feel interested in the progress of Strict Baptist Church, Port Adelaide, I beg to send you a line. Through the mercy of our covenant Head, we are kept together as a Church, amidst many difficulties. Pastor Bamber has nearly completed his second year with us. His ministerial labours are much appreciated by the Church, and we are thankful to write the Lord is blessing His own truth to the ingathering of precious souls. Eight have been baptized, and three from other Churches received into Church fellowship since he came amongst us, and we are looking to the Lord for still greater things; but, dear sir, Bible truth is as much hated here as with you. We are surrounded by large Churches of every sect, yet we are alone and isolated. Our membership is a little under thirty; congregation average

about sixty, but increasing. We can say emphatically, "Hitherto the Lord has helped us." May He keep us in the narrow path, and faithful to His truth. Should any Christ-loving soul come this way from England, they will have a warm welcome at the Odd Fellows-hall, Port Adelaide.—Yours in the Gospel of Christ, T. WIGMORE, Church Sec., Queen's Town, Port Adelaide, Feb. 22, 1879.

**BRIGHTON.**—**PROVIDENCE BAPTIST CHAPEL,** Haddington-street, Cliftonville. Our first anniversary was on Easter Sunday and Monday. Mr. Mayhew preached morning and evening of Sabbath-day. These services were seasons of refreshing. In afternoon, service was conducted for our Sunday school by Mr. Upsdale, "superintendent of West Ham Sabbath school." This kind friend was with us on the day our school was first opened. His earnest prayers on our behalf did our hearts good. Monday afternoon, a sermon was preached by our indefatigable, kind friend, C. W. Banks, which was listened to with much pleasure and profit. Tea was served; public meeting followed; chair taken at 6.30 by Mr. E. Turquand. After prayer by Mr. Mayhew, a condensed financial statement was read by the treasurer, Mr. E. Turquand, and God's gracious dealings with us recounted. We heard addresses by C. W. Banks, Mayhew, C. Z. Turner, Greenyer, Christmas, and our valuable brother, E. Turquand. True Christian communion was enjoyed. Attendance very encouraging. Deacons, members, and friends separated with devout gratitude for past mercies, desiring to "thank God and take courage," and erect our Ebenezer afresh. Brethren, pray for us.

**EPPING BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—Fifteenth anniversary on Good Friday. Sermons morning and afternoon by Mr. Margerum. At public meeting Mr. Cottis occupied the chair. Speeches of interest and profit were delivered by brethren Winters, Golding, Margerum, Oakey, and Davis. We have never yet met with a more generous-hearted people than the friends at Epping. May they be stirred up to even greater diligence in the Christian work before them than heretofore.—**LAUGHTER** (Psa. cxvii. 2.)

**SOUTH GREEN.**—Jireh chapel has been renovated. On Sunday, March 30, Mr. Jonathan Elsey preached the Gospel to us with clear liberty and spiritual power. On Monday, the 31st, our loving brother, J. D. Fountain, came to our help, and C. W. Banks spoke to us in the afternoon and evening. We are in the valley of humility now, but when it shall turn to the Lord to favour us, we shall arise, and then, not in the abstract, but in its entirety, the banner of God's revelation shall be unfurled.

**BRIGHTON.**—We held our annual Good Friday meetings, April 11, 1879, in Mr. Israel Atkinson's chapel, Richmond-street.

There was a large company to congratulate the minister on his twenty-fifth year of Gospel work here. Some long for a larger extension of the power of Gospel truths. We trust the Spirit of God is moving in some hearts to lengthen the cords of Zion's evangelistic commission. Brighton people are not all united together in the bonds of holy love and Gospel truth.—A LISTENER.

**BRIGHTON.—MIGHELL STREET MISSION HALL.**—Mr. Boxell baptized on January 30. We have now forty-five members. Our Dorcas branch has commenced in good earnest. We defer the full history of this benevolent enterprise until further communications. It is a grand Gospel movement, faithfully to develop every phase of the Gospel: and in a philanthropic course of action to help the people morally and domestically, must be the nearest approach we can make to our Saviour's life-work.

**KENT.**—A correspondent says:—"Poor Vinden, at Boar's Isle, has been laid by some months: is in a very critically helpless condition. His people built a new house for him to come and live in last summer. He went there in autumn last, and has been laid by nearly ever since. Many are the sorrows which some have to endure, but inasmuch as our God is the God of all comfort, He sometimes

'Scatters round a cheerful beam  
To gild the darkest night.'"

### Notes of the Month.

**DEATH OF MRS. DALLMORE.**—Mrs. Susan Dallmore, the gentle, loving wife of Mr. Henry George Dallmore, of 33, Grosvenor-street, Camberwell-road, London, died on the 19th March, ult., after a long illness. Her health failed during last summer, and a violent attack of pleurisy seized her on the first Lord's-day in November, followed by phthisis, and loss of voice. She gave birth to a daughter on the 18th of February, and for a few days gave promise of recovery, but on the following Monday her symptoms became alarming, which ultimately terminated in death. She died quietly, and without a struggle, or even a quiver; and her mind was calm and restful all through her illness, and nothing appeared "to disturb that peace profound" which our loving Lord gave her. Very applicable to her were the words,

"How sweet the hour when Christians die,  
When holy souls retire to rest;  
How mildly beams the closing eye,  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!"

She was a true woman; for she was a devoted wife, a self-sacrificing mother, a sincere friend. She was baptized by Mr. Alderson, and joined the Church at East-street, Walworth, some 17 or 18 years since, and has continued an honourable and consistent member to the day of her death. She was interred at Nunhead Cemetery (which ground, before it became a cemetery, was occupied by her father as a farm). "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." But He hath taken her away, only to go "up higher," to join that part of the ransomed host who have already crossed the flood; and having reached the "other shore," she rests in the embrace of the Saviour, and has entered into the fulness of that love that "passeth knowledge."—H. G. D.

**A BRIGHT AND BALMY PASTORATE.**—Fifty-five years since, William Upton brought out his "Collection of Hymns" for his congregation, then meeting in Church-street, Blackfriars. He had been their pastor twenty-nine years, and to his people he said, "As a Church we were never more numerous; never in greater tranquility; never, apparently, were you more contented with your pastor. Never had he better reason to be contented in the discharge of his pastoral duties. May the Lord be with us in time to come, and prepare us all for His will! It is in my heart to live and die with you." No man under heaven can be happier than such an one, when, after nearly thirty years, the pastor could thus address his people. Such, we suppose, is the case with our beloved Benjamin, of Fulham-St. Mary, and other holy and angelic men we could name.

"TWO BAPTIST MINISTERS IN ONE TOWN;" both of the same faith, but no fellowship! No loving co-operation! Joseph and John are two wonderful men! Both preaching Christ's Gospel most truly: but then

"You told me, I remember, glory built  
On selfish principles, is shame and guilt."

"Selfish principles!" Are they to be found in persons who swallow up all the inheritance, and grasp for thousands more? Yes! "Selfish principles!" Wait awhile! If it is clear that men can dare to enter pulpits simply from selfish motives, they ought to be cast out.

**GONE TO GLORY.** my much-loved brother and deacon of the Baptist cause, Mendlesham, Suffolk, Elijah Hart, aged 43. He stood firm to the truth: was favoured with much communion with the Lord: we loved him; we mourn over the loss; he enjoyed a sweet assurance of his interest in Christ upon his death-bed. The Master took him home on April 8th, leaving a widow, and seven children.—W. TOOKE.

**BROSELEY.**—During Mr. Thomas Jones's visit to London, Mr. W. H. Bishop, of Rhyll, preached to us. We understand he has resigned his Bangor pastorate; and, if the Lord direct, might be useful in some other sphere.

**DACRE PARK.**—Our pastor has not been quite well; but his pulpit has been well supplied by our friend, Wm. Wheeler, of the High-road, Lee. Wm. Wheeler is reticent; but he ought not to be as a candle under a bushel, nor as a lantern out in a wood.

### Marriage.

Recently, at the Surrey Tabernacle, Hephzibah, the youngest daughter of Mr. John Beach, of Bermondsey, to Edwin, youngest son of Mr. Harris, of Tunbridge Wells.

### Deaths.

Mr. Joseph Stockbridge, of Sturry, died April 5, 1879.—On Sunday evening, April 6, Mrs. Worsley (widow of Mr. Worsley, once a faithful Baptist minister of Sussex) peacefully passed away at the residence of her daughter, and son-in-law, Mr. C. Curtis, of 29, Baker-street, London. Her last words were "Praise Him." She was over 80.—T. H. Morgan died quite suddenly, in Victoria Park, April 8, aged 67. On the previous Sunday evening he preached his farewell sermon in Hampden Chapel, South Hackney, and was preparing to journey into the Isle of Wight, when, ere he left home, he fell in death. He had tried to raise poor Hampden cause up, but his efforts were not very successful. He has quickly left us all behind.—Departed this life, in hope of life eternal, April 1, 1879, at her husband's residence, 45, Milton-road, South Hornsey, aged 60 years, and interred at Abney Park Cemetery, April 5, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of William Joiner. A thorny pathway with a peaceful end.

# What is, and What is Not, the Gospel to be Preached to Sinners.

AN ORIGINAL, FAITHFUL, AND TRUTHFUL LETTER, BY DANIEL ALLEN,  
*Pastor of the New Testament Baptist Church in Sydney, New South Wales.*

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE EARTHEN VESSEL."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace to you from Him, and to your godly readers in every place.

I often wish to write you upon the different subjects sent forth in your VESSEL; but the distance leads me to think the interest will have passed away before my thoughts could reach you.

Nevertheless, I am so interested in this subject of *preaching to sinners*, and especially by the chapter from the pen of J. Wilkins, of Chatteris, in your November number, 1878, just to hand (Dec. 23rd), that I must have a word to say, if you please, in confirmation of his views upon the subject. Though we are quite strangers to each other, and 16,000 miles apart from each other, we are of one mind in this great question. I have been for these thirty years past telling those who have been howling the old Arminian cry, "*You do not preach the Gospel to sinners,*" that *we* do preach the Gospel to sinners, but that *they* do not preach the Gospel to sinners is evident. We declare their charge upon us to be untrue, and hurl it back upon themselves. I affirm most unhesitatingly, that those who make the charge do not, in that wherein they differ with us, *preach the Gospel to sinners, but the conditions of the laws of God's moral government of the Jews and mankind.*

I. I will notice *what the Lord's Gospel is, which we preach to sinners.*

II. I will notice *that our accusers do not preach the Lord's Gospel to sinners.*

I. (1). In order to show what the Lord's Gospel is, we must notice that the moral laws of God, with their conditions for the government of mankind on earth, and the rule of the final judgment, wherein He says: "He that doeth these things shall live in them" (Gal. iii. 12). But "Cursed is everyone that continueth not in all things that are written in the book of the law to do them," is not the Gospel. Now, though a minister must preach this law and its conditions to men at large, yet this is not preaching the Gospel to sinners.

(2). There are all the national and ceremonial laws of the Levitical economy which were preached by Moses and the prophets to the Israelites. Though these have their typical use, yet the preaching of these is not the preaching of the Gospel to sinners. I affirm solemnly that these two departments of God's Holy Word have their *faiths, loves, hopes, lives, repentances, blessings, and benefits*; with their *unbeliefs, enmities, doubts, deaths, impenitences, curses, and judgments*, which by our defamers are preached for the Gospel to sinners; yet this is not the Lord's Gospel which we preach to sinners.

(3). The Lord's *Gospel, good news, or good tidings, or the message*, is thus expressed: "It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to *save sinners*, of whom I am the chief" (1 Tim. i. 15). Now, it is the Gospel to say, "*He came to save sinners, that He does save them, even the chief of them.*" It is not the Lord's Gospel to say, "He came to put them into a salvable state—to offer them salvation." This is neither the moral law, nor the Levitical law, nor the Lord's Gospel which Paul preached to sinners, and which we also preach to them; but this is one of those other gospels, the preachers of which St. Paul cursed long ago (Gal. i. 8).

God's new covenant Gospel to sinners, which we preach to them, as distinct from His Word in the old covenant of the law, is this: "I will be merciful to your unrighteousnesses, and your sins and your iniquities will I remember no more" (Heb. viii. 12).

This was preached to the woman who was a sinner (Luke vii.); to the poor prodigal (Luke xv.); to the poor publican (Luke xviii.); and to thousands more. These are the kind of sinners to whom we preach the same Gospel message of the Son of God.

For us to tell them that *if* they will do *this*, or *that*, God will be merciful to their unrighteousnesses, would be a most horrible lie, and entail upon us the dreadful curse of Heaven (Gal. i. 7). The whole drift of the preaching of the Lord Jesus and His apostles was to this effect: that while all men were under the precepts and curses of the law, and the Jews under the ceremonial laws, the unconditional message of mercy was designed for the *man, woman, or child that was a sinner*, by *feeling and confession before the Lord*. After this fashion, we preach the Lord's Gospel to guilty man.

II. We notice that our accusers do not preach the Lord's Gospel to sinners.

Do they not preach what Mr. Spurgeon calls, in his two-lined sermon upon Roman. x. 20, the line of human responsibility: "All day long have I stretched out My hands to a disobedient and gainsaying people?" Do they not thus ever reproduce the conditions of the moral and ceremonial laws in order to trump up a conditional gospel, perversely in open violation of the express words of God in Jer. xxxi. 31, xxxii. 39, 40; Heb. viii. 10, and Gal. iii., iv.? How can this be preaching the Lord's Gospel to sinners, as Jesus and His apostles did? How can such preachers escape the curse in Gal. i. 8? Did not the preachers who so much opposed the apostles and bewitched the Galatian Churches, described at large in Acts xv., and the Epistle to the Galatians, do just as our accusers do now—namely, mixed up the conditions of the law with God's glad tidings of unmerited mercy to guilty sinners, through the blood of the everlasting covenant? If these ancient mixers of the conditions of the law with the Gospel were charged with preaching another Gospel, and with being witches, and pronounced accursed, why should not our modern preachers, who do as they did, be viewed in the same light? I affirm that they do not preach the Lord's new covenant Gospel to sinners as the apostles did, and as we do. I affirm that Mr. Spurgeon's line of Divine sovereignty, upon "I am found of them that sought Me not," is the Gospel. But his line of human responsibility, upon "All day long have I stretched out My hands to a disobedient people," &c., is not the new covenant Gospel of the Lord to guilty man,



and never did belong to the Gentiles in any sense : nor was it ever preached to them, except by those who bewitched them. How, then, can those who preach these conditions of the law, preach the Gospel of the Lord to sinners ? That they preach a *gospel*, I allow ; but that they preach *the Gospel* I deny. The whole drift of the prophet Isaiah, chap. lxxv., is to show the difference between the law, with the fleshly nation of Israel, and the Gentiles, saved by the grace of the new covenant. The whole drift of the apostle in Romans ix. and x., is to show the same difference between the fleshly people of Israel, under the law of Moses, and the saved spiritual seed of Christ, to whom His Gospel was preached. Thus, from the spoken and printed sermons of our accusers, it is evident that they pursue the same course as the preachers who bewitched the people of God in Galatia, by mixing the conditions of the law with God's message of mercy ; therefore they do not preach His message of unmerited pardon to poor perishing sinners, as Jesus did, and as we do. Their speech is the speech of Ashdod—neither earthly nor heavenly, human nor Divine, manly nor angelic, law nor Gospel ; it is neither in the likeness of anything in the heaven above, nor in the earth beneath. It is a kind of conglomeration of all the confusion of tongues, handed down from the tower of Babel—an heirloom to all the bastards of Babylon, throughout all their generations.

Who but a spiritual idiot could lend his ears to such confusion as " God has done all He can to save you, and now you must comply with His terms. You are putting the Lord to considerable inconvenience by your obduracy and non-acceptance of His overtures. Now is your time. Now is your day. Now you can be saved in a moment, in a jiffy, just now. O, let not one of you go home unsaved. O, here is Christ, take Him, take Him now. Take Him to your heart, your home, your wife, your children, your friends ; yea, take Him to the whole world. I offer Him now. O, take Him ; you may never have another chance."

I affirm that this is not the Lord's Gospel. I demand the chapter and verse in God's new covenant for this Babylonish confusion of tongues ; it cannot be found there. I know how these modern Galatian witches will fly off to the covenant of works for their justification of the above adulterated gospel. They will rush to " Why will ye die ? " but let them know that God has declared that this is not His Gospel covenant of pardon to sinners (Jer. xxxi. 31). The most I have ever known these preachers to be able to do, has been to set the God of order to contradict Himself in their esteem, by bringing His words out of the old covenant of works to oppose His words in the new covenant of unmerited mercy and pardon. Thus, if we preach our Gospel to a poor guilty sinner, that God freely and fully pardons him without any merit of his ; without any good works of his ; without any conditions of his ; because He says, " I will be merciful to your unrighteousnesses, and your sins and iniquities I will remember to more, *saieth the Lord*," " Yes," say these men of another gospel, and He says, " If you be willing and obedient, you shall eat the fruit of the land." Thus they set God in His law to contradict God in His Gospel ; where, as He has distinctly declared, obedience to His laws is for blessings in this life, and the lesser damnation in hell ; having nothing whatever to do with salvation, pardon, life eternal, grace, and endless glory. These latter He has

again and again declared in His new and better covenant to be by His own free love and unmerited mercy, through the Person and merits of His dear Son. I again affirm that our accusers do not preach this, the Lord's Gospel, to guilty men.

“ Mercy is good news indeed,  
To those who guilty stand;  
Wretches who *feel* what help they need,  
Will prize the helping hand.”

“ Thus, Lord, Thy waiting servants bless.  
And crown Thy Gospel with success.”

III. I wish to notice a few things relative to the application of the Lord's Gospel to the hearts of sinners. I maintain that this is the sovereign and efficacious work of the Lord the Holy Ghost, as it is written: “ While Peter yet spake these words, the Holy Ghost fell on all them which heard the Word ” (Acts x. 44). “ Not by might, nor by power, but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts ” (Zech. iv. 6). The creatures ordained by God to be saved by the ark, at the flood, all went into that ark by a supernatural influence. We do not read of Noah's running himself out of breath to get the lions and tigers into his ark. The dear old gentleman might have run his legs off his body if it had been in that silly way the creatures had to be got into his ark. The flood would have destroyed all before he would have got a tithe of his creatures in if it had been left to their free-will, and his human responsibility line of things. So it is in the application of the Gospel to sinners: it is not by the minister's fooling and fussing about, nor by the silly gossips and cronies in the Church getting up seals to the ministry, and souls for hire. *No*; the Holy Ghost must bring the creatures into Christ, the living Ark.

“ So souls that into Christ believe,  
Quicken'd by vital faith,  
Eternal life at once receive,  
And never shall see death.

In Christ, his Ark, he safely rides,  
Not wreck'd by death nor sin,  
How is it he so safe abides?  
*The Lord has skut him in.*”

Now, I enter upon this subject from a long consideration of the awful evils arising from ministers meddling with this holy prerogative of the Holy Ghost, in order to get the creatures in, to get seals to their ministry. They do baptize them, and get them into the Church, and publish to the world what wonders they have done: but can they, do they, get them into Christ? *No*, nor yet Christ into them; for this is the special work of God the Holy Ghost.

I have read of one of your London ministers getting in 600 by one lady Sunday-school teacher, and 1,000 himself, by his running himself out of breath at times; but though I have seen many of these seals of his in these colonies for these last twenty-five years, yet I do not remember having met with one that has borne the seal of the Holy Ghost. Some of them I have known with shocking moral characters. I write this with grief, as the minister hates a Calvinist, but he presumes upon the application which belongs to the Holy Ghost.

"The sovereign power of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace ;  
Born in the image of His Son,  
A new peculiar race."

I knew a Calvinist minister once, in Victoria, who much interfered with this work of the Holy Ghost in his desire to get seals to his ministry, as he called them. I followed him to an inland town, by invitation, and at the deacon's house I was informed the lady was a seal to this minister; that he had, upon leaving, at the end of his month, committed her, with tears in his eyes, to the tender care of the deacons, as a soul for his hire. The Church was then without a pastor. Well, with some it was wonderful; but the seal was fond of drink, &c., her husband, who was one of the deacons, was disgusted at the sham, &c., told me that he could not retain any more respect for that minister. This very order of things I very often found, so often, that I doubted nine-tenths of that minister's seals. True, I did not discover the same immorality in many of them; but I saw that the absence of immorality did not imply the presence of spirituality by any means. I find there are weak-minded men, and silly women, who have a kind of natural mania for religion, and they get round a minister with their compliments to him, and he, being in a fleshly way eager for his seals, takes hold of their natural religion, and deals with it as if it were of the Holy Ghost in His Divine work. This fleshly interference with the application of the Gospel to the souls of sinners results in sad calamities in Zion. Soon after these ministers have published to the world the wonders they have done, with much self-exultation in their tales, those seals which have immoral tendencies, fall into sin, and bring much scandal upon the Church of God; those seals, which have a natural moral tendency, remain in Zion. But, Oh, what pride, what arrogance, what conceit, what malice, and spite! From these come our Alexanders, Hymeneuses, Demases, Diotrepheses, &c. From among our own selves men arise, speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them. From these we have our splits, divisions, and desolations. This has been so evident from the fleshly interference of some ministers with the work of the Holy Ghost as to the application of the Gospel, that they have never been able to stay very long with their own seals. The excitement over, nothing fresh to be got up, offences spring up; the fleshly veil of piety is rent, and malice and hatred take the place of affected love, and the minister must leave his own seals. He says his work is done there; his health requires a change, or that the Lord calls him to more useful fields of labour. A parting is prepared; a testimonial is got up, and his seals are left behind, with all the fleshly malice already gendered, to work sad results. In some places an hundred members have been reduced to thirty in three months; forty to thirteen in a short time, &c. If a Church like this succeeds in getting a minister to follow, and take the charge of these seals, a few months of tranquility may be obtained in the excitements attending the new man—the new minister. But the malice and pride will come out, and Diotrephes will do his work (3 John 9), and the new minister will find many a root of bitterness spring up to trouble him (Heb. xii. 15), and that he had better have settled where Christ had not been named than with such seals as his predecessor left behind him.

Now, my dear Mr. Editor, is this not so, before your own eyes almost all over England, where you try to uplift the blood-stained banner of Calvary, which the Lord has given to them who fear Him, that it may be displayed because of the truth?

(1). Do you not find everywhere those who mix the precepts of the law and the conditions of the covenant of works with some words of the Gospel, and thereby attempt to make out a conditional salvation, to please the fleshly minds of men, and that by this means a host of carnal professors are produced, like Hagar's offspring of the flesh? (Gal. iv. 23).

(2). Do you not after this see many ministers of truth, with fleshly desires to be up to the others in prosperity in the Churches, using unlawful means to get seals to their ministrations, and do you not see *death* and *devastation* spreading everywhere, as the result of this impropriety? I am so impressed with this evil that I resolve, in submission to God's will, never to follow such men. I will rather go to the open world, and preach the law to those who are under it, until God shall produce poor publican sinners out of them, to receive His Gospel.

You ask what shall we do with this state of things? I feel the answer to be plain. Go on preaching the law to them who are under it; and God's unmerited mercy to the feelingly guilty, and leave the Holy Ghost to convince of sin by the one, and seal pardon upon the guilty sinner's heart by the other, according to His own will.

God bless you in so doing,

Prays your affectionate brother,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, Dec. 24th, 1878.

### THE HEAD-STONE BROUGHT FORTH.

*"Why should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead?"*

**W**HYY, indeed! Mr. William Webb, the minister of Bow Street Baptist Church, declared publicly, and with a strong emphasis, at the anniversary of Mr. James Griffith's pastorate in Hope Chapel, that he had been fearfully tossed about in his soul respecting the doctrine of the *resurrection*. Many, besides our friend Webb, are secretly and seriously tried on this most wonderful finishing stroke of Mercy's building, which is to be preceded by such awful, yet, to some, joyful and inexpressibly glorious demonstrations of the majesty of the SON OF GOD, "for the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout: with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God, and

"THE DEAD IN CHRIST SHALL RISE FIRST."

All that Paul saith in connection with this astonishing display of the mighty power of God, he says it is "by the word of the Lord"—not by any imagination or speculation of his own, but by the authority of the word of the Lord.

As far as my knowledge extends, the final resurrection of the bodies of the saints is but little referred to in the pulpits of our churches. Canon Liddon delivered two exhaustive sermons at Easter-time in St.

Paul's ; but they were so limited to a letter-kind of argument, that they did not appear to be very convincing. Nevertheless, I hope to refer to them in the course of a month or two. If, however, we had nothing more than the sixth chapter of John's Gospel, we should have such a four-fold testimony from the lips of our adorable IMMANUEL as would make it really wicked to deny the resurrection.

*Four times* in the sixth of John does our Saviour positively affirm this much-questioned fact. Let me place them in order in these pages, for they are most conclusive, not simply as touching the facts of the resurrection merely, but as also defining the lifetime character of those persons who shall then be called by CHRIST Himself from their earthly beds. Read John vi. 39, 40 : "This is the Father's will which hath sent Me, that of all which He hath given Me I should lose nothing ; but should RAISE IT UP AT THE LAST DAY."

There is one testimony. CHRIST says it is the FATHER's will. Then immediately He adds, as though He anticipated the question, "How can it be known *now who they are* that the FATHER gave unto the SON ?" immediately, I say, the "CONSOLATION OF ISRAEL" adds, "And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which SEETH THE SON, and believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and

"I WILL RAISE HIM UP AT THE LAST DAY."

How definite is the description ! "SEEING THE SON" is the revelation of Him to the heaven-born soul by the HOLY GHOST ; and *believing on HIM* is the going forth of faith, embracing and trusting alone in Him for every branch of salvation. To every one of these seeing and believing souls, the grant is made, they "*may* have everlasting life," and, finally, JESUS will the body raise from its long-slumbering dust.

Oh ! but mark it specially, our great and God-sent Minister of the true tabernacle, JESUS, the Mediator, comes forth still further upon this eventful and all-vitalising point. Knowing Jacob's fears and the seeking sinner's doubts ; knowing some might be tempted with this suggestion, "CHRIST never has been revealed in your soul." "No," saith the down-cast one ; "No, never." To meet this case, Jesus comes forth with two more assurances. In verse 44 He says, "No man can come to Me except the Father which hath sent Me *draw him*, and I will raise him up at the last day."

Can my soul say she has never been drawn to JESUS ? No ; I dare not advance such a falsehood. Can thy soul, my reader, declare that thou hast never been drawn to Jesus—never felt thy soul going out after Him in prayer, in meditation, in hearing, in singing, and in many seasons when, as in a moment, caught up in sighs, and cries, and deep desires to be washed justified, pardoned, and accepted in the beloved Son of the Father, in truth and holy power ? "*No man*"—not one on all the earth—can thus come to Christ "except the Father draw him ;" and being thus drawn to CHRIST, the Saviour proclaims two mercies of most matchless value : "I will in no wise cast such an one out ;" but "I will raise him up at the last day."

Once more. In order to shew that this drawing and coming are not dry, empty ; not sensational or natural emotions merely, but that the soul thus drawn by the FATHER to come unto the Son, doth certainly come to live on CHRIST by faith and by fellowship, the Redeemer, in verse 54,

exclaims, "Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood, HATH ETERNAL LIFE; and I will raise him up at the last day."

Present experience, with a prospective assurance of eternal bliss and blessedness, we have here joined together by HIM who spake as never man spake. And upon these four verses in John vi. I would wish to add some elucidatory sentences; but I have seven days' journeying and preaching in the North of England if the Almighty Lord God will hold and help me; hence, of necessity, I must here conclude with one remark.

Carnal Reason has asked, "Where could all the bodies of the millions of people ever find room to meet?" A sweet ray of light shone in upon my small mind while travelling the other day. Our Lord said, "In My Father's house." Where? and what is *that*? said I. "The whole universe of God is the Father's house." In that house are many mansions. The extent of the planetary worlds, no finite mind can comprehend; but very recently I have partly read a discourse by Gordon Calthrop; and, if spared, I wish, in my next, to refer specially to that, it being founded on those words of David: "When I consider Thy heavens," &c.; it demands careful consideration.

Christian! the Church of Christ has a glorious honey-moon before her. Are we by grace prepared? We are only sailing over the waves of time now.

"What are our ages,  
But a few brief waves  
From the vast ocean of eternity,  
That break upon the shores of this our world,  
And so ebb back into the immense profound."

For the present, farewell.

C. W. BANKS.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
May 7, 1879.

## TO THE READERS OF THE "GOSPEL STANDARD."

DEAR FRIENDS,—Our editorial labours upon the *Gospel Standard* having been brought, contrary to any wish of our own, to a somewhat abrupt conclusion by the publisher taking back his gift of that periodical, we were unable to address you in a few words of kindly farewell. We have therefore requested the editor of this magazine, in Christian kindness, to insert these few lines in the June number of this periodical.

We shall carefully avoid one word of an unnecessarily bitter nature. We shall enter upon no controversial vindication of our own writings, or those of others which we have inserted, from any charges of error. Our writings and our work are before you. For several years our writings have appeared in the *Gospel Standard*. For the last seventeen months all that has been inserted has been in harmony with our views. All letters, all obituaries, all papers were of course moulded into a form consistent with those views, and not allowed to teach anything contrary to the articles of those societies which had conferred upon us the office of editor.

We believe that we can honestly say that our work was carried on with prayer to God and a vehement desire that the name of Christ might be glorified. We sought incessantly the welfare of the Churches of God. We desired not to offend any man unnecessarily. If we have made mistakes—and dare a poor erring mortal presume to say he has made none?—we beg the dear Lord to pardon them, and His children to cover them over with that love which hides a multitude of sins. If we have offended any man unnecessarily—if we have causelessly wounded or injured any of our brethren in Christ—especially if we have injured in any way our brethren in the ministry—we ask them to pardon us. We wish them well. We want to pray for those who may, as we think, even have acted with some deficiency as to Christian kindness towards us. One thing we do request, and we think it not unreasonable. We ask you to judge of those writings, which we have inserted with a sincere desire to do you good, in a tender Christian spirit. Do not condemn them unless you really feel that you are led by the Lord to pronounce them erroneous, after having been on your knees in sincere prayer for Him to grant you a right judgment in the matter. We must deprecate that judgment which is formed upon our writings, and those of any other child of God, from merely isolated words and sentences without a due regard to the context, and the spirit and tenour of the writings generally. Is it too much to ask from those whom we have so long served gratuitously, to the best of our ability, that they should seek to form an unprejudiced, Scriptural, and prayerful judgment upon our work?

We shall say no more. We have no wish to complain. We have been enabled in some degree to look beyond men unto the Lord. With Him we must leave this painful matter. The words of Job dropped with power into our heart on the morning after our work had apparently ceased: “He knoweth the way that I take: when He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.” And again, the words of our dear Lord Himself read off what was in some small degree the desire of our heart: “Father, glorify Thy name.” If God be glorified; if the precious name of Christ is exalted; if the blessed Spirit sustains and witnesses with our spirits that we are the children of God, and pleasing in His sight, and that our feeble efforts to serve Him are accepted in and through the Beloved, we can well leave all things in the hands of that great and eternal God who is, as the poet writes,

“Too wise to err;  
Too good to be unkind.”

Yours affectionately in Jesus,

G. HAZLERIGG.

### THE MESSIAH.

THE Messianic idea is composed of a double element; it is at one and the same time a recollection and a hope. It is a recollection, for it has no ground for its existence, save in a past fact; it is a hope, for it has no termination, save in a future event. It is the remembrance of a great fall, and the hope of a great reparation; the remembrance of a great sin, and the hope of a great expiation; the remembrance of a great affliction, and the hope of a great consolation.

## "GRACE REVEALED IN ITS VICTORY."

BY CHARLES MASTERSON.

IN the first place, permit me to request that you read over carefully the following portions of Holy Writ, in which reference is made to our subject: Acts vi. 7, xii. 5—11; Rev. xxii. 2—5, xxi. 19—27; 1 Peter i. 3—10. Now it is quite evident from these passages that it was the intention of the President, by whom the selection was made, to direct attention to the revelation of grace in its victory. First, with regard to the sinner; secondly, with regard to the Church of Christ; and thirdly, with regard to its full consummation in everlasting glory. Whether we have judged rightly or wrongly, in the remarks we have to make, we shall endeavour to comprehend this three-fold aspect of the subject, "The Victorious Nature of Divine Grace."

Grace, in its primary signification, clearly means the free and undeserved favour of God towards His offending creatures, and in this sense it is consequently applied to each person in the sacred Trinity, and is employed to express or set forth those several acts of infinite and supreme love which discover their distinct personal subsistances and official characters, and which also exhibit them as united in the display of the greatest possible favour to the guilty sons of men.

As affirmed of the Father, this grace is the origin of salvation, and is abundantly manifest in those gracious imminent acts by which the Church of Jesus Christ was chosen, justified, adopted, and blessed in Him before the foundation of the world; and is also expressly declared in His sending His Son to accomplish the great work of redemption. As ascribed to the Son of God, it is explicitly stated to have been the grand motive to His humiliation and obedience unto death, that we, through His voluntary privation and poverty, might be enriched with His infinite fulness. And to the Holy Ghost, it also essentially belongs to His covenant character and who is therefore styled "The Spirit of grace," by whose gracious agency the purpose and grace of heaven become effectual in the hearts of all its objects according to the working of His mighty power. Thus, to our Triune God in covenant is given the descriptive title of "The God of all grace." In the prosecution of this deeply interesting subject, it will be requisite that we inquire for a moment into the circumstances that render the operations of an Almighty agency indispensable to that spiritual and eternal life which victorious grace prepares and qualifies the saints to inherit. And these circumstances are at once found in the universal ruin and corruption of human nature sunk in guilt, misery, wretchedness, and woe. Such is unquestionably the state of mankind. We notice, therefore, in the first place, that the grace of God possesses a quickening influence, producing spiritual life as the principle of Divine operation in the soul; hence Paul says to the Ephesians, "And you hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." This work upon the sinner's heart is called a regeneration; "A being born again;" "A quickening;" "A passing from death to life;" "A resurrection." It is productive of spiritual feelings, cravings, and desires. It capacitates for spiritual service; it transforms and makes

\* The substance of which was delivered at the early breakfast meeting at 7.30, in Commercial Street Chapel, Whitechapel, under the presidency of the venerable pastor.



us new creatures in Christ Jesus, and fits and prepares us for immortality and glory. Have we, my dear friends, experienced the power of Divine grace? Have we been subdued and brought into subjection to the Lord Jesus Christ? Have we, under a sense of guilt and condemnation, cried for mercy—cried in the language of the publican—“God be merciful to me a sinner?” and with the trembling jailor, “What must I do to be saved?” Depend upon it, Divine grace conquers all its subjects, brings down into the dust of self-abasement all who are made obedient to the faith of Christ. Now for the encouragement of those who have tasted that the Lord is gracious, we would remind them that Divine grace is sufficient to sustain in all the conflicts which are peculiar to the Christian life. The gracious promise assures us of the presence of an Almighty God—of our covenant God and Father—He who gave His Son to die for us, who brought back our wandering soul from the brink of fiery ruin; when nearly engulfed in the mighty vortex, who opened our eyes to see our danger, and behold the bleeding Lamb as the only hiding place.

“Sweet as angels’ harps in glory,  
Was that heavenly sight to me,  
When I saw my Lord before me,  
Bleed and die to set me free.”

Yes, in all our conflicts with the threefold foe, our God knows how to help and when to administer the balm of Gilead. It is said that Julius Cæsar once in a storm tried to cheer his soldiers by saying, “Fear not; Cæsar and his treasures are on board.” Presumptuous monarch! for he was but a frail mortal, and could not control the elements. But the Christian on the voyage of life, having the presence of Him whom winds and waves obey, has a true antidote to every rising fear; for above the storm’s rage and roar, Immanuel’s voice is heard, saying, “It is I; be not afraid.” And the troubled, tempest-tossed soul is hushed to rest as the Galilean lake of old, so that—

“With Christ in the vessel  
We may smile at the storm.”

Amid the battle and bustle of mortal life, we are confident of ultimate victory, assured that the resources of Divine grace are infinite. In prayer, therefore, we may open our mouth wide, not to ask a drop when there is an ocean in reserve, a crumb when the royal table is replenished with plenty, and Paradise filled with riches. Timid, tried, and trembling believer, death may have frozen the blood, paralysed the arm, and stopped the throbbing heart to beat of a tender father, a loving mother, or some dear one who was a part and parcel of yourself; but be of good cheer, God, even the God of all grace, is the same, and will never fail thee nor forsake thee.

“In the furnace God may try thee,  
There to bring thee forth more bright;  
But can never cease to love thee,  
Thou art ever in His sight.”

Secondly.—Let us now for a moment notice the displays of victorious grace in relation to the Church of Christ. The Church is an aggressive body, a power for good, through the efficacious operations of Divine grace. Satan, with all his principalities and powers, is vanquished; the stoutest rebel, with his victorious sword, is conquered and led

captive to the will of Him who has a name which is above every name, and to which every knee shall bow. What but this grace could achieve so complete, so glorious a victory, not over only sin, death, and hell; not only over Satan, but also over the darkness, depravity, and deep-rooted enmity of a nature sunk in sin, and had become sensual and devilish? Yea, and such a victory to us changes the darkness into light, effectually subdues the enmity of the heart, transforms the foe into a friend, and makes the child of wrath an heir of God and joint-heir with Christ. Such a conquest is a peculiar feature of that grace that bringeth salvation. Let the servants of the Lord, in whatever department of labour they may be engaged, take heart, for Divine grace is not only sufficient to sustain them in their work, but also to render their efforts successful. Let us not, however, forget that it is in the pathway of obedience to the revealed will the blessing is realised. An illustration of the fact we have in the case of Peter's imprisonment. The Church prays for his deliverance; God answers prayer; but, strange to say, they were not prepared for the answer. Dear friends, we have need not only to pray for the Divine blessing, but also to be prepared for its reception. Are we, indeed, watching unto prayer? God will most assuredly answer *real* prayer—prayer that is of the Spirit's prompting, based on His promise, and presented in faith. God has determined before all worlds that sinners should be saved, should be gathered out and brought in, and that His Church should be instrumental in this great work. May we continue to feel that we have a share in it, and to a Triune Jehovah be all the glory given.

“ Not to ourselves who are but dust,  
Not to ourselves is glory due ;  
Eternal God, Thou only just,  
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.”

Thirdly.—We conclude by referring to the final victory of grace: “The glory that shall be revealed in us.” Our heavenly Father has not left us without some kind intimations of the nature of future felicity, nor has He denied us some delightful participations of it while travelling through this desert land. The information given in the Word of truth, relative to the company, the honour, and employment which constitute our endless bliss, is calculated to elevate our minds, call forth our gratitude, and excite our concern to be made “Meet to be partakers of the saints in light.” But we are still in the wilderness, far distant from our Father's house, where all is rest, and peace, and glory, and delight.

“ There shall the followers of the Lamb  
Join in immortal songs,  
And endless honours to His name  
Employ their tuneful tongues.”

Some who were once our companions, more honoured than ourselves, have passed the boundary of time and entered on a blissful eternity. There they see the King in His beauty, and their eyes feast upon His effulgence. But we are yet in the wilderness, to bear still the body of sin, and to wrestle with flesh and blood, with principalities and powers, with the rulers of the darkness of this world, and with spiritual wickedness in high places. Let us not complain, though the fight be fierce, the conflict severe. Our glory is begun, for victory is sure. What

matter about a few wounds and bruises to them that are confident of an ultimate triumph! The struggle which taxes all our powers is hastening to a period. Already we may sing of victory "through Him that hath loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood," while the poor vassals of sin and Satan have nothing before them but a fearful looking for of judgment and fiery indignation. We have before us crowns and thrones, an everlasting kingdom, and an eternal weight of glory. *Blessed prospect!* How it stimulates and encourages us for all that we may have to encounter ere we are brought into the undisturbed possession of our precious inheritance! Well, then, with the benign law of liberty in our bosoms; with the sword of the Spirit in our hands; with the loins of our mind girded with truth; with our feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace, and arrayed with the whole armour of God, let us press forward with our glorious Captain in view, and our hearts centred on the royal charter of salvation, following them who through faith and patience inherit the promises in the unmingled participation of the promised everlasting rest on high. There may we, through free-grace, find a station and a harp of gold to swell the song of grateful praise for salvation so glorious and complete, for Christ's sake. Amen.

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

## THE GREAT MYSTERIES OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"We walk among labyrinths of wonder,  
But thread the mazes with a clue;  
We sail in chartless seas, but, behold!  
The pole-star is above us.  
For, counting down from God's good will,  
Thou meltest every mystery into Him."

**S**UCH a programme of profound wisdom as was sent forth by the Mount Zion Chapel pastor and deacons (at Bow), we have scarcely ever seen.

Let us first have a word on the building itself. It is named Mount Zion Chapel; it stands in Botolph's-road, Devon's-road, one or two minutes' walk from Old Bow church. It was opened last New Year's day. It was built by the brethren, Messrs. James and Henry Lee; and architectural amateur critics consider it is in every way commendable, convenient, and comfortable, as a very unique place of worship. It stands a little quietly retired from the crowds of the main thoroughfares, and yet is so approximate to immensely busy neighbourhoods, that thousands might reach its doors with a few minutes' walk. There is nothing mean in material, in make, or in arrangement. Like the builders themselves, it has the qualities of desirableness and of decision. In such a neighbourhood may it be a house of living bread, a centre of Gospel mercies to many thousands, during this and the intervening periods prior to the second glorious advent of our Lord as the Great Judge of the universe!

The anniversary sermons of the formation of the Church were preached on April 27 and 29, by the pastor, William Webb, R. G. Edwards, and William Carpenter. We had the privilege of hearing our brother Carpenter preach from one of Paul's rich effusions of spiritual, intellectual, evangelical developments. "For God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," &c. Mr. Carpenter knows well what he is going to do before he commences. He certainly was made, born, and brought up to be a preacher. His mind is full of the Word of God; his heart and soul, feelings, and affections are all in full force in the work, and his bell-like voice rings it out so fluently and freely that he makes every little thing to tell, while the eternal verities of the Gospel are so distinctly enunciated that a child may understand him. We thought his Church and people at Shouldham-street are highly favoured in having settled over them a minister so devoted to, so adapted for, and so useful in, the great work of preaching Christ's Gospel.

It was a pleasing sight in the evening when the chapel was efficiently lighted up; when the seats were well filled up; when the choir "burst the fetters of anxiety," and when the thrilling curling notes walked among the souls of the Zionites with quite an electric yet exhilarating touch.

Master Oakey stepped forward from the bench of brethren who had been summoned to appear on the platform (and which summons every man had obeyed), to address the Almighty God in prayer. There was not a single failure in any of these anniversary services. All the announcements were justified, and all the subjects given to the speakers were entered into so far as time and ability would allow. Yes! as moderator, there stood the erect and careful pastor, Mr. Wm. Webb. He told us they had enjoyed indications of the Lord's presence. The Church under his ministry was growing. Behind him sat five thinking, decided, and variously gifted men. They confirm the philosopher's estimate where he declares, "Speech is the golden harvest that followeth the flowering of thought."

So it is:—but on this occasion, one other line was true, where the writer says, "Oftentimes thought, by wild speech, is run to husk; and grains be withered and scanty."

Ah! it is well when "speech is the body of a thought!" But when "the rush of native eloquence" comes pouring down, "resistless as Niagara," it causes excitement almost unbecoming the sacred services of the Lord's house.

Well, but *who* were the men? What were their subjects? How did they acquit themselves? We hope to answer these queries, or some of them, next month. Now preparing for a thousand miles run, and many preachings in Yorkshire, Lancashire, and elsewhere, we cannot describe the men, nor show how they opened the six great mysteries which were committed to them on this occasion. These anniversary services were, we trust, beneficial every way.

C. W. BANKS.

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SAINTS are made of Christ's blood, and so are a royal generation, having of His blood all of them running in their veins.—*Goodwin*.

## A PAGE OUT OF A COUNTRY PASTOR'S LIFE.

**M**Y DEAR BROTHER,—“Behold the fire and the wood : but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?” All being well, I shall come to London the week after the Association ; I shall be for starting from home on Monday, June 9th. I was greatly favoured March 9th, in speaking from these words : “Grace is poured into thy lips.” I thought I should be pent up for one sermon on the words, but the Lord gave me two, for I preached morning and afternoon from that sweet text. I was led to notice many of the lip-words of Jesus, all containing grace ; and then His lip-calls, which were all obeyed in those who received His words with grace in them. We had capital congregations, although I have lost so many by deaths and removals, besides those laid aside through sickness. In the evening of yesterday, I preached to a large number of people at Dickleburgh, from these words : “One pearl of great price.” I explained this first of Christ, and then, secondly, of the Church. After preaching, I walked home, a distance of four miles. Was not this a fair day’s work ? I found it so, for I could not rest all night through the exhaustion. I have just buried another of my old friends, a dear good woman, whose pathway was very trying, she being the subject of manifold temptations: sometimes she was lifted up to the heavens, and sometimes cast down to the earth. At one time she was in sore distress of mind, being tempted to believe she should come short of heaven at last ; all past evidences seeming swept away, and she could not think but what she had been deceiving herself and others. Coming to the chapel one Sunday morning, she was deeply exercised with a passage of Scripture that came into her mind. She said, coming along, “Now if Mr. Taylor should take this for his text, I shall be satisfied I am a child of God: if he should not take it, then I may safely conclude I do not belong to the Lord.” I not only took that very text, but was led at once to trace out all what she had experienced, telling her, so to speak, all that was in her heart. She told me she thought she must have got up and told the congregation the great and merciful deliverance she had met with that morning under the sermon. She told me she had doubted times without number, but now she should doubt no more, for she was perfectly satisfied of her soul’s safety in Christ. She, however, doubted again after this, and I believe many times, yet it went well with her at last, which I was confident would be the case. All persons in the neighbourhood looked upon her as a good Christian woman. A little before she died, she was lying on her bed with her eyes closed, but she was not asleep. All of a sudden she heard this voice as plain and distinct as possible : “The Master is come, and calleth for thee.” She opened her eyes and looked about the room to see who was there, but saw no one. Angels came to beckon her spirit home. She died in perfect peace, without a doubt or fear, and without a struggle. I baptized her August 4th, 1867, and so she stood an honourable member with us twelve years. Her name was Mary Ann Bunn, of Dickleburgh. I merely add this because the thought struck me you might perhaps put these few words into the VESSEL if you think they may comfort any poor tried soul. I have just written a short treatise on the present system of agriculture and state of our country in the form of a letter.

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, March 10th, 1879

## THE GOD—CHRIST.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—A little over two years ago I was spending a week at my uncle's lunatic asylum, "Cranbourne Hall;" and while there I had several very interesting conversations with a learned gentleman, a dipsomaniac, who gave me some written matter on the Person of Christ. They are so beautiful that I thought your readers would be glad to have them, and I herewith forward a part of them and (D.V.) I will send you the remainder when I have time to copy them. I very much wish to treasure up the original as a valued souvenir of a remarkable acquaintance.

Yours, &c.,

S. COZENS.

**J**ESUS CHRIST was born as God. His birth proves His Divinity. But what is it to be born? It is to make one's first step in life—one's first appearance in the world. It is true that Jesus Christ was not born really as man; for He lived before His birth in the thoughts of humanity. Forty centuries projected from His cradle prophetic rays which formed above His head an auriolo of Divinity. But however luminous be the crown of glory with which four thousand years of prophecy adorned before-hand the brows of the Infant of Bethlehem, it is of importance to know, if His whole life, not less than His birth, reflected His Divinity, to inquire, whether His life accorded with His birth; whether Jesus Christ lived like a God.

Now, by what means does human life reveal itself? How can a man so open his soul to his fellows as to let them see what there is in it of greatness, or of littleness of vice, or of sanctity? How can he adopt an expression as sublime as it is common—*hold his heart in his hand*—so that everyone may measure its breadth and its elevation? How does this manifestation of what is in the heart operate? It operates in the first place by *speech*. Yes, man reveals himself by speech, for speech is the sensible sign of his thoughts, the expression of his soul. By speech the soul leaps over the threshold of the body, and takes up its place upon the lips of man, as though to disclose the secrets of its being, the mystery of its life.

Would you know what a man is? Listen to what he says. Whether he wishes it or not, his soul will come out, sooner or later, in his words. This is why no man is able to escape revealing himself. Then, Jesus Christ must have spoken in His turn, and just as He was born, as though He had been God. He must have spoken as though He had been God. In order to discover what distinguishes the word of Christ from every other, we must first of all know what are the different kinds of utterance—speech—voice—which the world has experience of. Now, many great words have been spoken in the world, because there have been great souls; and the words of a great soul are always, more or less, great. There have been virtuous words spoken—words which made honest hearts leap for joy, and crime turn pale. There have been wise words spoken in this world—words which made themselves admired; words which fell amid the ranks of society to the sound of applause. Finally, there have been powerful words spoken in the world—words which made themselves obeyed. Then certainly you have great words; and yet the words of Jesus Christ have been higher than those of the virtuous man, than the words of genius, than the words of authority, because they have been, not only the words of a man, but of a God.

I remark, firstly, that never yet did man speak in his own name. I cited the three great voices which make themselves heard among men;

the voice of goodness, the voice of genius, and the voice of authority. Well, no one of those who have the glory of using one or other of those voices, uses it in his own name. Such a one will speak in the name of right, of justice, of honour ; but always in the name of a principle, which is not himself, which is distinct from him, which is above him, for he is not himself either honour, or justice, or right. But Christ was the incarnation of virtue, of honour, of justice, of wisdom, &c.

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### A SHORT SERMON FOR SORROWING SAINTS.

“ Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.”—Psa. xxxiv. 19.

**D**AVID had many trials : he was tried in his brethren and in his sisters, in his wife and in his children, in his obscurity and in his exaltation, in his youth and in his age. He had many falls, but as many liftings up, and so he wrote this comforting Psalm from the experience of his own soul.

“ *The righteous*”—who are they ? God’s own people, manifested as such by being made partakers of His grace. There is a *five-fold* description of them in this Psalm :—1. They fear God (ver. 7) ; they have the grace of *fear*. Being known of God, He makes Himself known to them, and knowing Him, they fear Him.” 2. They have the grace of *faith* (ver. 8) ; having tasted that the Lord is gracious, they trust. None can know the dear Redeemer without trusting Him. “ O taste and see that the Lord is good ; blessed are all they that put their trust in Him.”

“ Of cistern waters art thou sick,  
And loathest the mire they bring ?  
Then hither stretch thy thirsty neck,  
And taste the living spring.”

3. They have the grace of *fellowship* (ver. 10) ; they seek after God, if haply they may find Him ; they wait upon, and wait for Him. They follow Jesus, seeking Him by prayer and every appointed means. 4. They have the grace of *feeling* (ver. 18) ; they are of a broken heart and a contrite spirit. They have tender consciences, and often weep in secret. 5. They have the grace of *faithfulness* (ver 22) ; “ These are they that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.” They were the servants of sin, but having obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine that was delivered them, and now being made free from sin, they have become servants of righteousness, servants of God (Rom. vi. 16—23).

These are the righteous that are afflicted, for the fining pot is for silver, and the furnace is for gold—every chosen, redeemed, and re-generated soul. Chastisement is for the children ; all are partakers of it, none escape but bastards. “ Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth.” They must be purified, therefore they must be afflicted.

Afflictions purify and polish, meeten and meeken, soften and sweeten. Thus we see the manifold afflictions and merciful deliverances of the righteous.

“ The Lord delivereth him out of them all.”

RUFUS.

## THE PRISONER OF WAR SET FREE.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF CHARLES CASSE, WHO DIED MAY 7, 1879.

**M**Y dear father was deprived of his earthly father when very young, and was entered on board ship at the early age of ten years. He served in the Royal Navy up till the time he was taken prisoner of war, the ship having run aground under one of the French batteries. Many around him were killed and wounded, but he was spared—"preserved in Jesus Christ and called." This was in the year 1803. For nearly eleven long years he was a prisoner of war in France.

It was here the Lord was pleased to convince him of his utterly lost, ruined, and helpless condition. He sank very low, and feared the lowest hell would be his portion; but after a time his mind was sweetly set at liberty by an application of the words, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." He was enabled to rejoice in Jesus with "joy unspeakable, and full of glory."

He spent very many happy hours while confined as a prisoner, for he was the Lord's free man.

In the year 1814 there was an exchange of prisoners, so that he returned to England, and was for some years a member of Zoar Independent Church, Strood, Kent, where the late Mr. Thos. Drew (to whom he was much attached) was pastor forty years. Like many of the Lord's children, his path was that of much tribulation, being at times, greatly tried in providence, yet proving the faithfulness and all-sufficiency of his covenant God in Christ Jesus.

About forty years since he was on a visit to London, and being anxious to know what sort of a ministry I was sitting under, he accompanied me to Soho chapel, Oxford-street, and heard the late Mr. Geo. Comb, which sermon was greatly blessed to him. He seemed never to lose the savour of that discourse; many times has he spoken of it, even on his death-bed.

It pleased the Lord to lay His afflicting hand upon him in the year 1843: it was at this time he was convinced of the importance of believers' baptism, and on his recovery, followed his dear Redeemer in His despised ordinance, and was publicly baptized, with one of his daughters, by the late J. P. Edgecombe, at Providence chapel, Chatham. Through Divine grace he has been kept in the narrow way and his feet preserved from falling. For the last few months he has walked in much darkness and sorrow of mind, being greatly harassed with temptations but the last two or three weeks, the Sun of Righteousness again shone upon him, filling him with joy and peace in believing. It was delightful to hear him take up passages of Scripture and verses of hymns which were repeated to him. He rested all his hopes on JESUS—His precious blood and righteousness—exclaiming:—

"Midst flaming worlds in these array'd  
With joy shall I lift up my head."

"Then in a nobler, sweeter song,  
I'll sing Thy power to save."

A short time before he died, when asked if he was happy, he replied "Yes;" and on Wednesday morning, May 7, 1879, he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, and was gathered into the heavenly garner, as a shock of corn, fully ripe, aged ninety-three. For him to die was gain. J. C.

Chatham, Kent.



THE PATH OF THE TRUE CHILD OF GOD IN CONTRAST WITH  
THAT OF THE WORLDLY PROFESSOR.

PATIENCE, Oh, my soul, though weary,  
Travelling through this thorny maze ;  
Weeping, fainting, lone and dreary,  
Yet with strength for all my days.

Strength to take my cross and bear it ;  
Strength to suffer and endure ;  
Strength to see, when I am failing,  
Jesus and His promise sure.

Strength to combat and to conquer,  
When a deadly foe is nigh ;  
He who promised grace sufficient,  
Will not suffer me to die.

When I fall, His hand upraises,  
Gives me power to walk again ;  
Holds me by His precious promise,  
Grace at all times to sustain.

To my inmost soul revealing,  
Soon with Him I shall be blest ;  
" Where the wicked cease from troubling,  
And the weary are at rest."

Should I love my Lord so dearly ?  
Could I know His power so well ?  
Should I trust Him so entirely ?  
Could I half His goodness tell ?

Had no cross been laid upon me,  
Sin and suffering thus to know—  
Sin, the Christian's keenest sorrow,  
Deeper felt than every woe.

Though his ransomed soul rejoices  
In salvation full and free,  
Sin, with all its dread corruption,  
Rages like the troubled sea.

Weeping, fearing, failing, falling,  
Keeps alive the work of grace,  
Ever yielding fresh occasion  
Earnestly to seek His face.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many boast, and boast securely,  
Smooth and blest their path appears,  
Nothing known of inward conflict,  
Troubled not with doubts or fears.

Saints were always tried and tempted,  
(Satan does not these molest);  
Ponder well this solemn secret,  
Ye who think yourselves so blest.

What occasions inward conflict?  
Flesh and Spirit, saith the " Word ;"  
Those who know not flesh and Spirit,  
Surely do not know the Lord.

Sighs and tears of godly sorrow  
Have not wrought repentance true ;  
Heavenly birth and holy calling  
Still are things unknown to you.

Never have you groaned in anguish  
Through the deadly plague of sin ;

Never felt the blood of Jesus  
Wash your guilty conscience clean.

Never humbled—self-renouncing,  
Learned to trust in Christ alone ;  
Never felt a sweet communion,  
Pleading at His gracious throne.

You can mingle with the worldling,  
Stoop to serve in mammon's cause.  
Court and strive, and proudly glory  
In the creature's vain applause.

You the tempter does not buffet,  
You escape the chastening rod ;  
Can you be the sons and daughters,  
Called by grace, and born of God ?

\* \* \* \* \*

Rather would I in the battle  
Bleed and groan, and bear the strife,  
While within the holy nature  
Struggles for a holy life.

Rather let my soul, when erring,  
Feel the Father's chastening rod,  
Leading me in godly sorrow  
To the Saviour's cleansing blood.

Rather would I, faint and weary,  
Onward toiling, watch and pray,  
All around but dark and dreary,  
" Jesus only " cheers my way.

While His precious name adoring,  
Thrills my heart with sacred joy,  
Every earthly treasure spurning  
For my treasure in the sky.

Idols that could once so charm me,  
Perish now beneath my feet ;  
Jesus holds my heart's affection  
In a tie Divinely sweet.

Oft I grieve for those around me,  
Grovelling in this world of sin,  
Pleased with every gilded bauble,  
Yet no pleasure find in Him.

Him, the God of all creation,  
Source from which all blessing springs:  
Him, the Giver of salvation,  
Him, the glorious King of kings.

Oh, my Lord ! my Life, my Saviour,  
(Faith may humbly plead with Thee),  
Oh, extend Thy heavenly favour,  
For Thy grace is rich and free.

By Thy mighty quickening Spirit,  
Raise to life the deadened soul,  
And reveal Thy great salvation,  
Ere they reach the sinner's goal.

Thine the power, Thine the glory,  
Thine the grace, and Thine the praise—  
Ours the everlasting story,  
Thus to sing through endless days.

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

“FOR THE BIGGEST SINNER THERE IS  
A BIGGER SAVIOUR.”

Mr. T. Batchelor, of Portsmouth, has published a pamphlet entitled *The Lord's Mercy Manifested*, &c. It is a simple—we believe faithful—narrative of the conversion of an old farmer of whom it is said he was “born again at the age of 90.” This to us appears an extraordinary case. There may be, there are, doubtless, many souls saved as extraordinarily as this, although we never know of them. True grace, saving grace, sovereign grace, is often silently working where, for a time, it is not publicly known. We give a few of the evidences which, in this old man's last days, were considered, beyond all dispute, satisfactory proof of his conversion to God being genuine. The old farmer was living with his daughter. The writer says:—

“He was living there in 1860, when, one summer day, I took a brother clergyman to see him. We met with a kind and hearty welcome from the son-in-law and daughter.

“We were, however, both struck with the appearance of an old man, then about 84 years of age, who sat in the chimney corner, and took scarcely any notice of us. We found this arose from extreme deafness.

“We felt we ought not to leave without speaking a word or two to him, so we tried; but found it rather difficult to make him hear. My brother told him he ‘must be born again,’ and ended with telling him to pray that the Lord would ‘break his heart to shivers’ and give him ‘a new heart.’

“We perceived he was not at all pleased with our interference, and at last he requested us to be silent, saying, ‘Gentlemen, you may as well hold your tongues, for I knew all those things before you were born.’”

These abrupt remarks, it appears, were dropped into his heart by the Spirit of God; hence it is said:—

“The Lord's time of love and mercy was quickly drawing on, and, to the surprise of everybody who heard him, he seemed to become quite enlivened and changed.

“It was in 1866, just about the time he entered his 91st year, that his daughter observed him to sit very thoughtful at times, and say in a subdued tone, ‘born again;’ then he would ask, ‘Betsy, didn't that gentleman say I must be born again?’ On another occasion, he said,

‘Did not that gentleman say I must pray to have my heart broken to shivers?’ His daughter was astonished to find he remembered the very words, and especially as, at the time, he had very much resented our addressing him in such words, in fact, she almost feared he would have ordered us both out of the house.

“Another thing which much arrested her attention was this. Her son, a lad of about 11 years of age, used to sleep in the same room with his grandfather, and he used to say, ‘Mother, I'm sure grandfather will go to heaven, for he prays all night.’ Still she did not take any particular notice of his state, till she overheard him constantly saying to himself, ‘Born again! Why I'm born again! It is as the gentleman said, “Except a man be born again, he cannot see; no, he cannot see (laying great stress upon see) the kingdom of God.”’ Several other passages of Scripture used to flow into his mind, and he would repeat them over to himself.

“Among the passages which he dwelt upon with special pleasure was this, ‘Who shall not fear Thee, O Lord, and glorify Thy name, for Thou only art holy, for all nations shall come and worship before Thee?’ He would lay great stress on all nations, and add, ‘I wish I was a young man, I would go to all nations and tell them what the Lord has done for my soul.’ At other times he would suddenly say, as if surprised, ‘I have found out now that for the biggest sinner there is a bigger Saviour. I am a great sinner; I have been a sinner all my long life; I am the biggest sinner; yet I have a bigger Saviour!’”

Thus grace began its work. How it was consummated, we hope to shew next month.

**THE LATE MR. JAMES WELLS.**—In order to promote a more extensive circulation of those experimental works, *Achor's Gloomy Vale* and the second volume of *Letters to Theophilus*, the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle have issued cheap editions of both. Particulars, prices, &c., will be found in the advertisement duly announcing the same. We can conscientiously and earnestly recommend all who know the incalculable worth of a true Christian experience to spread these works in all directions.

A second edition of *The Russo-Polish Jew* has just been published. Those of our readers who have not yet obtained the volume should do so at once.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## CHRISTIANITY WITHOUT CHRIST!

AND

### DR. NEWMAN'S EXPOSITION OF THE HERESIES IN CHRISTENDOM.

"By what unseen and unsuspected arts  
The serpent 'error' twines round human  
hearts."

Thursday morning, May 15, 1879.—While standing in Manchester railway station, waiting for a London train, I found a telegram had come from Rome announcing the new Cardinal Newman's acknowledgment of an English address which had been read to him by Lady Herbert. I read the cardinal's answer with surprise, with grief, with a determination to call attention to it, because, for many years, Dr. Newman has been regarded with something approaching to reverence by an immense number of his countrymen, and I entertained a hope that he was not that servile slave to Popery which some of the softly sanctimonious objects have proved to be.

However, the temptation of the cardinal's hat has been too strong to be resisted, and in his intercourse with Pope Leo XIII. he has opened his mind freely, and furnished sufficient evidence to prove he would soon shut up all the chapels in Europe if he had the power, and he would send to prison all the ministers of Christ who would not subscribe to Rome's dogma, when she screams out as a Jesuit did to me on the railway station, saying, "Sir, there is no salvation out of our Church!"

I shall here give Cardinal Newman's reply to the English congratulatory address, where he said—

"Your affectionate address, introductory to so beautiful a present, I accept as one of those strange favours of Divine Providence granted to only a few. Most men, if they do any good, die without knowing it, but I call it strange that I should be kept to my present age, one beyond that of most men, as if in order that on this great spot, where I am personally almost unknown, I might find kind friends who meet me with an affectionate welcome claiming me as their spiritual benefactor. The tender condescension to me of the holy Father has elicited in my behalf, in sympathy with Him, a loving acclamation from His faithful children. Your present, which while God gives me strength, I shall avail myself of in my daily mass, will be a continual memento both of your persons and of your several intentions. When strength fails for that great action, then in turn I know well that I may rely on your taking up the duty and privilege of intercession and praying for me, that with the aid of the Blessed Virgin and all saints I may persevere in faith, hope, and charity, and in that grace which is the life of the soul till my end comes."

What is this but a piece of pious idolatry,

as rank and as wretched as can be found in the whole system of the anti-Christian apostasy? "The holy Father" is recognised instead of the eternal, the Almighty, and the Holy God, and "the blessed Virgin and all the saints" are to be looked to and relied upon as intercessors instead of "the Great High Priest of our profession," and the new covenant promises of "the Highest Himself," who will build up Jerusalem, establish His Church upon the Rock of Ages, and plant her at length in the midst of the paradise of God.

It has been reserved for Dr. Newman to prove to all truly-enlightened Protestants that the ancient teachers in Israel were correct when they declared there are

#### THREE NOTORIOUS DECEIVERS

who labour to ensnare us; hence we need not wonder if some are deceived who even watch against these "notorious deceivers;" but it would be such a wonder as never was seen if they should not be deceived who never watch at all, and in the ranks of professing Christendom, self-deceived, soul-deluded mortals exist by millions. They set up their own Popes, they bow down before them, and worship them, without the slightest misgiving. The so-called Protestant communities are as full of, and as much influenced by, Popery as are the Romish and the Ritualistic corporations. Joseph Caryl says, "Man is very apt to be deceived; so apt to be deceived, that he is scarce ever undeceived." Man is full of craft, this makes him deceitful; he is empty of true wisdom, this renders him deceivable.

O man, is this true? Are all men so fatally deceived in themselves, and deceived by others? Then, indeed, have we need most feelingly and fervently to cry, "Search me, O God, and know my heart; try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me; and lead me in the way everlasting." It may be well to have next month a chapter on the three notorious deceivers; but here I simply mention Dr. Newman's view of the heresies of our own times. He declares he has fought for fifty years against the spirit of

#### "LIBERALISM IN RELIGION."

He says, "never was a device of the enemy so framed, or with such prospects of success." In a sense, though not in the way Dr. Newman views it, this is correct. But what does this new cardinal mean by religious liberalism? How does he expound this "device of the enemy"? He says, "there is no positive truth in religion"—he means the religion which the Churches now profess to have. He looks England in the face, he refers to all the various sects, and creeds, and churches in the land, and of the whole of them he declares, there is

"NO POSITIVE TRUTH IN THEIR RELIGION."

for with most, if not all of them,

**"ONE CREED IS AS GOOD AS ANOTHER."**

Cardinal Newman is right to a degree; but he is wrong in the essential facts of the case. He would only have one Church, the Romish apostacy; he would only have one creed, the creed of the Vatican.

Our Lord Jesus Christ will only have one Church, one family, even the one elect body the Father gave Him; nor will He own but one faith, that alone which was "once for all delivered unto the saints."

Here, then, is the position of our Strict Baptist Churches. We have but one creed, even that which Christ brought with Him from His Father's bosom.

By that Divine revelation we are called to abide, while the spreading circles of churches around us each have a creed of their own. Of many of them we must not say, with Dr. Newman, "there is no truth in their religion;" they hold to parts of truth; but the erroneous mixtures are fearfully various.

Brethren, it is time we stand up and stand out more transparently for the faith of His elect. But I must not further proceed this month. Hoping, in the Gospel of God, I am not a deceiver, I remain, thine obediently,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road,  
South Hackney, London, May, 1879.

**WOOLWICH.—ENON CHAPEL.** A very interesting and highly successful meeting was held on Tuesday evening, April 22, at Enon chapel, on behalf of the Sunday school in connection with that place. Mr. W. Carter, the secretary, read an interesting report; it stated that the school was one of the oldest, it having been commenced about 1780. But although so old, it does not suffer from weakness, but has recently grown and thriven, and is at the present time in a state of peace and prosperity. Mr. John Box spoke strongly upon the necessity of teaching the pure Word of God in simplicity, in earnestness, and in truth; as good stewards to be faithful to the trust committed to them. Mr. Usher followed, showing among other things that the recollections gained by the children were not effaced from their hearts and memories; but that the influence of the school is carried into their homes and lives. The third address was delivered by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, who spoke strongly upon the necessity for the teacher being out of the school what he was in it. The chairman, Mr. Cole, spoke words of encouragement to teachers and friends. Our young friends sang several pieces during the evening; then after a few remarks from the pastor, Mr. Brittain, and Mr. A. Abrahams, the superintendent, the meeting closed with the benediction.

**BROADSTAIRS.**—Our pastor, Mr. Carter, baptized in our Baptist chapel on Sunday, May 4. We are sustained; the winter, we trust, will be succeeded by a favoured summer, and if the Lord sends us some of His beloved children from the metropolis, we shall praise Him.

**"HAPPY HOPE CHAPEL."**

"Adieu! ye vain delights of earth,  
Insipid sports, and childish mirth,  
I taste no sweets in you.  
Unknown delights are in the Cross,  
All joy beside to me is dross,  
And Jesus thought so too."

Referring to the tenth anniversary of Mr. James Griffith's pastorate in Hope chapel, Norton-street, Green-street, Bethnal-green, Tuesday, May 6, 1879, some one asked, "Was the rich man there?" "Who do you mean?" "What! cannot you tell who I mean? Did you ever read 'The Miser's Daughter?'" "No; not all of it." "Well, do you think that 'Miser Starve,' as they called him in Westminster, has any descendants alive now?" I shall not be drawn into any dilemma about misers at this hour of the night. I know who you refer to; but I withhold, for the present, all ventilation on that subject. I have something better to occupy my mind. I noticed the palace you have described, but I prefer to think of that which

"Stands like a palace built for God,  
To shew His milder face;"

and although almost hidden up, almost out of sight, yet such a delightful palace to my heart did Hope chapel, Bethnal-green, appear on the aforesaid anniversary evening.

William Beach, Esq. (of Chelmsford), occupied the chair, and spiritually, vocally, and charitably he illustrated the philosopher's maxim:—

"Give, saith the preacher, be large in liberality;  
Yield to the holy impulse;  
Tarry not for cold consideration,  
But cheerfully and freely scatter."

And so our noble chairman did. He cheerfully scattered his praises of his brother Hazelton's sermon in the afternoon. He freely enunciated his esteem for the pastor of "Hope," and when the collection was made, which from the friends themselves amounted to £12, the blessed chairman added of his own a donation of £5, handing the plate and its contents of £17 to the highly-honoured pastor, brother James Griffith, who, without ostentation, or any effeminate affection, heartily thanked all who had so kindly contributed toward rendering the evening what we should call a very profitable one indeed. Not, as we thought the contented and quiet countenance of the pastor said, "Not in any sense did I desire a gift; I only desired fruit that may abound to your account." However, such spontaneous, such free, such substantial expressions, such really useful demonstrations of a people's love toward their pastor, after being eleven years as God's mouth unto their souls, are the most convincing proofs that they really love and esteem him for his work's sake. And after being present at three of their public meetings, we deliberately declare that we hardly think a more happy community of the Christian brotherhood can be found than is this, now for so many years meeting for worship in this flourishing part of Bethnal-green.

Between "fame" and "flattery" the schoolmen draw deep distinctive lines. "Fame" has never hastened with its million tongues to spread the wondrous tale of pastor James Griffith's intellectual, ministerial, or oratorical magnificence. No. But like the deep, fresh, gentle-flowing river, he has for twenty years gone on, as he said, "preaching Jesus Christ in our way." Psalm xxiii., we think, contains a likeness somewhat approaching both the mental and ministerial calibre of our kindly-disposed ministerial brother, Mr. James Griffith. There is a hameless love of fame springing from desires to honour our great God in preaching His glorious Son, and, through the efficient power of the blessed Comforter, to build up the redeemed Church in her most holy faith. Such a love of fame every minister of Christ must value in some way or other. "A high heart is a sacrifice to heaven. Should it stoop among the creepers in the dust to tell them that what God approved is worthy of their praise?" Never. "A great mind is an altar on a hill. Should the priest descend from his altitude to canvass offerings and worship from dwellers on the plain?" Nay. "Rather, with majestic perseverance, will he minister in solitary grandeur, confident the time will come when pilgrims shall flock around." This has been the undisturbed way of procedure at Hope. The pilgrims have gathered around, and, behind the scenes, the deacons assured us that in the enjoyment of their pastor's ministry they lived upon the finest of the wheat.

Mr. William Carpenter publicly requested us to make this truly practical Christian meeting known, that other Churches might "go and do likewise."

No room is left to give the speeches. Mr. W. Carpenter defined the ministry of our Lord Jesus in commendable terms. He almost concluded as a predecessor, who, of Christ's ministry, it may be said, "Let holy angels sing Thy praise, for man hath marred Thy visage." Still, only saved, sanctified men can fully preach the Saviour's work and worth. Master Carpenter aims to honour his Master, and that is the noblest mission in which men here can be employed.

Edwin Langford illustrated his discourse on "The Throne of Grace" with rich quotations from the poets. "Mercy, Satisfying Mercy," was Mr. Masterson's branch, and "Glorious Liberty" was placed in the hands of Mr. William Webb. We had hoped to have heard Mr. John Bonney on "The Lovingkindness of God," but the illness of his beloved wife prevented. We all closed up singing, "Praise God," on whose character, as a refuge, some words were given by

C. W. B.

RYARSH.—G. H. says, "I walked to Ryarsh; sat and heard Mr. Thomas Stringer blow the great trumpet: he doth not lose much breath by age at present; nor the sound of his voice. It was a very sweet meeting: wish every Church may have as good."

## A VISIT TO AMERICA.

By T. G. C. ARMSTRONG.

(Continued from page 158.)

Getting on board the steamer at Stonington about 10 p.m., I found all the berths engaged, and the only rest likely to be obtained would be by lounging on the sofas placed round the saloons. Making a virtue of necessity, I dosed away in company with some two or three hundred similarly circumstanced until the morning broke, when I hastened on deck to gaze upon New York and its surroundings spreading before one's vision like a beautiful panorama. Steaming up Long Island Sound we entered the East River, having on the right of us the miles of wharves, alongside of which were lying shipping from all quarters of the globe, and beyond, the multitude of streets which go to make up the most cosmopolitan city in the world. On the left were stretching out the streets of Brooklyn, called the City of Churches, but more popularly known as the sleeping place of New York; for nearly everybody who is anybody having a place of business in New York, will be found dwelling in Brooklyn.

Immediately on landing, I made for the hotel to which I had been recommended, and giving up my baggage checks to one of the porters, was shown my room. Not knowing a soul in the place, I realised for the first time the fact that I was a stranger in a strange land, and the feelings of extreme lonesomeness and an intense longing for home came over me; so that, if it had been practicable, I would have at once started homewards. However, after a cold bath, change of attire and a good breakfast, I felt better, and consulting a directory, I found my way to the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, where, having inscribed my name in the visitor's book, I was introduced to one of the secretaries and received a hearty welcome. I may here remark that whether travelling in Canada or the States, I found it conducive to both comfort and pleasure in being associated, as I am, with the London Young Men's Christian Association, as well as the Commercial Travellers' Christian Association; and I would recommend all Christian young men, irrespective of denominational or doctrinal sentiments, to identify themselves with the former of these Institutions, believing they will find it helpful to them in spiritual as well as temporal things. The New York Association is carried on a large scale. There are nearly 4,000 members, and the building in which they meet cost £100,000. Their current expenses are about £6,000 a year, for which, according to their report, they obtain good results. In the winter months Dr. Thomson, an eminent physician, conducts a Sunday afternoon Bible class, which has an average attendance of 680; the number present during the summer months, when the class is under the leadership of the Secretary, being about 150.

After a chat about the old country, I was asked as to my plans, and having nothing definitely arranged, an itinerary was sketched

for me by one of the directors, which saved me considerable time in visiting the principal places of interest in the neighbourhood. It would be infringing on your space and my reader's time and patience if I were to give a detailed account of the same. Of course I went across to Brooklyn to hear De Witt Talmage preach; but, unfortunately, he was away on his summer holiday. Ward Beecher was away lecturing in California, and Plymouth church was consequently closed. Dr Bridgman, a well-known Baptist preacher, had returned from his vacation and preached on the Sabbath evening I was there, certainly the best sermon I listened to across the Atlantic. I am afraid old-fashioned Baptists at home would have been rather shocked to have found the platform and pulpit crowded with beautiful flowering plants and exotics, so much so, that the Dr. seemed almost hidden by them; and, as I gathered from what he said, they had been brought as expressions of delight at his return by his beloved people. I spent an hour or so in a mission room near the waterside frequented by the roughest class, the meetings being generally presided over by Jerry MacAulay, one of the worst of characters whom God's grace had met and changed from a persecutor to a preacher. He was laid aside by illness, but his place was ably filled by a man of similar character. There was a printed notice to the effect that speakers were limited to one minute, and although they did not adhere very closely to the rule, yet a great many stood up and gave in simple, yet telling, language, their testimony to the truth that saves.

I visited A. T. Stewart's store where 3,000 hands are employed in the busy season; Castle Garden, where the Irish emigrants are lodged on landing; and I also attended a mass meeting in Union-square one evening, when the place was lighted with lime light, and a concourse of people, variously estimated in the papers next morning at from 15,000 to 50,000, were present. I went to Fulton-street where the first daily prayer meeting was started some years ago, and is still continued. Greenwood Cemetery, and Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and the Central Park, and Croton Reservoir at New York, I also found well worth visiting. The elevated street railroad, the tramcars, the steam ferries, and their admirable system of fire brigades all deserve attention, and bear witness as to the thoroughness of our American cousins.

(To be continued.)

**HERTFORD. — EBENEZER CHAPEL.** On Lord's-day, April 27, the pastor Mr. R. Bowles, after a sermon from Psalm xiv. 4, baptized three young believers (seals to his ministry). These with two others were added to the Church the first Lord's-day in May. So solemn and impressive were the services, that we believe it will not be long before we shall again have to open the pool. The cause have much reason to thank God and take courage. "The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge."

### POPERY IN SPALDING.

Good Friday, April 11, services were held at "Ebenezer" chapel, Love-lane. Sermon in the afternoon by Mr. J. Flory, from the words, "And they crucified Him." In the evening the loving and devoted pastor, Mr. J. Vincent, spoke from Heb. v. 8, 9, showing that Jesus, although the Son of God, was tried, tempted, crucified; as Man and Mediator learned obedience, "was made perfect," constituted a complete Saviour, passing through the ordeal of His life and death in perfect resignation to His Father's will, in working out and bringing in everlasting salvation for the Church of God. The sermons, I heard one say, "were with savour and power." The congregations good, the tea well attended. May "Love-lane" flourish and prosper as the garden of the Lord.

Now, Mr. Editor, after I heard the evening sermon I looked in to see what was going on in the "parish church." It was all a glare with light; I had not been in the edifice for more than twenty years; it made me look, such alterations. Crosses right and left; one cross, ten to twelve feet from bottom to top, in the centre of the building, right in sight of the people—I am told it cost £80. The whole thing, sermons, singing, and chanting was Popish; leading the people on to Popery as fast as possible. In the new church it is downright Popery; the bell tolling at different times in the day. O Spalding! O England! what shall be the end of these things? Without God interpose we shall be handed over to Popery and infidelity, and this will be the end again.

"The Lord came down poor fallen man to save,  
Rome compasseth the world his spirit to enslave;

The Lord poured out for man His precious blood,  
Rome sheds the blood of those who spurn her rod.

Six centuries beheld her cruel sway,  
And eighty thousands annually were swept away.\*

Her wicked priests all civil powers constrain  
To pile the fagot and to forge the chain.  
The tongue and pen are under ban,

And man enslaves and robs his fellow-man.

Hasten, O Lord, this monster to consume,  
And save the souls whilst systems meet their doom.

Break every yoke and let the oppressed go free,  
Let the whole earth enjoy Thy jubilee."

So prays yours, ONE WHO WAS A  
HEARER AT SPALDING.

**BROSELEY.**—We cannot answer repeated inquiries respecting our venerable brother Thomas Jones. A correspondent says, "We had G. B. Walker preaching to us May 18, and we hope to have him again. On Sunday afternoon Mr. Walker held open air services in the market place. He means the people shall hear the Gospel.

\* Computed from the commencement of the thirteenth century to the close of the eighteenth century, a period of 600 years, at an average 80,000 annually fell victims—50,000,000 in the 600 years of Papal rule.

## REVIEWING THE PAST.

BY W. CROWTHER.

*To the Deacons, Church Members, and Others worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

Field House, Gomersal, Leeds,  
May 2, 1879.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—As I write the above date, a crowd of thoughts occupy my mind, both as to the past, the present, and the future. As to the past I feel constrained to say with Jacob, "Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been;" they have been few in the sense that they appear very short to look back upon, and that what has been done in them has been so little in value or in quantity, and I feel bound to confess I have been an unprofitable servant; they have been evil in the sense that evil has been in my heart, and has mingled with all my work, and also as being spent in the constant contact with this present evil world, so that in one way and another the evil appears to predominate over whatever of good has been in them, either in instruction or act; but I feel, as I believe the patriarch did, no part of the evil referred to is to be attributed to the Lord, all whose ways are mercy and truth to them that fear Him, but arise from our poor ruined state, inherited from our first father's sin, and aggravated by our own, as well as by that of all our associations. As to present things, little did I think a year ago that the affliction which then seriously showed itself was to continue so long, and to be of so trying a nature both to you and myself. I did think it might be an affliction unto death, but the consolation and felt support in my soul from your prayers, and those of many others, upheld and kept alive the hope that I had still a testimony to bear after passing through floods which should not drown, but through which my God would make a way that I should pass over, and afterwards confirm, by the result of a riper experience, those precious things, which, for 45 years, I have been able, more or less feebly, without swerving, to declare. God has determined our times, and has graciously concealed them from us, and I confess I felt shaken and disturbed when I heard that our brother Wainhouse had suddenly been called away, when so many others appeared likely to go before him. The loss of one warm-hearted and peace and truth-loving brother we must all deplore, as we shall much miss his presence, and his willing and loving service. We may ask, Who will be next? and must answer, Who can tell? The Lord prepare our hearts for whatever His will may be, and help and grant that our feeling may be—Awake, asleep, at home, abroad, I am surrounded still with God, and whether living or dying, belong to Him; so that His interest and prosperity in us is an infallible evidence and assurance of our safety in and by Him. As to the future here and hereafter, God's care over His people, collectively and individually, shall ever be realized, notwithstanding all the lies of

modern philosophy (which represents God as indifferent to us) and of modern theology (which represents God as waiting for us, and dependent upon us), and it shall continue to be a matter of knowledge and of confidence to the living family, however few and feeble, that there remaineth a rest for the people of God, to which they shall all attain in God's good time and way. I desire for you what I feel for myself, both as to past, present, and future. "In the multitude of all my thoughts within me, Thy comforts, O God, delight my soul." The weather still retards my improvement in health.

I am, my dear friends,

Yours very truly,

WM. CROWTHER.

HORHAM, SUFFOLK.—The recognition of Mr. J. R. Debnam, as pastor of the Church, took place on Wednesday, May 7. The afternoon service commenced with singing a hymn. Mr. Broom, of Fressingfield, followed by reading, and prayer by Mr. G. Webb, of Laxfield, in a very solemn and fervent manner. Mr. Hill stated the nature of a Gospel Church, grounding his remarks on 1 Tim. iii. 15, and asked the pastor the usual questions; which Mr. Debnam answered in a concise and satisfactory manner, giving a statement of his call by grace, his call to the ministry, also the doctrines he believed, and which he intended to preach. This being completed, the Church was asked to show their acceptance of Mr. Debnam, as their pastor, by rising from their seats and holding up their right hands, which was at once responded to. Mr. Debnam was asked to show his acceptance of the pastoral office among them in the same way, which he did. The venerable Samuel Collins then, in words of wisdom, counsel, and love, united the hands of pastor and the elder deacon, who previously, in a very able way and manner, gave a satisfactory statement of the leadings of Providence in bringing Mr. Debnam among them. About 700 then sat down to an excellent tea; after which the evening service commenced with a hymn by Mr. Cordil, followed by reading of the Scriptures, and the ordination prayer by Mr. E. Debnam (father of the pastor). Mr. T. K. Bland then gave the charge from Matt. xiii. 52. After this excellent address Mr. T. Hoddy (the late pastor) preached to the Church from the words of Paul (1 Thess. v. 25): "Brethren, pray for us." Mr. Hoddy was most earnest in his remarks, showing the absolute necessity of prayer in the Church for its pastor and officers. Mr. Webb, at the close, said he was pleased to have Mr. Debnam so near to him, and hoped that they would be favoured to work together in the vineyard of the dear Redeemer. A few remarks from Mr. Debnam were made, by way of thanking his brother ministers for their attendance, and the ladies for so much care and interest taken by them in supplying the tea. A hymn being sung, and prayer offered by Mr. Hoddy, brought the happy meetings of the day to a close—a day long to be remembered by many.

**WHITECHAPEL. — LITTLE ALIEN-STREET.** We have great pleasure in recording the eighth anniversary of the settlement of our beloved pastor, Mr. C. Masterson, amongst us. On Thursday, May 15, tea meeting was well attended; the gathering at evening meeting was excellent. This fact may be taken as a proof the people love the pastor, and desire to promote his happiness, success, and prosperity. Preliminary services were held on the previous Sabbath. Our beloved late pastor, Mr. P. Dickerson, was enabled to preach from "That no flesh should glory in His presence." Our pastor in evening preached from "The goodwill of Him that dwelt in the bush." The Lord's presence was with us. On Thursday Mr. P. Dickerson presided. Brethren Anderson, J. Box, Dearsly, Griffith, Langford, Meeres, G. Webb, and Usher spoke to us. This opportunity will long be remembered. Mr. P. Dickerson addressed the meeting from the words, "Behold, bow good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." He spoke of the blessings of unity or dwelling together as one, and hoped the brethren present might realise that blessing. Mr. Masterson shewed the Lord's work in our midst. During the eight years he had been among them they had witnessed many changes, some of which were of a pleasing, and others of a painful character; they had been reminded that "In the world ye shall have tribulation," and "Arise ye, and depart, for this is not your rest." Having obtained help of God, we continue unto this day. About 130 members had been added, chiefly by baptism; the work of God had steadily gone on, their finances were well sustained, which spoke well for the kindness and love of the people, during the period he had been with them. They had lost four deacons by death; notwithstanding they felt thankful to God their venerable brother Dickerson was still spared to preach the Gospel with so much savour and profit. He spoke of his magnanimity and love towards them, in that, after forty years of preaching, he had consented to become one of their deacons. The prayer meetings had been well attended, and they had felt much encouraged thereby. Brother Dickerson said that he felt bound to reciprocate the feeling expressed by his brother Masterson. About sixty-six years ago he commenced preaching, by the help of God he had continued to this day. He would give his brethren a hint to take with them. There was Divine starting, Divine progress, and a glorious termination. "They go from strength to strength; everyone of them in Zion appeareth before God." We thank our brethren for their addresses, and for their kindness in coming among us. We pray the Lord will still bless this portion of His vineyard, and graciously sustain our beloved pastor in his labour of love in seeking to gather in (instrumentally) the poor of the flock. May He preserve us in unity, and comfort the remaining years of our venerable brother Dickerson, for His name's sake.

S. J. W.

## NORWICH VIEWED IN ITS EC-CLESIASTICAL AND RELIGIOUS CONNECTIONS.

Five cities rival Norwich in ancient associations of a religious order. Almost every one remembers it as one of the three favoured cities where first the Word of God was distributed, after it had been successfully brought hither from foreign shores. One walks through Norwich, with its nearly 90,000 inhabitants, and cannot fail to be impressed with the vast number of churches and chapels—this applies especially to the former.

In a commercial aspect, Norwich has undergone complete transformation: old manufacturers have disappeared, and new ones have taken their place: foremost among them being the great mustard factory of Messrs. Colman, where nearly 2,000 hands are employed. Mr. Colman, M.P., is a good friend to benevolent works generally, and most liberal in a religious sense, having nobly given £2,000 towards a new Sunday school in our city. But as it may possibly interest some readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** to take a cursory glance of the religious elements existing in Norwich, I will commence with a brief notice of the cathedral. Its architecture is of Norman style, very ancient and grand, the foundation stone being laid by Bishop Herbert, in 1096. The length of the building is 407 feet by 72 feet wide. The present bishop (Dr. Pelham) was appointed in 1857. The ecclesiastical office of bishop in Norwich is worth £4,500 per annum. One really requires to remember the tenth commandment very strictly, or they would say, Oh! that some of the Baptist ministers could share this little gold mine. The bishop, although not professing eloquent and scholarly ability, like to the late Bishop Wilberforce, is generally esteemed for his meek Christian spirit, and aptitude to teach. Dean Goulburn, appointed in 1866, is one of the most intense and devoted Churchmen in the land, and is an author of no mean order. Canon Nisbet, of London, comes here three months in the year, as resident canon. His sermons are full of sanctified thought, and breathe a holy Christ-like spirit—indeed a gentleman remarked, after hearing the canon preach, "I cannot stand the Church prayers, but wish some Nonconformists in our city could give us equally solid Scriptural sermons." We must pass by a host of churches, about forty in number, many of which are capable of seating a vast congregation, and glance for a moment at our sturdy Nonconformist brethren, the Baptists and others. If large buildings and all the factitious accompanying attractions of a worldly order constitute success, some of the Norwich Baptists certainly enjoy it. The latest announcement of the largest Baptist Church was a *soiree musicale*. Refreshment hall and cloak room advertised as being provided. If the elastic conscience of some brethren would justify these things, may the spirit of Christ-like consistency preserve us from following any



project so opposite to the law of expediency, under which we all ought to live. The Baptists have no less than nine or ten places of worship, with pastors of greater or less eminence; among those best known is the Rev. G. Gould, who delivered the annual address at the meeting of the Baptist Union in London. Mr. Jackson also preaches with much acceptance at Gildercroft, whilst at Orford-hill, our friend Mr. Palmer has settled as pastor, with signs of success. The Independents (whatever the term means) are strong, whilst the Congregationalists are stronger, and can raise money for Sunday schools to the sum of £6,000 or £8,000 in a few days. I must hastily dismiss the other Nonconformist sections—the Methodists, Wesleyans, &c.—with a word, and should this short paper prove in any way acceptable, I may resume the subject on some future occasion.—A LOVER OF THE VILLAGE PREACHER FOR CHRIST'S SAKE.

#### OUR CHURCHES IN THE NORTH.

Eight days' successive work; once more in the busy towns; have given me some further insight into the state of our Churches. Many railway pencillings are in store. The following is the fag end.

May 9, 1879.

In a Midland Scotch express  
We are flying thro' the air;  
Nature seems in much distress,  
Clouds are thick, trees look bare.  
Still we hope some cheering ray  
May shine on us another day;  
A cold and gloomy spring is here;  
We'll trust in God, His name we'll fear.

Manchester, May 15, 1879.—As I leave this Northern city in a downpour of rain, I can but seriously reflect upon the scenes I have passed through during the past six days wherein I have been travelling, walking, talking, and conversing with some of the excellent of the earth. In Sheffield, Masborough, Huddersfield, Lockwood, Gomersal, Hermond Wyke, Morley, Leeds, Pudsey, Manchester, &c., many things have been discoursed upon and discovered, and the heterogeneous rolls of evidence of the use, abuse, and exercise of grace and faith, in persons and places, is both edifying and mortifying, from whence lessons of value may be deduced; but time and care are required. Last evening, at a gentleman's house in Longsight, where I was entertained and taken the kindest care of, the gentleman read that Psalm where the writer says, "Thou hast thrust sore at me that I should fall; but in the name of the Lord I will destroy them;" which sentence only Christ can certainly carry out. Many, in the dark, have sent their tongue swords deep into the wounds of a bruised heart, and still they pursue the unbolv war. It is not for me to say "In the name of the Lord I will destroy them." I deeply desire grace to praise the Lord that they have not yet destroyed me. There is a gentleman in the North who sought to be in communion with a Church where truth has been long maintained; but because of his having been favourable to THE EARTHEN

VESSEL, and upon no other ground, they positively refused him. They either tell him to the Lord's table he shall not come, or, if he does commune, it must be where he cannot hear the Gospel in its fulness proclaimed. There is much of this anti-Christian spirit and tyrannical rule in existence; but the Lord suffers such to prosper, and we must bow down in the dust of humility and sorrow.

We are sinners of a mortal race;  
Our days will soon expire;  
We then shall sing of sovereign grace,  
Or know God's wrath and ire.

My notes on this journey in Yorkshire and Lancashire may come out some day; but I have to go direct to a public meeting if mercy hold me safe through this wet and windy journey, so cold and gloomy, hence I retire.  
C. W. B.

PULPIT PRESCRIPTIONS.—"Cry aloud! Spare not! Lift up thy voice like a trumpet." The ancient schoolmen called eloquent, hot, and earnest preachers, "sons of thunder." They said of one Alcibiades, that "he thundered Greece." He was a man so mighty in elocution, that he made his hearers tremble. Our Lord Himself surnamed James and John, "Boanerges," which means "the sons of thunder." They did not speak, as some, "like a mouse in a cheese," but with a great voice, and with a greater spirit. They spake the messages of heaven, as though it thundered from heaven. Divine unction and the Holy Ghost's co-operation may render a low, slow, and soft voice very demonstrative and exceedingly useful; but the system of loading the memory with a self-constructed or borrowed essay, and coolly taking it off the memory, and delicately handing it out line by line, is not always so convincing to sinners, nor so comforting to saints, as the flashes of fire from the Holy Ghost when He is pleased to make a man to be as God's mouth, taking forth the precious from the vile. Basil, as Caryl tells us, did thunder in his doctrine and lighten in his life; and so will all ministers, generally speaking, who are filled with the threefold essential power, the knowledge of God producing a confident faith; the love of Christ working heart-melting gratitude, and the light of the Holy Ghost giving clearness and edification by the ministry.—C. W. B.

SUDBURY.—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—We had a profitable and interesting day with our young friend, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, on our Sunday School anniversary. The Lord helped him to speak very blessedly of Christ as the Good Shepherd; he addressed the children in a most affectionate manner. In the afternoon he took as his text, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; he shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." All glory be to our Lord's name. I can say, "Crown Him Lord of all." The chapel, the aisles, and vestry, were all filled. Friends came from the villages round for miles. The Lord bless His young servant. So prays—ONE THAT WAS THERE.—Ebenezer chapel, New-street, Sudbury, May 14th, 1879.

### THE PURE RIVER OF WATER OF LIFE.

DEAR BROTHER,—That which moves God to bestow the grace of sanctification upon man, is nothing in man, but all in God Himself—namely, His free love to His elect in Christ; which love of God is from eternity before the foundations of the world were laid; and though it be revealed unto the elect in time, at their conversion, yet doth it not then begin. When it begins to be manifested when we yet lay in the shadow of death, strangers from the life of God through ignorance that was in us; when we were cast out, polluted in our blood, not yet washed or seasoned with salt, even when God looked on us with tender compassions; He pitied us; He loved us as chosen vessels, prepared for glory, as heirs of grace and life, and because He thus loved us, He said to us, Live!

I.—Where God is actually reconciled, there He actually loveth; for love and reconciliation are inseparable. But with the elect, before they are converted and believe, God is actually reconciled.

He loves them before their faith and conversion. The minor is evident, because before they are born, much more before they are regenerate, a full atonement and satisfaction for all offences is made by Christ, and accepted on God's part. Whereupon actual reconciliation must needs follow, and this the Scriptures make manifest, Christ being "The Lamb slain from the beginning of the world," and God testifying of Him at His baptism, long before His death, in that speech of admirable consolation: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." Well pleased with Him for the unspotted holiness of His own person; well pleased with us, in Him, for His invaluable merits; and hence a second reason.

II.—If God did actually love the elect before Christ's time, when an actual reconciliation was not yet made, then much more may He actually love the elect after the atonement is really made by Christ's death, even before they do believe it.

Election, effectual vocation, and faith, are all fruits and consequents of God's actual love unto the elect, which grace and favour He therefore bestows upon them because He loves them, and therefore it is vain to say that faith and sanctity are bestowed on us only to make us capable of God's love. Is not the bestowing of them a fruit of His great mercy and love unto us? Yea, the whole series and chain of all God's gracious works for man's salvation have God's love for their first links, as is apparent (John i. 13).

G. HOLLAND.

PLYMOUTH.—We have enjoyed the ministry of our brother Wm. Trotman, at Corpus Christi, in Stonehouse, during the spring time. Friends have gathered round, and we have been quite joyful. We have other truthful men in our towns; but our Churches do not multiply as we pray. "Hoe Visitor" asketh "why is this?" It maketh many weep with sorrowful hearts.

### WAIT AND WATCH.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—In truth and love, in covenant love, made by and with the great Three-One, which was, and is, and is to come, from everlasting to everlasting. What a comfort it brings to know that it remains the same, though all things here do change.

"Though storms and tempests rise,  
And sins our peace assail,  
Our hope in Jesus never dies,  
'Tis cast within the veil.

Here let the weary rest,  
Who love the Saviour's name;  
Though with no sweet enjoyment bless'd,  
This covenant stands the same."

Yes, dear brother, this remains the same. God our Father "Will not of His oath repent," "Dear Lord, Thy people still are Thine."

I am sure you will excuse my intrusion by enclosing this letter from a poor tried one in trouble and distress. She mentioned in her last your very kind remembrance of her and for her. I well know you have many, very many, cases, and very low funds to help the many distressed cases, but I have taken the liberty to enclose this, knowing that if you can do anything for her you will, or for the little girl, to get her in the school when opportunity offers.

What awful calamities we have occurring, as it were, daily! My opinion is the judgments of the Lord are showing forth in the world now; yet, as the prophet says, "The people will not (that is, the worldly will not) learn righteousness, though they are shewn favour and escape." We hear of famine and pestilence, wars and rumours of wars. Things go on the same. Sin, iniquity, and pride abound. My simple opinion is, it goes from bad to worse, and when the Son of Man shall come, shall He find faith on the earth?

Some think we are going to do great things in Turkey. I fear for our nation. It may be our downfall shaking hands with Mahomedanism, if we do not suffer and be made to cry out with Jehoshaphat for joining affinity with Ahab. He had a narrow escape for his life. Join affinity and help the ungodly? The prophet warned him against such error. Our protectorate of Turkey will be a burdensome stone for our country. Peace with honour to certain individuals, but not to the nations. To wait and watch is the motto of the Christian.

G. PAPPING.

Hea Moor, Penzance, Oct. 4, 1878.

CHILDREN OF HOPE.—After 9 days' preaching in North and South, found I had promised brother Dobson to attend the Band of Hope meeting in York-street, Walworth, May 19. "They can do without you: do not go." "I have promised." Never fail to fulfil an engagement if Providence permit. The Band of Hope assembly was to me most magnificent. There were hundreds of well-dressed, clean, intelligent boys and girls. The hall was literally crowded. A splendid tea was given to them all. Beautiful recita-

tions proved the length and strength of the children's memories. They did their part well. Mr. Dobson, like a careful father, keeps the door, and occasionally walks around and watches over them. They look up to him and love him. Mr. Searle (the president) is evidently qualified for his post. He is fluent, intelligent, ready at any moment to throw in a pleasing speech, which catches up the tender heart and fills it with joy. He says, "Not few nor light are the burdens of life; then fill it not with heaviness of spirit." The precentor leads on the vast choir without any crush or scream. That steady and determined William Beddow carries up a prayer to God for every child and for blessings on the work: A venerable sire gave us his experience of many long years. I was inclined to talk to the boys and girls about HOPE; but after a few introductory words, feeling I should intrude on the time of others, I deferred. Another opportunity may be given to address these prospective reformers of our nation. God bless them all!—C. W. BANKS.

— — —  
**PROPOSED NEW STRICT BAPTIST  
 CHAPEL IN THE EAST OF  
 LONDON.**

COVERDALE ROOMS, LIMEHOUSE.

Monday, 28th April, a tea meeting of the Church and congregation took place, to consider best steps to take to erect a more comfortable and commodious place to worship in. About 150 (principally the heads of families) were present. Mr. Holden, the much-loved pastor, presided. After a member of the Church had prayed to the Lord to direct and to bless, Mr. Holden stated the object of the meeting; several friends spoke upon the subject. A building fund was started, and, to the surprise of all present, the amount then given and promised, varying from £10 to £5, reached £242 5s. 0d.; this sum, with £350 offered to be lent, and donations since received, amounts to £600. The friends, encouraged with such a beginning, are seeking a piece of ground in the locality whereon to build, and their earnest prayer is that the Lord will appear for them, crown their efforts with success, and enable them to glorify His Name.

GEO. TURNER, Deacon.

[We are not surprised at this. The Coverdale friends have always gone forth in faith, with a loving spirit of unity, looking unto the Lord to help and prosper them. The Lord hath been with them; and He will confer upon them the honour of erecting a new house for His Name, in a part of London where a Strict Baptist chapel is much required. We pray that many hearts and hands may practically sympathise with them. "A cheerful expecter of the best" hath a fountain of joy within him. The wise Physician of our weal loveth not an unbelieving spirit. To those giveth He good who rely on His hand for good. We shall realise joy in beholding brother Holden and his happy flock soon in their new home.—Ed.]

**CHEERING NEWS FROM BAPTIST  
 CHAPEL, WATERSIDE, WANDS-  
 WORTH.**

On Tuesday, April 29, 1879, an interesting meeting was held in connection with this time-honoured cause of truth, for helping forward a fund for erection of new chapel, the lease of the present one having nearly expired. A tea was kindly provided by the ladies. At public meeting our genial friend Welch, of Tooting, presided; brother Drane, a deacon, invoked Divine blessing; brother Tomlins read report. In 1821, a few zealous, God-fearing individuals banded together in this locality. Ground was secured for sixty years, and this chapel was erected for a period of fifty-eight years. The Gospel trumpet has been blown, many precious souls have been born into spiritual life, fed with living bread, and have entered into eternal rest. Time has told us that 1881 will soon be upon us; that provision must be made for the future. With these views predominating, a few of our lady friends met together in the vestry, and after some consultation formed a plan, and at once started "The New Baptist Working Society," the profits of which were to form the nucleus of a fund for building. These ladies arranged to meet every alternate week to carry out their work of love, and, what is pleasing to add, they have done it in a praiseworthy manner, as the following results will testify. The 1st year's labours, together with books, cards, and donations, amounted to £14 4s. 4d; 2nd, to £41 4s. 1d.; 3rd, to £35 14s. 4d.; 4th, to £36 4s. 5d.; making a total in four years of £127 7s. 2d.

In viewing the providence of God toward us we cannot but acknowledge the same with thankfulness. In a very unexpected way the Lord has opened a door and given us a glimpse of His lovingkindness in having directed us to a piece of freehold land in an eligible spot, with a building upon it capable of holding 800 people, with surplus ground fit for building purposes, for the moderate sum of £955. £100 deposit has been paid to secure the estate, we hope shortly to be in full possession. We trust the Lord will continue to be gracious by inclining the hearts of many to come to our help, that we may be enabled to do for the generation to come what our forefathers did for us, to raise an edifice to the honour of our covenant God, and to Him will we give all the praise. After a few words of encouragement from our worthy chairman, our kind friend, Mr. Levinsohn, ascended the platform, arrayed in Jewish costume, and delivered a most interesting lecture on the "True Wandering Jew," which was listened to with marked attention by a good assembly. A collection was made, and collecting cards brought in, and the whole proceeds of the evening amounted to £24 3s. 10d., making a total of £151 11s. 0d.

A vote of thanks to the lecturer, chairman, and ladies was put, and cheerfully responded to, and thus a very pleasant and profitable meeting was brought to a close.

A MEMBER.

P.S.—Should any kind friend feel disposed

to help us, the following brethren and deacons will thankfully receive any donations towards this object:—Mr. Tomlins, North-street, Wandsworth, S.W.; Mr. Mulliner, Dane-hill, Wandsworth, S.W.; Mr. B. Drane, 1, Middleton-terrace, South-fields, Wandsworth, S.W.

#### BAPTISM IN SANDGATE CHURCH.

One Saturday morning lately a rather unusual scene was witnessed in St. Paul's church, Sandgate. A congregation assembled to witness the baptism, by immersion, of a coast-guardman, who, wishing to join the Church communion, was anxious to be baptized in a more thorough manner than that usually enacted by the Church of England. His wish being met by the Incumbent of Sandgate, arrangements were made for the ceremony by placing a large bath close to the font, and round it stood the vicar, the curate, churchwarden, several ladies, and the candidate, who wore the white summer dress of the body to which he belongs.

The vicar pointed out that in the rite of baptism which our blessed Saviour Himself underwent, there was the symbol of a death and a life, particularly when it was administered by immersion—the burying of our old nature, and raising up of a new nature. By this rite they signified the passing from death to life—not by the waters of baptism, because it had already been done by the precious blood of Christ; but in baptism it was symbolised, and set forth to him that was baptized and to others. He warned unconverted persons that they might have been baptized with water, but unless they have been converted it would avail them nothing, and they had none of the life of Christ in them.

#### “WE ARE THE ONLY TWO LEFT OF ALL THE FAMILY.”

It was Christmas Eve, Tuesday, December 24, 1878. All the day and days previous I had been busy sending out donations to “the Lord's poor,” for whom a merciful Providence has made me steward, and of this part of my stewardship, as of all the rest, I know I must render a faithful account. I hope to do so with joy, not with grief.

On the Christmas Eve referred to, late, left the office, took train to a distant suburb to find out

#### THREE WIDOWS IN ONE FAMILY.

Snow, frost, and fog were deep and hard, and even dangerous. However, onward I pressed. Getting out of train, began to inquire for my poor friends. “Do you know where such and such a terrace is?” “No! never heard of it.” Found it. There was the grandmother, once the wife of a deacon of one of our best Churches, now aged, afflicted, and sometimes destitute. She had a blessed husband, sons, and daughters; all are gone, but one daughter, a widow, and one deceased son's widow. These are cases deserving Christian benevolence, of which many are known to C. W. B., and every day, almost, some relief is sent hither and thither.

#### A VISIT TO LEE COMMON BAPTIST CHAPEL.

DEAR SIR,—I feel bound to express the pleasure I felt in again (by the providence of God) visiting the Christian friends at Lee-common, after an absence of nearly five years. I was pleased to find the Lord had largely blessed them, not only in enabling them to repair their place of worship, but in adding unto their number souls whom we trust will be eternally saved.

As I was speaking to the people upon the promise, “Their souls shall be as a watered garden,” we felt it was being fulfilled among the people there.

Again, as the Spirit led us, by faith, into the house of Simon, to hear the sweet words of our Saviour, as He spake to that repenting woman—who came trembling to His side—the word of forgiveness, we felt that Jesus was truly in our midst.

As we surrounded the table to commemorate our Lord's dying love, we were ready to say, with the poet,

“We know He leads us on,  
Although our steps be slow.”

We left them with the prayer that the Lord would still bless His cause at Lee-common, and not there only, but throughout the whole world.

Yours truly,  
W. HEWLETT.

22, King-street, Tring, Herts.

BILSTON.—Mr. R. Howard, of Birmingham, preached in Broad-street Baptist chapel lately, and collected over £8 towards burying the debt. Our pastor, A. B. Hall, has been baptizing. Since his settlement, several have been added to us, but we pray for the rain of Christ's Spirit to descend upon the people; yea, both the North wind and the South are feelingly needed all around “the Black Country.” Some of us sit, sir, like “that solemn sage—calm in majestic dignity”—and in Divine predestination some sublimely sleep. But, I ask, “Did God stop at predestination?” Nay! He prepared a kingdom; He entered into a covenant; He gave, He spared not, His Son. Shall we, redeemed believers, sit careless in Zion? Or shall we by grace put on our beautiful garments, and, like sisters of charity, go forth in this world's hospital? Where and who are good mighty warriors now? I am, not the pastor, but his friend.

HAYES, MIDDLESEX.—We are greatly distressed by a heavy affliction which has befallen our long and much-beloved friend, Mr. John Wild, the devoted deacon of the Hayes Tabernacle. Returning homeward on Wednesday, May 14, from Chertsey, the heavy thunder and lightning—which that day was terrific—frightened his horse, it fled, and threw him out, causing fracture of leg, and other injuries. We know the prayers of many of the Lord's people will ascend to the Great Intercessor for the safety, the recovery, and the consolation of our brother in the faith, and for all the members of his family.

**CLERKENWELL.**—A tea and public meeting was held at Zion chapel, Wilderness-row, Tuesday, May 6. Walter Howe, Esq., presided. Mr. Leggett prayed. The chairman, after making a few kindly remarks, called upon Mr. J. Bennett, who said it was just twenty-five years ago since he made up his mind to go to America. After a deep exercise of three months' duration upon the matter, he arrived at New York on the Friday, when two gentlemen inquired if a Mr. Bennett was on board, and on their being introduced to him showed him a paper in which it was announced that he would preach three sermons in a large chapel on the following Sunday. He did so, and during the whole of his stay was wholly employed, and his labours were blest. While there he split a Church; but as it was done for truth's sake, considered it justifiable. On returning to England doors opened immediately. Amongst others Chatham, after that Akeman-street, Tring, and a continued stream of prosperity flowed. In the order of Providence he had been brought there, though it was a trial to preach to such a few after addressing large audiences. The cause was very low when he came, but had improved. Brethren Flack, Stringer, Lawrence, Osmond, T. Davis, and Inward then gave good addresses on Psa. xlvii. The collection for the pastor amounted to £26.—W. B.

**“THE LORD THEIR GOD SHALL SAVE THEM.”**

The subject of a sermon preached by J. B. McCure, at Yeovil, Feb. 26, 1879.

“Shall save,” no ifs or buts with Him,  
His shalls and wills are ever sure;  
He saves His people from all sin,  
And shuts them in His fold secure.

He saves them though they doubt and sigh,  
And fear their lot will ne'er be cast  
With those who dwell above the sky,  
Where sorrow is for ever past.

“Shall save,” whatever cares or ills  
Upon such feeble flesh may fall;  
Who ever grief each bosom fills,  
He'll save His chosen—one and all.

The Lord their God—none other king—  
Shall save their souls in that great day;  
Triumphant songs let each one sing,  
Though things of earth shall pass away.

Grandchild of late W. BIDDER.

Yeovil.

**IVINGHOE.**—That very aged minister, Mr. Wm. Collyer, is to the margin come, and soon expects to depart. His dear wife says: We have been expecting his death every hour for the last five weeks. We are up night after night, expecting every one to be the last. I asked him this morning if he wanted anything; he said, “Yes;” he wanted the stream of living water. I said, “Father, I think your time is very short in this world; do you fear death?” He said, “No! not at all.” I said, “You feel satisfied you will change earth for heaven?” He said, “Yes.”

**SAXLINGHAM.**—DEAR MR. EDITOR.—The paragraph in EARTHEN VESSEL relating to the Baptist cause, Saxlingham, states some things true; important matters are omitted. It is a fact our congregations are nearly, if not quite, doubled since Mr. Debnam came. The Word preached has been made profitable to the Lord's people. There is more unity, brotherly love, and activity amongst us. Some who long stood aloof from us have cast in their lot with us. Several persons are knocking at the door of the Church for admission, whom we expect to see following their Lord through the baptismal waters. Signed on behalf of the Church, James Chenery, John Jeffries, Deacons. **ROBERT FORDHAM.**—[“The Three Hours' Agony” had not the slightest reference to pastor Debnam. It referred to the ceremony in the Church of England on Good Friday afternoon; and our correspondent meant that neither on Good Friday, nor at any other time, were such distressing scenes witnessed in Baptist chapel at Saxlingham. We hope the pastor, deacons, and people, who have so seriously misunderstood our correspondent, will speedily be restored.]

**YORKSHIRE.**—Mr. Brooksbank, the Baptist minister of Morley, says:—I send a word of Mr. C. W. Banks's first visit to Morley. We have a population of nearly 13,000; it is noted for its black and fancy union cloths, which is our staple trade. We have a good number of chapels, only two Baptists. Ours is called “Particular.” Mr. Banks gave us an excellent sermon from the second epistle of John on Monday evening. It was pure unadulterated Gospel, free from that narrow sectarian spirit which is often too manifest among the Particular Baptists. It was foursquare. On Tuesday evening he gave us his lecture on the Triumphs of Grace. Very interesting and instructive. We are looking forward and expecting to see good results from Mr. Banks's short visit to Morley, and hope to see him among us again.

**BURGESS HILL, NEAR BRIGHTON.**—For some years Baptist friends have had a cause here. For six years that devoted brother, Mr. Standing, has successfully preached the Word of life. There was a special meeting, March 19, when ministers came and exhorted us most heartily. That Brighton Boanerges, Mr. Boxall, also Messrs. Virgo, Fish, Martin, Greenyer, and pastor Standing, who told us he must give up the ministry there. We hope not. He has been a real friend to the cause. Will you think of Burgess-hill? You came once. I am only—A TRAVELLER.

**FOLKESTONE.**—Our brother Dennee cannot happily remain in this town. He is willing to supply vacant pulpits. Address—W. J. Dennee, 3, Rossendale-road, Folkestone, Kent. [He is well recommended to us by those who have known him for some years.—ED.]

## WORN OUT IN THE SERVICE.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I drop a line to ask your advice, and to seek your assistance if there might be a possibility of obtaining some temporary relief under present circumstances, into which old age and poverty have driven me. For forty-six years I have been trying, by the help of the Lord, to preach the blessed Gospel of our LORD JESUS CHRIST, but am now disabled to travel the distances on account of lameness which has come upon me. I have this last seven years been preaching at W—, near to D—, having to walk eleven miles on the Saturday and back on Monday eleven miles. The people are poor, their funds low; I am obliged to give up. I am now 75 years of age, not able to attempt another crusade in the Gospel. I was once the pastor of a Strict Baptist Church at Ecton. My name still remains in their Church book. Since that time, have supplied many Churches. It appears now my mission is ended. As I preached for a very little, am now destitute of the necessary things to supply my daily wants. Dear brother, lest you may think I am imposing upon your credulity, I refer you to others who are well acquainted with my movements. Mr. Frederick Fountain, of Sharnbrook (a particular friend of yours), knows me well; I was first prompted to speak in the name of the Lord by dear John Foreman, when a member at Eden chapel, Cambridge. At that time went to several places around Cambridge, which is my native place. In the providence of the Lord, I removed to Northampton, where I first heard and saw you at Fish-street chapel; my dear wife and myself were baptized by my brother Henry Hanks at Dry Drayton. Have sometimes supplied at Great Gidding; but now, incapacitated to go anywhere, must fall back entirely upon the charity of friends who may feel disposed to help me in my extremity. Hence, I appeal to you. My dear wife is still living, at the age of 78; both waiting for the summons when He shall call us up higher. We have, by the help of the Lord, brought up ten children, who are scattered abroad; three are deceased, some in New Zealand, some in Canada, and some in the United States of America.

[We have sent some help; by the mercy of the Lord, we shall see to this dear brother and his aged wife. The Lord commands us to be careful of His poor, and we believe He will find us the means.—C. W. B.]

## MR. GOODING.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—My dear father being unable to write to all the kind friends who have responded to Mr. Stringer's appeal in the EARTHEN VESSEL, desires me on his behalf to ask for a small corner in the VESSEL to express our thankfulness for the assistance rendered. You cannot imagine how it has helped to cheer my dear father in his affliction. He has now been unable to preach for 17 months. Although we have had a very trying time, we have had great cause for thankfulness, and He who supplied Elijah of old has supplied my dear father, and I trust will continue to do so until His heavenly

Father shall take him to that heavenly home where the inhabitants shall no more say "I am sick." Believe me to remain, yours truly,  
M. A. GOODING.

1, Westcombe-terrace, Ashley-road,  
Richmond, May 23rd, 1879.

P.S.—I have sent you a list of the amount received; will you kindly insert what you think needful and do the best for us? A Mite (one who loves the good old-fashioned Gospel), 2s.: One who loves the Truth, 2s. 6d.; Mr J. Andrews, £1; Mr. C. W. Banks, 10s.; G. G. G., 2s. 6d.; Brighton, 1s.; Two friends, Kew, 5s.; Two sympathizing widows, 5s.; W. N. Saunders, 2s. 6d.; An unknown friend, 2s. 6d.; Mr. Pullen, by Mr. B. Banks, £1; Mr. G. Holme, 5s.; E. Saunders, 2s. 6d.; Ladies' Sick and Relief Fund, Trinity Chapel, 10s.; Mr. Keast, 10s.

SPRINGBOURNE, a beautiful suburban part of Bournemouth, is the spot where we hope a cause of truth will be raised. Our friend, D. B. Garnham, has been well trained for his work. We shall gladly help him all we can, if the will of the Lord be so.

## Notes of the Month.

MR. WILLIAM WAITE regrets, owing to illness, not having filled his engagements during latter end of April and May, and his having to cancel his engagements during June and July. Having been forbidden by his medical adviser to preach, for at least some time, in order to recruit his strength after having been brought down so low, he hopes after some time, if the Lord will, to be again on the walls of Zion to blow the Gospel trumpet.

"ENGLAND—THE REMNANT OF JUDAH—AND THE MARKS THEREOF."—Under this suggestive heading an Hebrew episode in British history is given in a series of papers in Mr. Edward Hine's monthly, *Life from the Dead*, a magazine combining the talent of some able writers. London: R. Banks.

## Deaths.

Elizabeth Frances, the beloved wife of Thomas Austin, of South Hackney, after long and severe affliction, mental and bodily, passed from this world to the "rest that remaineth," on Sabbath evening, April 27, aged 74.

"She lived a debtor to God's grace,

Rejoiced in sins forgiven;

Died in her Saviour's kind embrace,

And flew from earth to heaven."

On April 19, Matthew Hardy, of New Wimbledon, aged 56, of apoplexy. Member of the late Luke Snow's Church.

In affectionate remembrance of Charles Perry Peasley, who was suddenly called home to be "for ever with the Lord," April 25, 1879, aged 56 years.

At Orange, New South Wales, October 12, 1878, Mrs. Ann Nye, aged 78. Known to the Church at Charles-street, Camberwell, London, as Mrs. Butcher. Her end was peace indeed.

LOCKWOOD.—The hand of death has been among us and removed one of our deacons, Abel Wainhouse. He died in April, very suddenly; was at his work in the forenoon, and died in the afternoon, aged 55. He was interred April 29, at Rehoboth chapel, Lockwood, Huddersfield, in the presence of a large number of friends, by Mr. Butterworth, of Rotton; Mr. Brooksbank, of Morley; and Mr. Dolby, of Slaithwaite. The event has cast a gloom over us. We have lost a good friend and counsellor, ever ready to do deeds of kindness. He has left an afflicted widow.

## “My Father’s House!”

LAST month a desire was expressed to refer more fully to Gordon Calthrop’s remarks on the planetary system. That desire we wish to carry out; but there are three questions which exercise the minds of many of the true children of God:—

First.—Is the eternal GOD, in CHRIST, “My Father?”

Secondly.—Whatever can be included in the *meaning* of that lovely sentence, “In My FATHER’S HOUSE are many mansions?”

Thirdly.—*How* shall I there appear? In what manner shall I *there be employed*?

The first question is answered by Paul to the Galatians: “Because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the SPIRIT of His SON into your hearts, crying, ABBA, FATHER.”

The ETERNAL SPIRIT of GOD, in the spiritual soul of an heir of God, is an omnipotent Spirit. The Holy Ghost reigns supreme in the new creation within. And, under the influence of His government, the child of God, in communion with God, cannot but most lovingly claim God as his covenant GOD and FATHER. The surroundings of that soul may often becloud its vision; and at times limit its exercise. “We that are in this tabernacle DO GROAN, being burdened.” Nevertheless, “if children, then heirs—heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ, if so be that we suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together.”

What, then, meaneth that sentence, “In My Father’s house are many mansions?”

The meaning of the expression is far beyond our grasp. But the Word of God, the works of God, the ways of God, the revealing Spirit of God, may, under Divine guidance, wonderfully tend to open our eyes a little wider, raise our thoughts a little higher, carry our best affections more blessedly, more fully, more exaltingly into those inexpressibly glorious territories, domains, those boundless dominions, those innumerable inheritances of our God, of which poor fallen, finite, feeble, fickle man has not the slightest conception.

Brethren, are we not too contracted in our meditations upon “the glories of our Maker God?”

“Our people,” cried the ancient pilgrim, when leaning on his staff “for very age”—“Our people are

“STOP-SHORT PEOPLE!”

“What is your mind on that definition?” asked the scribe of the district.

“I will declare my mind on that accusation freely,” replied the pilgrim. “It is here: All the religious talkers wrap their ignorance up in a napkin of this sort. They pull a long face, and gloomily grunt out, ‘Ah! Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.’ Now, sir,” continued the pilgrim (and he set his foot down so decidedly), “I declare that ministers, deacons, members, hearers, teachers, and children, just borrowing from one another, STOP THERE;

whereas, Paul, by the Holy Ghost, goes on to say, 'But, GOD (not the clergy, curates, curés of any degree, but—God) hath REVEALED them unto us by His Spirit; for the Spirit searcheth all things—yea, the deep things of God.' The living soul, on the wings of a living faith, and carried up into the glory of God's kingdom, shall have revealed unto it many of the mysteries of mercy, of which, sordid men have no idea."

Dr. Watts often flew

"Beyond, beyond these lower skies,"

and then he sang, to the joy of his heaven-enraptured spirit—

"The planets to His honour shine,  
And wheels of nature roll;  
Praise Him in your unwearied course  
Around the steady pole.

The brightness of our Maker's name  
The vast creation fills;  
And His unbounded grandeur flies  
Beyond the heavenly hills."

And in thus expressing himself, the poet—at some humble distance—followed his holy Lord, who, when preaching His farewell discourse to His disciples, pointed them to the shoreless universe of God, and most lovingly exclaimed, "In My Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you; I GO TO PREPARE a PLACE for you."

When Mr. Chown was speaking over the coffin which contained the lifeless frame of the late pastor of Salter's Hall Chapel, Jesse Hobson, last Saturday, June 14, he tried to carry the minds of the people far up above the grave and its contents. He said—

"The sepulchre was but the dark back-ground of the picture, out of which the light and joys of immortality stood forth all the more clearly and definitely. They felt they had not brought their dear departed brother to that place; they felt he had gone far beyond all such sorrowing scenes and shadows as that. Mr. Chown said he never talked of burying God's children; they did not bury them; God took better care of them than that. If they wanted to think of him in whose countenance there was ever a refreshing beam, they would not go to the cemetery, but they would lift their eyes to the throne above, where the warrior, instead of the sword, was holding the palm branch, instead of the helmet he was holding the crown. Even about the body lying in the coffin before them, he felt that they gave themselves a good deal of needless apprehension, for it was not to be lost, but was going to be sown. Any one unacquainted with agricultural pursuits when they saw the farmer scattering the seed over the earth would imagine he was casting it away; but anyone knowing the mysterious process would say he was only sowing it. They might go into the fields now, and they would see the corn ripening for the harvest, in a few weeks the golden grain would be ripe. So it was with the human body; it was but dropping it into the earth prepared to receive it. And not merely that, but the Divine Husbandman would raise it up again; they would not receive that body: they did not want that; what had been sown in weakness would be raised in strength, corruption would be raised incorruptible, and mortality would be raised in glory. That was just the case with their



departed brother. The messenger whom men called death, but whom he preferred to call the angel of life and immortality to tell us God is come, touched their friend, and he had followed. He had been set free from all his pain and suffering, and was enjoying the blessings prepared above for those who love God."

Now, there is a book called "Words Spoken to my Friends," in which Mr. Gordon Calthrop discourses intelligently upon Psa. viii. 3—6: "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers; the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained, what is man that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?" &c., &c.

I have thought, not one in a thousand of my readers would ever see the expensive volume which contains this discourse; and I have ventured to think, also, that a little reflection upon some of the arguments herein contained may be useful to the brethren and friends of God's holy truth.

The so-called "Scientific Researchers" have made some bold attacks upon the bulwark of our faith. Take only, this month, the preacher's opening remarks. He says,—

"Some religious people are very much afraid of science. Why they should be so it is not easy to say; for if they believe the Word of God to be truth, they must believe also that it can never be overthrown. All truths harmonize: and God being one and the same always, it follows that the revelation which He makes of Himself in nature must correspond with the revelation which He makes of Himself in grace. 'Ah, but,'—they say—'see how the scientific men now-a-days are attacking Holy Scripture; see how the foundations of our faith are being undermined by their assaults; see how men, of whose stability we might have felt confident, are being led astray from the truth, and have even become the very bitterest opponents of the cause which was their business and their duty to defend!' 'Well,' it may be replied: 'be it so. But for all that you ought to be able to wait: you ought to have courage enough, and strength enough, and faith enough in God to believe that His truth will prevail in the end. What is it but dishonouring God, to shrink and shudder as if the whole edifice of faith were falling about your ears, because men are pushing forward the landmarks of human knowledge, and investigating successfully, as God intended them to do, the inmost secrets of nature?'"

*(To be continued.)*

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## DANIEL SEDGWICK, HYMNOLOGIST.

A SKETCH BY GEO. JNO. STEVENSON, M.A.

**A**MONGST many remarkable men of the nineteenth century, few more successfully made their own mark in society than did Mr. Sedgwick. Taking his origin from the humblest ranks of society, he, by his own originality of mind, and his unaided efforts, raised for himself a monument during his life-time which posterity will not readily forget.

He was a citizen of London, born in Leadenhall-street, November 26th, 1814, and in early life had to endure many hardships, which at

that time were increased by the warlike condition of the age—a condition which pressed very heavily on the industrious classes not actually required for service in the army. His education was limited to the bare elements of knowledge, but he was sufficiently aware of the value of being able to read, write, and cast accounts, not to forget what he had the opportunity of learning.

He was apprenticed to a laborious trade, that of a shoemaker, but under circumstances very unfavourable, and the neglect and indifference shewn to him by his master was so continuous, that when he came of age, he had not acquired sufficient knowledge of the business to enable him to earn his own living. Even then, there was about him an independence of character which in following years he was enabled to turn to good account in serving others whilst he was trying to serve himself. Religiously inclined from his youth, his first impressions were received from the ministry of Mr. Mannering, in Holywell Mount; but after he came of age, and had settled himself by marriage, he attended the ministry of Mr. Blane, Providence Chapel, Grosvenor-street, Commercial-road, and there he joined himself to the Church, in the year 1839. He continued a member of that Church during the life-time of the minister. Thus, early in life he chose the people of God for his companions, and to the end of his days he never regretted the choice he then made.

Finding the duties of his calling unprofitable as a means of living, and unfavourable to health, he often took long walks for recreation, and during his rambles the attraction of a book-stall or old book-shop he was not able to resist; there he spent many hours, selecting mostly old hymn books, which at that time—now forty years ago—were plentiful, and purchasing a variety of these, he spent much time in reading them, and soon found some hymns which became favourites. Every new collection of hymns he secured, presented some various readings in the text of those compositions which had most attracted his attention, opened his eyes to the alterations which editors had made, and this ultimately led Mr. Sedgwick to try and ascertain which was the proper text of the hymns of his favourite authors. This was at first only intended for his own gratification.

The pursuit of these studies soon opened his way to another change in his circumstances. A lot of books were offered to him one day very cheap, and he had the courage to buy them. They were soon disposed of to advantage, and others took their place, which also found ready purchasers, and in a short time the shoemaking business was entirely changed for that of a bookseller, thus imitating, in a small way, the once famous shoemaking bookseller, James Lackington.

The idea entered the mind of Mr. Sedgwick about the year 1852, of making and printing a series of the best hymns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in the exact words of their authors. These had in their original publications become exceedingly scarce, and their value was increased by the frequent use which authors were making of these hymns. The series was commenced by the publishing of the compositions of William Williams, a work which met with so much favour from the public that a demand was made for other similar works. That was followed by the publication of the hymns of such authors as Toplady, John Mason, Thomas Shepherd, Robert Seagrave, Joseph

Grigg, Ann Steele, John Ryland, John Stocker, James Grant, Thomas Olivers, Bishop Ken, and others. Whilst these original reprints were being prepared, Mr. Sedgwick was compiling, and afterwards printed, a comprehensive index of names of authors of hymns, with the dates of their various works, collected from the original publications. He also published a catalogue of scarce religious poetry of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which was found to be very helpful to all persons engaged in compiling hymn books. These several works, all relating to hymns, were the means of leading ministers of every denomination to consult Mr. Sedgwick in reference to the authorship and correct text of hymns, and in that way Sir Roundell Palmer used Mr. Sedgwick's knowledge in preparing his valuable "Book of Praise," the great success of which work proved to be the founding of the reputation of Mr. Sedgwick in the department of work he had in so remarkable a manner made for himself.

Amongst the popular collections of psalms and hymns which had the revision of Mr. Sedgwick, we may name the new editions of Hymns Ancient and Modern, Hall's Hymns, Mr. Spurgeon's Our Own Hymn Book, The Methodist New Connexion Hymns, Miller's Singers and Songs of the Church, Hymns used in the Bedford Institute, Echoes of the Prayer Book, and many others. He also prepared with great care a corrected edition of Denham's Hymns, giving all the author's names : \* this it is hoped will one day be printed for the benefit of the Churches in which that collection is used. On the last day of his active life, the middle of the month of February, his services were invited to prepare correct text and authors' names for a new Sunday School Hymn Book for the Wesleyan Connexion, but his health failed him, and he was not permitted to commence that book.

Retiring to rest in the evening, he had resolved to commence this new book at six next morning, but God in His providence had otherwise ordered. A serious attack of bronchitis set in, accompanied by disease of the heart. That complication so prostrated his strength, that he was not able to even sit up in bed, and the weather being severe, greatly aggravated his sufferings. Day by day for nearly three weeks he patiently endured the deprivation he so keenly felt, for he loved his work and took great delight in it. Gradually his strength failed him, but it was remarked by those permitted to attend upon him how passively he submitted, acknowledging the hand of God in the trial he was called to pass through. He spoke with feelings of pleasure of the time in his very early days when the voice of the Holy Spirit called him and his brother to give up the world and choose the Lord's people as their companions, and the faithfulness of God had been continued to them both all through life.

On Sunday, March 9th, remembering the service of the sanctuary, he asked for Cennick's hymn to be read, commencing,

"Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb," &c.,

which was then sung by those present, and it was remarked how very earnestly Mr. Sedgwick joined in singing every line, although singing with him had ever been a difficulty, for although he had a fine apprecia-

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\* This edition of Denham's Hymns has been purchased of the widow by Mr. Robert Banks, and is now in the course of printing ; and will shortly be announced.

tion of a good hymn, he had no voice for singing ; but this time the hymn just suited his present experience, and the last verse he sung with great emphasis :—

“ When we appear in yonder cloud,  
 Amongst His favoured throng,  
 Then shall we sing more sweet, more loud,  
 And Christ shall be our song ! ”

That hymn seemed to give a tone to all his thoughts during his last hours on earth. His strength failed him, and occasionally his mind wandered, but in his waking moments he was unspeakably happy, and his faith in Christ was unshaken and strong, often uttering short prayers indicating his peace of mind. His last utterance, on Monday morning, March 10th, was “ Hallelujah,” then, after a pause, “ Praise the Lord,” and in that tranquil frame of mind his released spirit entered into rest. He was interred in Abney Park Cemetery, March 15th, 1879, being in his sixty-fifth year.

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### NEW CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN ISAAC LEVINSOHN AND HIS BROTHER.

ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE “ EARTHEN VESSEL.”

MY DEAR SIR AND CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Since my Narrative in the EARTHEN VESSEL has been published, I was many times cheered and delighted with the warm and sympathetic expressions I received from many of our Strict Baptist denomination. Many Christian friends have often told me of the earnest prayers they sent up to God Almighty on behalf of my beloved family in Russia. I feel certain, therefore, that the following is only the results of the prayers offered by hundreds and thousands of my Christian friends. It is, therefore, with much pleasure I forward to you some correspondence between my brother and myself. The following letters are translated from the original. I have several others of great interest, should they be found interesting to your readers; and should it encourage my Christian friends in England to persevere in prayer and watchfulness, I shall be happy for you to publish them in your very useful magazine. Praying for the blessing of God to rest upon us all,

I have much pleasure to remain, my dear sir,

Very truly yours in the Lord Jesus Christ,

Mr. C. W. Banks.

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL.)

TO MY DEAREST BROTHER ISAAC,—Although I determined for some time past not to have anything to do with you, because you turned away from our holy faith, yet some how I feel that I must write to you again. The brotherly love I possess for you I cannot extinguish. My dear brother, I have written several letters to you, but not having known your address, I was obliged to send them to our beloved father. But as father did not wish my letters to reach you, he kept them and said nothing about it to me. For the last eighteen months or two years I kept writing to father, asking for your address, but in vain. This, therefore, has made me more and more anxious to obtain the same. I decided to go to Kovno on a visit to our beloved parents, as I have not

seen them for some time. I made an excuse to father, and said I came to Kovno because I wanted a passport, which, no doubt, you remember everyone must have; and I also told him, not having seen him and mother for so long a time, I longed to be at home once more and see the faces of our dear little ones. I stayed at our dear parents' home for about fourteen days, during which time I was in continual search for some of your letters, in order that I might obtain your address; but to my disappointment, for some eight or ten days, I searched hard, but I could not find any letters of yours. I asked father if he had any of your letters, and he told me he did not wish to have your name mentioned, and he was very angry with me for having brought your name to his remembrance. I said nothing about you again, but I was determined more than ever to find your address. I was like the watchmen on the towers of Jerusalem, always looking with great earnestness and zeal at everything our parents did and said, &c.

One night—it was Thursday—father, having fasted all day long, as you know his custom is, after supper he said he was very tired. I tried to speak to him as much as possible, trying to make him more and more weary and sleepy, for I had an object in view. I told him many anecdotes, &c., until he fell fast asleep. I then woke him up, and slumberingly he went to bed. For a little time I watched him and all at home. When everyone was fast asleep, I went into father's bed-room. I found that he was in a heavy sleep. I then searched the pockets of his clothes. For the first few minutes I stood close to his bed trembling, but after I felt stronger. At last I searched his trousers pockets, and there I found a large bunch of keys. I took the keys, left the room, and then I went through each room in the house, opened everything locked up, and very diligently searched for your letters, with a hope of obtaining your address. For about half-an-hour I was quite disappointed, not having been able to find the thing I was searching after. At last I was delighted when I opened a chest, where I found father's private pocket-book. I opened the book, and with delight I found some letters written by yourself, and also several letters that I wrote to you, which father kept. I at once copied your address, and left all the things as I had found them. I then returned to father's bed-room, and trembling I put the keys in the pocket from where I took them. Suddenly I heard father say, "Oh! Hessel, what are you doing here?" At once I turned to his bed, and said, "Oh! father, what is the matter with you? I heard you call me; I thought you were taken suddenly ill." He then thanked me, and said it was in deep sleep he said it, as he did not remember saying anything, and there was nothing the matter with him. I then retired. All night I could not sleep, but was thinking all the time about you.

The next morning, father and myself went to the synagogue. We prayed together out of one prayer-book. I can assure you, during the holy service, I did not think about anything in connection with the prayers I repeated. Father observed that I was not so earnest in my prayers as usual. He then began to suspect me of being guilty of something; but I pleaded *not guilty*. Returning from the synagogue, I informed our dear parents I wished to go away for one or two days to spend a little holiday with our friend B. I left home, and am now for a short time living with B.; and it is here I am writing this letter to

you. It is now two o'clock a.m. During the hours of day I must not, I dare not, write to you, "for you can imagine why."

Now, my dear brother, knowing that you have embraced the Christian religion, and it is impossible to persuade you to turn back, I feel certain about your earnestness, and am also assured that according to the light you have, and your earnestness, so shall you be judged by God; but I sincerely hope that the religion you have embraced is not like that which we see here, in Russia and Poland. At the same time, let me say to you, with all earnestness, I would rather give my body to the fire, and be cut in pieces, than give up our holy religion—the religion of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. But, my dear brother, my present feelings are that, although your religion is inferior to Judaism, the difference is as white from black; but never mind, each of us are standing responsible before God ourselves. Let, therefore, our brotherly love continue. Whatever you do, please let no one know that I wrote to you, as I shall never have any peace if it becomes known to our friends.

I shall be glad to have an outline of the articles of your faith. What is your religion like? Do you keep the holy Sabbath? Do you observe circumcision? Do you keep the holy feasts—the Passover, Pentecost, and tabernacles? Tell me all about it. What are the general principles of your religion? Everything you can think of please write to me. I am hoping some day to go to England for a month or two for a change, and, at the same time, I want to learn what your religion really is. Hoping to learn from you as soon as possible,

I remain, dear brother,

Your ever-beloved brother,

JOSHUAH HESSEL LEVINSOHN.

Kovno, November, 1878.

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MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

MY DEARLY-BELOVED BROTHER HESSEL,—Your letter of November, 1878, I received with unspeakable pleasure. I assure you, my beloved brother, that my heart is overwhelmed with gratitude to Almighty God for having inclined your heart to write to me, and especially in arousing the brotherly love in your heart to me. I feel quite sure that the Lord of heaven is at work in your soul, and I feel sure that He will yet do marvellous things for you, of which you cannot yet imagine. My dear Hessel, it is with great pain I read in your letter of the bitter prejudice our beloved father manifests to me; but I would, I must, say to you, although father's and mother's love to me has become extinguished; although they hate me, know you yet that my love towards them shall never cease; yea, ever since I have become a Christian, I have felt more and more affectionate to our beloved parents. Never do I forget them; in the morning, noon, and evening do I pray for them, and for you also; and although father and mother have forsaken me, yet, with joy and unspeakable gratitude, I am delighted to declare, although my father and my mother have forsaken me, yet the Lord will take me up. Yes! my brother, the Lord has already taken me up; He has blessed me abundantly; He has given me grace; He has blessed me in spiritual things; also in temporal. I feel that in the Lord do I put my trust. He is my Rock, my Shelter, and my Hiding-place. Oh, what a mercy!

And Oh, that the grace of the Anointed of Israel might open your eyes and the eyes of our beloved family!

I have much pleasure to comply with your request by giving you an outline of my religion. Beloved Hessel, my religion is the same which was the religion of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob. The holy patriarchs looked for the day of the Messiah, and rejoiced. I too rejoice, because I believe in the same blessed things about whom the patriarchs and the prophets spoke.

I.—I believe in God Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth, the Creator of all things, who has revealed Himself unto the ancients of our nation by the name of JEHOVAH.

II.—I believe that the Bible is the Book written by inspired men of old, such men who were dictated to write by the *Ruach Hakodesh*.<sup>\*</sup> This holy and blessed Book is the only Book I acknowledge as the Word of God. This Book is the guide of my faith (by God's help), and all doctrines I uphold are founded upon the teachings of the Bible.

III.—I believe that the Bible, through the whole of the Old Testament, which every Jew accepts as God's Word, speaks about the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Son of David. This is the Messiah. He is to be a Man, poor and lowly (read Isaiah liiii.), and a sufferer; but not for Himself, but for others; yet this suffering Man must be God Almighty. Read Isaiah vii. I believe the above-mentioned Scriptures have been fulfilled, and Joshua, who was born in Bethlehem, Judea, who has done wonders, and whom the wicked priests and barbarous Romans crucified, He rose again from the dead, and has ascended on high, and now sits on the throne of the Almighty Father.

IV.—As regards the *Talmud*, my dear brother, I would very candidly say—I believe the *Talmud* is a grand work. It is full of philosophy. Much of its teaching is wise, holy, and good. Most of the Rabbins who wrote the *Talmud* were good, pious Jews, men who feared God. But, at the same time, I must express honestly that some Rabbins, who were engaged in holy orders, who wrote some parts of that great work, were not spiritually-minded; yea, they were carnally minded; they were men given up to this world's sins, and the parts of the *Talmud* which they wrote is rubbish, unworthy of being kept in the house of a God-fearing man; and as the Jews accept the whole *Talmud* as holy, and as equally important as God's Holy Word—the Bible—I therefore renounce the whole *Talmud*, and say it is not worthy of being called God's Word; yea, it is blasphemy to say that the *Talmud* is God's Holy Word; it is idolatrous. You who are believers in it, who call yourselves God's people, His holy nation, are idolaters; and ye rob God of His glory. It is this *Talmud* which brought upon the Jews so much trouble: which caused Israel to be so deep in superstition, and led them away from the way which is the true and living way. This, therefore, I declare are my thoughts on this subject.

V.—Again, you tell me that the difference between my religion is as white from black. To this I would say, "You are quite right." The difference is very great indeed; for my religion is heavenly, holy, God-like. Judaism is according to man's teaching, and not God's. It is full of error, darkness, and superstition. Judaism teaches that man is born in sin, but it does not tell satisfactorily how sin can be atoned.

\* Holy Ghost.

Thus you see Judaism is full of sin; yet reveals no means to have sin washed away. Consequently, according to your present religion, your sins are black and vile, and such you must die, and suffer torments in hell, until you can enter Paradise. But my holy religion teaches me, although my sins be red as scarlet, they shall be washed away, and I shall be whiter than snow; so that you see that the difference between Christianity and Judaism is indeed as different as white from black, for through the blood of the Lord Jesus Christ I am made white; and you, who do not believe, are unpardoned and are black.

VI.—You ask me about keeping the law of Moses. To this I would very briefly answer that, according to Divine revelation, men cannot possibly obey the law. God has, therefore, Divinely arranged, in His eternal counsel, that His Son—*Joshuah Hamashiach*\*—should obey the law, and if you read the life of the Messiah, you will learn that He has obeyed the law; He has magnified and glorified it. “He that is under the law is under the curse.” The Messiah was under the law, and He therefore suffered the penalty of the same law.

My dear brother, these then are some of the principal doctrines I believe, and, by God’s help, uphold, and will do so as long as I live; and when I close my eyelids in death, then my soul shall triumph in Him who loved me and gave Himself for me. Oh, that the Spirit of the living God would graciously open your eyes, and reveal unto you the true Redeemer!

Hoping to hear from you very soon again. Please let me know truthfully how is our beloved father. Is dear mother living? How are my dear little sisters? Oh, how I long to hear from them! Every blessing rest upon you. I remain, dear brother,

Your ever-affectionate brother,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

8, Edenbridge-road, South Hackney, London, E.

(To be continued).

## “THE WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.”

*Outline of a Sermon Preached at the Surrey Tabernacle, Wednesday Evening, March 19, 1879,*

BY MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

“But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things.”—1 John ii. 20.

**A**FTER exposing and explaining anti-Christ, with some account of his devotees who separate themselves from a profession of the truth, being “sensual, having not the Spirit” (Jude 19), the apostle describes and distinguishes the true saints in the language of our text:—

I.—The saints anointed.

II.—Their saving knowledge.

“But ye,” “little children,” conscious of their weak, feeble, and helpless condition, who feel they must be washed, cleansed, clothed, comforted, fed, and educated, as all God’s people are by Himself; “ye,”

\* Jesus Christ.



as distinct from all others, "have an unction"—the anointing oil, Divine influence, and experimental tuition of the Eternal Spirit, without which all is sham and "strong delusion." The allusion is to the "holy anointing oil for Aaron and his sons, and the vessels of the tabernacle" (Exodus xxx.), typifying the unctuous grace and influence of the blessed Spirit, with which all the elect saints of God (especially His ministers) are anointed. This holy and blessed anointing assimilates the saints unto, and associates them with, Christ, who was anointed without measure, without which there is neither union to Him, nor communion with Him, nor one spark of vital godliness in possession. The various graces, also, of the Eternal Spirit deposited in their regenerated souls are compared to "spices," which sometimes lay dormant or inactive within, waiting for "the South wind to blow," and put them into operation. Such times are most blessed indeed, as Watts sweetly sings:—

" Faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And every grace is active here."

Then He is the indwelling Spirit, and bears His witness with their spirits that they are born again, and are the children of God. He keeps His work alive in their hearts, and "will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." He is their Teacher, Leader, Sanctifier, Guide, and Comforter. He adopts them (evidentially) into the elect family of God; enlightens their minds and understandings in the deep things of God and the Gospel. He reveals Christ in them, and makes Him precious to them, and will abide with them for ever—a sure proof of their final perseverance to eternal glorification. Their qualification for heaven; their incorporation into the family; their acceptance in Christ; and their complete salvation by grace, are the sweet and sure results of His holy anointing. This anointing is from "the Holy One," the Lord Jesus Christ, the anointed Head of His Church, who anoints all His members with the same blessed Spirit as in verse 27. Oh, how little is known or heard of, in these dark and delusive days, about the Holy Ghost and His work in the hearts of sinners! Plenty of duty-faith delusion, but very, very little Divine-faith realisation. Thousands of religious persons, without a grain of real religion, can say (if they are honest), "We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost" (Acts xix. 2).

This reminds me of an old pastor, in a country place, whose chief topic in his sermons was the work of the Holy Ghost. He was removed from earth to heaven. They obtained a new pastor, who always omitted to speak of the Holy Ghost or His work. One of the members (an old lady) and he met together. In conversation he asked her how many Persons there were in the Trinity. She said, "Two, sir." "Dear me," said he, "I am sorry you know no better. There are three Persons in the Trinity." "Yes, sir," she replied, "there was three when our old pastor was living, but now he is dead, we thought the Holy Ghost was dead also, for we hear nothing of Him nor of His work in your preaching."

What a sharp rebuke for the preacher! And it belongs to a host of mongrel, yea and nay, if and but, offer and profer, Bible-mutilating, Christ-dishonouring, soul-deceiving preachers of the present day. We hear of many conversions in large assemblies, but what sort of conver-

sions are they? Men may, and do, convert thousands to themselves, to their creed, their customs, their opinions, their sentiments, their tenets, their views, and their various forms of worship, yet none but the Holy Ghost can convert the sinner to God (Acts xxvi. 18; Psa. li. 13). He only, by His invincible grace, His sovereign power, and holy anointing, can constitute, confirm, comfort, and consecrate the Christian. All other converts are, as Hart sings,—

“The child of fancy, vainly dressed,  
But not the living child.”

As the Spirit of Life, He infuses life in the soul; as the Spirit of Light, He enlightens the mind; as the Spirit of Love, He sheds it abroad in the heart; as the Spirit of Liberty, He delivers from legal bondage; as the Spirit of Truth, He guides into all truth; and as the Spirit of God, by His sanctifying grace, He fits, prepares, makes meet, and qualifies the soul for heaven, for God, and glory for ever, and is, in experimental enjoyment, the earnest of the incorruptible inheritance, reserved in heaven for the whole family of God's elect from pole to pole.

II.—Saving knowledge—“Ye know all things.” Not temporal, but spiritual things; not time, but eternal things. “The Spirit of knowledge” who dwells within the saints makes them a very knowing people. They are not such ignoramuses and fools as people take them to be. If they know but little or nothing of philosophy, astrology, geography, mathematics, or politics, they know the Bible, the Author of it, the law, the Gospel, “the truth as it is in Jesus,” and the way of salvation by His obedience and blood, in such a saving way and manner, as to make those who know not these things stare with surprise and amazement. They know who, what, and where the people of the world are, but “the world knoweth them not.” They know the sweet harmony between doctrine, experience, and practice; they are pupils in the school of Jesus Christ, and the blessed Spirit is their infallible Teacher, who teaches them all things necessary to be known as essential to their present and everlasting welfare. “All Thy children shall be taught of the Lord.” “They shall all know Me” (Jer. xxxi. 34); and all His people do know Him, both in His law and in His Gospel revelation of Himself. The former makes them tremble, the latter makes them triumph. They all know the plague of their own heart, which makes them cry, “Behold, I am vile;” they all know the truth, which makes them free; they all know “the joyful sound,” which makes them joyful too; they all know something of “the mysteries of the kingdom,” to the joy and rejoicing of their hearts; they “know they have passed (in regeneration) from death unto life; they “know whom they have believed;” they “know they are of God;” they “know their Redeemer liveth;” they “know that all things work together for good,” however mysterious and painful to flesh and blood those things may be; they “know that in their flesh dwelleth no good thing;” they know the great distinction between free-will and free-grace sounds, having a right ear for Gospel music; they “know they are not redeemed with corruptible things, but with the precious blood of Christ;” they “know that when Christ shall appear, they shall be like Him, and see Him as He is;” still, their knowledge of Him is so comparatively small that their cry is, “That I may know him;” they “know that when the earthly house

is dissolved, they have a building of God—an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens ;” they grow in grace, and in the sweet and saving knowledge of their Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ; in all His names, characters, titles, and offices ; His suitability, His fulness, His all-sufficiency, His relationship to them, and the eternal imperishable union between them ; and however much knowledge of these glorious realities they may be blessed with here, they know but in part, and a small part too, of what they shall know when and where “mortality is swallowed up of life,” for “what they know not now they shall know hereafter.” Holy Ghost ! anoint our souls with fresh oil. Increase our knowledge of eternal things, until grace shall be crowned with glory.

“ Then shall we see, and hear, and know  
All we desired or wished below ;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.”

## SOLEMN SCENES IN THE CHAMBER OF DEATH.

[We believe the following narrative will be useful to many. May it be read by thousands to the awakening, convincing, and uniting their souls to the Christ of God. So earnestly prayeth the Editor.]

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF ESTHER SMITH, AGED 15 YEARS AND 10 MONTHS, THE DAUGHTER OF ISAIAH SMITH, OF HALSTEAD, ESSEX.

**D**EAR MR. EDITOR,—It was the desire of my departed daughter that I should write an account of the mercies of the Lord to her, with the hope some of the Lord’s people might be encouraged and benefited thereby. And she made me promise the day before she died that I would do so ; and I cannot rest until I have fulfilled my promise. She was born, as all others, in a state of nature ; showed no particular desire for anything (but what this world could afford) until February, 1875, at which time I felt there was something on her mind, and this I told to her sister (her mother having gone home to the better land twelve months before), and I desired her sister to put several questions to her when she went to bed, and to tell me her answers, thinking she would be able to do it better than I could. Accordingly at night she went upstairs soon after she was in bed, with a view of so doing ; but on my daughter going into her room, she cried out before she could speak to her, “ Oh, Clara, what shall I do ? what shall I do ? I shall go to hell ! I shall go to hell ! ” My daughter ran downstairs, saying, “ Oh, father, run up to Esther, she does seem strange.” I instantly went to her. As soon as she saw me she cried out, “ Oh, father dear, I shall be damned for ever ! ” I replied, “ No ! No ! my dear.” “ Oh, but I shall,” she replied. “ I’m lost ! lost for ever.” I replied, “ Christ Jesus came into the world to save the lost, and all that feel lost and look to Him will be saved.” “ Oh,” she said, “ but I am too great a sinner to be saved.” I told her it was for great sinners He died ; reminded her of Manasseh, the thief, Mary Magdalene, and others ; but she replied she was worse than them all. I tried to reason with her, telling her what a good girl she had always been ; but she said, “ Ah, father, it’s against God I have

sinned, and it's no use to talk to me, for I'm sure I shall go to hell." She wrung her hands, pulled her hair, grated her teeth, and looked the picture of despair. I could bear it no longer; I fell down at the side of her bed, and cried out, "O God, have mercy on my child;" and prayed as I had seldom prayed before. And as I prayed, she continually kept saying, "Do, Lord, have mercy upon me! Do, Lord, have mercy." On my rising from my knees, she exclaimed, "Oh, father, my sins are all gone. My sins are gone. Oh, father, praise the Lord! Clara, praise the Lord!" I soon after requested her to lie down, and try and be quiet, but she replied, "I cannot, I must praise the Lord, father." After a time I prevailed upon her to try and be quiet, and then left her. Soon after I was in bed, my daughter came to tell me that Esther was in great distress again. I went at once. She said, "Oh, father, what shall I do? I'm afraid I shall say, d—— the Almighty." I replied, "No, you won't: that's Satan tempting you." Again I prayed with her, and before I had finished she cried out, "Bless the Lord, it's gone. Ah, I'm glad I have a Christian father to pray for me." After staying with her until she was happy in her mind, I said to her, "My dear, if such things come to your mind again, do not be surprised, for it is likely they may; but I'm sure you will be eternally blessed whether you remain with us or go to your mother and your mother's Saviour in the better world." I then returned to my bed. After about an hour I was called again, as she was in great distress. She was now tempted to say, "D—— the devil." I cannot describe her looks. My soul was fired with indignation at the temper: I exclaimed, "Then do it; for the Almighty has done it, and God's children may do it too; and they will; and he shall be for ever cursed." She looked amazed. I again repeated it, and again prayed with her; after which she exclaimed, "The Saviour has come, father, He's come; Oh, bless His name!" After this her soul was freed, and Satan was not allowed to distress her but little after. Her whole desire was now to go to be with Jesus. She gradually grew weaker, and it was evident that her time here was short, which ended about a month after; during which time she was delighted to hear of and talk about the Saviour, and her interest in Him. The day before she went home she seemed to be full of heaven, talking to all who saw her of what she felt within, and of the Saviour's love. About mid-day she said, when several were standing around her bed, "Clara dear, don't cry for me; cry for yourself and the children." She then requested us to sing,

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee," &c.

I requested my daughter to set the tune (as I could not). At this she burst into tears, when Esther smiled and said, "I do so wish you would not weep; there is nothing to weep for; you should rejoice, for I am going home to heaven. I'll set the tune," she said. And so she did; and we were obliged, as well as we could, to join in with her, she continuing to lead with a much stronger voice than when she was well. After which she spoke again to those present of the power to save. She then turned to me and said, "Father, I want you to promise me two things." I said, "What are they, my dear?" She said, "I want you to promise first;" and after some time I said, "Well, I will if I can." She replied, "You can, for God will help you, father." I said,

"Well, what is it?" She replied, "I want you to preach my funeral sermon." I said, "I do not know how I could;" but said she, "You must; and who can tell what good it may do to tell what the Lord has done for my soul? tell them He is a great Saviour." I said, "I must try." "And the next thing is," said she, "I want you to write an account of my life and salvation by grace." That I also promised to try and do. She then said, "I want to see all the children." They were called to her, and addressing herself to her eldest brother first, begged of him to forsake all evil ways, and said she, "Oh, Arthur, I do pray God may change your heart," and much more she added that can never be forgotten while life lasts. Then turning to Clara she said, "Clara, dear, I hope we shall meet in heaven. Be kind to the children, and tell them about their mother's God when they get older, and how she used to pray for them." And then addressing my next three children she said, "Do try and do all that father tells you, and be good and kind to each other." Then she said, "Where is Samuel and Benjamin?" I told her they were asleep. She said, "Don't disturb them, but tell them when they are old enough to understand, I prayed for them, and hope we may all meet again in heaven." Then laying down upon her pillow, she said, "Now I long to be with Jesus." She slept comfortably during the night. In the morning she showed evident signs of passing away to the better land. I asked her if she felt happy; she replied, "Oh, yes, I am quite happy;" and during the day was continually triumphing in the Christ of her salvation: she seemed to possess a supernatural power. She would not let me leave her scarcely a minute at a time, so that about twelve o'clock I was exhausted through talking to her and answering her questions; and I thought of a friend near, who, I thought, I could get to come and relieve me. I said, "I will be back in a minute or two." She said, "Father dear, don't leave me, I shall soon be in heaven." I replied, "All right, my dear, I will be back in a minute," and ran off for the friend named, who came at once. On his entering the room I said, "Mr. Cooper has come to see you, dear." She said, "Oh, I am very glad to see him." He said to her, "I am sorry to see you so ill." She quickly replied, "Oh, don't say so; it's the way home." He said, "Are you happy?" "Happy!" said she, "Ah, that I am; and well I may be, for Christ is mine, God is mine, heaven is mine, and I shall soon be for ever blessed." Mr. Cooper replied, "I hope so." "Hope," said she; "I know it. I have no fear; why should I? my Saviour has died; my sins are forgiven; my heaven is secured; Satan has no power over me, I'd crush him like a moth if I could get at him: don't you never fear him, he is only like a worm, and that chained." He seemed astonished, and became silent, weeping for joy. But I must leave this part, as I fear I have already encroached upon your space. I will now relate what passed at night. She said, "Father, do you think I shall die? I am afraid I shall not; and I do so want to go to Jesus." I replied, "You are dying, my dear." "Do you think so?" said she. I said, "I am sure of it." She replied, "If this is dying, it is worth being born for, if only just to die;" and she smiled triumphantly. "Oh, what a glorious sight," she exclaimed; "the angels are waiting for me." Soon after she went to sleep, and continued quiet. On turning round to look at her I saw she was going, and in a few minutes breathed out her life without the least movement whatever. Yes, her spirit had fled up to that blest abode.

“WHO WERE THE MEN?”

“The Gospel is a glorious proclamation  
Of *full*, of FREE, of FINISHED salvation !  
This is the news which makes some souls rejoice ;  
Ah ! none do love it but JEHOVAH'S choice.”

WE heard a lady say, “They are a company of Antinomians !” We said, “Are they not true believers in the LORD JESUS CHRIST ? Do they not fear God, and are they not sent by HIM to feed the flock of slaughter ?” “I could not say yes to all those questions.” “Perhaps you do not *know* them.” “I know enough from what I see and hear.” “Be careful ! If they are the children of God, then in speaking evil of them you sin against the love of GOD ; you sin against the intercession of CHRIST ; and do you not sin against the work of the HOLY GHOST ?” “You alarm me ; but you are aware that that eminent and powerful lawyer, Robert Baxter, was years ago so entranced with the illusions of Edward Irving, that he flung himself into those scenes of miracles until he was convinced

“THEY WERE A DELUSION.

And the extravagant and spasmodic goings on of many religious—or professedly religious—people in these days, have caused me to retire into the silent shades of contemplation, and with ‘THE BIBLE,’ ‘the mercy-seat,’ and the soft anointing of the Divine Paraclete, to wait for the true teaching of a TRIUNE JEHOVAH.”

“I understand you, but a succession of ministers has been maintained ever since our LORD JESUS first called and sent forth His own apostles ; and although there are bearings and mannerisms about some we cannot rejoice in, still, when I consider the origin, the preservation, the usefulness and zeal of those men on yonder platform, I should decidedly object to your expression, ‘They are Antinomians.’”

“Well, you know I have only recently come from the sea, and, from all I know of the class and company you represent, I have feared they are not exactly in the line of Paul, which was Gospelly-apprehensive ; nor of Peter, which was deeply-toned with the sufferings of CHRIST ; nor with John, who eloquently traced up true love to its source, and followed its delightful streams down to the babes in grace ; nor with Jude in his most awful discriminations between the hypocrites in disguise and the beloved of God, whom He exhorteth to ‘keep themselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, unto eternal life.’ In fact, you ‘Strict and Particular Baptists’ are so divided, so rent into many party-colours, that many are fearful if, after all, they are ‘strict and particular’ enough.”

“Prejudice, Madam, I find, has built its wall around your soul, and it has cast a veil over your mind ; hence you cannot look upon, nor listen to, these ministers of the Word to any profit. When I came in this afternoon, I felt—as one of our provincial poets has written—

‘Who can look round this place but with delight ?  
To see it fill’d, will be a glorious sight ;  
But, ah ! much more to hear the Gospel sound,  
A free salvation echo all around.  
Lord ! make this house, indeed, a house of prayer,  
And, when the people meet, may God be here !  
Here may poor sinners feel the power of grace ;  
May God’s own voice be heard within this place.’”

"Very good, sir. It is a rich mercy to realise the soft and holy meltings and movings of the sacred SPIRIT when to God's house we go. But, now, who are these men? Who is that tall gentleman occupying the president's seat?"

"It is the pastor, Mr. W. Webb. Of him and of the others, his fellow-helpers, you shall have some interesting particulars in what you term your '*Monthly friend*.' As I must go to my work, and as you are immediately leaving for a long journey, for the present, farewell. 'The men and the mysteries' they have to open you shall hear of if grace and mercy spare us. For more than fifty years have I been looking for something in the Gospel ministry which, with few exceptions, I never could find. You have been looking too much to *men*. There may be physical forms, as you see in these 'brethren;' there may be intellect, ingenuity, and eloquent addresses; there may be elocutionary fire and richness of expression, but it is 'by My Spirit, saith the LORD,' that the blessing alone can come into the soul."

[*Exit.*]

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#### MR. HAZLERIGG'S SECOND LETTER TO THE EDITOR OF THE "EARTHEN VESSEL."

DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Permit me to address you in the above manner. It would be most ungrateful of me if I did not now write to acknowledge the Christian spirit and brotherly kindness displayed towards me in an hour of adversity, and to thank you for inserting my few words of farewell address in your magazine. I shall not trouble you by going into particulars. It would not tend to edification if I dwelt upon a season of painful contention, or described to you how an altered state of affairs has been brought about. Suffice it to say that concessions having been made, and a conciliatory spirit manifested, those contentions which so threatened the peace and prosperity of a part of Zion have been happily and properly ended. This will be a subject for thankfulness to the godly mind, and to yourself as wishing well to Zion. The true Church has enemies enough without being rent in pieces by internal strifes. I sincerely hope the Lord Himself has brought this unhappy contention to an end, and will even bring good to His glory out of it.

May I not say, in conclusion, that I hope the friendly and Christian spirit displayed by you towards myself may produce the lasting effect of a kindly feeling one towards the other, both of a personal nature and in respect to our editorial work? Each of us has his particular sphere of service; each of us must uncompromisingly maintain his own principles. But in the grand essential things of God's everlasting truth, we are, I believe, in accordance. Let us, then, with God's blessing, wish well to each other. One has well pointed out that the seraphim around the throne of God, burning with His love, are incessantly inciting one another to higher degrees of ardour, crying one to another, "Holy, holy, holy is the Lord of hosts!" Sweet pattern for ministers, editors, and all the servants of Christ! Those blessed ones, amidst all their eyes, as he remarks, have no eyes of envy. Well would it be for the Church of God if we had none, but only eyes of faith and

love. Then should we seek more purely the glory of God; then should we only "consider one another to provoke unto love and good works." Our emulation would be which could most spread abroad the sweet savour of the name of Jesus; and, whilst giving all the glory to the Lord, sink as to ourselves into the most complete and conscious self-nothingness.

Believe me, dear Friend and Brother,  
Your obliged and loving well-wisher,  

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G. HAZLERIGG.

## AN AFFECTIONATE MEMORIAL OF THE LATE MRS. AUSTIN.

BY HER BEREAVED HUSBAND, MR. THOMAS AUSTIN, OF  
SOUTH HACKNEY.

ON Sabbath evening, April 27, Elizabeth Frances, the beloved wife of Thomas Austin, of South Hackney, fell asleep in Jesus, aged 74. Her remains were interred in the family grave, South Hackney Church-yard, with her three dear and valued sons. She was called by grace in her twenty-first year through the instrumentality of the late Mr. William Cooper, pastor of the Baptist Church, New End, Hampstead. Her soul was much blest also under the ministry of that dear man of God, Isaac Saunders, of St. Ann's Church, Blackfriars. Being convinced of the Scriptural mode of baptism by immersion upon a profession of faith, she proposed herself for membership to the Church in Salem Chapel, Meard's-court, Soho, and was baptized by the pastor, John Stevens, and received into the Church in April, 1826, to which Church she introduced her husband, who also was baptized by Mr. Stevens, and joined the Church in 1831. They were privileged to sit under the ministry of this good and great man for several years, and were much instructed and blessed in soul, and fully sympathised with the precious doctrines of sovereign grace so prominent in Mr. Stevens' preaching. In the year 1834 she (with her husband) removed to Hackney, and attended the Baptist Chapel, Homerton-row, the late D. Curtis being the pastor. In 1837 they were honourably dismissed from Salem to the Church at Homerton-row, where for thirty years (twenty years of which she faithfully discharged the duties of deacon's wife) she gained the universal esteem of her fellow-members, who denominated her "a mother in Israel."

In the year 1866 circumstances occurred which induced her, with her husband and family, to withdraw from Homerton-row and to become associated with the Baptist Church, Forest-road, Dalston, under the pastorate of our esteemed brother Dearsly. But the distance being too great to remain permanently, it was judged advisable to commence a Strict Baptist cause in South Hackney, which might prove a spiritual home for those who reside in the locality. Consequently, after thought and earnest prayer, a school-room was engaged (which now forms part of the premises of Speldhurst-road Chapel), a congregation gathered, a Church formed, subsequently a commodious chapel built, and having experienced many vicissitudes as a cause, it is now the place of labour of our long-tried and laborious servant of the Lord, C. W. Banks.



Our departed sister, with her husband and family, united with the newly-formed cause, in hope that the future will declare that the movement was of God.

Our departed sister retained her capabilities for usefulness in her home and in the Church till the autumn of 1877, when, through worn-out nature, consequent upon age, and a succession of trying bereavements, her energies failed, indicating that the earthly tenement was decaying, and the time of her departure was approaching; but sad as was her bodily prostration, the most affective part was to come. In January, 1878, her mind became a wreck; for some months she was under delusions, although happily of a cheerful character. In her imagination she was in affluent circumstances, and laid out her plans of liberality with decision and freeness. Naturally of a free and sympathetic turn of mind, it remained with her to the last. Many of her friends visited her, and were pleased to witness her cheerfulness, and the happy state of her mind. She would often repeat with emphasis verses of hymns and texts of Scripture which had been a comfort to her in by-gone days. Such was her extreme prostration, and entire dependence for many months, that it proved a source of discomfort to her to require the constant attention of those about her, whose services she felt thankful for, and expressed herself in the most grateful manner; yet to one who had lived such an active life, her felt incapacity at times grieved her; but she remained patient and resigned to the last. Her decease was somewhat sudden. She was attacked with bronchitis, to which she succumbed in two days, when she quietly passed away.

“ One gentle sigh her fetters broke,  
We scarce could say ‘ She’s gone.’  
Before the ransomed spirit took  
Its mansion near the throne.”

Although our departed one was amiable and useful, whom we wished to remain with us for years to come, yet the Lord having visited her with such severe affliction, without the least hope of recovery, those to whom she was most dear, including her three daughters, one being heavily afflicted, and needed the constant attention of a mother for forty years, none could grieve at her departure from this vale of tears to the mansions above, but would rather feel thankful that she was spared to us so long, and would say, “ The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.”

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## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

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PERIODICALS, PAMPHLETS, &c.—“ John Davis,” his Saul of Tarsus conduct, his conversion to God, his parents’ persecution, his work as an Evangelist, all are drawn forth in Mr. Pike’s thorough good English style in *Sword and Trowel*.—*A Narrative of the Life and Experience of William Harris*. Simple, solemn, consecutive, and conclusive. It is the Lord’s doing in a marvellous manner. We will quote when we can.—

Report of *Metropolitan Association of Strict Baptist Churches for 1878-9*. A full and fair view of the faith and fruitfulness of these Churches. It may be had of Mr. John Box, 80, Grove-lane, Camberwell.—*Old Jonathan* still flourishes delightfully. We like to see old people hale, happy, and looking toward home joyfully. Why should not the aged Christian rejoice in hope?—“ Isa.” in *Gospel Magazine* for June, says:

"Lord Jesus, wash my guilty soul  
In Thine atoning blood;  
And in Thy perfect righteousness  
Present me to my God."

What more, what less, than that can a believing soul desire?—"Scintinl," in June *Gospel Magazine*, says, "When England becomes idolatrous, God's curse will be upon her." The Romanists have boasted that before long mass will again be celebrated in Westminster Abbey. Why, in St. Paul's, and in many churches, it is as bad as that now. Ah, Englishmen, we have long feared the curse is on our land. Look at, and act upon, the following

#### CALL TO ARMS.

Let England's pious souls arise,  
Rend every form of vain disguise;  
Preach "Christ," ye noble youth:  
"The Cross," without the crucifix;  
"The Light," without the candlesticks;  
"The Truth," without the altar bricks;  
And nothing but the truth.

*Sermons by Mr. Covell*, at Providence chapel, Croydon, preached on Sunday, March 9, 1879, that being the thirty-first anniversary of his opening the chapel. Mr. Covell, in every sense, is an extraordinary man. On the occasion when these sermons were preached, his friends collected for him, in the morning, £464 14s. 11½d.; evening, £46 1s. 1d.; total in the day, £510 16s. 0½d. And something like this, we believe, is done every year. It is, we expect, almost without any parallel. He might well say, "God has been good to me in His providence; He has abounded toward me in the things of this life. Praises and blessings on His glorious name. I could never have expected He would do so much for me," &c. His text was Isa. lxxvi. 9, 10. "There are three things" (he declares) "a child of God can never lose—the love of God, the earnest of the Spirit, and the heavenly inheritance." In Mr. Covell's address to his people, at the close of the morning sermon, he speaks most truly and decidedly against "the supply system." He says, "It is a bad system at the very root." We have never read any man's testimony so much in affinity with our own as is Mr. Covell's on the present system of supplying the pulpits of our Churches. All deacons and members should read it and examine their motives.

*Seventh Annual Report of the Sunday School, Penrose-street, Walworth.* (R. Banks.) The Report itself, the speeches, the growth of the school, and the zeal of the teachers, all shine forth clear and encouraging. "Our God is in the heavens;" He hath done, and will do, all things well for His Church. We are upon the earth, and in every age our

heavenly Father has commanded His people to look after the children. Every man, every woman, every young person, who has any love for their country, any true faith in the Redeemer, any zeal for the true Gospel, every gracious soul should seek to bring children to those schools where the truth, as recorded in the Bible, is distinctly, faithfully, and lovingly taught. Why should Romanists, Ritualists, or Arminians have the children? And we sit idle? O Lord, stir us all up to Christian action for Thy glory. We wish the Penrose-street Sunday school may become a large garden for the good of precious souls.

*Professor Grimmer's Prediction.* This pamphlet is from an American. He has made astronomical calculations and studied prophecy. Next year and onward will be very awful, if the professor is correct. He says:—"From 1880 to 1887 will be one universal carnival of death." Asia will be depopulated, Europe nearly so, America will lose fifteen million people. Besides plague, we are to have storms and tidal waves, mountains are to 'toss their heads through the choicest valleys,' navigators will be lost by thousands owing to the 'capricious deflexures of the magnetic needle,' and islands will appear and disappear in mid-ocean. All the beasts, birds, and fishes will be diseased; famine and civil strife will destroy most of the few human beings left alive by plague; and, finally, 'two years of fire—from 1885 to 1887—will rage with fury in every part of the globe. In 1887, the 'Star of Bethlehem' will 're-appear in Cassiopeia's Chair,' the immediate results being universal war and portentous floods and shipwrecks. North America is again to be involved in civil war, unless a 'Napoleon arises to quell it; but during these terrible days the Pacific States will be a veritable paradise of peace compared to the hellish strife that will be waging throughout the world.'"

Gott's lecture on "The Chosen People" is given in several numbers of the *Banner of Israel* (5, Racquet-court). Samuel, Solomon, the chief persons, their times, their troubles, the changing scenes through which God's Israel passed, with lessons of life and death, of sin and of salvation; all are given so consecutively, and so easily developed, that it would be worth much to young Christians to read this lecture carefully.

"The Great Fire of London in 1666." This direful scourge is historically illustrated in *The Fireside* for June.—"Alfred Tennyson," Poet Laureate, is given in full figure in *Hand and Heart*.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION  
JUBILEE SERVICES.

ON June 11 and 12 the Strict Baptist Association held their fiftieth anniversary on Aldringham-common, near the chapel. The London pastors were not venturesome enough to risk the weather, or it may be they had other business to attend to of equal importance; consequently, the London Churches were but poorly represented. We must not, however, omit the names of those brethren who did honour the association with their presence and help—namely, Messrs. R. E. Sears (of Foot's Cray), S. Gray, C. L. Kemp, with several friends from the Church at Waterside, Wandsworth. Among the busy crowd were seen the following ministers:—Messrs. J. Morling (of Ziou chapel, Ipswich), W. Kern (of Bethesda, Ipswich), J. Wilkins (of Chatteris), Hoddy (formerly of Horham), Woodgate (of Otley), S. Gladstone (Congregationalist, of Leiston), C. Hill (of Stoke Ash), G. Webb (of Laxfield), W. Winters (of Waltham Abbey), S. K. Bland (of Beccles), W. K. Dexter (of Grundisburgh), Broome (of Fressingfield), Jackson (of Norwich), Suggate (of Halesworth), Andrews (of Waldringfield), B. Taylor (of Pulham-St.-Mary), J. Hollingshead (of Rattlesden), Brown (of Colchester), Brown (of Friston), Brand (of Bungay), Harris, Leggett, Edger-ton (of Beccles), Palmer (of Orford Hill), Large, Field, Caudle (of Occold), Pooch (of Norwich), Gill (of Tunstall), and many others whose features are more familiar than their names. Friends from Ipswich, Yarmouth, and the villages of Saxmundham, Leiston, and Alborough, and the approximate hamlets in the hundred of Blything, Co. Suffolk, were to be seen early on Wednesday morning, June 11, wending their way to the scene of action on the common, many of them wondering, doubtless, within themselves what all the commotion could mean, as such a body of people probably was never before gathered together in that quiet nook of Suffolk—at all events, not for the last thirty-seven years, when the meeting was last held there.

At the entrance of the rugged road leading to the camp, might be seen banners and streamers waving, and a plainly-executed triumphal arch of evergreens, to which was appended a board with an inscription in chalk, "Ministers and delegates pass this way."

The common was seen at its best, covered with thick patches of golden furze and other browsewood, affording shelter for the grazing sheep; and in the far distance stood a house or two as little united as some Christians are to each other. As we stood nearly in the centre of the common catching the strong sea breeze, and straining our eyes in scanning across the vast waste of land,—

"O wildness of sweets: for nature here  
Wanted as in her prime, and played at will  
Her virgin fanes, pouring forth more sweet,  
Wild above art or rule—enormous bliss!"—

we wondered where the people could possibly come from, on Lord's-days, especially in the winter season, to fill a chapel like that on Aldringham-common which is said to hold upwards of four hundred persons. It is a substantial, unadorned building, its exterior is more like a dwelling house than a chapel, with a sacred enclosure in front devoted to the burial of the dead, where—

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

The chapel is beautifully clean and well adapted for easy speaking; galleries extend to the front and sides, and over the pulpit is the following memorial of one of its best pastors: "To the much respected memory of Robert Wilson, who fell asleep, Jan. 5th, 1822, aged 44 years, the honoured instrument in the band of God of raising the first Baptist Church in this place, over which he was pastor ten years, and baptized 181 persons." This is followed by a quotation from Rev. xiv. 13.

This Church, which is now without a pastor, and is chiefly supplied by Mr. S. K. Bland, was first established about the year 1812. The service of the day commenced in the usual order. Mr. Brand, the beloved pastor of the Church at Bungay, and chosen moderator of the Association meeting, gave out a hymn, after which Mr. Clarke prayed, and Mr. Brand delivered a lengthy, but suitable address, in the course of which he referred to the providential mercies of God toward the poor during the past winter, and the national blessings and afflictions which were the unfolding of the heart of Him who cannot err.

Mr. Brand made special reference to the history of the Aldringham Church and the jubilee; and also took the opportunity of reminding the Associated Churches of the real necessity of firmly abiding by the great doctrinal truths of the Bible, which noble reminder was no doubt well meant and *apropos* to the occasion, but was noticeable throughout the day as the subject of considerable criticism, and was evidently not equally realised by all with the same warmth of feeling. We have not much knowledge of the exact nature of the *creed* of the Association, but we are not willing to suppose that the orthodoxy of it, though firmly adhered to, is held, as has been inferred, "with the tenacity of narrow-minded sectarianism," or "with a conscientious enthusiasm for dogmas believed to be based on Scripture." We are always at liberty to exercise, with Christian charity, our free animadversion on what is made public, but we do not receive everything we see in print as genuine ungar-nished truth.

It is pretty well understood that our brother George Webb, of Laxfield, is deputed to write the Circular letter for the forthcoming year, and no doubt we shall have a treatise on some prominent feature of our faith, and which in all probability will be compiled in the best possible style of the writer, and

amply reasoned to accommodate the keen palate of the most rigid hyper, and to the effecting of which our hearty prayers and support shall not be wanting on our brother Wehh's behalf. Thanks to brother Brand for his affectionate address.

The Articles of the Association were then read, after which, letters from the Associated Churches were read by brethren Bland, Hill, Dexter, Jackson, Suggate, and Brown, and which on the whole were very encouraging. The first letter read by brother Bland was from Wattisham, which showed that one had been added to the Church by immersion, present number of members, 115; Sunday Scholars, 213; Aldringham, bapt. 8, mem. 51, S.s. 55; Beccles, bapt. 4, mem. 164, S.s. 182; Bungay, bapt. 1, mem. 74, S.s. 48; Bradfield-St.-George, mem. 62; S.s. 60; Charlesfield, bapt. 4, mem. 67, S.s. 76; Cranford, mem. 46, S.s. 25; Fressingfield, bapt. 1, mem. 75, S.s. 101; Friston, mem. 50, S.s. 74; Grundisburgh, bapt. 13, mem. 164, S.s. 190; Hadleigh, mem. 61, S.s. 30; Halesworth, mem. 58, S.s. 40; Hoxne, bapt. 1, mem. 47, S.s. 80; Laxfield, bapt. 5, mem. 206, S.s. 191; Lowestoft, mem. 14; Norton, mem. 49, S.s. 66 Norwich (Gildencroft), bapt. 6, mem. 99, S.s. 160; Orford Hill, mem. 88, S.s. 32; Occold, mem. 57, S.s. 49; Pulham, mem. 67, S.s. 45; Rattlesden, bapt. 3, mem. 9, S.s. 100; Rishangles, bapt. 2, mem. 122, S.s. 100; Somersham, bapt. 2, mem. 52, S.s. 63; Stoke Ash, bapt. 3, mem. 190, S.s. 100; Stowmarket, bapt. 3, mem. 67, S.s. 30; Sudbourne, bapt. 2, mem. 31, S.s. 50; Sutton, bapt. 1, mem. 50, S.s. 40; Tunstall, bapt. 4, mem. 129, S.s. 77; Waldringfield, bapt. 1, mem. 86, S.s. 100; Walsham, mem. 73, S.s. 61; Yarmouth, mem. 34, S.s. 50. After the tedious operation of letter reading, dinner was served up in an adjoining tent, perfectly free to ministers, delegates, and their wives; to others a nominal charge was made. In the afternoon, a very pretty discourse, full of interesting details, was delivered by our brother S. Gray, of London, based upon Psa. xx. 5. The divisions and sub-divisions of the subject were most ingeniously arranged, which proved, no doubt, helpful to the hearer. Our brother commenced by saying that the words of the text have a ring of whole-heartedness. God is a hearty God, Christ is a hearty Saviour. "I delight to do Thy will, O God; yea, Thy law (the arrangement of the everlasting covenant) is within my heart. This Psalm is evidently Messianic, and the text contains part of an address to Christ by believers in Him. The preacher dwelt mainly on the joy, the will, and the wish imported in the text—*i.e.*, 1. A well-founded joy. 2. A martial resolve. 3. A laudable wish. The sermon was listened to with marked attention throughout, although the rain was beating heavily upon the tent all the time. We regret, however, that it is not possible to give the notes of the sermon in our possession *in extenso*. A large company of friends sat down to tea, which harmless beverage was brewed by the assistance of a steam engine, kindly lent for the

occasion by Messrs. R. Garrett and Son of Leiston. The service of the evening commenced by brother Caudle, of Occold, reading a hymn, and which was sung with as little spirit as could possibly be realized on the occasion. In fact, it is painful to reflect upon, but the service of song during the whole of the two days' meeting was exceedingly languid and wanting in time, but not more so than in years previous. It is very desirable that the Association should attend to good singing as well as to good preaching, and that tunes should be selected which most Christian worshippers are well acquainted with, and those without so many long-winded repeats. If this hint is too plain, the friends will, we are sure, be gracious enough to forgive us and accept it for what it is worth.

Mr. Gill read Luke xv. and Mr. J. Wilkins, of Chatteris, preached a very able sermon based on Isaiah lxxvi. 2. The preacher treated at large, with much savour, on the Divine greatness of Him who holds the reigns of universal government; thus, greatness supposes possession; creation, and Providence are books which set forth Divine greatness, as also the volume of redemption which angels desire to look into. The preacher spoke of the description of character expressed in the text which supposes distinction and decision, not poor in state, but poor in spirit, internally poor and destitute: "To that man will I look," &c. Here Mr. Wilkins was very experimental, and especially in dealing with "him that trembleth at My word," also we were much refreshed by his statement of Divine condescension, how Christ looked upon Peter with the look of forgiveness, of approval, and of restoration. Mr. Caudle gave out a hymn, and the services of the first day terminated with much joy.

On the following day, using Scripture phrase, "being the great day of the feast," many of the lay brethren met for prayer very early, which proved exceedingly enjoyable to most present. The later minister's prayer-meeting was scantily attended, which caused the moderator, Mr. B. Taylor, some little difficulty to find enough praying preachers to eke out the time, until nearly the close of the service, when several brethren put in an appearance. After the devotional service had concluded, the people gathered thickly into the tent to hear the morning sermon. Mr. Brand read and prayed, and Mr. Edgerton gave out a hymn, commencing,

"Thy presence, gracious God, afford,  
Prepare us to receive Thy Word!"

at the conclusion of which Mr. Suggate, of Halesworth, after making some pleasing allusions to the antiquity of his Christian principles, preached a most encouraging sermon founded upon Luke xii. 7: "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." In the course of his remarks he alluded to the value of man, and especially his soul, as being the noblest work of God and its capability of expanding in thought by thinking. Mr. Suggate spoke also on the many things which constitute man valuable in God's sight—*i.e.*, the love and redemption work of Christ, and

concluded by stating the use that God makes of His servants as so many evidences of their value. Mr. Jackson, of Norwich, gave out a hymn, and after the benediction the friends sought refreshment for the body near the well-spread table. The provision tent was a spacious one and adorned with very suitable mottoes. In the afternoon, the weather being fine, the attendance was very large; Mr. Brand opened the service with a hymn; Mr. R. E. Sears read Isaiah lv. and prayed; and Mr. Hill gave out a hymn. Mr. George Webb, the last, but not the least preacher of the day, announced his text, Acts xvi. 17. After stating the subject leading to the text as being the utterance of the damsel possessed with a spirit of divination, the preacher enlarged on the nature of salvation as exemplified in the deliverance of the soul from the damning power of sin and from the fears and troubles to which God's children are subject, and that this salvation is communicated to the soul by the Divine Spirit of God and is consummated in eternal glory. Mr. Webb spoke forcibly of the work of Christ, no one ever worked so hard as He did, and nothing short of the perfection of Christ's work realised in the soul could land it beyond the river. The preacher seemed quite free in speaking on the sufferings of Christ, the poverty of Christ, as the Man of sorrows, and the death of Christ; also on the call to the ministry and its especial work Mr. Webb was very explicit. Altogether the sermon was Scripturally sound and powerfully delivered, and we think the preacher, who has but lately become connected with the Association, is one of whom the people of Suffolk in general, and the Church at Laxfield in particular, need not to be ashamed. Mr. S. K. Bland at the close spoke of the Church at Aldringham and its history, and moved a very hearty vote of thanks to several friends who had rendered timely service to the Association—namely, Mrs. Ogilvie, Messrs. R. Garrett and son, Messrs. Newson Garrett, Flintham, Borrett, Hunt, Smyth, and others in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Harris seconded the vote, and Mr. Brand asked the friends to show their appreciation of it, which was immediately responded to by a "forest of hands." A vote of Christian sympathy was passed to the venerable Mr. Cooper, of Wattisham, who was unable to be present consequent upon his advanced age, and loving reference was made to the patriarch of Suffolk, Mr. Samuel Collins, and his usefulness in days past. We hope that Mr. C. Hill, Mr. S. K. Bland, and other friends of the Association will long continue in Christian fellowship, and that God's eternal smiles may brighten their path to the land of many mansions. The Association meeting will (D.V.) be held next year at Stowmarket, and Mr. Charles Hill and Mr. W. K. Dexter are appointed to preach the Association sermons.

We hope we are right in stating that Mr. Dexter is the author of the circular letter for the present year. Mr. W. E. Palmer gave out the concluding hymn, and Mr. W. Brown, the aged pastor of Friston,

pronounced the benediction. The friends then separated and returned to their respective homes in peace. To God be all the praise.

W. WINTERS.

Church-yard, Waltham Abbey.

#### BENJAMIN TAYLOR'S REVIEW OF THE SUFFOLK ASSOCIATION.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am still very poorly, and feel the effects of my journey to Aldringham. The Lord's name be praised for bringing me home safe once again. I did not know how to hold up the first day; and while conducting the six o'clock prayer meeting in the morning of Thursday, I really found it difficult to stand up. There was an outpouring of the Spirit upon the friends; the Lord's presence was felt and enjoyed. We had two good days. I heard three brethren preach—brother Wilkins, of Chatteris. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Brother Suggate, of Halesworth, came up Thursday morning, richly laden with a variety of good things. His text was about sparrows, showing that God's people are of more value than many sparrows. I found his notion to accord with mine exactly in what he said about the feathered tribe, so that he and my tracts about this matter are not likely to be at loggerheads.

Our brother Geo. Webb, of Laxfield, I never heard before. He preached about salvation. There was "good measure; pressed down; shaken together; running over." He gave us to understand he came into Suffolk a Strict Baptist, and he meant to remain so. He did not wish to have anything to do with those men who compromise their principles. He is a brave, outspoken, and faithful servant of Christ. May the Lord send many more such labourers into His vineyard. Our friends were all delighted. We are thankful to the Lord for such a help in the place of those aged servants of His, whose work is done. I was delighted to see our friend and brother, R. E. Sears, who laboured among us so long, and with so much success.

Aldringham is the place where we Pulham people first joined the association, in the year 1842, and I thank God I have had no cause to repent for uniting myself to this large body of Strict Baptists, for I have never met with anything from them only love and kindness, and all the help they could render to the cause at Pulham. Better than all, I have ever found the brethren, whom I have heard preach, to be not only men of gifts and abilities, but faithful and strict to their principles. May our excellent brother, Geo. Webb, have cause to hail the day that he first set his foot upon Suffolk soil. I am sure all our brethren give him a hearty welcome. We are glad of him, while brethren Collins and Cooper, whose intense labours are brought to a close, will rejoice to find that the Lord has sent one already in their place to help, strengthen, and encourage our other valuable and laborious brethren.

"Rejoice, O land, and be glad, for the Lord will do great things."

I was delighted to see brother Harris, our treasurer, present. I did not expect this, after his long and painful affliction; his beloved partner also being well-nigh unto death. May the Lord have mercy on them both, and continue our brother to us a few more years, if it be His holy will. I think you will find we shall have a circular letter of the right kind. The next is to be on the doctrine of election. I am glad of this, for that doctrine, among the masses of professing Christianity, is almost gone out of date. Brother Geo. Webb said, in his sermon, there were people who were rejoicing in the hope that the troublesome Strict Baptists would, over a time, become defunct; but I, your humble servant, believe that while Christ liveth, the small, despised sect can never perish. I wish our mixed, medley, yea and nay men, who are constantly harping upon preaching the Gospel to sinners, could read brother Allen's first piece in the *VESSEL* for this month, and try and answer it.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, June 13, 1879.

**BETHERSDEN, KENT.**—As an old Kentish lad, I remember this rather ancient Church when Master Shilling was its pastor—whose sun did not go down in a perfectly clear eventide; but for many a long year he told our fathers the truth of the new covenant. When the good schoolmaster, Haffenden, had a Church in his own schoolroom; when Thomas Scott preached at Brabourne; when Challock was noted for its extra hyperism; when the saint-like Broadey was the A-hord Union Baptist—in those days the religious world was more quiet than now. Even then Bethersden was a central point around which many of the godly sought for the finest of the wheat; albeit they might not always find it so pure and powerful as they might wish. Then Haffenden's tincture was famous for healing in Bethersden if nothing else could be found. Our Bethersden anniversary was June 4, 1879. We expected Mr. Jones, of Wadhurst, but he was too ill to come. The intellectual Israel Atkinson and the bold Margate Wise came and preached the sermons; our beloved pastor Baker was with us.

**ROCHDALE.**—The anniversary of Newbold Baptist chapel Sabbath school was on Lord's-day, May 18. Sermons were preached by Mr. P. Parker, pastor elect—morning discourse from Isaiah xliii. 1; evening, Romans i. 16—which were listened to with great attention by a large gathering of people. The preacher took his stand on the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek. The illustrations were sublime from the law, the testimony, and from the experience of all that are quickened and regenerated by the power of the Holy Spirit. Collections for the day realised £44 16s. 3½d.

## COTTENHAM BAPTIST CHURCHES.

A REMINISCENCE AND A REVIEW. BY JOSIAH MORLING, PASTOR OF ZOAR CHURCH, IPSWICH.

MR. EDITOR,—On the cover of *EARTHEN VESSEL*, for April, appeared the following paragraph, under the heading of Cottenham, "A correspondent assures us, 'both the Baptist Churches are Strict Particular and Close Communion.' Everybody does not know that. IS IT TRUE?" Perhaps every one retains some peculiar feelings respecting the place of their nativity, even after they have been removed far away and for several years. Such is the case with the writer. Cottenham is the place of my nativity and the place where God, according to His sovereign good pleasure, was pleased to call me by His grace, and brought me to love His great name. When I saw the paragraph above alluded to, I thought, Surely some one at Cottenham, who knows and loves the truth of God and the ordinances of His house, will make some reply. But as no reply appeared, kindly favour me in your next for a few words.

It was my privilege, through rich and sovereign grace, to join the Church at *Ebenezer* when about 17 years of age; of which Church I continued a member until "God, who separated me from my mother's womb, and called me by His grace," sent me to "blow the trumpet in Zion." Doubtless the Church at *Ebenezer* is, and has been, professedly and practically a Strict Particular and Close Communion Church, although we are sorry to say it was there that Mr. W. began to advance *duty-faith* doctrines, which he more openly advocated afterwards. Since then Mr. Geo. Fung and Mr. Warren have been the pastors. Some thought the latter did not come up to the true standard of a Hyper-Calvinist. That we leave. The Church is now without a pastor. It would, indeed, be exceedingly gratifying to our feelings if the Lord would be pleased to send them a true pastor—a man decided for the truth as it is in Jesus, and for the ordinances as set forth in the New Testament, with a head full of knowledge and a heart full of holy love and burning zeal, whose testimony might be made exceedingly useful to the ingathering of the Redeemer's flock, and feeding the "Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood," that those halcyon days might again be enjoyed as when the candle of the Lord so blessedly shone round about them. O that the blessed influences of the Holy Ghost might be more abundantly and manifestly realised, that the spices of the Lord's garden may flow out, that from every living soul within her walls the cry may arise, "Let my Beloved come into His garden and eat His pleasant fruits." Many of her men of prayer have lately laid down the sword to wave the palm branch and sing the victor's song; but their places are not filled up. "O God of hosts, arise; send now, we beseech Thee, send now, prosperity." May the Church at *Ebenezer* ever be kept a Strict Particular Close Communion Church.

But what shall we say respecting the other cause, at what is generally called "the old Baptist meeting house?" Not a bad name. Now "Is it true" they are a Strict Particular Close Communion Church? We fear many of them would shrug their shoulders at the name. We candidly acknowledge it is the first time we ever heard of that Church being so designated. But let us notice these different terms:—

1. If *Strict* simply means that the Church would not receive any into *membership* who had not previously been baptized upon a profession of repentance toward God and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, as distinct from what are mis-called "Union" Churches, then we say, It is true they are Strict Baptists.

2. If by *Close Communion* is simply meant that no person shall be allowed to commune at the Lord's table except they have previously been baptized, it is true they have hitherto been a Close Communion Church. But if it means that persons shall not be allowed to commune with them at the Lord's table who are members of other Baptist Churches, which will allow others who have not been baptized and yet are either in communion with other than Baptist Churches or not members anywhere, &c., then we most unhesitatingly say they are not Close Communion, for any member of the duty-faith Churches would be allowed to commune with them. Moreover, a gentleman with whom I met a few days ago in Cambridge, informed me that the subject is now occupying the attention of the Church. It seems that some person, not a member of a Baptist Church, wishes to commune with them. As a matter of course, it would be *uncharitable* in the estimation of many to keep a *sincere* soul from the table. The gentleman before mentioned (who, by-the-by, was a deacon of that Church, if he is not now) thought it would be quite as well if the Church was Open Communion; but I soon found that it would be a matter of policy rather than of principle. Our Churches should, in all matters, take the written Word for their guide, then Open Communion would speedily vanish like the morning dew; yea, become a nonentity.

3. If by *Particular* those doctrines which are generally called Hyper-Calvinistic is meant, then we affirm "It is not true that they are Particular Baptists." The gentleman before alluded to said, "We only differ in doctrines." We dare not fully admit this; but if it were so, what a *large* "only!" and how vastly important an "only!" It would puzzle Moses, with his undimmed eye, to find a real predestinarian among them. Eternal election, special or particular redemption, certain regeneration, and perseverance, &c., are matters that would not lay very level with offered grace, resisting a striving Spirit, falling from grace, &c. We have several times been told by one of their members that one of their late preachers would sometimes say, "It is now three o'clock, you can be saved by half-past, if you like; if you are not, it is your own fault." What! the issues of

eternity hinge upon a half-hour's deliberation of a fallen, depraved, guilty, condemned, hell-deserving sinner! Great God, if this be true, who can be saved? Well does the writer remember the time when he was deeply concerned about his eternal state going to this chapel to hear a man preach. He was talking about Christ standing at the door and knocking. He said, "There are some of you grey-headed old sinners here at whose hearts Christ has been knocking these thirty years. He stands knocking until the stone is wet with the dew that falls from His locks." Dear me! who would not heartily pity such a JESUS CHRIST! What, knocking for thirty years, and no admission! One would have thought the heart would have entirely broken with so much knocking and melted with such a quantity of dew drops. But alas! How weak must be the omnipotent Saviour! how vastly strong the strengthless sinner!

Thus it will be seen that the Church at the old meeting house is not what was represented by your correspondent. The doctrines of Pelagius and Van Harmin are far more congenial to their feelings than the sublime doctrines of free and sovereign grace as set forth in the WORD OF THE MOST HIGH GOD.

I am, Mr. Editor,  
Yours in a precious Christ,  
JOSIAH MORLING.

Zoar, Ipswich.

[We are never happy in inserting such reviews as this; but the daring boldness of many of the young gentlemen, who are now placed in the pulpits of our land demand of us a faithful testimony against all such unscriptural teaching. We have long seen, however, that the rising generation of preachers are carrying the Churches down the doubtful streams of a natural sensationalism. We have mourned over the falling of truth and the triumphs of pride for many years. But, like Micah of old, we must remain in our prison of ministerial poverty, because we dare not but speak the words the Lord Himself hath spoken. Psalms lxxiii., lxxiv., and lxxviii. have been sources of comfort to us. Yes! there are words of Divine origin in those Psalms exactly suited to our case. "O God, Thou art my God; early will I seek Thee; my soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh longeth for Thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is; to see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary." Then in Psa. lxxiv. there is the secret work of the enemies of God's Zion, and their awful end. In Psa. lxxviii. the victorious glories of Christ are revealed, and unto us He saith, "THY GOD hath COMMANDED THY STRENGTH." And unto Him we cry, "STRENGTHEN, O GOD, THAT WHICH Thou hast wrought for us." Brethren, we conclude that God's new covenant Gospel is more precious to the souls of all who have realised it than any of the inventions of men. Let us therefore, one and all, desist from any unholly denunciation of the ministers who seem to have a license to say anything and

everything they can think of in order to work upon the feelings of their hearers. May the great High Priest of our profession fill us with the Holy Ghost, and may we never cease to pray for all who profess to love Christ, and who seem desirous of winning souls unto Christ until we cease to live in the field of contention and error. So prayeth—  
C. W. BANKS.]

MASBOROUGH, SHEFFIELD. —  
MY DEAR BROTHER,—It was exceedingly kind of you to speak in the Master's Name to His poor people at Masborough. It was one of the most blessed services we ever enjoyed in the sanctuary. I thank God from my very heart that He led you so faithfully to speak a word in season to His weary ones. You were instrumental in the dear Lord's hands of removing a burden from several poor downcast souls. You took us where we had been many a time before; hurried with sin, crushed down, so weary, full of sighs, cries, groans, and tears, but thanks to our adorable Redeemer (our Father's Scholar, as you were led to speak of Him), a word from Him, who hath received from the Lord God the tongue of the learned, that He should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary, has been sufficient, even as it proved to be on that memorable evening, May 9, 1879, to cause sighs, cries, groans, and tears to give place to peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. You were most sweetly led; heavenly showers descended; it was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, a time of the passing by of the Son of God; and my soul became as a well-watered garden. Such seasons with me are few and far between; still I would bless and praise the Lord of heaven and earth that He ever filled my soul with spiritual trouble, and proved to be a Defence and Refuge. I was indeed pleased to see so many present, and would to God our little place was filled at every service. May the Lord fill you with the joys of His salvation; and may the language of your soul be as you get nearer and nearer your journey's end,—

"As they draw near their journey's end,  
How precious is their heavenly Friend;  
And when in death they bow their head,  
He's precious on a dying bed."

Do pray for your unworthy brother in Christ,  
HENRY HADDOW.

HEREFORD.—Our annual meetings of the Whitestone Baptist chapel were held on Whit-Monday, June 2. Many friends sat down to tea, filling the chapel and two rooms of the house. After tea the public meeting was opened by Mr. Wager, of Hereford. After prayer by Mr. Roberts, of Ledbury, several earnest addresses were delivered by Messrs. Foster and Clarke, of Hereford; J. Field and W. Latham, of Ledbury; and T. Mudge, of Fownhope. After singing "All hail the power of Jesu's name," the meeting closed with the benediction.—J. BEDFORD.

## A VISIT TO AMERICA.

By T. G. C. ARMSTRONG.

(Concluded from page 188.)

As I had only now some three or four days to remain in the States, I began to see the necessity for "hurrying up;" and so leaving New York at nine o'clock on Monday morning, I crossed by the ferry to Jersey City, where the cars were in waiting to take us on to Philadelphia, a run of exactly 100 miles, which was accomplished in about two hours, the rate of travelling comparing very favourably with that in the old country. I do not know the extent of ground covered by this city, but it must be something enormous, one street alone being ten miles long, while you can travel for nine miles in almost any direction by the trams for 8d. or 4d. They are, however, always inconveniently crowded, for as no restriction is made as to number, the sovereign people claim the right of riding if there be but sufficient room to plant a foot in front with the driver or hang on behind, while the inside is packed as close as sardines in a box.

Of course the first place which claimed my attention was the "Centennial," or, as it is now called, the Permanent Exhibition. As may be imagined, it is shorn of those glories which attracted so many thousands in 1876, but still enough remained to enable me to form some idea of what it was when at its zenith.

The artificial lake had disappeared, but the fountain was still playing which gave rise to the lamented P. P. Bliss's melody, "Will you meet me at the fountain?" which is as great a favourite here as in the States. In a portion of the building, railed off for the purpose, were a number of wax figures, reminding one of Madame Tussaud's, and introduced to represent the original signers of the Declaration of Independence. In another direction were to be seen, in effigy, General Washington and his staff reviewing his troops at York Town.

I had not much time to linger here, so retracing my steps I crossed Fairmount-park (which like everything is on a large scale, being about thirty miles round), looked in at the Zoological-gardens, which are about on a par with those of our's at Regent's-park, visited the Mint and watched the process of turning bars of silver and ingots of gold into dollars, &c., and then went over the new State House which was being erected. I should imagine it will be one of the finest buildings of the sort on the American continent when completed. I was rather amused at noticing that the roof of the entrance hall was supported by four immense figures representing the Caucasian, Indian, Negro, and Chinese races, for even now the minds of the people are greatly agitated at the influx of Chinamen, and proposals have been made to forbid their emigration into the country. I wound up the day with an hour or so at the Young Men's Christian Association, which boasts of the finest building in connection with the association in the world, being built of pure white marble, and



presenting a very imposing appearance. I was sorry to find, however, that it was suffering from an incubus in the shape of a debt of about £200,000.

Leaving early next morning, I journeyed to Baltimore, hoping to find that the vessel in which I was to sail for England did not leave till late next day, so as to give me opportunity for a run to Washington and back; but alas! it was timed to leave at nine o'clock the following morning, so that a hurried scamper round the city famed as the birthplace of the largest-hearted philanthropist of two hemispheres, the late George Peabody, and notorious for the height to which party feeling ran during the Civil War. Happily that has long since died out and the people are amongst the most law-abiding. The various religious denominations are well represented, and among them the Baptists deserve honourable mention. One of their numbers, the late Dr. Richard Fuller, was the compiler of the hymn book used by the denomination, I believe, almost universally through the States.

But my trip was drawing to a close. At nine a.m. on Wednesday I stepped on board the Allan steamer "Caspian," Captain Trocke, and in a few minutes we were under weigh, the thermometer registering 94 deg. Steaming down the Bay and into deep water, by noon it stood at 77 deg., and the temperature gradually became cooler still.

There were not many passengers on board, a few were bound for Halifax, fewer still for St. John's, and only four of us for Liverpool. We reached Halifax about midnight on Saturday, and as the Allan Company very considerably seek to give their employes as much rest as possible on the Lord's-day, we lay perfectly still till Monday, when some of the cargo was unshipped and fresh cargo taken in. With a brother Baptist, a real live American, I worshipped at Granville-street Baptist Church, and at the close of the service, the minister seeing we were strangers immediately made for the pew in which we were seated and shook hands with us right heartily, an example worthy of imitation at home.

In the afternoon we visited the Sunday-school and took a class, after which I had the pleasure of addressing the children. At the close we were shown over the building, with its class-rooms, &c., and also the plan for a new church and parsonage it was intended to erect, and we left the friends with a pressing invitation to come and see them again.

Again sailing thence we reached St. John's, Newfoundland, but happily had only a few hours to stay, for the fishy smell which pervaded the atmosphere, and the tumble-down aspect of the buildings seemed to make it anything but enjoyable. I was told, however, that notwithstanding the fact that it is almost continually enveloped in fog and otherwise most uninteresting, the people who dwell there consider it the finest climate in the world, and that a residence of four or five years there will enable anyone to realise a handsome fortune.

At six o'clock on Thursday evening we steamed out of St. John's harbour, and with a careful captain, well-disciplined crew, pleasant company, and in genial weather we crossed the Atlantic, meeting no mishap, and in exactly a week we entered the Mersey, and soon reaching Liverpool, separated to our several destinations, none more thankful at being once more at home, safe and sound, invigorated in body and in mind with his ten weeks' trip, than your humble servant,  
T. G. C. A.

KNOWL HILL. — DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — I forward you an account of the peaceful end of our lately departed friend and brother Blachall, who, after about six weeks' illness, quietly fell asleep in Jesus, March 20, at the good old age of eighty-six. For nearly half a century he has been privileged to realise an interest in the all-sufficient atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. I have many times during the last four years had conversations with him, and looked upon him as an example for humility of mind, in whom the Spirit of Christ was truly apparent. Soon after conversion he became settled and established in the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel; and continued a consistent member of the Strict Baptist Church at Knowl Hill until he joined the Church triumphant above. His end was peace. His remains were interred in a spot chosen by himself, connected with the sanctuary in which his soul has so often rejoiced. Brother Vize, of Reading, presided at his funeral, which was attended by a large gathering of weeping relatives and others in the neighbourhood, who paid their last tribute of respect to his memory, and who gathered to witness the proceedings. Brother Watson improved his death on Sunday evening, March 30, from Rev. ix. 14, when appropriate remarks were made. We sorrow not for him as those without hope. But Zion is now in a low state; but few come to her solemn assemblies, so our brother by us all is lamented and ill-spared, for another pillar has fallen! another seat is vacant! The brother with the white smock-frock can no more cheer the preacher's heart by his bodily presence and gentle counsel. His race is run. His spirit has quitted the prison-house, and taken its flight to be for ever with the Lord, where sorrow and sighing is unknown. While a pilgrim upon earth he was often called to pass through deep waters, and made to hang his harp upon the willows and weep as he remembered Zion. But now his days of mourning are ended; his tears are for ever wiped away. His weary soul is now at rest, while his mortal remains are being mingled with mother earth, awaiting the coming of the Lord, when that which "is sown in weakness, shall be raised in power" (1 Cor. xv. 43). Be it our happy privilege to "be kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last time" (1 Peter i. 5). So prays, yours in the bonds of the Gospel,  
JOSEPH CLINCH.

## OVER THE GRAVE OF MR. WM. COLLYER.

JUNE 14, 1879.

Between Geo. Clark and Wm. Collyer the ministry of the Gospel of God's grace has been maintained here (in Irvinghoe) for more than three quarters of a century. Both George Clark and William Collyer were men who gave full proof of their call to the ministry. They were men of Enoch's kind; they were, as Enoch meaneth, (1) taught in God; (2) devoted to God; (3) they walked with God; (4) they were taken by God; (5) Enoch was between Jared and Methusaleh; (6) Enoch was both a prophet and a preacher. He cried, "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousand of His saints." Enoch knew the Lord would never come without His people. (7) Enoch had this witness that he pleased God, because his faith in God was firm, and without faith in a covenant God it is impossible to please Him.

Of our now departed brother, William Collyer, it may be said, in some measure, as was said of Abraham: "He died in a good old age, an old man, full of years, and was gathered unto his people." Here are four facts: "He died in a good old age." Our brother Collyer had a good soul; he was born of God; spiritual and eternal life was in his heaven-born soul. The grave is not the place for criticism. Nothing we can say now can either hurt him nor help him; but we may give glory unto God by shewing what sovereign grace has done.

Our brother William Collyer had a good heart. God had taken the stony heart away, and had given him a heart of flesh, a heart of sympathy, with everything God-like and good, which brought forth a spirit simple and sincere. He had a good conscience, wishing to live honestly and honourably before all the world. He lived a good life—that is, as Paul said, "The life that I now live in the flesh is by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave Himself for me." No man's life here is spotless, but there is "a fountain open to the house of David, and to the inhabitants of Jerusalem, for sins and for uncleanness;" and by the mysterious working of faith the living believer washes his robes, and all his garments in that fountain, and by the blood of the Lamb they are made white; therefore are they without fault before the throne of God. Of Abraham it is said: "He was an old man." That means he had a good constitution; he did not destroy it by bad living; he was not cut off in his youth; he was not cut down in his prime: he had his spring time of hope, his summer time of happiness in the Gospel; he had his autumn or harvest of ingathering; then he came down into his winter. Ah! that has been a cold, gloomy time; but he was not forsaken; he was not left to deny the faith, nor to lose his mind.

I once said to him, "Brother Collyer, would not you like to be going up now to preach the Gospel once more?" Oh, how that question stirred up his soul! His eyes sparkled; his face was full of living smiles. He looked at me, and said, "Ah! that is

what I would like; but I can't do it now." "He was full of years;" lived his appointed time. Threescore and ten in usefulness, then he proved fourscore was labour and sorrow. How true is the text, "Gathered unto his people." In a heavenly sense, his soul is gone home to his people, and in an earthly sense, his remains are here gathered unto his people. Many, whose bodies are buried here, were his people, his neighbours, his bearers, and the members of his Church.

Well, here we leave him. We are not to sorrow as them that have no hope. No! He had a good hope even to the last, and with much patient waiting, without pain, free from any manifest plague of Satan's molesting, he fell asleep.

We had as fine a day as could well shine out of the heavens on Saturday, June 14, 1879, when eight valiant men carried the coffin, containing the lifeless body, from the parsonage up into the chapel. Sunday school children preceded the procession, which consisted of the widow, the family, the relatives, and a large number of the friends and neighbours of the deceased. Two hymns were sung, Psalm xc. was read, three prayers were presented, and two short addresses. We saw the coffin laid in a brick grave; all took a farewell look, and we retired. I was thankful, and all who subscribed to the testimonial fund will be pleased to know that the sum raised was sufficient to minister to his comforts down to the end of his life. With the last £5 the coffin was paid for; hence, as his widow said, "I have not laid his body to rest in an unpaid-for lodging." Bless the Lord for enabling us to cheer the good man's descent into the valley.

C. W. BANKS.

North-Western car, June 14, 1879.

"AMEN,"

## WE SAY TO THE FOLLOWING.

May our covenant God be with you, to comfort, help, and bless you in your work and labour of love, that you may still be able to lift up the dear Lord in all that He is made of God unto poor sinners like ourselves. Oh, how the exceeding riches of His grace shines in the appointment of Jesus Christ in all His offices and relationships, as the covenant Head of all the elect members in Him, through whom God is everlastingly glorified and sinners saved in harmony with all the perfections of God. May the Holy Ghost be more abundantly shed forth in the hearts of all the servants of our God, that our preaching may, as of old, be not in word only, but in power.

So prays, yours in covenant love,

J. BATTSON.

ILFORD. — EBENEZER CHAPEL. — Sunday, May 25, we held special services. C. W. Banks, J. Flory, J. D. Fountain, Jonathan Elsey, A. B. Hall, and others, declared unto us the truth. A happy company assembled on the Monday. Excellent tea was provided, and the TRUTH of the Gospel was enjoyed. We are much hidden up, but faith assures us we shall not be lost neither here or hereafter.

**BOURNEMOUTH, BOSCOMBE,  
POULNER, PARLEY, RINGWOOD,  
AND "THE PARSONAGE BARN."**

Wednesday morning, June 11, 1879.—Through watery and waste land scenes, with trees and shrubs of various greens, our steamer now is plying. After two days' pursuit in publishing the Gospel, after being carefully rested in "Hope Cottage," the beautiful residence of our benevolent friends Mr. and Mrs. Symes, D. B. Garnham and myself left the sweet Bournemouth shores, each of us hopefully, prayerfully plodding on our destined course. If this small note might be useful in calling attention to the fact that a few of the Lord's people in and around Bournemouth are anxious to establish a cause of New Testament doctrine and discipline here, I shall be thankful. Last evening we met in the Assembly rooms at Boscombe, which is a pretty suburb of Bournemouth proper; and there we sung, we prayed, we read "The wilderness and solitary place shall for them be glad; the desert, like the rose, shall blossom; and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." As this precious Gospel prophecy was given into my heart after I had sat down in the public assembly, I received it as "a token for good," and, in the simplest way, I spoke a few words respecting its fulfilment even in Bournemouth; and it was to me like dropping in the little acorn, which I most penitently, yet most zealously, pray may grow into a kind of evangelistic cedar in Lebanon, when my poor little head shall be laid in the dust. That this is not a presumptive hope nor an isolated idea, is proved by a variety of concurrent circumstances—all silently proving that the Lord has a people here who have searched and thirsted for the pure streams of a living and faithful ministry, *but found it not*.

While sweeping through the 60,000 acres which they call the "New Forest," I quietly reviewed the scenes and services of the past two days, and from them a note or two may be drawn. This "New Forest," with her large regiments of tall trees, and her brilliantly yellow turzes, is a strong contrast to the buz and fuz of the crowded cities of the East and the West to which we are all but flying.

It will be an honour to any of the election of grace who may be constrained to go to Bournemouth and give our beloved Garnham, his helpers, the Symes, Potters, and others, a helping hand in watering, watching over, and praying for the spread of Christ's Gospel in this elegant and healthy continent of mansions, villas, gardens, parks, and pleasant forests, which is called Bournemouth, and its richly-endowed tributaries, where nature has generously scattered her beauties and her bounties with profound variety and cheerfulness unequalled by anything we have seen. A small note on Ringwood, Christ Church, and the other fields of antiquity and progress, soon.

C. W. B.

**MOUNT ZION, BOTOLPH'S ROAD,  
BOW.**

Services were held in this chapel on behalf of the Banks' Testimonial Fund," May 20. Mr. C. Cornwell preached a sermon full of Christ from the last clause of Luke iv. 22: "Is not this Joseph's son?" Tea of excellent quality, and plenty of it, was much enjoyed. After which a public meeting was held, when H. Clark, Esq., of Clapham-junction, presided, and opened the service with that grand old hymn beginning,—

"Sovereign grace o'er sin abounding."

Mr. Clark made a very appropriate speech, in which he remarked how much he thought at first sight Mr. Banks was like his father, and that he (the speaker) fully appreciated the generous and Christian disposition of C. W. Banks, on whose behalf the meeting was convened. Mr. Clark, moreover, spoke very sweetly of where Christ is by many found—namely, at their wits' end, in human extremities, and on the mount of danger.

The chairman stated that the sum collected in aid of the Testimonial had reached £530 without that evening's collection, and that only a little extra energy was necessary to complete the fund. The subject for the evening was the Songs of the Bible. Mr. H. Myerson, W. Winters, J. Inward, Mr. Bennett, J. Griffith, W. Webb, and Mr. Cornwell spoke. It is pleasing to see how well and orderly these meetings are conducted, and the secret of which is, in the present case, mainly owing to the good sense of the chairman. It is also highly gratifying to see such a noble edifice erected to the honour of God's truth in the locality of Botolph's-road, Bow. The Christian pastor, in the person of Mr. W. Webb, is an ornament worthy of filling such an excellent piece of church furniture. May the Lord prosper him largely and long in his holy work and labour of love,

Prays

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

**CAMBERWELL.**—The annual meeting of the Aged Pilgrims was held at the Camberwell Asylum, June 19. Mr. Meeres preached in the afternoon, and after tea a public meeting was held in the asylum chapel, over which Mr. Johnson presided with his usual kind spirit, and addresses were given by Messrs. Davis, Vaughan, Silvester, Frith, Levinsohn, and Bland. Messrs. Boulden, Hummel, Crutcher, Parks, and other friends rendered useful service on the occasion.

**SOUTH HACKNEY.**—That eminent minister, "the Rev. John Teall" (late of Woolwich, later still of Meard's-court, of Burnt Ash, &c.), has been zealously endeavouring to resuscitate the Hampden Church and cause. Being a gentleman in every sense of the word, we should think he is the very man for a people so energetic and untiring. Poor Morgan's sudden death was a serious stroke. We have not yet been able to notice the funeral sermon.

**RIPLEY, SURREY.**—Pastor C. Z. Turner's annual spring meeting was May 5. C. W. Banks, who has officiated at these services for thirty years in succession, preached the sermons. On this occasion, in the afternoon, the preacher took for his text, "The elder unto the well-beloved Gaius, whom I love in the truth," &c., which words he (the preacher) said were given him for brother Turner; however, if this was the case, the Ripley pastor did not have all the sweets to himself, for others felt the word to savour of life and love. The pastor's wife, sister, and friends gave us a hearty good tea. The evening service commenced by Mr. Turner conducting the devotional part, and so full was his soul of exposition, that his reading and prayer were edifying and encouraging. The "Village Preacher" again entered the pulpit and took for his text Mark iii. 28, 29: "Verily, I say unto you, All sins shall be forgiven unto the sons of men; and blasphemers, wherewith soever they shall blaspheme; but he that shall blaspheme against the Holy Ghost hath never forgiveness; but is in danger of eternal damnation." As he read the words they made me shake from head to foot. I had always feared those words. I thought my visit to Ripley was to hear my condemnation sermon; all my sins seemed to rise before me like a mountain. But as the beloved editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** proceeded, he cleared the ground so nicely, that my little hope revived, and still lives. Such a concise, deliberately delivered discourse I have not been favoured to listen to for a long time, if ever before. If printed, it would, I feel confident, be a source of great comfort to thousands of God's people who are sorely tried on that solemn Scripture. In the afternoon it was love, and in the evening justice and mercy—a grand trio.—**A FOLLOWER.**

**BANSTEAD.**—Bethel chapel, Tadworth. We held anniversary Whit-Monday. Bro. Stevens told out, in a plain and homely way, something of what real life in the soul consists of, and how it is maintained. Brother Picknell in afternoon and evening was forcible upon Heb. iv. 14—16. Our collections were very good. We have great cause to be thankful, and can say with Cowper:—

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

We can raise another Ebenezer, and say, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us," and enabled us to keep this place open that has existed for fifty-seven years in a village surrounded by Ritualism and formality. As the Lord has helped in the past, so may He help us in the future, and to His name alone be all the praise.—**W. S. J. B.**

**NORTHCHURCH.**—Our anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. James Clark, of Peckham. We were glad to see our late Dunstable pastor looking so cheerful, and being so happy in his work. Some of us could not be reconciled to his leaving Dunstable.

**COBHAM, in SURREY,** is a pretty village about 19 miles from London. Close to the old church, and next door almost to the noble Wesleyan chapel, stands a very modest, unpretending, yet neat little chapel, bearing over its entrance the words, "Ebenezer Baptist chapel, 1873." It was anniversary day on June 10, and the sun shone brighter on that day than before or since; and the ride from London by road, up and down the Surrey hills, was delightful, healthful, and invigorating. Mr. Sharp and Mr. Stevens preached morning and afternoon, and the evening meeting was presided over by Joseph Beach, Esq., in his usual kind and amiable manner. We understood from the chairman that the chapel is freehold, and about twelve months since £100 had been raised on the building was called in, and it was feared the little place would have to be sold; but our friend Beach and others gathered up about £25 at that time, and at the present anniversary a further sum of £15 was collected with the help of some London and other friends. At the evening meeting, some excellent addresses were given. Mr. Woods (of Claygate) spoke firmly for the maintenance of truth; Mr. Mitchell (successor to Mr. Kern, of Guildford) gave us some excellent reasons for his belief in the Gospel; Mr. Carr and Mr. Backett, both from the Surrey Tabernacle, in lively and warm-hearted addresses, encouraged the people in their defence of the Gospel; and Zechariah Turner, in his own peculiar manner, addressed us on the love of the brethren. It was a happy gathering. The chairman spoke a few loving and kind words, which seemed to warm the speakers' hearts, and we had decision for the truth of the Gospel contended for in a loving spirit, and the Surrey Tabernacle brethren were heard well, and welcomed very heartily. We hope some good friend will help them off with the remainder of the debt, and thus set them free.

**CROYDON.**—"Mr. Covell goes frequently to hear Mr. Willis, in Tamworth-road, on a Tuesday evening, and many of his people are there with him," so says "Our Silent Listener." We do not wish to excite any ill-feeling in noticing this; but some of Mr. Willis's country friends will be gratified to know his ministry has been the means of gathering up a much larger congregation than Tamworth-road chapel has had since the best days of Mr. Thurston. It looks Christian-like, too, to see Mr. Covell, and many of his friends not only attending the Tuesday evening services, but to know they render help to the cause is gratifying to all who can rejoice in such practical Christianity. Mr. Covell, like Isaac Beeman, John Kershaw, the late W. Collyer, and others, is a witness that it is possible for a minister of the Gospel to live, and prosperously to labour, in the place of his natural and spiritual nativity. Croydon, for Baptists, is one of the finest suburbs of the metropolis.

**MR. AIKMAN's** critical review of the letters by D. Allen and J. Wilkin will shortly appear.

**PRITTEWELL, ESSEX.**—June 10th was a happy day with the friends at Prittlewell. There was an excellent gathering from the neighbouring villages to hear Henry Myerson preach, who was listened to with great attention. A tea, presided over by Mrs. Potter, wife of Mr. Potter, the good and cheerful deacon of the chapel, was much enjoyed. In the evening, Aaron Miller, F.S., occupied the chair. Mr. James Moss prayed. We hope our brother Moss will be of great use in standing boldly for the truth he so dearly loves in and around the locality where he resides, which locality may be considered as one of the dark places of the earth. Mr. Miller spoke of the good old way, and of God's work in wounding and healing, and congratulated the supporters of the Prittlewell cause for their unflinching adherence to the truth. Mr. Myerson spoke on the all-sufficiency of God; the consistency of preaching the truth and the returns of gratitude to God in the reception of it. Mr. King, of the Surrey tabernacle, spoke on the subject of peace, founded on John xiv. 27. The sinner being an infinite distance from God is brought nigh by the blood of Christ. The speaker treated on the various instances which encompassed the word "peace" in the Scriptures. Mr. Hazelton (a relative of Mr. Hazelton, of Clerkenwell) spoke very prettily and practically on the forcible word "unity" which was well received. Mr. Hazelton at present is rather modest and diffident in his general appearance, which we presume will wear off to some extent as he becomes more accustomed to the great work to which it is evident the Lord has called him. We can highly recommend him to any people desirous of hearing the truth. We are more sure of his call and ability to preach than he himself is willing to give credence to. W. Winters addressed the meeting on the witnesses of God's providence and grace as being compatible to the circumstances of the occasion for which they met. The friends at Prittlewell and at Rochford require help from those whom God makes willing to honour Him. We may say something about Rochford, Rayleigh, and its surroundings, in due course.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

**PLYMOUTH.**—At Corpus Christi chapel, in Stonehouse, Devon, a delightful gathering to tea and to worship was witnessed on the occasion of Mr. Wm. Trotman's leaving them for a month to fulfil other engagements in London. A large number of friends much enjoyed the tea; also the able speech by Mr. B. B. Wale, and the closing discourse by Mr. Trotman, who is expected to supply us for some months to come. His son has delivered to us a powerful lecture on behalf of the schools. Our venerable pastor (F. Collins) has preached to us during Mr. Trotman's absence. Our Churches, who stand for the old Gospel, are holding on; but we have no extraordinary demonstrations of the convicting or the converting powers of the Holy Ghost.

### WHICH COVENANT ARE YOU UNDER?

**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I desire to express my gratitude for the able paper in the June VESSEL, by brother Allen, of Sydney. However large or numerous the volumes which are, or may be, written on the subject of Preaching to Sinners, the whole pith and truth of the matter is, I think, well and briefly stated in his excellent letter, which I hope will be widely read.

Should it not be constantly declared that every man stands under one or the other of the two covenants? Surely every one is either under the covenant of works or the covenant of grace; and until brought into the latter by God through calling grace, drawing love, and saving faith, and thus manifested a vessel of mercy, should be considered and addressed as being under the former with all its awful penalties; while, at the same time, the one and only way of escape from the law of condemnation should be clearly pointed out. But it is quite another thing to tell men that they are under the law and its curse because they will not accept the offered deliverance, that their sin and guilt are increased by their refusing to be saved, and that their souls will be sent to hell at last because they would not believe the Gospel. This is making the Gospel the ministry of death instead of life, and of condemnation instead of salvation.

I hope this outspoken testimony of brother Allen will enable some to see more clearly the distinction between the law and the Gospel, the covenant of human responsibility and the covenant of free-grace.

Yours sincerely in the love of the truth,  
WALTER BROWN.  
Colchester.

**MOUNT BURES.**—Our brother Rayner, the pastor, is encouraged in seeing redeemed sheep coming into the fold through his ministry being blest unto their souls. We had anticipated joyful meetings on Whit Sunday and Monday, but when we found the clouds were pouring down continued streams—so much so, that large tracts of land and gardens were all under water—we almost fainted. But at Mount Bures, our chapel was filled with zealous and faithful friends to Divine truth. They came for miles round; and we sang praise to our God. Our ministering brethren Willis (from Halstead) and Walter Brown (from Colchester) both came to us with van loads of good neighbours, and we were thankful. Do not think the Strict Baptists have lost their zeal, any more than they have their steadfastness to pure and practical truth.

**WANDSWORTH.—WATERSIDE.** The fifty-eighth anniversary of this cause of truth was celebrated on June 17, when Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached a most edifying sermon from 1 Peter iii. 15. The hope of the Christian was treated of in an exhaustive manner, as being a compound emotion made up of desire and expectation, the whole of which being founded upon

the Scriptures and its mysteries unfolded by the tuition of the Holy Ghost. Hope desires the forgiveness of sin, and the soul feels a hatred to sin and a self-loathing with sorrow and a wish never to commit it again. The preacher spoke beautifully on the foundation of the hope; the mediation of Christ, which is His great masterpiece; and also mention was made in conclusion of the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart, in agreement with the covenant oath and promise of God. A goodly company sat down to tea, and the officers and members of the Church did everything to make every one happy. In the evening, Mr. Hazelton read Acts iii., and a portion of the 13th verse formed the basis of one of the most excellent sermons we were ever privileged to hear him preach. Mr. Hazelton spoke with great fulness on the union and operations of the three glorious Persons in the Godhead in effecting the eternal salvation of His people, and went on to particularise some of the many important things implied in the text. He spoke very ably of Christ proceeding to the cross without the slightest hesitation and enduring its sufferings, and there hanging upon the end of the precept He bowed His head and cried, "It is finished, and gave up the ghost."

"His cross, His cradle, and His crown,  
Are big with mercies yet unknown."

Justice then rolled away the stone, and now He wears many crowns, all of which He well deserves. He entered the holiest place by His own blood. How low, remarked the preacher, Christ sank will never be known.

"Was it for crimes that I have done  
He groaned upon the tree?"

He took the sinner's place at the very threshold of hell, and there His cross was placed; no sufferer went so low, and no victor ever ascended so high. His people were never so poor as Himself. His poverty was penal, and it was perfect; He went into all sorts of suffering which enabled Him to sympathise with us, and His sympathy is omnipotent. The preacher mentioned some things connected with the safety and sacredness of all that are in heaven, and the glory realised there. The sermon throughout was as grand as it was Scriptural and soul-elevating, and we believe its sweetness will be enjoyed by many for days to come. The friends at Wandsworth are really in need of help to enable them to fully purchase, and neatly furnish the building as a chapel, which they have lately secured in another and more respectable part of the neighbourhood. We heartily wish them God-speed in their responsible undertaking, and hope they will never regret the step they have taken, but ever realise it as the Divine interposition of Providence resulting in His own glory and the well-being of immortal souls. Donations for the carrying out of the above-mentioned project may be forwarded to Mr. G. Tomlins, North-street, Wandsworth; Mr. Mulliner, Dane-hill, Wandsworth; Mr. B. Drane, Hon. Sec. Middleton-terrace, South-field, Wandsworth, S.W. Several ministerial brethren were present at the meeting and found it good to be there. So says W. WINTERS, Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

WOOBURN GREEN.—Tuesday, June 2, being the anniversary, we were again pleased to visit this spot, associated with many remembrances of the loving-kindness of the Lord, and of the sympathies of the friends. Goodly gatherings of people, able expositions of truth by our brother Box, combined to render the day one not soon to be forgotten. We were glad to see father Howard out again, being raised up from what all thought the point of death.—F. G. B.

## Deaths.

In the circles where we move, many are finishing their course. Our esteemed friend, Mr. John Bonney, has been called to part with his much-afflicted partner in life. The following is the inscription:—"In affectionate remembrance of Sophia Bonney, the beloved wife of John Bonney, London, (daughter of William and Eliza Green, Aldermaston, Berks), who departed this life May 30th, 1879, aged 42 years. Interred in Aldermaston churchyard, June 4th, 1879.

'Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.'

The children of the village school sung two hymns at the grave.

THREE BAPTIST MINISTERS WENT TO REST—  
*William Collyer*, of Ivinghoe; *John Lindsey*, of Linslade; *John Vinden*, of Tenterden.

"Arise! Come away! Night is pass'd, and lo!  
it is day;  
My love, My sister, My spouse, come, come  
away."

After more than 87 years of labour and sorrow, of devotion and joy, in this world, Mr. William Collyer, for 57 years a Baptist minister in Ivinghoe, Bucks, fell asleep June 9, 1879. For a long time this venerable brother might have said—

"I cannot rise above,  
I cannot rest beneath,  
I cannot find my Love,  
Nor get away from death."

At length he is beyond it. His soul in glory sings, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord!" Mr. John Vinden was buried at, or near, Boar's Isle, in Kent, on the 1st of June, 1879. We had known him for many years; but we must not now refer, at length, either to his life, his ministry, or his death. That prolific and profitable penman, Mr. John Lindsey, after many years of suffering, fell asleep in Jesus June 1, 1879, in the forty-second year of his age. He was the minister of Bethel chapel, Linslade, Beds.

Mr. James Grant, the steam-engine penman, who produced more literary works, essays, and papers, than any man we ever knew, has recently passed from this little planet to the higher spheres of light and freedom, where his masculine mind may more fully explore those mysteries of God's grace and glory which he so much laboured to understand and contend for while he laboured here below. We have seen the unkind cut at his memory which a certain monarch of the people's mentality in these times has dared to hurl out. We shall be not a little gratified if we can in these pages faithfully represent the varied features of Mr. Grant's true character. He was an extraordinary man, and died at a good old age.

Mr. Richard Tyler, that most gracious and earnest deacon of the Whitestone Church (whom we loved in Christ most intensely), departed this life June 18, 1879, aged 81. His remains were laid to rest in the Whitestone cemetery, on June 23. We hope to have a memoir of the valiant defender of the faith ere long.

We have received a sheet, containing eighteen verses, by Mr. A. Wilcockson, editor of *Zion's Witness*. The verses were introduced by the following painful announcement:—"Lines written on the death of Esther, the beloved child of Arthur and Elizabeth Wilcockson, who fell into a pail of boiling water, on May 13, 1879, and was released from her sufferings by her covenant God and Redeemer, on the 29th of May," at Hull. The verses we would give in *Cheering Words* if the author does not object.

# From the Plough to the Pulpit.

A REVIEW OF MR. THOMAS STRINGER'S LIFE, AND THE PRESENTATION  
OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS ON HIS SEVENTIETH BIRTHDAY.

[By giving Mr. Stringer's sermon last month, and the following narrative this, our history, &c., is delayed—only for a short time.—Ed.]

**T**HOUSANDS of the Lord's living witnesses will be delighted to know that Mr. Thomas Stringer has reached his seventieth birthday, in the full vigour of a strong, healthy, cheerful, and useful manhood; and on the evening of his natal day, a host of friends surrounded him in his chapel in Trinity-street, Boro', and through the zealous and honourable exertions of James Lee, Esq., presented him with a purse of £100. We are thankful to God that there still remains in our Churches a people who have faith in, and fellowship with, the Gospel of Christ, the ordinances of the New Testament, and who practically sympathise with Paul in his exhortation to the Thessalonians: "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." Yes! blessed be God, there is still "a remnant according to the election of grace:" and when any opportunity occurs for the development of their sympathy, it is astonishing how cheerfully and liberally they respond to every call which reacheth them. We are constantly employed in distributing to the necessities of the saints. In our Eastern districts of London we have numbers of helpless, dependent, and some paralyzed of the Lord's people; poor Christian widows all over the country, and not a few of the once hard-working ministers of Christ, whose appeals we meet as fast and as far as means will admit. We therefore urge upon all whose pathway is under the smiling rays of a bountiful Providence, Paul's beautiful stimulant to the Colossians, as, "Christ is all and in all, put on, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, bowels of mercies, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long-suffering," &c. The Lord help us all so to do. Amen.

Our honoured brother, Mr. William Winters, has sent us the following interesting report of Mr. Thomas Stringer's birthday presentation, which thousands will read with gladness of heart. We, in our silent retreat, solemnly pray that this zeal for helping ministers by way of a testimonial may be followed up in every case where long service, faithfulness to the Gospel, infirmities, advanced age, family afflictions and bereavements, have reduced some of our highly-valued brethren to a condition wherein help would be seasonable beyond all expression. Will not our gifted, popular, and highly-extolled ministers see to these things? It may be very pleasing to themselves to be preaching special sermons where sovereigns are given them for their services. Let these "princes of the tribes," these "renowned of the congregation," these "heads of the thousands of Israel," let these superior men in the Gospel, set the example of lifting up their more aged and afflicted brethren. We know one minister, a man who has laboured over one country Church over forty

years. Domestic and personal afflictions have for a long time depressed and borne him down. He cannot scarcely now go through his appointed services. We pray most intensely to be able to get his pulpit supplied for a month, while himself and long-afflicted wife should have change, rest, relief, and comfort. This case is laid upon our heart; we must attend to it, but we must be assisted; and we believe the following report will move not a few to enable us to give "an aged country pastor" the required benefit.

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A PRESENTATION OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS TO MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

A public meeting was held in Trinity chapel, July 15, to commemorate the seventieth birthday of the pastor, Mr. Thomas Stringer. From the statement of his life history, which he gave us in brief, on the evening in question, we should suppose that few men have seen more trying changes than he has, especially in his early life; yet he stands high in the estimation of the Christian Churches; and, through Divine grace, he has been kept faithful to the truth, and unspotted from the world. A short time since several brethren, under the auspices of James Lee, Esq., conjointly with Mr. Haines, the hon. sec., agreed to exert themselves in collecting one hundred pounds, and presenting them to Mr. Stringer on his seventieth birthday, as a token of sincere respect to him as a man and a minister of the everlasting Gospel. This task of collecting having been accomplished, the friends accordingly met to present the testimonial. Mr. Lee occupied the chair. Mr. Thomas Watts, of Wellingborough, prayed. The chairman introduced the happy circumstances of the evening, for which they had met, and called upon Mr. Stringer to give some account of his life. Mr. Stringer spoke very humorously of his boyhood days; the hardships he endured when a poor workhouse lad, and how he was sent to scare birds in the corn-fields on the week-days. From this menial office young Stringer rose by steady gradation to become a minister of the Gospel. When very young, Master Stringer received some little instruction in Biblical history and in Roman numerals from a Mr. Jelf, and was then sent to work on the farm, to follow the plough, as many of our worthy divines have done in their early days. At the age of twelve he was sent by the parish authorities to break stones at one shilling per load; after this he became a hedger and ditcher for six months, and from that employment he rose to be a butcher-boy, when, on one occasion his horse running away, threw him and a large basket of meat into the slough, but without much injury to himself. He then became groom, at about which time he was much affected in his mind from a few words which fell from his father's lips on his passing Bridewell prison. Little Thomas asked his father the nature of the building (Bridewell), and he told him it was for "wicked people," which statement much disturbed the lad's mind, and he sought to obtain ease of conscience, and thought if he could only speak to the clergyman of the parish or wear a surplice like him, or do some petty work in the church, he should be sure of going to heaven. Eventually he was asked to toll the bell and join the choristers, which offices he accepted with delight. He, however, realized but little relief from that quarter, and was terrified by horrible dreams, and thought he saw the letters S I N written upon the clouds which



thickened against him. After a while he met with Mr. Cartright, a good Gospel minister, whose ministry was greatly blest to him, and especially one sermon from a verse in the Psalms. Young Stringer was now making his way in the world; having been instructed in the art of baking, he joined the grocery business to it, and speedily failed in both, when he was necessitated of doing something for a living, and shortly found employment under a coal-merchant, to cry coals about the streets, and help to unload vessels, tally out coals, &c. During this trying ordeal he was greatly exercised about the ministry, and was on one occasion induced by Mr. Barns and Mr. Killett to conduct a prayer meeting, and was then asked to preach the next Lord's-day afternoon at the old Surrey Tabernacle, which was a grand step indeed; his text on that occasion was Rom. v. 11. He was then ordained pastor, and preached five years at Farnborough; after leaving that Church he preached frequently at Waltham Abbey, Dudley Court, West Ham, and other places of truth. In course of time Mr. Stringer succeeded Mr. George Francis as pastor of Snowfields, where he remained seven years; from thence he removed to Gravesend, where he continued preaching nine years, and has since been settled at Plymouth, Stepney, Earl-street, and is now settled down in Trinity-street, Borough, where we hope he may live long and prosper abundantly. Mr. Stringer having run through his most interesting autobiography, sat down amid great cheering and applause. At this juncture Mr. Lee rose, and with a few affectionate and appropriate words presented Mr. Stringer with a purse containing one hundred pounds, as a mark of the Christian esteem of the denomination to which he was associated. Mr. Stringer received the testimonial with a heart full of thankfulness, and having expressed his gratitude, holding up the gift as an exhibition of the philanthropy and Christian kindness of the friends, he sat down. Brethren Cornwell, Myerson, Inward, Lawrence, and other brethren took part in the service of the evening. The attendance was truly cheering, and must have tended greatly to encourage the heart of our dear old friend and brother Stringer on arriving at the ripe age of three-score years and ten. If it were consistent with God's will, we could wish that he might live as long as old Parr, who laboured long after he had reached the age of 130 years. At all events, we will say in conclusion, Queen Victoria and Thomas Stringer live for ever.

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

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NOTE FROM MR. STRINGER.—GRATITUDE TO GOD AND GOOD FRIENDS.

Jehovah is the source of all good; from Him (as the first cause) all blessings flow, through whatever medium He may appoint to convey them to us. I bless and praise His great and holy name for disposing kind friends (as the recipients of His grace) to act so liberally toward His unworthy servant. My dear brother, Mr. James Lee, who first proposed a testimonial for me on my seventieth natal-day, and who has spared neither time, talent, or expense to accomplish his design, I pray God to bless abundantly in body and soul, in providence and grace, in life and death, for time and eternity; and all Christian friends in the aggregate who co-operated with him in this noble act of hospitality, I pray for as

for him; God bless you all for your kindness to me; and while I give Him all the glory, I give you all my most hearty and sincere thanks, and pray God to restore unto you tenfold in this present world, and in the world to come life everlasting.

T. STRINGER.

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THE LATE MR. JOHN LINDSEY, OF LINSLADE,  
LEIGHTON, BEDS.

*To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."*

DEAR SIR,—I send you a few particulars of the last illness and death of our much loved and highly-valued friend, Mr. John Lindsey, whose death occurred on Lord's-day morning, June 1, 1879, about half-past ten o'clock. Many of your readers and correspondents are fully aware that the dear man has been a confirmed invalid for many years, suffering from disease of the heart, which in 1869 assumed a chronic form. In October last he was seized with a very severe attack, which thoroughly prostrated him, and in December he took to his bed, where he remained until his death. Of his devotedness and zeal in his Master's cause you need not to be told; although he could not travel and preach of late years, he has done much with his pen in writing and publishing many works and pamphlets, to arouse and comfort the Church of God, and to warn the nation of those things which are coming upon the earth. For the most part during this long and painful affliction he was kept very passive, desiring the will of the Lord should be done, whether it be by life or by death, and sometimes he would express a desire to be released from his sufferings, and taken to the bosom of his Lord, repeating the language of the poet:—

"A soft and tender sigh  
Now heaves my hallowed breast;  
I long to lay me down and die,  
And find eternal rest."

He was fully conscious that his end was near, and when asked what he thought, and how he felt in the prospect of death, he answered, "I have a firm and steady reliance upon the great covenant verities of the Triune God, which I have proclaimed to others, and which have been the joy and support of my own soul. THIS IS THE PLACE TO TEST YOUR RELIGION." The last five days he could take nothing but cold water, or a tea-spoonful of brandy with it, and that at last his stomach refused. He was reduced to a complete wreck; no one could imagine what he suffered unless they witnessed it, but I never heard a murmuring word escape his lips. On the Friday he said, "We may soon prepare to take our farewell of each other," from which time he appeared very restless, and evidently death was doing his work. On Sunday morning we observed a further change, and he said to us, "What is this—worse and worse—do you notice my breathing?" We remarked, "It is very bad indeed." He answered, "It will soon be over now;" and so it was. Some short time after, when asked by his sister to speak to her once more, he said, "Don't disturb me, for the world," which were the last words he uttered. It was remarkable that just as the clerk had given

out the last verse of that hymn of Kent's\* (for the opening of the service in the little chapel nearly opposite his window), his happy spirit left the shattered barque, and took its flight to join the hosts above in that new song, "Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us in His own precious blood," and in crowning Him Lord of all. He was interred on Friday in the vestry of the chapel, Mr. Calvin Martin, of Reigate, officiating, who remained over the next Sabbath, and preached morning and evening. It was a day that will long be remembered. We may truly say of the departed, he was a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, and may apply to him most appropriately the language spoken concerning Abel: "He being dead yet speaketh."

With kindest Christian regards and best wishes,

Yours sincerely,

S. R.

P.S.—I may state that Miss Lindsey, who has lived with her brother as housekeeper for many years, is now left unprovided for, with the exception of some volumes of his works and pamphlets which he had in stock, and they are not required by the multitude, so that she will get but little from that source. If you could state her case, and make an allusion to these works, probably you might render her some valuable assistance, for which she would be truly thankful. Her health is very much impaired through breaking so much rest, and her anxiety as to the future tends much to increase her sorrow. She desires her Christian regards to you.

Yours, &c.,

S. RANDALL.

[We have thought it best to let Mr. Randall's remarks appear as he sends them; they are more to the point than anything we can say. We shall purchase a few of the works. Let us all send to Miss Lindsey for one copy at least. We know her trials have been very severe.—ED.]

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## GOSPEL MEN; GREAT MYSTERIES; AND THE LAST OF THE SEVEN VIALS.

**L**AST month we briefly referred to that meeting at Bow, where certain ministers of Christ's Gospel were challenged to open up to the minds of the then assembled audience some of the deepest mysteries which are written down in the Divine Book, for consideration, for unfolding, and for fulfilment.

For the present, we are compelled to leave that meeting, its ministers, and their efforts to unfold the mysteries prescribed, in order that we may have a few words on the mysterious trials which have fallen upon this nation, and which become more afflicting to many thousands of our countrymen, as the seasons for ripening and for ingathering appear to be passing away under the gloom of present and of anticipated loss and distress.

Are we not commanded to "OBSERVE THESE THINGS?" When "the LORD'S voice crieth unto the city," we are called to "hear the rod;

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\* "Tis well when Jesus calls,  
From earth and sin arise,  
Join with the host of virgin souls,  
Made to salvation wise."

and who hath appointed it." Has there not been a loud voice crying unto our cities, our counties, our continents, and all around the globe, now, for a lengthened period? Can we shut our eyes, close our ears, fold our arms, and, like the foolish virgins, sleep on, until at midnight the cry is heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh!" Woe be unto them that in the world are so hardened, or in Zion are so at ease, that none of these things move them.

As we have been made to hear of the aboundings of wickedness in all directions, and in every form and manner, these words strongly arrest our attention: "Woe to the inhabitants of the earth, and of the sea; for the devil is come down unto you, having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

The engines of Satan have been driving this Christian nation into a war, which (saith a wise politician) "was begun without excuse; has been carried on by ruinous blunders; and for which we have had to pay with the loss of thousands of our soldiers, with millions of our money," and with a semi-panical depression of commerce, which carries poverty and misery into the homesteads of our people beyond all calculation. "Of all our wars, that with Cetewayo has proved the most wicked, the most inglorious, and the most sterile." Then, are not the heavens and the earth all *out* of health and harmony? We have gone thousands of miles through the different agricultural districts; we have seen and sighed over the floods, the fields, the gardens, the high roads, and the once fruitful valleys, and, behold, in many parts there is desolation for the present, and for the future. After carefully surveying the whole producing portions of the United Kingdom, we unite in the verdict of the surveyor—"It is greatly to be feared that

WE ARE DOOMED TO A SERIOUS SCARCITY OF FOOD;"

man and beast alike will feel the stroke.

We have not only painfully reviewed the present approaching crisis of danger and of difficulty, but having been engaged for over fifty years in connection with the public press and the literature of our times, we have watched with astounding wonderment the growth, the deep-rooting, and the almost universal spreading, of (what Mr. Aikman, in his new "Meditation" on "The Divine Root of Saving Faith," describes as) "that faith which is delusive and false." It is a "family faith," without the trembling fear, without any genuine repentance toward God, and without any vital union to our Lord and Saviour JESUS CHRIST. A faith which is preached, advocated, nourished, and confirmed by all the most popular preachers of the age, in every part of the civilised world. And to advance its propagation, tens of thousands, yes, hundreds of thousands of pounds, are freely given and spent, as was the case with Mr. Moody's enterprise, and it is perpetuated in the advent of Dr. Talmage, whose agents, or promoters, ask for enormous sums of money in order to hear him speak for about one hour. This faith, which is said to be wholly in the power of all men to exercise, this natural assent unto the assertions of the popular preachers, has come in like a flood, and any standard raised against it is treated with the utmost contempt, derision, and scorn. Alas! it is so; and the people will have it so. While those who know, who, in their soul's travail and experience, know and are powerfully constrained to declare, that "the faith of God's elect" is a *persuasion* wrought in the heaven-born soul of the quickened

and redeemed sinner, which persuasion is the alone work of the eternal Spirit of God, and is distinctly called a "flying for refuge to lay hold upon THE hope set before us; which hope we have, as an anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast, and which entereth into that within the veil"—all who plead for this faith and its fruits are counted as the off-scouring of all things.

Believe this, sirs, for it is as true as CHRIST is true, that THE FAITH which is the witness of our salvation, is the fruit and the evidence of our having eternal life as the free gift of God; hence (in John vi. 47) Jesus cried out, "Verily, verily I say unto you, He that believeth in Me HATH (before he did come to Me, he had given to him the sovereign gift ETERNAL LIFE!"

We cannot here resist quoting from a work written by the rector of Upton Warren, F. Bodfield Hooper, B.A., wherein he says:—

"No religion, in the usual and proper sense of the term, has ever been, or can be, derived from nature—that such religion as has been, or is so derived, is too groundless, vague, uncertain, and destitute of moral sanctions, to be of any practical use or efficacy—that, consequently, if we are to have any of any value or efficacy, it must come wholly and solely by supernatural revelation—that Christianity does, and alone does, claim to consist of a system of supernatural doctrines, institutions, and ordinances, founded on supernatural attractions—and that, therefore, if the Christian religion is not entitled to reception, we must be content to do without any religion at all."

Thus, in few words, Mr. Hooper declares all vital, all saving, all justifying religion is from above, is supernatural, is above nature, and only can come down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variable-ness nor shadow of turning. He, the Lord God Almighty, speaks as a Father unto His own children, saying, "I am the Lord; I change not, therefore, ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

The Pharisees, the Sadducees, the Scribes, the publicans, the Jewish Sanhedrim altogether rejected, opposed, despised, and tried to stop CHRIST in His ministry when He was on the earth; and the different sections of men do the same unto this day; but, while these fatal errors flood the professing Churches everywhere, while we mourn in silent and retired sadness over the departure of almost all men from the immortal verities of a new covenant salvation; while we know there are deaths, divisions, declensions, distresses, yea, and even disgraceful doings, even where the letter of truth is contended for, we so realise the unfoldings and powerful incomings of God's Holy Word, and have been so richly and mercifully favoured for so many years, that we sing, even in the deep valley of humiliation—

"The God that reigns on high,  
And thunders when He please,  
That rides upon the stormy sky,  
And manages the seas;  
This awful God is ours.  
Our Father and our Love!  
He will send down His heavenly pow'rs  
To carry us above."

And, under the influence of this spirit—a spirit of sorrow for our country, a spirit of joy in God, a spirit of confidence in His promises, a

spirit desiring to be wrestling with Him for His Zion, for our beloved England, and for the outpouring of His Spirit upon all His Churches, ministers, and people; under the influence of this spirit, we have read C. H. Spurgeon's sermon on "The Present Crisis," and with such internal sympathy of soul before God as we cannot describe. Also, good Benjamin Taylor's pamphlet, "Our Queen," &c.; Mr. Godsmark's "True and False Worship;" Canon Baynes on "The Pulpit;" Arthur Mursell on "The Clouds;" R. Gascoyne on "The Witnesses" and the "Seventh Vial;" the Appeal on behalf of Dr. Cumming; and other notes of woe and of warning; but it is impossible to crowd in any more this month. Therefore, we fall at the footstool of Heaven's throne, crying, "God be merciful unto us, and bless us, and cause His face to shine upon us." Then shall we rejoice in Him. Amen.

C. W. BANKS.

South Hackney, July, 1879.

## THE TRYING AND TRIUMPHANT SCENES IN THE DEATH OF MRS. JOHN BONNEY.

**I**N the following remarkable and most merciful case the heart-heaving cries of Toplady were evidently answered:—

"Jesus, attend my cry;  
Thou Son of David, hear;  
And when Thou passest by,  
Stand still, and call me near:  
The darkness from my soul remove,  
And SHEW ME all Thy pardoning love!"

### *To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."*

DEAR SIR,—At my request my friend Mr Bonney permitted me to send for insertion in the EARTHEN VESSEL the following relating to Mrs Bonney, knowing them for many years. My wife being with her during the last of her illness, and my daughter Nellie having been her companion, enables me to give particulars of this case, some of which, in honour to the faithfulness and goodness of God, I think ought not to be forgotten.

WILLIAM NASH.

Egham, Surrey.

SOPHIA BONNEY, the beloved wife of John Bonney, of 23, Gore-road, Victoria-park, London, departed this life May 30th, 1879, aged 42. Two years ago the deceased sustained a painful and critical operation; for years she had suffered from internal bleeding, and the pain and prostration, induced by continual loss of vital fluid, seemed to make restoratives absolutely necessary, and perhaps led to their too frequent use. An internal ulcer had formed over a vein, and allowed the blood to flow into the intestines; this had to be cut out under the influence of chloroform, and the parts burnt with red-hot platina plates. Her agonies, when consciousness returned, cannot be imagined, neither described. Through the Lord's blessing she became rapidly convalescent; but the long continual drain upon the system had evidently done its fatal work. With occasional vomiting and fits of fainting, lasting for hours, she was hardly ever well afterwards.

Her final illness commenced about the beginning of March last; the doctor gave but little hopes of her case. A second one was called,

and he spoke hopefully ; under him she was better, and he had ordered her to take drives and get the fresh air ; but about the first week in May she was taken suddenly worse, and from that time she rapidly sank, till she died May 30th.

The absence of her boy, the only child, sixteen thousand miles away (sent to Australia on account of his health), and the mother dying with no prospect of seeing him again, she felt most keenly. Her life was bound up with the lad's life ; her motherly heart yearned after her only son.

Mrs. Bonney was a woman of the strongest will, a most determined mind, but also one of the generous hearted, constantly denying herself comforts and luxuries in order to give to others ; a more liberal woman, according to her means, never trod God's footstool ; free and candid, there was an utter absence of anything like hypocrisy. She was baptized nearly 19 years ago by Mr. Myerson, of the Oval, Hackney-road ; and though it is painful to tell all the truth sometimes, it becomes us to be honest—this step was not the result of her husband's counsel. After a time she relapsed, manifested greater disregard, and walked more contrary to Divine things than before baptism. This continued, more or less, till the time of her last illness. In the early part of the 13 weeks' illness, evidences of restoration and repentance were not plain, yet to those that knew her well there was something underneath that outward aversion to Divine things which we believe would be manifested, though, as in Peter's case (only much longer), Satan was permitted to make sad havoc. For many years I felt deep concern in Mrs. Bonney's case, for she was, in many respects, a noble woman, loved by most who knew her. I was aware her spiritual case was a source of great sorrow to her husband, and many times, for both their sakes as well as for the glory of God, I trust it was the Lord that led me to plead earnestly at the throne of grace that He would restore her soul. Her case laid with much weight on my mind.

Ten years ago, in a dream, I saw Mrs. Bonney with her countenance lit up with joy and peace, in the presence of her husband, telling us of the Lord's dealings with her soul, His mercy and pardoning love sealed home to her heart. True, it was a dream, but it left such an impression that I verily believed it would be fulfilled. And during that ten years I have, more or less, watched, prayed, and waited, although I must admit that hope has often been ready to give up the ghost. The vision was for an appointed time. "Your time is always ready," said the Master, "but My time is not yet come."

Early in last May a letter from my daughter Nellie informed me that Mrs. Bonney was much worse. I started immediately with my wife, who, seeing her dangerous state, did not leave her till she died. I found her very ill, and her husband in intense anxiety concerning her solemn state. He looked completely exhausted, ready to drop into the jaws of death himself ; her eternal interests weighed so heavily on his mind as to make him quite ill, yet he told me these words were singing in his mind the whole of one day wherever he went :—

" In hope of life eternal given,  
Behold, a pardoned sinner dies ;  
A legal, blood-bought heir of Heaven  
Called to her mansion in the skies."

Whatever he was doing, the words followed him, but he could not see a sufficient warrant for them.

We poured forth together our cries and tears to God on her behalf. I then took the opportunity of reading and praying with her. When I left, an almost insupportable burden weighed on my spirit. This really compelled me to pray the more earnestly. In two days I saw her again, after private prayer with her husband that the Lord would bless the visit. When an interval of respite from pain occurred, I read, conversed, and prayed with her. The Lord opened my mouth freely, I believe He opened her heart. My brother says he believed God owned and blessed that opportunity, for from that time it might be said her tongue was loosed, and she praised God. The things she said not only surprised us, but were attended with such solemn weight and persuasion that in the midst of sorrow we were filled with joy and comfort. The burden of her soul certainly dropped off my shoulders, and never returned. My brother Bonney said he felt the same relief. He believed

THE MASTER HAD COME,

and the work was done. Berridge says,

“He tarries oft till men are faint,  
And comes at evening late.”

There were evident signs of repentance. Naturally haughty, irritable, impatient, it had been difficult to wait upon her, but now she was brought to a meek childlike spirit, and it was a pleasure. She said, “I have been a wicked woman, but the Lord has pardoned all my sins.” To one of whom she had reported things not really consistent with fact, she said, “I have said things I ought not, I am very sorry; will you forgive me?”

She admitted having been the subject of much internal conflict, but she said, “The Lord has come to me, I am not afraid of Satan now.” To Mrs. Nash she said, “These words have been so much on my mind all night—Be still and know that I am God” (Psalm xlv. 10). Her sufferings were enough to make one’s heart bleed, but over and over again she said, “I do not suffer more than I deserve.” At another time she told Mrs. Nash the Lord had given her these words, “I go to prepare a place for you! for you! for you!” She said the Lord told her this. To my daughter she said, “It’s all very well to say, I wish I was in heaven, and have no real hope of going there” (that was her expression when crossed).

She had so many times wished she might see her only boy (gone to Australia) before she died, he laid so near her heart. To her husband she said, “He might be a prodigal; promise me you will not forsake him? Also remember my aged father and mother.” Shortly after this she said to her companion, “The Lord has been with me this morning.” “Has He, my dear?” “Yes,” she replied, “and He is with me now, and I can see my dear boy so distinctly. I have committed him to the Lord, and He has promised to take care of him; kiss him for me when he comes home. I can leave him now.” She never spoke of him or any worldly matters after.

Once, when suffering great pain, she lifted up her eyes and exclaimed, “Bless the Lord, O my soul! The Lord is with me,” she said; “He wont leave me; He has promised to be with me in death!” She said the Lord



had come and smiled on her ; He had told her, " Fear not, I am with thee." To her father she said, " Death has lost its sting for me !"

My daughter tells me, when her husband was reading Isa. liii., one of her relations spoke pityingly of her sufferings. She turned and said emphatically, her voice tremulous with pain and weakness, " I wish you were all as happy as I am." She then lay a short time in a dozing state, her countenance beaming with joy. After two days of severe pain, her husband said, " Have you had any fear or darkness respecting your state ?" " Not for the last two days," she replied. So it appeared when her sufferings were greatest, the Lord was present. At another time she was asked if the Lord had been present in her affliction ? She said, " Yes, two or three times—*personally* I mean." She insisted upon it, two or three times the Lord had manifested Himself personally to her.

Her last recollected words were, " The Lord has promised to be with me in my dying moments." She went off into a semi-conscious state a few days before her death, but by her eyes we could tell she always distinguished her husband's voice, when she took no notice of others.

Unknown to Mr. Bonney, my wife and daughter had asked Mrs. Bonney, some time before death, that if she was happy, and wished to let them know, but could not speak, to raise her hands when she thought she was going.

On Friday morning at two o'clock, Mr. Bonney finding consciousness return, and after inwardly asking the Lord to give him a word, quoted, " Who shall separate us from the love of Christ ?" Also, " I have loved thee with an everlasting love." Immediately she threw up both her hands, raised herself up, gave us such a kind intelligent glance, then fell back into the arms of my daughter, and after a short season of painful breathing, her spirit took its flight where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary ones find rest. Her remains were interred in the quiet churchyard of her native village, Aldermaston, Berks. The hymn, " In hope of life eternal given," was sung over her grave. My brother Bonney can join George Herbert, and say :—

" Long time I wondered at the chastening rod,  
Murmuring and marvelling at the ways of God,  
Who seemed to shroud His smiles in wayward gloom,  
And blight the hopes Himself had bade to bloom.  
I know Him now ; and ah ! I know the heart  
That thus in mercy He ordained to smart:  
Mercy that did my earthly prospects dim,  
That I might centre love supreme on Him."

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### "KEEP THE DOOR OF THE SANCTUARY WELL GUARDED."

**D**EAR BROTHER,—With grave thoughts I passed through the article of our brother D. Allen. Oh, what truth ! let the Churches beware that they do not set the door of the sanctuary open too wide. The entrance and egress are to be of one measure. When the man with the measuring line in his hand came to the temple, he first measured the posts of the door, the sides, and its breadth, and its

height; and when he was to show the house and its entire fashion to the house of Israel, that they might measure the pattern, he was to show them the goings out and the comings in thereof (Ezek. xliii. 10, 11). Take care, then: let not the door be wider than the measure, which is the Word of God. The door is certainly too wide when it admits such as are not visible saints (or have, as brother Allen wisely speaks, the fleshly veil of piety), who give no evidence of their having been regenerated. They may increase the numbers, but they are not "added to the Lord; they are brought into the Church under undue influence, to perform fleshly acts; they result in sad calamities to Zion; but the fleshly minister calls them his seals. To receive them may be putting "a lie into their right hand" to enhance and secure their destruction: it will not, cannot, be an advantage to them, but it may be widely the reverse. The Church will not be benefited by their accession to its numbers. Whatever outward communion there be in appearance, it is appearance only, like a glass or diamond eye in the head, or an artificial leg or arm to the body, which has no communication or participation in the system. There is no experience of spiritual communion; like these—did I say?—the similitudes are too high. Such an eye may be for ornament, and such a leg may be a support; but such members will rarely be an ornament; rather they will be a shame to a Church, not a support, but a deception. The body may rest on an artificial leg: but not on such minister's seals. Whoever places any dependence will smart for it in the latter end; for it is probable, yea, more than probable, that such members will prove prejudicial to the Church in its best interests—since, having no real change in themselves, no spiritual armour to defend them, they lie fearfully open to temptation; and who will suffer the shame? There is a subtle enemy ready to assault them, and it is by such inroads he enters the Church. Judas was amongst the twelve, and into him the devil entered, he put Judas on to betray his Master; he found that he could play the thief for money.

In joining the Church, such do not unite in obedience to the will of God, nor in love to the people of God, nor with any sincere regard to the prosperity of the Church, or desire to promote the ends of the communion of the saints: but they either do it ignorantly or hypocritically; either from motives of self-interest or for the pleasure of others (and after his pleasures are done, he, the minister, must leave his own seals. He says his work is done there, and they give him a fleshly purse with a little money within); and hence they will fill the hearts of the sincerely pious with grief, and their hands with work. Their miscarriages will be a constant source of grief, by which the honour of the Church will be sullied; the name of God dishonoured; the way of holiness evil spoken of; sinners will be hardened in their evil courses, and stumbling blocks will be laid in the way to cause others either to fall, or to be turned aside from the path; hence the Church will have much distressing work; complaints will be continually coming against them, to adjust which will require more wisdom and prudence, more weight and authority, than the Church may possess; hence iniquity may prevail in the Church, the consequence of which will be sorrow, and perhaps a dissolution of the whole body. "Many walk," says the apostle, "of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ."

If the door be too wide, the entrance to such will be easy, but not so their egress. The expulsion of such will be attended with difficulty; some mystery may involve the case, or the so-called charity of the Church, or a part of it, may so operate as to deter from a prompt procedure. Sometimes such seals have held great influence in the Church. Churches have for a long time in such cases groaned under the oppressive burden of such members. Such unworthy seals also having in general only their own ends to serve, when they have served their turn, or when they find that they have been mistaken in their measures, and that the probability of obtaining their ends is dubious, then they will go out themselves from the Church.

Beware that you keep the door of the sanctuary well guarded. Keep the continual watch of the Lord. Let every one keep to his post, and every one be alert in His service. Great care was to be taken that nothing unclean entered within the precincts. If all are wakeful and watchful, unworthy, ignorant, deceitful persons will not readily obtain admission. May the God of all grace give richly of His Spirit in our Churches and bless us.

“My soul will pray for Zion still  
While I have life or breath.”

GEORGE HOLLAND.

Borough Green, July, 1879.

## A WHOLESOME WARNING:

BEING A

*Review of “Lectures on Baptism.”\**

BY W. CROWTHER, ESQ., OF GOMERSAL, LEEDS.

**T**HESSE Lectures, which were delivered at Glasgow above fifty years ago, are worthy of our highest commendation. They are temperate, plain, logical, and exhaustive. Objections are fairly stated, and clearly met, and the Scripture doctrine of believers' baptism by immersion is set forth in a conclusive and unanswerable manner. To the young believer, the inquirer, and the sincerely doubtful, we unhesitatingly recommend them for careful perusal, with the confidence that benefit, if not decision, will result.

The author was for thirty-five years a minister of the Scotch Established Church, and had for that period the charge of the parish of St. Ninian's, in the Presbytery of Stirling, where he was much beloved by his hearers. But two convictions took irresistible possession of his mind and conscience, and changed the course of his action. He became satisfied that “the attempted union of Church and State is anti-Christian,” and also that the “sprinkling of infants is not baptism,” but “a mockery.” With these changed views it was impossible for him to continue in his charge, and he made early preparations for resigning his living; and notwithstanding great efforts to retain his services, and induce reconsideration, he, with as little delay as possible, separated himself from a system which had become abhorrent to him, removed to Edinburgh, and was there baptized and received into Church fellowship

\* W. Shirreff's “Lectures on Baptism,” revised by C. H. Spurgeon. Published by Passmore & Alabaster, Paternoster-square.

in 1823. He had not resided there long before he was invited to become pastor of the Baptist Church meeting in Albion-street, Glasgow, which he accepted, and where he laboured until his death. These Lectures were delivered weekly, on Wednesday evenings, soon after he had accepted the pastorate, to explain to all who cared to know the reason of the change in his views, and consequent separation from the Church as by law established in Scotland.

We do not doubt that there are many now both in Scotland and England who, with sore and lacerated consciences, maintain a nominal allegiance to the Church Establishment, from various motives, real and feigned, whilst, as spiritual men, they know that the only law which establishes the Church of Jesus Christ is the law of Heaven, against which the kings, princes, and secular powers of earth have constantly "raged and taken counsel together," and would long ago have annihilated it, had it not been made impossible for this to be done. Truth is, no doubt, being gradually alienated from the Church of England, and before the whole of the present generation has passed away, it is highly probable she may fraternise with the Church of Rome in all but in name, and the harlot and her daughter may congratulate each other on having alike banished from amongst them, or shut the mouths of, all the true and faithful followers of Jesus Christ. When they have done this, the dogmas of infant sprinkling and baptismal regeneration will stand openly on a par with Papal infallibility, immaculate conception, and other episcopal absurdities. Should this meet the eye of any candid Churchman, lay or clerical, we would advise his reading these Lectures in conformity with the rule of judgment laid down in the sixth Article of his Church, after doing which we would advise him to follow the leadings of his conscience as an honest man, and abide in his present allegiance if he can see sufficient cause in the Scripture testimony to justify his doing so, but not otherwise.

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## NEW CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN ISAAC LEVINSOHN AND HIS BROTHER.

*(Continued from page 206.)*

**M**Y BELOVED BROTHER,—I thank you very heartily for your letter which I received in answer to the one I sent you last month. My dear Isaac, it seems to me that we have just taken a very important step, for we have commenced corresponding upon religious matters. If you are willing, I shall be happy to go on corresponding with you; but let us have an object in view. If my arguments should convince you of the truth of Judaism, you must then confess your error, and embrace Judaism again. On the other hand, if you can convince me of the truth of Christianity, I shall be happy to embrace your religion; but I am certain that you will soon see your error, and be glad to return to Judaism. Let me say, under any circumstances, whether we convince each other or no, let our brotherly love continue; for, after all, we are one flesh and blood, and that which the Almighty has united together, let us not try to separate.

Now, my beloved brother, I invite your attention to the following:—

You informed me in your last letter that you believe in God, the Maker of heaven and earth, &c. Well, it sounds all right, but what a field for argument the said words embrace! It is not enough to believe in God. We know that God is holy, perfect, infinite, majestic, &c. I should like to know who does not believe in God, for every civilised being must acknowledge that there is a God in heaven who created all things. But, my dear Isaac, the doctrine of the existence of a God is not enough to constitute a religion, for almost every nation and tribe on the earth believe in the existence of a being; yet are as far away from the true God as they can possibly be. Even the devil believes in God, but yet you cannot say the devil is religious. There is something more wanted. If you read the Bible in our holy language, you will find that, through all ages, God appointed certain men to teach others. These holy men were inspired and Divinely dictated to write; and all the traditions we Jews possess, I believe to be holy, without which the Bible is obscure, and cannot be understood. Has not God chosen Moses, Aaron, Samuel, David, Ezra, Zerubbabel, and others? By this you see, my dear brother, God intended, through all ages, that we should have teachers. Looking at your Christian religion, you believe in God, and in the Bible, and nothing else besides. Surely in itself it is contradictory! For if you read the Bible without the explanation of the Talmud, you will be in confusion, as there are many facts which are quite obscure.

You say also in your last that you do not accept the Talmud, on the grounds that it is composed of such things which ought not to be in a book acknowledged as God's Word. Even in this point you are wrong, for in the Bible you find many things of which people might say, "Well, there are so many things which are so awful and sinful, I will not believe in the Bible." Do we not read of Noah who drank to excess? Do we not read of wars which seem cruel and unjust? Yet they were sanctioned by God. Just think. Before Israel took possession of the Holy Land, the country was inhabited by heathens. Israel came out of Egypt, travelled through the wilderness, and when they arrived in the land promised to them, did they take possession of it peacefully? No. We read that the Israelites were commanded to kill and to destroy the inhabitants of the land. Well, does not this seem awful in your light, dear Isaac?

We also read of another individual—King David. Can we find, in the annals of crime, one whose character was so bad as David's, even in holy Russia, where crimes are continually committed? Some peasants and citizens do not think anything of shooting or hanging, and manage to put people in large sacks with stones in them, and then put them in the river. I say even here we do not know of crimes as bad as those of David. Just think. He was not satisfied with committing adultery, but he actually sent Uriah the Hittite to war, and managed to arrange that the poor fellow should be set in the most dangerous position, so that he might be killed, and then marry Uriah's wife. Does not this story disgrace the page of David's history? Yet, my dear brother, we acknowledge that the Bible is true, and we accept it as God's Word, although many awful things are mentioned. Why, then, do you object to the Talmud? You say bad things are written; but, dear Isaac.

nothing in the Talmud is to be found which is worse than in the Bible itself. Yes, to me sometimes it is sweet to read a page of the precious book.

You also make a remark in your last letter in shewing the superiority of Christianity. You say Judaism has no atonement to take away sin, and it is therefore black. On the other hand, Christianity has an atonement, and your sins are forgiven. Dear brother, you have forgotten we believe in Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. They were righteous, and the seed of Abraham must be righteous; for we have 613 precepts to keep. Surely it is atonement enough to take away sins!

Lastly, I should like to ask you if you believe in the Bible, how, then, can you believe in Jesus Christ? Where do you find anything about Him? I have read the Bible several times, but never could I see anything of the kind. If the Messiahship of Jesus Christ be Biblical, will you shew it to me? and I will consider if the doctrine be true. I beg to inform you, dear Isaac, that father has discovered somehow that I write to you, and he is very angry with me. The following is a copy of a letter he addressed to me:—

“Hessel! I know you have stolen Isaac’s address out of my private pocket-book. How dare you do such a thing? Shame, disgrace to you. I charge you not to write to the *meshumad*\* in London. Should I discover that you correspond with the wretch in London, I declare we shall not have anything to do with you. You dare not enter into our house again.

“Your indignant father,

“LION LEVINSOHN.”

#### MY ANSWER TO HIS.

“DEAR FATHER,—Your letter to hand. I am sorry for the strong language you make use of. You tell me I dare not come to your house. You know well I have been thirteen years away from home, and I could live. What do you mean by such a warning? I am surprised how a father can express, in such awful language, about his own child. Where is your fatherly love to poor Isaac in London? He is not an impostor; he is not a wretch; but he is your own son; my loving brother. Alas! alas! father, your Jewish fanaticism which you call piety is enough to drive any thinking man away from such religion as Judaism; for what has poor Isaac done? He works hard to get an honest livelihood. He is in a strange land, alone in the world, and you say he is a wretch. No! no! my poor brother is not a wretch. He is God-fearing; he is a true man that yields not to anyone but to his God and his clear conscience. I have opened correspondence with Isaac, and I find he is really better than we are. Although we have told him we would have nothing to do with him, yet he trusted in God, who is his Father, Brother, Friend; and yet prays for us. Our dear Isaac has written to me a letter in answer to mine, and I must say I cannot help feeling Isaac is a good, pious brother. Although our theology differs, yet I believe he has more purity of heart, dear father, than any of us here. Such are my convictions. Renounce me if you will. My brother Isaac shall not be called an

\* Impostor.

impostor or a wretch by me; but I will write to him as a loving brother. Dear father, remember you will have to answer before God on the great day for so badly treating your own son Isaac.

“I remain, dear father, your ever-loving son  
 “(Who is highly indignant at your unkindness to Isaac),  
 “JOSHUAH HESSEL LEVINSOHN.”

My loving brother, write to me as soon as you conveniently can. You can see in what state my relation with our father is, so that it will be delightful to me to hear from you.

Your ever-loving brother,  
 JOSHUAH HESSEL LEVINSOHN.

Gradno, December, 1878.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

TO MY DEARLY-BELOVED BROTHER HESSEL,—Your letter to hand; I rejoice with it; my heart is full of gladness. It is so because I feel certain that God Almighty, who a few years ago appeared as my Deliverer, is now appearing unto you; yea, I believe He is now preparing your heart to receive many blessed truths which at present you do not know; but you will rejoice in them by-and-bye. Your suggestion is a very pleasant one. You say that we must have an object in view in corresponding upon religious matters. In all things we must have an object in view, or else very little good can be accomplished. Now, dear brother, I rejoice with your suggestion, because I am quite willing to promise that if your arguments should convince me of the truth of Judaism, I shall be most willing to return to the fold of Judaism; but should my arguments convince you that Judaism is not the right way of salvation, then I warn you, for it is a most solemn thing to acknowledge truth, yet not to follow after it.

The first question in your letter on the existence of God I would answer with pleasure, but, dear brother, excuse my criticism. The idea of the question is noble, but you are confused on the subject; for in that question you touch on Rabbinism, tradition, &c. Let us take each subject separately. When we speak of God, let us speak about Him only. If we speak about the Talmud, let us be clear upon that.

Now, my dear brother, in your letter you say that the belief of a God is not enough. There is something else wanted. Quite true, my dear brother. I agree with every word of the above sentence; for indeed the doctrine of the existence of God cannot suffice my soul nor yours. But, my dear Hessel, you remind me of the most remarkable instance we read about in the New Testament of St. Paul. When he was in Greece, he went to Mar's-hill, where many altars were erected, on which sacrifices were offered to the gods of the heathen; yet there was one altar with the superscription: “To the Unknown God.” Although Greece acknowledged not less than 60,000 gods, yet the ignorant heathen had a slight conception that there was a God unknown to them; and in case this unknown God should come and look for an altar, they had one ready for Him. Now, my dear brother, I look upon you as I often thought upon the Athenians. You have, as a Jew, many altars on which you bring your offerings to God. You observe the 613 precepts. Oh, what idolatry!

You say, on the existence of God, there is something else wanted.

I emphatically declare you are right here, for indeed the idea of God in the abstract Deity is not enough. But, my dear brother, you say something else is wanted besides God, yet you turn to Rabbi's and say you are satisfied with them; but surely the Rabbi's cannot substitute the *something else*. I believe that the something else which is necessary to have besides the idea of a God is His Son, *Joshuah Hamashiach*.\* God and the Messiah is quite enough. "Blessed is he that believeth in God and in His Anointed."

II.—The next thing I wish to say to you is on the Talmud and Bible. You say you cannot understand why I renounce the Talmud, seeing in the Bible we read of men who sinned, and have done evil things. Terrible indeed, my brother, whenever we think of the sins of David and others. But the only difference is this: David sinned, and you remember Nathan the prophet came to him and spoke to him upon it, and told him that trouble would come to him through it. You also remember what David said, "I have sinned against Thee." Here you see what true repentance. Look at Psalm li., and read it carefully. What a solemn prayer! It was David's after he had sinned. He truly repented, and it was then he cried, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord." He said, "I acknowledge my transgression, and my sins are ever before me." In the case of David, it is true I see sin, but I can also see here true repentance and God's mercy to penitent sinners. I think, dear brother, that such cases in the Bible are to anxious souls a great help, and encouraging to look unto God for mercy, seeing that He was merciful unto those of whom we read in His Holy Word. But parts of the Talmud were written by such who never repented. You also mention in your last letter about atonement. It is a very wide subject. I shall therefore write to you a letter specially on the subject, as I do not wish to trouble you in this letter. In closing, I would ask you to pray very earnestly unto God that He may open your eyes, so that you may be enabled to see all the truth which God has revealed through His Anointed.

I remain, dear Hessel,

Your ever-affectionate brother,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

S. Edenbridge-road, South Hackney, London, England,  
December, 1878.

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## MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER'S LETTER TO THE CHURCH AT LOCKWOOD,

ON THE DEATH OF THEIR BELOVED DEACON WAINHOUSE.

[The faithful, truthful, and united Church at Lockwood have not only experienced much trial by the long affliction of their pastor, our esteemed brother in Christ, Mr. William Crowther, but, in the sudden death of one of their most devoted deacons, Mr. Wainhouse, they have sorrowed much—although not without "a sure and certain hope." The oldest deacon—the greatly beloved brother Wilson (who has reached a long age)—is also much hindered from meeting with them from infirmities. Notwithstanding all these serious afflictions, we found the cause was well sustained. The congregations were large; the people were full of faith, of holy love, and life; the school is healthy and strong in numbers; and in this beautiful harmony we spent a deeply solemn day with them, and read unto them the following letter from Mr. Crowther, their pastor.]

\* Jesus Christ.



*To the Deacons, Church Members, and others worshipping at Rehoboth Chapel, Lockwood.*

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I feel a special regret that I am not able to be with you, as I would much have liked to say a few words as to the death of our dear brother Wainhouse. As it is, I can only say on this paper, what I would have been glad to have enlarged upon in your presence, and in that of his bereaved friends, the words that have been on my mind regarding his removal, are those used in reference to Enoch's translation (Gen. v. 24): "He was not, for God took him." The same hand that directed the time, the manner, and form of Enoch's removal, directed that of our departed brother, both as to its time, and manner, and form. Enoch had lived three hundred and sixty-five years when God took him; our brother had but lived a fraction of that time, yet each had accomplished as a hireling his day, and the time of rest after the time of toil and care had come in the one case as truly as in the other. The *manner* was *sudden*, and almost without any previous notice. Some of God's people are removed in a moment, and others after long illness, and some men are so foolish as to attribute some cause for the difference; but the simple fact is, God takes His own at His time and in His way, having reserved the times and seasons in His own power. It was triumphant: it was a triumph of the heavenly over the earthly, of peace over sin and death, and of the unseen over the seen. Such was the fact also in the case of our brother: though the end came with so little notice, it did not disturb him, but he calmly acknowledged the hand of his God. But it was not understood by the world—they were not there to see it; nor was it got up for display. It was God taking to dwell with Him in glory the man who had walked with Him here in humility; the world knew not then, as it knows not now, how our God deals with His children in life, death, and immortality. Then, as to the form of removal, no matter what the form or mode may be, all God's modes are equally loving and gracious, and although we may think some forms of removal cruel as compared with others, he that is wise does not wish to have any choice in the mode of his death, because he knows God's wisdom and goodness can fix that best for him. *God took him.* Whatever the means used, the source is the same; no power can make one hair black or another white without His leave, much less can any power regulate the life or death of any; He took him because He had an indisputable right to do so. He was His by choice, and purchase, and power. He took him away from before our eyes, which gives us pain as creatures, as we feel we shall see him here no more; but our sorrow is cheered by hope, and is neutralized when we remember God took him away from sin and sorrow, from suffering and toil, from error and delusion, and took him to be with Himself, to see, and know, and live with Him, to experience everlasting felicity, in which by-and-bye we shall also join him, to be satisfied with the likeness of the Son of God, and to join that everlasting song which crowns him Lord of all. May the remembrance that our brother Wainhouse was not, for God took him, comfort and stay the minds of those who mourn his loss, is the prayer of, my Christian friends,

Yours very truly,

WILLIAM CROWTHER.

Field House, Gomersal, Leeds,  
May 9th, 1879.

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"LUTHER'S First Study of the Bible." This magnificent picture is given with the first part of DR. WYLIE'S *History of Protestantism*, now in the course of a re-issue by Messrs. Cassell, Petter, & Galpin, which is a valuable, a beautiful, and truthful literary monument memorialising the bitter and malicious efforts of the Papacy to destroy the Protestant faith in Europe. For historical reminiscences, for delineation of character, for illustration of scenes surrounding the conflict between the Christ so good and the anti-Christ so cruel, we know of no work to equal this elegant and intellectual contribution to our national literature.

"This is the Lord's doing." So concludes one of our learned scribes respecting a series of conflicting circumstances exceedingly strange to us. More than ever will be known on this earth have we suffered from the secret slaughtering of one of immense influence. And yet we are pained at his present position. We shall soon meet face to face before the eternal throne. We have both been instrumental in sending forth millions of witnesses to the truth. How shall we stand in the blazing light of the final judgment? For ourselves we know, if not then found washed in the fountain opened for sins and for uncleanness, if not redeemed by the precious blood of the Lamb, if not fully and freely justified in the righteousness of the eternally glorious Christ of God, we must be banished from the presence of Jehovah for ever. What our much more successful contemporary may feel God only knoweth. We would that he might have been—by the power of grace and in the spirit of Christ—maintained in his position usefully until his earthly course was finished. In the evening of his retirement, may he find that perfect rest in our covenant God and Father, that soul-satisfaction in the fellowship of Christ, and those solid foretastes of the heavenly inheritance, which far exceed all that can be found in this world, let a man's riches or influence be ever so large. This is our feeling, our hope, our prayer for one who has made many a heart to ache. As for the idea that, in the future, all will be harmony, unity, and a striving together, we suffer not our convictions to appear. Pride and poverty never can, in reality, amalgamate. Pride can put on the garments of courtesy and of friendly docility when circumstances require it; but the deeply-purified eye

of crucified poverty looketh far deeper than the outer semblance. Deep wounds none but God can heal. A superficial profession of any kind is ten thousand times more delusive than any finite mind can imagine.

*Six Sermons from One Text.* The preacher thinks it stupendous, the reviewer says, "Small talk, repetition, and straining." It is one of the large features of charity that she will pay men for parodizing the pulpit. "Critic" was bold enough to thank the preacher (when descending) that he had not filled up the sermons with so much poetry as usual. "Think ye," saith the elder, "as ministers now cease to interpret, and quote so much hymnology, that it is profitable? Memory to quote, instead of mind to expound, is *substitution*." "Deacon" says: "We get the best we can. Frequently the people are angry with us, do whatever we will." Pity the deacon who tries to please.

*Songs of Rest.* Edinburgh: Macniven and Wallace. A pearl of poetry for different seasons. Here is the voice of one called up from despair. We can sympathise with its uprising hopes.

"But hark! What word  
Breathes through the twilight dim?  
'Rest in the Lord,  
Wait patiently for Him.  
Return, O soul, and thou shalt have  
A better rest than in thy grave.'  
My God, I come,  
But I was sorely shaken;  
Art Thou my Home?  
I thought I was forsaken.  
I know Thou art a sweeter Rest  
Than earth's soft side or ocean's breast."

"PROUD ENGLAND! HEAR THIS!"

Are we prepared for this? "England is being gradually prepared, as it was in the days of James the Second, for an open renunciation of the Protestant faith, and for the adoption of the Jesuit creed. Our bishops, who are perfectly well aware of the true state of feeling in high quarters on religious matters, allow Ritualism, and Romanism, and Jesuitry to prevail in more than half our Churches. 'Perversion' has been going on for years; and so slyly, so subtly, so quietly, that that unfortunate man, John Bull, has not the least inkling or suspicion of it, and all of a sudden he will find the garotte of the 'Black Band' tight around his throat." Such are the views of one of the keenest writers of the day. We are perpetually asking, "Can nothing be done to arouse the slumbering Churches to sound the

alarm?" Self-security is binding our people in delusion and in spiritual death. For many years England has been proudly strutting about and exclaiming, "We are rich, increased in goods, and have need of nothing." For our protest against this delusion, we have been laughed to scorn, and almost thrown into a martyr's dungeon. But the times are fast coming over the nation when she will find that she has been, and is (in truth, in righteousness, and in godly jealousy for Christ's honour—in these eternal and essential verities she is), most wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked. Can any truly-enlightened and Heaven-taught man of God look upon the almost powerless state of the Gospel ministry, upon the spread of error of every kind; can any sacred and serious watchman on the walls observe the divisions even in those circles where truth has been most powerful; can any spiritual mind examine these abounding of evil, and not fear that Christ is now saying to England, "I will spue thee out of My mouth?" Is not Rome riding rough-shod over us? Are not her Cardinals increasing around us? Is not the National Church given over to idolatry? Are not the Nonconformist Churches driven to their wits' end to know how to keep up the grand temples they have erected? Are not even the truth-holding people in many cases full of jealousy and strife? Are not the elements of nature frowning? Is not agriculture failing? The commercial prosperity is departing. Oh, England, will nothing alarm thee?

*Scenes in a Country Pastor's House.* Dissolving views of real life. Here is the first paragraph of Scene V. "Pastor is in his garden at work. 'Father! father!' (so cries out the wife as she flies into the garden) 'here is an invite for you to supply at Mr. Calvin's great cathedral.' Almost frightened, the pastor quietly replied, 'Write, dear, and tell them I cannot accept of it.' 'Why, father, it might be the making of you. Do go!' 'It might make a laughing-stock of me; but if I cannot be "made," as you say, without going there, then woe is me! You know, mother, all about how I was made a minister; but I am not eloquent nor gifted enough for such critics as them there people up at Calvin's great place.'" [Exit the wife, sorrowfully, but the scene does not end here.] We must follow this up.

*Benjamin Foxley and his Pamphlets.* The more we know of the antecedents of this gifted author the less we are

surprised at the zeal he displays. When he was with the Independents, he showed great zeal in the cause; then, on removing to the Baptists, his energies became more intense; now, having discovered, as he supposes, some errors or discrepancies in Mr. Aikman and in C. W. Banks, he is publishing and advertising his productions from the press; and, having received a testimonial from that valiant defender of the faith, Mr. Thomas Steed, he will doubtless realise the long-cherished desire of his heart. We expect there are ministers, not a few, much inferior to this devoted Benjamin. Why his pastor, Henry Hanks, has not sent him forth long since we know not; now, it is quite certain, he cannot any longer be hidden. What his pamphlets aim at we cannot discover; but in his ministry, wherever he may preach, we hope, like David Fenner, he will desire "to know none, and to preach none, but the adorable and essential CHRIST OF GOD."

*The New Books for the Sea-side.*—It has been, it may be, a very wet season; still the Londoners must go on the health-seeking lounge, and they will require something to read which will be both enchanting and purely edifying. We have issued two volumes—both handsome in appearance, superior in type, paper, and matter—which we can conscientiously recommend to readers of every class. The first is, *Scenes taken from Life; or, The Pilgrim of Ether Castle*, by that gifted pen-artist, J. W. STANFORD. By many experienced readers this book has been highly praised. The second work is, *The Russo-Polish Jew: A Narrative of the Conversion from the Darkness of Judaism to the Light and Liberty of the Gospel of Christ, of Isaac Levinsohn*. With a Preface by C. W. BANKS, Editor of the "Earthen Vessel." Also an Introductory Note by the Rev. H. A. STERN, late Captive in Abyssinia. With a beautiful Photographic Portrait of the Author. Mr. Robert Banks will send both of these volumes to any address, per post, for eighty penny stamps, or either of them for forty stamps, from his office in Raquet-court, Fleet-street.

*Notes upon a Letter of Rev. Daniel Allen.* By W. R. AIKMAN. The Letter of Mr. Allen's, on preaching, was in the EARTHEN VESSEL for May. Mr. Aikman's Notes can be had at our office (One Penny). Also, a sterling Penny Pamphlet by that devoted writer Maria C., entitled, *Spiritualism Unveiled; or, The Strong Delusion*. A Word of Warning. This is a Christian mother warning her ensnared son.

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

### A GROWING STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH IN LONDON.

SOME years have rolled over our heads since William Allen filled the pulpit at Cave Adullam, Stepney; during the latter part of his ministry there we have often preached to crowded congregations, and fully believe the Lord's presence rendered the services very precious. As we review the changes in the ministry in all our London Churches, we feel the force of Heber's lines on "The Christian Conflict," where he sings—

"The Son of God goes forth to war,  
His Kingly crown to gain:  
His blood-red banner streams afar,  
We follow in His train!  
Who best can drink his cup of woe,  
Triumphant over pain;  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
Such follow in His train!  
A glorious band! a chosen few!  
On them the Spirit came;  
Stern, valiant saints! their hope they knew;  
They bore the cross and shame!  
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven  
Through peril, toil, and pain,  
O God! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train!"

Ah! what with Satan's heavy blows, man's frail and fickle nature, and Zion's frequent fits of soul-sickness, it has often appeared a hard fight to keep the professing Church of CHRIST on the wheels. We have mourned over the deadly blows with which the enemy has smitten us; and we clearly see that wherever a man of grace stands up boldly and faithfully in the defence of the Gospel, some fiery dart is hurled at him; some snare is laid for him; some fleshly infirmity is pressed out of him, or some Diotrephes rises against him. The warrior is wounded; his spirits are wearied; he is driven off to some hopeful refuge; but the cause suffers.

Who can review the history of "Cave Adullam," of "Wellesley-street," of "Old Zoar," of "Dacre-park," of "Unicorn-yard," and of many other once flourishing Churches, who can patiently penetrate into their growths, and their tribulation, without sighs and sorrows, and a miserable sadness of heart? Who can call to mind the many valiant men of promise, of power, and of prosperity too, who, only a few years since, stood upon the walls of our once happy Jerusalem? Who can recount the blessed seasons of joyful Gospel freedom and fruit-gathering which we then enjoyed, and not shed silent tears of anguish, as bitter as any Jeremiah's cheeks were scalded with?

Philosophizing for one moment, we may join the mental giant, and ask,

"Wherefore are there some among the train  
Whose eyes are red with weeping?"

"Wherefore?" Ah, queries not a few will spring up: and while the bruised and bleeding hearts lay almost buried in the dust, will any come down to them with—

"Welcome, ye penitents, I know ye could but be children of light,  
Though earth hath soiled your robes, and robbed you of half your glory?"

Nay! It seems not to be in man, not even in the proud and pious preachers and professors of God's forgiveness in Christ, to pity, to plead for, and to try to pull the half-murdered penitent out of the pit into which sin, or Satan, or something one cannot describe, hath hurled him. But, "the mercy of the Lord endureth for ever!" Hence, THE SPIRIT OF GOD soundeth into the souls of sincere seekers, "There is forgiveness with Jehovah, that He may be feared." Forgiveness of sins is realised. Freedom of soul and fellowship in the Gospel is enjoyed. Christ comes forth in the majesty of His priestly office. His work is to build up Jerusalem; therefore, "He gathereth together the outcasts of Israel. He healeth the broken in heart; He bindeth up their wounds." Then the enemy may come in; clouds may threaten; the elder sons may condemn; divisions may be made; afflicted saints may be distressed; yet the true Church goes on; she grows, and in her living Head she glories and rejoices greatly; goes on from one conquest to another, until all the redeemed in Zion shall appear before God, clothed in the spotlessness of the Redeemer's righteousness, mingling their songs of praise "unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood; and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

These reflections came from attending a public meeting on Tuesday, July 8, 1879, in the Coverdale Rooms, Waterloo-street, Commercial-road, Limehouse. The pastor, Mr. F. C. Holden, presided; and from his opening address we gathered the following encouraging facts:—the Church was formed in 1870. During the nine years of its existence seventeen of the original members had departed from this world altogether. Its present membership is forty-seven. The Church is in peace; congregations steadily increasing; every branch of the Church's work is growing pleasingly. The Church is watching for souls: can discern the Spirit of the Lord evidently drawing others unto Himself, who will, it is hoped, be added unto the flock here—proving to be of such as shall be for ever saved. At their last meeting, in April, a building fund was started for

#### A NEW CHAPEL,

which is really a great desideratum; for their large hall is often overcrowded; and the immense masses of people flowing all around them, from Stepney to the ends of Poplar's populous thoroughfares, presents such fields for Gospel labour as can scarcely be equalled in London. The Coverdale Church in Limehouse has existed, then, for nine years. She has never had a pastor devoted to God's

glory and to Christ's Church until Mr. F. C. Holden became settled over them. Nevertheless, they have had some of the best Gospel preachers of the day. Their congregations have always been large; their unity has been preserved; and their respectability, charity, zeal, and liberality cannot be better evidenced than in the fact, that, at their first setting off on the line of "a building fund," they became assured of having over six hundred pounds towards the erection of their new place of worship. We deeply desire to live to behold its opening, and its dedication to the New Testament order of worship of a Triune Jehovah. Mr. F. C. Holden clearly defined the character of the fund already promised. He said—The appeal was most liberally responded to. Two friends gave £10; no less than twenty friends gave £5 each; one friend and his wife promised £1 a week for two years. Others gave smaller sums. From four friends came a promise to lend £350 as soon as it should be required. Weekly subscriptions were at once started, and they are producing about £2 10s. Od. a month.

## PRESENT STATE OF BUILDING FUND.

	£	s.	d.
In the Bank	146	0	0
In the hands of Treasurer	17	0	0
Promised to be given	95	0	0
Promised to be lent	350	0	0

Total £608 0 0

If it be a true maxim, that "God helpeth them that help themselves," then the Coverdale Church is safe soon to erect its new house. They had, methinks, been reading and acting upon Martin Tupper's philosophic exhortation, who says,

"Give! it is like God! Thou weariest the bad with benefits:

Give! it is like God! Thou gladdenest the good by gratitude.

Give! saith the preacher, be large in liberality! Yield to the holy impulse,

Tarry not for cold consideration, but cheerfully and freely scatter."

That God may bless the Coverdale building fund, its builders, its pastor, deacons, the steady patriarchal blind brother Evans, the door-keeper, all its members and people, most heartily prays their humble scribe, the Editor.

After the statistics came the theologies, preceded by the clerk of nearly all our public meetings, the spiritual and praying N. Oakey, whose prayers are always in faith, brief, and truly blessed.

The first speaker on the occasion was Mr. John Inward, on the "Greatness" of God. He had well studied his theme, and for about forty minutes he edified the people. C. W. Banks was called to speak on God's "Goodness," but he found it to be a sea so fathomless, that, very like one drowned, he left off before he began. Brethren C. L. Kemp, W. Webb, and H. Myerson, all followed in careful converse on the gifts, the government, and the glory of the Lord. A large audience was attentive, and closed by singing,

"Grace all the work shall crown."

Thus we enjoyed a meeting of communion on the perfections of the Deity. That the salvation of Heaven may be found by them all, devoutly prays

C. W. BANKS.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road,  
South Hackney, London,  
July, 1879.

WELLINGBOROUGH.—Talmage, with his "Bright Side of Things," has been enlightening the Northamptonians. We wonder what the Americans think of us poor English shoemakers who pay so much for a Brooklyn oration. At our Wellingborough Zoar anniversary in June, we had the Southill pastor (John Warburton) preaching two sermons. All appeared to be anxious listeners, and nearly a dozen pounds were given to the building fund. Zoar is a name given principally to what they call *Standard* chapels. As a traveller, I find many such in different parts of the kingdom. What do they mean? Their anniversary preacher is by no means a little one; their pastor (Mr. Lee) is anything but a little one; their deacons are not little ones, neither the school nor the congregations are very small. No one who knoweth the Gospel will call it little. Nor do I believe that heaven is so small as some pretend to believe. When I have a chapel, it shall not be Zoar, not but what I am little enough; but I prefer the word *Zodiack*, because it represents one of the greatest circles of the heavens. The *Zodiack* doth grandly express the greatness of His circuit, of whom the Holy Ghost saith, "He shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord, in the majesty of the name of the Lord His God; and they shall abide, for now shall He be great unto the ends of the earth." A very old man (as we criticised the word Zoar) asked me, "Is it not possible for Zoar to be in the *Zodiack*?" "No!" said I; "for the *Zodiack* (as all accredited astronomers will prove) giveth life, health, and vigour. It is full of life, of a growing stalwart life." Enough. Some pretend to be Zoar, while their inward thought is *Zodiackal*.—ISSACHAR THE WANDERER.

KENT. — Reading-street, St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet. This is a station for preaching the Gospel of many years' continuance. The once venerable Baptist pastor, Mr. Cramp—the noble father of Dr. John Cramp—much helped this cause in his day. Mr. Charles Dennis is the present minister here. On Monday, May 26, 1879, we held two special services here. Mr. Dennis led on the worship. Mr. Carter (the Baptist pastor of Broadstairs) expounded to us Romans v., and supplicated the presence and blessing of the Almighty. C. W. Banks delivered two discourses, and some were edified. Next morning we walked to Birchington, spent a few moments in prayer with the afflicted wife of our beloved friend Austen, and once more sought for our lodging in London. The Isle of Thanet has a growing population. No floods of spiritual life break forth, but the Lord has His people there.

## HISTORY OF THE BAPTISTS IN RINGWOOD.

Monday, June 9, 1879, one of the most interesting gatherings ever witnessed was held in the Baptist chapel, Poulner (kindly lent for the occasion), of the friends who for the past two years had been sitting under the ministry of D. B. Garnham. In the afternoon, C. W. Banks preached a sermon. At 5 the numerous friends of D. B. Garnham assembled in nearly double the number expected, having come from many villages round about to partake of a well-provided tea arranged by friend Mr. R. Steggall, who was willingly assisted by the ladies-in-waiting. The public meeting was ably presided over by Mr. John Green, of Christchurch. After singing, "When I survey the wondrous cross," Mr. G. Diffey, the pastor of Poulner, implored the Divine blessing. The chairman expressed gladness at being present to meet an old friend (C. W. Banks), and the joyful gathering of the friends then assembled to say "farewell" to D. B. Garnham, to whose ministrations they had been listening for two years past in Ringwood. The separation was a painful one, but Satan had put his cloven foot in again at Ringwood. No reason had been assigned; no cause had been given for the step they had taken of preventing D. B. Garnham from continuing to occupy the pulpit. He had known Mr. Garnham, and was intimately acquainted with him; and the conduct of those who had acted in the manner they had, was cruel, unchristian-like, and unkind in the extreme.

After singing, "Come ye that love the Lord," D. B. Garnham addressed the meeting, chiming in, as he said, with the truths of Mr. Banks's remarks in the afternoon: "But there is no difference." Although they had to part, he was convinced that when he came to Ringwood the Lord brought him there, and he had received testimony that his feeble ministrations had been blessed. The word that had gone forth out of Jehovah's mouth would never return unto Him void. However, the time had come.

His nest—hung in no forest,  
On all his death-doomed shore—

was to be turned up and rifled. He believed, however, the Lord had His purpose to perform, and there was no difference in Him, nor in their motive, which was for the glory of God; and although separated from his hearers by man and by Satan, they could not be separated from the one living family. His friend C. W. Banks had clearly shewn there was no difference in the fall of man. All had sinned, and he would say there was no difference in the work of grace upon poor sinners' hearts. Where the Holy Spirit operated, they were all stamped with the same image, washed in the same fountain, robed in the same imputed righteousness, kissed with the same kiss of the Father, Son, and Spirit, crowned with the same crown, and enthroned on the same throne with their dear Immanuel. With regard to his position, he did not wish to charge any. The evil

one was at the bottom of it all. He closed with these words, "Now unto Him who is able to keep you from falling," &c.

C. W. Banks then blessedly unfolded the burden of the Lord from Psa. lxxviii. 28.

"Your harps, ye trembling saults," was sung, and

Mr. Thomas Haines, in a sweet, loving, and telling manner, told how his soul, and, he believed, the hearts of many present, had been lifted up at what they had heard. He had seen the tears flowing whilst his brethren had been exalting the glorious truths of Zion. He then launched out into the untold simplicity of saving grace, and stated that after preaching for the Wesleyans for fifteen years, the Lord led him to see and know that salvation was all of grace. He loved his brother D. B. Garnham from first seeing him, and he asked what was there to prevent them from hearing him in Ringwood again?

The friends then sang, "There is a fountain filled with blood."

Mr. Geo. Diffey, in a comprehensive address, gave the history of the Baptists in Ringwood from 1650—the first record of the Baptists there. In 1689, at a conference of delegates held in London to draw up a confession of truth, Christchurch, Southampton, and Witchurch were represented. At that conference the Ringwood Baptists were spoken of. In 1725 the chapel now occupied by the Unitarians in St. Thomas's-lane, was at that time occupied by the Baptists, and judging from its present size, the Baptists must have been numerous; but owing to the spread of Arianism, which doctrine was held by the influential portion of the Baptists, the Unitarians got possession of the chapel. Mr. Diffey then spoke of his own personal knowledge and experience of the bitterness and hatred from which the Baptists in Poulner and Ringwood had suffered. Ringwood had heard the truth, but a narrow, bigotted, and evil spirit was rooted and founded in the place. He then traced the time of the late John Bartlett, and introduced the retinue of parsons as follows:—two gardener parsons, one schoolmaster parson, one grocer parson, and lastly, one lawyer parson; and now even the lawyer parson must go, and if the friends present wanted a specimen of the Christianity of the people who had done this, they might just look in a shop window, and they would see a piece of wretched doggerel denouncing D. B. Garnham's pamphlet as falsehood. So much for their Christianity.

"Jerusalem my happy home," was next sung, and

Mr. Robt. Steggall brought up the rear with sound Gospel remarks on "As workers together with God."

The friends then gave a hearty song of praise: "All hail the power of Jesu's name."

C. W. Banks concluded with prayer. Thus ended one of the most soul-refreshing and blessed times ever experienced at Poulner. Another attempt by one of the Lord's witnesses to establish a cause of truth in Ringwood has been rejected. May the Lord in His rich mercy uphold and strengthen

those of His loved but scattered ones in and around Ringwood, until He shall gather them from this vale of tears unto Himself to drink copiously of the river of life.

The mud and thatched chapel was filled, and many a poor soul was cheered and encouraged to go on in the strength of the Lord. Alleluia! Amen.

A POOR WORM.

Ringwood, June 14, 1879.

### ISAAC LEVINSOHN AND THE THIEVES AND ROBBERS AT STOW-MARKET, SUFFOLK.

On Sunday, June 22, special Sunday school services were held at Stowmarket. Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached. The service of the morning was held in the chapel. Owing to the crowds coming to hear Mr. Levinsohn, it was found that the chapel could not hold the large numbers who came from all parts of the neighbourhood. It was, therefore, arranged that the services of the afternoon and evening be held in the Corn Exchange hall, holding about 1,000 people. The congregations crowded the hall to excess, leaving no room for standing.

In the hall it was observed a good number of young men who paid very little attention or none to the services, even stood, and some sat in the place, during the services, with their heads covered. In the evening, as Mr. Levinsohn commenced the service, some of these young men conversed with one another—no doubt idle talk—and it disturbed some hearers from hearing and the preacher from preaching. Mr. Levinsohn then said he regretted that some young men present did not behave as they ought in the hall, which, at the time being, was a house of prayer; the preacher, therefore, requested that those who had no interest in the service should leave the place or else they must behave themselves, remembering they were in the presence of God and His saints. For a little while all was very quiet and peaceful; but shortly the same young men began again talking loud and playing. Here the preacher paused for a few moments and indignantly looking at the misbehaved, said, "I read in the Bible of a most painful circumstance which took place about 1800 years ago, when a large number of men went to the house of God and had forgotten that the house of God was the house of prayer; Jesus therefore turned them out, and very justly; for in His sight they were thieves and robbers, for they defiled the sanctuary of God with their abominations." Here Mr. Levinsohn rebuked the young men by saying, "I am surprised to find that in this nineteenth century young men making the house of prayer a den of robbers. YOU ARE THIEVES AND ROBBERS; you spoil the spiritual enjoyment of Christians who have met together for worship. I am surprised at such conduct. Shame to you; it is disgraceful! May God in His mercy pardon you."

After the above saying the place was filled with much solemnity, and all was as quiet as possible.

### OUR CHURCHES IN SURREY AND ALL AROUND.

GUILDFORD.—After nearly fifty years spent in the ministry in different parts of the kingdom, after several years' service as pastor over the Commercial-road Baptist chapel in Guildford, the venerable Cornelius Slim has retired from his long-loved work in preaching the Gospel, and a student from the Pastor's College is to be his successor.

At the anniversary of Commercial-road Baptist chapel, Guildford, in June last, we had the eloquent Peckham Baptist minister, who, to my mind, fully expressed himself when he said, "Let us all resolve to go in unto the King." Some of us in reflection review the days of George Combe, Isaac Spencer, and others who have long since passed away; and anything like a strong, stalwart, Trinitarian preaching of the Gospel is not now everywhere to be found. Gifts natural, ministerial, ornamental, read-up, trained-up, and acquired, are beautiful and attracting; but to be "STRONG IN THE GRACE which is in CHRIST JESUS," is more useful to souls born of God and born for glory. I have interviewed the Surrey Baptist Churches rather closely. A permanent or growing prosperity is hard to find. Two Churches in Ripley hold fast the faith; both Collins and C. Z. Turner are godly men, but conversions from the world they behold not. Mayford, Brockham-green, Horsell, and all around the causes exist; but they do not flourish like the palm trees nor grow like the cedars in Lebanon. Why, brother C. W. Banks, why, do you not urge upon the Churches the necessity of holding united meetings for supplication unto God for His SPIRIT to be poured upon us? We hear complaints, but is the poet's sentiment correct,—

"Was half the breath thus vainly spent?" &c.

Of our other Churches in Guildford, which some call Mr. L.'s and Mr. Mitchell's, you may have some notes when I make another circuit.—A LODGER ON THE LINES.

[We have often suggested the necessity of the Churches setting apart days for special, for wrestling, for continued and united prayer to our great High Priest; but we are all falling asleep, and until the midnight cry is heard, "Behold the Bridegroom cometh," there will be no more uprising. Nevertheless, this is a day for great preachers.

THREE THINGS THE LORD SAID UNTO EZEKIEL.

appear true in some cases in our day.

1. "Thou art unto them as a very lovely song, of one that hath a pleasant voice and can play well on an instrument."

2. "They hear Thy words."

3. "But they do them NOT."

In the free-will charitable world there are societies enough to sweep off all calamities if Divine power attended the efforts put forth; but in the free-grace communities, soul-awakening, soul-saving power is not largely apparent. Having travelled hundreds of thousands of miles, having made careful researches into the state of the Churches, we are prepared with patent facts to prove our

assertion; and in cases and places not a few, we have said, if the pulpit was closed for a little season, and if all the parsons and people could in faith and in fervent wrestling prayer throw themselves down before the Almighty as Daniel did, some hope of a holier, happier, and more heavenly condition of health and of progress might be realised. "But the day is far spent, the night is at hand." Papers on Covell and Croydton deferred.—C.W.B.]

#### LINCOLN TO NOTTINGHAM.

JUNE 24, 1879.—Lincoln, farewell! As we leave this clean city, the Minster on a mount looks grand, and the country around is placid, with trees in much abundance; the pasture lands are rich. About 40,000 people make up this city: its churches and chapels offer accommodation for about 20,000, which leaves half the population apparently outside. Whose all these souls are cannot by man be declared. There is a Gospelised Jewish Sanhedrim in the city, wherein a little flock meet, and the Sidal-hall Bishop visited them on the same Sunday I was in the Newland Zoar. Our brother William Simpson's annual meeting was the best I have ever seen; he presided over it with a free, and full, and cheerful spirit. But although he is a good and honourable brother, he is not so strongly supported as his friends desire. The professing Churches and the people who pray and read the Bible in Lincoln, are all floating on the Arminian waters with the Ritualistic flags waving in their front. Strict Baptists in Lincoln are not to be seen in large numbers.

This run from Lincoln to Nottingham through Newark is even, pleasant, and rural. From Lowdham station you may catch a view of hills ascending; but mists and clouds with darkish shrouds of change are still portending.

Our travellers who seek for truth in the Midlands will find Zoar chapel in Lincoln, in Newland-street West: and we can speak of friend W. Simpson as Paul does of Epaphras, "a servant of Christ labouring fervently for you in prayers, that he may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God." We feel the purest sympathy for dear W. Simpson, who has now worked in the Gospel faithfully and honestly for several years. We have been with him four years successively, and have witnessed his zeal and constant devotion to the Lord. C. W. B.

[Our first visit to Nottingham, our text, the singular discussion between "Inquisitive" and "Communicative," with interviews of Nottingham, Leicester, Bedford, Carlton, &c., are all ready when room can be found. What strange characters some of the people's parsons are!]

WALTHAM ABBEY. — EBENEZER. June 29, the pastor, Mr. W. Winters, baptized a Christian soldier who has not long since retired from the ranks serving under Her Majesty the Queen. We are happy to state that the Church is steadily increasing. The new chapel, with schoolroom attached, will (D.V.) be completed by the autumn.

#### DECLINE OF TRUTH IN THE MIDLANDS.

We Ringstead Baptists are not believers in the declension of the Gospel ministry. We commenced about 160 years ago, and some of our ancient members think there is a generation of Baptist ministers who are more apostolical than either of your *Standard* or *VESSEL* men have ever been. The Hazleriggs, the Hemingtons, and the Hulls are not so bitter as some of their leaders were. The Briscoes and the Browns are not so abstract as some who came before them. At Ringstead Baptist anniversary, June 19, J. T. Briscoe preached for us, and we collected over £12, with a tea in temperance hall. Give us a brief note.—THE PASTOR'S FRIEND.

[Vitaly considered, every grain of godly success in the ministry proceedeth from that Christ-given commission recorded in Matt. xxviii. 18—20, and upon that two-fold qualification which John tells us Jesus imparted unto His disciples immediately after His resurrection. Oh, how delightful that scene appears, as John declares it (chap. xx. 19—22): "The same day at evening, being the first day of the week" (the first Lord's-day evening that this world ever saw), "when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled, for fear of the Jews, then came Jesus, and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you. And when He had so said, He shewed unto them His hands and His side. Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord. Then said Jesus unto them again, Peace be unto you. As My Father hath sent Me even so send I you. And when He had said this, He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost." Let a man receive a resurrection-life in his soul—peace spoken home to his conscience by the blood of the Lamb, and the power of the Holy Ghost breathed by the Lord into the inner man—and then many shall know that such a minister's commission is Divine. Natural gifts! Very useful. College education! In these times almost essential. A respectable and untarnished reputation! Quite indispensable. Yet in the whole of Europe you may find multitudes of classical scholars, gifted orators, irreproachable characters, who are of no use in their attempts to feed the Church of the living God. Yet charity and kindness will hold these naturally-qualified ministers in the pulpits for years, and pay them well too, whilst the Micahs must be hidden in the dungeons. The great day will confirm this. Some who laugh at us now will be sorrowful then.—ED.]

RICHMOND, SURREY. — We learn with sorrow Mr. Hall's illness compels him to retire from the public ministry of the Word in Salem. The Church, schools, and congregation all indicate that a good work has been done. The Strict Baptists in Richmond, in the long illness of brother Gooding, and now of Mr. Hall, are severely tried.



## CHRISTIAN GATHERINGS AND GREETINGS.

"Alas! our years, what little things!  
They seem to fly on eagle's wings;  
No sooner come than gone."

Eight years have rolled away since Mr. Robert C. Bardens became the minister of Hayes tabernacle. On Wednesday, July 16, 1879, the eighth anniversary of his pastorate was celebrated, and a gathering of the friends cheered the good people on that occasion. Sermons were preached, hymns were sung, speeches were delivered, prayers were offered, and many of the fathers and of the younger disciples enjoyed the interchange of witnessing to each other of the mercy of the Lord, which endureth for ever. We saw in the groups that sterling friend to Zion, E. Harris, Esq., who poured out his soul at the throne of grace for blessings still to descend upon that favoured family of Christ who worship therein. Those good old brethren, Messrs. Willis, Stone, Mason, Pavay, Huntley, and many beside, were recounting the goodness of God unto them during their sojourn of more than three-score years and ten.

On our way to the tabernacle we called at the hospitable "Limes," the residence of John Wild, Esq., and his beloved family. Most of my readers know that during a thunder-storm our Christian brother, Mr. Wild, was thrown from his trap, about three months since, and so terrible was the fall as to produce a compound fracture of the left leg, a serious injury of the right shoulder, and a shaking of the system, which might speedily have closed up his useful life.

We found him sitting with his poor leg still in a shield of compo. and bound up, laid on a chair, and his right arm almost useless; but we desire (with hosts of true God-fearing people) to render thanks to our ever-gracious Lord for the hope that, in the course of time, Mr. Wild will be restored to a measure of health and strength, to his office in the Church, to his family, and to his business, in every department of which his presence and efforts are essentially necessary. We found the good man passive, patient, and almost astonished at the progress he appeared to be making toward a convalescent condition. We hope to be spared to see a day of public thanksgiving to Almighty God for sparing, supporting, sanctifying, and healing mercies towards our friend and Christian brother Mr. John Wild, the deacon of the Hayes Tabernacle, in the county of Middlesex.

At the anniversary above referred to, bountiful provision was made for the body as well as food for the soul. Mrs. John Wild, her daughters and friends, Mr. Bardens (the pastor) and his helpers, all strove hard to give a wholesome and hearty welcome to all who came to the feast.

At evening service Isaac Charles Johnson, Esq., presided, with such good words and a spirit so genial as to be pleasant to all. Brother James Griffith defined the character of "a real Christian." Brother T. Stringer,

on the words, "We see Jesus," followed the Saviour from the manger to the cross, and upward to glory, echoing the spirit of the blessed Herbert when he sung,

"Oh, God! Thy very name is 'Love,'  
Whence does salvation spring;  
Redemption through atoning blood;  
'Tis this will make us sing.

Come on, ye wretched beggars, come,  
Redemption-work is done;  
None ever look'd and look'd in vain,  
That look'd to God the Son."

Brother Warren, of Colnbrook, delivered a critical dissertation upon the mind and material necessary for the pulpit. Brother H. Hall grew warm in contending for the power of the Holy Ghost in all our studies and services. A few words on "Who is sufficient for these things?" by C. W. Banks, and a petition presented to the Lord by E. Beazley, finished another day's services at the beautiful tabernacle at Hayes. That our heavenly Father may bring His servant John Wild forth as gold well refined, and long spare and prosper his minister, brother Bardens, is the prayer of their servant in the Gospel,

C. W. B.

The Elders, Banbury-road, South  
Hackney, July 17, 1879.

NEWPORT PAGNELL.—Anniversary, June 29, 1879. Very quiet day. The old Baptist chapel stands on the right-hand side of the High-street as you go from the station. This is one of our oldest causes, and although the Arminians, the United Independents, and the Anglicans, have all zealously worked around them, the Baptists have still been out of weakness made strong, and seasons of rejoicing in the Lord have been experienced. The recent visits of Ebenezer Beazley, of John Sturton, of Charles Gordelier, of William Beddow, and others, have proved acceptable and useful; but the cause is much too low, and our zealous spirit would anxiously suggest some apostolic means for filling up the vacant seats; but we must not intrude. If our Lord would grant to our Newport Pagnell friends "showers of blessings," we should, like friend Appleby, shout again, "Glory to God." The most successful "worker" in this town is Mrs. Cole, the gifted, gracious daughter of our highly-esteemed friend, Mr. Thomas Pickworth, of London. One part of Newport Pagnell, which we call "over the water," was quite destitute of any place of worship of any kind. Mr. Pickworth and his son-in-law—Mr. Cole—purchased some cottages, pulled them down, erected a beautiful hall, with every convenience for schools, services, and meetings for useful purposes. Mrs. Cole gathers in this hall about eighty "mothers," and administers unto them kind counsel, encouragement, and comfort. I was favoured to speak a few words to the friends on Sunday afternoon, June 29. I do long to see some ingathering to the good old cause in Newport Pagnell.—C. W. BANKS.

**LOUDWATER.**—July 3, 1879. Again the clouds have hidden up the sun, and watered much the earth, but yesterday, at Penn, we had a favoured day. It was cheering to stand on Beacon-hill and watch the people climbing up the steep banks toward the chapel. They came from Wycombe, Wooburn, Marlow, Lee-common, the Marsh, and all around. We had two good services. Mr. Burgess, of Askett, read the Word, and implored of God a real blessing. I was permitted to speak twice; and a spirit of freedom and of holy love ran through the services. Mr. Charles Price has been the means of a revival in Penn. Hope looks forward for days of Gospel ingathering; and if Christ is truly lifted up, if the SPIRIT of the Lord go forth with the Word, breathing life into the dry bones, the Church at Penn will again rejoice in the conversion of sinners to God. Zion chapel, in High Wycombe, will require a pastor, as Mr. Thomas Chivers is expected to preach his farewell sermons there the last Sunday in August. High Wycombe has at least from 12,000 to 15,000 souls in her town and neighbourhood; the Strict Baptists have worshipped here over 200 years; but neither in Zion, nor in Newland chapel, has there been much increase for some years, except in Zion Sunday-school, where, under the zealous efforts and devotion of Mr. Collins, jun., a good work has been hopefully carried on. On my return I called to see the patriarchal deacon, brother R. Howard, of Wooburn-green. He is, indeed, an aged and faithful man of God. That he may live to see the Church on the Green growing into spiritual strength, is the prayer of C. W. BANKS.

**ASKETT.**—For a small county, with less than 200,000 people in it, Bucks has a large number of Baptist causes, with nearly 100 Baptist chapels. The village of Askett, near Princes Risborough, has had for nearly fifty years a growing Strict Baptist Church; and “a bird of passage” assures us that few churches in that county enjoy more hopeful signs of good being done than does the Askett Church. Pastor F. G. Burgess has been with them going on toward four years; he has baptized and instrumentally added several to the Church. He is evidently a careful, thoughtful, devoted minister, and sound peace and unity prevail. We trust he will realise a threefold progress for many years to come—growing in grace, in knowledge, and in abiding usefulness.

**CLAPHAM JUNCTION.**—Recently a very interesting lecture was delivered by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn at Providence chapel; the attendance was very good. Subject of lecture: “Death in the Pot.” It was listened to with great delight, the lecturer having drawn many splendid lessons from life in all stages of it. Mr. Levinsohn dwelt upon the subject for nearly two hours; during all the time the attention of the audience was rivetted to the lecturer. We pray for the blessing of God upon Providence, Clapham Junction.

**ON FOR ORPINGTON.**—Paul, in his epistle to the Romans, like a giant in Divinity, marches on from one great principle to another until he has given a clear testimony unto the whole of the Gospel plan of salvation. First of all, in the front of this evangelical literary and spiritual temple, Paul sounds out the person of the Son of God, and assures us He was declared to be the Son of God with power, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, and boldly affirms he was not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it was, and is, the power of God (the Holy Ghost) “unto salvation to every one that believeth.” Then into man’s state in the fall, God’s holy law, justification by the righteousness of Christ, the conflicts and privileges of the children of God, and so on, until in the ninth chapter he plunges right into the deep sea of Divine sovereignty. And in order to open this mystery he refers carefully to the case of Jacob obtaining the blessing. In that chain of promises the Lord gives in Isaiah He undertakes to make “crooked things straight.” This He does by the Holy Spirit in the New Testament most wonderfully. The New Testament shines on the mysteries of the Old with a brilliancy both clear and conclusive.—**A WANDERER IN THE WILDERNESS;** but proving the promises made to Jacob to be very true.

#### GROVE CHAPEL, CAMBERWELL.

Our sixtieth anniversary was held Tuesday, July 15. Mr. Thomas Bradbury, the pastor, preached the morning sermon, full of Christ. In afternoon Mr. George Davis, of Woodbridge chapel, Clerkenwell, preached from Deut. viii. 2. In the evening addresses were delivered by Messrs. Bradbury, Davis, and Rolleston. On the previous Sabbath day Mr. Bradbury preached two delightful sermons. All Grove friends enjoyed themselves much; nothing was wanting in temporal comfort. The cheerful pastor and his kind deacons Messrs. Crutcher, Hummel, and colleagues spared no pains to render all comfortable and happy. The history of the Grove Church has recently been given by us. The chapel is a beautiful structure, its position is highly respectable and quite picturesque:

“It stands like a palace built for God.”

The interior since its restoration is in every respect comfortable.

Waltham Abbey.

W. WINTERS.

**WINCHESTER.**—The old Strict, Particular, and truth-proclaiming Church in Winchester is urgently in need of about £100, with which to restore their dilapidated chapel. We are fully justified in strongly recommending this case to the immediate consideration of our ministers, our deacons, and our kind-hearted friends. If ministers would one and all mention this truly necessitous matter to their people, many trifles might soon be sent, enabling the Winchester Baptist Church to save their chapel from ruin. Mr. J. Smith, of 61, Eastgate-street, Winchester, will receive and acknowledge all contributions, and furnish all particulars.

THE LATE MRS. HENRY HANKS.  
GONE TO GLORY.

The redeemed and grace-saved soul of Mrs. Hanks, the beloved wife of Mr. H. Hanks, of Carmel chapel, Woolwich, was translated to glory after two or three days' illness, on Thursday, June 19, 1879. On the Monday evening preceding her death she was at the prayer meeting, and was most happy in soul, saying to her husband, "What a happy prayer meeting we have had; how I did enjoy your remarks on Isa. xxxi.!" On Tuesday morning, in her usual health at breakfast, her husband quoted those sweet lines,—

"I'll praise Him in life! I'll praise Him in death!  
I'll praise Him as long as He lendeth me  
breath!

And say, when the death dew lays cold on my  
brow,

If ever I lov'd Thee, my Jesus, 'tis now!"

"How exceedingly sweet," she said; "repeat them again." He did so, when she said, "They will just do for me." Her husband retired to his study. Shortly he heard her moaning, he went down and found her writhing with pain. Remedies were resorted to; but without any avail. The doctors and a physician were sent for, who considered her case very critical. She said, "Doctor, do you consider my case critical?" He replied, "I do." She said, "You may tell me the worst; I am not afraid." To her husband she said, "Death has no sting to me. I know whom I have believed. I am resting on the Rock. I anticipate the change with greater pleasure than when packing up to go out of town for a change." She quoted portions of hymns that were sweet to her soul, as

"When languor and disease invade;"

"On Christ the solid Rock I stand;"

"I'll speak the honours of Thy name;"

"Then shall I bathe my weary soul."

"This," she said, "is what I have dreaded all my lifetime; but now I have no fear.

'He will not put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost."

And using the word hours for suns, she said,—

"A few more rolling hours at most,  
And I shall be landed;  
Then I shall see His face,  
And never, never sin."

"It is hard work," she observed. "You must come here to know what death is." Just before her spirit took flight she exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come." A friend observed, "You seem to be waiting for the chariot." She said, "Yes, I am," and immediately fell asleep in Jesus. Thus, after an illness of two or three days, passed away one of the best of wives, a devoted mother, and an honourable peaceful member of the Church of Christ. Her mortal remains were interred in Woolwich cemetery on Tuesday, June 24. Mr. T. Stringer officiated in the presence of a large assembly of sympathising and sorrowful friends. On Lord's-day evening, 29th, Mr. T. Stringer preached the funeral sermon from Phil. i. 23, to a full assembly at Carmel chapel. The Lord grant

our bereaved and beloved brother Mr. H. Hanks all that sanctifying and sustaining grace his mournful circumstances require.

T. STRINGER.

DUNEDIN, NEW ZEALAND.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—We have a cause of truth in Dunedin. Here is a population of about 30,000. We have been favoured with unity and peace, strong in the Lord, the alone Author of that faith once delivered to the saints, which hitherto we have strove together to maintain. Our congregations have much increased of late. Good Friday last (April 11th), we held our third anniversary tea-meeting. A good number sat down to tea. In looking over the past three years there is much in us to cause confusion of face; at the same time there is much to enable us to say the goodness of the Lord has passed before us in the way. How true is that Scripture—"The Lord knoweth our frame, He remembereth we are but dust." Notwithstanding our much felt want of a minister of truth to open up the Word to our understanding, our chapel is free of debt, and is becoming too small. We have been much blessed through the visit of pastor S. Day, from Geelong, who was with us for five weeks. He preached our anniversary sermons, and on his last Lord's-day with us baptized two sisters who for some years have known and felt the power of truth. Mr. Day was the first free-grace minister ever heard in this province. We assure you that such preaching was welcomed by us. S. Day is a full Gospel man. We have much to relate connected with our cause another time.

Yours in Gospel bonds,

SAMUEL SEARLE.

Hale Cottage, George-street,  
Dunedin, New Zealand.

ZION CHAPEL, NORBITON.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—We, the undersigned, for and on behalf of the Church and congregation meeting for worship at Zion chapel, Norbiton, desire your acceptance of the enclosed sum of £1 10s. as their donation towards the Testimonial about to be presented to you in recognition of your many years of usefulness as a minister of the Gospel and editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

That you may be long spared in your work of faith and labour of love, is the prayer of

Yours in Gospel bonds,

PRESTON DAVIES,  
JAMES CROUCHER,  
JOHN STEVENS,  
DAVID NOTTRIDGE, } Deacons

July 10, 1879.

[We have been requested to give this note, inasmuch as it is so expressive of true Christian sympathy; also that it seems to justify the committee in deferring the closing up of the fund, as so many have expressed a desire to add to it when circumstances would allow them so to do. In answer to inquiries, we know nothing either when or where the presentation will take place. We leave all with the committee.]

**DALSTON.**—Fourteenth anniversary of Mr. Dearsly's pastorate at Forest-road, Lord's-day, June 8. Sermons by brethren H. Hall and J. H. Dearsly. On Tuesday, the 10th, Mr. J. S. Anderson preached the Gospel. The schoolroom was filled with friends, who partook of a refreshing cup of tea. At the public meeting the pastor presided. The proceedings commenced by singing. Mr. Dearsly said it was three weeks over fourteen years ago since seventeen were formed into a Church. They had had their trials, but these had been mercifully moderated, so that he preferred speaking of the support received under the trials, and of the fact that, having had Divine help, they continued until now. There had been additions, though the fruitfulness was not so great as they could have wished. The two deacons had been brought out of the world, and so trained in the Church, and recently they had relieved him of the financial burden, for which he thanked them. A short time back, in consequence of being unable to see any prosperity, he thought of resigning his stewardship; but, while in this mind, two came forward for baptism who had known the Lord for some years, and within a month two came from other Churches, and he was pleased to say the congregation was very attentive. The chairman, in conclusion, made a few appropriate remarks on the Attonement. Messrs. Langford, Meeres, Flack, Masterson, and Inward gave addresses.—W. B.

**MORLEY, NEAR LEEDS.**—Our anniversary at Strict Baptist chapel, on June 22, was blessedly prosperous. Mr. J. S. Anderson preached in the afternoon from "He will keep the feet of His saints." Then, in the evening, he discoursed on the words, "After the Lord had spoken unto them He was received up into heaven: and sat on the right hand of God." Our friends all said they never heard Mr. Anderson so well before; and strangers who came rejoiced to hear Christ so exalted. Our esteemed friend, Mr. William Crowther, of Gomersal, with his usual kindness and benevolence, sent us substantial help by the band of his beloved wife, who came over and made our collections over £20. Praise God.—W. BROOKSBANK. [We have a little to say of Morley some day.—Ed.]

**CAMDEN TOWN.**—Seventh anniversary of Sunday school connected with Camden Hall was Lord's-day, May 18th. Sermons were preached by Mr. G. Webb. Following Wednesday evening, a public meeting was held; Mr. G. Webb presided, Mr. Oakey prayed, Secretary of school read report. The present number of scholars is 134; 5 male, and 7 female teachers. During the year they had a large increase, owing to the amalgamation of Milton Hall school. There were two Bible classes. The report reflected great credit upon the whole, and it was unanimously adopted. Good addresses were delivered by brethren Dawson, Evans, Levinsohn, and Masterson.

**WELLINGBOROUGH.**—The fifth anniversary of Zoar Particular and Strict Baptist chapel was held June 24, when Mr. J. Warburton preached two excellent discourses full of experience accompanied with savour; the congregations were good, the chapel full in the evening; a good company to tea; proceeds of day £11 ls. 6d. The friends generously provided tea, and all appeared to praise God for His continued goodness to us as a Church and people. During the past year we have laid out on the building, for hot water apparatus, £50; so that we have not been able to remove any of the debt of £350, which remains on the building at five per cent.; but hope to do something in that direction this year with the Lord's help. Were we in or near London perhaps some of the London Churches would give us a collection. The chapel is freehold, and substantially built. There is room to put galleries should we require them, which we hope will be the case some future time, and be filled with living stones of mercy's building, should the great Head of the Church be pleased so to order it. We are at peace amongst ourselves, which is no small mercy, waiting for the moving of the waters, which we hope will not be long.—W. H. LEE, Pastor.

**NORTHAMPTON.**—Mr. C. W. Banks, will you notice that our Strict Baptist chapel is in Abington-street? Thomas Shelton, the pastor, and Thomas Hull, preached the annual chapel sermons, June 22 and 24, 1879. The Baptists have existed as a worshipping people after New Testament order for 200 years, but our cause is only about 50 years of age. You know our history. We heard you in Leach's time, and we still continue steadfast in the apostles' doctrine and practice. Northampton in population has nearly 50,000 souls, out of which but few appear to know and love Heaven's revealed way to God and glory. Classical and political knowledge and zeal are progressive streams in this town of leather, and there are, doubtless, many gracious souls who love our God and Saviour, but the fear of the Jews keeps them hidden!—Your old friend, THORNER.

**ASKETT, BUCKS.**—Pleasing and profitable services were held at anniversary of Baptist chapel, May 22. Sermons were preached by Mr. G. W. Shepherd and Mr. T. Chivers. Friends came from long distances. Over 200 sat down to tea, ably presided over by the ladies of the congregation. An united, happy, and peaceful spirit appears to dwell amongst the friends worshipping here, whilst the Lord's blessing is from time to time manifestly enjoyed. At the close of the services of the day, Mr. Burgess, the pastor, in a few warm and loving words, thanked the friends for their presence and support, and also the kind friends who had so liberally and generously given the provisions both for the dinner and the tea. The proceeds of the day were far beyond our expectations.

**ENFIELD HIGHWAY.**—Anniversary of Providence chapel, Putney-road, was held July 1. Mr. Meeres preached a savoury sermon on "Salvation to the Uttermost." Friends expected brother Bonney. Owing to the painful bereavement he sustained in the death of his dear wife, he felt himself unable to attend, yet he kindly sent two pounds. Mr. Meeres also brought seventeen shillings from his friends. Brethren Hall, Bowles, Lawrence, Sampford, and Winters gave encouraging addresses. Mr. Meeres presented Mr. R. Alfrey, the pastor of the Church, with a purse containing £10, the gift of the friends to whom he has long ministered the Word of Life, as a token of their appreciation of his untiring labours in their midst. Mr. Alfrey expressed his hearty thanks for the same. The service concluded with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." May God bless the pastor and Church at Putney-road, Enfield.—W. W.

**YATELEY.**—June 17 was Zoar chapel fifty-second anniversary. Mr. Anderson preached first, on the trial of Abraham, who took the ram, and offered him instead of his son. Jesus, the substitute, God and man; one substitute justice demands; Jesus has settled with justice; hence it was a righteous salvation too. At tea-time Mr. Anderson said: "Behold how good and how pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity. Mr. Stevens," he said, "had been preaching to them the Gospel for some years; he had gained their affections; they desired to express their love in presenting to him a handsome timepiece." Brother Stevens sweetly acknowledged the same. In the evening, Mr. Anderson preached upon the objects of Divine love, and showed Jesus to be a Friend to the poor. We were gladly led to close a good day with "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

**SUTTON, ELY, CAMBS.**—The anniversary sermons were preached by the pastor, S. Cozens, on Lord's-day, July 13. The morning subject was "Teaching" (Matt. xxviii. 20). The afternoon text was, "Little children." The evening address was on "the disciples, the scholars of Christ, and the teachers of Christianity." It was a solemn day. The evening congregation was said to be the largest for many years. On Tuesday evening there was a public tea, at which there was a goodly company. After which Mr. Cozens gave an interesting and deeply affecting lecture on the Napoleons, and concluded with the words of the poet,—

"Here He exalts neglected worms  
To sceptres and a crown;  
And then the following page He turns,  
And treads the monarch down."

**BIGGLESWADE.**—"We had, on June 22, a good day under the ministry of our brother John Sturton, of Peterborough. We rejoice that such godly men are able and willing to preach Christ's Gospel wherever called. Our brother Sturton is fully engaged up to the end of 1879."

**CHATHAM, ENON.**—Our anniversary was held on June 22 and 23. On Sunday three excellent sermons were preached by Mr. J. H. Lynn; we had good congregations. On Monday a tea and public meeting; chair taken by Thos. May, Esq. Brother Cass prayed. Mr. May delivered an encouraging address. Mr. J. W. Norton, the pastor, gave account of past year, with future prospects. Mr. Oliffe having sold the land he had bought for a site, Mr. Norton applied to the War Office for a grant of land. Matthew Branch gave excellent address on likeness to Christ, Mr. Milbourne on Christian love and unity, and Thomas Lawson on working for the conversion of sinners to God. Votes of thanks were given to chairman and speakers proposed by pastor, seconded by Mr. G. B. Vanhison (son-in-law of the venerable Mr. P. Dickerson). This meeting was practical and warm; all appeared happy. Collections (including £3 from our noble chairman) amounted to over £8.

**BRIGHTON.**—DEAR MR. BANKS,—I wish all my friends could have been at West Brighton the last fortnight, to have heard for themselves those grand truths which flowed from Mr. Levinsohn. I have heard him six times. I feel sure I shall never forget the influence upon my own soul; it was manna indeed. I am not for running after ministers, but this was an exception. The lecture on the Jews was grand, solemn, and interesting. He told us more than we ever knew before. "Daniel in Babylon" was a sublime subject—a sermon of sermons. The Lord bless that man of truth when he may stand up to speak, such is my prayer for him from day to day. I am glad the second edition of his Narrative has come out.—Yours in Christ Jesus, ELIZABETH DALLEY.

**WILLINGHAM, CAMBRIDGE.**—We are very pleased to know that our friends at the old chapel in Willingham have at last decided to invite a pastor; we feel quite sure that God will bless the flock and the under-shepherd. Monday, June 2nd, 1879, will be a day long to be remembered. Special services were held. Two sermons were preached by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn to over-crowded congregations; friends from Cambridge and other places favoured Willingham on that day. Several hundreds of persons took tea; the Church is delighted to declare the great goodness of the Lord in time of need.

**SHOULDHAM STREET CHAPEL.**—Lord's-day evening, June 29, our pastor led down into the baptismal pool four friends, whom he baptized according to the apostolic order. This is the second time since our removal to Shouldham-street that our pastor has baptized, so that we feel encouraged to believe that the Lord is in very deep blessing the Gospel of His grace, as ministered by our pastor, which is as "ancient as the everlasting hills," for there is "not an if to toul the stream," neither a "peradventure" in the Gospel of the blessed God. Amen.

**BANBRIDGE, NEAR BELFAST.**—Our much-loved brother, Samuel Young Banks, who has honourably and happily sustained the pastoral office over the Banbridge Baptist Church for fourteen years, has been recently favoured to baptize and to receive into full communion several to whom the Lord has rendered the Gospel powerful. Nevertheless, we deeply desire and most fervently pray our Lord to remove him home to his own native land. There are many Churches in England, we believe, would be thankful for such a minister if they knew him as well as we do.

### Notes of the Month.

**CHARITY AND SYMPATHY.**—I send you six shillings for that poor man, Mr. Samuel Foster. He is still in the furnace, suffering the will of his God. It will be a happy change for him when it please the Lord to take him. I was thankful to the Almighty when I read in **EARTHEN VESSEL** that Mr. Levinsohn had heard from his dear brother. What joy it must have been to him! I think the Lord is doing a great work for him. I hope we shall all have the pleasure of reading his dear brother's letters. I am looking for the **VESSEL** with joy: I know all your readers are doing the same. My sister cried for joy: she has known the Lord for seventy years.—A. S.—To Mr. Banks, July 16 1879. [Scarce a day passes but we are seeing, helping, or sending to some of the Lord's poor, afflicted, and needy children. Every moment would we bless the Lord for the mercy, the honour, the help; and the comfort He bestows upon us.—ED.]

**PULPIT PRESCRIPTIONS.**—"A Critic" says, "The preaching is too light: it requires more of Christ's sermon as in Matt. xxiii. 13-33. There are seven woes denounced against Pharisees, hypocrites, scribes, blind guides, false swearers, &c. O, what a thundering sermon!" It is, indeed, but it requires a man who, with Paul, can say, "*Knowing, therefore, the terror of the Lord, we persuade men.*" &c. A man must have realised the agonies of the law's tremendous curse due to guilty, wretched man, and deliverance from it by the blood of the Lamb, or he cannot, out of the deeply sanctified passions of his soul, warn men of the danger of eternal damnation. "Cradle rockers" abound now-a-days, saith "Critic." A minister now living writes us, saying, "So much preaching, and so little fruit! Some years since I was enabled to preach a sermon out of Isaiah: 'Who among us shall dwell in everlasting burnings?' Such was the power that the village was all in an uproar; several, it was said, were brought to cry, 'What must I do to be saved?' between twenty and thirty, could not sleep. People can sleep pretty well now; I tell them 'they are Gospel hardened.'"

### Marriage.

July 5, 1879, at St. George's Church, Camberwell, Miss Anne Ruth, the only daughter of Mr. Samuel Jones, of Peckham-grove, Camberwell, to Mr. John Hughes, a deacon of the Mount Zion Church, Clerkenwell.

### Deaths.

THE widow of the late Mr. Thomas Bayfield, and the wife of Mr. Samuel Ponsford, of Clapham, both at honoured ages, have recently passed from earth's scenes and sorrows, while at an early age that gifted lady, Frances Ridley Havergal—the sweet poet of the age—

has been suddenly called to her rest. Three months previous to her decease she wrote the following few stanzas, so very characteristic of her surrender of herself to the Lord:—

Only a mortal's powers,  
Weak at their fullest strength;  
Only a few swift-flashing hours,  
Short at their fullest length.

Only one heart to give,  
Only one voice to use,  
Only one little life to live,  
And only one to lose.

Poor is my best, and small;  
How could I dare divide?  
Surely my Lord shall have it all,  
He shall not be denied.

All! for far more I owe  
Than all I have to bring;  
All! for my Saviour loves me so!  
All! for I love my King.

All! for it is His own;  
He gave the tiny store;  
All! for it must be His alone;  
All! for I have no more.

All! for the last and least  
He stooped to uplift!  
The altar of my great High Priest  
Shall sanctify my gift.

**ANOTHER VENERABLE SAINT GONE HOME.**—On Tuesday, May 13, Samuel Wills, of Tottenham-court-road, peacefully passed away to the rest that remaineth, aged 86 years. During his boyish days he attended public worship at Tottenham-court-road chapel, where he heard those good and great men, Matthew Wilks, John Hyatt, and others, whose quaint sayings he would often repeat. He afterwards attended the ministry of Mr. Keeble, of Blandford-street, where he received his first serious impressions of his own sinful state, and was cheered and comforted by the kindness and friendship of the late Mr. Sedgwick, of Brighton. About the year 1835, he first attended the ministry of Mr. J. A. Jones, at Mitchell-street, and thence removed with the congregation to Jireh meeting, Bricklane, where he was baptized, and joined the Church. Being of a cheerful, active disposition, he willingly helped the friends in the erection of Jireh chapel, East-road, and was elected a deacon July 10, 1862; and in that office continued until his departure for the better world, although for more than a year he was unable to be present at public worship through loss of sight and weakness of old age. For many years his great trouble was the fear of death; that was mercifully removed towards the end, and the last words he was heard to utter were, "Bless the Lord, O my soul," which he repeated several times. He was interred in the family grave in Abney-park, on May 21, in the presence of a goodly number of relatives and friends. Mr. Lodge conducted the service at the grave; also on the next Lord's-day evening spoke at the request of the departed from the words, "There is, therefore, now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus."

**THE LATE WILLIAM PENROSE.**—After more than 50 years spent in the ministry, the pastor of the Church meeting in Jordan chapel, Penzance, almost suddenly departed this life early in July, his remains being laid to rest in Penzance cemetery, on Wednesday, July 9, 1879. He was 78 years of age. Some thirty years ago, or more, Mr. Penrose was settled in Unicorn-yard chapel, Tooley-street, London, and bid fair, for a short time, to be very popular; but he soon returned to Penzance, where he has struggled on for a length of time. We may review his life some day. It is painful to know his widow and children are left unprovided for.

# Invincible Grace.

BY MR. JOHN VAUGHAN, MINISTER OF TRINITY CHAPEL, HACKNEY.

1. GRACE defined. 2. Its efficient cause. 3. Its subjects. 4. How communicated. 5. A principle and state. 6. It is contrary to nature. 7. Satan's ignorance respecting it. 8. His impotence regarding it. 9. Necessity existing for grace. 10. What it includes. 11. Importance of the adjective used. 12. What stands inseparably associated with grace.

I.—*Grace defined.* It signifies the free, sovereign, and undeserved favour of God to those who have not merited or deserved it. It is called free grace, because it is the opposite of a commercial transaction. All trading is done with an eye to profit, and a full equivalent is sought in every dealing between man and man. Although the expectation may not be realised, yet prospective advantage is the stimulus to effort and labour. Now grace stands upon a plane far above anything of a self-aggrandising character. It is the manifestation of pure unselfishness; yea, more, it necessitates the greatest acts of self-denial that it is possible to exhibit. Not only does the offended God stoop to the offender, but for the offender; provides a Saviour unsought and undesired, while the appointed Saviour, the Father's equal, not only comes in obedience to the Father's purpose to save, but voluntarily yields Himself up for the purpose of being identified with the offenders, in nature suffering with them in their infirmities, and enduring the consequences of their sins and iniquities; yea, more, being willing to be accounted sin, and to die in the stead of those who had sinned; thus He endured all due to their transgression, experiencing and exhausting the penal consequences thereof. This grace is, moreover, sovereign in its manifestation. It is not grace distributed at random, but it is personal and particular in its application. Its efficiency is, and has been, demonstrated in the case of multitudes who have been called from a state of sinful degradation and raised to a higher standing than that occupied by Adam in his primitive purity. His nature was peccable, liable to fall into sin, and thus entail death upon himself and posterity; but wherever this grace is in possession, its possessor lives a life that is hid with Christ in God, and cannot come into condemnation. It is bestowed by One who has no superior, who alone can exercise uncontrollable authority; to whom pertaineth all power, free and absolute volition over all creatures, times, and circumstances. Possessed of supreme Lordship, He ruleth the armies of heaven, and over the inhabitants of the earth; none can hasten or impede His movements. Thus we have demonstrated how great this grace must be.

II.—*Its efficient cause.* Grace is but an effect, although so great in itself and glorious in results. We look in vain for it to all created intelligences, however pure their nature, or benevolent their dispositions. The highest angels may be, in a sense, the subjects of grace. Mark the words of Eliphaz: "Behold, He put no trust in His servants; and His

angels He charged with folly" (Job iv. 18). Then while they are not the subjects of saving grace, they may be what the old theologians term the subjects of prevenient grace. If so, they may be also of preserving grace. Thus, apart from the great and holy God, we cannot find an adequate cause for this grace. We see in Himself, power, purity, infinite wisdom, and eternity of duration. Our difficulty does not lie in the possibility of being able to perform, but the improbability of His so doing; for consider it is the high and the lofty One who inhabiteth eternity, discovering mercy to the creatures of a moment. The pure and Holy One dealing with the sinful, polluted, and polluting; omnipotence, as it were, subordinating itself to weakness, while to effect this change, accomplish the purpose, and reveal the fact of this grace, necessitates the work of the third Person in the blessed Trinity. The Holy Spirit, in the exercise of His Divine prerogatives, and the discharge of His own particular and official functions in the great economy of salvation, gives life unto us of a spiritual nature, by regenerating all who are the subjects of that grace, making known to all such their interest therein, and producing in them holy desires and heavenly aspirations; godly sorrow for sin, seeking the forgiveness thereof, and earnestly desiring to shew forth the praises of Him they once despised, and delighting in anticipating the sinless perfection and indescribable bliss awaiting them when time is no more.

III.—*Its subjects.* When we consider the great and inestimable blessings accruing to, and secured to, its subjects, reasoning after the manner of men, we should be ready to conclude surely they must be the very cream of our common humanity, some few favoured of the species who have acquitted themselves nobly, achieving deeds of an heroic character, or else have rendered some great benefit to society of a peculiar difficult and laudable nature, or they have been more than ordinary devout worshippers of the Most High thus to attract His favourable notice, to be made the special objects of His regard. Now, whether we study the holy oracles for the purpose of ascertaining the character of the recipients of this grace recorded in inspired history, or if we turn to our living contemporaries, we discover an entire absence of all these excellencies, and, therefore, find no moving cause or reason whatever in themselves to account for such being made the favourites of Heaven; yea, more, when we examine ourselves, we not only find the absence of these good qualities, but discover the presence of so much that is obnoxious to the Divine purity, as well as repulsive in its character and outcome, so that whether we refer to the subjects of grace in ancient, modern, or present times, we cannot discover either reason or cause for such distinguished favour. This grace is but an effect; the cause is not in nature or creature, however exalted in rank or benevolent in disposition; in vain we seek for an adequate or efficient cause apart from God Himself. Here the grace appears so much the greater—that He whose authority had been disputed, His law violated, His Word despised, promises and threatenings alike treated with contempt—yea, His very existence denied, His Son crucified—that He should of His own unmoved and unsought favour be pleased to purpose salvation for a multitude innumerable, not because they were better or more deserving than their fellows; but God, in His infinite mercy, has been pleased to place on record many illustrious examples raised from the depths of sinful



depravity and degradation, as illustrated in the cases of Manasseh, the dying thief, and the persecuting Saul, while each recipient will be constrained to say, none more undeserving than myself. True; nor should we be able to discover a solution for this problem had it not been graciously supplied by our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ Himself in Matt. xi. 25, 26: "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 hath it seemed good in Thy sight."

IV.—*How communicated.* God is above all means and instrumentalities, and if it pleased Him, by His own direct and immediate volition, all His purposes, creative, providential, or gracious, could be at once accomplished. He who said, "Let there be light, and light was," apparently without any intermediary, so could He now, but this is not the Divine intention is evident by establishing and appointing means for the accomplishment of His gracious purpose in saving sinners, in effectually calling by the Gospel, directly or indirectly, to a knowledge of their election by the Father, their redemption by Christ Jesus, through the life-giving power of the Holy Ghost, sanctifying, teaching, and guiding by His grace every one so chosen, redeemed, quickened, and sanctified to the realms of everlasting bliss and glory. To make this message known, God has in all ages raised up and qualified men of like infirmities and passions to make known the unsearchable riches of Christ, many of whom have been brought up from the very depths of sin and misery to show the long-suffering, forbearance, and wonderful grace of God, who would condescend to rescue such, and afterwards furnish them with gifts and graces for the edification of the Church of God, to be the honoured instruments of turning many from sin to righteousness. Oftentimes these men have been conspicuous for their wickedness prior to their call by grace, as if to demonstrate in and by such the mighty transforming power of Divine grace, to make of such unpromising material instruments for the effecting of His gracious purpose; as if to silence all questioning on the part of those addressed in shewing by these results that God will have mercy on whom He will have mercy, and that there is not anything too hard for Him. Bunyan and Newton are cases in point, added to which Paul testifies of himself in 1 Tim. i. 13, 16: "Who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious. Howbeit for this cause 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."

V.—*Grace a principle and state.* It is not only a favourable feeling towards us on the part of the Divine Being, but it also signifies a treasure we have in possession; so that it not only indicates a disposition towards us, but is the exhibition of that affection in us; so that while by grace we are saved, yet it is by the faith given us we are enabled to realise and enjoy the fact of our salvation. Thus, while the Father purposed, and Christ wrought redemption for us, ere we can take any comfort from the one, or know our interest in the other, the necessity is discovered for this principle to be imparted to us. Now this is the special prerogative of the Holy Spirit in the great scheme of salvation to make known these things to us, in which we are so deeply interested. Thus while men by nature are dead in trespasses and sins,

the heaven-born soul is the subject of fear and desires. Certain appetites discover themselves, longing to participate in the love of the Father, the atoning sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the teaching and sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit. They become diligent students of the Word of God, and desire to avail themselves of every means God has placed within their reach. Now these desires when gratified, and an interest in these great and glorious realities assured, so that by the spirit of sonship they shall cry, "Abba, Father," these will not make them the subjects of grace, but go to prove they are in the covenant of grace already. Thus while these heaven-born affections and aspirations prove the possession of the principle of grace, being made partakers of the Divine nature, it demonstrates and substantiates beyond all question these favoured ones are in a state of grace, as taught by our blessed Lord in His sermon on the mount. He did not make the beatitude dependent upon any great attainment or large development, but in the initial steps: "Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled" (Matt. v. 6).

VI.—*Grace is contrary to nature.* Our blessed Lord declared the utter impossibility of man doing or attaining to anything of a spiritual nature by any native power or disposition inherited or possessed by him, when He declared, "Except a man is born again (or born from above) he cannot see the kingdom of God," neither its nature, qualifications, privileges, or desirability. Moreover, Paul declares, "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned" (1 Cor. ii. 14). Now, as we have all been born in sin, and shapen in iniquity, we at once see the necessity existing for this great spiritual change distinguished by the term regeneration. In no one instance do we discover grace to have been hereditary, or to have descended by transmission from father to son: all that nature could transmit was sin, disease, death, and degredation; but for holiness, spiritual-mindedness, life, and peace, the direct interference and recreating energy of the Holy Spirit is indispensable to effectuate a change so great and desirable. Man, by nature, is in a state of enmity against God—hateful and hating; the conduct of man unregenerate is hateful as regards his repeated and continuous acts of transgression against God, his contemptuous treatment of His dear Son Jesus Christ, saying by action, if not exactly in word, "I will not have this Man Jesus to reign over me," while the intense selfishness of his disposition, with the sinful depravity of his heart, leads him to hate God and His Christ, to hate His saints, yea, even his fellow-sinners, as testified by Jas. iv. 1—4. Now the effects of grace are manifest in the subject thereof: enmity gives place to love; there is a measure of conformity to the Divine image, an assimilation to a greater or lesser extent of the mind that was in Christ Jesus, a drinking into the one Spirit. Thus we apprehend the meaning of being created anew in Christ Jesus, old things pass away, and behold all things become new.

VII.—*Satan's ignorance concerning grace.* When we see the choice of God made manifest in the vessels of mercy He is pleased to gather by the effectual calling and efficient teaching of the Holy Spirit, we are struck with the fact that an order of beings superior to ourselves have been passed by, creatures of intelligence, and powers so vastly exceeding our own, that we can form but a very limited judgment con-

cerning their original standing and dignity; but whatever their capabilities or culpabilities might have been, we find meted out to them justice without mercy, and an entire absence of a gracious provision for their recovery and restoration. Not only do we discover that Satan and his associates in sin are ignorant of grace in themselves, but they are also ignorant of its subjects and communication till the grace is made manifest in them. Even holy angels are unacquainted with the fact until the change is evidenced in the heaven-born soul: they may convey the intelligence of a change they have not assisted in producing or accomplishing. If so, how nonplussed must Satan be when he sees plucked out of his grasp those who appeared for so long a period his willing captives! How little did he anticipate when he hounded our blessed Lord to the cross, to be crucified between two criminals, that grace should shine forth in all its freeness and sovereignty in plucking one of these criminals as a brand from the burning, and should be held forth to all coming generations as a trophy of Divine power, a demonstrative proof that Christ was able in the seeming helplessness of crucifixion to save even to the uttermost. Could any case appear, according to creature judgment, more hopeless? A red-handed criminal, apparently within Satan's power, about to plunge into the dread abyss, with all his sins upon him, yet here, to the confusion of the adversary and the manifestation of Divine grace, is verified the utterances of Elihu, "Deliver him from going down to the pit, for I have found a ransom" (Job xxxiii. 24).

VIII.—*His impotence regarding it.* Satan's ignorance of the Divine purpose puts it completely out of his power to prevent the quickening of the Spirit, and the impartation of this living principle to His favoured subjects: that he is jealous of this gracious interposition he cannot prevent is evident. Peter tells us "he goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour." Again, we find he is ever engaged in "blinding the minds of those who believe not, lest the light of the glorious Gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them." Moreover, we have recorded the efforts put forth by him to uproot the principle and cast down from his excellency the subject of grace as illustrated in the cases of Job, David, and Peter: in all which he signally failed, sustaining an ignominious defeat. He is unquestionably the strong man armed, and he keeps possession as long as he can; but when the stronger—even Christ, who is the power of God unto salvation—comes upon him, He overcomes him, and delivers souls from the thralldom and captivity in which he hitherto held them. If his power was equal to his malignity, we might well fear; but he has been constrained to make the mortifying admission that he cannot go beyond the Divine permission, as in the case of Job, when replying to the Divine interrogation, "Hast Thou not made a hedge about him?" &c. (Job i. 11); and we see the limitations that were set: first, all external to Job was placed in Satan's power, then Job's person, all but his life. Nor was it owing to this wicked spirit's forbearance that Job was not crushed, but that the adversary was impotent to destroy the grace that was in him. We are encouraged from these facts to "resist the devil, and he shall flee" from us, and though oftentimes he adopts the Parthian mode of warfare, yet there is provided for us the shield of faith, by which we ward off the fiery darts of the wicked one—thus falling quenched and pointless at the feet of the believer in Christ.

IX.—*Necessity existing for grace.* Because all men, without any exception, are undeserving, being utterly without merit. "For all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God" (Rom. iii. 23). Moreover, we are told that "without holiness no man can see the Lord" (Heb. xii. 14). Man's incapacity joined with Satan's stratagems would ever prove insurmountable barriers in such a case; but what man cannot by incapability do for himself, and by perversity of will would not if he could, aided and assisted by Satanic power and hostility, God overcomes, working in the hitherto blind and stubborn child of Adam so effectually, that not only is the enmity slain, but he is made the willing subject of Christ in the day of His power—the Spirit working in him to will and to do His own good pleasure. Thus, man having no merit, if saved and forgiven, it must be by grace, being by nature and by practice unholy. This indispensable change is wrought in him by the impartation of a new nature; so pure and holy is this nature that it is incapable of sinning. It is with this the regenerated one serves the law of God, while continually grieved that in the flesh (the carnal nature) he serves the law of sin. While the necessity for this grace is beyond all question, yet how surpassingly rich this grace appears to be, provided for, imputed and imparted to such undeserving creatures, unsuggested by angels, unsought by men, but revealed and applied by the power of the Holy Spirit. It is demonstrated not only as qualifying for, but receptive of, the glorious plan of salvation as set forth and accomplished by the Lord Christ on behalf of all His Father gave unto Him; it is perceptive also, seeing the personal requirements, Divine and human, are met in the person, work, and righteousness of the Mediator of the new and everlasting covenant.

X.—*What grace includes.* It is the favour of God to the undeserving, producing in its subjects love to that same Almighty and gracious Being they once hated and defied. A sense of Divine forgiveness produces in themselves self-abhorrence and heartfelt contrition, accompanied with hatred for sin. But when by the teaching of the Holy Spirit they are made acquainted with the fact, not only that a full remission is granted of all sin for Christ's sake, but in addition thereto, they are justified by His righteousness so completely as if they had never sinned, and the negative and active righteousness of the Redeemer imputed and accounted to them as if their own by nature and accomplishment, they are then made experimentally to know the blessed meaning of Psalm xxxii. 1, 2; yea, it includes more than this, seeing that grace brings us acquainted with our heavenly relationship, that we are the children of God, joint-heirs with Jesus Christ, and partakers by virtue of our union to Him of the Divine nature. He having condescended to our nature with its sinless infirmities, by joint participation in His death we share in His glorious resurrection, and though for a season we are actually down here trammelled and exercised with the perishing things of nature and creature, yet virtually now we are made to sit with Him in the heavenlies, so that notwithstanding the many infirmities of the flesh and the temptations of the adversary, we can join with the inspired apostle, "Now thanks be unto God who always causeth us to triumph in Christ" (2 Cor. ii. 14). Here mystery on mystery meets our astonished and admiring view; our sins, past, present, and to come, laid upon, and imputed to, the immaculate Lamb of God, as if He had

been guilty of all the accumulated sin and transgression of His elect, bearing all that was due to their transgression, so effectually expiating their sin and rolling away their reproach. With such a redundancy of righteousness in Himself, that being imputed to their account, they are accounted righteous before and by God. This communicative righteousness being imparted to them by the sanctification of the Holy Spirit, that Divine principle in them is as incapable of sinning as its Author; hence we read, "That which is born of God sinneth not."

XI.—*The term used, invincible grace—the importance of this adjective.* It implies grace may meet with much opposition on the part of its subjects, arising from the natural perversity of the human will, the obduracy of heart, aided and intensified by the active opposition of Satan. Now this grace cannot be finally or fatally resisted, but must prove victorious in the issue; if such were not the case, the creature would prove more than a match for the Creator, and Satan would be able to defeat the Divine purpose. Now God's power none can effectually withstand, for our blessed Lord declared, "With God all things are possible" (Matt. xix. 26), and by the prophet we read, "Behold, I am the Lord, the God of all flesh: is there anything too hard for Me?" (Jer. xxxii. 27). The objection raised to this doctrine is, it destroys man's free agency, converting him into a mere machine; but we shall see this objection is groundless. If it were accomplished by some external and coercive power opposed to man's will, there might be some force in this objection, but seeing it is effected by an internal process, not clashing with, and opposing so much existing conditions as supplying new ones by the communication of spiritual principles which did not previously exist; so that instead of being made to do that to which our will is diametrically opposed, on the contrary our wills now cheerfully concur in a desire to please God, follow Christ in the path of the regeneration, and to honour the Spirit. We do not obey because we fear punishment should we prove refractory and disobedient; but being drawn by love, it is to us a service of delight. Delivered from the slavery of sin, we find the service of Christ to be perfect freedom, and thus know experimentally "whom the Son makes free, they are free indeed." This grace discovers itself rather by gentle persuasives than peremptory mandates that must be observed, presenting the Divine purpose and intentions in an aspect so enticing, that, instead of tardily approaching or reluctantly yielding, it is done with a full consciousness and delightful concurrence. Thus the subject of grace is not considering how little on his part will meet the Divine requirements, but his daily and increasing desire will be for a growing conformity to the image of Christ; that with body, soul, and spirit, he might glorify God. Thus acted upon, and drawn by the Holy Spirit, the heaven-born nature, though resisted by the carnal, is enabled to make its stand, and assert its superiority; the sin in the flesh still afflicts, but it cannot compel; it rages, but it cannot reign; the love for it being gone, it no longer exercises dominion; the grace may be tried, but it cannot fail; the spiritual may be resisted, but cannot be overcome; the lamp of the sanctuary may burn dimly, but cannot be extinguished. "That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord" (Rom. v. 21).

XII.—*What stands inseparably associated with grace.* Every recip-

ient of grace is the subject of a felt necessity ; not only sees how much is needed, but conscious of his own incapability, feels it must be done for him. This arises from what has been done in him by the Spirit's regenerating power : hence he now prays and seeks for those supplies and that salvation he feels to be indispensable for his soul's peace. Now it is not his praying gives him grace ; but because the grace has already been given, he prays. He finds it is not merely asking at a venture, but he feels that in himself which goes out and embraces a living personal Saviour. Now faith does not save him, but it evidences Christ hath done so : he now chooses the things of God, consorts with His people, delights in His Word, ordinances, and commandments, agreeable to the testimony of the apostle, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man" (Rom. vii. 22). Thus the law is not a preparative for grace, but grace makes the obedience and inward delight the evidence, by the way of the state and standing of the believers ; not grace-producing, but fruit-bearing, to the praise and glory of God, "That ye might walk worthy of the Lord unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work, and increasing in the knowledge of God" (Col. i. 10). This fruit-bearing proves that we are in Christ, that by virtue of the vital union He is the Life-giver and Sustainer, as well as life itself. We, as recipients of that life, and participating in this vital oneness, "bring forth fruit unto God" (Rom. vii. 4), thus demonstrating beyond all question our abiding in Christ by this fruit-bearing ; thus answering the great end of our election and appointment (John xv. 5, 16). In addition to all this, which has reference to time, glory unending in the future stands inseparably associated with grace, so that our everlasting happiness is as much the result of grace as the Father's choice of us in Christ before the foundation of the world, or the Son's redemption of us in time before we had a being, or the Spirit's regeneration when we were dead in sin. Look at it as we may, the Divine purpose, work, and accomplishment is all of grace from first to last : proving the Psalmist had the mind of the Spirit, and the experimental grace of the doctrine in his heart, when he said, "The Lord will give grace and glory" (Psa. lxxxiv. 11). Thus grace is the earnest of glory, while glory is the consummation of grace.

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#### "THE EXCELLENT OF THE EARTH."

**M**R. JOHN TOVELL, formerly a member with the late Mr. Job Upton, the revered pastor of the Church of Claxton, but for the last twelve years of Forest-road, Dalston, slept in the Lord after a stay in the world of 89 years. He was kept and died in the faith of Christ. He witnessed a good profession, and lived a consistent life in the world, the family, and the Church. Until a short time before his departure he was a constant attendant at all the services in God's house. A short time before he breathed his last the writer asked him, "Are you ashamed of anything you have professed of the faith and hope of the Gospel, or of the ordinances you have been studious to keep?" With deep, reverent joy the dear old veteran replied, "*No, I am not!*" On the morning of his death the writer saw him. He was favoured with sweet calm, and raised his hand in reply to a question or two. He had,

we think, heaven in his soul. He asked his daughters, who were most attentive to their beloved father, to sing a hymn; and after a few hours of quiet waiting, much of which seemed to be passed in prayer, his ransomed and washed soul passed to the possession of deathless and unspeakable joy.

MARY FRANKLIN, aged 77, for many years member of Salem, Meard's Court, while Mr. John Stevens and Mr. J. Bloomfield were pastors of the Church of the Lord Jesus there; for the last ten years member at Forest-road. She was a quiet, exemplary Christian; lived and walked more than talked. But drawn out occasionally, there was a view of golden expression given to show where her heart was, what she desired, sought, and attained to of *love* in the Spirit, to Christ, His ways and His people. Very weakly in body, of retiring disposition, she did not make a stir or bustle. She loved God's house, enjoyed the discourse about Divine things in the sanctuary and in the house, and very often held up the hands of him who had cause to be thankful that what he preached was not in vain. After a few days' illness, which gave little apprehension, she quietly yielded her spirit into her Redeemer's hands, and took possession of that inheritance of which she had the pledge many years before. Her remains were interred at Manor Park on Dec. 29, 1878.

MERCY MATTHEWS, another member of the same Church, after a very short illness of congestion of the lungs, has gone from us. She was favoured above many with a sunny, cheerful realising of goodness which proved consoling and assuring. It made her ready to speak (Zechariah ix. 17, margin). There was little gloom or doubt to distress or darken. She had trial and toil, but not mental wear and sorrow. On the day of her death her sister said, "Dear Mercy, is it well?" "O, yes," she answered, "I know whom I have believed. I am safe in His hands; I am not afraid." On the evening of the same day, she, without a struggle, and scarce a sigh, entered into eternal rest. Her remains were laid in Abney Park on Jan. 9, 1879, and the writer preached in reference to her death on Lord's-day, January 19, 1879, from Col. iii. 4. She was when young baptized by the late Mr. Lewis, at Chatham, and had been a member at Forest-road for about thirteen years; she was, when removed from us by the above event, 75 years of age.

MR. SAMUEL RUGGLES, another of the excellent of the earth, not a member, but a constant and attached attendant on the services at Forest-road, at the age of 76, has been taken from us somewhat suddenly. He has left a widow like-minded with him in kindly love and friendship to the people and pastor in the above place, and, like her dear late husband, a lover of the truth, and much favoured with a good understanding thereof, and an experience of its vital and practical results. Our friend Mr. Ruggles was for many years of his early life a stranger to the power of godliness. But nearly forty years ago it pleased the Lord to quicken and raise him to walk together with Christ. Then, in newness of life he walked in very different courses and company. Men knowing his former courses and manner of spirit soon knew he was an altered man. Like Saul he had threatened, and his threats were alarming to some of the Lord's people. He was known to be resolute and firm. But like Saul, he was to be arrested, deterred from carrying out his threats against the place and the people where baptism

was to be administered; and one of the candidates, his dear wife, not a little intimidated in the act of resolving to obey God rather than men, wondered what she might have to witness and feel. But mercy and grace were displayed, and Christ triumphed, and Samuel Ruggles was arrested, and heard a voice saying unto him, "Why persecutest thou Me, Mine, and thine." He was speedily at his wife's feet asking forgiveness of her. He, like Saul, assayed to worship with those he had somewhat alarmed; and, ere long, the troubler caused joy to the holy brethren by declaring his conversion, and by desiring and receiving baptism and admission to membership, and a profitable and joyous fellowship with the saints. It is probable all did not approve the change. The world, though greatly advantaged by godliness, does not like to own the profit accruing. The promise of God to godliness is not recompence near or desirable enough to gain the suffrages of such as say, "A short life and a merry one." But our friend found present profit, and hope for the life to come, in the promise given him. A change of pursuits, of company, and of feeling was a good work begun, made evident and effective. If all people did not like the change, his family had cause to be glad, so had Christian men, and the Church of Christ in an addition by a good profession, baptism, and behaviour in accord with Gospel teaching. About this time, by the Providence of God, our friend received an appointment in the India House. He had onerous duties and arduous toils, the faithful and diligent fulfilment of which made him friends among his superiors and coadjutors. By exercising a conscience void of offence towards God and men, influenced by godly fear, kept from laxity and indifference, he avoided and abstained from the appearance of evil. His light shone. He was ashamed neither of Christ, the truth, or men, and God kept him unto final salvation. We had hoped our friend would have been spared to his dear ones and us for some years more. His Father intended otherwise. Wife, children, and friends were to lose him, and he was to gain heaven all the earlier. He did not die before his time, though we are disposed to wish he had stayed longer. He had symptoms which might have caused fear had their real cause been known. A little more than a week before his death his dear wife was alarmed to know medical aid and surgical work were vain. He was a great sufferer for several days, and nightly intense agony and violent convulsions were borne; yet he was supported and inwardly supplied with the consolations of God's promises, and the consciousness of interest in salvation, and the hope of glory. There was the evidence that though the malady bore so hard on the frame and the mind, making the manner of dissolution very trying, still the everlasting arms were underneath. At intervals he could speak of the hope he had in the Lord, and his safety through the blood of Jesus. He was much in prayer. Physical suffering could stay sound, but it did not stifle the life or the spirit of supplication. Among his expressed feelings may be noted,—

"His way was much rougher and darker than mine;  
Did Christ my Lord suffer, and shall I repine?"

He was asked, "Is it well?" and though in most acute anguish, he replied, "It is well!" In reply to a friend, "How do you feel in regard to the visitation so trying to bear?" "His grace is sufficient." It seemed that, though the pains were exceedingly distressing, grace gave



the spirit some rest. He felt his end was near, and said, "The tabernacle is being taken down, and the loosings of the pins are violent in the extreme." The last audible words he uttered were, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." On Tuesday, January 28, after very great suffering, he entered the rest ordained. He was not a great talker, but he was a thinker upon God's name, and a lover of the truth. That ready hand and heart of his gave proof; the experience of grace is the incentive to the practice of good works; and by the fear of the Lord men depart from evil. Reader, hast thou a good hope? Are you looking for the mercy of God unto eternal life through Christ?

J. H. DEARSLY.

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In Memoriam

OF

SAMUEL RUGGLES,

AGED 76.

He's gathered home! describes the fact—  
This the event, the word, the act:  
Finished the labours God assigned  
Unto His servant's hands and mind;  
The pilgrimage is now fulfilled,  
And life was closed, as God had willed.

Who flight would stay, where torrents pour,  
Where lightnings blast, and thunders roar?  
Who need be sad when conflicts end?  
And conquests gained, their laurels lend,  
To wreath and give the victor crown,  
Which he at Jesu's feet casts down.

Who would the wrestling one detain?  
Encumbered and distressed with pain;  
No! bid the ransomed spirit soar  
To realms where sin and grief no more  
Affect, and nought can mar the bliss  
Prepared by Christ, received by His.

J. H. DEARSLY.

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GOSPEL MEN AND THE GREAT MYSTERIES.

GOING on towards the Princess-road to preach, one said, "Talk of mysteries! the greatest of the mysteries to me is, 'Who shall stand when He appeareth?'"

"There are three places from whence the answer to that question must come," said I.

"What places are they?"

"First, the Scriptures answer that question in a variety of forms. They answer it negatively, showing who shall not stand. Also, positively, as to who shall stand. The Bible answers the question conditionally, shewing there are certain conditions, or positions, or places, or associations, in which a person must be found, that is, 'IN CHRIST,' in the covenant, in the kingdom of grace. The question is answered experimentally, which is a field of instruction, both deep and large.

“The second place from whence the answer cometh is from the Gospel ministry. The Holy Ghost—through the Gospel—echoes and re-echoes the voice of CHRIST, which saith so strongly, ‘Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.’

“And from the witness of the SPIRIT in the believer’s soul doth the answer come ; for if the HOLY SPIRIT hath been in me a regenerator, a soul-quickener, a sin-convincer, a law-applier, a Christ-revealer, a promise-sealer, a prayer-prompter, if ‘the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us,’ then, assuredly, ‘we shall stand when He appeareth.’”

“Will you preach this evening on that question ?”

“No ! I have to speak to the poor weeping Rachels, and in the promise spoken for their comfort some indirect answer may be found.”

“I will go and listen ; but of late, in hearing I have been more confounded than comforted, and I am almost afraid to listen to the prelates of the pulpit, they are so contradictory, so self-assuring, so lofty, so arrogating, and so weak, they perplex me.”

“Where do you worship ?”

“Anywhere and everywhere. Wherever I seem to have a hope that the great question might be answered in my soul—‘Who shall stand when He appeareth ?’ Oh, sir ! this is the most difficult matter with me, for I believe, yet I do not believe for myself. I hear, yet hear nothing with confirming power. Oh, friend Banks, when will this conflicting, confounding mystery be solved ?”

“When the Lord shall say *in you*, and speak directly unto you, saying,

‘I AM THY SALVATION.’

Then—not till then—will your agitated soul find true peace.”

“That is what I am seeking, and wanting to hear. And I have gone from Canon Wordsworth to Cuff, from Spurgeon to Stringer, from Bradbury to Vaughan, from East to West, and not a man can I find through whom God speaketh to my soul. ‘Look here,’ Billy Cuff said, the other afternoon, ‘I may preach and pray, but I cannot touch your hearts *until I have got your assent.*’ Why, I was full of ‘*assent,*’ full of anxious assent, full of praying assent, full of waiting assent for the Lord God to touch my heart, and to

‘Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer’s blood.’

But, sir, this big Billy Cuff, he went eloquently talking on, saying, ‘When a sinner feels the great part of conviction he has first to repent, and then believe that the Lord Jesus Christ alone can save him ; if this feeling has come to any of you, you must treat it very gently, you must not be harsh, so that it be driven away, but foster the feeling with a motherly tenderness ; if you treat the conviction harshly, it will leave you as dead.’ Ah, what more he said you cannot stop to hear. But will you, if Heaven helps you, try and open up those mysteries wherein are found a salvation that is not half of God and half of man, but is wholly and for ever of the Lord ?”

“That is my desire. But the time is up, I must get on.”

(*Hope to continue.*)

## SUPPOSE IT IS SO—WHAT THEN?

**I**N every manifestation of the Deity there is a distinct and consecutive order.

Only instance one proof. Take the larger and more luminous prophets. Isaiah is chiefly the prophet of our Immanuel, the Son of God, the Father's Servant, the Redeemer of "the whole family," the bruised, the smitten, sacrificial Lamb. If that be so, then, see how perfectly our Lord Jesus Christ did fulfil those prophetic visions which Isaiah said of Him some seven centuries before it could literally and truly be said, "Unto us a child is born: unto us a Son is given." If this be so, and surely it is so, then what a harvest of thought, of fact, of figure, of truth, of holy Gospel, may be gathered up in these fields of prophecy and of anti-typical evangelical verifications. Oh, brethren! let us travel (not by express train), but by prayerful, studious, and comparative meditation; let us traverse the hills and valleys of the illustrious ISAIAH, whose name is as his word and his work was—namely, "THE SALVATION OF THE LORD;" or, "THE LORD SHALL SAVE." Let us bring Isaiah down to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, and therein show the people and proclaim unto all the world that the anointed Messiah whom we preach is in every sense of the term "THE TRUTH;" and that all who deny Him in any manner, their souls are in danger of "eternal damnation."

*Jeremiah* is more especially the prophet of the afflicted Church of God in her warfare in this most ungodly world. But

*Ezekiel* is that mystical man, that singularly deep prophet whose visions and teachings pointed to the work of the Divine Paraclete, the HOLY GHOST, the Spiritual Comforter, "THE PROMISE OF THE FATHER."

Wondrous and overwhelming to my soul have been the dawnings of light through the lattices of the letter wherein "the eternal God"—Father, Son, and Holy Ghost—have been faintly perceived by the eye of faith. The whole course of the Deity, in coming down with salvation, appeared clear to my mind (and I do unfeignedly trust I am not deceived) when Mr. Backett accidentally, as we say, said to me, "I fear the judgments of the Lord are on the land," and immediately as I left him, on the top of Ludgate-hill, a voice as soft as the silent dew spoke in me, "His footsteps are *not known*." Then my soul being arrested, awakened, taken lovingly captive into the flowings of heavenly thought, I saw, I read, I almost realised the light and glory of the mysterious march of the whole Godhead in Zion's recovery from the Fall, while in an indescribable manner, the scenes and sentences passed before me, as I quietly pressed through the crowds of Cheapside, and in the inner man I exclaimed,—

*"Thy way is in the sea."*

In the boundless, fathomless sea of eternity, the deep outcomings of infinite love flowed forth in foreknowledge, in election, in predestination, in the ordaining and setting up of "THE COVENANT" as "Head over all things unto His Church;" the way of the everlasting Father was "IN THE SEA." Dr. Gill may find contentment in applying this to the Red Sea, if he chooses; but my soul went over all the boundaries of time into the vast eternity before time, and there the waves, the winds, the pure and precious waters of "love Divine" filled my tiny soul with

rapturous joy and untellable delight. The only voice I heard sounding through those countless visions of "the ancient of days" was this, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love," and this voice coming out of God the Father's heart was spoken primarily to His Son, and, of course, to all the seed of promise, which in the loins of the Daysman did lay concealed, to be manifested in due time. "With lovingkindness," saith the Father to the Son, "have I drawn Thee" into the dateless and endless union, which fact the lovely Jesus confirmed, when He said, "And hast loved them as Thou hast loved Me."

"*Thy path is in the great waters!*" Here is the Incarnate Son of God wading through the great floods of tribulation, of persecution, of wrath, sin, and death; but, through the whole of these great waters, making "a way for the ransomed to pass over."

"O. Lamb of God! almighty King!  
How great must be Thy glory!"

"His footsteps"—the comings and goings of the Eternal Spirit, the walkings and workings of the Holy Ghost—"are not known;" not known at all to the world which lieth in the wicked one; not known to angels; and but imperfectly known even to those regenerated souls in whom this glorious Person in the Godhead doth dwell. The elect of God, who are delivered from the power of darkness and are translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, they do know something of the travels of the Spirit in their souls; with them is the fourfold knowledge of that comprehensive promise of our Divine Master when He said: "And I will pray the Father; and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever: even the Spirit of truth, whom the world *cannot* receive" (mark that distinctly!), "because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him; but ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you."

There is a text you thoughtful pulpiteers might labour to expound for months ere ye could exhaust it. I have tried to shew forth its four essential quarters, but I felt I failed. For

I. There is the great High Priest of our profession in His heavenly work.

II. There is the character, office, and work of God the Holy Ghost.

III. The lamentable condition of the world; and

IV. The privileges of the Lord's people: they see, they know, they have the Spirit of truth. He "dwelleth WITH them, and shall be IN them."

Now, then, let us go to the prophet Ezekiel, and, if the unction of the Spirit be given unto us, then—in that amazing armoury, in that illustrious library, in that rich banqueting-house—we shall find the work, the way, the wondrous walkings of the Spirit, from the quickening of the soul up to its being carried into the higher temple of glory.

If this be so, what then? Oh, ye commonplace repeaters! make less *talk*. Enter into deeper THOUGHT, then more of His glories you shall see; and richer will your preaching be. So verily believeth your Christ-loving, truth-admiring servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

From the Elder Tree Tent, Banbury-road,  
South Hackney, Aug. 16, 1879.

## ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH HIS BROTHER IN RUSSIA.

**M**Y BELOVED ISAAC,—Your letter of last month I have received. I perused it with much pleasure, but am sorry that your answers are so condensed. In your letter for last month I think I can see a great deal, and yet cannot comprehend the truths you wish me to believe. I beg to ask you a few questions, hoping to hear from you soon.

Dear Isaac, the religion you believe in is Christianity. It is true you inform me that you do not believe in the superstitions the Christians in this country do, but you say your religion is simple worship, it is holy, perfect, &c. I must confess I cannot realise the truth of it, for if you are a Christian, more or less, you must be a follower of many doctrines the Christians in this country uphold; and I am quite sure the Christians here are about the greatest idolaters in the world; and, so far as personal character is concerned, you know well what effect the Christian religion has upon the Christians here. Look at the officers, military and civil, in this country, they are all Christians. Look at the Roman Catholics, as well as the National Church here, and you will find that both are as bad and as idolatrous, which surely must be an abomination in God's sight. My dear brother, I have been reading the Bible very diligently for some little time past, and I try as much as possible to discover if there be anything which should warrant me to believe in Jesus of Nazareth. I shall, therefore, be obliged if you would kindly, in your next letter, write out all the passages, so that I might refer to them, and also expound some passages you believe to refer to Messiah.

My loving brother, I must not close this letter without expressing my present state of mind. Since father wrote to me the letter about which I wrote to you, I became more and more earnest concerning the matter. Which is true? Is it Christianity or Judaism? Dear Isaac, intellectually I cannot believe in Christianity, but experimentally, somehow, I admire the doctrines you believe as a Christian; for you believe that all your sins are forgiven you, and through the atonement (which doctrine is a mystery to me) you are for ever forgiven. I wish I could feel so. Oh, that my sins were forgiven me! My loving brother, the thoughts of God's holiness and men's selfishness has been upon my mind for some little time past. Oh, if you can console me in any way I shall be very thankful.

Your ever-loving brother,

JOSHUAH HESSEL LEVINSOHN.

Grodno, Russia, January, 1879.

## ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S ANSWER TO HIS BROTHER HESSEL.

**M**Y BELOVED BROTHER,—I am in receipt of your letter of this month. I rejoice greatly in reading your thoughts, upon which you give very earnest expression.

You ask me, "What is the difference between my Christianity and the so-called Christianity in Russia and Poland?" The answer is, My Christianity is the religion of God, as established by the Almighty Himself; but the Christianity of the Greek and Roman Churches, is Christianity corrupt. It is the religion which has become defiled because

the people left themselves to the mercy of their priests, like as the Jews left themselves in the hands of their rabbins, and as the Jewish rabbins have defiled the faith of Israel, so the priests of Rome and Greece have corrupted their Churches. We Protestants do not acknowledge any god but the God of Israel, no other saviour but the One of whom we read in the Bible by Moses and the prophets. We do not bow to any one else, but to Him whose name is JEHOVAH, who was pleased most graciously to reveal His Holy Will to men through His Son JESUS CHRIST our Lord. The Christians in Russia and Poland worship God and His Anointed, but they are ignorant *how* to approach God. They, therefore, draw, or endeavour to draw near to the footstool of God through the mediation of the blessed virgin, and through the merits of saints, which we English Protestants look upon as idolatry.

My dear brother, I can assure you, to my mind, Judaism is quite as much idolatry as the Greek and Roman Catholics, for ye believe in the true God, and yet have no knowledge of Him; ye draw near unto Him, but *how*? Do ye draw near to the footstool of God because He calleth for you? Surely not, for ye Jews approach God through the merits of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, ye trust in 613 precepts as the way of salvation. Dear brother, looking at Judaism, I must say, to me if there be any thing dishonouring to God, it is to be a Jew. Ye have the Holy Bible in its pure, holy language, yet ye be unconcerned of the great truths God has revealed in that Book of books.

I ask you, as a brother, to tell me, Have you, as a Jew, ever felt that the merits of the holy patriarchs and obedience to the law will enable you to stand before God?

Have you, as an Hebrew son, ever realised for one hour—peace? Tell me plainly, for I ask you solemnly in the sight of God.

If your religion has not done this for you, then I ask, What can be the advantage of any man to have a religion if that religion does not administer any good to his soul? I can truly say, ever since I have been a believer in the glorious doctrines of JESUS of Nazareth I have realised that all my sins are for ever pardoned, all my guilt is for ever and fully cancelled.

He who is holy and perfect, whose laws I have broken, whose ordinances I have forsaken, I say to Him, I am reconciled; and unto Him do I look as to my Father. I can truly say, the Creator is my Father, the anointed Messiah is my Redeemer. Dear brother, surely the Jews can never enjoy such blessedness. What can the Jew do in trouble? Think of the Jewish widow and the fatherless, do they not mourn all their days, although believing it is God that doeth all things? yet they are never reconciled to His words. For in the hours of trouble all ye Jews look upon God, not as a God of love, but ye gaze upon Him as an executioner.

Thanks be unto God, our religion is different. We, indeed, believe that the very hairs of our heads are all numbered by Him. He ruleth over all things. We can indeed say, It is God our loving Father, let Him do whatsoever is good in His sight. Dear brother, I can assure you we sometimes realise the greatest blessings when ye Jews would despair. I have often looked, when at home, upon the poor, the widow, the fatherless. How wretched their lives, even of the best of them; no peace, no comfort. Although ye acknowledge God to have done it, yet ye cannot say as we can,

“ Jesus, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;  
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.”

Oh ! how sweet to be able in trouble, in temptation, or in bitter affliction, to flee to so great a Friend, realising our Shepherd is very near. The widow can rejoice because she has the Lord Himself as her Husband. The orphan is indeed no longer fatherless if Jesus be but his ! Oh ! that God would reveal unto you these great truths !

It is about nine years ago when I came to England. More or less, like yourself, I have felt the burden of sin on my poor soul. I was weary and oppressed. I often cried, but thought that my cry was lost. Thanks be unto God, He never yet has turned away His ear from hearing the penitent's prayers. And as I prayed, I well remember, O my dear brother, a marvellous change : an unseen hand was stretched out for my help ; mercy was revealed unto me ; a Saviour appeared, saying unto me, “ Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” My heart was then fixed upon Him. My affections were set on Him ; and looking back with amazement and delight, I can only express my feelings in the language of an English religious poet,—

“ O happy day that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God ;  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And spread Thy wondrous love abroad.  
'Tis done ! the great transaction's done !  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine ;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.  
Now rest, my long divided heart,  
Fixed on this blissful Centre, rest ;  
With ashes who would grudge to part  
When called on angels' bread to feast.  
High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a Lord so dear.”

Beloved brother, it was my intention to write out the passages concerning Jesus of Nazareth ; but as I began the letter, I thought I must tell you my feelings, for, after all, religion must be *personal*. If religion does any good, it must become so to us *personally*. What I have written is expressive of my own feelings. I felt it right for me to write to you this letter, dear Hessel.

I know, yes, I firmly believe, that God Almighty will call you by His grace ; and Jesus of Nazareth, whom you know not yet, will become sweet to you ; and I also feel that whenever you may be brought to believe in Him, you will be so overwhelmed with joy that you will do as I do—go and tell others of what a dear Saviour you have found.

In a day or two I will send you a list in order, concerning the great Messiah predicted in the Old Testament, and also prove to you that all has been fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth.

I remain, dear Hessel, your ever-loving brother,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

8, Edenbridge-road, South Hackney, London, England,  
January, 1879.

## In Memoriam.

MR. CORNELIUS SLIM, LATE PASTOR OF THE STRICT BAPTIST CHURCH,  
COMMERCIAL-ROAD, GUILDFORD.

BY P. REYNOLDS.

WHEN earthly ties are broken, sorrow presseth on the heart, and sends the trickling tear to speak the language of the troubled breast. Yet, whilst we weep, how often we rejoice! and even the tear-drop glistens on a smiling cheek. The writer of this little tribute to a good man's memory, laments the loss of one who was to him more than a friend; yet, in the midst of sorrow, he rejoices that his father\* has entered into rest.

The subject of this brief sketch was well-known, widely-loved, and highly-esteemed among his fellow-men; but, above all, was greatly honoured by our Lord in the proclamation of His free-grace Gospel. For nearly half-a-century he laboured in the ministry, about twenty years being spent as pastor of the Strict Baptist Church, Commercial-road, Guildford, Surrey. The Lord spared His honoured servant to a good age—seventy-seven—and so graciously preserved his faculties, that, up to a very short period before his decease, he was able to occupy the pulpit, and proclaim those grandly distinctive truths which were so dear to him, and for his adherence to which he had suffered so much in the early part of his life.

The infirmity of age manifested itself more by increasing physical weakness than by any great lack of mental power; but, though his mind remained remarkably vigorous, it was felt for some time by the Church that their pastor needed help to perform his duties. About nine months since, the matter was brought before the Church, and the deacons undertook to express the desire of the members to their pastor, who, when they visited him, gratefully agreed to their proposal of help. A majority of the Church being in favour of applying to Mr. Spurgeon, a student from the "Pastor's College" was secured to supply the pulpit once each Lord's-day, and an engagement entered into between the Church and him for three months. A second term of three months was given; but, before its termination, a letter was sent to the aged pastor, requesting him to resign, which he did, though it cost him great pain, as he wished to die in the harness. Notwithstanding his wounded feelings, a gracious and tender spirit breathed through his resignation letter.

For years Mr. Slim had suffered somewhat from an organic disease of the liver; and, a few weeks after resigning his pastoral office, he was attacked with violent vomiting and faintness. Each attack of vomiting left him much weaker. Yet, though the flesh was weak the spirit was willing, and the earnest desire to be found in the house of the Lord brought his trembling limbs to the chapel within a short time of his decease. Suffering extreme bodily weakness, his mind still seemed strong as ever, as the following letter, penned about a fortnight before his death, will show:—

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\* Such was the deep spiritual love and interest Mr. Slim evinced towards the writer that he invariably spoke of him as, "My son Philip," while the writer addressed him as "father."



“MY DEAR PHILIP,—Many thanks for your note and sympathising inquiries. I can only say in reply that flesh and heart are failing—entirely prostrate in body and mind; fainting, sickness, and every kind of food repugnant to me. But why should a living man complain—a man for the punishment of his sins? Glory be to God my Saviour! He’s paid the penalty, put away sin *legally, officially, victoriously, and eternally*. He drank the *bitters* that I might quaff the *sweets*.

“My Christian love to your dear parents, for their kind remembrance of me, to your beloved Hope, in which my good wife unites.

“I remain yours,

“A Poor Worn-out Labourer

“In the service of the Best of Masters,

“CORNELIUS SLIM.”\*

Eight days after penning this letter he was taken much worse, and the vomiting occasioned the bursting of a small blood-vessel. He was carried up-stairs and placed upon his bed, where he lay about a week, entering into rest on July 24. Very gently did our Lord remove the earthly tabernacle of His dear servant. No excruciating pains racked his poor body; but, faint and weary, he quietly went to sleep. Excessive weakness and the nature of the disease prevented any ecstatic demonstration towards the close; but the peaceful smile and the pressure of the hand spoke volumes. When asked how it was with him, he faintly answered, “All is peaceful! all is light!” A few hours before he died a friend recited a part of Psalm xxxiii. to him. When his ear caught the words, “Thou art with me,” with emphasis he repeated, “*with me,*” thus leaving a dying testimony to the faithfulness of his covenant God.

The mortal remains were interred in the Guildford cemetery, on Monday, July 28, in the presence of a large congregation. Mr. Anderson, of Deptford, officiated at the funeral ceremonies, being assisted at the chapel, where the corpse rested nearly an hour, by Mr. Mitchell (pastor of the sister Church in the town) and Mr. Rankine (Mr. Slim’s successor). Mr. Anderson was very impressive, and his words at the grave will be remembered as specially weighty. The friendship of Mr. Slim and Mr. Anderson was formed at Sheerness about thirty years ago, and the latter spoke of the deceased as having encouraged him in his younger days to persevere in the work of the ministry. A funeral sermon was preached in the chapel, Commercial-road, Guildford, on Sunday evening, Aug. 3, by Mr. Rankine, taking for his text, “For me to live is Christ, but to die is gain.”

(To be concluded in next number.)

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HE inhabiteth eternity, as a great man in his own house, whose glory it is to have all things sufficiently about him. His being is so infinite that he fills the immense expanse of all, or both eternities in one moment; from eternity to eternity is but one entire individual and complete house for the whole of him at once, to fill whom is fulness of being in the intenseness of perfection: hence he enjoyeth all blessedness in an instant.—*Dr. Goodwin’s Marrow.*

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\* I received this letter whilst in Cornwall on my holiday. The italicised words were underlined in the original copy.

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

A SACRED and a thoughtful smile serenely rests upon the face of Frances Ridley Havergal, whose memorial is tenderly, yet intelligently, deposited in a neat little volume, gathered up by the Rev. CHARLES BULLOCK, D.D., and can be had at *Hand and Heart* publishing office, No. 4, Paternoster-buildings, London. So chaste her life; so choice her work; so deep her convictions; so devoted her spirit; so homely, yet so heavenly, all her breathings; so calm and confident in death; so sinner-like her confessions; so saint-like her devotions; so Christ-like her character altogether, that we feel our heart drawn out in solemn admiration toward one who, for only a little while, sighed and sang in this planet which, grand in itself, has been for a time terribly blighted by the ravages of the old serpent. Christian reader, if thou art not a hard, one-sided bigot, you will never repent of introducing this gem of a book into the midst of your family.

*Eccentric Preachers.* By C. H. SPURGEON. London: Passmore & Alabaster. Preachers, of all the people in the world, are sure to be the most severely criticised. But what are the criticisms of the present age when compared with the cruel martyrdoms of the ages which preceded the free spirit of the times in which we live? Nothing at all! The fact is, since there has been such a flow of freedom in our country toward the Gospel, the Churches—as we have dared to think—have become completely overrun with weeds, with thistles, with briars, with thorns; yea, taking the whole of the professing Church in the United Kingdom, and looking fairly at her through the telescope of the Holy Word, do not the men who have a keen discerning spirit fear that Isaiah v. is approaching fulfilment in us: "Now go to; I will tell you what I will do to My vineyard: I will take away the hedge thereof, and it shall be eaten up; and break down the wall thereof, and it shall be trodden down: I will lay it waste: it shall not be pruned, nor digged; but there shall come up briars and thorns: I will also command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it?" Who will say, in many parts of our so-called Zion, this dreadful prophecy is not true? All original and God-sent preachers are sure to be eccentric in the eyes of the professedly pious, but we should be but little moved by the cry of being eccentric if we could more powerfully exalt the Lamb of God, and,

by the power of the Holy Ghost, gather sinners unto Him. Mr. Spurgeon's volume on *Eccentric Preachers* is candid, truthful, and worked-up with an amount of good common sense, which genial spirits will appreciate. Some preachers try to be eccentric, but they fade, they fall, they die. The Lord have mercy upon the parsons in these days! If He would plunge us all into the deep river of His own love; gird up our loins with a godly girdle; fill our souls with the fire of His Spirit, and give us an intense agony for the well-doing of the Gospel, we might then be of some use; as it is, our condition is more painful than tongue or pen can describe. Go where we will—and this year we have been in most of the distant parts of the kingdom—and everywhere the sorrowful sound is heard, "As the lily among thorns, so is My love among the daughters." Christ still has loved ones in the Churches, but the Romanising, Ritualising, sensationalising, formalising, scandalising daughters, like thorns and thistles, pierce poor Zion's heart most deeply; yet shesings,—

"Tho' painful at present,  
'Twill cease before long,  
And then, O how pleasant  
The conqueror's song!"

"What the Baptists believe, and why." Mr. Elliot Stock, of 62, Paternoster-row, has issued a small volume with this inscription: *A Reason for the Hope That is in You.* This title comprehends the root and the fruit of a genuine and saving Christianity. There must be, first, "The Hope that is in You;" then, secondly, "The Reason" will be experimentally and practically witnessed in the life, the faith, and the spirit of the possessor of such a hope. The author, Mr. W. HANSON, has laboured with care and clearness to expound the Scriptural character of the Baptist denomination. It is deserving of the attention of all who wish to be, and to do, right.

*The Christian Signal* has married *The Christian Herald*. *The Christian Signal* was too solid, too tame, for the age we live in. We started four different papers in defence of Bible truth and Protestant principles, but the people generally care nothing for Bible truth. Sensational festivals, satirical slanderers, the advocates of "the new schools of thought," and the floods of "light literature," are the only really successful enterprises in the book market.

Mr. B. Taylor says:—"The first piece in the VESSEL is an able and faithful

witness for the Lord against the linsey-woolsey systems of the day, as taught and practised almost in all places throughout our land. Our excellent brother Allen is right, and there is no man can prove him wrong. He is well supported both by Scripture and reason throughout his line of argument, and I earnestly pray that many more just such witnesses may spring up in defence of the cause of truth. These are just the kind of labourers we should pray for, that God may send a host of such men into His vineyard. We want men who preach and write more like Christ and His apostles, then we shall have more wheat and less chaff. We want Christ exalted everywhere and in everything, and that proud creature called man we want in his right place, whose foundation is in the dust. Unfeigned love to the glorious doctrines of grace is by no means a characteristic of this age, for the taste not only of the unprofessing, but the professing, part of the world, is for something that is vain, light, trifling, flesh pleasing, and calculated to keep the conscience quiet, as touching the secrets which concern the world to come."

*The Willow-Bound Harp.* A volume of poems, sacred, lyrical, and descriptive. Under royal patronage. By GIDEON HENRY MACKENZIE READ. To be had of R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street. Out of a heart crushed by bereaving and dark providences, these poetical springs have burst forth. Strange circumstances have followed the author of this book of poetry. The fact is, being a poet, and reared under the tenderest affections of a vehemently loving mother, the author was never prepared to stem the torrents of those awful adversities which the loss of parents and property have rolled over him. We have often seen him struggling, sinking, drowning, all but lost, yet not quite destroyed, for many years. We, with others, have tried to help him on to a good solid shore, but all has been in vain hitherto. Misunderstood, it may be, by many, and himself often driven to his wits' end, he has been fearfully denounced. Almost starved to death, with a sickly tabernacle, and a mind ever intent upon the composition of lines sublime and descriptive, what could the "Willow-Bound Harpist" do? Thousands of real poets have died in dreadful poverty; but ploughmen cannot be poets; poets cannot be ploughmen. Very few have brain enough to value such volumes as this, but we trust some kind hearts will spend half-a-crown on

this production, to keep a shipwrecked author from a premature grave.

*Sermons.* Mr. THOMAS BRADBURY, in his *Grove Chapel Pulpit*, is issuing a series of discourses on the person of Christ, as He is described in Solomon's Song. Thomas has entered upon tender and delicate premises; but wherever Christ is savingly known in the soul; where He is loved in the heart; where the Divine Comforter is President over all the works of grace in the new man, there is a guarantee that out of such experiences no false conceptions of our Lord will ever come forth. Nevertheless, it is upon and about the person of Christ that great minds have seriously stumbled. Very few published sermons do we find now on the person of the Son of God, and where some of the greatest of minds have entered upon this, the loftiest, the largest, the holiest, the most heavenly of all themes, how frequently have they differed so seriously that their peculiar faith in the Son of God has produced divisions in the Churches of a cruel and soul-distressing character! "I have," said one, "Dr. Hawker, John Stevens, Hussey, Frederick Silver, James Wells, J. C. Philpot, W. Palmer, and some others, on the glorious God-Man; but was not my mind instructed by the Spirit of Truth, I should weep in confused sorrow."

"What think ye of Christ is the test!" If we live until Thomas Bradbury has finished his expositions of Solomon's Song, we desire to gather out therefrom some of the fruits of his faith. Our esteemed brother, Mr. J. L. Meeres, preached a funeral sermon for the late Mrs. Ponsford, which has been published. To many of the fearing saints, this testimony will be precious. Mr. Battersby's monthly sermons are still issued, and their value, their variety, and the vitality of their subjects continue as full and as fresh as ever.

*Spiritualism Unveiled; or, the "Strong Delusion."* A Word of Warning, by MARIA C. London, R. Banks, Racquet-court. For many years Maria C. has expressed her faith and experience in poetic strains. Some of her naturally dear ones having been ensnared by the Spiritualistic delusion, Maria C. has sent forth this strong and truthful witness. We should, individually and collectively, put forth all the efforts we can to sound an alarm, even though we cannot resist the flood.

The September number of *Cheering Words* contains a very interesting article by the late James Grant, entitled, "The Benefit of Books."

## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

### LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

DEAR BROTHER IN ONE COVENANT HEAD AND HEIR OF ALL THINGS.—I find that you have written to brother W—, and that you have sent your kind Christian love to me; I therefore thank you for your kind consideration of me, a poor guilty sinner, not worthy to live on the earth, much more to be noticed by one of the real family of heaven. Well, brother, though we are not worthy of the notice of the great in this land (and truly we have but little of it here), yet there is a land where the King reigns in righteousness, and this holy King has many subjects in this island of sin, and though they may be covered over with the rags of sin, as Joshua was, yet He can see a valuable jewel under these rags, and He has been pleased to declare by His servants, saying, "They shall be Mine in the day when I make up My jewels." And what a puzzle it is for some of the refined folk now-a-days that they cannot see the jewel, only the rags. No, poor things, the veil is not taken from their eyes, therefore they cannot see afar off. What sweet words they were that Jesus said to His disciples, when He said, "Blessed are your eyes that see, and your ears that hear!" Dear brother, I trust that the Lord of heaven and earth has taken the veil from our eyes, so that we can see, see and feel that without Him we can do nothing; see that salvation is of the Lord, without the help of men or angels; see that the plan was drawn up in the councils of eternity long before the mountains were brought forth, before the sinner fell into sin; and as the number of all the human race was before the eye of our covenant God in Christ, so also was the exact number of all the elect family brought up in one view before Jehovah-Jesus. And in the eternal council of this Three-one Jehovah, their salvation was settled, so that, when the glorious work of gathering up these jewels is going on, it is the blessed Spirit carrying out the plan first designed in the holy city, to which they are said to arrive at last. This great and holy God of ours well knew that His jewels, as well as others, would fall into foul hands and a hard master, and also that they love the service well, and would live and die in it were it not for His interposition on their behalf, and when we are enabled by the Spirit to look at this ancient plan, it seems that we can see in it, as it were, a map drawn, and in it all the places where every one of these precious jewels lay in this sin-smitten world as His providence has placed them, also the way every one would take by nature, and they are all scattered far about from each other, covered over with the mud of sin, their eyes blinded, their hearts like flint, yet they are in the map; and also their names, the time also set for them to be called out of this low state of degradation into life, and though they may be stubborn, and resist with all their power, and kick what they may (as I know I did), yet

proud Babylon must fall. But how sweetly does the dear Immanuel make them willing in the day of His power! the sweet stream of love runs so sweetly into their hearts, that they are willing to run after Him, all their free-will soon fails. Did you not feel willing to go through anything for the Lord when you first felt the love of Christ in your soul? and no doubt you can say with me, Many changes have come since then, but our God changes not, Jesus is Jesus still; and, remembering we are but dust, cannot you say, To Christ our Redeemer be everlasting praise for what He has done and what He is still doing for us now? We may be devil-hunted in the wilderness, but Christ will have His jewels, and though, as Gadites, they may be overcome with a troop, yet, through the blood of the Lamb, we shall overcome at the last. My dear brother, what an unspeakable mercy it is to be one of God's jewels! There was nothing in us to cause Him to love us so greatly. No, it all originated in the bosom of Eternal Love. Oh, to grace be all the praise. May God give you and me grace to live to His honour what few hours we may have allotted to us here. Give my kind Christian love to Mrs. S—, one of these jewels. If you think fit, I should like a line from you.

Yours in the covenant of grace,  
HENRY R.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE. — Eighth anniversary of opening was celebrated on Bank holiday, August 4. Sermons were preached by pastor Cornwell on July 27 in connection therewith. A prayer meeting was held in the morning, followed by a sermon by Mr. Stringer; three addresses were given by brethren Cornwell, Inwards, and Lawrence, upon the "Father, Son, and Holy Ghost." The friends afterwards availed themselves of the excellent weather to visit the adjoining nursery grounds, resplendent in summer, which were much admired for their beauty. An evening meeting was well sustained. The secretary read a letter from the pastor's wife, in which was stated that a weekly subscription of Id. had been carried on by members of the Church, unknown to pastor or deacons, to meet expense of repairs to the chapel. The dinner and tea realised a handsome profit, which with these subscriptions and donations amounted to £38. Twelve of the school children had saved enough during the year to buy the cake for tea, and the total amount realised (including £5 from the chairman, J. Lee, Esq.) was £55. £50 was the amount wanted, so the balance was handed to brother Cornwell as a token of love. The evening meeting was a large one. Grateful thanks are hereby tendered to the friends for their kindness, and to Israel's Triune God for His providential and gracious mercies vouchsafed throughout the day.—P. McDONALD.

## "COLNE VALLEY."

A pleasant little run from Chapel station, on Great Eastern, takes you through the Colne Valley, to Halstead, Haverhill, and onward. In, or near this Colne Valley is a village called Keddington. About thirty years since Robert Powell began to preach the Gospel in the open air. By striking Providences ground was obtained; a neat Baptist chapel was erected. My once most affectionate friend, John Dillostone, was the Lord's instrument to help on the building, and to aid in carrying on the worship of God in that remote corner of the land, a kind of junction where the three counties of Suffolk, Essex, and Cambridgeshire do meet.

At Mark's Tey,  
Obliged to stay  
Until the London train appears.  
The smiling sun  
Has now begun  
To help the farmer o'er his fears.

This morning, August 13, 1879, in our Christian brother Isaiah Smith's bedroom, in the "Head-street," Halstead, Isaac Watts's heart-breathing verse came so comfortably over my soul—

"Sweet Jesus! what delicious fare!  
How sweet Thine entertainments are!  
Never did angels taste above,  
Redeeming grace and dying love.  
O! how the soul where Christ is known,  
With joy, at times, is overflowed!  
It comes so free, just to declare,  
That still the Lord is present there.

But if this clumsy Great Eastern does not shake me to atoms, I will get me back once more to blessed little Keddington. When the little chapel was opened, that now much venerated man of God, Henry Hanks, preached in the afternoon. "The Village Preacher" was in the pulpit morning and evening. For full sixteen years he was favoured to go to the anniversary. Sometimes the chapel would not half hold the people. We met on the Green; preached in a waggon; and after the first seven years a larger chapel was built, and paid for too. The late John Pells, David Wilson, and many who are gone, often then met to cheer us on in that happy house of God in Keddington. The Dillostones are gone! Their poor widows now sit and mourn in the valley. The Baptist Church there has had a pastor in Mr. Bowtell, but as in the fields over-much rain will make the weeds to grow, even so in some parts of Zion, where the power of the Holy Ghost is not triumphant, some other spirit (not so savoury) will arise. Since the false colours of a singular Dunmow tale have cast dust in the eyes of some, we have known little of Essex, but in the Northern and Western provinces an abundance of work has been found. Yesterday, at Great Yeldham, we saw the hosts of the Israelites crowding the sanctuary; a number of the King's body-guard unfurled their different banners, and both body and soul were helped on the way. I had a strong desire in my soul that Isaiah Smith, the Great Yeldham pastor, was better known to our London Churches. Many would be glad to hear such a perfectly original

elocutionist: a man of God, faithful to the truth, and of holy conversation, who has for fifteen consecutive years most cheerfully proclaimed the Gospel, as a father to his own grace-begotten children, I saw he had a mind with pure spring in it, with heavenly wings to carry it and him heavenwards, almost into the third heaven. I must add no more now. We are rolling into London. Praise the Lord, once more taken care of. None should be more thankful than

C. W. B.

[As soon as I was out of the train I met a gentleman who had been on the previous day to the Homerton-row anniversary, and he had much enjoyed himself. The sermons were glorious. Old people once thought all the Gospel-men were gone home; but it appears a nobler generation is risen up. Homerton-row still holds on soundly and successfully.]

## "ONLY TAKING REST."

We are favoured with the following memorial card and note from Mr. Ponsford, jun.:

In loving Memory of  
ELIZABETH PONSFORD,  
Who departed this life, July 11, 1879,  
AGED 82 YEARS.

"She is not dead," but only lieth sleeping.  
In the sweet refuge of the Master's breast,  
And far away from sorrow, toil, and weeping,  
"She is not dead," but only taking rest.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

I enclose you a card in memory of my mother, who died as therein announced, also the following particulars. You know my father is, I suppose, the oldest Baptist minister in one pastorate. They had been man and wife over 52 years. My mother was one of the first baptized in the chapel built in 1840-1 for my father, where he has laboured to the present time. My dear mother was laid by about six weeks, and, towards the latter part of the time especially, was sweetly supported by the Lord, in whom her faith was unwavering, and her mind so peacefully at rest in humble but strong assurance of faith, that it was a rare privilege for all who were about her, for myself (immersed hourly in the busy scenes of the world and its strugglings) especially so, to spend a few minutes with her. Her mind beautifully clear, and her body freed from pain, she was able to give encouragement and strength to us, that anyone knowing her before could scarcely have realised. Some of her remarks were most assuring for herself and comforting to us. I told my father that a quarter of an hour with my mother did me more good than any half-dozen of his sermons I had ever heard. And so she was sustained, with little interruption, till she breathed her soul away; the poor body, worn out, could hold it no longer. She was hurried in Norwood cemetery, where Mr. Silvester sweetly improved the occasion, and on the following Lord's-day evening Mr. Meeres, of Bermondsey, preached the funeral sermon. Yours very truly,

JAMES PONSFORD.

### WHY IS IT THUS? WHOSE FAULT IS IT?

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—Having been asked a question respecting the state of the Churches around me, and with which I am acquainted, I feel it my duty to give an answer to that question. It is with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow that I do so.

I am glad to be able to say there are some Churches which seem in a flourishing condition, where the members take sweet counsel together, and go up joyfully to the house of prayer, seeking earnestly the Lord's promised blessing. But, on the other hand, I feel sorry that some Churches in Herts and Bucks are in a lukewarm or deadly state; one's heart feels forced to cry, "Lord, revive Thy work in the midst of Thy people." It is to be feared the cause of this state of things is too often attributed to the minister. His preaching for some is too doctrinal, or it is not doctrinal enough; it is too practical, or it is not practical enough; he deals too much upon Christian experience, or he is not experimental enough; he is not educated, or he has too much education; he is too high or too low, too wide or too narrow; he is too bold, or he is not bold enough. Such are some of the ideas of those who are looking for something besides the pure, unadulterated Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ. They seem determined to throw blame on the poor minister, who preaches the Gospel to them according to the grace given unto him. I fear the cause of this state is not all at the minister's door. Three things are calculated to bring a Christian Church into an unhealthy state:—

1. The inconsistent conduct of its members. In many large families there are some unruly ones; and are there not unruly ones in our Churches? Where are some professing Christians found during the week evenings? Not at the prayer meeting: too often sitting in the seat of the scornful, or standing in the way of sinners.

2. Irregular attendance upon the means of grace. We do not condemn any who are detained by unavoidable circumstances; but one is astonished to find how careless some members of Churches are about attending the house of prayer. The heart cannot be all aglow with that desire which the Psalmist had when he said, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord for ever," or when he said, "My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord." Such desires are heavenly; they lead the soul to part after holy things. Oh, Lord, work this desire in the hearts of Thy people.

3. Disunion is calculated to bring on this deadly state. A want of unity does sometimes split the Churches, and it often works many evils; therefore, let us "endeavour to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace," for it is "good and pleasant for brethren to dwell together in unity." Brotherly love should continue, for the glory of God, and the peacefulness of the Christian Church.

Thanks be unto God for the great and precious promises He has made concerning what He will do for His Church—the outpouring of His Spirit, the Church's need. Let us come with humble boldness to the throne of grace, that we may obtain this mercy, and find grace to help in time of need. He hath said, "those who seek shall find." "It is high time we awoke out of sleep." Oh, for a baptism of the Holy Ghost, that both people and pastors may be better qualified to serve the Lord with gladness, and enter His courts with a joyful song. This is the prayer of

W. HEMLETT.

22, King-street, Tring, Herts.

[It has long been our conviction that the ministers and the people all need to take the ninth chapter of the prophet Daniel, and by the power of the Holy Ghost to read it, deeply to consider it, and most honestly, solemnly, and unitedly to practise it. Fleshly pride and spiritual poverty are everywhere; and yet we find hosts of earnest souls hungering for what they cannot find.—Ed.]

WINCHESTER STATION, AUG. 19, 1879.

This ancient city, with its cathedral (thickly surrounded with large and lofty trees), its rich colleges, useful hospitals, alms-lodgings, and rustic scenery, is a centre of no mean influence. The different editions of religion have their publishing offices and their representatives here; but my sketch of this Hampshire seat of ecclesiastical endowments must be reserved for another time, only now attention must be called to our most-decided-Strict-Baptist chapel, in Silver-street, which, for fifty years or more, has been the only sanctuary in this district where the laws of Divine love have been unflinchingly adhered to and maintained.

To one's common frail humanity it is nothing very exhilarating to find yourself walking in the midst of, and contemptuously frowned upon by, hosts of clerical and free-will plianities, while those you come to serve are few, much suspected of holding grievous errors, and whose place of worship is so weary and worn with age that, unless we can raise the funds to renovate and restore it, people will not deem it safe therein to worship. In order to encourage the hearts of our beloved brethren, Mr. John Smith (the pastor), Mr. John Eade (the ministerial helper), and the unflinching Baptists of Winchester, we united with them in two special services yesterday morning, Aug. 18, 1879, and we enjoy the persuasion that all our Churches and each of our Christian fundholders will speedily forward to Mr. John Smith (the highly respectable treasurer, whose residence is 61, Eastgate-street, Winchester), the amount required, which is only about 2,000 shillings. We are bound—the Lord permitting—to see this good old Winchester Baptist chapel rendered safe and convenient, and its full history and progress we hope soon to give in these pages.

C. W. BANKS.

Elder Tree Cottage, Banbury-road,  
South Hackney, London.

## CHATTERIS.

Sermons for Sabbath school were preached by Mr. S. Cozens, at Zion chapel, to large congregations. It was a successful day. The noble building was filled at night, and the plates brought in funds beyond expectation. The preacher was very happy in his work, and the people rejoiced in the glad tidings brought to them of a "Finished Salvation." The preacher insisted upon it that nothing could be added to a finished work. When Moses lifted up the serpent on the pole, the serpent, bitten, did nothing to add to its efficacy. It was "Look and live." Adam, to save his innocence, was to do and live. But, having lost his innocence, he lost his power to do. And, having lost his power to do, God, in the exceeding riches of His grace, devised a scheme of salvation that saved him without requiring anything to be done by him. He that believeth (not he that worketh) shall be saved. The beams of the sun shining into us give us light; and the Word of God coming into us gives us the power of believing. "Faith cometh by hearing." "Ye are saved by grace through faith, and that (faith) is not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Hence salvation—in the scheme of it, in the work of it, and in the knowledge and faith of it—is of God; and every saved sinner will sing with heart and voice, "Salvation is of God."

Pastor Joseph Wilkins has a large sphere of labour; we pray that he may stand firmly on the rock of truth, and bravely to his post of honour, and valiantly unfurl the standard of Zion's King upon her ramparts, in the face of all her enemies, and to the joy of all her saints. If ever there was a time when ministers needed the prayers and the sympathies of the Church, that time is now. Is it not a sad thing that persons calling themselves Christians are often the greatest hindrances to pastoral work and success? Spite of everything, let the ministers stick like valiant men to their posts, with *nil desperandum* for their watchword.

On the following Wednesday, the children's festival was largely attended, no fewer than 500 children and friends partaking of tea refreshments in the Exchange Hall, which was very neatly decorated with flowers, mottoes of Christian amity, and texts suitable to the occasion and incentive to Christian work. Over the entrance-door was written, in glowing silvery characters: "Labourers together with God." On the opposite wall, engrossed in a masculine hand with some degree of artistic finish, on a banneret with a Bible in the centre, were the following Scripture quotations: "Those that seek Me early shall find Me"—"My God, early will I seek Thee," &c. This very neatly executed piece of work was done by Miss Ekins.

After tea, the children and friends went to some paddocks kindly lent for the occasion by James Smith, Esq., who took a very active part in promoting the pleasure and enjoyment of the children, in starting the juvenile racers and awarding the prizes to the successful competitors, consisting of fish-

ing-rods and tackle, knives, scissors, button-hooks, books, pencils, pencil-holders, &c. It was exhilarating to see the earnestness of the boys and girls in these contests; and they might have been taught this moral—That no prizes are obtained without persevering effort. Some gave up the race before they had ran half the distance. Some were late in starting, and lost the race through sheer inattention to the word of command. Others fell, and lost the prize. What lessons for the children! What subjects for the teachers! One could not but feel deep pity for those who had been unsuccessful. One poor child, trembling with agitation, and pulling the bosom of her dress up towards her eyes brimming with tears, said to the writer (who was assisting little Miss Smith in starting some small girls), "Please, sir, may I run this time? I haven't won anything!" Poor little, timid child, it was no use her running; she hadn't pluck enough to put forth and make the best use of the powers she had. In the great battle of life she will be a poor warrior. How these little games reveal character! You might form a pretty accurate opinion of the future by observing them. There was a very large number of persons in the paddocks during the evening; and the innocent, and to me instructive, amusements passed off very pleasantly. One could not help wishing that men would ever strive to make their fellow-creatures happy. He only is the happy man who endeavours to make others happy. Biting and devouring one another is characteristic of beasts of prey, not of Christianised humanity.

— Little acts of kindness,  
Little deeds of love,  
Make our earth an Eden,  
Like to that above."

S. C.

PETERBOROUGH.—Thursday evening, Aug. 7, our Baptist tabernacle was lent to friends at Whittlesey-road for baptizing four believers from that place. These individuals had all been brought to a decision under a sermon lately delivered by one of their supplies. It was a pleasure to behold their happy countenances after the ceremony was done. We felt that, like the eunuch, they could go on their way rejoicing. Mr. Sturton delivered a discourse from the pulpit to the candidates and the congregation, after which Mr. R. P. Turner addressed them, and going into the water baptized them in the name of the Holy Trinity. May it be the harbinger of a much greater increase.

KENT.—Thursday, July 31, the teachers of Baptist Sunday school, Reading-street, St. Peters, gave the children their annual treat, taking them to Birchington, accompanied by their minister, C. Denniss, and friends. On returning home they were met by Mr. Carter, of Broadstairs, and others, when, after a good tea, they spent the evening in harmony on a green, kindly lent by Mr. Fagg.

"A GRAND-DAUGHTER OF THE  
LATE WILLIAM ALLEN."

Mr. Geo. Elven, pastor of the West Ham Baptist Church, says,— "I send you an account of the death of my eldest daughter, Mrs. Caroline Grant (a grand-daughter of the late William Allen), thinking it might be encouraging to some of the Lord's people who read the EARTHEN VESSEL.

"She fell asleep in Jesus, June 25, 1879, in the 39th year of her age, after a long and painful illness. She was the subject of soul-trouble from conviction of sin about fourteen years ago, and was brought to experience a sense of Divine pardon through the blood of the Lamb by the Spirit's application of the words, 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow: though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'

"She had to walk in a trying pathway of tribulation during her marriage life, which was one thing that made her more anxious to depart. The cause of her death appears to have been heart-dropsy, accelerated by suppressed grief. Her bodily sufferings towards the end were very great, but the joy of her soul was ecstatic and exceeded that of her pain, and, although she had her seasons of darkness and doubt, yet her general conversation, as well as her songs of praise, all were expressive of the happiness of her soul, which was unusually great. Yea, the incessant manifestations of the Lord to her filled her mind with exceeding joy, which caused one to say, 'Let my latter end be like her's.'

"On one occasion she said, 'How I do love those little words—me and my, my Jesus, my own Jesus.' She said to me, not long before she departed, 'Father, as I awoke this morning, I thought I heard a voice which said, "Rise up, My love, My fair one, and come away." When I said to her, 'Ah! my dear, I know the voice of that Speaker, for He has spoken to me. Yes, I shall never forget when with power He said to my soul, "My love." And there appeared to be some of the power of the savour left on the words as she spoke them, by which they were commended to my heart. From this time my mind was impressed with the thought that this was the Lord's call to her to come up to be with Him in heaven, which proved to be the case. Her addresses to her brothers and sisters were most impressive and affecting, as was her conversation with her parents, on whose account only she did once express a wish to live, had it been the Lord's will. She said to her mother, 'I thought, mother dear, that I should have soothed you on your dying bed; but you are soothing me on mine.'

"She was so highly favoured with the Lord's presence up to the time of her death, that, though racked with pain in her body, she broke forth in the night and sung that anthem, 'The Lord is my Shepherd,' emphasising the verse 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me.' She was also favoured with delightful views of Christ as the Tree of Life, the fruit of which she evi-

dently enjoyed by faith. She would say, 'O! let me taste another of those apples, like the Church in the Songs, who said, "Comfort me with apples,"'

"About a half an hour before she went to that home for which her soul longed, she sung that well-known hymn through,

'Rock of Ages cleft for me;'

and she was conscious up to the time she breathed her last, when she was carried by angels to her mansion above—some of which angelic beings she was favoured to see with the eye of her mind before she took her departure; and I would say in conclusion, that though my heart has been wrung with grief at the loss of my beloved daughter, yet when I think that she has been for ever taken away from her scenes of suffering here, and that she has entered into the joy of her Lord, I feel that I can, by the sufficiency of the same grace that Job had, say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.'

"G. ELVEN.

"11, York-street, Globe-road,  
"Mile End."

WATTISHAM, SUFFOLK.—My father and mother lived at Battisford all their earthly days; their ancestors would tell of the rise of Wattisham Baptist Church, which is said to be 115 years of age. Ah! when I was a boy, how the villagers would flock to Wattisham on a Sunday morning, and (as friend James says) when our good pastor, John Cooper, was in his prime, when he came to us over forty years ago, we had seasons of Gospel joyfulness; then, when I looked in the pulpit, I said, "Behold the happy man! his face is rayed with pleasure, his thoughts are of calm delight, and none can fully know his blessedness." Even now "Memory is sweet unto him as a perfect landscape to the sight!" Yes, sir, Pastor John Cooper has had a long and well-trodden course in the ministry here. Being down in the native land, we walked over to the anniversary, June 15. Joseph Wilkins, of Chatteris, preached the sermons; they were thoughtful, they greatly interested the people. A local says, "Mr. Wilkins rivetted the attention of his bearers. The Sunday school numbers 220 children, who on this occasion sang a selection of pieces. Much credit is due to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Clover for teaching the children. Mrs. Clover presided at the harmonium. Upwards of £30 was collected towards the expenses of the school and the incidental expenses of the chapel. "It is gladsome to see how the Suffolk lovers of the Gospel throw themselves into the work. They will remember Mr. Wilkins, you may be sure.—ONE WHO LOVES SUFFOLK.

STREATHAM COMMON.—Fourth anniversary of Baker's-lane Baptist Church was held in a tent in the meadow, July 22, 1879. C. W. Banks and Thomas Stringer preached the sermons to a gathering of friends from the Churches around. Our pastor, Mr. Battson, is a faithful and earnest preacher. We rejoice and hope.



## THE FORTY-THIRD OF ISAIAH.

To one of the Scribes well instructed into the mysteries of the kingdom of Christ, those mysteries which have been hid from ages and generations, and are so still, but made known to us. O what love Divine! what amazing condescension! I am glad of your coming to Rehoboth, just as we read of Paul, who says, "I am glad of the coming of Stephanas." Well, what has made me glad, think you? Why the glad tidings which God sent you with. The lesson in the morning as you read and remarked thereon was a sweet morsel to my hungry soul. I well remember that chapter; God brought me in to this chapter at the very beginning of my new life. The fifth verse was my deliverance from sin, "I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sin." Then, very shortly after this, the second verse, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee," and through the waters I have come; yea, deep waters, when deep has called unto deep; but God has been faithful to His promise.

Now, then, for another verse in this beautiful chapter, the tenth, "Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord," &c. I should like to have told you all about this chapter and many more in Isaiah on Sunday; but I lacked opportunity; I feel He has made me one of His witnesses. I must tell you that I have eaten and drank out of this chapter years before mine eyes saw you, and have had many a precious meal therefrom; but I saw and felt all the while that there was a deep couching beneath, which the Holy Ghost had not shewn unto me. Therefore was I made glad by your coming unto us, because you brought out of that deep things new and old, and if there is a sinner on the earth that loves the dear mysteries of the kingdom, it is this poor sinner. No one can love them better, and I love to hear the Gospel for myself, as if there was not another sinner on earth beside myself. I love also to see the vine flourish; Oh! it is as though I heard your voice all the week expounding the Scriptures. Oh, these precious things in which "there is a continuance," a continuance of the work of grace in our souls, things which cannot be shaken, though earth should to her centre shake; but there are things which must remain, things sacred, things secret, things sweet, things substantial, things God-honouring, Christ-exalting, sinner-humbling. For

"The more His glory strikes mine eyes,  
The humbler I shall lie;  
Thus, while I stink, my joy shall rise,  
Unmeasurably high."

Hoping you are taken safe home, God of all grace take care of you, for you are in journeyings often, and no doubt you have been in many perils by your own countrymen. Enclosed are two of our dear minister's valuable letters. Oh, I did join in that prayer of yours, by the Holy Ghost on Sunday, when you pleaded for our minister's restoration, and said to the Lord, "We are in earnest." Yes, we are in earnest. We do

want Him to come among us again if it be the Lord's will. Our Christian love to you; praying the blessing of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost may abide with you for ever and ever. Amen.

MARY FIELDING.

## DECLINE OF TRUTH IN THE MIDLANDS.

In the VESSEL for August a brief paragraph appears upon this subject in reference to the recent anniversary at Ringstead, the writer signing himself "The Pastor's Friend." Kindly allow me to thank the unknown Scribe, at the same time I would remind him that the evidence he adduces in support of his friendship is very meagre and of a strange sort.

He writes, "We Ringstead Baptists are not believers in the declension of the Gospel ministry," which is quite true; but then he furnishes a most striking instance of such declensions, for following in the wake of the Corinthians he institutes comparisons between God's servants. These early professors labelled themselves with the names of their ministers, one taking the name of Cephas, another that of Paul, and yet another that of Apollos, which led to strifes, and divisions, proving their carnality, and laying themselves open to the stinging rebuke which the apostle administered.

Sorry we are that so much of that carnality still remains in the Church of Christ so called. Surely there was no need for the writer of the paragraph referred to to institute comparisons and make invidious distinctions between God's servants in different ages and in our own time, calling some of them "Standard and VESSEL men." If these preachers are men whose hearts God hath touched, they have no right to be subjected to such treatment. When the inspired apostle wrote so much upon the unity of the body of Christ (1 Cor. xii.), that one should so have acted in proclaiming himself "The Pastor's Friend" proves that the old leaven still remains. But, sir, if the "Standard and VESSEL men" are Holy Ghost preachers, they can afford to be treated thus, and if men of "college education" have this holy sealing too, there will be no unseemly rivalry and no un-Christian disparagement one of another. With your note I most heartily agree, praying that the Church of Jesus Christ may be blessed with a band of men Divinely called and qualified for preaching the truth in love, for when this is so, no matter if names are still called, they will be up to the right standard, be as vessels meet for the Master's use, and full of most precious treasure.

If you can find space for this in your next issue you will greatly oblige the pastor this time.

ISAAC C. VFAR.

Ringstead.

WARE, HERTS.—Anniversary was July 29; Mr. W. Flack and Mr. J. S. Anderson preached; friends quite happy. Brother Sampford continues to labour among them; his ministry is acceptable.

## SAD SERVICE AT NORTHCHURCH.

We seldom behold such a scene as was lately witnessed in the Baptist chapel, Northchurch. The remains of two friends connected with us were, on Sunday, July 27, 1879, carried in in their coffins. Only the Sunday before they were in the chapel, alive and well. The little Church could ill spare them, but God knows best.

The first was Mr. James Kempster, a teacher in the Sunday school, who died almost suddenly. The other was Mr. Richard Emery, who was found drowned in the Cow-roast lock. The deceased had lived here thirty years. The funeral procession, headed by a large number of the members of the Loyal Sincerity Lodge (Tring), wearing black sashes and white gloves. They wended their way to the Baptist chapel, Northchurch, where a large number of spectators assembled. Mr. Clarke, pastor, read Job xiv. with much feeling. He had lost a friend that was very dear to him. He said, "This is a day in our history, as a congregation, we shall long remember. God is speaking to us once, yea, twice, saying to us, 'Prepare to meet thy God. As I have done unto these, so may I do unto thee.'" "It was but last Sunday," he said, "I walked with Richard Emery to this house of prayer, as was my custom every Sunday, and now he is brought here a corpse. How solemn! Two funerals in one day; both were here last Sunday, to-day laid in the silent tomb. The widow has lost a friend: I feel happy that she knows where to look in this her hour of need. May her God be with her. I can truly say I have lost a friend. The journeys I have had with him to this house of prayer, and his conversation, all prove to me that the Lord was precious to him." Coming to the grave, Pastor Clarke said, "I can bury this my brother in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection." For forty-five years Mr. Emery had served the Grand Junction Canal Company, and had won the respect of all who knew him.

Our pastor, Mr. Clarke, will soon reach the age allotted to man; may God strengthen Him, so that he may labour in His vineyard till his appointed time shall come. The Lord raise him another friend to help him in his work, prays

J. M.

SUFFOLK.—The anniversary services of the Horham Baptist chapel Sabbath school were held on July 20 and 23. On the Lord's-day three sermons were preached by Mr. J. W. Bond, of Earl Soham. On the following Wednesday the services were continued by a service of song being rendered by the children of the Sabbath school, entitled "St. Paul;" the singing was conducted by Mr. G. Clark, junr. About 600 partook of an excellent tea, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by the pastor (Mr. J. R. De'nam). The meeting was addressed by brethren G. Harris, R. Sears (Foot's Cray), G. Cobb, C. Broom, and Cordial of Occold. After the usual votes of thanks the meeting closed with prayer by the pastor.

## CLIFTONVILLE, BRIGHTON.

With much pleasure and thankfulness to God we are enabled to bring before the notice of all friends who are lovers of a free and sovereign grace Gospel, that a new Strict Baptist Church has lately been opened in the neighbourhood of Cliftonville, West Brighton.

Brighton, which is known to most readers of these pages, had several causes of truth for some years past, but in the neighbourhood of Cliftonville there was none. Several friends in that neighbourhood have earnestly prayed that the Lord might open a way for the lovers of the blessed Gospel of free grace, that they might be able to meet together. For some time all hopes were blighted. At last the Lord opened a way for our dear friends, who have been formed into a Church (Strict and Particular Baptist), and the chapel is now open every Lord's-day for public worship. The prayer meetings are very blessed to all who attend. The pulpit at Providence, in Haddington-street, is occupied by none but ministers upholding the true faith, preaching the truth without any mixture of doctrine. Many thanks to the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL for recommending such preachers, who uphold the grand truths of a free and sovereign grace Gospel.

On Lord's-days, June 8 and 15, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached to overcrowded congregations. The Spirit of the Lord seemed to have been poured out upon hearers and preacher. It was indeed a time of refreshment to our souls. On Tuesday, June 10, Mr. Levinsohn delivered an interesting lecture on the Jews to a large congregation, in the Lecture-hall of the Congregational Church.

On Tuesday, June 15, Mr. Levinsohn delivered his very instructive lecture on "Daniel in Babylon" to a crowded congregation.

The special services were a great blessing. We trust the Head of the Church will look graciously upon His dear children at Cliftonville. The little Church is only an infant cause, but who can tell what may become of this infant? We beg for the prayers of all lovers of truth. Friends from London and other parts of the kingdom visiting West Brighton are very earnestly invited to attend the services of Providence Baptist chapel, in Haddington-street, Cliftonville, West Brighton.

ONE WHO LOVES CHRIST'S GOSPEL.

BRADFORD-ON-AVON. — Nearly 200 years has the first Baptist Church existed in the town. Mr. Isaac Spencer has filled the pastoral office about fifteen years. He is leaving it. It is believed the Church have invited their old pastor, W. Hawkins, to return; some have wished Thomas Chivers to succeed brother Isaac. It is a comfortable chapel, a good parsonage, and a busy neighbourhood for a loving, lively, powerful man; but the young people are anxious for a man who is full of godly zeal and who means to work, the Lord helping.

THE PRACTICAL DEVELOPMENT  
OF FREE-GRACE.

Mr. C. W. Banks, Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—  
Love, mercy, and peace to you from the Lord Jesus. Within is enclosed a draft for £6 for you to distribute among the Lord's poor servants and dear children, as mentioned on the cover of the VESSEL monthly. Please to give it to such as are most in need, who have been long honourable in the Lord's kingdom and service. I am requested to say that it is from a friend who takes pleasure in refreshing the bowels of the friends of the Lord Jesus. I once felt the following very sweet: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor, the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. He shall preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth. Thou wilt not deliver him to the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing; Thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." This is true, and it will be done upon the principles of free-grace, too. "Oh," says the religious miser, in whose intelligence the theology of free-grace sticks as a jewel in a swine's nose, "this is Christ here meant who does this." I answer, "Ah, you blind baby in heart! when shall we see *Jesus upon a bed of sickness?*" These people make Christ everything; Oh, certainly, even a domestic drudge, a banker, a bag-carrier, in order to excuse themselves from holy service, and to save their cash. The doctrine of free-grace is a jewel, even when found in an unclean place. But Oh, how glorious it is, and how grand in its acts, when found in a renewed soul and a sanctified intelligence! "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of these My little ones, ye did it unto Me," says the ever-blessed Redeemer. He has blessed them for His great mercy's sake alone; they do these things for His great name's sake alone. Love alone led the Lord to bless them. Love alone leads them to serve Him; this is the evidence that they are His dear children.

Some professors get into business, building, or speculation, or insurance societies, so that all their income is swallowed up in such a way, that they cannot give the Lord sixpence a week for His house, a loaf for the hunger of His poor, nor a garment for His poor bones, nor a drink for His thirsty mouths, nor a room for His homeless body. Just think of the Lord at the door of a great professor for a meal and a bed, and that professor saying, "I have my money to make up for my life insurance. I therefore cannot feed you, Lord." *Your life!* you sell your life I gave you, do you? You sell My life and starve Me?" the Lord seems to say. There are numbers of professors who will with shame appear, when the Lord shall say, "*Come, ye blessed,*" and "Depart, ye cursed." Silver and gold, diamonds and gems, houses and land, banks and insurances, will then blaze and be dissolved. Then it will be "God in grandeur, and the world on flames." The remembrance of a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple will be of more worth than the visible heavens and earth.

Dear Trappe says, "That which is deposited in the hungry bellies of God's saints is carried over to our account in the world of glory on the other side of this burned earth." These hungry bellies must therefore be the best bank in which to make our deposits, seeing that these are fire-proof. "*I was hungry and ye fed me.*" "Come, ye blessed of My Father." The Lord bless us, dear brother, with love to constrain us in holy zeal, and wisdom to guide us in holy prudence, that we may do those things which are pleasing in His sight. Solomon's speech pleased the Lord. Enoch had this witness that he pleased the Lord. We pine for the same enabling grace to reign in us. These are our views of this branch of the practical development of free-grace. With fervent love to you and the Lord's poor,

I remain,

Your affectionate brother,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, April 24, 1879.

MR. LEVINSOHN'S LETTERS.

DEAR MR. BANKS,—I thank you for the delightful news that Mr. Levinsohn has a new correspondence with his brother. Oh, what joy entered my soul; for some minutes all I could say was, "Praise! praise! eternal praise to our God, who still hears and answers prayer!" Oh, what encouragement for us poor weak creatures to pray on. I do thank His dear name on behalf of Mr. Levinsohn. The Lord bless him and encourage him to trust the Lord for all He has promised to do for His people. We believe God has a great work for him to do by his being called from among the Jews at home to be a light both to the Jew and the Gentile in our land. Dear Mr. Banks, I thank the Lord for having given you a mind and a will to help one of the Lord's own chosen ones in a strange land. Although the arrows of some people may cut sharp, yet the Lord will bless you. God owns the work, and He would not allow them to oppose you. I feel assured the Spirit of God is at work in the soul of that dear brother Hessel, or he could not have had nerve enough to go so far. My prayer is, that the Lord may help him in coming, for he surely will, in the Lord's own time, be brought to a knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

BANBURY.—EBENEZER ANNIVERSARY. Mr. J. B. McCure got on well with us here, and we with him. He spoke to us from Jesus able to save, and on the stones of a crown, and his testimony in exalting Jesus as a Saviour and an Intercessor seemed to do the soul good; as a workman who needeth not to be ashamed of his tools, he described the provisional, substitutional, efficacious salvation of a Triune Jehovah. I believe the presence of the Master was enjoyed. His lecture was listened to with fixed interest for two hours and a quarter by a large congregation, and, under the genial presidency of our chief magistrate, went off well.—JOSEPH OSBORNE.

PATRIARCHAL POWER AND  
CHRISTIAN BENEVOLENCE.

BAPTIST CHAPEL, YORK-ROAD, GREAT  
YARMOUTH.

Our anniversary was Lord's-day, Aug. 10, 1879. Brother Brand preached two powerful Gospel sermons. It was a time of rejoicing for many to hear the Word so blessedly proclaimed by our beloved and aged brother, who has reached his 78th year.

On following day, the trumpet was blown by that Boanerges, Mr. George Webb, who brought forth precious Gospel matter. Public meeting was presided over by our beloved brother W. Beach, Esq., of Chelmsford; brother Knight asked the Lord's blessing. Brother Beach opened the meeting with a brief address; brother Brand spoke on the "Unity of the Brotherhood;" his mind was led in holy contemplation of that future glorious state when, without a jar, the saints shall love each other even as they are loved. He felt nearing his journey's end; most of his hearers who have heard him many years shared with him in the feeling that this might possibly be the last time we should have the privilege of seeing him on the York-road platform. Brother Knights gave us some sound advice. Financial statement was then read by our worthy chairman; we regret it was not so good as last year, only £16 10s. having been collected towards the chapel debt, £9 of which was collected by one sister in the Church, of whom our brother Beach well said, great praise was due for her indefatigable labour, which had been very prominent, not only in this, but in past years; he hoped her example would stimulate others to go and do likewise. Notwithstanding our beloved brother Beach's unparalleled liberality to us in the past (for it is mainly owing to his instrumentality that this little cause is still upheld), he gave us another living proof that his heart is still with us in our struggling position; he promised last year that, provided a certain amount be collected, he would give us the last £100, and, although the amount was not forthcoming, he said he would at once strike off the £100, thus saving us a further interest of £5 per annum. Truly we have cause for gratitude to brother Beach for his continued liberality. We pray Israel's Three-One God abundantly to bless him and his. Brethren Webb and Hoskins concluded another enjoyable season.

Dearly beloved brethren, who have the interest of Zion at heart, we again appeal to you to lend us a helping hand to free from debt this little cause, that this healthy and important watering-place may not be destitute of a cause of truth. We are determined, by the grace of God, to uphold the faith once delivered to the saints.

Contributions thankfully received by the deacons, Messrs. Pittock and Keevil, 7, Exmouth-road, Great Yarmouth.

BETHERSDEN.—Our pastor, B. Baker, baptized and preached on Sunday, August 3. The Church prayeth for its pastor's health and prosperity in the ministry.

JEHOVAH-NISSI.

SIR,—While lately reading the seventeenth chapter of Exodus, I was struck with the narrative of the fight between Israel and Amalek in a manner that, to myself, was instructive and surprising. I had always heard it *explained* that, while Joshua and the men chosen to fight with Amalek were engaged in warfare, Moses was engaged in prayer and intercession. Good old Cowper embodied the universally received opinion thus:—

"While Moses stood *with arms spread wide*,  
Success was found on Israel's side;  
But when, through weariness, they failed,  
That moment Amalek prevailed."

This is POETRY and PIETY, but it is not SCRIPTURE. The Scriptures says, while Moses held up his hand Israel had success. But when he held up his hand he held up THE ROD OF GOD—*God's sceptre*. I beg, therefore, to suggest some such change as the following:—

"While Moses held God's rod on high,  
His rod who rules both earth and sky,  
Israel their enemies subdue;  
God's rod let down, down Israel too."

Is this view of the passage borne out by facts? MOST FULLY—whether in Jewish or English history. Every king or ruler who upheld God's sceptre, God's truth, God's right to rule, was, with his people, honoured and raised to the place of power and wealth. Every king or ruler who, failing to own God's right to rule, put Popery or idolatry on an equality with God's religion, was, with His people, dishonoured, and made to serve them that hated them.

Oh, that our rulers, and legislators, and Christian pastors had seen it to be their duty to claim for Christ the use of the authority which it pleased the Father to give Him. Would that even now, confessing their unholy and dishonourable alliances with the enemies of God's truth, they would raise in Christ's name the glorious standard so long dishonoured—*The Protestant Religion and the Liberty of England*.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,  
ROBERT STEELE.

14th Aug., 1879.

BURGH-LE-MARSH.—Our pastor, Mr. Huxham, had been grieved, not seeing converts to Christ brought in; but recently he has been encouraged by baptizing and receiving additions to the Church. We had solemn service when the baptizing took place, Mr. Huxham devoting himself much to the work. Our Monksthorp anniversary was May 21. Mr. Forman (of March) preached; the Word was well received. We Monksthorpites are not all dead, although our cause is very old. Mr. Cattell engaged to preach Burgh anniversary sermons. We had John Bolton one Sunday in June. Oh! how delighted we were to hear him. Then William Flack came for two Sundays. Good things he declared unto us. Our school increases. We have a new and nice superintendent, and we have got into Hope cottage.

STURRY, NEAR CANTERBURY,  
KENT.

The people at Sturry, on Monday, Aug. 4. seemed to realise the sweetness, and experimentally proved the truth, of Stennett's words:—

"How charming is the place  
Where my Redeemer-God  
Unveils the beauties of His face,  
And sheds His love abroad."

The anniversary may be said to have commenced on the Sunday evening, when Chas. Hancock, the pastor, preached from the words, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad." The occasion suggested the words to the mind of the preacher, and he (Mr. Hancock), during the sermon, reviewed the twenty years of his pastorate.

On Monday—the day fixed for celebrating the twentieth anniversary of the present pastor, and about the fiftieth of the opening of the place—Mr. C. W. Banks was announced to preach morning, afternoon, and evening. The morning service was commenced by Mr. R. Y. Banks, of Eger-ton, who conducted the devotional part of the service. The preacher for the day then entered the pulpit, and read for his text, "Yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation." Samuel Foster told me that some who heard this sermon heard to their soul's comfort. The preacher was in quite a cheerful mood.

In the afternoon, Mr. Hancock commenced the service, after which Mr. Banks again preached a very soul-searching sermon on the Lord's Prayer for, and Promises to, His People.

In the evening, like a giant refreshed, the preacher again (after Mr. Hooker had read and prayed) discoursed in a very solemn strain from the words, "Let us see if the vine flourish." I have been in the habit of hearing Mr. Banks for some years, but I never heard him so deliberate, decided, and encouraging.

Dinner and tea were supplied in a tent on the lawn behind the chapel to large gatherings of friends. Oh, how we can pray for Heaven's smile ever to rest on this Church and the pastor.

A SOJOURNER.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS AND OUR  
MINISTERS.WOOBURN GREEN SUNDAY SCHOOL  
ANNIVERSARY.

The friends of this cause of truth had a prosperous season in commemorating the opening of the Sunday school, July 20. W. Winters preached two sermons, and addressed the children in the afternoon. Some few friends in years past made several attempts to maintain a Sunday school in this place, but, owing to the want of help and necessary encouragement, after awhile their strenuous efforts proved unsuccessful, until friends Freeman and Tillbury, Englishmen-like, made a fresh start, and we sincerely hope by the blessing of God their perseverance in this particular will be richly rewarded.

Although their beginning be small, yet it is to be hoped their latter end will greatly increase. It is high time that some of our Churches aroused themselves from their lethargy to the help of the Sabbath school, not with a view to make Christians in the universal sense of the word, but to keep the rising generation under sound and healthy training, and in order to effect this point teachers should be selected from the Church, as much as possible, who are most likely, in their expositions of the Word of life, to give the true sense, as in Ezra's day. If this matter were more strictly attended to, we should not be so constantly hearing of the want of harmony and sympathy between the ministry of the pastor and that of the teacher. The cause at Woburn Green is upwards of half a century old, and has passed through a series of conflicting changes during that time, still the Church exists, and we hope it will acknowledge the recommencement of a school as a movement in the right direction, and helpful to its own material interest. Our soul was stirred to thankfulness at God's goodness as we listened to the history of this Church in brief, as told by the venerable Richard Howard, one of its original founders, who, with his aged and genial brother Francis, has walked in close fellowship for the greater part of the period above mentioned. Friends are little aware how a minister's heart is encouraged by their being in time to begin the service, and by a kind word now and again to him as a faithful toiler, whose benediction on a Sabbath evening does not finally terminate his day's work, for he is often found preaching the same sermons again and again to himself during the ensuing week, and reproaching himself for what he said wrong or left unsaid. We were highly pleased at our visit to the cause at Woburn Green, and are much indebted to our generous-hearted friends, Mr. and Mrs. Kemp, of "Glory Mills," who so agreeably entertained us on the occasion, and whose company we left for a flying visit to our friend Mr. Thomas Chivers, of High Wycombe.

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

CROYDON.—Third anniversary of Derby-road Baptist-chapel Sunday school was Sunday, Aug. 3. Mr. Thurston preached the annual sermon; he gave an impressive and well-adapted discourse. Collections were handsome. On Monday was our annual Sunday school treat; we went to Mr. Singer's farm, Chipstead, by his kind permission; which was much enjoyed both by young and old. We numbered over 300. A most excellent tea was admirably provided by the indefatigable labours and unceasing kindness of our benefactors and friends, Mr. and Mrs. Woodward. As a Church and people we do feel God has heard and answered our prayers in a most signal manner. We will, by God's help, still go on in His strength, and ascribe all the glory and praise unto Him who has washed us in His precious blood and made us kings and priests unto God. On behalf of the Church,—JOHN E. ROWE, Sec.

**OLD BETHNAL GREEN ROAD.**—**ZION**, in Matilda-street. Pastor Matthew Branch president, and gave us some rich hymns. C. L. Kemp was comforting on the grace of hope, and our good friend Joiner went over the Promised Land, gathering a few handfuls of purpose for Ruth and her sisters. Mr. Hunt on "Thy thoughts are very deep;" shewing they are the thoughts of an infinite mind, a deep theme thoughtfully expressed. C. W. Banks spoke on the ancient Israelites pitching around their own "standard," and going forward. Mr. Golding gave a discourse taking us to the precincts of glory. Mr. Golding's heart, mind, and body are full of springs, not dry leaves, but love's fountain flowing forth. Matthew Branch, having on July 15 reached his forty-eighth birthday, took a sweet review of his life, which we hope soon to give in these pages.

**BRISTOL.**—There is in this city a nice chapel, it cost nearly £1,000. All is paid for. It is called Zoar Baptist chapel. There has been a division, which took about twenty away. A leader left. He took a room; many followed. There is another room on the Batch, not far away from Zoar. Oh! dear sir! I got so tired with the biting that I am hoping for better days. An efficient ministry is what is wanted. I have been in Bristol over seventeen years, but have never found a "settled rest." When I can, I run and hear good Dr. Doudney; he dispenses some rich cordials, so that I get a little here; and from reading the *VESSEL*, *Cheering Words*, "Mr. Hazelton's Sermons," and my brother's letters, I have been helped on; blessed be God, "though faint still pursuing."

**HIGHBURY VALE.**—The Church over which brother Whitteridge presides held its annual meeting, July 22, when Mr. H. Hall preached a sound experimental sermon. In evening pastor occupied the chair. Brethren C. W. Banks, Dearsly, Smith, Beddow, White, and Winters helped in the service. We hope our brother Whitteridge will live a good while yet to see brighter days of usefulness than heretofore. God grant it so. Amen.—**W. WINTERS.**

**WOOLWICH.**—Third anniversary of Cave Adullam, Ordnance-road, was July 30. Mr. J. Inwards preached from the words: "All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Mr. J. Inwards presided in evening. Mr. F. Green offered prayer. Speeches by brethren Inwards, Beddow, and Green.—**W. B.**

**BECCLES.**—It is lamentable to find in the town that gross errors are spreading. Our energetic Baptist minister, Mr. Edgerton, has published a small, but excellent tract on the "Immortality of the Soul." Its arguments and proofs are from God's Holy Word, and we are concerned that all young disciples and all doubters should read it with care and prayer.

**TUNBRIDGE WELLS.**—The Hanover Baptist chapel anniversary was held August 4, 1879. Mr. Newton is now our frequent preacher. Many come together to the worship of God, and the good old cause is hopefully healthy. At Salem chapel, where brother Thomas Edwards preaches the Gospel, there are signs of prosperity. A new gallery has recently been erected. Mr. Edwards preaches on Sunday afternoon out on the Common. Hundreds crowd around him; they hear the truth, and unto some souls the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation.

**WIVELSFIELD.**—At our anniversary of this ancient Baptist Church, some of us expected a glorious day on July 16. Three of the most noted men in the kingdom appointed to preach, G. Webb, J. Nunn, and G. Shepherd. At the Brighton Mission Hall Mr. Boxall is baptizing, publishing a genuine free-grace Gospel, and *CHARITY* (in her sweetly scented robes of meekness and kindness) is blessing more than time will ever tell.

**HULL.**—Mr. Thomas Bradbury has been preaching here. He preached in the school-room of St. Andrew's Church one evening, and in Mr. Wilcockson's chapel the next. On both occasions we found refreshing and comforting blessings.

### Marriages.

On July 30th, at Zion chapel, New Cross-road, by the pastor, J. S. Anderson, James Webb, jun., of Catford Mill, to Theresa, eldest daughter of Mr. Alfred Norman, of Old Kent-road.

On Aug. 2, at Park chapel, Camden-town, James Clinch to Honor Stanley (of Sir Rowland Hill's, Hampstead).

On Aug. 2nd, at St. Paul's church, Southwark, John Henry Beach, of Brooklyn House, The Terrace, Kennington-park, to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the late William Amery, of Lambeth-road.

On July 22nd, at Beulah Baptist chapel, Farnborough, Kent, by Mr. Isaac Ballard, George William Crutcher, eldest son of George Crutcher, of Bromley, Kent, to Maria, third daughter of Isaac Ballard, of Farnborough.

On Aug. 4, at Bond-street chapel, Brighton, by Mr. John Glacken, Joseph Mayhew, of Islington, to Ruth Elizabeth (Ruthie), eldest daughter of Thomas Fowler, of Brighton and Stratford.

### Deaths.

At 5, City Almshouses, Shepherd's-lane, Brixton, Aug. 11, Mr. John Ratt, aged 77, who had been connected with the Surrey Tabernacle nearly forty years; the last eight years had been confined to his bed. Buried in his family grave at Nunhead Cemetery, Aug. 16.

At Headbourne Worthy, Winchester, on Sunday, June 29, Joseph Taylor, aged 74 years, suddenly fell asleep in Jesus. [His daughter has promised us some account of this good brother, who, for many years, preached Christ's Gospel faithfully.—**ED.**]

**DROWNED.**—That once-favoured orator at the Craven, John Graham, went bathing at Cape May, in New Jersey, on Aug. 1; "got out of his depth," and was found dead.

# God's Government of the Church and of the World.

*Reflections arising out of that horrible calamity on the Thames, Tuesday, September 3, 1878, when over 600 souls were suddenly plunged into Eternity.*

WEDNESDAY morning, September 4, 1878, while waiting on Cannon-street station, to take train for Kent, my attention was directed to the astounding announcement of the collision and sinking of the *Princess Alice*, on the previous evening, in the Thames, when it is stated over 600 precious souls were instantly swept away, and driven into the boundless sea of a never-ending eternity.

When I reached my journey's end, and was mournfully conversing on this lamentable event, John Plaw sighed out with a solemn emphasis, "Ah!

"HIS JUDGMENTS ARE A GREAT DEEP!"

For awhile those six words passed away; but they sprang up again and again; and finding them in the centre of a rich cluster, my mind became occupied with them; and I commend them to the notice of all serious hearts.

They stand in Psalm xxxvi., which begins with a melancholy representation of a wicked man. There are seven lines on the character and condition of the wicked transgressor. Consider them for one moment:—

1. "There is no fear of God before his eyes."
2. "He flattereth himself in his own eyes until his iniquity be found to be hateful."
3. "The words of his mouth are iniquity and deceit."
4. "He hath left off to be wise, and to do good."
5. "He deviseth mischief upon his bed."
6. "He setteth himself in a way that is not good."
7. "He abhorreth not evil."

Reader, here is a looking-glass, wherein the Spirit sheweth you the different parts which make up "the transgression of the wicked."

Then, immediately, the Divine Teacher taketh the Psalmist up into a perfect view of the four great pillars which represent the government of the Almighty Jehovah, and the three new covenant streams of grace which flow from the throne of God and of the Lamb.

These pillars are too high and much too comprehensive for me to measure them; and the streams, or "wells of salvation," are too rich and full for me to define them; nevertheless, if I may be instrumental in calling attention to their unity and harmony, it may tend to strengthen our faith in the perfect arrangements of the Lord God, whose "way is in the sea," whose "paths are in the great waters," whose "footsteps are not known."

The first great pillar is called "MERCY!" "Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens." It was in the highest heavens where MERCY was first set up. Read Psalm lxxxix.; is it not Christ in prophecy speaking of the root and royal rising of the kingdom of grace? The Spirit of Christ in the prophet sings of the mercy of the Lord; for, saith the eternal God, "I have said mercy shall be built up for ever." The foundations of it were laid essentially in the covenant made with God's chosen; they were laid executively in Christ's obedience and bloodshedding; they are laid ministerially and experimentally by the Spirit, and by the ministers He employs; and thus Mercy's building has been growing up into an holy temple in the Lord; and if we are living stones in that temple, we shall be built up for ever, for God's mercy is in Christ, and He is in the heavens; there our life is hid, there our souls are safe, there our heaven is sure; and Peter giveth clear evidences of being in Mercy's temple; having tasted the Lord is gracious, He is unto them most precious. Paul declares plainly salvation, in the original gift of it, is "Not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." This mercy has been shown in Christ, and revealed to us by the SPIRIT; and it is from everlasting to everlasting upon all them that fear the Lord. Mercy is the first great pillar in the salvation of the Church.

Secondly. "Thy FAITHFULNESS reacheth unto the clouds." Faithfulness refers to the covenant made with Christ, to the fulfilment of that covenant by Christ, and to the promises given unto the Church on the ground of the covenant made and fulfilled. *Clouds* of false doctrine, of fierce persecution, of darkness, and of delusion, have fallen upon the Church in all ages; but Jehovah's faithfulness runs parallel with all the clouds, let them be what they may. You look at Jacob and Joseph, at Daniel and Stephen, at Paul and Peter, and John in Patmos. You read the experience of the martyrs; reflect upon your own cloudy days of trial; has not the Divine faithfulness always reached unto the clouds, so that no cloud could swallow up such souls in death?

The sinking of that steamer on the evening of September 3, 1878, is a cloud of dreadful meaning; but the faithfulness of God reached mercifully to all who belonged to him. Not to deliver their persons from going down into the deep waters; not to save them from the watery grave, but certainly to take up their redeemed souls unto Himself. While Mr. Temple—a good minister in Bethnal-green—was speaking at our Sympathetic meeting, his own beloved brother, with others of his friends, at that very moment, were hurled down in the jaws of a terrible corporeal death. That was passing through the waters indeed; but, being in union with the living CHRIST OF GOD, that so-called "accidental death" could not separate their souls from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus the LORD. Oh! could we know the experiences, the surprises, the realisations of the Divine faithfulness in the sudden flight of those souls who were in CHRIST, what a witness they would give to this word, "Thy FAITHFULNESS reacheth unto the clouds." On the other hand, could we read the agonies, the alarming terrors, the strugglings, the gaspings, the sinkings and screamings of those who had never known, never sought, never feared, never cared for the Lord God of our salvation—could *all* their horrors



of soul be written out, what a verification they would present of that demand in Psalm I., where the Almighty saith, "Now consider this,

"YE THAT FORGET GOD,

lest I tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver." Many souls on that fatal eve found there were "none to deliver."

Most majestic is the style in which *the third great pillar* is introduced: "Thy righteousness is like the great mountains" ("the mountains of God," the margin saith). The roots of the mountains go down under the seas, and so tie themselves together as to bind and hold up the world. They rise up to the heavens, and like impregnable bulwarks they stand around to defend the city of our God. The Person and perfect work of Christ is God's righteousness; and by its imputation, it is the Church's righteousness, too. Christ has justified every attribute in the Deity, every covenant and counsel in the mind and purpose of God; and all the angels in heaven can testify that the FATHER hath said of our Jesus in reference to His substitution and mediatorial work, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." As the Church is chosen in Him, accepted in Him, complete in Him, eternally one with Him, God is well pleased with her as the royal bride of this all-glorious Bridegroom, GOD'S ETERNAL SON.

The fourth testimonial pillar hath inscribed upon it, "Thy judgments are a great deep." Who can fathom them? Shall we look at the ancient flood? at the captivity of Israel in Egypt for four hundred years? at their exodus? at the overthrow of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea? To come home, can we look at the recent wars and famines in India and in China? Can we contemplate this woeful tragedy of the sudden cutting-up of the *Princess Alice*, of the hundreds of souls driven away, of the thousands of bereaved men, women, and children? and can we tell WHY, FOR WHAT PURPOSE, this is? NAY; the universal providence of God is declared to be the great outcome of all His works; He "preserveth man and beast." Was, then, this dire calamity an accident unseen, unknown to the eye of the great omniscient Jehovah? Does not the Lord God hold the winds in His fists, and the waters in the hollow of His hand? Is it not the Lord that commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind? Can a sparrow fall to the ground without our Father's permission? No! Most emphatically we sing—

"Not a single shaft can hit  
Till the God of love see fit."

Did the penetrating eye of the great God see that steamer coming up the Thames? Did He hear them singing, and dancing, and merry-making? Did He let that screw-tug smash the poor little *Princess Alice*, and send her and her immense family down into destruction? He did. Surely this is a deep mystery. Job said, "God is not a man as I am." God is not to be measured by man. His ways are not as our ways. His thoughts are not as our thoughts. As the heavens are higher than the earth, so are God's ways higher than our ways, and His thoughts than our thoughts. "Our God is in the heavens, and He hath done, He is doing, He will do whatsoever it pleaseth Him." Let not puny man be going about curiously prying into the hidden *cause* and design of the bursting of this dark cloud. It has a voice no one

can misunderstand, which crieth aloud, "There is but a step betwixt us and death." And if you read the words of those who were

EYE AND EAR WITNESSES OF THE SCENES,

you will be constrained to admit—

1. That even this life is indescribably precious to those who are forced into dangerous circumstances.

2. That the agonies of death were to many of them more terrific than any of our words can express.

3. That the Person and power of Christ the Saviour is vehemently sought for in such cases by all who have any faith in Him.

Hear what some of the witnesses have solemnly declared. The authorities and saved sufferers say:—

The sudden sinking of the saloon steamboat, the *Princess Alice*, on the river Thames, on Tuesday evening, September 3rd, at a quarter to eight o'clock, is considered to be the most frightful disaster of the kind that has ever occurred in England. There has never been any disaster like it in connection with river traffic in this country.

A clergyman named Gill tells us that—

The shrieks, ejaculations, prayers, and wails of helpless agony around me were heart-rending. It was an instant and wholesale destruction of a vast mass of living men and women, of girls, of innocent and happy childhood. The swimming power which I had exercised as a boy, but which I had not used for years, did not fail me now; and to this and to the precaution of taking off my coat and overcoat I ascribe, under God, my preservation. I swam among a crowd of swimmers and strugglers until I was picked up by a boat.

We have not space enough to quote many testimonies; but the following fairly represent the whole:—

CHARLES HANDLEY, captain of the *Chance* barge, states:—"About a quarter to eight I was with my barge at Beckton, when I heard dreadful screaming, the blowing of whistles, and cries for help, and on looking down the river I saw that a collision had occurred. There was a regular tearing crash. Instantly I took my boat and my mate, and rowed to the spot. Ours was about the first boat there. I never shall forget the sight I saw. The whole river seemed alive with heads and hair. It looked like a river full of cocoa-nuts. Some people were holding on to forms, others to chairs and pieces of wood. A stout gentleman came close to me, and I grabbed at him at once, but he was so heavy that he nearly pulled us over. He was like a madman, and could not be quiet. I ordered him to sit down in the boat, but he would not, and my mate and I had to push him down. Then another gentleman cried out, 'Twenty pounds to save my life!' The promise of money did not influence me, but I seized hold of him, but he was so heavy. We tugged and tugged away, and at last we got him in; and whilst we were doing this, four little boys floated by us, and their beseeching looks were something dreadful. We saved them, thank God.

"The river appeared when we got there to be covered with ladies' hair. The ladies floated, whilst the gentlemen who could not swim sank at once."

Think of the poor girls here described:—

MR. W. PITTIVANT said:—"When the collision took place I made a dive into the water, and on coming up to the surface swam to the side of the screw steamer, and got hold of a rope to which three girls and a young man were already clinging. The girls were crying out, 'Lord Jesus, save

us!"\* As we looked up the side of the ship we saw some one, as we thought, about to let go the ropes, and we cried out to them not to do it. It was a terrible moment for us, but we tried to encourage the girls to bear up, and presently a little boat came and picked us up, also a little child. We were knocking about for two hours in that little boat, the man in charge of it being unable to find a spot at which to land, and the tide preventing us making headway. Ultimately, however, we got ashore."

We have a narrative by one survivor, but we keep it for a second chapter. Such an event as this ought not quickly to pass from our thoughts. A painful service was held in Trinity chapel, Hackney, conducted by Mr. John Vaughan, on the occasion of burying Mr. Alfred Alesbury and his servant—two bodies rescued out of a party of eight who were in the ill-fated vessel.

The clergy and ministers in general have preached and published sermons. We may notice them another month. Criticism on all hands is now exceedingly rife; but Paul says, "It is written, I will destroy the wisdom of the wise, and will bring to nought the understanding of the prudent." Good John Thomas, of Bargoed, writes us this sentence, "O! the mockery of God that is in the world." Proud, self-elated men are pretending to criticise and argue out this melancholy disaster; but for the present we leave them, and ask—In the midst of these wrecks and waves of woe, where can the broken-hearted sinner look? Where can the fearing, the mourning, the waiting, and weary Christian look with hope and confidence for rest and safety? Only to the "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

Of the four pillars which constitute the strength and beauty of that home—God's mercy, His faithfulness, His righteousness, and His judgments—a word or two has been given in the former part of this little paper. Let us now listen to the voice of the sweet singer, after he has reached the inner court of this palace of peace and of prosperity in the perfect paradise of God. He says (in Psa. xxxvi.), "How excellent is Thy lovingkindness, O God! therefore, the children of men put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings." Then, looking forward into the far-distant interiors of this immensely glorious building of God, which hath foundations, he says they are "abundantly satisfied with the fatness of thy house; and the Lord will cause them to drink of the river of His pleasures for ever." For the whole of the

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\* "SO SHALL IT BE AT THE END OF THE WORLD."

A Christian of ripeness in age and experience, says, The splitting, sinking, and going down of the steamer in the Thames, is one of the warnings and signs of the end of this age; and seeing the suddenness with which multitudes are plunged into eternity, it is well for believers to "give all diligence to make their calling and election sure." What a confirmatory comment is this Thames calamity on Paul's words (1 Thes. v. 2—4): "For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night; for when they shall say, Peace and safety, then sudden destruction cometh upon them, as travail upon a woman with child; and they shall not escape." How true was this with several hundreds who sunk in the river, also with near 300 in the Prince of Wales colliery, Abercarn, at noon, on September 11. They call it "the most frightful catastrophe that has ever occurred in the South Wales district." What with famines starving, trains smashing, steamers drowning, and colliery explosions burning, we have terrors exceedingly awful. "But ye, brethren," saith Paul, "are not in darkness that that day should overtake you as a thief." If we are the children of light, and of the day, then let us watch and be sober. To be prepared to meet Him is mercy rich indeed.

election of grace, there is a good home to go to : yea, for all the partakers of mercy, as Maclaren declares, there is before them—

The glory of the disembodied soul in heaven,  
The glory of the resurrection at the Lord's coming,  
The eternal glory in the new heavens.

For this three-fold glory we are waiting. May we wait in patience of soul, is the longing desire of CHARLES WATERS BANKS, at Elder Tree-cottage, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, who, if spared, expects to furnish some incidents of a solemn character connected with the calamities now on record, filling the hearts and the homes of thousands with grief and with pain.

## THE GREAT MULTITUDE BEFORE THE THRONE.

MR. W. TROTMAN'S EVENING SERMON,

*Sunday School Anniversary, at Raunds, in August, 1878.*

“Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple : and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”—Rev. vii. 15—17.

**J**OHAN saw a multitude which no man could number standing before the throne and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hand, and they cried with a loud voice, “Salvation to our God and unto the Lamb.”

The account which was given by one of the elders concerning this great multitude is most interesting. We shall endeavour to notice—

I.—The people as described by the elder.

II.—The reasons assigned for their standing before the throne and before the Lamb.

III.—The present and eternal blessedness they enjoy.

I.—The people. 1. They are one people, gathered out of a variety of peoples and nations—all nations, and kindreds, and tribes, and tongues.

2. An innumerable multitude—a number which no man can number—a number known to God, but known only to Him; beyond man's calculation or conception. Enough to satisfy the Son of God, their Almighty Redeemer, of whom it is said, “He shall see of the travail of His soul and shall be satisfied.”

3. Their position is a high and exalted one, “Before the throne of God and of the Lamb.” In the world they were more likely to be found in the cottage than in the palace; more acquainted with poverty than with royalty; little esteemed by the rich and the great. Lazarus at the gate rather than the rich man in the mansion; Daniel in the lion's den, Joseph in the prison, David in the cave of Adullam—see a description of them in Hebrews xi. But now John seeth them before the throne, glorified—“The spirits of the just made perfect.”

4. They are victorious, for they are clothed with white robes; they have palms (signifying victory) in their hands. Moreover—

5. They are jubilant, for they cry with a loud voice, "Salvation to our God and to the Lamb for ever."

II.—The reasons why they are where and what they are.

1. They have come out of great tribulation. The path into the great tribulation was by transgression; the tribulation itself is the great death which came by sin; and the way out of it is by Christ Jesus, who said, "I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life; no man cometh unto the Father but by Me;" and these have been delivered from so great a death. It is plain to any thinking, well-instructed mind, that tribulation of all sorts comes of sin. It is either the immediate consequence of sin in us or in others; or it is an infliction of God as a chastisement or punishment for sin. The first infliction of God as a punishment for sin was that great death which overtook man in the day he fell, according to the threatening, "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." Man did not die the corporeal and visible death on that day; but he died the moral and spiritual death. The decadence of all moral and spiritual faculties then took place, and he was a fallen creature. Henceforth, tribulation was his lot; so it is written, "Man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward." "Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble." In the first steps of coming out of this trouble we have the real consciousness of it, for it is a quickening, and with spiritual life begins spiritual consciousness; and as one who had been long dead coming again to life in the charnel house, surrounded with the dead who are still what he was once, would long for freedom and separation from such companionship, would pant for the fresh air and sunshine suited to his new life, and not wish to dwell in the regions of the shadow of death, the tomb, and would be in trouble until he could for ever escape from his loathsome abode—so those who are born again, and are coming out of tribulation—the great death—they groan, being burdened with the grave clothes, till they are freed therefrom and clothed upon with those heavenly robes of "life and immortality brought to light by the Gospel." Those whom John saw had come out of great tribulation—God had redeemed them from all their iniquity, and "out of all their troubles," "therefore are they before the throne of God," &c.

The second reason given is, "they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Their robes—in the plural; they are said to be clothed in white robes; there is one robe which they wear which needs no washing in the blood of the Lamb, for it is the righteousness of God by faith in Jesus Christ. Christ needed not for Himself, as did the high priest under the law, to offer a sacrifice first, and then for the sins of the people, for He was holy, harmless, and separate from sinners. In this righteousness of His, we are justified, accepted in the Beloved. But, alas! sin has defiled us throughout body, soul, and spirit, so that we cannot think or act, desire or pray, wait or work, but sin is mixed in all we do, so that we have constant need of washing.

We find, under the law, provision was made for the shedding of blood by the offerer, and for washing of the bodies, and the clothing of the offerer, so you have the great altar of sacrifice, and the great lava for washing. To have washed the garments in blood would have been only to make them fouler, so there must be blood shed for atonement,

and water poured out for washing. But this poured out water, cleansing the persons of the garments of the offerers, signified the merit of Christ in His sacrifice, and the effectual working of His power by His Spirit and His Word to cleanse us from all sin. So it is said they have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb ("The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin"); therefore are they before the throne of God. These are the two reasons: first, they have escaped death and judgment for sin, and secondly they have been cleansed from its pollution, and are thus not only made to be partakers, but are made "meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

III.—Their blessedness.

1. They serve Him without intermission or weariness, day and night, and where they have so longed to dwell for ever, all the days of their life—viz., in His temple.

2. They have the companionship of Him they love best—"The Lamb shall dwell among them."

3. They have lost all sensual lustings or cravings ("They shall hunger no more," &c.), having their wills swallowed up in the will of God, being conformed to the image (morally and spiritually) of the Son of God, who said, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt."

4. They know no fierce heat of temptation, nor bright glare of earthly grandeur, or beauty, to enchant or distress them.

5. They find fulness of pleasure, satisfaction, and sustenance in the fountain of life—or living water—called "living fountains of waters," to which the Lamb leads them; and—

Lastly, sorrow is for ever banished, tears for ever dried up, by the loving hand of a kind and gracious Father and Friend, their Lord and their God. Oh! may that blessedness be yours and mine, dear reader, prays

WM. TROTMAN.

Baunds, August 18, 1878.

## THE VENERABLE THOMAS JONES.

(Continued from page 238.)

ON the subject of useful books, there is only one besides those I have named to which I owe a special tribute in these scraps of soul history, and that is, "A Practical Discourse on God's Sovereignty," by Elisha Coles. It is commended as a legacy to the Church in Huntington's "Last Will and Testament," and, to my high gratification, I found it by a catalogue of old books on sale in the neighbourhood, price 1s. 6d.; an old battered fragment of print it was, but more precious than gold, and some one to whom I subsequently lent it perhaps had my opinion of it, as it was not returned to me its lawful owner.\* "Honour to whom honour is due" is an apostolic precept, and while I gladly honour the memory of Elisha Coles, whose elucidations of Scripture brought me more constantly to my knees than any other

\* On no part of the decalogue is the moral sense weaker than that which affects property in books. A quaint old author says with grim humour, "Borrowing them is tantamount to stealing, and should be punishable with death."

uninspired volume, I may not withhold respectful mention of the fact, that when in the trade the book was "out of print," Mr. Spurgeon brought it out in respectable typography, at a very moderate price (2s. 6d.), obtainable of Passmore & Alabaster. In a preface by Mr. Spurgeon he says, "In my earliest days of religious thought this treatise was of great assistance to me . . . and I believe that the truths which he advocates are both honourable to God and sanctifying to the Church." "The points which he sets himself to bring forward are among the most precious and important in Holy Writ, and are so little palatable to our carnal natures that they need to be forced home upon the professing Church most constantly and powerfully. . . . Woe be to the people where the pulpit gives no utterance to the deep things of God; they will grow lean from want of nourishment, and sad from lack of comfort." This encomium from such a quarter may induce some young disciples to dig into this mine, and so doing, with godly diligence and prayer, they will come upon nuggets of spiritual riches, such as no rust can corrupt and no thieves shall steal.

The history of the first fifteen years of the present century is rife with political commotions, cabinets intriguing, armies and navies moving hither and thither, intent on each others' destruction, the Governments fanning national vanity in favour of war, and Parliaments voting expenditure of money and blood to an extent appalling to patriotic economists and genuine Christians. The penalty incurred by the madness of that period is being exacted to this day, and unless something occurs of a nature all right-minded citizens would deprecate, the slow process of liquidation will continue for many generations to come. The strifes and contentions which were shaking the earth set many well-meaning people to study the prophecies in the Bible to learn the signs of the times, and the probable duration of these miseries.

A clergyman of Norfolk compiled an eight shilling volume on what he deemed the foretellings of inspiration in reference to current events in Europe, and the results of the same to England more especially. A Wesleyan, old enough to be my grandfather, with whom I had many a wrangle on the doctrines, often drew on my knowledge of Scripture, and did me many kindnesses, bought the book and gave me the first reading of it. That was more than seventy years ago, and I forget the title of the book and the name of its author, it was the only copy I ever saw; but I know its tone was evangelical, that the writer was learned and well-read in history, and withal a trifle visionary.

Buonaparte was the great bugbear of the time. He was, in common opinion, the embodiment of all evil, the pestilence that walked in darkness, the destruction that wasted at noonday, Satan incarnate. The Norfolk clergyman found him in the Revelation by John, who wrote of him in the Isle of Patmos, and he credited him with further mission than he had already accomplished, and which, in fact, he never did accomplish. But my business is not with Buonaparte, with Nelson, or Wellington, with diplomatists or warriors, but to introduce my readers to a solemn episode in my own history, of which I am often reminded now by the expression of modern thought, the darings of a profane philosophy which is sapping the foundations of faith, and making the Bible a mass of fable. I forget how the expounder of prophecy inserted the heresy; but he roundly asserted that it is a mistake to accept the dogma of

eternal punishment for sin, that the ungodly will be simply annihilated, or, after suffering for a shorter or longer period, they will come out of the fire clean and white, fit associates for those who have laved in the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness, who were sanctified in Christ Jesus and called to be saints (1 Cor. i. 2).

It is said a drowning man will catch at a straw; he may, but the straw will not save him from drowning. With some such delusion, however, I caught at this opinion, and for the time it gave me wonderful relief. I was in the Psalmist's case, "The sorrows of death compassed me, and the pains of hell gat hold upon me: I found trouble and sorrow" (Psa. cxvi. 3). I had believed that the impenitent and unbelieving would be driven from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power, and the door would be shut upon them never to be opened; that the gulf between Dives and Lazarus would ever be impassable; that the wicked would go, after the judgment, into everlasting punishment, and the righteous into life eternal. Oh! the anguish of the thought of an endless exclusion from the presence of the holy God, to dwell in darkness denser than that of Egypt, and without hope of deliverance.

But here is the testimony of a clergyman learned in languages and all the ologies, who stakes his credit as Master of Arts, and representative of one of the Universities, on the comfortable evasion of a terrible truth held by the primitive Church, and reducing eternity to a very brief period, and allowing the soul of man an ephemeral existence, or, it may be—these speculators deal largely in may be's—that the soul dies with the body, and there is an end of it. Here was comfort for me, and I cheerfully took it and obtained thereby a false peace. Blessed, for ever blessed, be the God of grace, who waked me up from this stupor, and went on to teach me by terrible things in righteousness that His Word is powerful, sharper than a two-edged sword, that He alone is true, that men of low degree are vanity, and men of high degree—of high degree in scholastic attainments and ecclesiastical honours—are a lie (Psa. lxxii. 9). How few believe the humbling descriptions of man in his ignorance, pride, and presumption! How few believe in the freeness and mightiness of grace, in its long-suffering, its stoops, and its triumphs! I must defer the way in which the snare was broken and I escaped (Psa. cxxiv. 7) for another paper, and conclude this with the words, which were fulfilled in my case (Isa. xxviii. 15—18): "Because ye have said, We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement; when the overflowing scourge shall pass through, it shall not come unto us: for we have made lies our refuge, and under falsehood have we hid ourselves: therefore thus saith the Lord. . . . Behold I will lay judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet: and the hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the waters shall overflow the hiding place. And your covenant with death shall be disannulled, and your agreement with hell shall not stand." The covenant with death, the agreement with hell, the refuge of lies, and the hiding place of hypocrisy, mean the flesh-pleasing theories of pretended theologians, the inventions of crafty priests, the vendors of spiritual opiates, who get wealth by crying "peace, peace, when there is no peace" (Jer. vi. 14). All through we trace free-will trust of the man in his own heart, and defiance of both law and Gospel.

*(To be continued.)*



MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S FIRST BAPTIZING SERMON  
AND SERVICE IN LONDON.

[We are censured by some of the cloth for giving such prominence to our young brother's writings. Thousands are anxiously inquiring—"Will he settle down in the truth?" We feel it must be hopefully encouraging to the children of God to read testimonies of Mr. Levinsohn's progress in the ministry.—ED.]

ON Sunday, August 25th, a very blessed time was realised among the members and congregation worshipping in Carmel chapel, Pimlico. In the evening Mr. Isaac Levinsohn preached to a very large assembly from Isaiah xli. 10:—"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." The preacher said, Through the history of the people of God we find there have always been three mighty powers which have caused them to be very often unhappy, and filled them with fear and dread. These powers are—their sins, their enemies, and their wants. Every Christian will acknowledge that the cause of all our misery is sin. Alas! how trying is it for the Christian to meet his enemies; and when engaged in the holy warfare, to know and feel his wants! How often are our hearts filled with the spirit of anxiety as to what shall be on the morrow! Yes, the sense of our wants makes us groan very often, and the only refuge we can find is to search the precious Book of books, and see if there is some portion to suit our peculiar necessities. Such being the experience of God's children, it is very sweet to observe how our loving Father has made provision for us in Jesus Christ, to quench the thirst of His weary and thirsting travellers, and to silence the yearning of every heart.

The text we have selected for our meditation this evening is one of the very many sweet promises of God; and blessed are the people who by precious faith know them, for the promises of the Bible are a rich inheritance to the blood-bought heirs of glory; they are suitable to all conditions of life; in whatever circumstances they may be placed there is always an appropriate promise of relief and deliverance. As it is sweet to the thirsty traveller in the scorching desert of Arabia when he finds a palm-tree, and from it obtains some beautiful dates, which revive him in his painful hours of thirst, so it is with the people of God, who, as pilgrims through this world (which proves a desert indeed), find the blessed promises of God in the Bible very sweet and refreshing.

We will notice—First: *That the children of God are very often the subjects of fear and dread.* Secondly: *That the sweet and all-supporting presence of Jehovah-Jesus is the antidote of the fears of His elect.*

I.—THAT THE CHILDREN OF GOD ARE VERY OFTEN THE SUBJECTS OF FEAR AND DREAD.

1. This fear is not the fear of the slave; the fear of the children of God is of a peculiar nature; quite different is it from that of the ungodly, for how awful is the state of their mind, especially in the hour of death! Blessed be God, His children are delivered from such fear, for they have learnt by precious faith that the sacrifice of Jesus redeems them from those fears which the unregenerate are the subjects of.

2. We observe further, that this fear, or dismay, the people of God are

subject to, is the effect of several causes. A knowledge of the majesty, holiness, and infinite purity of Jehovah in contrast to one's own sinfulness, will cause it. Surely every one of us, beloved, when we look at the holiness of God in His Son Jesus Christ, and our own vileness, must, like the leper of old, cry—"Unclean! Unclean!" And is it not enough, my brethren in Jesus, to fill us now and then with fear?

3. Sometimes this fear is the effect of natural timidity. Alas! my brethren, how many times have our spiritual enjoyments been interrupted through natural timidity. There are some, no doubt, in this congregation this evening who very often cry bitterly when they consider the matchless glory, majesty, and holiness of God, and feel that they cannot, they must not, come nigh to His footstool; yet they are sure that they are just the characters He calls; but their fears arise only through their natural timidity. My beloved brethren and sisters, whatever the course of your feelings may be, I pray that you may hear the voice of God through His Son, saying: "Fear not; for I am with thee."

4. I may also add, that the children of God are often afraid through extremely painful trials. How many of you, beloved, have sometimes felt firm in the faith of Jesus when you were travelling a path which was smooth; you then could sing the songs of Zion with hearts of cheerfulness and gladness! But, alas! when, through the hand of Divine Providence, you had to experience some painful trial—perhaps affliction or death in your family—how soon you began to sing a song quite different to the one you sang before! How soon your soul has been filled with fear, and you wondered if the Lord was your God, and if He would deliver you! But, children of Jehovah, mourners of Zion, you can also, I have no doubt, remember the time when the Lord was very gracious to you in those severe trials; how sweet were the promises when He applied them with power to your soul; and to every poor mourner in Zion in this house to-night, in the name of the Lord I deliver unto you this message, praying that the Holy Spirit may repeat these words after me to your soul—"Fear not; for I am with thee."

5. The children of God, we further notice, are often afraid and dismayed when they consider the final result of their profession. What a mercy, my beloved, that our safety and security do not depend upon our feelings; we have, blessed be God, a much better and stronger foundation—Jesus is His name.

6. We may also notice that the children of God are sometimes filled with fear because of their enemies. David knew well what it was to be afraid of enemies; but, thank God, we have more to comfort us even than David had; for David and the saints before him looked forward for the coming of the Messiah, but we are witnesses of the blessed truth that Jesus appeared, suffered, and died for His people, and rose again for their justification; and that Jesus has redeemed them from the power of Satan and his angels; even the gates of hell shall not prevail against them, but they shall enjoy perfect security. Oh, children of God, you are tried often because of your enemies, but listen then to the words of your God, "Fear not; for I am with thee."

II.—We observe that THE SWEET AND ALL-SUPPORTING PRESENCE OF JEHOVAH-JESUS IS THE ANTIDOTE TO THE FEARS OF THE ELECT.

Observe how tenderly God speaks to His people; the tenderness of a mother will fail to describe the tenderness of Jehovah to His children. How anxious He is to give peace and consolation to the elect! How wonderfully expressive is our text of His love and kindness—"I am with thee." Not nigh unto you to render you assistance when needed, but "I AM WITH THEE." Ah! it may be that some of you cry because you want to feel the presence of the Lord, and you say, as some said, "My Lord hath forgotten me;" but, beloved, often we see the clouds in the sky which prevent us from seeing the glories of the sun, but, nevertheless, the sun is in the same place; so it is often in the Christian's experience; we have clouds of unbelief and of fear which hide us from seeing Him whom our souls love. Brother, sister, wait patiently, watch and pray, your God is the Lord that created the universe; your Father is He whose name is Jehovah; your Saviour is His Son who is Wonderful, the Mighty God, the Prince of peace and of glory; your refuge is the arm of Omnipotence; your rock and defence is the Rock of Ages, cleft for sinners.

Cheer up, then, ye souls who are afraid. God says unto you, "Fear not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness." My brother, my sister, what is your condition? Are you weak? If so, I rejoice to tell you that God says, "I will strengthen thee." Are you alone in the world, and you cry because you are without friends? Rejoice, then, beloved friend; God says, "I will help thee in the time of need." Are you ready to despair? To you the Almighty God speaks, saying, "I will uphold thee with the hand which is omnipotent and full of righteousness."

1. By the presence of the Lord we may understand it to imply His gracious presence. Although it is sweet to know the providential presence of God and His essential presence is with us, yet the Christian cannot feel satisfied with the presence of Jehovah unless it is His gracious presence through His Son, our blessed Saviour.

2. God is present with His people through all the chequered scenes of life, even when billow after billow rolls over them, and they are ready to cry, "Lord, we perish!" Yet He is near unto them, and says, "Fear not."

3. His promise to be with His people is often felt by the saints even when attacked by Satan, who goes about like a roaring lion; yet no lion shall hurt the elect, for they all shall be kept safe and secure; their keeping has been from all eternity arranged in the counsels of the Triune God; and for the encouragement of such, He says, "Fear not; for I am with thee."

4. In the hours the most painful to nature, when objects we love and for whom we feel we could shed the last drop of blood in our hearts, are in the bitterest of sorrow and pain, who can comfort them in such a season but an all-supporting God? When all earthly comfort and consolation fail, God in Christ is quite sufficient to console, when He so sweetly whispers to us, "Fear not; for I am with thee." It is sweet to realise that God in Jesus is our Shepherd, Brother, and Friend, our Prophet, Priest, and King; and when the time shall appear that it shall be our lot to bid farewell to this world and pass through the last river, even *Death*, then even shall none of the elect be afraid,

but joyfully shall we gird up our loins, and say, "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."

"O Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,  
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save,  
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,  
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

Loud roaring, the billows now nigh overwhelm,  
But skilful's the Pilot who sits at the helm;  
His wisdom conducts thee, His power defends,  
In safety and quiet thy warfare He ends.

O fearful, O faithless, in mercy He cries,  
My promise, My truth, are they light in thine eyes?  
Still, still I am with thee, My promise shall stand,  
Through tempest and tossing I'll bring thee to land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot, thy name  
Engrav'd on My heart doth for ever remain;  
The palms of My hands whilst I look on, I see  
The wounds I received when suffering for thee.

I feel at My heart all thy sighs and thy groans,  
For thou art most near Me, My flesh, and My bones;  
In all thy distresses thy Head feels the pain,  
Yet all is most needful, not one is in vain.

Then trust Me, and fear not, thy life is secure,  
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is My power;  
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,  
To make thee at length in My likeness to shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak, are My care;  
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad prayer;  
From all their afflictions My glory shall spring,  
And the deeper their sorrows the louder they'll sing."

After the sermon, Mr. Levinsohn addressed five candidates, expressing his peculiar pleasure and gratitude to God on their behalf, most especially because the Lord has been pleased to give them to him as seals for his ministry. He concluded the address by earnestly appealing to the candidates to show to the world that the religion they made a profession of is a holy religion—which they may prove by their life, conduct, and conversation. After the address, Mr. Levinsohn entered into the water with the five candidates, and baptized them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. The service was then closed.

May the Lord in His mercy visit many and many more precious souls, that the Church of Christ may rejoice to see her Lord thus glorified. Amen.

## PRAYER AND PRAISE.

BY B. BAKER,

*Minister of Bethersden Chapel.*

**D**EAR FRIENDS,—Paul, in the third of Ephesians, speaks of bowing his knee to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; and if in spirit our hearts bow with him, while we feel that the things he asks of God are just suited to us, I think it is a sweet evidence that we belong to the same family, chosen of God, blessed with

all spiritual blessings in Christ, accepted in the Beloved, to the praise of the glory of His grace (see Ephes. i.).

He says, "That He would grant you." Ah, we know it must all be a free-grace grant! "According to the riches of His glory." Oh, what am I asking? Am I not asking too much? Verily, no! He says, "Open thy mouth wide," &c. "To be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man." Oh, this is just what I want! Weak enough I am; Oh, strengthen me in my inner man. "That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith." Ah, that's it! I want Christ. I want Christ in my heart. I want Him not merely to come and be gone again; I want Him to dwell there. Yes, Paul, my soul chimes in with you; this just suits me. "That ye being rooted and grounded in love." Yes, Lord, Thy wondrous love. Oh, root me and ground me in it; don't leave me merely to hear and read about it, but do root me in it. "That ye may be able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth and length, and depth and height, and to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, and be filled with all the fulness of God." Oh, what a prayer! Paul! may we talk to God like this? May we ask all this? Dare we so boldly draw near? Yes, yes; for "through Christ we have access by one Spirit unto the Father." Oh, then, what a privilege is prayer, and how mercifully inclined towards us is the ear of God. Yes, yes (as though Paul said), and do begin to praise Him. Indeed, I cannot refrain longer. "Now unto Him." Oh, the mercy that is unto us, the grace unto us, the good pleasure unto us. How meet and right it is, then, that our song of praise should be "unto Him that is able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us." And is this possible? Have we not just asked the greatest of favours, the biggest of blessings, the choicest mercies? And will He go beyond it all? "Exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." Ah, then, you must know what verse 8 speaks of: even "the unsearchable riches of Christ." And all to enrich poor, sinful, empty creatures like us.

Strike up, Paul. Sing again—"Unto Him be glory in the Church by Christ Jesus throughout all ages, world without end. Amen." Brethren, believers, does not your heart respond a hearty Amen to the prayer, and a hearty Amen to the praise? Oh, sweet employment! May we oftener be found in it. So shall we wonderingly exclaim: "What am I?" &c; and, on the other hand, shall be determined to "crown Him Lord of all."

#### WHAT SOME SAY IN AMERICA ABOUT PREACHING.

**T**HE following note should be scattered by millions all the world over:—

The Presbyterian Church has recently made its report, and, according to one of the prominent journals of the denomination, there has been an average of little more than one conversion to each Church. The most appalling statistic of the day! There is a dearth in all denominations. Millions of dollars for ministers' salaries. Millions of dollars for choirs. Millions of dollars for church-building. Where is the return for the investment? You say that one soul saved is worth more than all that money. True enough; but be frank, and confess that, considering the great outlay, the religious advantage reaped has been insignificant. What is the matter? I think, *in trying to adapt the Gospel to the age, men have crippled the Gospel.* Starting

with the idea that the people will not come to church if the old-fashioned doctrines of grace are presented, they have not sufficiently insisted upon the first theory of the Gospel—namely, *the utter ruin and pollution of the natural heart*. The inference in many of our churches is: "Now you are a very good set of fellows, not so good as you might be, and, in some respects, indeed—if we must say it—quite wrong. But, then, we are hoping everything from education, refinement, the influence of the nineteenth century, and a genteel religion." And so we have gone to tinkering the human heart with soft solder, and putting a few patches on the coat of morality, when it is all worn out. We have harped on the theory of development; and hoped that man, who, according to the scientists, began as a monkey, will go on improving, until after a while under each arm will be felt sprouting the feathers of an angel's wing. There is nothing but a little pimple on the soul which needs a piece of court-plaster. My friends, depend upon it, that is all wrong. It is infamous to try with human quackery to cure the cancer of the soul. The reason that more men are not saved is because we do not show their infinite need, their ruin—yea, *the rottenness of the human heart*. If I am very sick, and I call in a doctor, I do not want him to begin telling me there is nothing special the matter with me, and that all I need is a little panada, or gruel, or catnip-tea—when I want the most radical and thorough treatment, or in a week I am a dead man.

The Bible is either a truth or a lie. If it be a lie, cast it out and shut up your churches. If it be true, listen to Paul in Ephesians, where he says, "We are by nature, children of wrath;" to Jeremiah, who says, "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked;" to Moses, who says, "The imagination of a man's heart is evil from his youth;" to the Psalmist, who says, "They are all gone aside. They are altogether become filthy."

Ah! sin is no half-and-half thing. The human heart is not in a tolerable condition. The Bible, in the most uncomplimentary manner, says we are poor, and wretched, and blind, and naked. And if God should send His Spirit upon us to-night, making revelation of our true state, how many quick-beating hearts! how many blanched cheeks! And some soul in this audience, no longer able to keep silence, would cry out, "What must I do? Whither shall I fly? God be merciful to me a sinner!" It is not one screw loose, or one rivet dropped out; it is a rail-train at Revere run into by a Bangor express, telescoped and crushed, amid the shrieking horrors of death.

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SOLEMN MEDITATIONS IN MY SOLITARY CHAMBER.

SEPT. 14TH, 1878.

ALONE with God! How solemn is the thought!  
The great Invisible, heart-searching God!  
Present, and yet Himself unseen! What mind  
Can grasp this wondrous, stupendous theme?  
Annihilated is the vain attempt.  
Abashed and humbled into nothing, shrinks  
Proud self with all its boasted reasoning powers.  
Avaunt, then, every low, unhalloved thought,  
In presence of thy Maker, so angust,  
Nor dare approach Him with a reverence feigned,  
Lest with His breath He seal thy awful doom!  
Go as a sinner to His mercy-seat!  
Yes, with a heart subdued by sovereign grace;  
Not in presumptuous mood, but melted down  
By God the Spirit in His holy fire.  
Yet not without an offering will the Lord  
Of spotless purity accept a soul  
So fearfully polluted and debased,  
And which must have perfection on it stamped  
To bear the scrutiny of God most holy,  
Which Gabriel himself could not present.  
The patriarch of old fore-shadowed light  
On this momentous topic to lost man—  
"My son, God will provide Himself a Lamb,"  
God did: and now 'tis not, God will, 'tis done.  
God has provided, and accepted too,  
A sacrifice for thee, sin-burdened soul;  
No other ever will, or can be made.  
Talk we of things unfathomable? This  
Is an ocean man can never sound,  
Nor will eternity exhaust its flow!  
Dost ask its name? Here let the written Word  
Alone supply the comprehensive term—

121. Prince Street, Lambeth.

"The Love of God"—its centre, "Jesus Christ,"  
Here is profundity indeed, in which  
Archangels with the whole seraphic host  
May all be drowned, and yet a babe in Christ  
May swim and bathe with perfect satisfaction.  
Created powers all fail, however stretched,  
To sound this deep, or span its boundless circle!  
From this exalted sphere my muse descends  
Into the gloomy vale of vexing tangibles,  
While thus in loneliness I gaze around  
On objects pertinent to mortal life,  
Oft wondering at its strange mysterious course,  
Its windings and its changes through long years:  
The vacant chairs—once occupied by those  
Dear to one's heart in love and deep affection—  
But taken hence. The withered tree, or stem  
Alone—stripped of its branches! Wonder not  
That melancholy sometimes spreads its pall  
Over the feeble aspirations of  
A mind that dwells in such a rickety,  
And nearly worn-out furniture of clay!  
Dependent, too, for temporal supplies,  
To keep it still in being, not on its own  
Resources or employment, but the aid  
Rendered from time to time by friends, who feel  
And sympathize with suffering, through Divine  
And holy principles of Christian love.  
Cheer up, my soul, thou hast a home on high,  
And dost not know how soon thy loving Lord  
Will fetch thee to it, or in person come  
To claim His whole elect and ransomed bride;  
The blissful consummation, and for which  
The living soul shouts joyfully—AMEN!

J LINGLEY.

## FLY ABROAD, THOU MIGHTY GOSPEL.

Amen ! So let it be !  
 One word let's speak to thee  
 Who say ye're sent to preach it :  
 From every error free  
 Let GOD'S own Gospel be,  
 Then round the world go teach it !  
 AMEN ! So let IT BE !

**T**HERE was once a faithful witness, they called him "B. Clark." From his writings *The Rock* quotes the following:—

" 'PREACHING THE LORD JESUS' (Acts xi. 20).

"This was the blessed employment of those who were 'scattered abroad upon the persecution that arose about Stephen,' and Christ was their one unvaried and incessant theme wherever they came, and whoever were their auditors—whether friends or foes. In prosecuting their important mission, they were led, doubtless, to speak of, first, the glory of His person, as embracing Deity and humanity, the finite and infinite; the Child born and the Son given; the Word that was from the beginning, and which 'was with God, and was God,' in union with a body of flesh; 'the seed of Abraham.' Secondly, the perfection of His work: He came to take away sin by the sacrifice of Himself, and thus to open a way for the recovery of sinners to God. Thirdly, the loveliness of His example. In His life we have a perfect standard for our imitation: the most eminent saint is only to be followed as he follows Christ. To Him let us continually look, that we may understand and learn to copy His patience, holiness, and unvarying fidelity to all His Father's will; and, like His first disciples, let us seek to make 'manifest the savour of His knowledge in every place,' that through our instrumentality also many may believe and turn to the Lord."

When we read it, the lines at the top came bubbling up, and down at once we penned them. O! that we could, by GOD'S SPIRIT, fly, with Christ's precious Gospel, into many a sinner's heart; but "Satan hath hindered us" (1 Thess. ii. 18). Still we sing:

"Fast let the Gospel speed  
 To nations sunk in night,  
 And millions, from their bondage freed.  
 Spring to the dawning light."

Amen !

C. W. B.

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"THOU KNOWEST MY PATH."

FROM human eyes 'tis better to conceal  
 Much that I suffer, much I hourly feel;  
 But, Oh ! this thought doth tranquilise and heal—  
 All, all is known to Thee.

Each secret conflict with indwelling sin,  
 Each sickening fear I ne'er the prize shall win,  
 Each pang from irritation, turmoil, din—  
 All, all is known to Thee.

When in the morning unrefreshed I wake,  
 Or in the night but little sleep can take,  
 This brief appeal submissively I make.  
 All, all is known to Thee.

Nay, all by Thee is ordered, chosen, planned;  
 Each drop that fills my daily cup; Thy hand  
 Prescribes for ills none else can understand;  
 All, all is known to Thee.

## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

WHAT ARE WE TO PREACH TO  
SINNERS?

"All hearts are cold in every place,  
Yet earthly good they will pursue;  
Dissolve them by Thy sovereign grace,  
Thaw these of ice, and give us new."

On Christ being lifted up, Mr. Battersby (in his sermon at Lambeth, Aug. 1, 1878) gave some excellent expositions of the Word of God. He said (in referring to the term "wisdom," in Prov. viii.) :—

"By 'wisdom' I understand Christ. An objection has been made to Christ being wisdom in this chapter, because the words 'wisdom' and 'understanding' are feminine. It is said, on this account, they cannot refer to the Lord Jesus Christ. Allow me to deal with this objection before I proceed to make any remarks upon the verse. When the Lord Jesus Christ is spoken of as a Prophet, or Priest, or King, or when He is said to be a Sun, or a Shield, or a Defence, or the Word, these words are all in the masculine. There is no doubt about these words referring to the Lord Jesus Christ. But, mind you, there are words referring to the Lord Jesus Christ which are not masculine. I may remark that there are only two genders in the Hebrew, though it be different in the Greek. Now, if you take the 1st verse of the 2nd chap. of the Song of Solomon, where it is said: 'I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys,' do you understand 'the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Valleys' to be Christ? I think you do. If so, you have two words which are feminine. But if we pass over to the New Testament (and we have to take the entire Scriptures, and not an isolated word or passage), and read the 14th chap. of the Gospel according to St. John, and the 6th verse, Christ says: 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' These three words are all *feminine*. Again, in the 10th chap. He says: 'I am the Door' (verse 9). And in the 15th chap., 'I am the True Vine' (verse 1). And again, 'I am the Resurrection, and the Life' (John xi. 25). Christ is the 'First-fruits.' All these words are *feminine*. And I think there is no person bold enough to say that these words do not refer to the Lord Jesus Christ. And if they do refer to Him, then the objection made against 'wisdom' being Christ falls to the ground. But the Lord Jesus Christ is sometimes set forth by *neuter* words. When He says, 'I am the Light of the world,' the

word for light is *neuter*. When He says, 'I am Alpha and Omega,' the words are *neuter*. Now, what do we gather from all this, beloved? Do we not gather this, that he He who is the Christ of God, and the Head of the Church, has sovereign authority to use any language or words He pleases to set forth the excellency and the beauty of His own Divine character?"

Further on, Mr. Battersby said :—

"The Lord Jesus Christ is lifted up in the *preaching* of the Gospel. I will tell you when I think He is lifted up. It is when He is preached as Christ crucified, the Saviour of sinners. We live in a time when almost everything else is preached but Christ and Him crucified. Was it so with St. Paul? No! He said, 'We preach Christ crucified, unto the Jews'—indeed—'a stumbling block, and unto the Greeks foolishness; but unto them which are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.' A minister has nothing to fear in preaching the Lord Jesus Christ. Look what follows in my text, 'I will draw.' Preach Christ, then, in His blessed fulness, as Paul did to the Corinthians, when he said, 'I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified.' Oh! what a blessed thing it is to have the Gospel fully preached in our pulpits. I say, to have the Gospel *fully* preached. A full and perfect salvation through Him."

When will Christ draw all men unto Him? To this Mr. Battersby gives the following :—

"'I will draw *all*.' Now, is not this a clear case that all persons are to be drawn to Christ? Well, will all persons be drawn to Him? Were all those who crucified Him drawn to Him? Were all that dwelt in Judæa drawn to Him? You can return the answer to yourselves, my friends. Well, but then they shall be drawn unto Him. He will draw them unto Him when He comes again, as in the 25th chap. of St. Matthew's Gospel: 'When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and all the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory: and before Him shall be gathered all nations: and He shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats; and He shall set the sheep on His right hand, but the goats on the left.' There will only be two classes, the sheep and the goats. But I never read or



heard of anyone that was a sheep being turned into a goat. Nor did I ever hear or read of a goat being turned into a sheep. There always have been two classes, and there always will be two classes. You cannot alter it. '*All must appear before Him.*' I grant this, but still I think that it is only those who shall be living on the earth at the time our Lord returns that St. Matthew speaks of. But you say, 'Will not God judge every man by Christ Jesus the Lord?' To be sure He will. This is clearly revealed in the 17th chap. of the Acts of the Apostles (verse 31): 'Will not all the books be opened as in the 20th chap. of the book of Revelation? And will not everybody be judged out of those books?' Well, if you look carefully, you will find that the *books* are kept only for those who are judged according to their *works*. There is only *one book* for the redeemed, and this is the Book of Life. Beloved, things explain themselves when we compare one Scripture with another. The Book of Life contains the names of those who have been crucified with Christ, and they shall all hear Him say, 'Come, ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.' With regard to the rest, the goats, they are judged by their works, and they shall receive the merit of them—'The wages of sin is death.'

[The Word of God is clear and clean. When the Holy Ghost draws it forth out of the sheath, and carries it into the soul of a sinner, it will pierce, it will quicken, it will regenerate, it will divide asunder. It will make manifest things as they are. Let us preach the Word which God giveth us. Let us preach the Gospel of the grace of God to all, and in faith and prayer leave the Spirit to work by it as He pleaseth.—ED.]

MR. THOMAS BRADBURY'S MOTTO :

"For Christ and my Country."

"The tide of time shall never  
God's covenant remove;  
His name shall stand for ever—  
That name to us is LOVE!"

"The preacher, the son of David, the king of Jerusalem," wrote, nearly one thousand years before Christ, these few words: "There is no new thing under the sun." The incarnation of the Son of God was an exception to this. Never before was it said of anyone—of the only-begotten Son of the Father can it ever be said, "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth." This was the "new thing" God had, by His prophets, promised to create; and,

in the fulness of time, that concentration of the Mystery of Godliness was sent forth to give an anti-typical, a perfect, an entire, a gracious, and a glorious embodiment to all the types and shadows of the Old Testament, to magnify the holy law delivered unto Moses, and to fulfil all the prophecies which the Spirit of God had given forth by the fathers of olden time. That one "new thing" is called a new covenant, a new name, brings forth a new song, and will ultimately culminate in a new heaven and a new earth, wherein righteousness and peace shall reign for ever.

As we look over the multitudes of men the Lord hath raised up and sent forth into the ministry, what a mysterious and marvellous variety we behold! No two men are alike. "One star differeth from another star," not in glory only, but also in grace; and especially in the persons and preachings of Christ's ministers. Nature mouldeth them differently. The Spirit traineth them (in non-essentials) differently. The like of Martin Luther, of Geo. Whitefield, of William Hunting-ton, of "Master Gadsby," of hosts besides, has never appeared. Never will. Yet the same work of grace has been wrought! The same law has been applied! The same Christ has been revealed! The same Gospel has been preached, more or less, in all ages.

Some few years since, a gentleman introduced to the late Edward Butt a good man by the name of Thomas Bradbury. Presently the said Thomas Bradbury is found preaching the Gospel in the Surrey Tabernacle, and no small stir was made at his first appearing in London. We are gathering up his sermons and published tracts, to have a little review of the now regularly recognised minister of Grove Chapel, Camberwell; and, when it is possible, we wish to present our readers with a correct photographic likeness of this stout, strong, bold, lion-like witness for Christ. For the present we only design to shew that Thomas Bradbury, of Camberwell, is not the first minister of that name with which London has been favoured. In that first-class commercial, official, and literary journal, *The City Press*—which now flows forth twice a week from the enterprising publishing house of the Messrs. W. H. and L. Collingridge—a series of interesting papers is given under the heading of "Bunhill Fields;" and in No. 1 of that series we find the following paragraph:—

"The Rev. Thomas Bradbury, a Congregationalist," a remarkable man, once minister of New-court, Carey-street, near

Chancery-lane." The writer says of him : "The cause of Protestantism was in considerable danger towards the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne. The measures pursued by the Ministry, headed by Lord Bolingbroke, were intended to set aside the Hanoverian succession, and to introduce the Pretender and Popery. In this they were supported by the High Church party. During this time a Bill was passed for the prevention of the growth of schism. It was against this tyranny that Mr. Bradbury became fearless of danger, for which, to use his own words, he was 'lamponed in pamphlets, belied in newspapers, threatened by great men, and mobbed by those of the baser sort.' It was said that he was offered a mitre, but this not taking effect, a plot was laid for his assassination, which was happily frustrated. On the very day when the Schism Bill was to have come into force—Sunday, August 1, 1714—the Queen died, and this produced a change in the Ministry. On this same day (Aug. 1, 1714) Mr. Bradbury was walking in Smithfield. Dr. Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, happened to pass in his carriage. Seeing Mr. Bradbury, he called and asked the cause of his great thoughtfulness. 'I am thinking,' said Bradbury, 'whether I shall have the constancy and resolution of the noble company of martyrs who were burned to ashes in this place; for I most assuredly expect to see similar times of persecution, and that I shall be called to suffer in a like cause.' His lordship, who was a good Protestant, endeavoured to quiet his fears, and told him the Queen was very ill, that she was given over by her medical advisers, and that he was then going to Court to inform himself of the exact particulars. He told Mr. Bradbury that he would despatch a messenger to him with the earliest intelligence of the Queen's death, and that if he should be in the pulpit at the time of the messenger's arrival, he should be instructed to drop a handkerchief from the gallery as a token of the event. While Mr. Bradbury was preaching, the intelligence was communicated to him by the signal agreed upon. He suppressed his feelings during the sermon, but in his last prayer he returned thanks to God for the deliverance of these kingdoms from the evil councils and designs of their enemies, and implored the Divine blessing upon his Majesty King George and the House of Hanover. Mr. Bradbury ever afterwards gloried in being the first man in the kingdom who proclaimed King George I. The whole body of ministers of the three denominations of

Protestant Dissenters in London went up with an address to the King on his accession to the throne on Sept. 28, 1714. As they were dressed in cloaks, according to the fashion, a nobleman accosted Mr. Bradbury with 'Pray, sir, is this a funeral?' 'Yes, my lord,' replied Bradbury, 'it is the funeral of the Schism Bill, and the resurrection of liberty!' Mr. Bradbury, who took for his motto, "*Pro Christo et Patria*" ("For Christ and my Country"), died Sept. 9, 1759, aged 82. [A good study for these times.]—[Our notices of these papers, the Lord permitting, will be continued.]

*Form and Power Personified.* By Thos. Stringer, minister of Trinity chapel, Borough. To be had of the author, 19, Grosvenor-street, Camberwell, S.E. "Form, fashion, and shame" (said one) "are the three evils in the professing Church." Our Herculean brother, Thos. Stringer, has been holding converse with "Mr. Form;" it appears, from this original and plain-spoken pamphlet, that "power" dealt out strong blows upon "form," but, as far as we can tell, "form" grew worse and worse, as in Christendom she appears to do. Form is clothing herself in all the most gaudy fashions, and appears ashamed of nothing but of "the whole truth as it is in Jesus." Lamentable indeed. Let us send Mr. Stringer's tract everywhere.

#### HOW THE PRIESTS PERVERTED THE GOSPEL.

"Atheists, libertines, and they who make a trade of religion, have always been their country's scourge." So writeth the Italian, L. Desanctis, in his work, which has been translated from the eighteenth Italian edition, by M. H. G. Buckle, Vicar of Edlingham, and has been recently published by S. W. Partridge & Co. This solid, awful, and conclusive exposure of the apostate Church bears the following title—*Confession: A Doctrinal and Historical Essay*. Every sentence comes evidently from a heart full of sanctified sorrow, from a mind full of gracious knowledge, from a conscience thoroughly purged from dead works; it comes altogether from a man—by the strong power of God's saving grace—who has sacrificed home, wealth, position, and all he had, to be free from the corruptions of the Papacy, and to be at liberty to publish the precious Gospel of God's mercy to sinful man.

In his preface, L. Desanctis says:—"Jesus Christ, the Divine Benefactor of humanity, ushered the Gospel of peace into the world to give man a foretaste on earth of the happiness prepared for His

clect in heaven. But the priests took possession of the Divine code which Christ had bequeathed to His people, and pronounced it their exclusive property; they new-fashioned it at first, then they corrupted it at pleasure, introducing so many additions as to give it the appearance of the patchwork coat of an harlequin. Confession, masses, indulgences, purgatory, celibacy, the supremacy and infallibility of the Pope, the Inquisition, and other matters of the kind, are as much to be found (mingled up) with the Gospel as religious toleration in the Koran." All who read this excellent treatise will wish to see it extensively circulated.

"THE THREE GREATEST INTELLECTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM."

A poor old woman—a rigid hyper, a Strict Baptist, and a ravenous reader—ventured one day to express the conviction of a long contemplative mind, and she said the greatest intellect in the political world is Disraeli, the most inventive intellect in the religious world is C. H. Spurgeon, the most deceptive intellect in the apostasy is the so-called "C. W." "Can you contradict that?" sternly inquired the venerable dame. "I have in my pocket," I said, "a pamphlet with this title, *Lord Beaconsfield: A Paper Read by T. T. Hayes, jun.*, which throws off such a photo. of the once B. D. as can scarcely be equalled, but not confirmatory of your conviction. *The Bible and the Newspaper* (London: Passmore & Alabaster) is the fifth vol. of Spurgeon's Shilling Series, and fully confirms your idea of the 'inventive genius' of its author. But, as all the reviewers have so exhausted their eulogiums on this little book, I would like to find a flaw in it if I could; but it is so full of practical parables, and sits so wisely in judgment upon many of the follies and deformities of the times, that for the present I defer all criticism. *The Protestant Standard* from Sydney, sent by Pastor Daniel Allen, shews how mobs of the Romanists have united to stop his work and, if they could, slay the man. The lawyers took sides with the rioters, and the good Protestant pastor had little favour shown him from the secular and civil arms. The Lord has honoured and upheld His faithful servant. In the township of Young, near Sydney, one Father Finnigan—with some other bishops and deacons of the apostasy—have been raising up what they call 'Spiritual Retreats,' which turned out to be disgraceful devices to catch the people, and then to empty their pockets." O,

what schemes these pious priests concoct to rob the public!

QUIETLY FALLING ASLEEP.

In the September number of *The Silent Messenger*, which is edited by J. S. Anderson, we find the following solemn note:—"Our brother Kirkham worshipped with us on Wednesday evening, Aug. 7th, in his usual health; on the following Wednesday we committed his mortal remains to the cold, dark, dreary grave. His departure was solemnly sudden and unexpected, and forcibly reminds us of the Saviour's exhortation: 'Therefore be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh' (Matt. xxiv. 44). Thanks to sovereign grace, our brother was ready. He was brought to know his state as a sinner, and led to believe on Christ under the ministry of the late Mr. Bidder, of Bermondsey, and was baptized by him in 1852. In Divine providence, brought into this locality, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkham united with us over thirteen years ago, in April, 1865. Except through affliction, our brother never was absent from public worship, and few of the Lord's family are favoured with such a measure of enjoyment as he experienced. He walked with God, and enjoyed the Divine presence and favour to such an extent as rendered him almost indifferent to all things else, and caused him to desire, like Paul, to depart and be with Christ. On the day of his death, he read that hymn to his wife which begins—

'Haste the delightful, awful day  
When this my soul shall leave her clay;  
Mount up, and make her last remove,  
And join the Church of Christ above.'

When he had finished reading the hymn, he remarked to his wife that it exactly expressed his own feelings, and went upstairs to take his usual afternoon rest. Not answering when called to tea, Mrs. Kirkham went into his room, and found him dead! No, no, not dead, but departed. Released from an affliction of twenty-five years' duration, and united with the blood-washed throng of the spirits of just men made perfect. Reader, how is it with thee? Thy end may be as sudden, as unexpected. Dost thou know Jesus? Hast thou fled to Him by repentance, and faith, and prayer? Our departed friend was not always in that state of mind in which death found him. Like us all, he was a sinner, a great sinner; but, convinced of sin, and his need of mercy, he fled for refuge to the blood of Christ, and learned the way of salvation in the Gospel. May this, too, be your experience, and so may death find you in Christ, and ready to go at His call.'

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## A NOTE FROM MR. DANIEL ALLEN, OF AUSTRALIA.

DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—Love, mercy, and peace to you and your godly readers from Him for ever and ever.

It seems long since we had a comfortable word together in the love of the Lord. I have a few moments to spare for a word in His dear name, which is above every name. You have all the information relative to my work, and our late meeting, to which I need not add, except it is, "Praise ye the Lord." [These we noticed in September VESSEL.] I see, as ever, slander, injustice, tyranny, and ignorance abound where there is the highest conceit and most daring assumptions, down from the Pope of Rome to the small fish and fishers in our Churches, which makes one cry out at times, "Lord, what is man?" How true the words of the Lord, "He that is greatest, let him be your servant." He who has the most grace, wisdom, and love, faith, hope, and true dignity, will in his Lord's kingdom be the most humble servant. This is so fixed from observation in my mind, that when I see assumption in parson or people, I ask, "What little idiot have we got here, then?"

"The more His glory strike our eyes,  
The humbler we shall lie;  
Thus while we sink, our joy shall rise  
Inmeasurably high."

I find by observation this assumption, in its desire to rise, seeks, by falsehood, fraud, and injustice, to damage the good to which they cannot attain, so to build its own house on the ruin of others. Thus the operations of the blessed Spirit are much quenched in Zion. Instead of the blessed things of the Spirit in daily conversation, it is, "Have you heard so-and-so?" Then comes the misrepresentation, the fiendish insinuations. What is the effect of all this? The operations of the blessed Spirit are much quenched, and the prejudiced people fall into a sad state. They do not hear well, pastor is so loud, so disorderly, so confused, so obtuse, so historical. Where cant has become more accomplished, it is, "Oh, it is not experimental; no savour, dew, or unction." Yes, but what about the slander and the malice? Is a gracious experience of the Lord's mercy and love, an holy realisation of the unction of the Holy Ghost, to be found where sinful works are carried on? No, it is horrid delusion to think so.

I knew a good man whose wife put the extinguisher upon the candle of the Spirit's holy operations in his heart for months by the way described. She got him from the Lord's table, the Lord's house, and the Lord's Gospel.

After some months, he broke through. He was in Zion again. The Lord gave him a feast of love. I overtook him as we were going home, and he told me all his heart. He said, "In giving ear to my wife, I have starved and slaughtered my soul. Now the

Lord has made me alive again. He has fed me by your sermon this day."

I have seen that in the same Church, in the same ordinance, in the same service, under the same sermon, where the Lord has made it a time of manifested favour. Many have come to me to say how much the Lord has blessed them. Yet, a few who are prejudiced, have said, "What a barren time we have had! How loud you spoke! My head aches! I wish you would be more orderly. We want more dew. My dear minister once in England preached from your text. Oh, my, it was a good time!" Yes, but what about the many brothers and sisters over there whom God has fed, while you have starved?

My dear brother, is not this the order of things in your scattered and cold Churches in England? Is it not done by your pigmy apostles in conceit and arrogance, as well as by the silly women? Until your Churches discipline for this foul crime, and deal with it as you would criminal acts, the blessed Spirit will not come unto you, nor unto us, in the plentitude of His power, and the blessedness of His Divine operations. Heaven's counsel is, "Quench not the Spirit."

The Lord bless you and your readers very much. With unfeigned love to you and them, I remain, yours in the Lord,

DANIEL ALLEN, Pastor.

Sydney, June 20, 1878.

[We are astonished to find our brother Daniel Allen is thus tried. But we have known scores of honest, of earnest, of able and successful ministers, and, to some extent, they all suffered from the same thorns, tares, and terrible mischief-making people. The reports we have received in the Sydney papers shew very clearly that Daniel Allen has hosts of friends around him, and their handsome gift of a hundred guineas or more at the last anniversary, declares plainly that he is beloved by, and useful to, a large multitude.—ED.]

HOMERTON ROW.—The 58th anniversary was held on Tuesday, August 27th. In the morning, Mr. J. B. McCure preached an experimental sermon. A good number of friends sat down to a cold collation. At three o'clock Mr. W. Winters preached from John i. 14, the subject-matter of which appeared afterwards to raise an inquiry on the true nature of the pre-existence of Christ. A great company of friends, more than could be seated in the school, partook of tea, &c., and in the evening Mr. J. Hazelton gave us a delightful sermon from Psa. lxxii. 6; it was listened to, we believe, by many with great profit. In closing the meeting, Mr. Inward thanked the friends for their kindness in favouring the cause with their presence and help on the occasion. We wish success to the pastor and Church worshipping in Homerton-row.—W. W.

**SPELDHURST ROAD.—SOUTH HACKNEY SYMPATHETIC SOCIETY.**—Third annual meeting was September 3rd. Mr. R. G. Edwards preached in the afternoon. After tea, C. W. Banks gave out—

“O children of the Heavenly King,  
As we journey, sweetly sing;  
Sing your Saviour’s worthy praise,  
Glorious in His works and ways.”

Mr. Stanton, the respected deacon, engaged in prayer, and Mr. Griffith read 1 Cor. xiii. C. W. Banks introduced the nature of the meeting, and said that the ladies who had taken interest in the society elected him to fill the chair. He was naturally very sympathetic; sympathy had “grown with his growth, and strengthened with his strength.” He could not see a poor creature destitute in the streets without relieving him, and especially so since the Lord had called him by His grace some fifty years ago. He had strong sympathy with the Lord and with His people, and saw, from the Old Testament, that the Lord had also sympathy for His children (Exod. iii. 7; Acts vii. 34): “I have seen the affliction of My people, and am come down to deliver them.” The speaker introduced several Scriptural characters into his opening address, such as the Prodigal Son, the Good Samaritan, and closed by stating that the Church over which he presided was united, faithful, and loving, and there were seats yet unoccupied, free of charge, which he should like to see filled on Lord’s-day. Mr. Young spoke on 1 Cor. xiii. 5, which he divided into four parts, showing in what way true charity commended itself to our notice in its most practical operations. Mr. Temple expressed great pleasure in being present on the occasion, as the object of the meeting was to do good. Mr. Temple spoke, as desired, on 1 Cor. xiii. 6, in a most cheerful and encouraging manner. Mr. Griffiths spoke on verse 7 of the same chapter, and showed the four properties of love couched in the text. Mr. R. G. Edwards followed with some encouraging remarks on the subject at issue. We are glad to learn by the report of the society, read at the meeting by Mr. Fowler, that the society is progressing; its funds are *small*, and call loudly for help. The report was adopted, and the officers re-elected. The society is for the immediate relief of the poor of all classes in and around the neighbourhood, and any assistance from friends, either in money or kind, will be gratefully acknowledged and appropriated to the best of purposes.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

**BROADSTAIRS.—PROVIDENCE.** September 8, we baptized two persons on a profession of their faith in Christ Jesus into the name of our Triune-Jehovah, one of whom was our own son. Old friends and members are returning. The liberality and sympathy of friends who have visited us during the season have cheered us. The honourable Justice Lush spent a month with us, for all of which we heartily thank our God, and take courage.—J. W. CARTER

### ISLE OF SHEPPEY.

“The Patriarchal Judge of Faversham,” says “A Waiter,” has passed away. His end was not bappy; but he had so worried himself about losing his badge of truth. God is the God of truth; and the truth of the eternal God never fails; but four-square-truth in Faversham has never lifted her banners very high. Pastor Beale was solid; his friends Sibon, Thiselton, and Barnes were of Abraham’s seed, “strong in faith, giving glory to God;” but who their successors are we know not.

Zion chapel, in Sheerness, was quite cheerful at its anniversary, August 25, when Mr. Chivers preached. Truth in Sheerness has not been well cared for since steady and devout Cornelius Sliem left it; still, we have seen good days there.

As we “waited” awhile, some one invited us to go to the Baptist schoolroom, where one of Job’s sons, the patient J. R. Hadler, has been preaching for some years, and is now preparing to build a new chapel. Lo! when we entered the schoolroom we found in the pulpit our brother J. W. Stanford, author of “Scenes Beyond the Grave,” and a profitable service we had.

Sheerness-on-Sea is much improving. The Baptists are not so numerous in their assemblies as they might be. Leaving the island, thinking over past sorrows, present gloom, and the sometimes mysterious future; seeing the ripe wheat cut, standing in the wet, weeping because it could not be gathered into the garner; beholding the wonderfully-clothed hop-gardens, all in mouldy sadness, because the sun could not shine upon them; witnessing the hosts of the miserable poor waiting to be employed, we silently sighed—

“I’ve seen, I’ve heard strange things indeed!  
They make the bruised heart to bleed!  
Alas! can all be true?  
One thing I know, whatever I find,  
I soon must leave all this behind:  
Lord Jesus, bring me through!”

Taking the little stanza (on my knees) in prayer to the throne, that heavenly aspiration of sweet Isaac’s came in as a healer—

“Oh for a sight, a pleasing sight,  
O’ our Almighty Father’s throne;  
There sits our Saviour crown’d with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.  
Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before Him fall;  
The God shines gracious thro’ the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.”

“Ah,” said the “new life” within, “that is better than sighing over the ‘strange things’ you see around.” Oh, yes; “the amazing joys” of the higher kingdoms are durable; but the sorrows of the way are transitory. My blessed prompter urged me to close up my “waiting” this time, with—

“Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of Thy grace impart,  
And make me live to Thee.”

Amen. Between the strange things of earth, and the amazing joys of heaven, there is more difference than there is between

tracing the almost death-like streets of Queenborough, and ascending the lofty pinnacle on which old Minster church doth stand, and from thence surveying the Kentish hills, the gentle rivers, and the fruitful valleys which gladden the eyes of "old long-sight" when thus he is favoured.

Whoever may travel that way, do as we did—call at the villa of Master Stanford, give him a word of encouragement, and bring away a copy of "Scenes Beyond the Grave." Thus follow the example of

AN ESSEX PASTOR.

#### WHITESTONE BAPTIST CHURCH.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I have been laid by for some little time unable to do anything; but I have no doubt my heavenly Father has some wise purpose in view, and we know that to those who are exercised thereby the peaceable fruit of righteousness afterwards appeareth; "for the present it seemeth grievous." My Father knows when and where to lay His hand, His chastening hand in love. Oh, for grace and resignation to be able to say, "Thy will be done, not my will, but Thine." My will may often (yea, always, but for the restraining power of God) lead into wrong paths; but His infinite will can never err. Let us be patient then; for

"These severe afflictions

Not from the ground arise;

But oftentimes celestial benedictions

Assume this dark disguise."

I am glad to say, heartily rejoice to be able to say, that Whitestone seems to be looking up a little; the power of the Holy Ghost has evidently wrought a work in our Sabbath schools. The many prayers, and supplications, and pleadings have in some measure been answered. Are we not told to ask largely? to open our mouths wide and He, our Father, will fill them? These precious promises encourage us to go boldly again, from time to time, to the throne of grace, where we are promised we shall have help in every time of need. This is a time of need, truly—need for grace to withstand error and deception on every hand; grace to arm us for conflict with the foe, our enemy, Satan, who goeth about as a roaring lion seeking whom he may worry, and tease, and annoy; he would devour us if he could; grace to help us to see our calling and our salvation by Christ Jesus, and to anticipate the time when we shall see Him as He is, and shout, "Grace, grace unto it!"—the foundation and topstone of the spiritual building, God in Christ, God blessed for ever. Amen.

W. H.

PLYMOUTH.—"Woe be unto us! I was here when Arthur Triggs returned from London, and found Trinity quite different from what it had been. Trinity, Captain A. Chambers, Bubb, where are they all? We mourn like doves. How-street looks promising. Mr. Parnell is preaching there to many, but the three towns have declined in their zeal for the blessed Gospel of the eternal God. Will you tell me why?" [No, we cannot, we are too perplexed. Stand still, watch, pray, and hope to the end!—ED.]

#### MR. JAS. ORMISTON ON CYPRUS.

The vicar of Old Hill, Dudley, has written a letter to the *Rock* on behalf of the "pure Gospel for Cyprus." We quote the following:—

The "land" which Barnabas, the "Son of Consolation," sold, laying the price of it, in the interests of the pure Gospel, at the apostles' feet has now—in the mysterious purpose and providence of the God of the Gospel—come into the possession of our Protestant Queen, and is, therefore, included in that patriotic prayer which we loyally put up from Sabbath to Sabbath when we pray for "the welfare of our Sovereign and her dominions." I am anxious, as I am sure thousands of thoughtful Christians in England besides are, that the native island of that "old disciple"—Mnason—of Barnabas—and of those "men of Cyprus" who coming to Antioch "spoke unto the Grecians, preaching the Lord Jesus"—should in these eventful last days receive afresh that primitive Gospel which the fallen Churches of the East and West have hopelessly overlaid with corruption. I see an advertisement appealing in the *Church Times*, asking for funds to send to the island agents of a sacerdotal society. Will not the Church Missionary Society step in promptly and possess the land in the name of that Gospel which St. Paul preached and gloried in—that Gospel which has no sympathy with baptismal regeneration and sacerdotal succession? Surely it would be a disgrace to this Protestant nation to allow even incipient Romanism to first plant its Christ-dishonouring banner on that sacred soil. Let all who believe then that great prophetic destinies are bound up in this recent British acquisition gather round the glorious ensign which the God of Israel is unfurling by our instrumentality, and, if the Holy Ghost suffer it, hasten to turn from darkness to light the people who have for so many centuries sat in the gloom of error and superstition. My humble offering of a guinea is ready for any fund which Protestant societies may start. But let it be understood that success in this matter depends on prompt action. The enemy of Christ and His Gospel is awake, and is seeking whom he may devour.

[We rejoice in the holy zeal for the spread of the pure Gospel in this newly-acquired island; yea, we trust the Lord will stir up the hearts of some of His own servants to go forth with a commission from Himself. It is an island for the Baptists. God only can raise up a Caleb to cry out, "Let us go up at once and possess it."—ED.]

LOWER NORWOOD.—We have a very nice school at Auckland-hill Baptist chapel (late Tabernacle, Gipsy-road), numbering about sixty. We gave the scholars their treat to Riddlesdown, Aug. 28, accompanied by upwards of forty of the friends, in their well-appointed waggonettes. After a happy day all returned home in safety, for which we offer united praise to our merciful God.—W. CRUTCHER.

## MR. THOMAS CHARNLEY'S NARRATIVE.

*(Continued from page 267.)*

"When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man."

Yea, after the Lord had laid judgment to the line, and righteousness to the plummet, and showed that I was not only a sinner, but a helpless sinner, one that could not make one hair white or black; that could not add one cubit unto my stature; that the bed I had stretched myself upon was too short, and the covering that I did wrap myself with was too narrow; necessity was laid upon me, and I fled to the Lord an empty-handed sinner, full of wounds, and bruises, and putrifying sores, like the publican, with "God be merciful to me a sinner," and with Peter, "Lord, save, or I perish," with the Syro-Phœnician woman, "Lord, help me." Those short prayers, put forth by the Lord's people, recorded in His Word, became my prayers, and such suitable ejaculations I sincerely offered up, and they entered the ears of the Lord God of Sabaoth. I was then led by the Spirit of God into green pastures, and beside still waters. He restored my soul for His name's sake. He took me to the banqueting house, His banner over me was love. He began to intimate that He loved me, and He shed abroad His love in my heart. He applied to my soul this Scripture, "Thou art all fair, My love, there is no spot in thee;" it was too great for me. I felt like a spotted leopard in my soul; but the words came, "There is no spot in thee." Subsequently, I became gloomy in my mind, was questioning if the root of the matter was in me, was living between hope and fear; again the Lord spoke, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." The Lord has been very good to unworthy me, who am but dust and ashes. He hath done great things for me. Once, when sitting at the Lord's table, the minister gave out the hymn containing the two following verses:—

"Why was I made to hear Thy voice,  
And enter while there's room,  
When others make a wretched choice,  
And rather starve than come?"

"'Twas the same love that spread the feast,  
That sweetly forced us in,  
Else we had still refused to taste,  
And perished in our sin."

O how humbled I felt in my own estimation. Nothing at all in self, but Christ was all in all to my soul. Well might Peter say, "Unto you, therefore, which believe He is precious." I can say with the blind man, in the Gospel, "One thing I know, that whereas I was blind, now I see." I see that I was a dead sinner, void of will and power; I see that God's omnipotent power raised me from the ruins of the fall; I see that the law is our schoolmaster in the hands of the blessed Spirit until Christ is revealed as the blessed City of Refuge; and by faith I was enabled to embrace the Rock for want of a shelter, Christ is precious to me as my Redeemer, as my Justification, my Wisdom, Strength, Sanctification, yea, "He is altogether lovely.

This is a concise account of the Lord's bringing me out of darkness into His marvellous light.

THOMAS CHARNLEY.

## "PREACHING TO SINNERS!"

We have a flood of prosaic, polemic, and poetic papers on this long-vexed question. Some have drawn the sword with a fierce and flourishing sharpness, others are more calm and conclusive. We heartily wish we could get a host of sinners to preach unto, and the power of the Holy Ghost Himself so prompting our message, and so applying the truth to their consciences, as savingly to quicken, sanctify, and lead them to become one with Christ in faith, fellowship, and an obedient following the Lamb of God; then should we rejoice with joy and gladness. We have seen such days, and solemn work done in them. Now, where New Testament doctrines and ordinances are Scripturally maintained, one part of Isa. xxxiii. appears true, but not the other as yet: "Sharon is like a wilderness," &c. But presently Christ's time will come, when He will fulfil His own prophecy: "Now will I rise, saith the Lord: now will I be exalted: now will I lift up Myself." What then? "The sinners in Zion shall be afraid: fearfulness shall surprise the hypocrites." Then will the searching cries be heard: "Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? Who among us shall dwell with

## "EVERLASTING BURNINGS?"

Sinners in Zion are not afraid now, nor saints either. Wise and foolish virgins are all slumbering and sleeping. We are going fast on to midnight. Then the cry will be heard—

"BEHOLD! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH!  
"GO YE OUT TO MEET HIM!"

Then there will be such scenes, such sounds, such separations, such awful terrors on the one hand, and such supernatural joys on the other, as this world never yet did know.

Until that day of eternal decisions shall come, let every minister who hath been called, and made, and sent by Christ, through the power of the Holy Ghost, let all such God-honoured men preach the preaching He has hidden them. We purpose to read all the papers sent us, if Providence permit, and give all that is to the point. But now we have so many services to attend we must wait.

C. W. B.

RIPLEY.—Brother C. Z. Turner's 21st anniversary sermons were preached by H. Hall, and R. C. Bardens, September 9, when "A Little One" says: "We had cause to bless our covenant God for all His goodness towards us. Our pastor's heart was gladdened; and we all take courage still to go on." [We have loved C. Z. Turner and all his friends for very many years; and such notes of gladness from Ripley fill us with joy. For more than thirty years have we travelled to and fro to preach to the dear people at Ripley; they have never been unmindful of us, nor has the Lord's blessing been withholden from them.—ED.]

### IS THERE NO NEW TESTAMENT CHURCH IN KIDDERMINSTER?

With its manufactures, its memorial to Richard Baxter, and its many thousands of immortal souls, is there no Bible truth, unadulterated, in this busy hive? One young man says, "The point at issue is, Is the Gospel proclaimed in Kidderminster?"

"Nothing is too great for our God, who does as He pleases with the armies of heaven, and with the inhabitants of the earth, and none dare say unto Him, 'What doest Thou?' I trust I am one of the fearing ones, who have a hope through the blessed God-Man Mediator, Christ Jesus our Lord. My mind is very small, and my thoughts limited. But by the grace of God, I hope to press forward towards the mark of the prize of our high calling which is in Christ Jesus our Lord. My desire is to walk like Him whom my soul loveth. O that we may feel sure of His drawing love; 'Draw us, and we will run after Thee, that we may give diligence to make our calling and election sure. You say you thought I should be something by-and-bye. If you mean in the ministry, I think you are mistaken, I am not capable for that. If I get up to attempt a public prayer, I am lost, I cannot collect my thoughts. I can talk to you about these things as I would to a father, seeing you understand those who, like myself, am but young in Divine things. Pray for me, brother, that I may grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ Jesus our Lord, for there are great temptations, both within and without, which we have to encounter, cares, troubles, and anxieties, which, though not nineteen years old yet, makes me at times feel this to be a wilderness, and makes me long for the city which is to come, which hath foundations, whose Maker and Builder is God. I sometimes get into Douhting Castle; I feel the wickedness of my heart, and the old Adam-nature working within. So that one is led to say with that hymn,

"Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;  
Prone to leave the God of love:  
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
Seal it from Thy courts above."

"O what a mercy, 'it is not according to our works; but by grace that we are saved, through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God.'" What do you think of those identifications which are being set out in papers now of the English people being Israelites according to the flesh? Write and tell me. I shall be pleased to receive a note from you, as I have no one to talk to of the good things while here, except by communication: this is a dark corner.

"The God of all grace strengthen, uphold, and sustain you while here below; and when your race is run, may you for ever bask in the love of God. Thus prays one in covenant bonds."

MEOPHAM, KENT.—The pastor, Mr. W. K. Squirell, baptized two believers on Lord's-day, Sept. 1, in the name of the Holy Trinity.

COLCHESTER. — HONOURED BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I hope the Lord will continue to bless you, that you may ever be favoured to rest beneath the Almighty shade, and know that Abraham's Shield surrounds you, that the ear of Isaac's God is open to your cry. As we have to stand between the living and the dead—Satan's slaves and the willing captives of Christ—may the hand of God be upon us! May we hear His voice, and behold His goings forth for the salvation of His people! May we drink of that river of life that flows from the heart of God to us through Christ. As to the Churches around us, many are slumbering while the enemy is sowing tares among the wheat. My heart bleeds; I could wish my head were waters and mine eyes a fountain of tears. Fidelity, meekness, lowliness of mind, love to God and to each other, zeal for the honour of God, devotedness to His service, all these are scarce. The few who contend earnestly for truth are coming through the fire; judgment must begin at the house of God. Perhaps you have not a man in the connection that has suffered more than myself. Many of the old school are praying for men of sterling truth, who will not soften and accommodate the Word of God to amuse and gain favour, but declare the honest truth. May God arise for His own glory! At Marks Tey, our brother French is still proclaiming the truth. Mount Buers are a happy flock; steadily increasing; quite alive. Coggeshall is in a low place. Halstead is increasing. At Sudbury, the work of God is reviving. Brother Robert Page, of Cavendish, is getting on well at Glemsford, so is brother Baker at the old cause. Clare is rising under the ministry of brother Hoddy. Some cannot boast much as to numbers, still they are high in favour with God, intimate in fellowship, and powerful in prayer. The Lord help those that are weak, is the prayer of yours faithfully, GEO. SEABORN, Magdalen-street, Colchester, Essex, Aug. 21, 1878.

MR. S. FOSTER.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—On the 3rd Aug. I steamed down to Sturry to see our long-afflicted brother Foster. I found him in much pain, but Jesus was with him speaking peace. I have paid him a visit every summer for years past, and have seen and heard how wonderfully God has owned and blessed his humble testimony to many poor souls, and I do believe God does greatly honour His own Word from his tongue and pen. I do hope the dear friends will not forsake him; he has entered his twenty-ninth year of affliction, and, while gifts of gold are being given to public ministers, I hope they will think of God's hidden one—S. Foster. Will you put this in the VESSEL?—J. TAYLOR. [Mr. Taylor and myself were together with our long-afflicted brother, S. Foster, and were eye and ear witnesses of his mysterious affliction on the one hand, and of the great grace bestowed on him on the other. To us it is so painful to witness him that we know not how to endure it. But we trust many will sympathise with him.—C. W. B.]



## SOUTH CHARD.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I was very pleased with your poetic description of the above Somersetshire village, with its "little church round the corner," abiding in truth and love, and verdant with the ministrations of the "shepherd" in their midst; also at the preservation of my shadow on the walls of the Wellington-villa, after so many years have rolled away into the ocean of the past.

South Chard will ever be held in my fond remembrance as the scene of my first pastorate. It had entered on Lord's-day, May 9, 1847, when the slow van from Taunton landed me for the first time safe at the residence of Mr. Wm. Edwards, Draper, Chard, then active deacon of the "little church round the corner." After some refreshing sleep and breakfast, we rode over to South Chard, a distance of about two miles and a half, and I preached three sermons from the following texts: morning and afternoon, 1 John iii. 3; evening, Heb. ii. 9. Many were the testimonies how God had blessed the labours of the day to His people. Here, for the first time, I met the Lydia of South Chard, who was then, and during the near six years of my ministrations there, just what you describe her at the present time, heart and soul in the Gospel and in the Church (there was no school then); also a firmly attached friend to the ministers of Christ, she would work hard with them, and fight bravely for them. This I had abundant proof in my own experience, and thankful to find our gracious God has preserved her to the present day in all that love, zeal, and usefulness to the Church of Christ at South Chard. The cause of my removing was not a want of affection to the saints of Christ in this place, but a lack of success in the ministry which I panted to realise. I only baptized twice while there—eight in all. I still have in kind remembrance the Edwards, Sumptions, Wellingtons, Drakes, Bowditches, and many others, most of whom are with the Lord, and some are following after. I pray earnestly that God the Holy Spirit may largely bless both shepherd and flock at the "little church round the corner," and keep them firm in the truth in spite of all opposition. Labour on, "Lydia," with all His saints, the crown shall soon be thine, the heavy cross removed. One word more. We often find when persons have obtained a great fame by personal exploit, they reject even titles that will obliterate their name of fame. I suppose this is why "Lydia" has not changed her well-earned name, and is to this day Miss Wellington.

R. G. EDWARDS.

LIMEHOUSE.—A correspondent desires us to say:—Our brother Holden continues to preach with much acceptance to large congregations at Coverdale school rooms, and on Lord's-day, Sept. 1, three were added to the Church. There is a large work to be done at Limehouse, and we pray that the day is not far distant when a large place will be erected for this fast-growing Church and people.

## NATHAN WARNER'S DEATH.

Mr. Nathan Warner, minister of the Gospel of the ever-blessed God, has just passed away to his heavenly inheritance—the home of many mansions. Mr. Warner for many years preached in his own hired house at Brentwood, and occasionally served the Churches in and around the neighbourhood with great acceptance. In October last, while engaged on the Great Eastern railway at Brentwood, he was knocked down by an express train running at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and received such injuries as to leave little hope of his recovery; and in that state (a total wreck of nature) he laid for nearly a year, bearing the pains of body with astonishing fortitude and courage, preaching the Gospel of Christ, the grand old verities of heaven, to every one that came to see him. Being naturally of a bold and intrepid spirit, in his earlier days he ran counter to all God's commands, but He who is too wise to err and too good to be unkind, met him in his wild career, and brought him to His feet a humble penitent. Here he could say, "Is anything too hard for the Lord?"

It was our lot to visit him a short time ago, and it did us real good to hear him exalt the glorious work of Jesus as the base-work of his soul's salvation, and his dear wife crying and yet rejoicing with us at his bedside. What lessons of patience in well-doing and fidelity to the truth are to be learned at the bedside of such worthies! While we were with him, there came a genteel rap at the door, which disturbed us a little, when in walked a curate of youthful and lamb-like appearance, who wished to make acquaintance with the household, when we withdrew and left him with the suffering man; but instead of the curate coming to talk, he remained almost dumb, astonished at the utterances of the patient who talked in a clear and definite manner on the unchangeable purposes of Jehovah which appeared almost foreign to the young ecclesiastic, and we hear that this young divine has not had the courage to put in an appearance since. The wisdom which makes wise unto salvation, outweighs all University training, which we do not despise when brought into subjection to the grace of God. Our dear departed friend, as he drew near his end, was anxious to depart. At the last, audible words from his quivering lips intimated, "Come, Lord Jesus, come!" He has gone to his rest "in full age like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season," leaving a godly wife and several children to mourn his departure, though not as those without hope. May God help the family to walk in the footsteps of their beloved father, and thus be a comfort to their dear mother in her declining days.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

DEVONPORT.—Mr. John Dickinson has resigned the Mount Zion pastorate, and has accepted a call to Morley, near Leeds. We have a full report of the farewell meeting, but we reserve it for further consideration.

THE LATE MRS. CURTIS, OF  
READING.

The closing days of Mrs. Curtis.—After many years' clear and firm standing in the Lord's way, our sister died in solemn silence. Mrs. Curtis, the widow of Mr. W. Curtis (well known by most of the ministers who have visited Reading), has gone to her everlasting rest. She was called by grace early in life, was baptized, and joined the Church at Goring-beath. The Lord's providence cast her lot in Reading, for thirty years she stood identified with the people of God here, possessing a very intelligent mind and clear views of Divine truth, with decision from principle, which gained for her great esteem; but she would say, "Write nothing about me when I am gone, salvation is alone by grace." This she knew by experience, it was manifested in a practical life of godliness, and we believe she is now in eternal glory. In May, 1878, great sufferings prevented her attending the means of grace a long time prior to her change; but she continued her subscriptions in support of God's cause up to her death. We feel this dispensation of our heavenly Father in removing another old tried Christ-an friend from our midst. Her mortal remains were deposited in the family vault in Reading cemetery; the service was conducted by brother Stevens, of Cricket-hill; the text chosen for the tablet by her was, "So then it is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy." I could relate, from personal knowledge, many praiseworthy acts done by her to others for Christ's sake, so that she being dead yet speaketh. Wave after wave have rolled over our little Providence, but we can record another token for good. A. MARTIN.

CHATTERIS is a wide-spreading town, with about 5,000 inhabitants. From the size and number of its places of worship, we suppose the Chatteris people must, to a large extent, be of a worshipping character. The Baptists have three chapels, the Independents, the Wesleyans, the Primitives, and Swedes have each one. The Church still holds on in rather troublesome waters. The venerable rector, Mr. Gathercole, has retired, but still lives in the parish. Zion Street Baptist chapel stands out boldly with spacious court, large porch, immense galleries, and accommodation for 700 or 800 people. It is supposed Nathan Horseley was one of the most successful pastors this Zion ever had. Mr. Joseph Wilkins has devoted several years of his early ministerial life to this cause, and he has by far the largest and most influential gathering of people in this highly respectable part of the Isle of Ely. At our harvest thanksgiving services, Sept. 11, two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, and at the public tea and services many friends came to encourage the cause. A beautiful dwelling-house has been erected for our pastor. We pray his life, and health, and ministry may long and successfully be continued.

MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER.

To the Deacons, &c., at Rehoboth Chapel,  
Lockwood.

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—I was much pleased to receive your letter expressive of unabated affection and desire for my restoration to health. Your sympathy cheers me, whilst your prayers sustain me. I am happy and thankful to say, so far, all goes on well and favourably, but not rapidly. I can feel an improvement from day to day, and although the progress is not so rapid as I could have desired, yet it is so distinct and positive that there is every encouragement to persevere in the treatment here. My doctor speaks very encouragingly, and I feel it is for me to go on patiently and perseveringly, so long as benefit is derived. I do not know how long it may be before I may return home; but I doubt if all that is requisite can be accomplished during the present month. I would advise that you should arrange for supplies for some weeks beyond the time previously contemplated.

The weather here is beautifully fine and warm. We almost live out of doors, and the air is pure and refreshing, so that there is everything imaginable to conduce to health. It appears to be the right place to recover lost health in cases similar to mine. I am very thankful I have been sent here, and trust I shall, by the will of God, by-and-bye (a few weeks more or less can be no great matter) be restored to you in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace, as well as enabled to renew attention to those secondary duties, which have their utility and value in reference to the this life in the humble exercise of faith, hope, and patience, with which I pray God to endow you in your respective circumstances, duties, and temptations; and thanking you for your kind remembrance of my wife as well as myself,

I am, yours very truly,

WM. CROWTHER.

Hotel Du Park, Vichy, France,  
Sept. 5, 1878.

READING.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL, Oxford-street. The Lord has given us another token for good. We held the 19th anniversary on August 18 and 26. Our treasurer's account was squared up. Mr. Thomsett and Mr. Meeres preached the sermons. A united company took tea. Mr. Thomsett baptized three believers, who, with two others previously baptized, making five, were added to the Church September 1. We are still praying to see the cloud move as regards the ministry. May the Lord send us an under-shepherd.—A MARTIN.

SOUTHWARK.—Trinity chapel, Boro'. Our pastor, Mr. Thomas Stringer, baptized seven believers in August. Several have been added unto the Church. We hope many more are being drawn by the lovingkindness of the Lord. Our pastor labours diligently, and is at home and happy in his work.

**DALSTON.**—Forest-road harvest thanksgiving service was held on September 18; friends assembled and took of tea, &c. At public meeting, pastor J. H. Dearsly presided, Mr. Langford prayed. The chairman said he felt happy in his work, there was no cause for sadness; he desired not to be behind in giving thanks to God for the harvest. This was an anniversary of his coming to Dalston some fourteen years since, prior to which he met on Lord's-day in Grange-road. Many are the Churches in and around the great metropolis that have realised the benefit of Mr. Dearsly's ministry during the past quarter of a century; we were glad to see him settled over a loving, godly people who are possessed with grace to appreciate his worth. Mr. Bonney spoke faithfully and instructively on the nature of the literal harvest, the feast of tabernacles, the gracious harvest, and the Gospel harvest. Mr. Burbridge gave pleasing remarks on St. John's exile in Patmos. Mr. J. Inward, the beloved pastor of Homerton-row, spoke largely on offering unto God thanksgiving, distinguishing very minutely between thanksgiving, praising, and praying. W. Winters followed on the nature of votive and voluntary offerings, based upon Psalm l. 23 compared with Lev. vii. Mr. C. Cornwell spoke on the words, "He shall send forth His angels"—i.e., the ministers of the Church of God—who are required to be faithful. Mr. Osmond spoke on "sowing in tears and reaping in joy." Messrs. Myerson, Langford, and others terminated a very profitable meeting. Success to Mr. Dearsly and his friends; so prays W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

#### THE LATE MR. NEVILLE.

My dear husband from a child sat under the ministry of Mr. John Stevens. About fifty-two years ago the law of God was brought home to his conscience; he felt himself a sinner; after some conflict, the Holy Spirit led him to Christ for a whole salvation, and for forty-eight years I have witnessed his prayers and praises for the grace bestowed on him. He would often say, "Not unto me, but unto Thy name be all the glory." About seven years ago, his health began to decline. I never once heard him murmur, but he would often repeat, "For mercies countless as the sands." He longed to be with Christ, which is far better. A short time before he died, taking him by the hand, he said, "I am now shouting victory! victory! victory! through the blood of the Lamb!" Shortly after he fell asleep in Jesus.

"My Last Wish" was composed many years ago; it was sweetly fulfilled in his death.

With Christian regards,  
REBECCA NEVILLE.

#### MY LAST WISH.

When in death I close mine eyes,  
May my soul to heaven arise,  
Vested in the spotless dress  
Of Immanuel's righteousness.

Wait, my soul, with holy fear,  
Thy redemption draweth near;  
Soon the night will pass away,  
Soon will come the glorious day,

When my soul to heav'n will rise,  
To take its mansion in the skies,  
See my Saviour face to face,  
Triumph in redeeming grace,  
Cast my crown at His dear feet,  
Shout, "Salvation is complete!"  
While the heavenly host around  
Join to swell the blissful sound.

Hark! they strike their golden lyres,  
Love Divine each bosom fires;  
"Glory to the Lamb!" they sing,  
"Heav'n's eternal, glorious King."

When this mortal life shall cease,  
Close my eyes, dear Lord, in peace,  
And my spirit bear away  
To the realms of endless day.

Greenwich.

RICHARD NEVILLE

**BLAKENHAM, SUFFOLK.**—The anniversary of the Baptist chapel was held Sept. 18th. Mr. J. Hazelton preached in the afternoon from Isa. xlv. 22, and in the evening from John xvii. 24. The morning was very wet, which no doubt prevented many from attending from the surrounding districts, consequently the afternoon attendance was small compared to previous occasions; but there was a good attendance in the evening. A capital tea was provided for sixpence; it ought to have been more, as I fear it was a loss, seeing there was an abundance of provisions to spare. Brethren Field, Kern, Morling, and Mr. Houghton, the pastor, assisted in giving hymns out. In the evening Mr. K. read and prayed. As there was no ceet on the chapel, the collections were very generously given to the Norfolk and Suffolk Baptist Association, which is doing a great work, according to the statement given by Mr. Houghton, when urging its claims upon the friends present. Mr. Hazelton was blessed with life and liberty in preaching the Gospel of Christ, lifting his Master high. Indeed, we had some strong meat with the wine of the kingdom.

**MANCHESTER.**—We are moving on at Higher Temple-street Baptist chapel. On Sunday, September 8, 1878, our new organ was opened. Mr. F. A. Smith, in morning, preached from: "For even Christ, our Passover, is sacrificed for us." His father, S. A. Smith, in the evening, from: "I will sing a new song unto Thee, O God, upon a psaltery; upon an instrument of ten strings will I sing praise unto Thee." On Wednesday evening, August 28, Mr. S. A. Smith baptized two adults. Thursday evening, Mr. Crane, of Walter-street, baptized three men and three women. I gladly witnessed both. It is encouraging to see the Baptists are not dying out. Our ministerial brethren, who know the truth, should not despise God's ordinance and command of immersion. Is it not a solemn fact that 900 have been immersed in the Thames? Some not to rise again till the sea gives up its dead. We all feel sad grief for the survivors of the sufferers in the awful calamity. May the voice of God be heard therein, "Be ye also ready, for ye know not the hour wherein the son of Man cometh."—J. HUDSON.

### AFTER THIRTY YEARS' DISCIPLESHIP.

When we receive testimonies like the following, we think they are calculated to encourage poor doubting ones to "put on Christ" by a public confession of their faith in His name. The feeble and the fearing, whose hopes are in the Lord, shall never finally fall from grace. Read the following, and be of good cheer, all ye of little faith:—

DEAR FATHER in the Gospel of our ever-loving and covenant-keeping God,— Many of us would be pleased to see and hear you preach. I love the Gospel as much now as when I first heard you, thirty years ago, when, through you, the Word came straight from the King of kings to my longing, seeking soul! Many storms have beat against my poor trembling heart, yet have I been enabled to say—

"In every state secure,  
Kept by Jehovah's eye."

I often long to be freed from this world of strife and sin:

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

The hope that such a day will come makes even the captive's portion sweet.

To-morrow we hope to see a pretty sight—a dear old saint in his 80th year, with a young one in her 16th year, in the water—and sing—

"How great and solemn is the thing  
For which we here are come!  
To view the death of Zion's King,  
And gaze upon His tomb.

Here, bumble saints, your tribute pay,  
A risen Saviour sing:  
Come, be baptized without delay,  
In honour of your King!"

When you received me in at Crosby-row, you said you liked "to see young ones come in." I thought, "Yes; and I like to see old ones hold on!" as so many fall away. We hope to see both to-morrow.

YATELY. — September 9, the harvest thanksgiving services were held, with a desire to shew gratitude to our bountiful and gracious Lord. Mr. C. Slim, of Guildford, preached good and profitable sermons: afternoon, Exodus xvii. 11, the main point being the efficacy of prayer in the work of faith, the patience of hope, and the labour of love. Amalek, a representative of the foes of God's people, prayer a mighty power in delivering them. A good tea was provided. Tables decorated with corn, fruit, and flowers. Evening text, Psalm cxxvi. 6. Here Christ was spoken of primary as going forth and weeping, bearing precious seed; His going forth in salvation, also in the hearts of His people, and His coming again rejoicing, and that it will apply to the weeping people of God; our brother Slim gave us good advice. The Lord is blessing His people under the ministry of brother Stevens with increase—two sisters desiring to shew their love and obedience in being baptized, so that pastor, deacons, and Church thank God and take courage.—J. N.

KING'S CROSS.—The friends at Bethel, Wharfedale-road, had a happy time at their anniversary. Sunday, Sept. 8, C. W. Banks preached to an attentive people, many of whom stated afterwards that they heard him gladly. On the Tuesday following, they had a crowded meeting; the pastor, W. M. Haydon, said it did his heart good to see three aged sisters sitting together, who were baptized and became members of the Church over forty years ago, when that honoured man, brother Carpenter, was their pastor. Mr. Green, a deacon whose name has been on the Church books for over forty years, gave a short outline of the history of the Church, then stated that at present there was such a spirit of prayer felt in the Church that the evening before the meeting was continued half-an-hour beyond the usual time. The congregations are good, the Sunday school is in a healthy state, the Church is working in peace, ten members have been added to the Church in the past year, and the children of God are being fed. In the past year two of their number had been taken to the mansions above, and one of them had been much helped, during a long illness, by the Sick Visiting Society in connection with the Church. He concluded by handing the pastor a packet containing a letter and £5, as a mark of their esteem. We then had some cheering speeches from brethren Archer, R. G. Edwards, C. Masterson, and W. Osmond, the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL bringing up the rear with a sound speech on the provisions of the Lord's house. Many wishes were expressed that the Bethel people had a larger place; one speaker spoke of the stifling feeling; brother Banks said he felt melting away. I understood the building only seats 120, and they number 58 members with 180 children on the books of the Sunday school. Can nothing be done to help them?—ONE THAT WAS THERE.

CAMDEN TOWN.—Fourth anniversary of opening Milton Hall, as a place of worship, was held Lord's-day and Tuesday, Sept. 8 and 10. On Sunday, sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, I. Levinsohn, and D. Gander. On Tuesday, B. Woodrow read John xvii. and prayed. C. W. Banks delivered a comforting discourse. Evening meeting commenced by singing

"Spirit of truth, come down,  
Reveal the things of God," &c.

D. Gander occupied the chair; but in consequence of suffering acute pain in a swollen foot, was compelled during the evening to relinquish the position, and leave it in the hands of C. Cornwell. W. Biddow implored the Divine blessing. Mr. Gander spoke of the state of the cause. The Word had been blessed. Excellent addresses were delivered by C. W. Banks, Cornwell, Nugent, Lawrence, and W. Lodge. The evening service was well attended. Sympathy was felt for the pastor in his affliction, and the desire expressed by speakers that he might soon be restored to health, in which the writer heartily unites.—W. BIDDOW.

**BRIGHTON.**—A stranger in Brighton says:—"I love the precious truth of Christ, and nothing but truth can suit my case, although I have been obliged often to hear different in the course of my journey through life. I have been here to several places; heard Mr. Glaskin at Bond-street. I think that truth is loved there. Been to Galeed chapel several times; there are supplies, and the proper sound rings; large attendance. Been to Providence chapel in Church-street; Mr. Lawson is the minister. I found what I wanted; I have been several times. I have also heard Mr. Harbone in West-street. He is a good sound declarer of the truth as it is in Jesus. I think truth is not shut out in Brighton. The Lord has many of His dear people here. It is a great difference to me here than in Swansea, where I came from, there being no place there. Being in the building trade, it is always very uncertain. I do not know how long I shall be where I am. I am trying to obtain some place that I may be able to settle down, so that I may not have to range the country, for by doing so I have to mix up with the roughest of the rough; and it makes me feel sometimes that I have no spiritual life at all; but, thanks be to God, He has never left me, and I feel I am yet one that He has said shall show forth His praise."

**LOCKWOOD, YORKSHIRE.**—Mr. Field, writing from the Church under the care of our brother Mr. W. Crowther, says: Our dear minister, Mr. Crowther, has had a drawback in his progress towards recovery. We hope he is now improving again, if the Lord will. Our pulpit has been well supplied. Mr. Butterworth, of Bethesda chapel, Royston, has supplied the pulpit and administered the ordinance on the first Sunday of each month since Mr. Crowther's absence. Mr. Thornton, of Accrington, Mr. Paul Scholes, of Bradford, and several other men of truth, so that we may truly say we have been highly favoured. Our congregation and school keep up about the same. Peace continues to dwell in our midst; the Word of truth is blessed to our souls. Our daily prayer is that our minister may be spared unto us.—**JAMES AND MARY FIELD.**

**WELLINGBOROUGH.**—Zoar harvest thanksgiving services were held Tuesday, Sept. 3. Brother Cornwell preached excellent sermons. Good company took tea, kindly given by the ladies. The day's proceedings—collections and tea—were £9 6s. 3d. We again bless our covenant God for continuing His favours, spiritual and temporal, to us, who are unworthy of the least notice or regard.—**W. H. LEE, pastor.**

**SUSSEX.**—Sunday, September 8, was a happy day at Horsted and at Chelwood-common. There is a morning and afternoon service at the former place, and an evening service at the latter. The Lord enabled our brother William Wheeler to baptize a sister and a brother in the afternoon, at Horsted Keynes. The chapel was well filled.

**HORSTED KEYNES, SUSSEX.**—At the above Baptist chapel, on Monday, Sept. 16th, 1878, harvest thanksgiving services were held, when the friends were cheered in the afternoon by the ministrations of C. W. Banks (of London), whose text was Eccles. ix. 14, 15. Our veteran brother exalted greatly the dear Redeemer and His work in his remarks on "the little city" and "the poor wise man," who delivered it by his wisdom. He appeared to be quite at home and happy at his work. The service in the evening was conducted by W. Wheeler (of Blackheath), who, since July 7th, has been supplying the pulpit. He spoke from the words: "But gather the wheat into My barn," "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father," as found in Matt. xiii. 30 (latter clause), and xliii. (former part). The little chapel was well filled at both services. Many came from a distance. We were much encouraged, and the Lord's presence was signally felt. About 130 partook of a well-arranged tea, which reflected great credit on the ladies. As all could not sit at the tables in the chapel, a few were accommodated at our brother Murrell's house. Thus has passed a day, we trust, long to be remembered with thanksgiving.

**NORWICH.**—That studious and truly-sanctified divine, Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham, has been preaching for us at Orford-hill. We do praise the Lord for such living, walking, consecrated, and useful witnesses for truth. We are looking for some such to be sent into our ancient city. Orford-hill presents a large field for Evangelical labour. So believeth **ANTI-PADLOCK.**—[Mr. Hapton, the Norwich poet, writes of the Tabernacle pastor as a man much blessed in the ministry. If Orford-hill and Pitt-street had their pulpits occupied by intelligent, experimental, Biblical expounders, and soul-seeking Gospel preachers, their chapels would soon be filled. Three Churches of truth in one city is not so bad.]

**BOSTON, LINCOLNSHIRE.**—On Monday, Sept. 9th, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn occupied the pulpit of the Strict Baptist chapel, and preached a sermon which proved a blessing to the hearers and preacher. On the following evening Mr. Levinsohn delivered his lecture on "The Jews," at the Assembly Rooms, which is the largest hall at Boston; the lecture was delivered to a crowded congregation. Chair was taken by Councillor Allan.

**HOXTON.**—Usual monthly prayer meeting was held at 37, Haberdasher-street, East-road, Friday evening, Sept. 6. Between forty and fifty present. Brethren Chapman, Beddow, Ludlow, James, and others prayed. Mr. Evans read a part of the first epistle of Peter. A happy season of supplication was spent. The next meeting will be Friday evening, Oct. 4. Friends cordially invited. Time 7.3.—**W. B.**

PECKHAM.—A good example for causes of truth. I went to Nunhead-green Baptist chapel, September 15; there was a collection for the bereaved who suffer from the sinking of the *Princess Alice*. They had a good collection; the amount was £11 1s. 6d. I left the pretty chapel delighted. I mention this that other places of truth may do the same. Cannot you ask friends, through the VESSEL, to assist in the same way?—B. JONES. [This Thames calamity and the South Wales explosion demand of us all we can do.—ED.]

### Notes of the Month.

TRINITY STREET Baptist Church, Boston, still increases under Mr. John Bolton's ministry. We enjoyed some liberty in the services, Aug. 25, in Auckland-road new chapel. It was well filled. The late Dr Epps's friend will find it near Gipsy-hill station. Hey-Com. was surprised the deceased minister, Thomas Clifford (who died recently at Goudhurst), should say, "I believe very few will go to heaven!" It is very distressing to be in the dark respecting one's own safety; to wonder how before the great white throne we shall appear; but severely to judge of the state of others, to limit the blessed Redeemer's purchase to a "very few," is, to us, a gloomy temptation. Thomas Clifford preached many years, and out of the terrible river of solemn tribulation he was taken peacefully and pleasantly home, 26th April, 1878. In the same month, Mr. Marsh, of Devizes, departed most triumphantly to the mansions of glory prepared for all who truly in the Lord believe. Mr. Brown's effort to evangelise England commenced in Herts. But because all the Baptist pastors have not rushed to the effort, no little suppressed anger has resulted. The provincial pastors quietly have said, "We do not desire to have a bonfire, and then be left in the ashes." On the Thames embankment, a church, costing £60,000, is to be erected to the memory of John Knox. Mr. Joseph Flory has been preaching on Sunday evenings in the Market-place, Boston, to some hundreds of people. That is, "preaching to sinners" without controversy. We feel our hearts silently ascend to Heaven for a blessing to attend Joseph's evangelistic zeal. If every minister who has lung, voice, strength, and love enough to go and do likewise, we surely should have a harvest. Mr. Isaac Levisohn has been preaching and lecturing on the Jews in Boston. "A Friend to Truth" wishes a review of the reviewer's remarks on Mr. Spurgeon's "Treasury of David," vol. 5; also on his sermon, "The Witness of the Spirit." Many other queries are forwarded. "A Particular," from Peckham (for instance), asks, "Can you assign any reason why so many persons who were once useful members in our Churches now being non-communicants?" Yes, "Particular," we "dare to open our columns" for a discussion on any hopefully useful subject, but the parties referred to are masters, not servants. John Stevens's discourse to them, given fifty years ago, we have thought of inserting. But the office, in some cases, is very difficult to fulfil. Harvest and anniversary services have been so thick of late we have not had time to answer many letters. The Lord sparing, we must keep closer home now.

CROYDON.—We have given Mr. Willis an invite to preach in Tamworth-road Baptist chapel for twelve months. We beseech the Lord to make him useful to gather in and to build up, for both we greatly need. [Is there not too much reliance on the pulpit, and too little exertion put forth by the people? We know, in many Churches all over the country, there are those who profess to be saved, yet never stir a step to-

ward the ingathering of others. When our people can go forth manifesting the Spirit of Him who said, "The love of God constraineth us," we believe the empty pews will be filled up. Full well we know the Lord only can effectually call and essentially work true life, and faith, and hope, and love in the Lord. Nevertheless, are the seven lines of Paul's prescribing, experimentally and practically, true in us? He says: (1) "Speaking the truth in love;" (2) "May grow up into Him in all things which are the Head, even Christ;" (3) "From whom the whole body fitly joined together;" (4) "And compacted by that which every joint supplieth;" (5) "According to the effectual working in the measure of every part;" (6) "Maketh increase of the body;" (7) "Unto the edifying of itself in love!" Who will preach from, who will seek for grace to work out, this full and precious Scripture?

DEATH.—Mr. Bax, the useful pastor of the Strict Baptist Church at St. Neot's, has been called home. This appears a painful bereavement for the widow, the family, the Church, and the neighbourhood. Further particulars may be given another month. Mr. Bax was devoted to his Master here, he is now at home with millions more. May we, who are in the winter of life, realise that wonderful proclamation and promise in Isa. xlvi. 3, 4.

DEATH AGAIN!—Our respected brother, Thos. James, writes to announce the death of that zealous preacher, Mr. J. P. Clarke, for several years of Notting-hill. He died at his father's residence, near Peterborough, after a long illness. We hope those who were with him will furnish some account of his last days. He had much of the Spirit of Christ in him, as many of the Churches know, for whom he frequently preached.

ARE TRUSTEES FAITHFUL TO THEIR TRUSTS?—Look you here, Mr. Editor,—Once upon a time, a well-disposed lady left some land, the profits of which were to help support the Gospel in a certain district. That land now produces about £100 per annum. The ancient chapel has a minister who receives the whole endowment, and has done so many years. He preaches, when at home, to a very, very tiny few indeed, with one very old male member. Does this well-endowed pastor seek the spiritual benefit of the peoples around him? Are the stipulations of the trust-deed faithfully vindicated? If not, and if the trustees allow a long-continued perversion of the donor's will, ought we not to lay the case before the Charity Commissioners? [If the minister stands in a wrong position, he will surely, if he does, leave it. There are many bad cases of that kind in this country. The endowment of chapels often causes a blight.]

THE PULPIT.—Many Churches seek for ministers. We think W. Gill, of Willenhall, Staffs., would supply any Church for a few Sundays, although he has for years been settled in Little London.

### Deaths.

IN affectionate remembrance of Miriam Ruth Drew, born Oct. 16th, 1874; Martha Helen Drew, born June 7th, 1876; and Elizabeth Mary Drew, born Feb. 4th, 1878, the dear children of Henry and Ruth Drew, who were drowned by the sinking of the *Princess Alice*, Sept. 3rd, 1878; also of their beloved mother, who, after having been rescued from the water, died from the shock, Sept. 8th, 1878, aged 33 years.

IN affectionate remembrance of Olive Beach, the beloved wife of John Henry Beach, of Grange-road, Bermondsey, who departed this life Sept. 17, 1878, in her 43rd year.

ON August 26, Sophia, the beloved wife for 48 years of David Aldridge, Church-street, Staines, Middlesex, aged 68. Her end was peace.

# A Long Day's Work and a Kind Reward.

"The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness."

WHEN the Wattisham veteran sat down, after the plaudits of the meetings were all over, and the presentation was accepted and acknowledged; when the anticipation had merged into realisation; when the excitement had cooled down, and all the curates and common people were gone, then, methinks, like that junior poet, the much-beloved and largely-praised John Cooper would inly sing—

"I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad!"

Pleased with a gracious Providence for giving me a servitude in the Gospel so long, so useful, so honoured; pleased with the great God and my Saviour JESUS CHRIST for having loved me, for having chosen me, for having redeemed, called, anointed, sanctified and preserved me; pleased that, although I have lived to see the graves opened to receive the remains of nearly all those who first welcomed me to Wattisham, yet I have witnessed for many long years the fulfilment of that exquisitely-delightful promise, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth;" pleased that my Church and people, my brethren in the ministry, and kind hearts and hands, have united to present me with the useful sum of Two Hundred and Twelve Pounds; pleased that I have been sustained and helped thus to finish my long pastoral course: yes, I have truly a host of things with which I am pleased and thankful,—

"And yet I'm sad."

To sit down after a long day's work to rest and be thankful, is sweet, especially when before you there are engagements to be fulfilled, and in the fulfilment of which you believe you shall be instructed, strengthened, and instrumental in giving glory to God, and comfort to the family of God, then such *intervals* of rest are comfortably enjoyable, then we know the Gospel-loving, the Christ-adoring minister is *pleased*; but when he sits down finally—all his blessed work on earth done—no longer a pastor, no more a preacher, no more sermons to study, no more services to conduct, no more ordinances to administer, next to nothing more on earth to do, it will make the active mind to sympathise with little Kirke, when he wrote—

"But though impressions, calm and sweet,  
Thrill round my heart a holy heat,  
And I am inly glad,  
The tear-drop stands in either eye,  
And yet I cannot tell thee why,  
I'm pleased, and yet I'm sad."

There may be too much of mere self-repining in such a condition of mind. It may be nothing more nor less than "the enemy coming in" to harass the spirit; hence, the Lord will lift up a standard against the foe, He will roll in with a loving accent, "Forgetting those things which are behind, and REACHING FORTH unto those things which are before, I

press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." Thus may it be with the venerated ex-pastor of whom we write.

Mr. John Cooper, if he could have holden on until next May, would have been the Baptist minister of Wattisham full FIFTY YEARS. He commenced his ministry there in May, 1830, by preaching from the words, "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand; I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." And his last sermon, as the pastor of the Church, was preached in the afternoon of Sunday, Sept. 28, 1879, from Paul's words, "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

And what an "AMEN" was that! The Amen of a full half-century spent in studying and proclaiming the glorious Gospel of the ever-blessed God. Proving that,—

"The bliss of a spirit (born of God) is action."

Certainly in these times of rapid flight, of change, of novelty, of ever seeking something new, it is given to but few ministers to stand with one Church for fifty years!

Looking at this patriarchal sire, this nearly exhausted Suffolk bishop, as he sat beside the chairman (Mr. Samuel Collins) on Wednesday evening, October 1, 1879, one whispered, "He anticipated the American's ideal, whose sentences were these, 'The characteristic elements of manhood as (essentially constituted) parts of Christianity are activity, energy, fore-looking, hope, courage, aspiration. That there are regrets, and pains, and sorrows, is true; but these are medicines. The normal state of a true heart is one of cheer, activity, hope, enterprise. The whole of life should point forward and upward. FAITH is a window for the present, through which we see the blessedness of the future.'"

Some one might have said of John Cooper, when he commenced, "he verily believes that 'the man who does not demand of himself more than the law of the land demands of him, is an ignoble man.'" The grace, the Spirit, the power of God alone could have holden him up, and so mercifully have brought him through. We wonder not that such a man should bid his people burn the EARTHEN VESSEL when he found it on their tables; but with adoring humility we would praise the everlasting mercy and goodness of our compassionate High Priest, that while this good, this great and gracious servant of Christ hath for fifty years enjoyed one growing, prospering, happy pastorate in an almost secluded corner of the land, we have for more than fifty-one years had to wade through the diversified sections of the hundred and seventh Psalm, and without presumption we trust the pure mercy of God hath brought us to the closing sentences of that

#### EXPERIMENTAL BIOGRAPHY OF THE ONE CHURCH OF GOD,

wherein the HOLY GHOST hath said, "Yet setteth He the poor on high from affliction, and maketh him families like a flock:" (some of) "the righteous shall see it, and

"ALL INIQUITY SHALL STOP HER MOUTH."

"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall UNDERSTAND THE LOVINGKINDNESS OF THE LORD."



We would not entertain "such a revision of the past as leads to conceit, and to foolish and ignoble assumptions."

No! God forbid! It is all of His pure mercy that for fifty years we have laboured and travelled frequently by night and by day. Like poor little Gideon, we have seen the Midianites coming in on every hand to steal away the good corn from the true Israelites, and with the pen, with the printing press, in the pulpit, on the platform, in barns, halls, or waggons, anywhere at any time, we have been set to thrash out a little wheat by the wine-press, "to hide it from the Midianites." And in the face of almost an universal opposition we have been carried hundreds of thousands of miles, freely proclaiming, as far as the Lord enabled us,

"THE UNSEARCHABLE RICHES OF CHRIST."

Most devoutly, before a heart-searching God, we silently pray that in the days of John Cooper's retirement he may be favoured with much soul-communion with that exalted Redeemer, whose Gospel he has been so perpetually expounding unto the people, that he may hear Him say, "Put off thy shoes (of warfare) from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is HOLY GROUND." And when his soul shall be called home, may his funeral oration, with all honesty and correctness, be based upon those emphatic lines, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for

"THE END OF THAT MAN IS PEACE."

It was remarked as a singular incident in the meeting, that Ennals Hitchcock, Esq. (who is both the secretary and the treasurer of the Wattisham Church, and who presented to Mr. John Cooper the testimonial in the form of a cheque for £212), remembered Mr. Cooper's first coming to Wattisham, and from his own personal knowledge Mr. Hitchcock could testify that his beloved pastor had ever preached one Gospel, and that he had been a faithful expositor of the Holy Word of God. Most deeply affecting was Mr. Cooper's farewell and acknowledgment of thankfulness to all his friends.

Wattisham Church will never, we expect, see such a pastor's jubilee meeting again. It was a rare and highly-edifying occasion.

Mr. Joseph Wilkins, late of Chatteris, is expected to supply the pulpit for a time. The rising generation of Suffolk pastors were present, and all united harmoniously in the object of the gathering.

We are not prepared to announce the Suffolk Churches as being so flourishing as they have been; but they have some highly-gifted ministers over some of their Churches, and we hope they will be strengthened with all might in the inner man, that their sincere aims will be so to proclaim the Gospel as to give all honour unto a Triune Jehovah, seeking, earnestly seeking, to win souls to Christ, to build up the saints, and to finish their course with joy. Amen.

C. W. BANKS.

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THERE are depths in the ocean which no tempest ever stirs; they are beyond the reach of all storms, which sweep and agitate the surface of the sea. There are heights in the sky to which no cloud ever ascends, where no tempest ever rages, where all is perpetual sunshine. Each of these is an emblem of the soul which Jesus visits; to whom He speaks His peace, whose fear He dispels, and whose lamp of hope He trims.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH  
HIS BROTHER IN RUSSIA.

**M**Y DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,—I am in receipt of your letter. I have read it with much pleasure. It is pleasure, first of all, because I find that, by your last letter particularly, I can quite see that you have not embraced the Christian (Protestant) religion through any motive but personal conviction; indeed, every man must know that he is a being created by the Jehovah; the Almighty has given him a mind, a will, and intelligence. We every one of us, therefore, stand before the Creator, as responsible creatures—and it does not matter if Jew or Gentile, all shall be answerable before the God of heaven; and it is, therefore, our duty to make religion a personal matter. We must study these things ourselves; we certainly ought not to advocate doctrines because our fathers uphold the same. I, therefore, must honestly congratulate you on your boldness, integrity, and faithfulness to personal feelings in your religion. My feelings towards you have lately been more brotherly than ever. I cannot help expressing to you what I think of you. You certainly occupy a very high opinion in my mind. But at the same time, my dear Isaac, I must say, still I do not believe that Jesus the Nazarene is the Messiah; I cannot help thinking that, with all your earnestness, zeal, and faithfulness, you are very much in error. I sincerely hope you will not feel offended with this my statement. Your doctrines are, I must say, very sweet to human beings, for what can there be more precious to the mind of man than to think that his sins are forgiven, he is free, reconciled to God through the death of Jesus Christ? Such doctrines are very well for Gentiles, but I cannot understand that such teachings should be acceptable to Jews, especially as you have studied Jewish theology more than I have.

Dear Isaac, I confess you are a great mystery to me; seeing you had so good an education in Jewish theology, I should have thought you would have made a successful rabbi, for our father was ready to sacrifice all in his power so that he might gain his object in seeing you occupy that position. Yet you, of whom he expected most, have turned away from Judaism and became a pious and zealous Christian.

I have read the passages you have quoted in your letter. I dare not answer in objection to them yet, for honestly I confess I must search the Scriptures a little more; and, besides, I will not answer the objections until you have written to me all your Scriptural proofs of the truth of Christianity, if truth it be.

I shall, therefore, not write any more in this letter, but will wait until I perfectly satisfy myself if your arguments on the Christian religion be stronger than mine. Dear Isaac, I am at present engaged very carefully in reading the Bible. I only hope that the God of heaven will enable me to decide in my heart which is right, for, as I have said before, I cannot at present believe Jesus of Nazareth. Yet I have been quite shaken in my orthodoxy as a Jew; I therefore hope that you will pray on my behalf, for I shall feel happy indeed if only I could say, as you can, that my sins are forgiven, and my guilt is fully and for ever cancelled, and to Almighty God I am reconciled. If I could say this, I should feel that I am the happiest man in the world. Oh! that God

might open my mind and reveal unto me the truth of His Divine will, which alone can satisfy the drooping spirit of an anxious Jew. I remain, my dear brother,

Your ever beloved,

HESSEL LEVINSOHN.

Gradno, April, 1879.

P.S.—At present I do not hear from from our dear parents, but I am glad to inform you that I can say they are all quite well. Last week I went for a holiday to Kovno. I dressed myself in disguise, as an officer of a Cossack regiment, and have been among some of our relations and friends, whom I have not seen for a long time, I was quite able to discover all about our whole family. I left Kovno, and no one has been able to find it out. I went to father's hotel and had some refreshment there; none of the servants could discover me. Having had a long conversation upon our parents' domestic circumstances for about half-an-hour, I saw father coming; I therefore made haste and left, and leaving, I passed father at the doorside, but he did *not recognise me*, and I am therefore glad to inform you that this adventure, on my part, was a success; I only did it that I might thoroughly find out what our parents thought and said about us. I shall not trouble you any more; they are quite well—all of them—at home. They count you to be dead, and, as regards myself, they take me to be a disobedient son, with whom they will not have anything to do with. Good-bye, dear Isaac.

I remain, ever the same, your loving

HESSEL.

#### MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN'S ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

MY DEAR BROTHER HESSEL,—Your letter I have received with much pleasure. Am glad to hear that our parents are quite well. It puzzles me how and when you get courage to undertake such adventures as you do. I thought I could do clever things, but seeing what you do, I think I am not so adventurous as you are; for had I been in Kovno, I should not be able to withhold my love as a child without going to see our darling mother. It would matter little to me what they thought of me, but I would go to see her and enjoy a sweet motherly kiss. I think greater pleasure could not be to me than doing that; how you could overcome such a feeling I cannot imagine. But enough of this, as my object in corresponding with you is of a more important nature. It is a matter between the SOUL and GOD.

I quite agree with you, dear Hessel, that we, as individuals, are beings endowed by the cause of causes, with minds, wills, and intelligences, and it is therefore our duty, as individuals, to do our best with the time God grants to us in this life. Every power and grace given us ought to be employed to glorify the great I AM.

But I feel quite certain that it is impossible to glorify God Almighty unless it is through a way which He Himself has ordained, through means which He alone has destined. To my understanding I know of no way but Jesus Christ, who declared Himself the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

O that you might be in that Way, knowing this Truth, and enjoy that blessed Life.

I propose, dear Hessel, to call your attention in this letter to the various passages of Divine Writ, which I believe refer to Messiah's great work upon the earth—*i.e.*, His first Advent. If you please, turn to Isa. lxi. 1, 2:—

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon Me; because the Lord hath anointed Me to preach good tidings unto the meek; He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound; to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn."

Dear brother, please compare the above with the following, which so beautifully agrees with the life of Jesus Christ; for the Messiah, Jesus Christ, has indeed proclaimed good tidings unto the meek, great and unspeakable joy to the broken-hearted and contrite spirits. He indeed gave true liberty to poor captives. Read New Testament, Matt. xi. 28—30, &c.; also John xiv.

See Isa. xxxv. 4—6:—

"Say to them that are of a fearful heart, Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompence; He will come and save you. Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped. Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

Compare Matt. xv. 30, 31, xi. 2—6, ix. 27—35.

In Zech. ix. 9 we read—

"Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold thy King cometh unto thee: He is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass."

Compare Matt. xxi. 1—9.

We also read in Jer. xxxi. 31—34:—

"Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah: not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day that I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt; which My covenant they brake, although I was an Husband unto them, saith the Lord: but this shall be the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel; After those days, saith the Lord, I will put My law in their inward parts, and write it in their hearts; and will be their God, and they shall be My people. And they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord: for they shall all know Me, from the least of them even unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord: for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more."

Compare the above with the following:—Luke xxii. 19; 20; John i. 17, xiii. 34, 35; Matt. v. 21, 22, 27, 28, 31, 32; Heb. ix. 13—15, x. 14—24.

We also read in Isa. xi. 9, 10:—

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. And in that day there shall be a root of Jesse, which shall stand for an ensign unto the people: to it shall the Gentiles seek: and His rest shall be glorious."

We also read in chap. xlii. of this book:—

"I the Lord have called Thee in righteousness, and will hold Thine hand, and will keep Thee, and will give Thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house."

Read also Isa. xlix. 6:—

"And He said, It is a light thing that thou shouldest be My Servant to raise up the tribes of Jacob, and to restore the preserved of Israel: I will also give Thee for a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be My salvation unto the end of the earth."

Read Matt. xxviii. 18—20; Acts x. 44—48, ix. 13, 42, 52.

Dear Hessel, I shall not try to explain the meaning of the passages from God's Word; I only wish you to read it quite alone, and prayerfully and solemnly ask God for light and understanding, then the truth of God's Word will be revealed unto you.

I remain, beloved Hessel, your ever-loving brother,

ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

8, Edenbridge-road, South Hackney, England, May, 1879.

## THE SILVER TRUMPET SOUNDING AN ALARM.

### A WORD OF EXHORTATION.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world."—1 John iv. 1.

DEAR brethren in Jesus, awake, Oh ! awake,  
See error is rampant, and truth is at stake ;  
For Satan, transformed, in the power of his might,  
Is sending forth preachers like angels of light :  
Who preach, but do mix with the Gospel of grace  
Most dangerous errors for men to embrace.  
The thoughtless and graceless in crowds gather round,  
With hearts unaffected, yet pleased with the sound,  
Where music and eloquence charmeth their ears:  
But little of Christ and His Gospel appears.  
Young feeble believers by these led astray,  
May stumble and slide out of truth's narrow way:  
Then grow not in grace, but in bondage and fear,  
Be groping in darkness till light doth appear.

Arise, ye beloved, and plead for more grace  
To guide and to strengthen your souls for the race ;  
Be clad in that armour the Christian should wear,  
For tares are among us the Church to ensnare ;  
The foe is without and the foe is within,  
The Church and the world are too nearly akin ;  
Profession of godliness—lacking the power ;  
Oh, day of temptation ! beware of this hour.

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The voice of the Bridegroom may soon pierce the gloom,  
Those sleeping in Jesus, arise from the tomb,  
The living and faithful, caught up to the skies  
With them in a moment to glory will rise.

Remember the words of your Lord while below,  
Concerning His coming—His people should know :  
If any know not—to your Bibles again,  
New light with new blessing your faith shall sustain ;  
Your loins should be girded, your lamps trimmed with grace,  
The time of His coming rolls onward apace:  
Be waiting and watching until He appears,  
Ye slept while He tarried, now shake off your fears.

When the cry has gone forth that the saints may all hear,  
When the sound of the trumpet proclaimeth Him near,  
Some virgins (the foolish) will start at the sound,  
With lamps of profession where oil is not found.  
Not so with the wise, they will go forth with joy,  
Having oil in their lamps when redemption is nigh—  
Redemption, I mean, of this body of sin,  
For one that is glorious without and within,  
All free from corruption, and weakness, and pain,  
Made meet for the glory, with Jesus to reign.

Awake unto righteousness, brethren, and fly  
 The lusts of the flesh, the desire of the eye ;  
 A calling so holy, to glory so great,  
 Should fire us with love, make us patient to wait:  
 Should strengthen our zeal, and in fellowship bind,  
 Make each to the other in charity kind :  
 Be instant in prayer, for the foe is so strong,  
 Assaults may be frequent and conflicts be long.  
 The forces of anti-Christ now gather fast,  
 And darkening shadows around us are cast:  
 And the days that are coming more evil will bring ;  
 But we look for the Lord, our Redeemer and King.  
 Oh ! Spirit Divine ! with Thy life-giving power,  
 Defend us and guide us in this trying hour.

Leytonstone, August, 1879.

MARIA C.

["M. C." has just published an "Exposure of Spiritualism" in a penny pamphlet, which can be had of Mr. R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.]

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TO JERUSALEM.

QUEEN of the cities of earth, O when  
 Shall thy glories gladden the hearts of men  
 All kings, all peoples look with pain  
 To see thee desolate remain.  
 The heathen adore who were wont to deride thee,  
 Thy beautiful garments are lying beside thee ;  
 Fling them about thee, spring quick from the dust,  
 Daughter of Zion, ye shall, and ye must.

God thy Redeemer is mighty and true,  
 Soon shall thy children with penitence view  
 Him whom they piercéd on yon fair hill,  
 Despiséd, but the Messiah still.  
 And their keen self-reproach shall break forth into crying,  
 Like the wail of the last when the first-born is dying,  
 Like home-yearning exiles, heart-broken and poor,  
 They shall kneel to the King they have learned to adore.

Sad is the spell which held them so long,  
 The children of that city of song.  
 It suited not their native pride  
 That the King of the Jews should be crucified ;  
 But to call them "forsaken of God" is a libel,  
 The Jew shall return to the land of the Bible,  
 And a crucified God be the soul's only stay,  
 When the children of Israel are passing away.

Beautiful land, our eyes would see  
 The glory yet in reserve for thee,  
 The Gentile would rejoice to share  
 In the rivers of blessing rising there.  
 The hearts, cased with pride as with stone, shall be broken,  
 And only the language of penitence spoken ;  
 And Zion, the chosen of God from her birth,  
 Shall be crowned by all nations the queen of the earth.

MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

Great Baddow, Essex.

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HE that pardoned the sins of nine hundred years to Adam would have pardoned sins of nine thousand and nine thousand after that again ; but to forgive so as to remember sin no more, what a world of mercy is there in this !—*Dr. Goodwin's Marrow.*

## THE WAY INTO THE MINISTRY:

## ITS WORK AND ITS WITNESS.

"And no man taketh THIS HONOUR unto himself; but he that is called of God, as was Aaron."

CHRYSOSTOM often read those words descriptive of the mental and spiritual attitude of the God-sent minister's spirit: "They watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy, and not with grief." And in his "*De Sacerd.*," Chrysostom writes: "The fear of *that account* constantly weighs down my soul!"

What a mercy it would be if the same deep sense of the sacredness and solemnity of the ministerial office did thus oftentimes weigh down the souls of the tens of thousands who are now running everywhere upon the walls of Christendom preaching or talking of the Gospel of our LORD JESUS CHRIST!

"I was thoroughly disappointed," said a friend who had been to what is termed an "ordination service," "at the nothingness of the statement of the newly-elected pastor's 'call to the ministry;' and, as regards the poor old man who gave the charge, why he evidently did not know what to say!" But it all passed off as being the work of the Lord. Each one, perhaps, did the best he could; and what a man has never received, never known, never experienced, that he can never give.

The question is, "Does the Bible furnish any Divine law or rule by which to judge a man, to try and test a man, as to whether or not he 'is called of God, as was Aaron?'"

When a venerable sire is summoned to "ask the questions" at an ordination service, does he, can he, take with him any Biblical scales wherein to weigh the confessions of the candidate as regards his call to the ministry? Or does the said questioner go prepared to receive and to sanction anything that may be said as evidencing the candidate's call to the work being truly of God? We never hear of any questioner *rejecting* the candidate, or refusing to pass him as one in whom is found the heavenly unction, the holy revelation—as one concerning whom the witness and the whisper of the SPIRIT saith, "*Arise! anoint him; THIS IS HE!*" No! The Church has called the man to the pastorate, and the ordination service is merely a *form*—a ceremony wherein the bishop for the occasion is requested to say "Amen" to all that the newly-chosen pastor may say, whether it be sterling and sufficient or not. May not this often prove to be nothing less than *mockery*?

We once asked the questions at the ordination of a very gifted man; and, not being satisfied with his explanatory answers, we sought to probe him, to test him somewhat deeper, but it gave offence. The Church were determined to have him. Their sorrows were deep: if the dreadful fruits which followed were keenly felt, the subsequent consequences were productive of lamentation more heartrending than any tongue or pen can describe.

Taking a careful survey of the sudden uprising of multitudes of young men as candidates for the ministry; reviewing the spasmodic zeal with which Churches instantly lift them up into the pastoral office; and constantly seeing the sudden drying up of the pastor's springs of usefulness, and his frequent changing from one Church to another; the

passing of these scenes before us during the last forty or fifty years has led us to fear that the spirit of discernment in the Churches is exceedingly *weak*; while the natural impulse in young men of some talent is so strong that preachers they will be, let people think what they may. John's affectionate appeal is not much heeded: "Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God; because" (John knew in his day, if we know not in our day, that) "many false spirits are gone out into the world."

We return, then, again to the question, "Does the Word of God furnish no Heaven-ordained way in which a man is qualified for, and is led into, the ministerial office and work?"

The evangelists record some significant things in connection with our Lord and Saviour's ordination of His ministers; as, for instance: "He called unto Him whom He would;" and "He taught them, and sent them out two and two before His face into every city and place whither He Himself would come." Is it not well for a man to examine himself by Christ's own pattern?

First. "Have I, through the Holy Ghost, been called to JESUS CHRIST Himself?"

Secondly. "Has my soul sat at His feet, and *learned of Him*?" John Tyndale's "Manual for Young Men" may be useful. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon's "Lectures to My Students" are comprehensive. William Huntington's "Description of the Minister's Call" is correct, no doubt. But, individually, can I say I have learned of JESUS, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life?" and has He powerfully thrust me out into His own work?

Thirdly. "Has He come and confirmed me, and continued to commune with me, and to make me manifest unto His own people as being His mouth, His messenger unto some of His regenerated and sanctified family?"

Brethren! Friends! Critics! Readers all! There is an *outside* and there is an *inside* ministry. See Matt. xiii. 36: "Jesus went out of the house, and sat by the sea-side, and great multitudes were gathered unto Him. And He spake many things unto them in *parables*." When He had done this, He sent the multitudes away, and He Himself "went into the house."

Mark the difference! The multitudes were satisfied with seeing and hearing Him, then they went away. But (like every quickened soul, every God-enlightened mind) His disciples came unto Him, saying, "Declare unto us the *parable*." And Jesus did as they asked Him.

Ah! man, you may get the types and parables all drawn out in the letter from good old Benjamin Keach; and if you have a pleasing nature, if you have a long, strong memory, if you have an eloquent tongue—all exceedingly useful furniture for the ministry—and with your books, and your pen, ink, and paper, you may "read up," "get up," and "give out" many excellent parables, and the multitudes will go away satisfied; but if you are a disciple, if you are one JESUS has called unto Himself; if the HOLY GHOST has revealed in your soul the ever-blessed CHRIST OF GOD; if He has talked to you in whispers so sublime, in words so solemn, in the creation of thoughts which flash through you like lightning; if He has become the Apostle and High Priest of your profession, then nothing will satisfy your precious soul but the closest



communion with the Lord. Wherever He goes you must go, and alone with Him you will hear "the still small voice." He will take you into the University of Saving Knowledge—His own Word. He will unfold the Word of truth so distinctly, so delightfully, so powerfully, that, exactly as Jeremiah said, so will you say: Ah! God Almighty knoweth I can say with that grand old prophet (Jer. xv. 15, 16), "O LORD, Thou knowest; remember me, and visit me, and revenge me of my persecutors: take me not away in Thy long-suffering; know that for Thy sake I have suffered rebuke."

That is the dark side of the prophet's experience, of which we have had as much as we could bear. But now comes the honey—the merciful balm which all the before-mentioned miseries made room for. Here is the cordial for the wounded, the weeping soul: "Thy words were found: and I DID EAT THEM; and Thy Word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart; for I am called by Thy Name, O Lord God of hosts."

Let any truly regenerated man know for himself the indoor preaching and expounding of JESUS; let a man realise the sacred and hallowed joys of a silent and solemn oneness with JESUS, a *continued* revelation of Him through the Word by the SPIRIT, and truly that man will assuredly know

#### THE WAY INTO THE MINISTRY AND THE WORK HE HAS TO DO:

which was laid open in the recovery of Joshua, as Zechariah saw it, of which I purposed to speak in this little paper; but as I must refer to

#### MR. THOMAS STRINGER'S EXPERIENCE

touching the ministry, Joshua will kindly wait until my next paper can appear.

Many times have I silently reviewed the long line of—what the man calls—

"THE ROUGH, THE REAL, AND READY-MADE MINISTERS OF CHRIST."

William Huntington belonged to both the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. His last grand chapel, in Gray's Inn Lane, was opened in 1811, but in 1813, William was called to put off his Gospel armour. He was a *labourer*: with his pen at home, and in pulpits all over the land, did that poor coal-heaver, that God-called, that grace-preserved, that SPIRIT-taught man of God work on most faithfully. "He was not perfect," some say. Well! he *was* and he was *not*! In Christ his soul was perfect, in the flesh he was not. And the Almighty has said:—"There is not one in all the world, be he minister, or deacon, or singer, saint or sinner. No! not one." But we all look out upon the blemishes of others, and hence have no time to see our own as we ought to see them, and to be so ashamed of ourselves as to have no heart to fling stones at our fellows.

Before William Huntington died, the Lord was bringing up John Warburton, William Gadsby, and others of the same faith and family. Before they were worn out, John Foreman, James Wells, and others, equally raised up by the great God as preachers of a free-grace salvation by His Son Jesus Christ; and before they were called home, here is a perfectly original, a thoroughly honest, and heavenly-ordained preacher of the Gospel, in the person of

MR. THOMAS STRINGER, NOW THE MINISTER OF TRINITY CHAPEL  
IN THE BOROUGH.

Some have said :—"He is a letter-man!" That is quite correct! To the *letter* of God's Word he sticks and stands, and holds fast with a tenacity beyond many. But Thomas Stringer passed through a bitter and terrible soul-experience that no "*letter*" can fully express. With that part of his life I cannot deal now. From his own writing I give the following beginning of the work of the Lord in calling him into the ministry of the Gospel; and here is what I may call the introductory chapter. He says,—

While I was in the employment of Mr. J——, my mind was wonderfully arrested with the great importance of, and earnest desire for, the work of the ministry. I have secretly envied God's ministers when they have been preaching, and longed to be in the pulpit, talking of and about Jesus with that liberty and enjoyment as they appear to do. I have sometimes been afraid this was born of the flesh, but now I believe it was born (or begotten) by the Spirit. I often asked the Lord (if it was His holy will) to make me a faithful witness for Him, and a decided preacher of His glorious Gospel; at the same time portions of Scripture, one after another, would crowd into my mind, and open to my thoughts in such a way that I have wished a congregation had been present, so that I might expound unto them the Scriptures. I have gone into a wood, and preached to the trees and stubs; but the word spoken did not profit my hearers. I have been out on my master's business, both with bread and after coals, which he used to sell, and a portion of God's Word has been applied to my soul with such sweetness, opened and divided so blessedly, that I could not help preaching to the horse and cart I was then with; and have caught myself preaching, and looked about to see if anyone had been hearing me, thinking they would conclude I was either mad or a fool to preach Jesus Christ to a horse and cart. Bless His dear name, He appeared so precious to my view, that I would and could have preached Him to devils. Then, again, I have had solemn tremblings of soul for ever thinking about preaching the Gospel, such a wretch as me, and one so amazingly ignorant both in temporal and spiritual things; "yet hath God chosen the foolish things of this world to confound the wise." My mind was much exercised about the solemn matter, and sometimes greatly distressed; some of the Lord's people often told me they knew God was fitting me for the work of the ministry, and that a period would arrive when He would send me forth with "Thus saith the Lord." I sometimes thought it would be so, from what I knew, saw, and felt; and then I thought again what a fool I was to indulge such a thought, considering my ignorance and total incompetency for such a solemn work. Satan here kept me looking entirely at myself, which is sure to bring a person into despondency, relative to any point. I was not looking to Him who can and does make His own ministers (independent of human help or learning) able ministers of the New Testament (or covenant), not of the letter (the old covenant), but of the Spirit; for the letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life.

But to return. At this time, and all this while, I knew nothing savingly of God's truth, nor of Himself, and was greatly troubled on that account; Satan was continually besetting me in a thousand different ways, tormenting my mind with cruel temptations of various sorts, especially about preaching; he has often told me I should commit suicide or go crazy, I should one day lose my rationality, and then at once run mad and destroy myself, and from what I have seen and felt within and without, I have trembled much, and thought it would be so; under these painful suggestions I have been afraid to take my razor in my hand, fearing Satan would take the advantage of me, and highly gratified would the infernal foe have been if it had been so; but His saints (the Lord's) are preserved for ever, and thus far I, with many more, am a living witness to the truth of it. Crown Jehovah! my soul! crown Jehovah! O ye saints, Lord of all. Now the way in which I was delivered from this and other complicated troubles, was the following:—I was coming down a dark lane one evening, wondering in my mind how the scene would end, and all at once Satan put a question close to me, which I was quite unable to resolve, being in such darkness and perplexity of mind; this he well knew was the case, and so took the advantage of me. True it is that—

"Satan, the fowler, oft betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways."—Watts.

Yet did the Lord most graciously take the advantage of Satan at this time, to his confusion, and the joy and rejoicing of my heart. The question he suggested was, "What is religion?" Oh, what I did feel because I could not tell him, no one knoweth but God and myself; then, said he, you profess that which you know nothing about, you are a complete hypocrite, the sooner you give it up, the better, before you bring an open disgrace upon the cause. Then again the question would come, "What is religion?" O! thought I, I am undone, it is all over with me now. Oh, that I had never been born. "O, wretched man that I am, who shall (or can) deliver me?" Oh, says Satan, there is no deliverance for you, you are a deceived deceiver: God has cast you off; He has done with you, and given you up to me. And then the question came again, "What is religion?" I tried to beg of the Lord to enable me to answer this question, and silence the foe. I thought of the words, "Resist the devil and he will flee from you," but I had no strength to do so. True it is that "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength." Well, while I was thus agitated and distressed, these words came sweetly to my mind—"Christ in you the hope of glory." This broke the fowler's snare and liberated my soul; this brought joy and peace into my heart, and I wanted to answer Satan's question with the same words, but he was gone. Ah, when Christ applies His own truth to the soul, or comes Himself, Satan is quickly absent. Surely then "He shall and will deliver thee from the snare of the fowler and from the noisome pestilence; He shall cover thee with His feathers, and under His wings shalt thou trust; His truth (Christ) shall be thy shield and buckler." Well, I had no more of Satan's company all the way home, nor for a long time afterwards, for I believe he knew I could answer his close question, and so kept his distance, and I know it is a religion that the devil hates, and so do thousands of the pious folks of the day—because Christ is in it; yea, it is He Himself.

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## WHERE THE BEAMS OF ETERNAL MERCY SHINE FORTH.

**I**N the cross the righteousness of God is revealed. It is the crowning scene of that life which was throughout a representation of the glory of God's moral being. It was the last act of submission to His will for our sakes. It was the most solemn awful public recognition of the holiness and justice of that will. Nowhere does the righteousness of God more impress the conscience, fill the soul with a deeper awe, than at the foot of that cross, where He was made sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him. And nowhere do the beams of the eternal mercy break forth more brightly from the parting sky than above that cross. There the grace that pardons sin, that justifies the sinner, that plucks up the love of sin by the roots, that pours the balm of celestial hope and peace into our wounds, the grace that deeply humbles, yet nobly exalts, us is ever revealed. And God forbid that we should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world. It is the Christian faith, of which that cross is the ever-speaking symbol, which alone can teach us a true estimate of life, placing us in a just relation to all the objects of our pursuit in this world; which purifies our pleasures by centering them upon God; which beautifies and dignifies our strength; which hallows riches by making them promote the fine graces and large benevolences of life; which saves our wisdom from becoming folly by converting it into the wisdom that is unto salvation.

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THE way to keep your clothes from getting rusty—give them away.

## THE DOVES FLYING TO THEIR WINDOWS.

A SERMON ON ISAIAH LX. 8, BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

*Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk.*

"Who are these that fly as a cloud, and as the doves to their windows?"

THE same persons here intended are spoken of in the first verse of this chapter, in which verse you have a command, "Arise, shine," &c. Sometimes a command is attended with power, sometimes it is not. When it is not attended with power, it is just the same command, its force is the same; it is the same in words and syllables, and the same in its designs and intentions; but it requires the Spirit of God to put it in motion. We will illustrate the command without power, and we will illustrate the command with power. Go with me now to John v. Here is a place called Bethesda. Looking into this place we see five porches, and looking into these five porches we see a multitude of people. What are they here for? Oh, they are waiting for something. They are here in obedience to a Divine command, which seems to say in so many words, "Come and be healed." These persons are looking at the command, and they are looking into it; but they cannot command the command itself, they can neither put in the power nor bring it out. It is their time to look and wait, and it is God's time to put in the power. The pool is the command, and the angel stepping in is the power. The exhortations and the commands seem just as though they might belong to all men, without exception or distinction of character, because they speak to the children of men as such. They seem to speak to all as sinners without distinction, because all men are sinners; yet, after all, they have a special reference to a certain description of character. What kind of persons do they describe? Persons who are not only diseased, but are sensible of the nature of their disease, and are anxious for a cure, and these we sometimes call sensible sinners. You will see we are right in this our description, if you look at John v. 3: "In these lay a great multitude of impotent folk, of blind, halt, withered, waiting for the moving of the waters." Now who are the persons the first verse of this chapter is spoken to? They are the Jews. The words seem to be spoken indiscriminately to all the Jews as a body, because to the whole nation of the Jews the oracles of God may be said to belong; yet do the words belong more especially to God's chosen and elect people among the Jews. Bah! say some, why do you not do as the parsons in general do in these days of literature and refinement? Why, how is that? Leave out those terms, and simply adopt the phrase, "the Lord's people." At this no one would be offended. But, seeing the terms occur all over the Bible, we still use them as Bible terms, whether men will hear or whether they will forbear. As to the place before us, are the poor Gentiles excluded? Shall the elect Jews have all the light to themselves? No, for in the third verse we are told "the Gentiles shall come to their light, and kings to the brightness of their rising." The sum is, that though God's sons and daughters come not to the light, yet the light shall come to them and bring them to Christ; "thy sons shall come from far, and thy daughters shall be nursed at thy side." Again, "The forces of the Gentiles shall come unto thee." Mind who shall come: the camels and

the dromedaries shall come. Yes, though the camels cannot get to heaven through a needle's eye, yet there is a way and means by which these can be saved. They do not like clear water, according to natural history, but muddy water, which is highly descriptive of our yea and nay folks, who must mix more or less of free-will with free-grace; and so, with their feet, foul the waters of God's sanctuary; and as camels are of a hot constitution, even so these have a zeal of God, but not according to knowledge, for they will compass sea and land to make proselytes to their mixed systems, determining that if God will not do His own work, they will do it for Him. Then again, the swift dromedaries, as they are called, are running in all directions to evangelise the world, carrying their bunch of doings on their backs, and filling the world with reports of their wonderful works, just lugging in Christ at the end, to give weight to their published exploits. What a mercy that swarms of these shall come to Christ and come clean away from all their own doings and self-dependencies! Mark another word or two upon this first verse: "Thy light is come." God calls it ours, even before it has reached us; but we cannot call it ours till it is come. Oh, friends, is the light come to you? Lots of people have light, and some have great light; but the Bible calls it darkness, and not only darkness, but great darkness. I ask you young people, Is the light come to you, into your hearts, direct from the illuminating Spirit of God? I ask you aged people, Is the light come to you? or is it a sad fact that you are still in darkness, know it not, and so not at all concerned about it? And shall I not earnestly call upon you to give this your sad state a thought? Does it not demand a solemn thought? There is a worse darkness than that which you are now in. Oh, yes; there is a horrible darkness combined with inconceivable pain and misery, and which can never have an end. May this rouse you, cause you to think, and be a means of leading you to Christ. How sweet the words, "Thy light is come!" Ah, poor soul, you well know what darkness is, and you wait and hope for the light. I was walking on the road one day last week, musing upon my dark path and considering the matter as to the days and weeks, yea, months, I had been walking in darkness, without having scarcely one ray of light. I was pensively saying, When will the light come? When will the Sun shine upon me? Will it never shine again? Has God altogether given His unprofitable servant up to confusion of mind, and hardness of heart? Oh, this midnight darkness! it is a darkness which I do indeed feel. Suddenly a verse of a hymn dropped into my mind, bringing with it a small drop of comfort,—

"When darkness long has veil'd my mind,  
And smiling day once more appears,  
Then, my Redeemer, then I find  
The folly of my doubts and fears."

Let us now briefly consider the text in three particulars. 1. The persons here meant. 2. What are they compared to. 3. What we are to understand by their windows.

1. Let us notice THE PERSONS HERE MEANT—"Who are these?" I shall answer this in plain Scripture language: "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Mind their appearance! They

have white robes on. What sort of attire is this? Dr. Watts describes it very nicely—

“And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found;  
He took the robe the Saviour wrought,  
And cast it all around.”

But from whence did they come? Why, all of them came from one country, called by the Lord Jesus, “Tribulation.” The Lord’s people are all a tried people, every one being chosen in the furnace of affliction. But is there anything said of these persons which they have done? Yes, it is said, “They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” Sovereign love plunged them in this sacred and crimson fluid, which made the poet sweetly sing,—

“There is a fountain filled with blood,  
Drawn from Immanuel’s veins;  
And sinners plung’d beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains.”

I ask again, “Who are these?” I again answer in plain Scripture language, “These are they that are not defiled with women.” They cannot defile themselves with Arminianism, Popery, idolatry, and the yea and nay systems of those who hate us. I ask again, “Who are these?” Why, these are “they that follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.” For to prove genuine faith He sometimes leads them into trials and troubles, and they follow Him. Sometimes He leads them into severe afflictions, and they follow Him. Sometimes He leads them into reproaches and persecutions, and they follow Him. Sometimes He leads them into the sunshine, and they follow Him. Sometimes He leads them into storms and tempests, and they follow Him. Sometimes He leads them into fields of heavy losses, and they humbly follow Him. Last week I was visiting at the house of one of my members, and going with him into his fields, I saw some of the terrible results of the late unusual tempest and hail. O what a sight! Corn smashed and mangled, and literally threshed out, and the tops of gates with pieces chipped out almost as large as a halfpenny. What could the God of nature do with us? His hailstones are like thunderbolts, and His lightnings are awfully grand and terrific. I could but feel thankful to God to see my friend, under this calamity, so meek, patient, and mild; while I thought I could read in his countenance the language of Job: “The Lord hath given, the Lord hath taken away, and blessed be the name of the Lord.” Sometimes our God is pleased to lead us into a narrow place called Loss; and O how trying to the flesh! but the saints are made willing to follow Him. Sometimes He leads them into a large place called Gain, and they follow Him. O, what grace, what strength, what watchfulness, what carefulness is required here! Well, my beloved friends, we have to learn to bless God for losses, as well as for gifts and bestowments; and if we lose everything we have got, and don’t lose our souls, we may count all our losses gain. Once more I ask, “Who are these?” I answer, “These were redeemed from among men.” Mind, “from among men.” Then they cannot mix with the world. Look at Psa. i. 1: “They walk not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stand in the way of sinners, nor sit in the seat of the scornful.” They are holy and sincere, and are “living epistles known and read of all men.”

2. Let us consider WHAT THE PERSONS HERE SPOKEN OF ARE COM-

PARED TO. First, to a cloud. Secondly, to doves. First to a cloud: "Who are these that fly as a cloud?" They are light in themselves, God having made them so; but they are a dark cloud to all the Egyptians. We read that God has created a cloud upon every dwelling-place of Zion, and upon all her assemblies: it is a smoky cloud by day, and a fiery cloud by night. God's people fly as a cloud; yes, they are all high flyers, for they fly above the world, the flesh, and the devil, though greatly annoyed by these. They fly high in their contemplations upon the God of Israel, and in holding communion with the Holy Three. But a thought has just dropped into my mind. Do our clouds fly at random? Do they move above our heads by chance? In what manner did those black clouds fly a short time ago? In some places they poured down hail and large pieces of ice, while other places were scarcely visited at all. Was this the work of blind chance? Nay; He who holds the winds in His fists, governs the dark and bright clouds by an unalterable decree. God's clouds are His chariots, and in these He rides out where and when He pleases. But why come just in one place and not in another? I reply, while we have our curiosity about this, God has His own secret meaning. Say you, "I hope God won't ride into my fields and destroy what little I have." Never mind, my friends, if even He should do this; for your fields are His, and all your crops are His, all you possess belongs to Him, and you yourselves profess to be His. Now, a father loves his children, and though he should correct, he will not destroy them. Though He should take all our things away, yet we still remain blessed beyond all conception. Therefore let us say in respect to all our possessions,—

"If Thou shouldst take them all away,  
Yet could I not repine;  
Before they were possessed by me,  
They were entirely Thine."

Only think how good the Lord was to Job; for though He took all away, He gave him at last twice as much as he had before. But I could not expect anything like this at God's hands. Well, but if He should take away all your earthly goods, so that you never recover from your losses, yet if He should give you heaven in the end, with an eternal weight of glory, will not this be an ample recompense? "What shall it profit a man if he should gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" But to the text again: "Who are these that fly as a cloud?" Flying clouds are spoken of in Psa. cx. 3: "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power." Yes, they shall fly as clouds to Christ, even as did the three thousand we read of; and as clouds fly upon the wings of the wind, even so do souls fly to Christ upon spiritual wings, upon such graces as are put forth by the eternal Spirit. If the winds do not blow, the clouds do not move; and if the Spirit should withhold His gracious influences, there is no spiritual movement heavenward, and then the believer in Christ cries out, "Come, thou South wind." What can hinder the clouds in their motion? And what can hinder the saints from obtaining eternal life? Nothing can separate from the love of God; while, "the righteous shall hold on his way; and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." We observe, secondly, the persons here spoken of are compared to doves: "They fly as the doves." Doves are birds that are very fearful and timorous. Am I a dove? I seem like one. I cannot help saying, I think I must be one, notwith-

all my doubts and fears. I know I delight in my Master's work; but O how timorous! ever ready to draw back, ever fearful to go forward; ever desiring it, and yet ever dreading it. And why? Because of my bodily infirmities, my nervousness, my darkness, confusion, hardness of heart, and barrenness. I find the same difficulties, hindrances, and trials in praying as I do in preaching, and so do not wonder at some of you hanging back when called upon to pray, especially if you feel as I so often feel, although, let me tell you, this will not excuse you from the exercise of prayer, for the blessed Jesus says, "Men ought always to pray and not to faint." Doves are fearful creatures, and you are afraid of Satan, your great adversary, knowing well that without your Lord and Master the devil will gain a victory over you. You are afraid of the world, lest you should get entangled by it, and lose your peace and confidence. Sometimes you are afraid that the Lord should put too much into your hands, that it may become as a trap, to chastise you; for having such a deceitful heart, you well know this would, without preventing grace, easily carry you away, you know not where. Again, you are afraid of yourselves, lest this proud, stiff-necked self should lead you into a thousand errors. Sometimes you are afraid of death, lest when you come to die naturally, you should die eternally. Mind, once more: God's people "fly as doves." Yes, and they have beautiful wings to fly with, even wings of silver and gold. Their defence is in their flight, while the name of the Lord is a strong tower into which they fly and are safe.

3. We must close with only a word or two upon the last particular, in considering what we are to understand by THE WINDOWS OF THESE DOVES. Have they windows? Then it is understood they are not without a house. They once had a beautiful house, but had no certain dwelling in it, because they were peccable—that is, liable to sin, or fall. They did sin, and were expelled from their house, I mean their law-house; and then another house still more beautiful was provided for them, a more certain dwelling-house, which I shall call the Gospel-house. In this house the doves all have eternal life, and no one can pluck a single dove out of it. In this house there are windows, and these windows are to let in light, and the doves have to fly to these windows, the windows being a great attraction to them: I mean the windows of prayer, preaching, and meditation, as also the ordinance windows, which are fixed in this dove-house, to answer the greatest and most noble purposes. Paul might well not be ashamed of his dove-house, with such transparent windows. O, what light was let into his soul! He saw such beauties in this dove-house that he cried out, "The glorious Gospel of the blessed God." The window of prayer has given you much light into the sacred pages, and discovered manifold blessings belonging to you, which you never saw before. The window of preaching has let such light into your souls that you have felt constrained to sing,

"Behold the glories of the Lamb," &c.

Meditation is a window you highly prize, for it has let an abundance of light into your souls, so that you have been constrained to say with David, "I remember Thee upon my bed, and I meditate on Thee in the night watches." Baptism and the Lord's Supper are windows which have let surprising light into your souls upon the sufferings, death, and resurrection of Christ. The time is gone. May God grant His blessing.



## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

*God's Salvation—A System and a Certainty.* By Rev. HELY H. A. SMITH, rector of Tansley. This plain-spoken Gospel expounder is published by W. R. Green, White Lion-street, Norwich; its author is extensively known as a learned, laborious, and honourable defender of the faith and the truth of the Gospel of God. Mr. Green, of Norwich, is a practical and persevering opponent of all Popish encroachments, and has sent forth large quantities of pamphlets exploding the different deceptive dogmas of the whole clan of the apostacy which has set her foot down with much force in England.

**MONTHLY MAGAZINES.**—*The Gospel Mag.* for Oct. contains letters to and from our highly-esteemed friend Dr. Doudney, in his sick chamber. The good doctor in the furnace comes forth with a vehement intensity against any "mere mockery of a professed and pretended worship," which the civilised and so-called evangelised world is now almost entirely filled with. Even Mr. Statham, in his "Address to London Pastors," indirectly denounced sensational entertainments when associated with the churches and chapels of our land, because "they are frivolous and surrounded with gay and guilty connections." We trust Dr. Doudney is now—in his study, rich in communion with his glorious Lord and Master; in his pulpit, full of spiritual power, and walking among his people as a loving and faithful father in Israel.

*The Remembrancer* is as heavily-laden with the golden, the good, and the grave realities of Divine grace, as ever.

"A Letter Written by John Berridge," appears in *Sword and Trowel* for October. It is John Berridge, and no mistake; but however curious the commencement, the conclusion is truly blessed. Here is the final of what in the beginning might be considered the outcome of a poor old bachelor's unhappy state. He says:—"These thorns often seem to us a mere dead weight, but prove an excellent ballast, and keep our ship from over-setting. When we get into port we shall drop our ballast, this house of correction, and take our leave of the old man of sin, that hearty friend and cousin-german of the devil. Oh, for a safe passage and a happy landing, to be met and welcomed by Jesus, and embraced in the arms of this faithful and unchangeable Friend! Come, my brother, let us trudge on—whilst I creep do you run; and the Lord direct our feet, and quicken our pace, and

prosper our work continually. Peace be with thee, and with all that love the Lord Jesus.—'J. B.'" [Amen, and for ourselves again we say, Amen.—ED.]

*The Monthly Record* (Offices, 5, Racquet-court), in its October number, gives a few sentences from a speech delivered by Signor Gavazzi, which sounds to us like

## THE DEATH-KNELL OF ENGLAND'S GLORY.

Mr. ROBERT STEELE, the untiring opponent of Rome and her dramatic mesmerisers, also the secretary of the Protestant Evangelical Mission, tells us in his *Monthly Record* that in a lecture at Warwick Gavazzi said:—"I am sorry to have to carry back to Italy such tidings of your condition in England, for you are retrograding, and have many perversions from the Gospel to Romanism. Ritualism is an ally of Popery, therefore I am here to say, Beware of Ritualism, because against an open enemy you can defend yourself; but not against a concealed enemy, a traitor in the camp, as Ritualism is nothing more nor less than Popery in disguise and Romanism under a mask. What I have seen and what I have heard bring me to the conclusion that those who call themselves clergymen of the Church of England are traitors to that Church. They have no other object than to bring their congregations into the deadly embrace of Romanism. Ritualism is an exaggeration of Romanism. As an ex-Papist I know these things, and I say that the original Popery is more simple than the sham Popery of Ritualism. The original is more in accordance with logic and common sense than the counterfeit, which is more extravagant and absurd. When I hear of a so-called clergyman riding into church on a donkey, in imitation of His Divine Master riding into Jerusalem, I do not know which most to admire, the donkey below or the donkey above. Ritualism is tom-foolery, and nothing else. In this country I am met with the announcement that Protestant England is going to submit again to the scandal of the Confessional! Oh, my friends, when I think that your forefathers stood at the stake bravely in order to free England from such an infamous thing as the Confessional, and that in the Nineteenth Century some puppets dare to introduce such a thing once more into the Church of England, I am appalled! Mind! The clerical principle of Ritualism is pride at the altar, and lust in the Confessional."

Farmers Emigrating.—*The Gardener's Mag.*, which is not at all affected by the panic of 1879, comes forth with a kind of invite from Canada for all who would go forth and begin life again in that Dominion where industry may hope for its reward.

SERMONS.—*The North British Daily Mail*, in interviewing the Baptist Union ministers, has quoted the stale idea that "preachers are popular in proportion to their physical bulk." However much this may be condemned by sensible people, it is a proved fact that a large, tall, bold, "bell-harry-voiced" man will always gather up the masses of the people, who, as old George Waters would say, "We like to have something to look at." Many times, in going to strange places, have we been smiled upon with pitying contempt, because, instead of being six feet and sixteen stone, we could not attain to very much beyond the half of them. After all, a deep, studious, sanctified, and Divinely-taught soul will, if it enjoys the unction from the HOLY ONE, be sure to be heard, felt, and received by some. Those two large men—Thomas Bradbury and J. Battersby, whose sermons now lie on our table—have, since the death of our late beloved James Wells, become exceedingly popular in London, especially are they admired and esteemed by those friends who "KNOW THE JOYFUL SOUND," and who will not, as a rule, listen to any other sound but the voice of the good Shepherd, and such of His servants who have the Spirit of Christ in them.

"Because I live, ye shall live also," is the text of Mr. Battersby's last published sermon that has reached us. In this discourse Mr. Battersby gives us some of

THE SIGNS OF CHRIST LIVING IN A BELIEVER."

These essential evidences of a poor sinner being one with Christ in the blessed bonds of an eternal union, are the good things which hungry Christians long to hear told out in Scriptural and experimental language; and this is the useful leading feature in Mr. Battersby's ministry. He preaches by the power of THE SPIRIT right out of the ingrafted word in his own soul into the regenerated souls of his hearers; and we know they gather to hear him from all parts of London, and a quiet, solid, constant thinker upon Christ, said to us, "Mr. Battersby is a most wonderful man." In this discourse upon "The Signs of Life in a Believer," Mr. Battersby was very plain. He commenced by saying, "I have either heard or read,

"A STORY TOLD OF AN OLD MISER

who was always in the habit of saying, 'Oh! it is good to be sure.' If he sent a person to collect his rents, he would follow him. And if he were asked why he did so, his reply would be, 'Oh! it is good to be sure.' If he fastened his doors and made all secure for the night, he would rise again to see that all was safe. And if he were asked why he did so, he would answer, 'Oh! it is good to be sure.' If he were taken ill, and knew that all his gold were put away safely in his chest, he would still have it brought to him that he might see the gold. And when asked why, he would still reply, 'Oh! it is good to be sure.' I think the miser's conduct ought to read us a most instructive lesson. See what pains he was at to have everything sure. And shall the Christian be less painstaking to see that everything is sure respecting his salvation?" Messrs. Fisher and Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street, are the publishers of Mr. Battersby's sermons.

No. 143 of the *Grove Chapel Pulpit* contains a sermon by Thomas Bradbury bearing this most mysterious title:—

"CHRIST'S HEART."

We have taken time over this exposition of a verse in the Canticles, and honestly—as under the eye of a heart-searching God—we must pronounce it a thorough, out-and-out testimony to the antiquity, eternity, unchangeability, and imperishableness of that union, of that oneness, of that relationship existing between a THREE-ONE JEHOVAH and His elect family—His beloved sister and spouse: a relationship which had no beginning, nor can it ever know an end. We venture to suggest to this noble standard-bearer that there is no necessity for saying "For His elect people God has provided a place in His loving bosom in which they shall ever abide." The true children of God were not elected to be children, they were in JEHOVAH'S heart and nature from all eternity. But in the foreview of the fall they were elected to be the glorified members of that mystic body which is called "THE LAMB'S WIFE!" "The Bride of the Bridegroom!" As the everlasting beloved "children of God," they are righteously and truly "HEIRS OF GOD!"—but, as the chosen in Christ, as the redeemed by Christ, as the united to Christ, they are "heirs of God and JOINT-HEIRS WITH CHRIST." Hence, as Mr. Bradbury says, in his view of the case, so we, in the exercise and enjoyment of our faith, can say, "All this is blessedly set forth in that glorious hymn of dear old John Kent:

'Twas with an everlasting love  
That God His own elect embrac'd,  
Before He made the worlds above,  
Or earth on her huge columns plac'd.  
Long ere the sun's refulgent ray  
Primæval shades of darkness drove,  
They on His sacred bosom lay,  
Lov'd with an everlasting love."

Such discourses as this, when set by the side of the majority of moral, Pharisaical, and philosophical sermons of the present age, is TO US as much above them in clearness as the sun in the firmament is above the light of a candle for brightness. We cannot close without giving Mr. Bradbury's exposition of "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." He says:

"There are some portions of God's blessed Word in connection with which we are met with the taunt: 'You Calvinists are afraid to tackle them.' To the taunt I give the lie direct, for I feel that I am not afraid of any Scripture. I am ever willing to acknowledge my ignorance of any portion upon which the Lord has not graciously thrown His light for my heart's experience. It was this spiritual honesty that endeared to my heart poor West of Winchelsea. I remember on one occasion he wrote to me concerning John v. 27: 'And hath given Him authority to execute judgment also, because He is the Son of Man,' when he acknowledged his lack of light, saying, 'I have no light upon that text. I am as blind as a bat.' Here is one of the portions: 'And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.' Tell me I do not like that! It is my joy to know that I am sealed to the full redemption-day, that I am set as a seal upon the arm and heart of Zion's Beloved. This is a sealing that neither sin, Satan, suffering, nor all the combined forces of earth and hell can break. The seal is closer than the wax is to the paper; it is as close as the impression to the wax. If I am sealed to the day of redemption, the covenant command will come home to me by covenant power: "Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." How can I grieve Him? By being drawn aside as a vendor of linsey-woolsey, fleshly free-will; by claiming any of the honour of my salvation, which belongs only to the Christ whom He delights to glorify; by thinking even for a moment that I am a co-operator in the slightest degree in the work of Jesus for me or His own gracious work in me. I shall grieve Him if I am found speaking against the person, standing, privilege, or character of any dear child of God whom

He loves with an everlasting love, who is the purchase of a dear Redeemer's blood, and the fruit of His bitter and unparalleled sufferings. As He melts my heart with love Divine, I fear to grieve Him. I loathe myself at the very thought."

Are Ministers Now Like the Stars?—Dr. Miller, of Edinburgh, has been to Mentone, and there he saw the stars. You cannot see them in England as you can see them in the fashionable Mentone. The Dr. saw the clerical and evangelical stars on the earth and the planetary orbs in the heavens. But, alas! how different are the earthly from the heavenly! This Dr. Miller, in his night rambles, much enjoyed "the matchless sight." He says (speaking of a special phase of the moon), "Then the stars assemble with a twofold brilliancy, sparkling with a lustre which is unknown in our dull and foggy Northern clime. Venus, first, of all, appears like a great lamp in the West (What pulpit orator does that represent?). We have just had simultaneously other planets shining brightly, and particularly Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars, the last two having been in the winter of 1877-78 in close conjunction, but ruddy Mars not being so full as we had at Interlachen seen it some months before, when it was nearer the earth, the sky glows with constellations, chief among which stands prominently out Orion, which rises from the sea in the South-east, and passes slowly and majestically over the firmament to the North-west, every star in it, with generous but governed emulation, stinting not its oil and burning with redoubled energy. Then, almost right below Orion's belt, Sirius, the largest and most beautiful star visible from earth, radiates in full intensity, shining and scintillating with a luminous green splendour which has emanated from that grand orb twenty-two years previously—a light so strong that it casts a streak or tail across the Mediterranean like that of the moon, though fainter and less. Then overhead are galaxies of glory, stretching over the great expanse its belt of pearly sheen, the dwelling-place of countless myriads of starry inhabitants." As the fall never touched these higher heavens of our Lord's creation, they shine forth in all their original glory, and when you can obtain a clear view of them, they do wonderfully declare the glory of God. Christian pilgrim, if thine heart is one with "the bright and the Morning Star," then presently, IN the much more beautiful and bountiful third heavens of perfect glory, shall thy soul be satisfied while drinking in of the river of God's pleasures.

# OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

## THE MYSTICAL PART OF THE MINISTRY.

"The Lord showed me four carpenters."

A QUIET NOTE TO THAT HALF-KILLED COAL-HEAVYER, JOHN THOMAS.

"AFFLICTED saint! to Christ draw near! Then listen to me for a moment. When I returned from a long journey the other night, I thought you had more confidence in me than I have in myself, seeing you have announced me to preach Bargoed anniversary sermons on Nov. 2 and 3. I have just finished about twenty hours' travelling and talking; and, whatever others may think, I know I felt it to be a special providence towards me, and to some to whom I was permitted to preach the Person, the grace, and the glory of the LORD JESUS CHRIST. As I walked towards home I did realise something of the ponderous fulness and precious outflowings of grace contained in that word of Paul's to Titus, where, after he has most distinctly declared what the grace of God bringeth and teacheth—"Denying all ungodliness," &c., he then presents you with that sublime and Godly position which my soul seriously desires to occupy, until it pleaseth God to call me from time for ever.

Do, John Thomas, do well ponder these lines: "Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

Oh, John! What my soul feeleth, desireth, and anticipateth while these words of power roll over me, I could never express; but,

First. I look at the Person: He is the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

Secondly. There is to be an "appearing," and it will be a "glorious appearing!"

Then there is the position, really the only position I would desire to be found in, "Looking for that blessed hope, and for that glorious appearing."

Ah, brother, for many, many years I have been compelled to look at printing, publishing, and a little at preaching; hut through it all, above it all, my wounded, bruised, burdened soul has looked for this blessed hope, and there she is looking still. And the more I have known what David meant when he cried, "Let not the foot of pride come against me: let not the hand of the wicked remove me;" the more I have known of the cold, the civil, the critical courtesy of some, and of the awfully cruel cuttings of others, the more intently have I desired to look only "for that blessed hope," and to be wrestling in prayer that I might with joy behold "the glorious appearing of the great God, and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

You know, John, that when the great High Priest of our profession is pleased to pass by, and to reveal a little of His glory, then the world, the Pope, the empty profession of crowds, yea, all time and temporal things are lost. Then Jesus Christ is truly "All

and in all;" and the light and love our souls then enjoy pass human knowledge in distances inexpressibly great.

Last evening, Sept. 23, 1879, I was favoured to take a little part in the special services at Shouldham-street Baptist chapel, which is near to Bryanston-square, Edgware-road; Mr. William Carpenter is the pastor.

There was a beautiful gathering of the excellent of the earth; and from what I heard of the discourses delivered, there appeared a oneness of soul; and the savour of His good ointments filled all the house.

A Christian gentleman, Walter Howe, Esq., presided, and he made me think of the Yorkshire parson who once shrieked out, "To say well is well, but to do well is better!"

Our chairman last evening did both say and do well: for he added ten pounds to the collection. The Shouldham-street friends have raised lately £50, so that their debt, which was nearly £1,000, has been reduced to under £400. This will show you that the Strict Baptists in London are neither miserly nor mean. In fact, to me it is astonishing what immense sums of money are every day being contributed towards the support of the worship of God by that section so much despised by other persons and professing people, who require another James Murray, once of Newcastle-on-Tyne, whose "Sermons to Asses" I recently purchased of good Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham, from whose library any person requiring works on sound divinity might make a happy selection.

To return to Shouldham-street. Last evening, I am certain if you had heard our brother Thomas Stringer on "Grace and Glory," you would scarcely ever forget him. He was on Handel's Messiah; and one sentence I will give you. He had shouted out "Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah!" three times with such joyous ecstasy, that the people were almost ready to mount up, and then Thomas said, "I want my life to be so much in harmony with Handel's Messiah, that when I leave this world it may be triumphantly, with a Hallelujah unto God the Father, Hallelujah unto God the Son, Hallelujah unto God the Holy Ghost, an Hallelujah altogether, 'Praise ye the Lord.'"

To understand this Godly man you must see and hear him. Pens nor paint, tongues nor telegrams, never can convey the sensation produced by the sight and sound. I have no envy or jealousy because I cannot do it like him, therefore, when our brother Thomas is in the Spirit, I enjoy the blessed uplifting of Jesus on high. The old Adam and the new Adam were both as fairly represented by Thomas last evening as they well could be. What old Adam wanted to do; how new Adam would not consent; the hidden conflict in the Christian then was exhibited without any false colouring. Brother R. C. Bardens, on the precious words, "Thou art Mine," proved that he belonged to the beloved John,

who taught Martin Luther to declare—even when the death-sweats were wafting him over the Jordan—"I have known Christ! I have trusted in Christ! I have loved Christ!"

Then we sang, "Pilgrims we are, to Canaan bound." Brother Meeres brought up that brief but bold prophet Haggai, who exhorted the people to be strong, and to work, "for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts." A Bermondsey man across the seas would inquire after "the minister he once sat under." We can only say, he looks well, speaks well, walks, works, and aims well. A pious, Godly man is beloved brother Meeres.

Brother Edwin Langford fulfilled the prophetic commission: "Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God;" and brother Masterson was quite sure the Lord would answer prayer. As I sat on the platform, something said to me, "Ah! the pulpit! O, the parson! Well, they sing; pastor reads, but if the Holy Ghost does not read it into my soul, it is but the letter; then he assumes the posture of pleader; but if the wings of faith and love carry not my soul up to the mercy-seat, it is but the sound; then comes the text, that is like a man holding up an oyster. We say it is a fine large one; but if the minister does not open the shell, if I cannot open it, if the Holy Ghost does not open it in me, I fail to get any food; but our Carpenter is a good architect, he draws out the plan; he is a good sawyer, he well divides the Word of Truth; he is a clever joiner, and puts all together well."

I do not suppose, in our Baptist connection, there is any harder student than is William Carpenter, hence, his miniatry is always edifying, and he is a blessing to the Church in Shouldham-street.

In his retired moments, when he can do nothing else, he looks up, and silently in his soul he sings,

"SHOW THYSELF TO ME."

"Hail! Thou Head so bruised and wounded,  
With the crown of thorns surrounded,  
Smitten with the mocking reed,  
Wounds which may not cease to bleed,  
Trickling faint and slow.

Hail! from whose most blessed brow  
None can wipe the blood-drops now:  
All the bloom of life has fled,  
Mortal paleness there instead:  
Thou before whose presence dread  
Angels trembling bow!

Let me true communion know  
With Thee in Thy sacred woe,  
Counting all beside but dross,  
Dying with Thee on Thy cross—  
See and set me free!

When Thou biddest me depart,  
Whom I cleave to with my heart,  
Lover of my soul, be near,  
With Thy saving cross appear,—  
Show Thyself to me!"

I must not close without telling you the honourable chairman called William White to present prayer to the great Almighty, through Jesus, our Advocate on high, and then I was requested to give a few introductory words. I quietly said, One day, a man sat down to write the history of Non-conformity in London, and he took for his motto these words:—

"HE IS THE VICTOR TO WHOM TRUTH  
DOTH YIELD,"

upon which I drew out some lines as follows:—

The Fountain of truth is the Almighty GOD; the Personification and Power of truth is CHRIST; the Revealer of truth is the HOLY GHOST; the messengers and defenders of truth are the ministers.

Truth comes to be received; truth commands obedience. There are four lines of truth in the world.

There is legal truth; the law of God is the truth of Divine justice.

There is moral truth; it informs the mind, it shapes the character of all honourable members of society.

There is evangelical truth; it opens to us the covenant of grace, the Persons in the Godhead or Trinity.

Evangelical truth shows how God came down in Christ and saved us.

Spiritual or experimental truth is a realisation of God's promises in our souls.

The grace of God makes way for truth to come in. Grace renders truth powerful.

Where truth is received, Christ is embraced, God in Christ is worshipped. All such true worshippers are victors; they bear the cross here, they wear the crown hereafter. Truth never marched into these parts of London until recent times. Truth points Eastward, and exclaims: "Hearken, my beloved brethren, Hath not God chosen the poor of this world rich in faith?" &c. In the existence of ministers we see the fulfilment of that exquisitely delightful Scripture (Isa. xliii. 4), where the Lord, speaking to His Church, says, so softly, yet firmly and affectionately, "Since thou wast precious in My sight, thou hast been honourable, and

I HAVE LOVED THEE;

therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life."

John Thomas, did you ever get led into the secret chambers of that text? It is a most elegant, elevating, and instructive word. It came to me the other day when down in Sussex, and I referred to it at Shouldham-street last evening. I saw some pure streams of truth therein; but when a number of giants are waiting to come on with their discourses at these public meetings, I fear to intrude upon their time. Otherwise I would have spoken on that heavenly exclamation of

OUR JESUS TO HIS BRIDE.

There is Christ's own confession of what the Church is unto Him. She is "precious." He refers back to the ancient period when she first became so. He says, "Since thou wast precious in My sight." That was, as I understand the 45th Psalm, when the Father shewed the Church unto the Son in all her pristine beauty. I cannot here expound that Psalm. I have read no one on it; but there is represented the how and the when God the Father gave the Church unto His Son, and she became PRECIOUS in His sight."

Secondly. There is her fallen state implied,

and what Christ has done for her. He has made her "honourable!"

Oh, John, my lad, here is some Gospel for you, and for all who can receive it. When Paul is winding up his epistle to the Ephesians, he takes that Church into four places, and shews Christ to them in each (Ephes. v. 25-27). There is—

Christ in the covenant: He loved the Church.

Christ in redemption: "He gave Himself for it."

Christ in the Gospel: "That He might sanctify and cleanse it."

Christ in glory: "That He might present it with Himself, a glorious Church," &c.

Then will the honour Christ has put upon His Church be seen and admired.

Next, by Isaiah, the Lord proclaims the moving cause of all:

"AND I HAVE LOVED THEE!"

Almighty love is the motive power; this brings out His care over her in time; for He so explicitly adds: "Therefore will I give men for thee, and people for thy life."

What men? Such men as Peter, James, John, Paul, Stephen, Barnabas, all the faithful martyrs and all the Christ-made ministers from Paul down to the last one. Ministers are made by Christ, and He gives them to the Church, for the calling, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, for quickening, uniting, and building up of the whole election of grace; and Christ promises to give her people to continue the Church on earth until the whole of the Gospel scheme is consummated. I must say no more. If we live to meet at Bargood, may the Three-One-Jehovah bless our meeting, which is the upheaving prayer of your friend,

CHAS. WATERS BANKS.

The Elders, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, Sept. 24, 1879.

#### WHAT A DISAPPOINTMENT!

YET, IF IN THE LORD HE DIED, HOW MUCH BETTER!

At Milford Haven, a new Baptist chapel has just been opened. The late pastor of the Church, D. George, died before the event to which he had looked forward with so much interest, passing away on Aug. 24, after about a fortnight's severe illness from brain disease. He had been lingering for the last two years from pulmonary affection, but, being a man of great energy, he continued his ministrations with little intermission, till near his end. He lived to within nine days of the completion of the new chapel, and seven days before the opening services he was conveyed to his "long home" at Blaenwaun burying-ground, near Cardigan, where two or three generations of the family are sleeping. In the ancient chapel, T. Phillips, of Verwig, read and prayed; W. Owen, of Haverfordwest, delivered an address on the solemn occasion from the words, "The zeal of Thine house hath eaten me up."

[Events of such a character offer very serious lessons.—ED.]

#### HERTFORDSHIRE.

One of the little border towns in this quiet agricultural county is called "Tring."

Here's a little humble market-place,  
Behind it stands the church.

This town is rather famous for Baptists. The Congregationalists, the Conference Methodists, the Presbyterians, nor Countesses have no strongholds here. No! The Baptist set his foot down firm here some long time since, and, being supported by some "influentials," he has maintained his own; and not many others can much prevail.

#### "THE BIG CHAPEL,"

as some call it, is quite a cathedral; its dean was once the celebrated "Glover." Since he departed, no man could hold on long as pastor here. One Wytcherly tended rather to disturb them, and out of the large hive a swarm fled to "West-end." There a smaller hive was built for them, and for forty years, or more, they have had the Gospel preached. The Glover family never delighted in this new "Ebenezer." There is not that sweet unity between them which the Spirit of Christ doth produce.

Where truth and love together dwell  
In charity, as John doth tell,  
Then grace and mercy may be found  
Raising the fallen from the ground.

Alas! 'tis not so here.  
"Stand by thyself, thou dying thief!  
From us you will find no relief;  
No, nothing but a frown!"  
Thus stand the elder sons in pride;  
The prodigals they oft deride;  
Well, well, they know no better.

Yesterday morning, Sept. 28, 1879, I early sped my way to Euston. There that zealous defender of the faith, Ebenezer Beazley, gave me cheer: he found his call was to Two Waters, mine to Tring; and I realised some sympathy with the ancient singer when he looked off the surface of time, and exclaimed: "Thy mercy, O God, is in the heavens, and Thy faithfulness reacheth unto the clouds." We had a day of mercy in all the three services. I had some freedom, a flow of utterance, and some enjoyable sense of communion with truth and love—which are Heaven's own twins.

As I review the three sermons, I can see they were all three about heaven. First, looking for it; secondly, the perfect satisfaction realised in it; and, lastly, some effort to express the glory of it—the ultimate destiny of the true Church of Christ.

Ebenezer chapel people at West-end, Tring, are anxious to clear off their debt. We wish we could help them to sweep it off, then, if a special providence would send them a worthy pastor, a studious preacher, and a working ambassador, they would stand as a little city set upon a hill. We have known them as a struggling people for thirty years. To see them in their own freehold, all clear, would be joyful to

C. W. B.

### THE SPELDHURST ROAD SYMPATHETIC SOCIETY.

The fourth annual meeting of the Speldhurst-road Chapel Sympathetic Society was celebrated on the 8th ult., when our brother Mr. F. C. Holden, preached a very suitable sermon from Gal. vi. 2; in the course of which he noticed mainly the law of Christ under a two-fold aspect: 1. As a command given by virtue of His authority and power as King and covenant Head of His saints—namely, "Love one another" (John xv. 12). 2. The element which actuated Him in all His public ministrations—i.e., Sympathy—whereby He became the great exemplar of all His people. Our good brother, under the second head, treated largely on the exhortation couched in the text, and which he subdivided into four parts, concluding with some practical and encouraging remarks which we hope will be fully realised by every member of the society. After a comfortable tea the evening service was commenced by a hymn, after which our young brother A. B. Hall, of Bilston, engaged in prayer. The president of the meeting, our beloved brother C. W. Banks, read Acts ix., from verse 32 to the end of the chapter, and made some very excellent comments on the name and character of Dorcas, who was "full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

The chairman then called upon the Mr. J. J. Fowler to read the report of the society, which we consider should be placed before the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL in its entirety.

#### "FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT.

"The Speldhurst-road Sympathetic Society was established four years ago last July, and from that period up to the present time it has quietly and steadily pursued its course of seeking to administer comfort and help to the poor, the afflicted, and the distressed who have come under their notice.

"In presenting their fourth annual report of the society's proceedings, the committee desire to express their gratitude to our Lord God for having still preserved the majority of the members in health, in faith, and in active service, also to all the dear friends who have encouraged them by their countenance and contributions. The committee very deeply deplore the loss of our much-beloved sister Mrs. Thomas Austin, who was a cheerful Christian worker, a woman of strong faith, a real mother in Israel, and a substantial friend to the society. But the Lord has called her home in peace and rest.

"The monthly meetings of the members of the society have been regularly held in the hall and vestry on the first Thursday afternoon in each month; the average attendance has been very good. The work of making articles of underclothing has been proceeded with, and a distribution has been regularly made according to the applications laid before the committee; about one hundred different articles have been given away. On reference to the financial department, we find the income of the society has been £16 10s. 10d., expenditure £16 9s. 7d., leaving a balance in

hand of 1s. 3<sup>4</sup>d. With the prospect of another trying winter before us, our friends will see that we have but a very small capital to commence our fifth year's labours with. We appeal to all who can unite with and assist us, assured as we are of the sacred fidelity of the apostle's words that God is not unrighteous to forget your work of faith and labour of love which ye have shown toward His name, in that ye have ministered unto His saints, and do minister; and most emphatically would we adopt the urgent expression of the apostle where he says, 'And we desire that everyone of you do show the same diligence, to the full assurance of hope (even) unto the end.' In the name of the Speldhurst-road Sympathetic Society, the committee wish to express their most unfeigned thanks to our beloved sister in Christ, Mrs. Toms, for the excellent service, devotional and literary, which she has rendered to the society as its secretary, and they have been grieved to find her engagements are so pressing as to compel her to relinquish the secretaryship of the society; but the committee rejoice in sister Tom's continuance with them, and for her prayers for them they are made deeply thankful. Mrs. Dunham has kindly fulfilled the duties of the said office until the committee can fill it up.

"To Mrs. C. W. Banks (the president), to Mrs. F. Jaquery (as treasurer), the committee do tender the strongest expressions of indebtedness to each of them for the zeal and integrity with which they have helped on the business of the society, and trust they will each still abide in their office, believing their works of Christian charity are well pleasing in the sight of the great Head of the Church, our Saviour and our God. To our sisters Mrs. Jager and Mrs. Stanton and other dear friends, the committee are exceedingly thankful for the practical help afforded.

"May the Lord bless them and still prosper the little enterprise, and the praise shall be given to Him. Amen."

After a hymn W. Winters was requested to move the adoption of the report, which he did, and at the same time warmly congratulated the members of the society on the progress they had made during the past year, as the report fully expresses. The society, we understand, originated under the direct auspices of its present worthy president, Mrs. C. W. Banks. It was our impression from the first that the ladies must have happily suggested such an appropriate title as that of the "Sympathetic Society," and which name appears quite consonant with their genial and tender nature. Although the word sympathy is not found in our present version of the Scriptures, its approximate synonym will be found under the word compassion especially noticeable in 1 Peter iii. 8.

Mr. J. Griffith supported the adoption of the report, and gave an appropriate address on Christian benevolence, and was followed by Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, who spoke at length on charity as the parent of self-sacrifice, seen in the life and death of Christ and in the righteous acts of every true Christian. Our

brother spoke also with great feeling on the real joy experienced in helping the destitute, and concluded by reiterating the apostolic injunction—namely, “As we have, therefore, opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith” (Gal. vi. 10).

Mr. T. Young expressed his hearty goodwill toward the society, and proposed that the officers of the society be re-elected to serve for the ensuing year. Mr. Young also gave some practical advice to the committee of the society based upon Psalm xli. 1: “Blessed is he that considereth the poor.”

Mr. C. W. Banks also made some very excellent remarks on the value of true prayer. Mr. Jonathan E. Elsey and A. B. Hall spoke effectively, and the meeting terminated much to the encouragement of the working members of the society and the general edification of those interested in its prosperity. Through the kindness of friends, good collections were gathered.

W. WINTERS.

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey.

#### BYFORD, NEAR RIPLEY, SURREY.

—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—My beloved wife, Mrs. Samuel Chipping, departed Feb. 28, 1879, aged forty-five years. Her remains were laid in the parish churchyard, March 3, by her sorrowing husband and family; her pastor, Mr. Turner, and his wife and Church members, came to pay their last tribute of respect to the dear departed. She gave birth to a daughter Feb. 19; appeared to be progressing favourably until the next Sunday. When I returned home from chapel, found her quite cheerful; hope sprung up she would be spared. Alas! at midnight she was taken worse, which lasted until the following Sunday. I asked her of the state of her mind; she quietly responded, “**QUITE STAYED!**” Every attention was paid, every means used, but the Lord’s time was come, and none could stay His hand. Of all the trials I have passed through, this one seemed to outweigh them all. One night, when in great agony, she saw me weeping; she softly said, “My dear, if the Lord is about to take me home, He will support you under the trial.” From that time all things of an earthly kind seemed gone; the Lord kept her mind stayed upon Himself. Early on Friday morning, for two hours, her sufferings were intense; not one murmur was heard from her. Her soul was longing to be gone; and at five o’clock, with a gentle struggle and one long sigh, it was all over.

MARGATE.—The Church at Mount Ephraim desire to recognise and acknowledge the kindness of the friends visiting here, and to thank them for the liberal support they have rendered by their presence and purse; and we pray that their souls, as well as their bodies, have been refreshed by their visit to our town. We regret to say our dear minister is laid aside for a time with a severe illness; may the Lord soon restore him, is the prayer of E. MILLER, T. H. PERRY, Deacons.

#### A NOTE OF CONDOLENCE TO THE WIDOW OF THE LATE MR. FIR-MINGER.

[We insert the following note of Christian sympathy at the request of the friends, and because there are so many bereaved ones now in all directions, believing the Lord’s blessing will attend such cordials of true fellowship. Mr. John Mead’s ministry at the Nunhead-green Baptist chapel becomes more acceptable than ever, proofs of which are found in every desirable form.]

MY DEAR MRS. FIR-MINGER,—Permit me to express my deep sympathy with you in your bereavement; though no one who witnessed the weakness and suffering of your dear husband the last few months could wish his stay here to be prolonged, the loss to you of the husband of your youth is no doubt felt to be irreparable; but while you mourn on your own account, and that of the dear children, who will miss a loving tender father, what an unspeakable mercy it is that you cannot sorrow on his account, knowing that the Lord had graciously made his long affliction the means of deepening his concern relative to his personal interest in the blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer, and though not able, at least when I last saw him, to speak with full confidence and assurance as he wished, yet there was that humble trust in the Lord’s mercy arising from his felt need, which convinced me that he was blessed with the faith of adherence, though not with the faith of assurance, the language of his soul being,

“Other Refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee.”

Of all such we may, with the same poet, confidently testify,

“More happy, but not more secure,  
The glorified spirits in heaven.”

He has now got beyond all the pains and weakness of mortality, and his ransomed spirit beholds that lovely Person in our nature, to whose glorious body his poor earthly tabernacle, which is about to be committed to the dust, will at the last great day, by resurrection power, be conformed. O what a sweet prospect has the believer before him! “Absent from the body, present with the Lord,” to go no more out for ever. For, saith the apostle, “If we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him: So shall we ever be with the Lord.” May: the Lord, who comforteth those that are cast down, graciously comfort your heart with these considerations, and enable you to commit yourself and the dear children into the hands of a faithful Creator, who has promised to be a Husband to the widow and a Father to the fatherless. Mrs. Mead desires me to say that you have her warmest sympathy and prayer that you may indeed find the Lord your Refuge and Strength, and a very present help in this your time of trouble.

I am glad to learn that Mr. Hull has visited, at various times, the dear departed,



and I presume that he will accompany the remains to the tomb.

I am, yours most sincerely,

JOHN MEAD.

9, Boyson-road, Walworth,  
Sept. 26, 1879.

**BAPTIST CHAPEL, CHELMSFORD.**  
OPENING OF THE NEW SUNDAY  
SCHOOL ROOMS.

The new and commodious school rooms which were begun in June, 1878, finished and paid for in April, 1879, will ever stand as a striking memorial of what may be accomplished in a short space of time by the united persevering prayerful efforts of those who, in the name and fear of God, seek His alone honour and glory. "Feeble Jews" were ever strong when (thus inspired) their hands were strengthened by the mighty God of Jacob, and so it is to this day. The combined efforts of humble, zealous, faithful believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, however few in number, yet acting in concert and strict conformity with the principles and precepts of God's Holy Word, can never fail. Trials may attend such a path, but the service of such will surely end in triumphant praise.

It was in this spirit, and with this mind, we trust that the superintendents of the Chelmsford Baptist chapel Sunday school, with their little band of faithful teachers, assisted by other kind and voluntary collectors, set to work, and such was the prosperity that attended them, that on Lord's-day, Oct. 5, 1879, they were enabled to remove the school children from the inconvenient gallery of the chapel into their new and roomy building; when, with a view of celebrating the occasion in keeping with the above principles (observed from the beginning), these new school rooms were opened by a simple, but solemn prayer meeting.

There were about fifty children present, with some former scholars, and eight zealous teachers, when in all harmony and peaceful happiness the presence of the Lord (so earnestly sought) was realised and enjoyed; though the blessings of the "Paschal Lamb" were not partaken of without the "bitter herbs."

A hymn written for the occasion was sung at intervals, followed by "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

JOSEPH COWELL.

**STANSTEAD, NEAR WARE.**—Eight years have passed away since the establishment of this place of worship. Service has been regularly held Tuesday evenings under the superintendence of Mr. Winterton. By R. Bowles and Mr. Sampford the Tuesday evening lecture has been sustained. On Tuesday, September 9, W. Winters preached anniversary sermon, and a public meeting was held. Mr. Bowles presided. Mr. Price opened the service with prayer. Mr. Sampford spoke on the joyful sound. The meeting terminated after a few words from—W. WINTERS.

**FUNERAL SERMON AT LOCKWOOD,  
YORKSHIRE.**

To our Beloved Brother in the Lord Jesus Christ—Charles Waters Banks—whose high calling it is to sow beside all waters. Your reward is that you are blessed; yes, of the Lord God of Israel, whose goings forth in blessing His own dear people have been from everlasting. No one else has power to bless, and if blessed of Him, through Him, and by Him, no power on earth or hell can reverse it. This you know full well long before this day, Oct. 1, 1879; but though you know it, I think it meet to put you in remembrance; yea, we all need to be put in remembrance, as we are all fallible creatures. I must hasten to tell you how we fared on Sunday at Rehoboth, Lockwood. We had Mr. Thornton from Accrington, in the morning; he fed us well from these words, "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." In the afternoon we were favoured to see and hear our own dear minister, Mr. William Crowther. Our hearts were filled with real gratitude as we saw him ascend the pulpit of wood. We could not help, like dear Hannah, praying in our heart that the Lord would help him to go through the service without being overcome. It was such a solemn and happy occasion. We are happy and thankful to say he was helped wonderfully. He gave out, for the first hymn, "My soul, this curious house of clay," &c., which was sung by a large congregation. Then Mr. Crowther read the first Psalm, and the latter part of Job v. In the prayer it felt just like what real prayer is—earth holding communion with heaven. Second hymn, "Here at Thy cross, my dying God," &c. The text was in 2 Chron. xxxi. 21, "And in every work that he began in the service of the house of God, and in the law, and in the commandments, to seek his God, he did it with all his heart, and prospered." Mr. Crowther preached well, and we humbly pray that it may be as "Bread cast upon the waters, seen after many days." I have read your "New Life" through; it is the way I have come. The footsteps of the flock are traced out, so that he that runs the Christian race may read the waymarks as he plods along.

JAS. AND MARY FIELDING.

**SOUTHWARK.**—Second anniversary of Mr. Thomas Stringer's pastorate at Trinity chapel, Boro' was commemorated September 28 and 30. Sermons were delivered by the pastor, and by Messrs. Hanks, Cornwall, and Bardens. The school-hall was filled with friends to tea. At evening conference we saw the veteran minister, Mr. Stringer, supported by his firm and loving brethren, C. Cornwall, R. A. Lawrence, J. M. Rundell, E. Beazley, C. W. Banks, B. Woodrow, W. Webb, J. Battson, J. Raymond, and others. If we could print all that has come to us, the report would suggest many serious lessons. The announced theme was the Christian's Conflict and Conquest. Some reference is made to the subject in *Cheering Words*.

**SOUTH HACKNEY.—THE FOUR BROTHERS.**—A Note to Mr. John Kingsford, the minister of Jireh Baptist chapel, in Portitude-valley, Brisbane, in Queensland, Australasia.—Dear Brother John Kingsford,—As you shipped my beloved sister (once known as sweet Kitty Banks) off to Australia, now nearly twenty years since, I have never had the happiness of seeing our beloved sister nor yourself since that time, because I could not spare so much time on the sea, or I might, ere this, have paid you a visit. Out of true love to you and to all yours, I now send this note to tell you that our beloved brother—the long and well-known pastor of Egerton Baptist Church, in Kent, Mr. Robert Young Banks—preached in our Speldhurst-road chapel on Sunday, August 28, 1879; and he was truly blessed of the Lord in his work. During the next week our loving brother, the pastor of the Banbridge Baptist Church in Ireland, came over to England with two of his most amiable daughters; so it happened, much to our sacred joy, that on the first Sunday in September (the 7th, 1879), the three brothers united together in the worship of our adorable Lord. On the Sunday morning our kind, gentle, and honoured brother Samuel James Banks read Psa. cvii.; and I heard him read it, and I thought I never felt it so sacred before. He put such an emphasis on the oft-repeated sentence, "Oh that men *would* praise the Lord for His goodness," that he made it tell. The people wished he would preach, but I was announced, and having been from my place and people so much this year, I feared to alter the arrangement. So I spoke from the words, "But where shall wisdom be found? and where is the place of understanding?" In the afternoon our brother Samuel gave the Sunday school children and teachers an address of great interest. The evening service will never be forgotten by me, I think. Our son John read the hymns, brother Robert read and expounded with much spiritual light and liberty Proverbs viii., I preached the sermon, and we all with the Church at Speldhurst-road then commemorated the dying of our Lord Jesus. I silently said,—

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!"

On a subsequent day we met at Cornecott, the residence of our brother John (the late rector of Nuttall), and in one group the four brothers, C. W. Banks, J. W. Banks, R. Y. Banks, and S. J. Banks, were all photographed under the trees in the lawn. Of the group you may expect to hear more presently from yours affectionately, CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

**WHITESTONE, HEREFORD.**—All who have known our brother John Bedford, and that sweet little hill of Zion just under the shadow of Hereford's Cathedral, will rejoice to learn that in September last three young men were baptized and added to the Church, which wears a blooming aspect in its possession of a good number of young members.

### "CHRIST IN MY HEART."

[When we received the following note, we little thought it was the last we should ever receive from the pen of the late James Lingley. We have seen his remains laid in the grave. Of him and of his writings we hope to give a memorial.—C. W. B.]

**BELoved FRIEND BANKS,**—I cannot content myself now without addressing you. I must tell you this October 5 has been one of more blessed and comforting experience than I have been favoured with in my loneliness for many months. Very heartily do I often long after the courts of the Lord's house, but, as you know, His sovereign dispensation to me has shut me out of that privilege. I know it is all right, yet that knowledge does not sit so easy on me sometimes as at other times. It is all of His rich, free grace that I am what I am in reference to Himself, and my eternal prospects, Christ my only foundation—Christ in my heart, the hope of glory. Ever blessed be His dear name, He is not confined to any worshipping assembly, but can be as much with one solitary individual as though there were no other in the universe to look to. What a marvellous God and Father are His children privileged to hold intercourse with!

It is gratifying to me to inform you I hold several testimonials of the deep interest which my poems have excited. Further than this, four earnest, sympathising, spiritually-minded persons, whom I never before saw or heard of, have made it their special business to visit me, feeling unable to rest contented without a personal interview with "the writer of such deep-toned heart experience of vital godliness."

Now, a glance at the condition of this very broken-down, emaciated, feeble frame. I feel sorely the increasing infirmities of age, being now less able to move about, or do anything, than for many years. Yet, through infinite mercy and goodness, bronchitis seems stayed off, which was so terrific for three or four months during last winter, and to which was added pleurisy. What may take place another winter is not mine to calculate upon; but in the Lord's hands I shall be as safe as I always have been.

All these sublunary fluctuations will soon have a glorious exchange for that immortal felicity and permanent abode,

"Where everlasting spring abides,  
And never withering flowers."

And where I trust both writer and reader

"Will drink immortal pleasure in,  
With wonder and with love."

In real earnestness, gratitude, and praise,  
Your loving brother in Christ,

J. LINGLEY.

**PLYMOUTH.**—DEAR MR. BANKS,—We hope you are still, not only in the land of the living, but in the enjoyment of a personal union with Christ. If so, you will frequently muse upon the incomparable price paid for our ransom by the Son of God, which ransom extends to all the elect vessels of mercy (Matt. xx. 28). That is a ransom, indeed, which sets the sinner free. "If the truth shall make you free, ye shall be free indeed" (John viii. 36),

free from sin, and free unto righteousness. We are redeemed with a price, which is the ground of our glorifying God (1 Cor. vi. 20); with the price of blood, called the blood of sprinkling (Heb. xii. 24); with the price of precious blood—what a qualification (1 Pet. i. 19); with a price which only the spotless Lamb of God could pay, therefore He is termed “the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world” (Rev. xiii. 18); with a price equivalent to all the requirements of law and justice (Dan. ix. 24); with a price that hath secured our rescue out of the bondage of sin and Satan; the Lamb shall overcome them (Rev. xvii. 14); and we shall overcome by the blood of the Lamb (Rev. xiv. 4, &c.); with a price that will eventually give us an everlasting dominion over all our enemies (Psa. xlii. 14); with a price that cannot be lost or fail of its design (Isa. liii. 10, 11, &c.). What a poor sinner needs is, justification through the righteousness of Jesus Christ; adoption by the regeneration of the Spirit of God; and an assimilation by the sanctification of the Holy Ghost; and these he must have manifestly, powerfully, in their suitability and adaptability, ere he can read his title clear. Then he will come professedly before the Church and declare what God hath done for his soul. A brother and sister were baptized last evening in How-street Baptist chapel, in the name of the sacred Trinity, upon profession of their faith in Christ Jesus; and we trust we can say it was a blessed season in communion with the God of glory. May the dear Lord revive our Churches by the rich outpouring of His Spirit in our midst, is the earnest desire of one who hath received pardoning mercy through Jesus Christ. Thus far we have been very comfortable at How-street. The Lord of hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge.

J. PARNELL.

1, Caprera-place, North-road,  
Plymouth, Sept. 18, 1879.

**NORWICH.**—We Strict Standard Baptists do not multiply very fast in this cathedral city. Our Mr. Dye and his little flock are leaving the old tabernacle, and returning to Pitt-street, where brother Benjamin Taylor was to preach in October. One “Pilgrim” wanders hither and thither finding no settled rest. That such a commodious chapel as “Pitt-street” should be nearly empty, that the good old tabernacle should be desolate, is painful. But “A Cruel Critic” declares “most of the pulpit-men are wanting in spiritual power, the old friends die off, the new and rising race seek places where attracting novelties are presented.” After all, the cathedral city of Norwich is not so low as Exeter, Canterbury, Rochester, Chester, Lincoln, and many other cities. We shall be glad to know that, with the Divine blessing, Mr. Dye and his people are filling Pitt-street to its utmost, not by sheep-stealing, but by sinner-converting grace, mercy, and invincible power. Norwich is now the centre of populous districts. Truth requires spiritual energy and much devotion.

### MR. WILLIAM OSMOND'S TWELVE YEARS' PASTORATE.

In Newton-street, St. John's-road, Hoxton, “Bethel chapel” stands as “A palace built for God;” wherein a Strict Baptist Church has been steadily rising up into a substantial position, under the steady and thoughtful ministry of Mr. William Osmond. At his anniversary last September, in his opening address, Mr. Osmond said he had been with the friends nearly twelve years; during that time about 112 had been gathered out of the world, and from other Churches, which was an average of ten per annum. During the past year eight had been added to the Church; five by baptism, and three from other Churches at a distance. Some had gone to glory, others had been removed in Providence, so that they did not now number above eighty. The prayer meetings were well attended. A Bible class was held, from which some had gone out to preach the Gospel. On Sunday evenings the chapel was full. For these things they desired to be grateful to God. They had had afflictions, trials, &c., but had much to be thankful for.

Hoxton is a densely populated part of our metropolis. Thousands upon thousands of the middling and the poorer classes dwell therein. Mr. Osmond has never flung himself upon the ministry for support. He is one of those devoted men who earn their bread, support their families, and help on the Gospel enterprise by “the sweat of their brow.” Some day he may build a much larger chapel as he is only yet in “the prime of life.” He may, with his people, sing, “Great things for us the Lord has done.”

C. W. B.

**BETHNAL GREEN.**—Twenty-fifth anniversary services of Hope chapel, Bethnal-green, have just passed. They were of a most cheering and encouraging character. Lord's-day, Sept. 28, two sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. J. Griffith. Tuesday, Mr. Hazelton spoke from “He maketh my feet like hinds' feet, and setteth me upon my high places.” At public meeting Mr. George Youdan, of Maryland-point, Stratford, presided; he conducted the meeting in a Christian spirit and with good order. Brethren Meeres, Masterson, Langford, C. W. Banks, Martin, and Griffith were helped to give good words. It was the best anniversary at Hope for some time past. The services very encouraging. The friends at Hope have been exerting themselves, they have made great improvements in the chapel, it has been cleansed, new gas fittings and other things supplied. The chapel is clean, comfortable, inviting. The sum required to defray expenses was large; but by the liberal kindness of the friends of Hope, and sister Churches, the whole amount came in, for which we tender our hearty thanks. That the Lord may still bless us with peace and prosperity; that His truth may be maintained, and His glory spread, is the desire and prayer of all interested in the cause of God at Hope chapel.

## THE LATE THOMAS PILLOW.

Our last number recorded the peaceful departure of Mr. Thomas Pocock, in his 90th year. In quietness and peace, he "slept in Jesus." To-day we record the peaceful and happy release of Mr. Thomas Pillow, in his 83rd year. His departure was more sudden than Mr. Pocock's, but equally calm. In both cases, these two good men, after a long and useful life, laid down, and calmly, without ache or pain, slept their souls away to the mansions of light. They were men of like sympathies. For very many years they had both devoted time, talent, energy, and means in going about "doing good to all men, but especially unto the household of faith." The Aged Pilgrims and the Blind were daily their special care. After three days of calm repose, the venerable Thomas Pocock passed away.

In the case of Mr. Pillow, on Sunday morning he was "in his place" at Zion, New Cross, listening to a discourse on "Jabez's Prayer," by his pastor, but at the evening service "his place" was vacant. He had taken "his place" in the mansions above, so that, while on Sunday morning he worshipped with the saints in the Church below, at eventide, "being translated," he struck his golden lyre, and joined with the Church in singing before the throne the song: "Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."

His remains were laid in the tomb at Nunhead on October 18. It might be truly said, "Devout men followed him to his grave." Mr. Anderson spoke cheerfully, yet solemnly. The Aged Pilgrims' and the Blind Society were represented by gentlemen from the Committee. Mr. Box, Mr. Meeres, Mr. and Mrs. Whittaker, Mr. Boulden, the deacons of Zion, and a numerous company surrounded the open grave, and bore testimony to his worth. No outburst of grief, but a calm, quiet spirit appeared to pervade all gathered: a brother honoured and useful in his life, at a good age, had been lovingly taken home to his reward.

Mr. Anderson allows us to quote the following from *The Silent Messenger* for November:—

"Our departed, justly esteemed, and lamented brother, Thos. Pillow, was a native of Canterbury, where he spent, with his parents, the years of childhood and boyhood, of which we have no information. When a mere youth, he became dissatisfied with his position, and wanted to be doing something for himself; and determined to try his fortune in London; so, to use his own words, he 'ran away.' How he reached the great city we forget, but he arrived there and set about getting employment, not doubting of success. He was willing to take anything that might be offered him, but for some little time found nothing. Funds were getting low, and the case was getting desperate. He somewhere saw a notice that 'a servant of all work'

was wanted, and, having no idea what it meant, applied for the situation, much to the surprise and amusement of the advertiser. At last he found his way to the house of a friend of his father's; a letter had preceded him, asking that friend to take care of the lad should he turn up: he was at once housed and treated with kindness. This led to his apprenticeship as a waterman to his host, and he ultimately succeeded to the business, which he conducted with energy and success for a number of years. He was honoured by election as master of the Waterman's Company, and was a member of the Thames Conservancy Board to the day of his death.

"Mr. Pillow, for a time, attended church as a matter of form, but becoming anxious about his personal salvation, through a severe illness, and not finding what he wanted in the ministry, he somewhat opened his mind to the wife of his employer, and she advised him to go and hear 'an old gentleman' who preached in the Baptist chapel in Snow's Fields. Here his soul was fed with knowledge and understanding. He was in due time baptized and became a member of the Church, stood in honourable relation to that community 30 years, and was ultimately chosen to fill the office of deacon. After the death of Mr. Francis, Mr. Pillow removed to the Church at Shoreditch, under the pastorate of Mr. Killing, where he stood in fellowship some 25 years. There again he became a deacon, and for some time was the chief supporter of the cause. Just seven years ago, our brother sought a home at Zion, New Cross, where he was called to office, and served the cause of God with his usual activity to the last day of his life; having been in Church fellowship for about 62 years. Our brother was a warm and active supporter of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, and the Protestant Blind Pension Society, and served on its committee for many years.

"On Lord's-day, October 12, he was as usual worshipping in the morning at Zion, New Cross, when Mr. Anderson delivered a discourse on 'Jabez's Prayer' (a report of which will be found in the *Borough of Greenwich Observer* for October 18). Feeling poorly, he took a rest after dinner; it is believed that he intended being at the evening service, but about five in the afternoon it was discovered that he had quietly and painlessly passed away to the glory of another world. 'The silver cord was loosed, the golden bowl broken, the spirit returned to God who gave it;' and on the 18th he 'returned the dust to the earth as it was,' in Nunhead Cemetery, in the presence of a large number of sorrowing relatives and friends. Thus terminated an unusually active and useful life, after over 83 years' battle with Satan, self, and sin."

BANBRIDGE.—The ministers and members of "The Irish Baptist Association" have been holding their annual conferences in our excellent brother's (Mr. Samuel James Banks's) chapel in Banbridge. We are delighted at the honourable position he occupies as the oft-chosen president of the

Irish Baptist Association. Some days were occupied, some large assemblies were convened to manipulate that large intellectual head which the Baptist body has upon its shoulders; and by a careful manipulative and ventilative process, they urged the questions, "How best to unite our Churches for Evangelical work?" "How best to carry on Evangelistic work?" And then, finally, "Can anything be done (how pathetic, how plaintive-like, how piercing to the gigantic brain-territory must the question come—"Can anything be done?") to help the weaker Churches?" Ah, plenty can be said; resolutions may be read, but the doing of it is the enigma. We bow with all reverence to these associations, but, in the depths of our ignorance, we ask, "What is being done in the progressive promulgation of the Gospel of Christ?" We know our own beloved brother has for nearly fifteen years travelled into the dark villages of Ireland, as well as sustaining the pastorate of an important Church in Banbridge; but we cannot clearly see that the most laborious of the associated servants are the most cared for. The work of the Lord in Ireland is, however, progressing; the ministers are devoted, and the eternal Spirit will work to the ingathering of the whole election of grace. It is, to some of us, most heart-rending that so little fruit appears as yet to be produced by so much labour. When shall it again be said, "the set time to favour Zion is come?"

**PECKHAM.**—Your last month's issue says, "Peckham is not wanting in Baptist causes." Alas! some of them are at a low ebb, not only numerically, but in brotherly love; the commandment Christ gave, "That ye love one another," seems to be ignored by a large section of the Baptist denomination. This does not apply to Rye-lane chapel, for under the ministry of their zealous and hard-working pastor, Mr. Briscoe, they are in a prosperous condition. Mr. Briscoe is determined to know nothing but JESUS CHRIST, and Him crucified. It is cheering to see the new chapel (which now seats nearly 900) full Sunday after Sunday; it reminds one of the Surrey Tabernacle in its palmy days, when James Wells was at the height of his popularity.—A PECKHAMITE. [Personally, we know nothing of the different sections of Peckham Baptists; we know nothing of Mr. Briscoe personally; but it should be cause for thankfulness to God that there are so many people in Peckham who will favour the righteous cause. As to a loving unity existing in the Churches one toward another, it cannot be in this day, when the power of the SPIRIT appears to be withholden, and an intellectual eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil (a highly-cultivated moral idolism) is preferred before eating of "THE TREE OF LIFE!" Multitudes of people appear to be in the deceivable snare of Gen. iii. 6: "When the woman saw that the tree (of knowledge of good and evil) was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, a tree to be desired to make

one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave it to her husband," &c. Of a sanctified and saving knowledge of God, of Christ, of the Holy Spirit, of the Gospel, and of our personal interest in the covenant of grace, of this Heaven-taught knowledge no one can have too much; but where knowledge is worshipped, and the power of the Holy Ghost is wanting, in such cases souls are deceived. God knoweth we now refer neither to Mr. Briscoe, or Mr. James Clark, or Mr. Mead, or any of the popular ministers with which Peckham abounds. Our different correspondents assure us each of them and all of them are doing a good work. And for this, we again say, Christians ought to be thankful. Nevertheless, the many separations which have scattered the flock are so painful to us that we desire to have nothing to do with any of them, either in judging them or in ministering to any of them. That there should be five or six sections of Baptists in the comparatively small suburb of Peckham, looks strangely to many. We feel, and we say, with Paul, (if) "CHRIST IS PREACHED, we therein do rejoice." Let each man who knoweth he is called of God to preach the Gospel bid his brother God-speed, and go on doing the work the Lord has called him to do without envy, jealousy, or strife.—ED.]

#### AGED PILGRIMS' HOME AT BRIGHTON.

A meeting was held on October 7, in the banqueting-room of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, in connection with this Society. His Worship the Mayor presided, supported on the platform by Messrs. Israel Atkinson, W. Heathfield (Treasurer), H. Carr (Hon. Secretary to the Brighton Home), D. Friend, B. H. Nunn, A. Boulden, W. J. Parks, Sharp, Dawson, W. L. Payne, J. Gadsby, W. S. Tankard, Jackson, &c. There was a large audience, the room being nearly filled.

The Mayor, in a brief speech, expressed the pleasure he felt in presiding over the meeting, and detailed the circumstances which led to his occupying that position.

Mr. W. Heathfield gave a history of the Aged Pilgrims' Society from its commencement in 1807. During its existence, the Society has expended some £100,000. Speaking of the Brighton Home, recently opened, Mr. Heathfield detailed the circumstances of its purchase, and said there remained a debt due to the Parent Society on account of the Home £246 4s. 3d.

Mr. Dawson also spoke of the history of the Aged Pilgrims' Society.

Mr. J. Gadsby said he was not a Brightonian, but hoped soon to be. He had raised by lectures and in other ways some £2,000 for the Society.

Mr. I. Atkinson pointed out the advantage of giving to the Society whilst living, instead of leaving a legacy to it, showing that it would save executors trouble, save legacy duty, and (with a glance at the treasurer, who is a solicitor) lawyer's fees.

Mr. Albert Boulden (member of the London Committee) next addressed the

meeting. He had visited the Home that day, and was convinced in time it would be a large institution. He could not regard it but as a stigma that the pilgrims should have anything to pay for the recreation which was so necessary for them, and hoped the funds would soon be large enough to do away with any charge. He said the Committee trusted the Home would be self-supporting before long. He had collected, amongst a few friends at the Surrey Tabernacle, £8 14s., and should make it up to £10.

[We regret to hear that not much more than about £30 was the result of the meeting, including this £10 from London.]

**SUTTON, ISLE OF ELY.**—The Strict Baptist chapel here has stood eighty-eight years, according to the date given on one of the exterior walls; and many have been the preachers that have sounded forth from its pulpit the Gospel of the blessed God since that time. We understand Mr. R. G. Edwards laboured here successfully for upwards of eleven years, and now our valiant brother, Samuel Cozens, continues to preach with considerable acceptance in the same pulpit. It was our lot to speak for him on the Lord's-day previous to Sutton "Feast," when we had a good gathering of friends. Dissenters, we presume, are rather powerful in this locality, and we should think that Mr. Cozens is more than a match for the small body of Ritualists with whom he is surrounded. The parish of Sutton is rather straggling, and many of the houses irregularly built with gable fronts and straw roofs. The parish is situated on an eminence in the Southern division of the Hundred of Witchford County, Ely, and the church stands at the entrance of the village, and its order of service is strictly "high." The living is connected with the Rectory of Mepal, and is in the peculiar jurisdiction of the Bishop of Ely. The Church is a noble structure of the decorated style of English architecture, and was erected by Barnet, Bishop of Ely, who died *circa* A. D. 1373. There is also a newly erected Wesleyan chapel in the village, but we presume that the Baptists, under Mr. Cozens' ministry, will outnumber the rest.—**W. WINTERS**, Waltham Abbey.

**IVINGHOE.**—The late William Collyer's chapel still sounds aloud with the Gospel of the true grace of God. That much-favoured minister, Mr. G. Burrell, preached our thanksgiving sermons on Sept. 30. In Mr. Burrell we see the ancient prophecy verified, when the LORD GOD said unto the Son of His love, and the Son of God echoed the same to His bride, "Since Thou wast precious in My sight, Thou hast been honourable, and I have loved Thee: therefore will I give *men*" (not boys, not girls, not novices, but soul-quickened, heart-broken, and Spirit-filled *MEN*) "for thee"—Gospel workers, witnesses of the glory of Christ, and ambassadors unto His elect)—"and" a "people for Thy life"—a people to instrumentally maintain the truth

until all the vessels of mercy are gathered home. Hallelujah! Christ liveth in heaven; the Spirit of God worketh in the souls of men on the earth; hence, while the Elijahs are taken home, the Elishas follow in their stead—Geo. Burrell and his son, to witness!

**WALKERN, HERTS.**—It was our privilege a few Sabbaths ago to speak in the name of Christ, in our native village, where our beloved brethren, John Bunyan McCure, Mr. Deeks, and other good men continue betimes to labour with steady success. The preaching of the Gospel has been highly fruitful during the last half-century in this dark corner of God's earth. The moral change effected throughout the locality within that time has been wonderful, and we are sure that great spiritual good has been realised also. When the Gospel was first preached in the village (outside of the Established Church), the debased state of many of its inhabitants was sad in the extreme, and which gave rise to its then widely known title, "The little hell." May Christ's Gospel be preached with power, to the eternal joy of many in this isolated village, till preaching is no longer needed, prays a real native.—**W. WINTERS**, Waltham Abbey.

**UPPER HOLLOWAY.—WEDMORE-STREET STRICT BAPTIST CHAPEL.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—We have to thank you, and the ministers, and friends, who kindly assisted us to raise another memorial stone, and to say with the Church of old, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Our anniversary services passed pleasantly; good attendance, good instruction, good collections; the Lord's presence and blessing has been with us. During the past year two members have been added to the Church; we have established a benevolent Society, and, by the kind aid of our friends, we begin our new year out of debt. We are encouraged to hope the Lord will revive His work in this little corner of His vineyard. Brethren, pray for us.—**P. JONES**.

### Births.

On Oct. 11, at Malvern-villa, Norwich, the wife of Edward P. Brown (late of Reading), of a son.

On Oct. 19, at Willow-walk, S.E., the wife of Mr. Harris, of a son.

### Deaths.

On July 4, 1879, Ann Webb, of Welton, aged 68. The particulars and poetical remembrances by her pastor, James Harrison, we wish to give soon.

On Oct. 11, of apoplexy, Jane Collis, who peacefully fell asleep in Jesus, in the 61st year of her age, at 20, Great New-street, Fleet-street, E.C. She was a devoted member of the Surrey Tabernacle. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away;" and we can say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

Our long-afflicted friend, Mr. James Lingley, of Lambeth (whose poems have only recently been published), fell asleep, Oct. 16, 1879. As we saw him only the day before he died; as we have much of his correspondence, we may erect a little literary memorial of him, if spared.

# The First Cup of Consolation Given by Christ unto His Disciples.

“ Still shrink we back with an awe-struck mien  
From death's dark waters that roll between ;  
Still cling our hearts to the world we know !  
Some day, how glad we shall be to go  
To the home above, from the home below !  
Though deep the river, and far the strand,  
That part our feet from the ' better land ! ' ”

Think not again that the brightest theme  
Hath aught of sadness to cloud its gleam :  
With Faith, that shines like the morning star  
With Hope, that knows where our treasures are ;  
With Love, that soars to the home afar,  
The Christian's spirit alone can know  
The blessed sources of joy below ! ”

**P**AUSE for one moment, ye blessed and busy mortals ; let me endeavour to pour into your souls (as a little cup-bearer) one drop of comfort, which has been so freely given to me, that I have realised that sweet word of Paul's, who, when his cup of spiritual joy did much abound, he burst forth exclaiming, “ Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the FATHER OF MERCIES, and

THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT,

who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by THE COMFORT wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God. For as the sufferings of CHRIST abound in us, so our consolation aboundeth by CHRIST ; but whether we be afflicted, it is for your consolation and salvation, which is effectual in the enduring of the same sufferings which we also suffer ; or whether we be comforted, it is for your consolation and salvation.”

How dreadfully mysterious to the mere natural mind that, before any man can be an instrument of real soul-profit unto the saved and sanctified election of grace, he *must*, in some way, himself be “ crucified with CHRIST ; ” he must himself, “ lest he be exalted above measure,” have “ the thorn in the flesh—the messenger of Satan to buffet him.” To an unchastened child of God (*if* such a character could be found) how inexplicable is that conclusion which Hezekiah came to, when, after giving vent to the sufferings of his spirit, he said very solemnly to himself, “ I shall not see the Lord, even the LORD, in the land of the living. . . . I reckoned, as a lion, so will He break all my bones ; from day even to night will He make an end of me. Like a crane or a swallow, so did I chatter ; I did mourn as a dove : mine eyes fail with looking upward ; ” then, instead of being left to sit down in a sullen, sulky seat of despair, the blessed SPIRIT throws a ray of light across the king's tempestuous soul, and he sends up a cry, saying,

“ O LORD ! I AM OPPRESSED ! UNDERTAKE FOR ME ! ”

Again, having sent his heart-rending cry up to heaven, he becomes a little becalmed. God has not cut him off! His soul is not cast down among the lions of perdition; his chattering and mourning have ceased for a little. In this "day of the East wind," God "stayed His *rough wind*," and the bruised king Hezekiah taketh breath; he communes with his own heart; he whispers, "What shall I say? He hath both spoken unto me, and Himself hath done it. I shall go softly all my years in the bitterness of my soul."

That was not all! No. I have found the rod may be heavy; it may be very severe, so that we write the darkest sentences against ourselves; but the silver-lining tinges the blackest cloud if ye can look up patiently; so that while for hours I may sit down desponding, and concluding I shall never behold HIM, yet, anon, the *meaning* of the mystery has been given, and a grace-constraining power lifts up the shattered spirit, and it sigheth out the deeply-drawn verdict, "O LORD! by these things men live, and in all these things is the life of my spirit." And upon this, FAITH takes the soul on its wings, bears it up into the sunlight of God's marvellous working, and then a soft anthem is sung in the soul, "So wilt Thou recover me, and make me to live."

"Behold! for peace I had great bitterness; but Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; for Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back."

Indeed, sirs, this is the path which no fowl knoweth, which the vulture's eye hath never seen. And such fowls and vultures abound, and are permitted sorely to afflict all who, in the valley of Baca, have hung their harps on the willows, and are sat down to weep, and to be mocked by the hard-hearted and the cruel ones who pass by. God knoweth such has been the experience of my soul during the last forty years and more, especially while employed in issuing this little monthly, so significantly named THE EARTHEN VESSEL, in which capacity I have now served five apprenticeships; five times seven years, finishing, by this number, the THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR'S SERVICE—the thirty-fifth volume.

If one single number "SEVEN"—as the ancient Jew tells you—stands for "*perfection*," then how exceedingly perfect should this small periodical be found! Alas! I see and feel it to be more imperfect than ever. I receive, with the most humiliating emotions, a long note from Mr. Joseph Flory, wherein he breaks out sharply, "Brother Banks! you have made more enemies by your notes on the cover of 'E. V.' than by any other thing!" What a strong assertion! It may be true! And I return Mr. Joseph Flory my sorrowful thanks for his reproof. At the same time, I can assure Mr. Joseph Flory, and all the enemies I may have made, that a constant succession of letters flow into my hands, from which it is demonstrated most awfully that "We wrestle not (merely) against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness (of the professing Church, as well as against the darkness) of this world, and even against spiritual wickedness in high places."

Oh, sirs! I will die out of your way soon! Some better hand may continue this monthly magazine. They may be much better educated; they may be more pliable, more wise, more careful, much more judicious; they may hide up, cover over, smooth down, and cry, "Peace, peace,



where there is no peace." *I cannot do it!* By God's help, I will not do it. Hypocrisy, ambition, self-deceiving, tyranny, cruelty, and many more evils, are working in every direction. Full details come to me of the injuries resulting. I simply notice these ghosts of trouble, but, of course, the guilty ones know what we mean; they wince, they howl, they storm, they curse and condemn the editor of *THE EARTHEN VESSEL* because they know their sin hath found them out. And there is wisdom in the Latin verse which asserts that "sin, if thou wouldest hate it perfectly, must be clearly known." While we know there is sin enough in us to make us shut our mouths in anguish of spirit, and in much agony of soul; while unto the whole of us the GREAT LORD GOD may justly exclaim, "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone;" still, when one seeth bright stars falling, Churches scattering, wounded souls weeping, and even Christ crucified afresh, it will be difficult to look on and be quiet.

"Alas! for that earth is the battle-field,  
Where good *must* combat with evil:  
Angels *look on* and hold their breath,  
Burning to mingle in the conflict:  
But the troops of the Captain of salvation  
May be none but the *soldiers* of the cross;  
And that slender band must fight alone,  
And yet shall triumph gloriously!"

That, through the sacrifice and intercession of Jesus, we may all yet triumph gloriously, is the breathing petition of him who writeth these lines, although thousands have secretly written him down accursed.

"At Pandemonium, the high capital of Satan and his peers," plots of the deepest die are cast, and the most powerful are against the heralds who must, and will, proclaim the truth of the eternal God. Those whose souls are in a state of spiritual mortification, if not actually dead, may swell with pride and with lofty assumptions; but where wounds in a man's soul have all but sunk him to the lowest hell, there, against every evil work, it is impossible to be silent; quite impossible when daily goaded with the written out tales of misery and woe.

"What has all this to do with 'the cup of consolation?'" you will inquire.

It is the dark background. It is as the Psalmist writes it: "Heavenness may endure for a night"—and that night may be a long, and dark, and stormy one; a night wherein many vessels are sunk for ever—but, to the God-born soul, "JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING!"

So I found it! Called into the Midland counties for some public service, just before I entered into the last engagement, I was pierced through with many sorrows, from being made to know that reports most damaging were in circulation.

How I went through that last service, words cannot declare. It was gone through, and home once more was sought and safely reached. Sitting down pensive, and lifting my soul upwards in sighs, these words came with a pointed and strong force—they entered into the wound as if made expressly to fit it—they were the first words of consolation our incarnate God had spoken—"He opened His mouth, and taught His disciples, saying,

BLESSED ARE THE POOR IN SPIRIT : FOR THEIRS IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN."

Now, the healing ray of light which shone in upon my heart was through a line of the ancient Everard, who peremptorily speaketh this word: "While you live in the creature, and have your dependence upon the creature, you cannot see or know God."

When the Lord of life and glory will let a soul come to know Him, He acts upon the principle of *subtraction*. He takes down, turns out, tumbles over, the poor creature. Individually, we know He turns out the money-changer, overthrows the tables, sends the man out of house and home, as it were, spoils all his supposed beauty, dethrones him, degrades him, appears to destroy him, throws him as into a dungeon of death, chains and locks him in, so that in due time he may come and be Divinely, experimentally, permanently known as that half-Magor-Missabib of a sinner.

Did not the Father thus speak unto His Son? And has not the Son fulfilled thus His Father's counsel in tens of thousands of cases?

Read it in the forty-second of Isaiah: "Thus saith God the Lord, He that created the heavens, and stretched them out: I the Lord have called Thee in righteousness, and will hold Thine hand, and will keep Thee, and give Thee for a covenant of the people." O, how glorious! The Father gives His Son for a covenant, to bind Himself to them, and them to Him. "And for a light of the Gentiles!" How has Christ carried out this grand commission? He has exactly followed His Father's word: "To open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the prison, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house."

Hallelujah! Praise the Lord! The Old Testament prophecy, the New Testament performance by Christ, and the power of the Holy Ghost in the soul, all harmonise, and sing, "Glory to God and to the Lamb for ever."

"The First Cup of Consolation which Christ gave unto His Disciples" shall follow on in January number, if my life is spared. And in closing this Thirty-fifth Volume, I beseech Almighty God to bless me with a deeply-grateful heart, that with unfeigned thanks I may assure my readers, contributors, friends, and foes, I feel greatly indebted to them for enabling me, for so many years, to send out tens but hundreds of thousands of words and witnesses testifying that all poor broken hearts who mourn over sin, who by grace turn from transgression, who look unto the Lord Christ alone for salvation, shall in no wise be cast away, either by, or from, Him. Amen.

C. W. BANKS.

The Elder Trees, Banbury-road, South Hackney,  
November 18, 1879.

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THE way of revelation in experience is a short cut; the Holy Ghost comes down into our hearts in prayer with a beam from heaven, whereby we see more at once of God and His glory, more astounding thoughts by these comings down, or Divine influxes: God slides into our spirits by beams of Himself, so that we know more of God in a quarter of an hour than we could know in a year by the way of wisdom only.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

## THE TWO GIANT ARMIES.\*

BY DANIEL ALLEN,

*Pastor of Strict Baptist Church, Sydney, Australia.*

THE WAR CRY, "TRUTH IS FALLEN IN THE STREETS!"—THE NEW COVENANT GOSPEL AND THE WORKS OF THE LAW—WITH WHAT WAS ABRAHAM SAVED? ETC., ETC.

*To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."*

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—Grace, mercy, and peace unto you and your readers from Him. I see by your July number brethren I love and esteem for the truth's sake have written with heart-cheering commendations upon my letter to you, published in your June number, upon "Preaching to Sinners." I also see I am to be brought to task by Mr. Aikman. Well, be it so: "Let us prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." I am 16,000 miles from the field of conflict, but the arrows of truth from the Almighty's bow, fired from the towers of the old and new covenants, shall fly swiftly, and strike hard, and sink deep, in the name of God by the Spirit of His power.

As soon as I read this notification, my mind flashed like lightning over the whole field of this great controversy—in Pelagianism, Arianism, Romanism, Arminianism, and Fullerism, &c.; up started, too, the noble forms of Isaiah, Paul, John, Polycarp, Augustine, Jerome, Huss, Peter de Brues, Waldo, Calvin, Knox, Wycliffe, Latimer, Luther, the bishops of Elizabeth, James' also, at the Synod of Dort, Owen, Goodwin, Gill, and Huntington, with hundreds more. There stood the two great armies before me, with their cannons pointed and their swords drawn in battle array, the one on Mount Error, the other in the towers of Holy Truth with God their Commander-in-chief. I saw the arrows fly, I heard the cannons roar, I saw truth, again and again, silence her assailants and she triumphantly waved her Bibles over her foes, exulting in her God.

I saw the dull world of flesh and sense outspread between the Mount of Error and the towers of Truth; many went to error, some entered truth. The armies of truth sometimes seem to have possessed that valley; but, again and again, by my historic vision, I saw that hell sent out devils transformed into angels, and hell's servants transformed into ministers of righteousness; and these took and re-took this valley of human sense, when the servants of truth had to retire to her strong fortifications until her God should arise to put the hosts of hell to flight and the kingdoms become the Lord's. I heard this cry from the servants of truth in this war, "Truth is fallen in the streets!" As they sobbed out this lamentation with great tears in their eyes, I heard great angels sing around them,—

"Truth from the earth shall rise again,  
The eternal years of God are hers;  
While error wounded writhes in pain,  
And dies amid her worshippers."

\* A reply to Mr. Aikman's Review of Mr. Daniel Allen's Paper on "Preaching to Sinners." Mr. Aikman's penny pamphlet can be had of Mr. R. Banks, 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.

Thus the angels who fought with Michael against the dragon and angels were comforted, and I was comforted, and be you comforted also, dear brother.

All this was presented to my mind in a moment, and a thousand swords of a thousand victories in the wars of King David were already to my hand. Hundreds of volumes upon these wars are now before me, but they would fill your VESSEL too full. I must reduce them to *multum in parvo* and send them in small portable parcels.

I. One of the subterfuges of the men of Mount Error has been, "That the new covenant language we call the Gospel, as well as the old covenant statutes which we call the works of the law, are both alike addressed to Israel, and that we have no right to take the one for our Gospel and leave the other to the carnal Jew. That if we take the one, we should also take the other and blend them together in the preaching of human responsibility and Divine sovereignty in the salvation of men." Well, let us see. Was Abraham saved by this mixture? The Holy Ghost tells us that he was saved by Divine sovereignty 430 years before the law was given (Gal. iii. 17), and this salvation was declared to him by God preaching the Gospel to him. "The Scripture, foreseeing that God would justify the heathen through faith, preached before the Gospel unto Abraham, saying, In thee shall all nations be blessed" (Gal. iii. 8). The whole scope of this epistle is to prove that Abraham and all his spiritual seed—all believers were, and are now, saved by grace through faith in Christ, without the deeds of the law. How, then, could he be saved by the works of the law, seeing that God saved him 430 years before the human responsibility statutes were delivered? He is set forth also as a great example of the way in which God saves the number which no man can number, of every nation, kindred, tongue, and people under heaven—viz., by new covenant mercy, and not by a conditional covenant of works. All through the blessed Bible we see and hear God opening His loving heart in a new covenant way to those who were, like Abraham, saved by grace, maintained by grace, and by grace taken to glory, without the conditional deeds of the covenant of works which these men of Mount Error wish to impose upon us as, at least, a part of the Gospel.

All through the Book these new covenant people are kept distinct from the carnal Jew, with his conditional covenant, as "a remnant" (Isaiah i. 9); and this remnant, the Holy Ghost says, is of Jews and Gentiles "according to the election of grace" (Rom. ix. 24). This is the Divine sovereignty line of salvation, as distinct from the human responsibility line of conditional benefits in this world, and fewer stripes in the world of damnation. How beautifully John Calvin sets this forth in his works upon the minor prophets—Hos. xiii. and xiv.! He says, "To the natural, national descendants of Abraham, who were as such under the covenant of works, and had violated its conditions, God says, 'They shall fall by the sword; their infants shall be dashed in pieces, and their women with child shall be ripped up.'" This is all human responsibility did for the carnal Israelites. Now, mark the change which immediately follows in God's language of mercy to the remnant according to the election of grace: "O Israel, return unto the Lord thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity," &c. This is what Divine sovereignty does for those who have no works to plead. This is the Gospel to all

the seed of Abraham by faith, whether they are Jews or Gentiles (Rom. ii. 28). Calvin says of this word of the law to those who were under it, and this word of the Gospel to those who are of faith: "In speaking before of the final destruction of the people, he had respect to the whole body of the people; but now he directs his discourse to the few who had as yet remained faithful. And this distinction, as we have reminded you in other places, ought to be carefully noticed, otherwise we shall find ourselves perplexed in many parts of the Scriptures." "With regard to the whole body, there was no hope of deliverance; God had now determined to destroy them. But yet God had some seed remaining among His chosen people, though the body, as a whole, was putrid and corrupt; yet some members remained, as in a large heap of chaff some grains may be found concealed. Then his sermon here ought to be especially applied to the elect of God, who having fallen away for a time and become entangled in the common vices of the age, were yet not altogether incurable. The prophet now exhorts them, and says, 'Return, Israel, to Jehovah thy God; for thou hast fallen by thine iniquity.'"

This is the way men taught of God and filled with His Spirit have skilfully handled the Word of God—not by mixing the words of the covenant of works with the free-grace words of the new covenant of mercy, but by showing that the one belongs to the natural seed and the other to the spiritual seed. This the apostle Paul did fully in Romans ix., x., and xi., and also in Gal. ii., iii., and iv. These God-taught men had no Yea of the Gospel and then Nay of the law in their Gospel; they declared the law to them who were under it, and they proclaimed God's unconditional mercy to the poor in spirit, the guilty, the broken-hearted, the hungry, thirsty, faint, and undone. The men of God in the towers of truth have done this; but the servants of Satan on the hill of error have, like Satan on the pinnacle of the temple, mixed, omitted, and mutilated the oracles of God—half law, half Gospel, half damnation, and half salvation, half Sinai, half Zion, half mount cursing, and half mount blessing—a kind of hodge-podge, neither fit for angels or devils, saints or sinners, the flesh or the Spirit, the world to come nor this world, heaven or hell. Mr. Aikman had better take it to the man in the moon and feed him with it by Andrew Fuller's spoon. My soul has fed sweetly on the new covenant testimonies by the Psalms and the prophets, as distinct from the words of the law to the natural seed. I do not see how a man can preach the truth and really feed the Church of God unless He is able by the Spirit thus rightly to divide the Word of God.

II. I will (D.V.) notice another subterfuge of error—viz., "The Spirit is given to every man to profit withal."

For the present, fervent love to you.

I remain, yours in Christ,

DANIEL ALLEN (Pastor).

Sydney, September 4, 1879.

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PAUL persecuted the saints, the members. "Why persecutest thou Me?" said the Head in heaven: the foot was trodden on, but the Head felt it, though crowned with glory and honour.—*Dr. Goodwin.*

## ARE WE GUILTY?

[WE have no doubt but that Master "VERITAS" has found *some* grounds for his serious charges. We propose a thorough investigation of the matter. Those who are soundly, successfully on the Lord's side, ought to be commended, and attention specially directed to their ministry and to their places; for people from the country coming to London are ever asking, "WHERE can we hear Christ's Gospel?" Not mere talkers, but "LIVING WITNESSES FOR A GLORIOUS TRINITY" are the men the Churches are pleading for. Those Churches who have no pastors we refer to, and they are many.—ED.]

**D**EAR MR. EDITOR,—I can but think that your correspondent "VERITAS" brings a very serious and momentous charge against the ministers of the Strict Baptist denomination, and one which, if true, demands our prayerful and careful consideration.

He represents the members of our Churches as asking the question with astonishment, "What are we? We go by the name of Strict and Calvinistic Baptists, but the facts of the case point the other way." And he says, the preaching of the day is like the ring of a doubtful coin; that there is a deference to the tastes of this enlightened age; that the ministry might be termed one of adaptation; and that ministers who have preached on certain lines and emptied their chapels (I suppose by preaching faithfully), have all at once burst into notoriety, and are converting persons by hundreds (by, I suppose, preaching unfaithfully); and all this he resolves into the fact of their halting between two opinions.

I feel that I must say a word in defence of my brother ministers and deacons of Churches, for what are they about if ministers are in so undecided a state? And I must say that, although there are many things to deplore, yet it is my firm opinion, and to my knowledge the same has been expressed by Episcopalians and Congregationalists, that in no Churches can the pure Gospel be heard preached so fully, sweetly, savourily, and unctuously as in the Strict Baptist Churches; and it is my mercy to know but very few ministers in the denomination but what are firmly rooted in the truth. There may be one or two solitary exceptions, but cannot apply to the whole body.

I need not ask you, Mr. Editor, whether you are halting between two opinions, or whether you have changed with the times; neither do I think you would send out a man of that description to preach. I can only say for myself that ever since 1835, when, by the kind providence and rich grace of God, I was led to the ministry of that dear departed servant of God, David Denham, and the dear Lord, I trust, was pleased to engrave His truth upon the fleshly tables of my heart, there has been no hesitation about what is truth. First, the glorious Trinity-covenant of rich grace, Divine decrees, everlasting love, predestination of the saints to life in Christ, man's fall and total ruin by sin, perfect and finished redemption of the Church by Christ, and then that which succeeds it in God's appointed time, and which is so important to be borne in mind, Divine calling—"whom He predestinated, them He also called;" and it is just as needful that the soul should be regenerated, or born again of or by the Holy Ghost, as loved of the Father, and redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.

Now I fully think that it is a matter for consideration whether the Divine person and gracious life-giving and saving operations of God the Holy Ghost are brought forward so clearly, and prominently, and

frequently in our ministry as it should be. If ever we have prosperity, either in our own souls or in the Churches, it will not be through a human channel or by creative power, "but by My Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts." Oh, what cause there is, then, to pray in the language of dear Mr. Hart (Denham 271, Gadsby 29):

"Descend from heaven, celestial Dove;  
With flames of pure seraphic love  
Our ravished breasts inspire," &c.

Let us pray earnestly that it may please our God to pour out copiously and abundantly upon both ministers, deacons, and Churches the much desired, much needed, and promised Spirit, then will Zion arise (Isa. lii. 2),

"— and we may see  
Days of sweet prosperity."

W. BRADLEY.

### THE LEAVEN OF SCRIPTURE ALWAYS FALSE DOCTRINE.

**D**EAR MR. EDITOR,—An exposition of the parable of three measures of meal (Matt. xiii. 33), by a "Watcher," printed in your *EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD* of last month, and named by you as "transparent," and "useful," has attracted my attention.

First.—He complains that "Certain expositors of Hebrew and Greek tell us that the word leaven in the Scriptures always signifies that which is bad or evil."

I never met with such expositors; but learning now that they exist, I am constrained to ask, ARE THEY NOT RIGHT?

(a) In Matt. xvi. 6 Jesus says: "Take heed and beware of the LEAVEN of the Pharisees." His disciples supposed He spake of the leaven of bread, but on further instruction they understood that He spake of the doctrine of the Pharisees (ver. 12). And in Luke xii. 1 Christ again speaks of this LEAVEN, and He names it "HYPOCRISY."

(b) The inspired apostle speaks just as his Lord did. The Corinthian Church was "*puffed*" up with this old LEAVEN, and He says: "Your glorying, or swelling, is not good! Know ye not that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump?" The old leaven MUST be PURGED OUT that ye may become a new lump, or *one bread*. THIS leaven is malice and wickedness! Suffer the loss of it; for "the unleavened bread is sincerity and truth" (1 Cor. v. 6—8). So far these expositors cannot be wrong. Nor

(c) Can they greatly err if they consider the parable under discussion to have the same signification as the one in Zech. v. 7; for

Secondly.—There is the woman; there is the ephah, or three measures, the extent of her influence. *There is* some abhorrent thing belonging to the woman cast into the ephah with the expression, "THIS IS WICKEDNESS." This woman, and ephah, and wickedness, "hermetically sealed" as a whole, is borne from Sion to Shinar by two winged women, or the called, and chosen, and faithful of the two dispensations,

the Mosaic and Christian, and *fixed on her OWN BASE*, Babylon ! Confusion !! Destruction !!!

The Holy Ghost does not call this woman "Wisdom," but "Wickedness."

The apostle does not speak of her work as innocence, but "iniquity," "the mystery of iniquity that doth *already work*" (2 Thess. ii. 7). Leaven is not grace, nor is the grace of God compared to leaven. Leaven is the wickedness of hypocrisy, which, while it professes to comply with, acts in contempt of, Holy Scripture. God Himself, in an ironical address to idolatrous Israel, teaches us this (Amos iv. 4, 5): "Come to Bethel, and transgress; at Gilgal multiply transgressions. And offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving with leaven," *as they did in opposition to God's law* (Lev. vii. 12).

Thirdly.—If the teaching of the parable be in accordance with the view which analogy thus presents, then it is according to the other teachings of Jesus touching the kingdom of heaven. It is He who said: "As it was in the days of Noah and Lot, so shall it be likewise in the days of the Son of Man." It is He who said: "Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, SHALL HE FIND faith on the earth?" It is He who says, such shall be the severity of affliction and such the force of corruption, that "except the Lord had shortened those days, no flesh should be saved! But for the elect's sake, for those whom He Himself hath chosen, He hath shortened the days" (Mark xii. 19, 20). The Lord knoweth them that are His, and He knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation, and He does it, not because the Church is NOT corrupt, but in spite of its corruption, by the interposition of His power. Therefore His people are said to be "Redeemed from *among men*" (Rev. xiv. 4). "Brands plucked out of the fire" (Zech. iii. 2). "Ransomed from the hand of him that was stronger than they" (Jer. xxxi. 11).

Mr. Editor, my object is to show our friend "A Watcher" that those who have an opinion opposed to his in regard to this parable of leaven, have the Scriptures on their side. And this fact teaches me there is much more than a difference of opinion here.

The professing Church will depart from the faith (1 Tim. iv. 1; 2 Tim. iii. 1; 2 Pet. ii. 1, iii. 1—4). The outward court, and they that worship therein, is given to be trodden down (Rev. xi. 2). They which have a name to live, even that which they have, shall be taken away; and the speech of them which are puffed up must be silent in darkness. All these external things may flourish now; but they will not suffice. The invisible corruption of the Church has always been proportionate to its visible prosperity. Hypocrisy, malice, and wickedness, as leaven, then work "secretly, silently, and surely," "*until it be leavened.*" This utterance shall be my last quotation. It is in connection with Israel. They professed to know God, but in works they denied Him: and thus He speaks (Hosea vii. 4): "They are all adulterers, as an oven heated by the baker, who ceaseth from rising after he hath kneaded the dough UNTIL IT BE LEAVENED." When understood, this passage will be seen to embrace and conclude the whole question between "A Watcher" and

Yours,

CORNERCOTT.



## THE WAY INTO THE MINISTRY.

(ANOTHER LITTLE LEAF.)

"**H**IS father was a man of strong will-power, sir!" Thus distinctly spake that Northumberland veteran advocate, whom we call friend Boorman, known all England over, and in the United States as well. He was giving a gentleman in the city the early history of Dr. Joseph Parker. "His father, sir, was an industrious, honest, and energetic stonemason in Northumberland. Joseph first went forth preaching as an itinerant with 'the Methodists.' But nature and grace qualified him for a great work, and now he is a kind of giant in the Congregational section of the visible Church."

The city gentleman heard all friend Boorman had to declare in extolling his favourite Dr. P., whom he had known from a boy; and then, very coolly, yet, with a solemn hesitancy, replied,

"WELL, I HOPE HE WILL BE SAVED!"

Friend Boorman was rather startled at such an answer, which implied, "There may be great gifts; high positions in this world may be reached; the admiration of thousands may be excited, and drawn forth with rapturous applause; yet, all that the penetrating, the true God-fearing, the jealous Christian can be confident of is his *hope* that such exalted personages, who are worshipped by multitudes, may be saved."

We would distinguish, however, between "worshippers" and "reapers:"—

"Those who reap rejoice;  
And, reaping, bless the sower."

If souls, whose life is hid with CHRIST in GOD, go hungering for the Bread of Life to temple, tabernacle, or small tent; if for them "some handfuls of purpose" are dropped and gathered, they may, they will, bless the hand thus used of God to satisfy their waiting hearts.

Every minister is, more or less, a mystery to some. We may *expect* too much; or, we may *know* of any minister too much: hence, either disappointment or prejudice may lead us to think unfavourably.

Surely there are some secret laws, after all, by which even ministers are to be tried.

When I was in Bilston the other day, Dr. Attwood came and cheered my heart a little; and, in the course of his converse, he compared a true servant of Christ to a good cow.

"Before you can have a good pail of milk, sir, you must have a good cow. That good cow must go forth, and have a thorough hearty feed of fresh grass; then this good, this well-fed cow must lay her down, and carefully 'CHEW the cud;' in due time she will give you a beautiful pail of milk. So a minister. He must be, by God's grace and mercy, a good man. He must fill his own soul with Divine wisdom from the fields of Holy Revelation. Then he must prayerfully, studiously, 'chew the cud;' after which, at times, he will pour you out streams of the sincere milk of the Word."

In my last paper on this subject, I showed how our brother Thomas Stringer was tried in his own soul on "the Way into the Ministry," and how the Lord delivered him. As we are overloaded this month, I can only give

## THE RESPITE AND THE REJOICING INTERVAL.

Our brother Thomas Stringer says:—

“What a miserable religion is that of which Christ is not the Alpha and the Omega! Sure I am it is neither more nor less than delusion. At this time I felt unspeakably happy; I scemed like another man; my mind and body were both released, and peace and pleasure filled my soul; so that I wondered to find myself at home so soon. O, how delightful is the presence of Jesus! when blessedly realised, everything else sinks into oblivion; but although my soul was so happy, and I felt truly blest of God, yet, I had not that felt satisfaction of the pardon of my sins as some of the Lord’s dear people do have, nor ever yet have had; yet I believe they are both put away and pardoned by the blood of Christ; and that He will yet grant me the full assurance of it, to the glory of His holy name. See to it, ye that affirm your sins are forgiven you, that ye have good authority for the assertion: ye may have the faith of assurance by which you believe He is both able and willing to forgive you, and that by no other name you can ever be saved, by which faith you are kept waiting for the vision, though it tarry: and asking the Lord to say unto your soul, ‘I am thy salvation.’ For, for this, shall every one that is godly pray unto Thee—viz., a clear manifestation of the pardon of sin; but remember, the assurance of faith is another thing, by which the soul exclaims, ‘He loved me, and gave Himself for me;’ ‘I am my Beloved’s, and my Beloved is mine:’ ‘The Lord is my portion, saith my soul: my Lord, and my God.’ Happy, thrice happy, is that people that are in such a case; yea, ‘happy is that people whose God is the Lord.’ That soul is quite as safe, who has the faith of assurance (being the work of the Spirit), as that soul who has, by the same Spirit, the assurance of faith, though not so happy.”

## THE PILGRIM.

BY MRS. NOEL-THATCHER.

“And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.”—  
Heb. xi. 13.

DUST-SOILED and foot-sore a pilgrim was seen  
Wearily tracing the heavenly road,  
Eagerly piercing the thick clouds between,  
To catch the first glimpse of his longed-for abode.  
Fiercely the lion with ravening roar,  
Prowling was seen in haste to destroy;  
A will-o'-the-wisp all his pathway before  
To marshes and quagmires fain would decoy.  
Loudly the storm, with its pitiless blast,  
Sought to drown the sweet tones of the pilgrim’s song;  
Their sneers troops of foes on the wayfarer cast,  
Earth’s children assailed him with rudeness and wrong.  
Oh! how could the pilgrim still urge on his way,  
Or hope to arrive at his mansion afar?  
He had fainted and died but for one cheering ray,  
The guide of his soul was fair Bethlehem’s Star.  
A telescope too—’twas the bright glass of faith—  
The pilgrim oft eyed as he travelled along,  
And his hand firmly grasped, with a perfect belief,  
A staff \* most enduring, unflinching strong.  
The winters of age on his brow flourished white,  
And travel and care had bedimm’d the bright eye,  
But Bethlehem’s Star o’er his head shed His light,  
Still pointing his soul to the city on high.  
God speed thee, dear pilgrim, and give thee to rest,  
When thy journey is past, on eternity’s shore—  
There thy head shall be pillowed on Jesus’ kind breast,  
And thy soul bathed in glory, thy Saviour adore.

\* “Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.”

## THE LORD'S WAY IN THE SEA.

A PAPER WRITTEN BY MR. WILLIAM CROWTHER, OF GOMERSAL, IN THE TIME OF HIS AFFLICTION.

"Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known."—Psalm lxxvii. 19.

**T**HIS was a discovery experimentally made and feelingly expressed by David in a time of great trouble. This trouble was very complicated. We learn from the second verse of the Psalm it was bodily and painful; from the fourth, that it was accompanied by sleepless nights; from the third, that it was soul trouble, and overwhelmed his spirit; and from other verses, that it brought him to the border of despair, and led him to ask, "Will the Lord cast off for ever? and will He be favourable no more?" and other similar questions. By-and-bye he further discovered that making such petulant inquiries was an infirmity of his, and he found his mind drawn from such doleful repinings to a contemplation of God's sovereignty, in the past and the present, in the sanctuary and in the world, in the heavens and in the earth, on the land and in the sea; and in relation to the latter, uses the words: "Thy way is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters, and Thy footsteps are not known." The sea is often referred to by David, not only as a figure, but on account of its own magnitude and its terrors. He speaks of it in Psalm civ. as "this great and wide sea, wherein are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts," as a part of God's "manifold works, all of which are made in wisdom, and full of His riches," in which "go the ships, and leviathan plays therein;" and all the inhabitants of which "wait on God for their meat," and are "filled with good by the gifts of His hand," or "die when He taketh away their breath." In the 107th he describes those who "go down to the sea in ships and do business in the great waters," as seeing "the works of the Lord and His wonders in the deep. For He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They mount up to heaven, they go down to the depths; their soul is melted because of trouble," &c. Elsewhere again, he says, "The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves. The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea;" which, however much they may upheave and overwhelm the mightiest things of the world, can never disturb the stability of the "the throne of God, which is established of old from everlasting." In many other ways does he refer to the sea as reflecting or expressing majesty, glory, power, wisdom, and other attributes of its Divine Author and Ruler.

When he said of God, "Thy way is in the sea," he had, no doubt, in his mind's eye the hazard and uncertainty of sea voyaging, of which much less was understood in his day than is the case now. Two things alone then guided the mariner on his perilous way: the one being the sight of land, beyond the sight of which he only ventured where it was unavoidable to do so; and the other was the situation of the heavenly bodies, without the guidance of which he soon became entirely in ignorance as to the direction in which he was progressing, and he might, if no sun or stars were visible, be as likely to steer further from, as towards, his desired haven. David felt himself, spiritually, at sea; no

land in sight at which he might obtain information, and no sun by day or stars by night by which to steer his course. He knew not what to do, nor how to extricate himself from his painful difficulties, but was led to exclaim and to find relief in the fact, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea." David, a poor, feeble creature, tossed about hither and thither, with no peace to body or mind, driven to his wit's end, and at a loss to imagine what may be next, or what may become of him in the end, finds relief in the fact that God knows not only the sea itself, but also all that is upon it and all that is within it. "The sea is His, and He made it;" He "giveth to the sea its bounds and saith, Thus far shalt thou go and no further;" "He maketh the waves thereof roar;" and He "stilteeth the voice of the tempest;" the "depths of the sea," and the "uttermost parts of the sea," are within His government and control; so that, however irregular, destructive, or terrible its ragings may seem, they still are under His regulation and have a destined purpose to fulfil, beyond which they cannot for one moment continue, nor for one iota extend. Paul's description of the perils by sea experienced by him on his way to Rome, is often realised both in a temporal and a spiritual sense: "When neither sun nor stars in many days appeared, and no small tempest lay on us, all hope that we should be saved was then taken away." David was at this time spiritually feeling very much in the state described. No "Sun of Righteousness" shone on him, but darkness enveloped his soul; no secondary light in the way of stars served as his guide, and no small tempest lay on him from within and without, and all hope of salvation was taken away, except as his life was (without his privity) given to Christ, as that of those accompanying Paul in the ship was given to him, by the will of God, whilst they were asleep.

The *sea* has great significance and force as a figure, in which sense it is often used in the Scripture. One figure which it represents is "multitudes, and nations, and peoples, and tongues;" and it was a consolation to David, as it is to all God's people in like circumstances, to know and feel that "God has His way in *this sea*," and whatever confusion, conflict, misgovernment, anarchy, or devastation may arise or exist among the nations of the earth, they are all before God as "the drop of a bucket, or the dust of a balance," and He doeth among them and by them whatsoever He will, "none being able to stay His hand from working, or say unto Him, What doest Thou?" Nation rises against nation to gratify their lust of power or vengeance, but they are each of small or of great power, according as He may please, and when He will, He "puts His hook in their nose, and His bridle in their mouth, and turns them back by the way by which they came." Thus, as in the literal sea, so among the people and kingdoms of the earth the Most High raises or quells a storm at His pleasure, placing at the head for the time whomsoever He will, exalting one and putting down another.

The *sea* is especially referred to as a figure of wicked men, who are said to be "like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." God has His way in and among them, so that they can only do "what His hand and counsel hath determined before to be done." Though "the heathen rage and the people imagine a vain thing, the kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together against the Lord and against His Anointed," God

laughs at their plans and "has them in derision," making them instruments to bring about the very things they seek to prevent, and working by them purposes of which they are totally ignorant, and making them the "axe wherewith He heweth and the rod wherewith He smiteth whom He will."

Sometimes the enemies seek to come upon His people "like a flood," hoping at once to overwhelm or destroy them; but their purpose is defeated by the "Spirit of the Lord who lifteth up a standard against them," and in the words of David the people join to say, "When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell; and though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." Such was often David's experience, as see Psalms xciv. and cix., and many other Psalms in which he refers to the wicked as rushing upon him like the troubled sea, and to the *hand* and *name* of the Lord as delivering him from them. So confident was David in God's delivering power, and in His recompensing their wickedness upon the head of his enemies, that when He had the opportunity of avenging himself upon Saul, he declined to do so, and said, "As the Lord liveth, the Lord shall smite him; or his day shall come to die; or he shall descend into battle and perish. The Lord forbid that I should stretch forth mine hand against the Lord's anointed;" God has "His way in the sea," and the knowledge of this fact was a stay to David's mind and feelings when the "floods of ungodly men made him afraid."

The *sea* may be regarded as a figure of *conflicting events and circumstances*, and seems to have been so regarded by David when he said, "Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of Thy waterspouts; all Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me." And again, "Thy wrath lieth hard upon me, and Thou hast afflicted me with all Thy waves." Trouble upon trouble, sorrow upon sorrow, appeared from time to time to be his lot, and strong figures and comparisons were requisite to express the feelings of his troubled soul, when "the troubles of his heart were enlarged." In all these senses it was a comfort and a stay to the Psalmist's mind, as it is fit it should be to ours in all our difficulties, to know that the "way of the Lord is in the sea," and that, accordingly, He knows, in the perfection of His omniscience, every part and peculiarity of it, controls each storm, tempest, or calm, in His omnipotence, and regulates as to time, extent, and effect every wind that blows, every tide that swells, and every damage that arises from its varied upheavings and restlessness.

"His way is in it." It is His own property which He surveys and protects, or upon which He goes forth for safety or destruction, upon which He walks and appears to His children in times of alarm or danger, saying, "It is I, be not afraid;" and for them makes the storm a calm, and brings them in safety to their desired haven. He thus, at times, shows them His way, and fills them with joy when they see that "He commandeth even the winds and the waves, and they obey Him."

All the Lord's people are spiritual seamen, and their various troubles and exercises are like the storms and tempests of the deep, through which their way to the rest that remains for them lies. They often tremble as they see the winds and the waves, and cry, as Peter

did when he walked on the water, "Lord, save, or I perish;" and, like him, they prove how near the Lord is to them, and how ready to save when they cry. Were it otherwise, and we were left to find our trackless way alone, it is quite certain that "concerning faith, we should all make shipwreck;" but it is our mercy to know that "not one shall perish" in this voyage, although the way of each is diverse from others, and is a path which the "vulture's eye hath not seen," and for which none can give definite directions to another. God alone directs the way of these seafaring men, and it is a "way that they know not;" but the more and the longer they are in it, the more do they find that God is their sole and all-sufficient Guide and Preserver, without whose constant aid and direction they are sure to be swallowed up by the perils of the deep, but with which their experience is:—

"They may on the main of temptation be tossed,  
 Their sorrows may swell as the sea,  
 But none of the ransomed shall ever be lost,  
 The righteous shall hold on his way."

Perilous though their voyage be, the arrival at home is secure, because "God's way is in the sea," and there is no part of it which He knows not, and where He is not, and where His presence does not ensure the safety of all "who launch into the deep" at His command, and under His teachings. Fear not, then, ye spiritual seamen; God, even your God, is beforehand with you; He has ordained that ye shall, in various ways, experience the dangers of the deep, but He also will be there with you and prove to you that you are safe by, and with, Him.

The statement that "God's way is in the sea," did not express the whole of the experimental discovery that David had made in the time of great and trying affliction, for he adds, "and Thy path in the great waters." A difference is to be understood between a way and a path. A way may be a road, or a course, for a ship at sea, or for horses or carriages on land, whilst a path generally has reference to a road for pedestrians, and relates to movements of a more minute, though equally important, character to the parties concerned. One may go on his journey by sea or by land, and may adopt one kind of conveyance or another, large or small, swift or slow, as may seem eligible; but he who goes on a path is ordinarily understood as walking, and as being a pilgrim slowly working his way on foot to his destination. Not only are the Lord's people seamen, but they are also landmen, footmen, or pilgrims, and in this capacity see much of the Lord's ways and wonders, as well as in going down to the deep. There is no place nor way in which God's people can be found but God is there, and in one form or another makes Himself known unto them, as knowing, appointing, and regulating all connected with their coming, abiding, or advancing.

(To be continued.)

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## THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

*Gleanings from the Life and Teachings of Christ. With an Appendix of New Testament Teaching respecting the Father of God.* By HENRY H. BOURNE, &c. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row. A crown 8vo. volume of over four hundred pages, well produced in every branch. While in the furnace of affliction, the Lord has enabled the author of this volume to pen and to publish some precious chapters on the ministry of our ever-adorable God and Saviour—the Lord Jesus Christ. We have often read with amazement the sermons, the essays, the treatises of some of the most learned writers of the age, wherein they declare “the Fatherhood of God”—in a saving manner—to be *universal*; that the sovereign Almighty Lord God is the loving, willing, anxious Father of the whole race of mankind. Of course, all such philosophical composers and authors of anti-Biblical theories take no notice whatever of the “covenant made with Christ, which is ordered in all things and sure;” they pay no regard to the fact that the Great Messenger of the covenant—the glorious Son of God—made a strong, a clear, an eternal distinction between the sheep which His Father had given Him and those who were not His sheep at all; of the doctrines of election, of eternal and of vital union to Christ; of His particular, His perfect, and positive redemption of His Church; of the certain vocation of every chosen and redeemed soul; of their gracious preservation unto life eternal; and of the predestinated and ultimate glorification of all whose names are in the Book of Life. All these foundation doctrines of the new covenant they silently, insultingly, and continuously ignore, as much as though no record or revelation of them had ever been given to us by the Three co-equal and co-eternal Persons in the Godhead. At Athens they had only one altar with the inscription, “To the Unknown God;” but in England, in the United States, in all the colonies, in Germany, and through the Continent, altars “to the Unknown God” are now so numerous, so manifold, — so beautifully suited to the blinded enmity of man’s carnal mind against the eternal God, that it is out of any man’s power to attempt to expose them, to resist or controvert them, for they grow thicker and faster every day. And what adds most grievously to all this army of idolatrous altars is the fact that some of our once pretty, pleasing, plaus-

ible, and professedly pious preachers have left what appeared to be their “first love,” and are gone over—or gone down—to the armies of the aliens. And—it may as well be confessed openly—that such of us poor-in-spirit disciples who have “bought the truth,” and dare not, cannot “sell it,” stand out in the cold, witnessing the erection of temples, tabernacles, tents, and altars in all directions, wherein the priests mix up every kind of sensational form, with the profession of the power that, was it not for the unerring declarations of our Divine Lord Himself, we should wonder where the scene would end. He—the Christ of God—faithfully proclaimed the coming of “many in His name; many false prophets;” forbidding us by no means to go after them. Neither can we, though the whole world of so-called Christians are floating down the stream with glee and gladness, with mirth and music, looking with the utmost contempt upon us because we are made to differ. Mr. Bourne, the author of these “Gleanings,” is a scholar, a gentleman, a student of the Word of God. He has read Maurice, Heard, and the whole company of anti-Gospellers; and, to a large extent, he has contended earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints. While so very many catching epidemics are flying through the different Churches, and published in all the “christening journals” of the times, no one can tell how we weep over the failure of our efforts to extend the knowledge of the truth; neither can any easily imagine how we rejoice in such unfoldings of God’s Holy Word as Mr. Bourne has given in this volume. That it may be widely circulated and be truly useful to thousands let us unitedly and heartily pray.—C. W. B.

“What more can She say?” Cam Llawod, in the *Anti-Papal League Magazine*, says: “A recent Roman pontiff has publicly proclaimed to the world that the Papacy has nothing to do with God or Christ; that the entire confidence of its followers is in the blessed Virgin Mary, who alone destroys heresies, who is our greatest hope, yea, the entire ground of our hope!” So declared Gregory XVI. Well may the writer add: “O my soul, come not thou into their secrets, unto their assembly; mine honour, be not thou united.”

“Her care for the poor.” *Home Words* has a memorial of the good conduct of the Church of England toward her poor.

There is a great pressure just now on us for our poor. To give to each of our extremely distressing cases we require at least fifty shillings per week, but we fail to obtain it.

*The Gardener's Magazine.* Conducted by SHIRLEY HIBBERD, Esq. London: 11, Ave Maria-lane. September, October, and November parts of this voluminous and illustrious recorder of the beauties, the elegant varieties, and the enterprising progresses of the botanical, floral, and horticultural world, are now before us. Intensely fond, as we are, of beholding God's works in the production of ferns, fruits, flowers, and in the farming domains of this wonderful globe, we are—and our friends are—highly delighted with Shirley Hibberd's ever-interesting and intelligent paper.

*Sermons.* Mr. Thomas Bradbury on "The Holy Spirit as the Lifter-up of the Standard;" Mr. Battersby on "If They Shall Fall Away," and a quantity of others, are looking at us that we may look into them and see what they are worth, which we have promised to do when, if mercy permit, we get safe back from the North.

A graphic sketch of the trial, sufferings, and martyrdom of Ridley and Latimer is given in the *Day of Days*. No man ever stood the fiery ordeal with more Christian firmness than did Master Ridley. As for poor old Latimer, he was full eighty years of age when they dragged him from the dungeon to the stake! Splendid sentences came forth from Ridley's lips. The doctors cried out to the martyrs, "Recant! and you may live." Ridley boldly replied, "So long as the breath is in my body I will never deny my Lord Christ, and His known truth!" In a loud voice he said, "God's will be done to me. I commit my cause to Almighty God, who shall indifferently judge all." As boldly as they denied transubstantiation, so boldly do we deny the world-wide popular Arminian heresy. To tell the masses of the people that THEY can do what God the Holy Ghost alone can do is the root of all Romanism. Would not they like to burn us?

*The Baptist Almanack for 1880* (R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street), with its Authorised List of Pastors, Itinerant Preachers, Sunday-school Superintendents, and Provincial Directory, is again ready for the use of the Churches. Its value as a book for constant reference, and for reliable information, is so extensively appreciated that we have only to announce that the utmost exertion has again been put forth to increase and

establish its reputation and acceptance throughout the whole of the denomination.

"Mammon Worship," a terrible history, runs through *Chatterbox* volume for 1879, published by W. Wells Gardner, 2, Paternoster-buildings. It is full of life-illustrating pictures, poems, and papers of moral and Evangelical truth. Of the same publishers *The Prize* volume for 1879 can be obtained. It will delight the juvenile generations now springing up into life.

A fine portrait and biographical outline of the late Sir Rowland Hill's life is in November *Fireside*. *Hand and Heart* Office, 1, Paternoster-buildings. Thos. Hubbard Gregg's father, the late Bishop of Cork, is also in *Fireside*, with strong features of a very godly man.

*Mr. W. Crowther's Sermon* on the death of his greatly-loved deacon, Wilson, is now published by R. Banks. It must be read to be fully appreciated. Better knit together, we believe, than even "Jonathan and David."

*The Cheering Words Annual* is now ready, very neatly bound in cloth of various colours. The frontispiece is a photograph of the editor (C. W. Banks) and his three brothers, all of whom are engaged in the work of the ministry. This photograph—taken in the garden of "Cornercott" last September—is called "The Four Brothers," and represents C. W. Banks, the editor of the *Earthen Vessel*; Robert Young Banks, pastor of the Baptist Church, Egerton Fostal, Kent; John Waters Banks, rector of Nuttall; and Samuel James Banks, pastor of the Baptist Church, Banbridge, Ireland. We say no more, as Mr. Winters has, we believe, written a paper on the picture.

*Old Jonathan* always brings the scenes of life before us in all their ceaseless vanity. O what a blessed burden-bearer is our exalted High Priest! The burdens we have made for ourselves must have crushed us to the lowest of all miseries had not those everlasting arms been underneath. Like "M. A. C." we sigh out:—

"Triumph! Ah! me, 'tis little such  
This doubt-worn bosom knows;  
Tell me, O God, is this short life  
The measure of my woes?  
Speak my assurance, then will I  
Carry earth's burden till I die."

We know a couple of dreadfully-trying Christians who bitterly sigh every day. We will send them *Old Jonathan*, and help them all we can, for poetry will not prevent their being turned into the streets because they cannot pay their rent.



## OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"AS THE GARDEN OF THE LORD ;"  
OR, THE PARSON'S DREAM.

[We have read this letter with peculiar interest.—ED.]

DEAR FRIEND,—My wife thanks you for your kind letter, and I am sure I do; and as you asked her a very allegorical question—*i.e.*, "How is the garden getting on so long under his cultivation?" it brought a dream to my mind which occurred over thirty years ago and which I had forgotten for quite fifteen, but your question renewed it. I was then scarce 21 years of age and was sitting under the ministry of the wise gardener Allen, whose memory is ever dear. I dreamed that I was walking through a dreary waste wilderness, conspicuous for nothing but barrenness with many a heap of rubbish, out of which I saw toads, serpents, and every hateful creature creep, and too frequently they sallied forth to injure me, and all of a sudden I came to a most lovely garden well walled in and secured from the intrusion of the reptiles outside. I entered and walked about admiring the lovely order everywhere seen—not a weed to be found, not a briar nor a thorn; the flowers were of the richest kind, and all was of a paradisaical scene. As I walked and mused, wondering to whom such perfection could belong, a person came up to me, and I, supposing Him to be the gardener, begged pardon if I was intruding; but He told me so far from my being an intruder, my presence afforded Him pleasure.

I shall never forget Him, though over thirty years have flown away; His lovely person, His manly bearing, His gentle words, His sweet and loving looks, and His rich though lowly dress, completely won my heart and soul. I said, "How many gardeners do you employ?" He replied, "A certain number." "Oh," I said, "will you employ me? I have no skill nor wisdom, but can you teach me?" He smilingly said, "Yes, I will employ you, and I can impart all the skill you need." I thanked Him and told Him that I should consider myself well paid for the hardest toil, if I might only be near enough to gaze upon Him. He again smiled, and said, "I should have no cause to complain on that score."

He then took me around to look at the beauties of the place. I expressed my surprise that the garden was so small; upon this He took me to a tower which He had built in the midst of it, and opening a door, said, "Follow Me," when He led me up a spiral staircase of an immense height, and when He reached the top He told me to look East, West, North, and South; and farther than my eyes could see His vast dominions lay. He then revealed His heart to me as full of love and compassion, and told me I should be with Him for ever, and so I awoke.

I wonder if that dream was prophetic? at any rate, the Church of Christ is "a garden

walled around," and there is a tower in it, and in it are the choicest fruits and flowers.

But to answer your allegorical question, our garden has some sound evergreens in it, some weak creepers which need support, some which make too much wood and frequently need the knife, some bring forth fruit in old age. We have suffered from blight, from want of sun, and from hidden insects which carry on their destructive work out of sight. I have often wept, Oh, most bitterly, at the ravages of the red blight; but the dear Chief Gardener has eradicated that pest, and some of the dear little tender plants are quite looking up; for this my very soul has blessed God, and I hope to see a great improvement not only in the plot allotted to my care, but throughout the garden generally. The gardeners too, I am sorry to say, have been fighting most cruelly, and you would think that the confusion in the garden had been caused by the wild boar out of the wood. As regards my own little plot many, very many, have been gathered, especially the lilies; for when He comes to feed in His garden He generally gathers a few; but it is sweet to know that as they were planted here they flourish in His courts. I have had a deal of weeding to do, plucking up, and planting. I can look around and see many of my grafting and budding, and feel sure they will be united to the great bouquet in His time. I think my plot has room for more plants, and I have tried in years past to add a few it only for the appearance sake; but the Chief Gardener never smiles upon it, but sternly says, "Every plant which my heavenly Father hath not planted shall be rooted up." So I find it is not my duty to gather plants from a wrong stock, but to prune, water, and watch over those He chooses to plant.

Yours affectionately,

A SUSSEX GARDENER.

P.S.—When you come this way, will you bring your watering-pot?

BIRMINGHAM.—With untiring and self-sacrificing zeal, Mr. Robert Howard and his friend have refitted, and rendered comfortable for public worship, the new "Baptist Mission and Temperance Hall," in Aston-road, Birmingham. We believe, most solemnly, that Mr. R. Howard is a firm and unflinching, an intelligent and earnest Strict Baptist preacher, while at the same time he throws his natural sympathies and his strong mental powers into the advocacy of the temperance enterprise; and who can but wish him and the sobering armies all success, seeing the House of Lords committee have discovered and declared that the home and family life of England is fearfully imperilled by the enormous growth of female intemperance? The wives and the women of this country have caught the drink fever, and they are hurling destruction

upon their families by wholesale. "Our thoughts on Birmingham, Bilston," &c., are in our note-book. They may come out some day. The Birmingham papers give the following:—"BAPTIST MISSION AND TEMPERANCE HALL, ASTON-ROAD.—The inauguration services commenced on Sunday last, when two sermons were preached by C. W. Banks, of London, editor of EARTHEN VESSEL, 'Cheering Words,' &c. The attendances have been large every evening throughout the week. Sixty children have enrolled their names for the Sabbath School. The mission bids fair to be a decided success, and is much needed in the locality."

BILSTON, STAFF.—Lovers of truth in the Black Country have been favoured with a visit by C. W. Banks. On Tuesday, Nov. 11, a public lecture was delivered by him on "The Seven Voices of Truth," at Broadstreet Baptist Chapel, to a good number of friends, including many from the various causes of truth in the surrounding districts. The chairman, Mr. Miller, of Wolverhampton, in a kind and affable manner, introduced our worthy friend, Mr. Banks. For one hour was the lecture listened to with keen attention and interest. Some of the deep things of God were brought out; also the experimental teachings of God the Holy Spirit in the souls of God's people. The majority present found it a season of heart-melting, and could well testify with the chairman that the lecturer was "a man of ripe experience." On the motion of the pastor, Mr. A. B. Hall, seconded by Mr. Beddow, of Willenhall, a hearty vote of thanks was given Mr. Banks for his lecture. A liberal collection was realised for the chapel. The meeting concluded by singing, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," to the well-known tune of Miles Lane.—"A LITTLE ONE IN ZION."

STAFFORDSHIRE AND WARWICKSHIRE.—DEAR SAMUEL FOSTER.—After several days of travel and service in these counties, I saw this morning, Nov. 12, 1879, while waiting on a far-off station, such a bright silver-lining tinging a darksome cloud as I think I never saw before. Oh! it was so sweetly cheering; it did me good to gaze upon it. In this journey—as I have found for forty years—the pious parsons are telling the people new editions of the many who have been robbed and ruined by me; but none of the sufferers, nor any one of the scandalising saints ever come to inform me of these terrible doings. No such persons ever existed yet. Leaving all who fish in false waters to the righteous judgment of the Lord, I give myself up to the righteous judgment of Almighty God. In this journey two aged men of God have come and told me how the Lord met with them under my ministry many years ago. Of this journey, and of the services, a few particulars may reach you some day if the lease is lengthened to your friend,—C. W. B.

CITY ROAD.—Special services were held at Jireh Chapel, East-road, Nov. 9 and 11. On the Lord's-day three sermons were preached, the morning and evening by Mr. Lodge, the afternoon by Mr. Lawrence. The following Tuesday afternoon a most interesting discourse was delivered by Mr. G. W. Shepherd. The congregation was unusually good. About one hundred persons partook of tea. The evening meeting was ably conducted by Mr. Hall, of Clapham. Mr. Beazley commenced with prayer, and excellent addresses were given by Messrs. Osmond, Shepherd, Meeres, Clark, Dearsly, Brown, and Evans. The esteemed chairman's appeal for help received a liberal response, the collections making a total of £20.

ISLINGTON.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.—We have to record, with much thankfulness, our anniversary services, which took place November 9 and 11. On the Lord's-day three excellent sermons, by Mr. Philip Reynolds (of Guildford) and by Mr. John Box; the savour of these three services will not easily be forgotten. On the Tuesday a good number took tea, after which a public meeting was held; Mr. Wilson in the chair. Mr. W. Hazelton prayed, and addresses were delivered by the brethren Anderson, Box, Masterson, Levinsohn, Osmond, and S. Green. From a statement of one of the deacons, it appears, although without a pastor, the people have held together well; the pulpit had been supplied by some of the best preachers; special prayer-meetings were being held, asking the Lord to send them a pastor; some additions had been made to the Church; several are waiting to join when we have a settled pastor. The collections were good, and at the close of the year we expect to be free from debt.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—The report of the meeting to present Mr. Thomas Chivers with a handsome testimonial on his leaving Wycombe, never reached us until Nov. 19; too late even to give it condensed in Dec. "E. V." All the real friends of Mr. Thomas Chivers will be glad to learn that a committee was formed of several Christian brethren in the town, and from many parts of England friends sent their donations. The testimonial farewell meeting was solemn, yet grateful. Mr. Chivers's acknowledgment of the gift was exceedingly touching.

BOSTON.—Forty-first anniversary of Ebenezer was Oct. 19 and 20; sermons by Martin Hall and Joseph Flory, with public meeting in Town Hall. "One who knew John Stevens" says: We have in Boston, and its approximates, 20,000 souls; we have four Baptist chapels, with a membership of about 500. Others wish to be in membership, but we need the spiritual curtesy of one who said, "Hinder me not!" [We thank J. F. for his reproof, but, like some others, he has misread us. We all need the rod to wake us up.]

## LIFE AND DEATH OF MR. JAMES MOTE.

BY HIS SON, MR. EDWARD MOTE.

I send a few particulars relating to my late father, for many years a deacon of the Church at Chadwell-street, which may prove interesting to some of your readers.

I have been informed that when he was about twenty-one years of age, he was induced, one Sunday afternoon, to go with his late brother, Mr. Edward Mote (afterwards Baptist minister at Horsham), to the Hackney-fields to hear Mr. Stodhart, when the Lord was pleased to meet with him. He and two of his brothers, Edward and William, the latter of whom is still living, afterwards attended the ministry of Mr. Alexander Fletcher, at Moorfields, for about three years.

My father was afterwards led, in the providence of God, to Zoar chapel, Great Alie-street, where the ministry of the late Mr. Bailey was much blessed to him, and he was baptized by him on Christmas Day, 1817. He continued to hear Mr. Bailey until he left, and subsequently he attended Mr. Rowlands, in Featherstone-street, City-road, where he was for some years a deacon. After leaving there he attended the ministry of the late Mr. J. Harrington Evans, Mr. Newborn, Mr. J. A. Jones, Mr. George Ahrabams, and Mr. Triggs. He frequently heard the late Mr. John Stevens, and was personally acquainted with the late Mr. John Foreman and Mr. Samuel Milner.

About the year 1854, soon after Mr. Hazelton came to Chadwell-street, the deceased first went to hear him, and after attending his ministry about twelve months, and being much profited by it, he joined the Church there, and continued uninterruptedly to sit under Mr. Hazelton until about two years before his death, when increasing infirmities attending old age prevented his further attendance. About three years after joining the Church at Chadwell-street, he was chosen to the office of deacon, and so continued up to the time of his decease. Mr. Hazelton's ministry was much blessed to him, and he derived from it much spiritual benefit.

My late father took a deep interest in the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, and was for about fifty years a subscriber. In the year 1858 he was elected to act on the committee, and took a very active part in the affairs of the Society until about four years previous to his decease, when he became unable through infirmity to attend the meetings of the committee.

The deceased was blessed with a good constitution, and notwithstanding the great pressure of business to which at times he had to attend (being engaged in the profession of the law), he was scarcely laid aside one day through illness. About four years ago his strength began to give way, but the Lord was very merciful to him even then, for up to his decease, except from weakness attending old age, he seldom had an ache or a pain. He was able to fill up his place at Chadwell-

street, which was his great delight, until the first Sunday in September, 1877, being the last time he was able to be there, and he only left his house once afterwards. His health very gradually gave way, and he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus about five o'clock in the afternoon of October 3, at the good old age of eighty-five, leaving his widow and seven children surviving him. For the last few years his Bible and hymn book were his constant companions. His memory failed him somewhat at times, but his faculties were mercifully preserved to the last, as on the day of his death he recognised his brother, whom he then affectionately embraced. A few evenings before his death, when lying on his bed, I said to him, "Well, father, you are waiting for your mansion prepared for you," and he replied, "Yes, there remaineth a rest to the people of God." We have no doubt of his safe arrival in heaven, for all who were acquainted with him knew him to be a consistent Christian, and he lived and walked as such during a long life.

Perhaps I may be allowed to mention one incident in the early part of his Christian life, which I think may be encouraging to others who may be placed in similar circumstances. When there was once a great pressure of business in the office where he then was, all the clerks were requested to attend on a Sunday to prepare for some heavy case by the following Monday. He stayed at the office till twelve on the Saturday night, and feeling that he had done as much as the others would do on the Sabbath, he left without giving any intimation of his intended absence on the following day, committing his future prayerfully to the Lord. He was much blessed on that particular Sabbath, and on returning to business on the Monday, he was requested to go at once to the principal of the office, who sternly asked him why he had absented himself on the Sunday; his answer was, "I am at your service from Monday morning till Saturday night, but the Sabbath is the Lord's; and, whether it be right in the sight of God to hearken unto you more than God, judge ye?" No remark, it is believed, was made to this, but six weeks afterwards he was promoted above all the other clerks, and his prospects in life steadily improved from that time. This was a turning point in his career.

On October 9 he was buried at Highgate Cemetery, in the presence of a large assemblage of friends, among whom were observed several of the old pilgrims from the Hornsey-rise Asylum. Mr. Hazelton spoke over his remains, and made some excellent remarks from the words, "He shall enter into peace: they shall rest in their beds, each one walking in his uprightness" (Isa. lvii. 2). On the following Sunday his death was improved by his beloved pastor (to whom the deceased was greatly attached), from the words, "An old disciple" (Acts xxi. 16). The discourse was attentively listened to by his family, nearly all of whom were present, including his surviving brother and sister, and a crowded congregation.

Through grace, the deceased maintained

an unblemished character and stainless reputation through his long life; his children, therefore, have the priceless blessing of a good example. He was an excellent husband and father, much esteemed by a very large circle of friends, and was widely known in the Baptist denomination.

We, as a family, have cause for thankfulness that our dear father was so long spared to us—that he has completed his journey and got home in safety. May it be our happiness to follow him who through faith and patience now inherits the promises.

The following pleasing record of the deceased has, since his death, been entered in the Church book at Chadwell-street: "On October 3, 1879, our aged and beloved brother, James Mote, passed away to that rest prepared for the people of God. Associated with this Church for about twenty-four years (the greater part of which he sustained the office of deacon), ample opportunities were given to test his truly Christian and unvarying courtesy to all his fellow-members. His consistent walk and conversation none could gainsay, and where counsel was sought his sound advice was given in such a manner as marked the Christian and the gentleman. Blessed above many with a firm and vigorous faith, he was often helpful to those with whom he came in contact; his firm adherence to the truth, which at all times he contended earnestly for, was marked with charity to those who differed from him, and the introduction of members to the Church was to him a solemn matter, his remarks at times showing how anxious he was that only those whose hearts had been changed should be admitted to privileges so sacred. Kind to the lambs of the flock, he was as severe to anything not bearing the impress of Divine operation on the soul. With his brethren in office the most cordial sympathy was evinced, harmoniously working with them and his beloved pastor for the general welfare of the body; and although some two or three years since he was compelled, from failing strength, to relinquish his share of the active duties, his heart was as warm as ever, and they cannot but feel that a heavy loss has been sustained by them, at the same time are thankful that for so long a time they were favoured with his valuable assistance. To his beloved widow, we, as a Church, unitedly implore our covenant God to soften the stroke by the gracious manifestations of His love and sustaining grace, enabling her to bow with submission to Him who doeth all things well."

Islington, November, 1879.

#### "TRAVELLING ROMEWARDS."

Thursday evening, Oct. 16, Mr. Edward Carr, minister of the Baptist chapel, Old Sleford, delivered a lecture at the Corn Exchange hall, entitled, "Travelling Rome-wards," or, "England's Danger." The chair was taken by Mr. George Weston, chemist, and on the platform supported by Mr. Renton, Wesleyan minister, and Mr. Hewett, Congregational minister, who offered up a

short and earnest prayer, and the meeting opened at 7.30 by the chairman, who made a few passing remarks on the intended lecture, and said that he had seen at Rome, and other continental towns he had visited, the sad effects of the Papal rule and authority, and hoped we should never see the same in England.

The lecturer handled his subject in a masterly manner, giving detail under the several heads, and showing how and by what means we, as a nation, were travelling and advancing in that direction. He gave statistics fifty years ago, and also at this date, to prove the growth of Romanism in this country. The lecture was listened very attentively to by an audience of nearly 500, who frequently applauded the speaker by the way; it took over two hours in delivery. A vote of thanks being proposed and seconded, and put to the meeting by the chairman, Mr. Renton closed the meeting with the benediction. The admission was free, and no collection, the expense being borne by the members and friends belonging to the chapel.

Last week, Mr. Duffield, Wesleyan superintendent, delivered a lecture in the Wesleyan chapel here, on "Popery; its Dogmas and Dangers," which was well dealt with, and listened to by between 500 and 600 persons.

The cause of these lectures being given is that the Romanists are trying to establish themselves in this town. A priest from Boston has been over on a Sunday afternoon for some weeks past, preaching, first in a barn, and then in an open field, lastly in the Exchange hall, and is advertised for Sunday next, the 19th, to preach a sermon on the Bible. These lectures have been given with a view to counteract the public opinion, which has been worked upon very much, and many say this is a free country, and all religious hodies can exercise their freedom, and the man—*i.e.*, the priest, has said nothing wrong, and if only let alone, would soon cease coming; but this is not likely when a few will only give a helping hand to encourage, this gives hopes of ultimate success. We, as Christians and Protestants, must stand up for liberty of conscience, and oppose all that is against the truth.

**BOROUGH GREEN.**—A harvest thanksgiving was celebrated on Oct. 28; W. Winters preached from "Is the seed yet in the barn?" Many friends in the large schoolroom partook of a refreshing tea. Mr. George Holland, the pastor, presided at evening meeting; Mr. Beacher prayed. Mr. Holland made suitable remarks on the providence of God in relation to the harvest, and gave encouraging words on the necessity of prayer and prayer-meetings. Mr. Milbourne, who has served the Church here in past days, spoke on Christ the "Corn of wheat," mentioned in John xii. 24. Mr. Wood uttered experimental words, and Mr. Beacher addressed the friends. Anthems were sung by the choir during the service.

W. WINTERS.

## HAYES TABERNACLE.

Harvest thanksgiving services were conducted with much propriety and pleasurable feelings in this beautiful sanctuary on Tuesday, Nov. 4, 1879. The sermon was preached by Mr. Henry Hall, the pastor of Ebenezer Baptist Church, Clapham. It was intently listened to by a goodly number of friends, who had come from London, Colnbrook, and other neighbouring Churches. The large school-hall was well filled with a host of cheerful guests, who much enjoyed one of those richly-furnished refreshing repasts for which the ladies at Hayes Tabernacle are so truly renowned.

We were all thankful to the Lord for having so far restored our Christian brother, Mr. John Wild, as to enable him to be present at these services. At evening meeting, H. Hutt, Esq., of Reading, presided. We have rarely met with a chairman so eloquent, so well qualified to interest, and to call forth the joyful affections of the people. Our genuine friend, Mr. Humphreyson, offered a fervent supplication and thanksgiving. The always-pleasant and esteemed "Salem expastor," Mr. James Griffith, of Hope, Bethnal-green, addressed the people, giving glory to God. Mr. Warren, of Colnbrook, brought up a large basket of varieties which pleased the children and amused the audience generally. Next to the chairman, we suppose Mr. Warren would be the star of the evening. He professed to see different to all the other speakers, but in what points he stopped not to tell us. He had been reading Bosworth's "Life of Dr. Johnson," also Charnock "On the Attributes," and other notable octavos, consequently he was well prepared to edify a large audience for any length of time. Mr. Warren has a ready, familiar, common sense method of talking. He is the opposite of Tupper's "INDIGNANT VIRTUE," who, on very select occasions, shows himself on platforms where and when the commoners are carefully excluded. Such embodiments of that "*poisonous worm*" named "PRIDE," which is "a double traitor," are of no real use in our Churches." Ah! "Deep is the sea, and deep is hell; hut pride mineth deeper." That such a miserable concomitant should fill the breast of a pastor of a select few is enough to freeze up one's blood into a congealed iceberg. "Pride!" saith the philosopher, "is a pestilent meteor flitting on the marshes of corruption." Lamentable! Oh, ye pretended pious priests, Churchmen or otherwise, hear the voice of wisdom when she crieth so bitterly, "Yea, from the palaces of heaven hath pride cast down her millions." What then? Why—

"Root up the mandrake from thy heart,  
Though it cost thee blood and groans,  
Or the cherished garden of thy graces  
Will fade and perish utterly."

Play not with pride, man! it may set itself on the throne of thy heart, and then it will be like the hail and fire mingled in Egypt, which will turn all thy beauty to dust and to death. Warren, of Colnbrook, wears no appearance of pride. If he had graduated at Oxford, Cambridge, and Eton, he would

have been qualified for a censor at a congress of the clergy, or an advocate at the bar. As a Strict Baptist pastor, spending his time in such quiet retreats as Cottenham and Colnbrook, his natural talents have not width enough; hence, on such brilliant occasions as the one referred to, no marvel this perfectly original keen discernor of things that differ comes flowing out like a fountain.

Hitherto, Hayes Tabernacle has been free from self-conceited orators. The pastor, Mr. R. C. Bardens, his deacons, and friends all manifest the holy Spirit of the Lord Jesus Himself; but if any faithful fellow should some day write "A History of the Baptists of the Nineteenth Century," one of his first chapters must be, "A Warning Never to Lift a Conceited Novice Up into the Pastor's Chair." Such unsanctified usurpers have wounded many a good heart, divided many a good cause, and ruined for a time many a Church. These are dismal facts! We expected to find at the Hayes Tabernacle, on Nov. 4, the beloved Samuel Ponsford; he was not well enough to appear. Mr. R. A. Lawrence was announced; we were sorry to hear he had met with some accident. That bold advocate for truth, Mr. Bennett, was to speak; he did not come. Neither of the brethren, H. Hall or R. C. Bardens, who were present on the platform, could deliver their addresses, as the meeting broke up soon after eight. It is, we think, unnecessary for the Hayes meetings to close so soon. Let them have a stern timekeeper, keeping every man to his time; let them hold their meetings from six until half-past eight, there would then be a great variety in the service. C. W. Banks gave a few words on the nature of thanksgiving, and we all sang "PRAISE GOD."

ONE WHO LOOKED AND  
LISTENED HARD.

NORWICH.—DEAR BROTHER,—Have you heard of Mr. Edgerton's resignation at Beccles? He is now removing to Gamlingay, Cambs. If you know of a brother likely to suit kindly send me name and address. Beccles is a fine opening, 160 members, good congregation, good Sabbath school, a chapel seating 800 people, only one cause in the town—this to a godly, experimental, and stayed minister would prove a blessing. When I see your many labours, I am quite at a loss to know how you stand it. The Lord stand by you. Believe me, dear brother, from my knowledge of God's people, you are beloved by them, not simply in tens, or hundreds, but thousands. Praise the Lord, I say, from all my heart, for His upholding, preserving, sanctifying grace so kindly granted you. Pastor Palmer flourishes and steadily increases in the work at Orford-hill. I heartily wish him success. I heard him well. I do pray the Lord to keep me humble at His feet, with the poet, "None of self; but all of Thee, O Christ." This I know is your burning ambition to exalt Him. Go on, my brother, and the Lord strengthen and bless you very abundantly is my earnest prayer.

THE BIRTH AND BLESSED LIFE OF  
THE CHURCH OF CHRIST  
IN AVENUE BAPTIST CHAPEL, GREAT  
COLLEGE STREET, CAMDEN TOWN.

A series of funeral services proved seasons of help in the above place, on Oct. 19 and 21, 1879. Discourses were given by the pastor and G. W. Shepherd. There was a very happy company to tea; and the pastor, Mr. W. H. Evans, conducted the public meeting in a respectful and devout spirit. Mr. Geo. Webb, now of Laxfield, pleaded for a blessing. Mr. Evans gave the opening address, shewing they had not made the house of God a place of merchandise; being helped by the Lord, and favoured to maintain the cause in peace and unity, the whole debt on the chapel had been gradually cleared off; and they assembled that evening to acknowledge the Divine goodness in enabling them to bury their old friend the money-weight which laid upon that place of worship. There were brief expositions given on the prophetic blessings which Moses pronounced upon Joseph, which brethren Meeres, Myerson, Masterson, and G. Webb worked out in a Gospel tone; and C. W. Banks said a little upon "the good-will of Him that dwelt in the bush." Then that valuable friend to the Avenue cause, Mr. Ireson, gave us a brief outline of the origin and progress of the Church in Great College-street, Camden-town. Mr. Frederick Spong, with true Christian courtesy, has furnished us with the following substance of Mr. Ireson's funeral oration, which reads as follows:—The Origin of Avenue chapel, Great College-street, Camden-town, N.W.

Upon Mr. Aldis leaving Beulah chapel, Somers-town, a few friends followed him, and took a room in Stanhope-street, Hampstead-road, but only for a short duration, as Mr. Aldis left to live in the country. However, the friends kept together, and removed to Little King-street, Camden-town, obtaining supplies as best they could; but, with all their efforts, it was uphill work, and the cause seemingly collapsing, one of the leaders, as requested, sought an interview with Mr. Thos. Higham, a member of Mount Zion chapel, Hill-street, Dorset-square, who, singular to state (unknown to any), was at the time much exercised upon the ministry. He, hearing with warm interest of the probability of a revival if he came to their help, ventured (by prayer and counsel) steadily to preach; and he did so with such marked success that the said place was soon too strait for them, many hearing so acceptably as to settle down, his geniality tending much to unite into solidity. Circumstances so cheering now enforced the little band, with subscriptions of about £100, to seek a site in the neighbourhood. They found the only one then obtainable to be that where Avenue chapel now stands, at a cost of £756, which was opened in 1861, by the late Mr. JAMES WELLS. To pass on; a mortgage was raised incurring £42 per annum, but removed by perseverance within the prescribed time, prosperity, both spiritually and financially, attending the Gospel ministrations of our

esteemed brother Higham. Some eight or nine years after, he voluntarily resigned his pastorate, much to the regret of many, on account of declining health and other matters. But Zion's Lord still honoured the cause with good supplies, so that the union of the Church and the sympathies of the congregation suffered no material change. Now was the time of much care and anxiety to the deacons, lasting four years; but through prayer (a pleasing reflection), our esteemed brother Evans—from repeatedly hearing him—was invited to accept the vacant pastorate; and, notwithstanding an unanimous call, ere he consented, a lengthy period elapsed to his recognition at Easter, 1874. Signs now followed proving what had been done was God's will. When the Church's attention was called to the building debt, and also to the repairs requiring to be done, augmenting liabilities to nearly £300, by a public meeting expressly convened arrangements were made, and a committee appointed as the executive. Subscription cards were adopted. With some kind donations, the following results ensued:—

1876, Dec. quarter, debt reduced to	£245
1877 " " " " "	136
1878 " " " " "	71
1879 Mar. " " " "	61
1879 June " " " "	46
1879 Sept. " " " "	35

which died of consumption Tuesday, Oct. 21, 8.45 p.m., regretted by none. Praise the Lord!

[How delighted would many of our Churches be if they could thus remove their burdens! The Avenue Church has certainly been one of the most consistent and also highly-favoured of any of our London Churches. Although it is not so extensive as some, it is peaceable and prosperous.—Ed.]

BOSTON.—Tuesday evening, Oct. 28, 1879, a lecture was delivered in Bethel chapel, Trinity-street, by Mr. John Bolton, the minister. Subject, "John Bunyan." Mr. Lill, our senior deacon, prayed, and then proposed that Mr. Councillor Allen should be invited to take the chair, which was heartily responded to. Mr. Allen accepted the call, and efficiently carried out the duties he had engaged to fulfil. He spoke of John Bunyan in the highest terms, as a man signally qualified for a great work which God had ordained for him to do, and said his name was a household word in this and other lands, the wide world over, wherever civilisation and Christianity had obtained. He then introduced the lecturer, Mr. Bolton, who had been previously announced to speak of Bunyan's life and works. Mr. Bolton then entertained a numerous audience with an intelligent account of one of the most remarkable lives on record. He gratified his hearers with a narration of facts and thrilling incidents bearing upon the dealings of God in connection with the wonderful career of the well-known tinker of Bedford. He spoke of Bunyan's humble parentage, his birth at the village of Elstow in 1628, also his death

in 1688, with a chain of circumstances between the two, wherein was recognised the leadings of a special Providence as well as the more powerful work of God the Holy Ghost upon his soul whereby the quickening Spirit exercised a Divine energy to deliver the blasphemous youth and sinful young man from a state of degradation, ruin, sin, and death to become the humble follower of the Lord. Here was set forth the means by which so great a change was effected. Mr. Bolton having spoken of Bunyan's call to the ministry, shewed the effect of his preaching in the success that attended it, and then subsequently spoke of his arrest, his incarceration in Bedford jail, where he used the pen that, under God, had blessed the world with books of the choicest kind, especially that extraordinary book the "Pilgrim's Progress," which has been admired by Christian people in every age and clime. Mr. Bolton dwelt upon the numerous editions and many languages in which that inimitable piece of allegory the "Pilgrim's Progress" had been printed, &c. The lecture was full of instruction and suggestive of the power of Divine grace, and in its delivery we were made aware of a fact little known before—viz., that John Bolton is a man of no ordinary gift; but a man calculated, by his lecturing, to become very useful. We were astonished and delighted, for although we have been long acquainted with him as a preacher, we never till now knew his capabilities as a lecturer. The chairman gave practical hints. Votes of thanks to the chairman and lecturer. A collection in aid of the chapel funds and the doxology closed a meeting which made every one feel better for what they had heard.—JOHN SHARPE.

**BARGOED.** — **DEAR BLESSED BROTHER,**—You will be glad to hear how we got on at anniversary at Bargoed. We were blessed with the presence of the dear Lord helping us through all the work; indeed it was a feast for our souls. God was honoured. J. Bedford is not a small man; no, he is a great man, a truthful man, a man that need not be ashamed, not a boaster; but a humble, pleasant gentleman in every sense of the word. He preached three times, and we had the lecture according to announcement. We had a good gathering at the tea, it just cleared the expenses. Our aim was to give open witness to God's Word and His grace. It did not produce benefit for the minister, yet the Lord took care for me. When I returned home, I found a letter from Mr. Wright, Manchester, with 10s. in it. Praise the Lord.—J. THOMAS. [We rejoice in this, and must see, if God will, that this suffering man is not left to perish.]

**PETERBOROUGH.** — **BAPTIST TABERNACLE.** Anniversary was Lord's-day, Oct. 26. Two sermons by Mr. I. Levinsohn to good congregations on Tuesday evening, the 28th. Mr. Willis, of Whittlesea, preached. There was power accompanying the Word. A tea on the Tuesday evening by which more than £6 was cleared.

### ONE OF OUR YORKSHIRE BRETHREN.

**DEAR MR. BANKS,**—I promised you a short account of my pilgrimage in this vale of tears. Knowing my inability to put it in a readable form, I leave that with you. [We think the original is better than any translation we might give.]

I was born in the village in which I live, and hope to end my days. My parents were poor; necessity compelled them to send us to work as soon as we were able to earn a shilling. I had not the advantage of any education but reading and spelling, and this chiefly in the Sunday school. My parents were members of the Methodist Society. I was sent when very young to the Sunday school, and remained there till I thought I was too large to be a scholar. Like others, I wanted more liberty to carry out the evil workings of my sinful heart, which was my state until I was twenty-one years of age. During this time I went occasionally to chapel to please my mother. One Sunday morning, in the month of August, in the year 1849, I went, at the request of a loving mother, to hear a brother-in-law preach. He took for his text the words recorded in Heb. ii. 3: "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" The Spirit of God brought the word with power to my heart. I went to the chapel that Sunday morning careless and unconcerned about my salvation. I came back a convicted sinner, burdened with a deep sense of my guilt and transgression. My convictions were very strong, but short.

On the Monday following, while praying for pardon, I was brought by faith to look on the LORD JESUS CHRIST. My burden rolled off my mind; my heart was free. I arose, went forth, and followed Him. After three months I was admitted as a member into the Methodist Society. During the nineteen years I remained among them I was a teacher and superintendent in the school. I was elected a class-leader and local preacher. As a Methodist I believed and taught their doctrines. I had a great antipathy to all Calvinists. I tried to attain to that state of holiness called sinless perfection, but I could not obtain it. We were taught that evil thoughts were not sin. I remember very well the time and place when this Scripture was brought with such power to my mind: "He that looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart." This overturned all my theory. I saw, by Divine light, an end of all perfection in the flesh. Having received this light, I dare not attempt to conceal it. By opposing the old theory of human perfection, I was examined by the preachers. I told them honestly of the change. They told me I might hold and maintain my faith privately, but I must not preach it; it would unsettle the minds of the people. I could not consent to that. I gave in my plan, and left them. Thus my connection with the Methodist body was severed.

Passing over many things which I have had to experience, I find the same spirit of

opposition among the Particular Baptists. Any minister who will not preach their pet theories is discarded. I have found in my travels a number of people who want high doctrine, low experience, man's inability to do anything that is good and acceptable to God, notwithstanding they have passed from death to life, and become new creatures in Christ Jesus. You must not exhort them to Christian duties. If a minister does, he is termed legal. It may be an infirmity of mine, but what I am favoured to enjoy I must speak. I say with David, "Come, all ye that fear God; I will declare what He has done for my soul." Being brought into the liberty of the Gospel, I could not refrain from exhorting the people to seek after those glorious privileges. In doing so I met with a deal of opposition, especially in our own Church. We have had two unhappy stirs among us. The first was because we invited Mr. Crowther to preach for us. Three of our members, and five preachers who supplied us, left. The other was on account of my practical preaching. I found out afterwards they had tried to sow discord in the Church privately. When it came to light, I challenged them to prove that I advanced anything unscriptural. They could only prove it was contrary to their theory. When they found out that they were in a minority, they left us. They have gone to an Independent chapel. If I was willing, I could a tale unfold. I forbear. One of the number that went with them had begun to preach, and continues to do so, among the *Standard* party. He has spoken several times where they went. They say he has become too practical. They say he is cracked—that means, he is not sound—that is, not sound in the faith. After all their denunciation of me I am no worse either in mind, body, or circumstances. It has had this effect, I have tried to read my Bible apart from either Arminian or Calvinistic theories: I find neither of them has all the truth. I have seen by Divine teaching that my standing and perfection is in Jesus Christ, my risen Saviour; and yet, while on earth, Jesus said, "He that hath My commandment, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me; by their fruits ye shall know them." May you and I be enabled to bear fruit to His honour and glory.

I am yours,

In the love of a free-grace Gospel,

W. BROOKSBANK.

[We believe this good brother's faith, experience, character, conscience, and conduct will bear the strictest investigation. The Shibbolethism of a party has long been working against us. Ignorance, prejudice, cruelty, bitterness, and jealousy, are destructive elements in any man, yet, during the last forty years, we have found they grow to a most alarming extent.—Ed.]

ESSEX.—Mark's Tey Strict Baptist chapel anniversary services were Sunday, Oct. 12; brother C. Cock, sen., of Mersea, occupied the pulpit. This little hill has been in existence, I believe, about twenty-five years,

brother French being its pastor from the commencement. The interior of the chapel has lately been thoroughly cleaned and renovated; it now presents a very comfortable appearance. The service commenced by pastor French giving out:

"Come, come, my soul, with boldness come  
Unto a throne of grace:  
There Jesus sits to answer prayer,  
And shows a smiling face."

After reading *Psa. xlvii.*, and leading us to a throne of grace, brother Cock took his text, *Prov. xix.*, "The fear of the Lord tendeth to life; and he that hath it shall abide satisfied: he shall not be visited with evil." The first clause of the verse formed the leading topic of his discourse, pointing out the new birth as being the beginning of life in the soul, the result of the secret working of God the Holy Spirit in the heart of a sinner. Being a farmer, he made some very encouraging remarks concerning the seed being sown some time before the blade appeared, much less the fruit, or the full corn in the ear; clearly showing that it is God's work, and not man's will, for 'tis He that worketh in us to will and to do of His good pleasure. In the afternoon the chapel was filled, a quantity of friends from a distance being present to cheer and help our brethren in the Lord. Afternoon text, *Rev. vii. 15.* Such was the cutting, yet cheering, exposition of the Word, that we felt, when the speaker closed His Book, the time had fled too fast. The service ended by singing, "A Physician, I learn, abides in this place," &c. Thank God for the privilege we had in meeting those dear friends! May the Lord bless and prosper both pastor and people in every grace of the Spirit. So prays one who was A VISITOR.

LOWER CLAPTON, CHATSWORTH ROAD.—Tuesday, Oct. 21, the twelfth anniversary of Mr. E. Langford's call to the ministry, and eighth of his settlement among the people with whom he now labours, was commemorated in his chapel. Mr. Langford presided at evening meeting, supported by a band of earnest, energetic, Evangelistic brethren. Mr. J. E. Elsey opened the meeting with prayer. Mr. Masterson was the first speaker, and struck the keynote, expatiating on the words, "He brought him to Jesus." Mr. Usher dwelt on the efficiency of the Holy Ghost. R. E. Sears shewed us the Prodigal Son and the best robe. Brother Griffiths, of Hope, was quite at home in "The Happiness and Security of a Believer." Mr. Briscoe brought the speeches to a close by an address from the words, "Go again seven times," advocating persistent zeal in Christian work and watching unto prayer. The pastor gave a brief review of the progress of the Church. He had immersed several, others were inquiring; the Sunday school was large, 190 in attendance; they had cause for thankfulness, and hope for the future. The choir, under the presidency of the brothers Francis and Driver, sung some anthems.—A. L. S.



## LIMEHOUSE.

PUBLIC AND PRESENTATION MEETINGS  
AT COVERDALE ROOMS.

Tuesday, Nov. 11, tenth anniversary of the cause, and first of F. C. Holden's pastorate, were celebrated by about 150 persons taking tea. Then a crowded meeting was presided over by the pastor, who stated the Church was steadily increasing. A spirit of unity, love, and liberality was conspicuously manifest. The poor were cared for; all current expenses had been met; the building fund was progressing.

On the previous Lord's-day evening, after the usual service, a testimonial consisting of a purse of £7 was presented to their beloved and esteemed brother Beckett on his retirement from the precentorship (after twenty-four years' service in that capacity at Cave Adullam and Coverdale rooms) through physical disability. An able and efficient successor in the person of Mr. Kemp has undertaken to fulfil the position vacated. Brother Beckett will continue to hold his place and position as a deacon of the Church.

The public meeting was addressed by brethren Griffith, Webb, Myerson, and Lawrence. Much sympathy was expressed with brethren Inward and Nugent, the cause of their absence being personal affliction and domestic bereavement. During the meeting Mr. James Lee, of Bow, promised he would give £10 toward our new chapel. This was a truly generous and spontaneous offer, as the meeting was not convened to increase our building fund.—“NOM DE PLUME.”

WHITTLESEA ROAD.—A meeting was held in Baptist chapel, Wednesday, Oct. 29, as harvest festival, and to extinguish a debt on the chapel. An unknown friend (one of those of whom the poet says, “Do good by stealth, but blush to find it known”) offered £20 if the remainder of the debt could be raised—the debt being £50. At the tea the chapel was full. At public meeting Mr. John Sturton was chairman. Mr. Forman, of March; Mr. Willis, of Whittlesea; and Messrs. Turner and Heath, of Peterborough, expounded and exhorted. After collection it was announced the whole debt was extinguished, to the great joy of the friends meeting there. The chapel is about midway between Whittlesea and March, only detached houses, the people poor, yet they have preaching every Lord's-day, and a school of more than one hundred children; the school is very ably managed. There is cause for gratitude.

LOWESTOFT, SUFFOLK.—Tonningstreet Strict Baptist chapel still echoes with the Gospel of the grace of God, as proclaimed by that devoted brother Mr. H. Knights. October 19 and 20 were thanksgiving days. The energetic William Gill, from the black country, zealously contended for a close adherence to the Word of God. That is essential in Suffolk, but in some parts of England it is not practically carried out. Good old brother Dent's memoir is yet to come forth, if the Lord will.

IPSWICH.—ZOAR. This cause, under the pastorate of brother Morling, steadily progresses. October 29 was harvest-thanksgiving. Mr. Cock preached a comprehensive sermon on Psalm cv. 1. Mr. Morling presided over public meeting; brother Last offered prayer. Mr. Morling confined his speech chiefly to the subject of praise and thanksgiving for providential mercies realised during the trying season of harvest. Mr. Leggett was good on God's creation and sovereign bestowment of good, both spiritual and temporal. Mr. W. Kern expressed his great pleasure on being present at the meeting. W. Winters spoke on the labours of the wheat harvest, and the harrowing and thrashing process necessary for spiritual and temporal results. S. K. Bland expatiated with sweetness and freedom on Jesus blessing the bread, and the extent of God's goodness as expressed in the telling words of the Psalmist, “The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof.” Mr. Houghton, a good old resident of Ipswich, dwelt on the glorious union of Christ and the Church. Mr. Cock gave pungent and practical remarks on the poverty of the farmers of the past and the grumbling common to those of the present day, which remarks appeared both instructive and pleasant to the meeting. The chapel was adorned with a variety of suitable Scriptural mottoes; evergreens, flowers, and fruits were on the wall.—W. WINTERS.

GLASGOW.—Baptist Churches are increasing. But a contemporary asketh, “Why are there so few Baptists? Many Baptist pastors shed little or no light on that subject. The writer preached a sermon on the subject of believers' baptism, a few years ago. An intelligent lady said at the close of the service, “I have been a member of this Church for many years, and yet I never heard a sermon on the subject of baptism here till to-day.” On mentioning this to a Baptist pastor, at a distance of a hundred miles from the place where the said sermon was preached, he said, “I never preached on the subject of baptism myself, and I have been here twenty-five years and more.”—[Are we ashamed of our name, office, and peculiar work? “Baptism,” or the immersion of believers, is a subject full of essential and of experimental meaning.—Ed.]

COLCHESTER.—St. John's-green second anniversary of re-opening was Oct. 19 and 20. Mr. G. Webb preached Christ; our hearts rejoiced. After tea on Monday, which was given by the ladies, Mr. W. Beach presided, manifesting his usual kindness as proof of his interest in the cause of truth. Addresses were given by Messrs. C. Cock, G. Webb, and W. Brown (the pastor). Collections, &c., amounted to £22 7s. Cost of re-building the chapel £525, towards which £400 has been raised. Within a day or two after the meeting a few friends subscribed £12 to re-build the frontage wall. We have cause to thank God and take courage amid the trials and stripes of the wilderness.

**SOUTH HACKNEY** — although an open and countrified district—is the scene of constant deaths. I was called late one Saturday evening to see a lady who was dying; a Mrs. North. She told me she was afraid she had left seeking a better country until it was too late. I explained to her God did not require time; the question was, Did she deeply feel the need of a Saviour who could perfectly and freely save her? She was full of fear. I saw her a day or two before she died. She told me of her father's death: he was a Baptist minister. He had fears before his death, but he died speaking of Christ. She was with her mother, who, from the time she was taken ill, until she left the world, never spoke one word. I asked Mrs. North if she feared death? She said, "I do." But she smiled in death, and appeared in peace. I prayed most earnestly for her, and I did feel a great desire thus to carry her to the Lord. Mr. Appleby, who had become a serious hearer of mine, has been rather suddenly removed by death; of him I wish to give some account.—C.W.B.

### Notes of the Month.

#### THE AUSTRALIAN WIDOW.

DEAR BROTHER C. W. BANKS.—Will you find room in VESSEL for letter I received from my afflicted sister in the Lord, the Australian widow, the particulars of whose affliction, decision, and triumph of faith I published in a tract some years ago. That being out of print, I have re-published it in my "Life in England and Australia." Her testimony in the enclosed letter is a confirmation of the truth of my statements respecting the Lord's wonderful dealings unto her. I am thankful to say I am much better, and hope to continue speaking of the glorious honour and majesty of Jehovah-Jesus, so far as health will permit. Wishing you all needed grace,

I remain, yours for Christ's sake,  
JOHN BUNYAN McCURE.  
1, Sydney-villa, Upper Tollington-  
park, Finsbury-park.

To Mr. John Bunyan McCure.

MY DEAREST FRIEND,—I am very sorry in not being able to write to you before. I have lost the use of my right hand and arm, and cannot even hold a pen to sign my name; but trusting in the Lord as the Disposer of all things for our good and eternal salvation hereafter. I shall never be able to express the gratitude I feel to you as the honoured instrument in leading me to the Saviour and fulfilling His commands, and to see the sin of self-righteousness. My baptism was indeed a glorious instance of the faithfulness and power of God in giving strength to a poor and afflicted creature while yielding the obedience of love to Jesus. I have read your little book called the "Australian Widow" with much pleasure; if any one doubts the truth of it, I am a living proof of its truth, and sincerely hope whoever may read it that it may prove a blessing to their souls and bring them to decision for Christ.

I cannot tell you how I miss your visits and prayers in my affliction. I am sorry to tell you that I am still suffering a great deal in my right side; but the doctors have made up their minds to have no more operations. I do need grace to wait patiently and humbly till it please God to take me home. Although we may not meet again on earth, we shall meet in heaven.

"Then come whatever may, I am secure;  
Thy love unchanged shall to the end endure;  
Faint though I am, Thine everlasting arm  
Shall shield Thy child from every breath of  
harm.  
'Fulness of joy' with all Thy ransom'd there,  
In Thy loved presence I shall ever share  
With them I'll sing the love that made us free,  
The grace that taught us we belonged to Thee."

Do remember me in your prayers, the poor afflicted one, and kindly remember me to all your dear ones.

From your afflicted sister in the Lord,

"THE AUSTRALIAN WIDOW."  
Sydney, Jan. 11, 1879.

THE LONDON ITINERANT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION.—The annual report of this Society shews it to be in full vigour, sending forth the brethren in all directions to preach the Gospel; also in planting new causes and in reviving the drooping. They have not laboured in vain.

HOW CHRIST AND HIS PEOPLE DWELL TOGETHER HERE.—MR. EDITOR.—Please give H. R. your thoughts on the undermentioned theory:—A poor little band have met together for thirty years, contending for the glorious things that accompany salvation. We have a good deacon to stand at the head, that would lose his life rather than the least error should creep in among us. But a person comes at times to speak to us, and he asserts we are God and man walking on this earth, just as our blessed Saviour did, no different, only that He was impeccable and we are peccable. I know that Jesus Christ is God-Man Mediator; but what say you to the above statement?—H. R.

ANSWER TO H. R.'S QUERY.—The theory that a Christian individually, or the Church of God collectively, are God and man walking on earth, is, in a certain sense, true. But to say they are the same as Jesus Christ (liability to sin only excepted) is misleading and unsound. God's people live in Christ, and by Christ, and on Christ, and with Christ. Christ also lives in them, identifies Himself with them, is the substance and power of their life, and calls them by His name. Their union with Him is spiritual, and His union with them is mystical and federal; and it may thus be said in all truth: He is in them and they are in Him. It may also be said imputatively: He is them and they are Him. It may likewise be said figuratively, that the union in Him of the Divine and human natures is expressive of His union with His people—He the Head, and they the members of His body. There is thus federal, spiritual, imputative, figurative oneness between Him and His people, as well as similarity. But to represent the similarity as literal by saying, "We are God and man walking on the earth, just the same as Christ did (peccability excepted)," is presumptuous and unwarranted, and shews a want of skill in comparing spiritual things with spiritual, being the adoption of a carnal inference to explain spiritual facts, as to which revelation is ample and clear.

### Deaths.

On October 24, 1879, at Hurst, near Reading Berks, Sarah Lambourn, who, for sixty-four years, had been a member of the Particular Baptist Churches at Goring-heath, Oxon, and Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey, aged 96 years. In full possession of all her faculties. Her last words were, "Praise Him! praise Him!"

Mr. John Badford, of Percy house, Hackney, died November 15, near 78.

Mrs. Burton, of Dunmow Baptist Church, recently departed this life in perfect peace.