

Theology on the Web.org.uk

Making Biblical Scholarship Accessible

This document was supplied for free educational purposes. Unless it is in the public domain, it may not be sold for profit or hosted on a webserver without the permission of the copyright holder.

If you find it of help to you and would like to support the ministry of Theology on the Web, please consider using the links below:



Buy me a coffee

<https://www.buymeacoffee.com/theology>



PATREON

<https://patreon.com/theologyontheweb>

[PayPal](https://paypal.me/robbradshaw)

<https://paypal.me/robbradshaw>

A table of contents for *The Earthen Vessel* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_earthen-vessel_01.php

THE
EARTHEN VESSEL

AND
CHRISTIAN RECORD

FOR
1884.

EDITED BY
CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

VOLUME XL.

LONDON:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
ROBERT BANKS, RACQUET COURT, FLEET STREET.

CONTENTS.

PAGE	PAGE		
About God's Ministers ...	308	Prayer, The Mystery of ...	229
A Few Days in the Manxland ...	39	Precious Jesus ...	77
A Lamb Carried into the Bosom of the Tender Shepherd ...	83	Recognition of Mr. Waite ...	236
A Word to Some in the Furnace ...	364	Righteous in Death, The ...	13
A True Conversion ...	372	Romish Press Reviewing the EAR- THEN VESSEL ...	325
And Take Away my Sins ...	261	Shall this Man be Lost? ...	146
A Singular, Keen-eyed Believer ...	331	Speaking as you Ought to Speak ...	76
Balm for the Church's Secret Sor- row ...	114	Spirited and Noble Letter from Mr. Daniel Allen ...	300
Bible, Study the ...	106	Soul's Warfare and its Victory, The 42, 107, 137, 180, 244	
Black Clouds and Bright Visions ...	214	Stringer, A Kind Note to Mr. ...	79
Brittain, Memorial of Mrs. Sarah... 51		Stringer, Ministerial History of Mr. 70	
Certain Effect of Hearing the Gospel Trumpet, The ...	176, 205	The Lord's Work of Grace Perfect in the Believer ...	369
Christian's Hope Abiding, The ...	138	The Whole Family in Heaven, 118, 144	
Davis, Memoir of the late Mr. C. C. 172, 241, 276		They want you at Home ...	117
Dexter, Mr., and Mr. Dawson, at Dacre-park ...	210	Well of Salvation, A ...	169
Discipleship ...	293	Where are True Disciples of the Saviour? ...	277
Ellington, Death of Mrs. ...	309	White Robes ...	79
Family Scattered, yet United ...	47	Wonder unto Many, A ...	232
Flack, The late Mrs. F. H., 201, 205, 233, 270, 327		CHURCH ARTICLES.	
Good Christian's Source of Peace and Pleasure ...	239	Accepted by Many ...	355
Have we Done all that we could for our own Heathen? ...	332	Administering the Lord's Supper... 379	
He must Increase ...	266	Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society ...	317
His Widow only Stood at his Grave 118		A Good Place for the Chastened Soul to be Found In ...	377
How can a Jew be Saved? ...	49	A Great Day for Claxton, Norfolk... 157	
How can Sinful Man Meet his Maker? ...	272, 304	A Happy Saint Passing Home ...	284
How he went through the Valley, 74, 109		A Honest Outburst of Love ...	282
Huntley, The Late Mr. William ...	367	Allen, Pastor Daniel, on Giving to the Poor ...	154
Immutable Jesus, The ...	371	Allen's, Pastor Daniel, Letter on Speldhurst-road ...	353
I would like to Hide away ...	45	Amicus, a Kind Note for ...	317
Jacob, The late Emma... 339, 339		A New Plantation ...	283
Knowing and Remembering ...	176	A Poor Old Man Near Eighty ...	130
Law of Love, and the War against it 335		At Anchor Laid ...	38
Length, Strength, and Decline of the Papacy ...	269	Baptizing at Cubberley ...	257
Life Among the Mountains ...	11	Bishop and His Palace Restored, The 315	
Lill, Death of Mr. Frederick ...	212	Book of Life, The ...	356
Long, a Deep, a Heavy Sigh, A ...	133	Bowtell's, Mr., Recognition Services 253, 285	
Love ...	5	Brand, The Late Mr. ...	324
Love Facing Her Foes ...	37	Brief History of Lower Tooting Bap- tist Cause ...	90
Love Speaking ...	37	Burying and Baptizing ...	256
Love's Persuasion ...	102	Chislett, Death of Mr. Joseph ...	62
Man of Kerith, The ...	175	Christmas, Death of Mr. ...	356
Mulliner, The late Mr. Edgar ...	341	Davidson, Recognition of Mr. ...	252
Music ...	141	Davis, Charles Chapel ...	130
Old Thatched Cottage, The ...	148	Do They Meet Beyond the River ...	99
One Family in Heaven ...	165	England's Gradual Procession Rome- ward ...	254
One Link in the Chain of Mystery 140		Eve, The Late Mr., of Balham ...	292
Our Ancient Grandson, and His Large Family ...	368	Fiery Darts, and How They are Quenched ...	98
Passing from Death unto Life ...	17		
Perfections of Divine Love, The ...	197		

	PAGE		PAGE
Fisher, Mr. William, The Late ...	156	Where we Arel What we Are Doing ...	323
Forty Years' Ministry in London ...	25	Where will My Soul be in Eternity? ...	347
Fuller, The Late Mr. W. ...	251	Who Can They Be?... ...	34
Grace Speaking ...	289	Winding up of Life, The ...	31
Good Works ...	97	Winters, W., in the Black Country ...	30
Hammond, In Memoriam of the		Winters, Notes by Mr. W. ...	254, 346
Late Thomas ...	260	Winters, Presentation to Mr. W. ...	318
Happy Times at Eltham, Kent ...	66		
Hatton, Death of Mr. ...	195	OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR	
Hill, Mr. Charles, at Greenwood ...	248	PEOPLE.	
Itinerating Brethren ...	377	Artillery-street, 317.	
Jews, The ...	29	Banbridge, 99; Bath, 66, 380; Barwater, 190;	
Joys and Sorrows of a Pastor's Life ...	222	Belton, 351; Bethnal-green, 363; Bilston, 194;	
Keep This a Secret ...	161	Blak-nham, 224, 347; Boro'-green, 226; Bow,	
Law of Love, The ...	99	94, 347; Bradford-St.-George, 221; Brighton, 56,	
Levinsohn, Mr. Isaac ...	61	354; Brixton, 28, 60, 163, 187; Bury-St.-Edmunds,	
Looking Upward ...	288	289; Bithorn, 124.	
Man Who Gave us The Book, The... ..	96	Canning-town, 227; Carlton, 33, 353; Carlton	
Mead, Presentation to Mr. John ...	215	Rode, 131, 289; Chatham, 31, 346, 375; Chatteris,	
Mead, Mr. John, Recognition of ...	150	348; Chelmsford, 97; Chesterfield, 160; Chiches-	
Meeres, Illness of Mr. ...	32	ter, 34; Chiddingfold, 60; City-road, 94, 125,	
Men That I Have Known 193, 319, 352		130, 269, 379; Clapham, 162, 227, 269; Clapham-	
Metropolitan Association ...	121	junction, 63; Clapton, 129; Clifton, 100; Cogges-	
Moxham, Settlement of Mr. ...	351	shall, 31, 383; Colchester, 61; College-park, 63;	
Mr. Moxham's Experience and Faith ...	381	Croydon, 90, 100.	
Mr. Andrew Ward ...	383	Dalston, 268; Dover, 320; Dunmow, 251;	
Mutual Brotherly Love ...	287	Dunstable, 155, 220, 224.	
Music and Happy Meetings in the		Eltham, 66.	
Black Country ...	155	Farnborough, 348; Farnham, 192; Forest of	
Mutual Love ...	255	Dean, 32.	
Osmond's, Mr. W., Letter ...	349	Gloucester, 33, 189, 226, 346; Gloucestershire,	
Our Churches on Notting-hill ...	378	293; Gravesend, 93, 346; Grays, 219, 286, 346;	
Our Despised Badge... ..	255	Guildford, 123.	
Our Fathers who are Gone Home,		Hackney, 128; Hadleigh, 96, 163, 227, 348;	
Our Young Men Springing Up ...	26	Hadlow, 192; Harwich, 93, 290; Hayes, 228;	
Our Ministers in Old Age ...	96	Hazelmere, 317; Highbury-vale, 91, 156; High	
Presentation to Mr. Thomas Steed... ..	375	Wycombe, 191, 350; Hill-street, 91; Hitchin,	
Progress of Our London Churches... ..	122	221; Holloway, 161; Horham, 291; Hornsey	
Really Deserving Poor, The ...	355	Rise, 191; Horsell Common, 224, 267; Hounslow,	
Recognition of Mr. John Bootle ...	89	222; Hoxton, 66, 153, 320; Hants, 382; Hull, 982.	
Saved at Last... ..	131	Ilford, 65; Ipswich, 162; Irthingboro', 126,	
School and the Church, The ...	65	325; Isle of Sheppy, 61; Isle of Thanet, 163;	
Sea-side Resting Place ...	251	Islington, 161.	
Six Sacred Services in One Day ...	59	Keddington, 290; Kentish Town, 354; Kirby	
Stacey, Memoir of the Late Mr. E... ..	259	Bellairs, 60; Knowl Hill, 354.	
Stringer Jubilee Fund ... 33, 87, 93		Leicester, 129; Leicester-square, 128; Lewis-	
Stringer, Mr. Thomas ...	64	ham, 191, 380; Limehouse, 32, 94, 350; Lisle-	
Stringer, Mr. T., at Speldhurst-road ...	350	street, 258; Little Alie street, 61, 129, 130; Little	
Suffolk and Norfolk Association ...	216	Stonham, 227, 323; Lowestoft, 192; Luton, 285;	
Suffolk Ploughman in Manchester, A ...	95	Lincolnshire, 380.	
Surrey Tabernacle: Annual Meeting ...	376	Maidstone, 131, 221, 383; Maldon, 59; Mount	
Surrey Tabernacle, Mr. Dolbey at... ..	57	Bures, 289.	
Then! Now! Onward! ...	291	Norbiton, 289; Norfolk, 318, 379; Northamp-	
The Ven. John Kershaw, John Sten-		tonshire, 316; Norwich, 283; Notting-hill, 122,	
son, and Others, at Pimlico ..	319	226, 317, 318, 378.	
The Pentecostal Gardens in London		Orpington, 63; Over, 318.	
and in the Provinces ...	380	Peckham, 218, 346; Pimlico, 129, 159, 220; 354;	
Pulpit, the Press, and the Pen, The		Plymouth, 62, 219; Poplar, 82, 127; Poulner, 160,	
21, 54, 85, 118, 148, 184, 245, 278,		268; Prestwood, 351.	
311, 343, 373		Ramsgate, 34; Rattlesden, 158; Raunds, 63;	
They all Forsook Him, and Flew ...	313	Reading, 67, 126, 249; Redburn, 284; Ripley, 226;	
To Wealthy Stockholders ...	161	Bowley Regis, 29.	
Verrall, The Late Mr. Charles ...	90	St. Neots, 130, 195, 220, 225, 289; Saffron Wal-	
Waite, Mr. W., Recognition of ..	188	den, 162; Sheffield, 123; Soho, 62, 190, 317, 375;	
		Southampton, 34, 65; South Hackney, 60, 288;	
		Staines, 34; Stamford, 195, 218; Stratford, 249,	
		250; Stonehouse, 219, 253; Stowmarket, 227,	
		Sudbourne, 64; Surrey, 262; Surrey Tabernacle,	
		32; Sutton, 122; Swausea, 92; Speldhurst-road,	
		333; Spalding, 383.	
		Tring, 346; Trowbridge, 353, 356; Tottenham,	
		249; Tuustall, 218; Two Waters, 89; 190.	
		United States, 98.	
		Waddesden-hill, 63; Wales, 35; Waltham-abbey,	
		94, 169, 347; Watworth, 160; Wandsworth, 126,	
		192, 281, 289; Watford, 258; Wattisham, 224;	
		Wellingtonbo', 281; West Brighton, 156; West	
		Ham, 223, 220; Whitechapel, 156; Whitestone,	
		221; Widcombe, 190; Willenhall, 221; Wiltshire,	
		249; Woolwich, 67, 99, 320;	
		Yately, 225, 316.	

THE EARTHEN VESSEL

AND

Christian Record.

Love!

THAT WHICH FILLS ALL HEAVEN WITH GLORY, AND EVERY SAVED SOUL WITH LIFE.

“Having loved His own, which were in the world; He loved them unto the end.”

“LOVE to Jesus Christ and His fixes the heart above;
Love gives everlasting bliss, but who can give us love?
To believe is the gift of God, well grounded hope He sends from heaven;
Love's the purchase of His blood, to all His children given.”

TO MY FRIENDS (and although an immense multitude of them are gone over the river, yet the bags and bundles, the boxes and drawers full of letters and papers would witness that the patrons of THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD have been, and yet are exceedingly numerous; and to all the yet living friends),—I say I know of no other truthful publication in existence anywhere that has been commenced and conducted by one single individual for forty years; for although I am only now on the threshold of the fortieth volume, with the title of the EARTHEN VESSEL, it should be understood that there were two previous volumes of the same character, entitled the *Silent Preacher*, published in 1842 and 1843, while the EARTHEN VESSEL was really began in 1844, so that the work has been in my heart, and in my hands, about forty-two years; and although a legion of publications have since that period sprung up, enough to drown me and my VESSEL too, yet may I not, shall I not, endeavour honestly to exclaim, “Great things for us the Lord hath done, in providence and grace?”

The EARTHEN VESSEL stands alone in its representation of the state of those communities I prefer to call “the New Testament Baptist Churches;” and, as far as men are concerned, I stand alone, yet have been, and am willing still to be, the servant of all good and truthful people, if thereby I can in any measure honour the Lord, and instrumentally promote His righteous cause.

Not the least of the services rendered by this monthly has been its *benevolent bestowment of temporal help to the Lord's poor*. For nearly thirty years it has been the means of communicating unto the necessities of the saints in their deepest distress; and this part of the work has so increased that a considerable portion of my time, and some part of my family, have been obliged to come unto my help. Not boastingly, but gratefully, I mention this feature, which I am sure only a patient, persevering, and charitable heart and hand could so work out as to cause many to rejoice. Much less do I mention this part of my work by way of begging. I leave the incoming of means entirely to the kind providence of God. In rearing the orphans of the late dear Wootton; in helping near thirty aged ministers, and a great number of God's widows, I have been so helped that I can only thank the Lord and take courage. The case of brother Thomas Stringer is now requiring attention. I have had the happiness of sending frequently to him, and still the prospect is cheering. The Lord grant that the Jubilee Meeting in the Surrey Tabernacle may be another evidence that our compassionate High Priest, our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ (I do so love that comprehensive title) is still on our side.

In this small introductory note, for the yet unknown Year of Our Lord, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Eighty-four, I do not wish to refer at any length to the gloomy outlook of the world at large. *Bad times* has been the cry of many, as far as I can recollect, during the last seventy years; and certainly afflictions, dissensions, and diversities of thought and opinion, touching what is, and what is not the Gospel, are as rife as ever. There is nothing in this world that has produced more controversy than has the revealed truth of heaven. Verily, it may be re-echoed, "Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness." We admit every branch of God's holy truth, as written under divine inspiration, is, and must be to every man from whose eyes the scales have not fallen, an incomprehensible mystery. The fearful warfare unceasingly waged against the Gospel of the grace of God, arises from men indirectly—unintentionally, it may be—attempting to usurp the office and work of the eternal Spirit of God. "No man can say that Jesus is the Lord but by the Holy Ghost." No man can take off the veil that is on the heart of every unregenerated child of the fallen Adam. But religion has become a lucrative profession; and natural men, who cannot comprehend the hidden wisdom of God will bring their own wisdom to bear upon the Word of God, and they will bend the letter of that Word to suit the tastes of unsanctified people; and they will bring the Almighty to the bar of their reason; they will annihilate all mystery in God's revelation; they will dethrone divine sovereignty; and they will cause that solemn accusation of the Lord still to stand true, when addressing such natural reasoners He saith, "Ye thought I was such an one as yourselves."

Greater pieces of intellectual power, of oratorical beauty, or of gentlemanly character, could not easily be found than is seen in the Birmingham, Nottingham, Westbourne Park, and other representatives of a mixed compound of truth and error; and what crowds of admirers! of followers! of supporters! Two hundred years ago there was one Osorius, a kind of father of these perverters of divine truth; and old John Fox, the author of the "Book of Martyrs," wrote a review of

Master Osorius's work on self-righteousness, wherein Fox, quoting from Scripture, defended and expounded the truth of a free and full justification of the believer, by faith in the righteousness of Jesus Christ; and this ancient antidote, he tells us, is for all the afflicted and troubled consciences of believers in Christ; for, saith John Fox, while the worldly church has its adorers, "Christ also hath His own miserable and afflicted elect in the world, and the *care of them* must not be neglected." No! that is just my mind; that is exactly my motive—that is the *little work* which, I hope, God Himself, in the bowels of His infinite compassion, hath assigned unto me. For the most part men—yea, gifted, great men—are now so hard, so bold, so high, so full, so self-satisfied, that a poor, bruised, trodden-down thing like myself, scarce dare to enter where they are. But CHRIST hath His afflicted sheep in the fold; they are often miserable and sorrowful enough in soul, in mind, in body, in circumstances; yea, altogether they are as the poor outcasts of the people. But oh! what depths of spiritual wisdom is found in many of them! And to be God's mouth to speak to them, to be God's hand to help them, to be God's messenger to cheer them, is one of the greatest pleasures of my life; and I envy no man, I covet no man's gift, greatness, nor glory; if I may but obey the injunction of the good Samaritan, practically and ministerially, "Go ye, and do likewise." then I jump for joy, and sing again, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

That Birmingham minister, in his work on the Epistle to the Ephesians, proves himself to be one who attempts to destroy the foundations; and the Psalmist asketh the question, "IF the foundations be destroyed, what can the righteous *do*?" He means the regenerated righteous, who have no hope but in the purpose, promise, perfect work, and saving power of the eternal THREE-ONE JEHOVAH. Where can they build a hope for glory, if the foundations God has laid be destroyed?

C. H. Spurgeon, in his *Sword and Trowel*, quotes the author referred to, because he perverts predestination, substitution, and imputation, and if these three cardinal Gospel doctrines are mistaken by us, and if they do not mean what the Word of God so clearly declares they do mean, we are all at sea: God is not an immutable sovereign; Christ is not a *complete* Saviour; and the Holy Ghost is not an omnipotent power in the salvation of God's elect. Quoting Dale, C. H. S. says:—

"Imputation, either of the sins of men to Christ, or of His righteousness to them, is emphatically disowned, and declared to be an intolerable fiction."

Bold language that, Mr. Dale; when the Scriptures are so positive and plain. C. H. S. says:—

"The justice of imputation on the part of God ought not to be questioned by man, while the grace of imputation is its chief glory. *The predestination of all men* to an ideal righteousness in Christ, which is obtained by some only, and the attainment of that righteousness by submitting to its ideal manifestation in the person of Christ, is surely not less fictitious than the so-called intolerable fiction of imputation."

I might fill a volume with quotations from great writers and preachers who would overthrow the grand old Gospel, and leave it like a building thrown into ruins by the mighty tempest and hurricanes of the

wicked one. But as a warning to all young seekers after the *right way*, I set up this declaration of error.

THE ROOT OF ALL TRUE RELIGION

lays deep in divine relationship; the outcome of that relationship is the mediatorial personal work of the Son of God, and the effectual revelation of it is by the sovereign, saving, perfecting grace of the Holy Ghost. Our great original Preacher and Teacher, Jesus Christ, went up to the Fountain-head of Zion's salvation when He proclaimed, "My Father is the Husbandman." In that fifteenth of John, every believer, by the teaching of the SPIRIT, may trace out the evidences and fruits of His own interest in Christ. I stay not to further notice them here.

In this lower world there are cords which bind people together for a time. Husband and wife, parents and children, brothers and sisters, friend to friend; cords, and ropes, and strings were useful in binding up the different parts of the tabernacle in Moses' day. Our Churches, our families, our fortunes, our friendships, are holden together by the cords of affection and charity; but death, and a thousand things come in and snap those cords asunder, and down goes the relationship, the friendship, and the partnerships of men.

My reader, the so-called doctrine of annihilation is enforced by the idea that a God of infinite mercy, love, and compassion, cannot keep souls in hell for ever. I do not know in everything what God can or cannot do; but I know both Peter and Jude speak awfully solemn and certain on this matter. Peter says: "If God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell, and delivered them into

"CHAINS OF DARKNESS,

"to be reserved unto judgment; how shall He spare the wicked, who shall be sent away into everlasting darkness?" And Jude, even stronger than Peter, saith, "The angels, which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, He hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day!" Oh! to be in chains, under darkness, reserved unto judgment! What must that be? Surely, thousands who sing so merrily, who preach so boldly, who laugh and talk so jocosely, surely they have never known what an exceedingly bitter thing it is to sin against God; nor what it is to be lost! to be under the curse of the law, nor near to perdition! There is a dark, black background to the Gospel, and those only can appreciate the Gospel of God, the Gospel of Christ, the Gospel of salvation, the Gospel that here makes known to the called election of grace their interest in the loving covenant of God, who have had the sentence of death in themselves; who experimentally have known, and do know, the meaning of our oft-repeated stanza—

"Buried in sorrows, and in sins,
At hell's dark door we lay!"

And lay there for years, trying to be reconciled to be lost, feeling it was our only desert.

"But we arose, by grace divine,
To see a nobler day."

There is no such common word, no such time-sentence as *relationship* in the Bible. The golden chain of ETERNAL UNION is the LOVE and LIFE-POWER which binds the chosen family of God to CHRIST from all

and to all ETERNITY. "Of God, are ye in Christ Jesus?" Verily, when the Son of God was praying so audibly, so earnestly, so graciously, unto His Father for His people, He would only speak the truth! Has the Arminian creed, man's free-will theology, one inch of ground to stand upon in the seventeenth chapter of John? Is not the Saviour's first argument, the original dwelling-place of His people in the heart of His heavenly Father, when He says, "Thine *they were*, and Thou gavest them Me; and they have kept My word"? And the Holy Ghost, by Paul to the Galatians, shows Hannah Dutton was quite correct when she says—

"The Spirit keeps election in His eye,
And knows exactly for whom Christ did die."

For the inspired apostle, writing to the Galatians, clearly shows that all who are saved, are, first, "sons of God;" then, secondly, they receive "the adoption of sons;" and unto them the Holy Ghost cometh in a secret and saving manner, "BECAUSE"—there is the origin—"because ye are sons, God has sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, "Abba, Father." If the Spirit of Christ dwell in you, it will claim for you a divine relationship; it will call upon God, not only as your God, but as your FATHER. It will cry out, as Thomas did, when Christ shewed him His side pierced for sin, "*My Lord and my God!*" Ah! grace, the saving grace of God, is no mere child's play; it is not a thing left partially with the creature; it comprehends the Church's entire salvation; and the true believer sings—

"Grace first inscribed my name
In God's eternal Book;
'Twas grace which gave me to the Lamb,
Who all my sorrows took."

There is the Gospel, say what you will; and, like the great Indian reformer, who has recently passed over into eternity, who said of the "*Vedas*," the book of his religion: and he took his stand on the "*Vedas*." Whatever was not to be found in the "*Vedas*" he declared to be false or useless. Whatever was found in the "*Vedas*" was to him beyond the reach of controversy. Like all the ancient theologians of India, he looked upon the "*Vedas*" as divine revelation. Well, so do I look on the Bible. I care for none of your new schools, nor free thought, nor modern theology. Christ called me, His word has been true in me for more than fifty years; and by that I stand or fall.

I wish, if spared, to show the union, the saving call, and the work of the Spirit; but I have exceeded my limits. I conclude with Martin Luther's explanation of the coat of arms, called his seal. *The Oracle* says:—

"I am given to understand that Luther's coat of arms was circular, with a white rose in the centre, on which was a heart with a black cross upon it. The whole was surrounded with a gold ring, with the words, *In patientia salvilas*.

"The following is Luther's own account of this escutcheon, as given in a letter to his friend, Herr Spengler, Town Clerk of Nuremberg:—

"Honourable Sir, and respected friend, grace and peace in Christ,—As you desire to know whether my seal is correct, I give you my thoughts as to what I intend to be engraven upon my seal, as expressive of my

theology. The first thing was to be a cross, black, within the heart, having this its natural colour, to put me in mind that faith in Christ crucified saves us. "For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness." Now, although the cross is black, mortified, and intended to cause pain, yet it does not change the colour of the heart, does not destroy nature—*i.e.*, does not kill, but keeps alive. For "the just shall live by faith,"—by faith in the Saviour. But this heart is fixed upon the centre of a white rose, to show that faith causes joy, and consolation and peace, not as the world gives faith and joy. For this reason the rose is white, not red, because white is the ideal colour of all angels and blessed spirits. This rose, moreover, is fixed in a sky-coloured ground, to denote that such joy of faith in the spirit is but an earnest and beginning of heavenly joy to come, as anticipated and held by hope, though not yet revealed. And around this ground-base is a golden ring, to signify that such bliss in heaven is endless, and more precious than all joys and treasures, since gold is the best and most precious metal. Christ, our dear Lord, He will give Spirit unto eternal life. Amen.'

"The translation of the German is—

"The Christian's heart on roses lies
When at the Cross it moans and sighs."

Reluctantly I say, for the present, farewell. It would be mockery in me to wish you "A Happy New Year!" There is no true happiness but in the love of God, the love of Christ, the love of the Spirit, the love of grace uniting our souls unto the truth, and the love of heaven drawing us upward, which is love calling us to glory. I have much to tell you if life and strength be given to

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, Dec., 1883.

MARTIN LUTHER AND DANIEL ALLEN.

IN Sydney, Pastor Daniel Allen's pen and preaching, and the printing-press, have been all busy in celebrating the fourth centenary of the German Reformer. Here is a cut off from the sheet of hymns which the Sydney descendant of Luther, in some degree, has produced:—

"GREAT God, what do I see and hear,
The end of things created;
The Judge of mankind doth appear,
On clouds of glory seated.
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him."—M. L.

The Gospel banners in His death—
See how the good man waves them;
His wife and child with dying breath
Gives up to God who gave them.
The widow's Judge, the orphan's Friend,
My wife and child to thee commend;
Lord Jesus, bless and save them."

Then resting on the Lord alone,
Dear friends were by Him seated;
The blood of Christ his sins atone,
And all his foes defeated.
"Dark Rome must die, and Christ shall live,
God's truth shall send, more teachers give,
When I'm in glory greeted."

And now his soul is passed away,
To dwell, O Lord, before Thee;
He's gone to dwell in realms of day,
To sing the heavenly story.
He sleeps in Christ till He shall come
And raise his flesh, and take it home,
To see His face in glory.

O that the nations now might hear
His words again resounding:
Hear the great name of God, and fear,
'Tis Satan all confounding.
Let men be blest, let Christ be all,
Let truth arise, and Rome must fall
By grace so much abounding.

LIFE AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away, turn, my Beloved, and be Thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."—Song i. 17.

THIS sacred song is Solomon's. It opens with its title, *The Song of Songs*, which bespeaks its high eminence as a divine composition. Many other spiritual songs there are, which have charmed believing hearts in every age, but this delightful "Song of Songs" is pre-eminent over them all. Its supremacy in the realm of song is owing to the Divine dignity of its subject—the glory and love of Christ and His Church—and to the extreme beauty and richness of its style. Its language is eminently pictorial: the song is full of pictures. Pictures of Christ as revealed in the glory of His perfections, and of the Bride in her beauty and blessedness as associated with Him. Pictures of royalty in the splendour of its magnificent state. Pictures of pastoral life, with its flocks and herds, and its many interesting details. Pictures of the seasons, of birds and beasts, of trees and flowers, and of smiling nature in her loveliest scenes; and pictures of spiritual *experience*, of which a striking one appears in the text under notice. It is a deeper shaded picture than some others, and shews the Church of God—or the individual believer—at a time of felt darkness and desertion, in circumstances of great difficulty, anxiously waiting for the light, and looking for the return of the Beloved, but with "the mountains of Bether" standing in the way.

Such has often been the situation of God's Church, or of His children and servants in their individual experience. It was so of Jacob at Bethel, it was so of Israel in Egypt, also in the Babylonian captivity, and at other periods of their history. It was so of those who looked for redemption, when the expected time drew nigh for the Redeemer to appear on the earth. It was so during the long night of distress that lay on the Christian Church under the fury of Roman persecution. It was so—time after time—through the longer night of the dark ages under Popish dominion, until the day of deliverance and of Gospel light broke forth in the Great Reformation. But since then, and in recent times, dark trouble has gathered here and there over God's Church for truth's sake, when the picture shown in our text has been realised in experience, and valiant men, and women too, have stood their ground for it amid mountains of opposition, and armed themselves in its defence "because of fear in the night."

What is here pictured as the experience of the Church, or of any part of it, is equally true of individual believers. There is an alternation of night and day in Christian experience, much as in outward nature. The morning cometh, and also the night. The dark stormy time of adversity, of trouble, and of temptation, deepening into the gloom of wintry experiences, is, for wise ends, set over against the pleasanter season of prosperity and delight. And when it has come in full power, and the night is dark and long, and the storm loud, a Paul may yet keep up heart and courage in the midst of it all, and "wish for the day," knowing that it will pass away in due time. But not so the inexperienced Christian, to whom it is new, and strange, and something fearfully threatening and incomprehensible. He has not passed this way heretofore, and fears that it cannot be the right one, but that all is wrong with him. To him it is the valley of Achor with

no appearance of a door of hope to escape by, and he loses his way among the dark mountains, like a lost sheep in a desert land. To be alone in tribulation, solitary in the wilderness, unsought, and feeling uncared for, is a sad case indeed to be in. Can any condition be worse? asks the tried soul. Yes, a thousand times worse, at least in reality, if not to the apprehension of fear and feeling. Have you never seen the ground of your present experience in the map of God's Word, marked out as lying in the way to glory? Have you never heard it preached about, and its circumstances described? How often have you sung about it thus—

“O'er the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look, my soul, be still, and gaze.”

But *now* it is your *own* experience, which makes it *real* to you as it was not before, and will make religion more than ever a reality to you in the future. Even now its power upon you for good, the chief good, has a more clearly marked effect in your experience than you commonly felt when your freedom from trouble let you take your fill of happiness in ordinary comforts, while insensible of the absence of the Beloved. Now *He* is felt to be the supreme object of your desire, the Beloved of your soul, and your heart's desires turn full and direct towards Him. To be brought to *that* in real soul-feeling is a great matter. It shows sincerity, and inspires confidence. With the felt evidence of that made clear to your mind, your conscience also bearing witness, you can sing His praise even in the night season of your deepest woe, without your heart smiting you for singing—

“Thou whom my soul admires above
All earthly joy and earthly love.”

And hence the prayer, “Turn, my Beloved, and be thou like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.” So the Lord turned and looked upon Peter, in that darkest night of bitter distress and humiliations, amid mountains of deadly evil all round about.

Bether means separation. The mountains of Bether are mountains of separation between the Lord and His people. What mountains He came over to save them! What mountains they have come to and seen in the way of their pilgrimage! How earnestly have they cried to the Lord to appear and to remove them! “Oh that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, and come down, that the mountains might flow down at Thy presence.” O those mountains of separation, so many, so great, so far-reaching, and so often seen standing in the way. Mountains of sin, mountains of unbelief, mountains of temptation, mountains of trials, mountains of opposition, mountains of difficulty, mountains of trouble, mountains of danger, mountains of cloud in dark providences, and mountains of fear.

One who had travelled much among them said, “Out of them all the Lord delivered me.” And so has the Lord often delivered others, as He has promised to do, when any are set fast. “Who is this that cometh from Edom?” that rugged region and stronghold of the enemy. It is the Lord, mighty to save, travelling in the greatness of His strength for the help of His people. So, in the midnight gloom, He came to the help of His disciples in a storm at sea, when they were toiling among the mountain billows, and a furious wind fell against them. They were alarmed at His appearance on the high tossing

waves, supposing it to be a spirit, the spirit of the storm, but He cheered them up, saying, "It is I, be not afraid;" and as soon as He was with them in the ship, there was an end of their fears. Whether His loved ones are among the mountains by sea or by land, it is all one to Him. He rideth upon the heavens for their help, and in His excellency on the sky. And then, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him!" What power and blessing attend His footsteps! What grand results follow His appearing. Hear what Deborah says in her song: "The mountains melted from before the Lord, even that Sinai from before the Lord God of Israel." It is promised that "every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed." And to show that He means what He says about removing mountains in His people's *experience*, by the operations of His grace and providence, He sometimes does the like in nature, *literally*, on a grand scale, causing mighty mountains to sink, and to disappear as though they had not been. Isaiah says, "that the nations may tremble at Thy presence."

But when, in answer to His people's cries, He comes over these mountains of Bethel, and they give way before Him, or melt under His feet and depart away, it is to make a way for the ransomed to pass along by, rejoicing in their great Deliverer. Such experiences greatly endear Him to their souls, and strengthen their faith in His love and power; and every fresh repetition of them deepens in their hearts the feelings so well expressed in the hymn:

"Oh, what shall we do,
Our Saviour to praise!
So faithful and true,
So plenteous in grace:
So strong to deliver,
So good to redeem,
The weakest believer
That hangs upon Him."

Dear tried soul, benighted and fearful among the mountains of Bethel, whoever you may be, listen to what David says: "The Lord hear *thee* in the day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend thee." And, further, hear what is said by David's Lord and yours: "For a small moment have I forsaken thee, but with great mercies will I gather thee. . . . For the mountains shall depart, and the hills be removed; but My kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of My peace be removed, saith the Lord *that hath mercy on thee.*"

T. G.

Felmersham.

THE RIGHTEOUS IN DEATH.

Sketch of a Funeral Sermon preached on Lord's-day, December 2nd, 1833,

BY BENJAMIN TAYLOR,

Minister of the Gospel, Pulham-St.-Mary, Norfolk.

"Let me die the death of the righteous."—Num. xxiii. 10.

THESSE are the words of Balaam, a noted man for his knowledge. We are told "his eyes were opened, he heard the words of God, and saw the vision of the Almighty." Mind, his eyes were opened;

not his spiritual eyes, for spiritual eyes he had none. He heard the words of God, but he had no heart to receive them and do them. He saw the vision of the Almighty when he saw the angel of God; but it was not a vision in his favour, for the angel appeared against him with a drawn sword; and when Balaam's eyes were opened to see the angel, he said, "I have sinned; for I knew not that thou stoodst in the way against me." Mark the words, "*I have sinned.*" Yet, with all his light and knowledge, he went on to sin and provoked God, being destitute of the love of God, and of the filial fear of God. Dr. Watts has exactly described "Balaam's character:"

" Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear;
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there."

Rest assured, my friends, you are no more prepared for death and eternity than Balaam was, if your knowledge of divine things is as destitute of love and godly feeling as his was.

There is a passage that says, "*Prepare to meet thy God.*" Why *thy God*? Because, like the ancient Jews, you call God your Father. But, what if you should by your works deny Him? What, if by your works you should prove Satan to be your father? Ah! then you are by no means prepared to meet your God; because He is your God in your mouth only, and not in your heart. Those who are prepared to meet their God have righteousness in their hearts, and with their mouths confession is made unto salvation. I think all we who make a profession of religion are put to the test with these solemn words, "Prepare to meet thy God." Are you prepared with gold to meet Him? "When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold." Are you prepared with silver to meet Him? "He shall sit as a refiner and purifier of silver, and shall purify the sons of Levi, and purge them as gold and silver." Bunyan's Ignorance was called upon for his preparation for heaven, as he pretended to be bound for that place; but he fumbled in his bosom for the certificate asked for, and found it not. He was then conveyed from Heaven's gate to the gate of hell. Let us now briefly consider our text in three particulars:—

Firstly.—We shall speak of the righteous. Secondly.—Of the death of the righteous. Thirdly.—Of the wish or desire here expressed.

I.—We shall speak of the righteous. There are two kinds of righteous persons spoken of in God's Word: first, those that make themselves righteous; secondly, those who are made righteous by God. First, those who make themselves righteous—not that they really are so, or make themselves so, but they think they are. Says our Lord, "Ye are they which justify yourselves," &c. (Luke xvi. 15, also Rom. x. 3). "Being ignorant of God's righteousness, and going about to establish their own righteousness, they have not submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God." In the prophet Ezekiel (chap. xxxiii. 12), you have a man's own righteousness spoken of; and you read, "*It shall not deliver him;*" it is no preparation to meet God. Look at Prov. xxx. 12, "There is a generation pure in their own eyes," &c. A man may be so far outwardly righteous that you can find no fault with him; he may be something like the young ruler, whom Christ loved for his morality—that is, He loved him as man, as far as his morality went; but

one evil seed in his heart spoil all, and that was his covetousness. *But, secondly, there are those whom God makes righteous.* By nature, God's people are all unrighteous; sin has made them so, grace only can make them righteous. How is this done? Why, God the Father takes the righteousness of His Son, and puts it upon the sinner, and this makes him righteous (Luke xv. 22, "Bring forth the best robe," &c.). When a man is thus made righteous he will bring forth the fruits of righteousness; first of all, the tree must be made good, and then his fruit will be good. But how is the tree made good? Can you make a tree? The Arminian tells you you can make one, but God only makes and plants a good one; this is proved by what Jesus says in John iii. 3, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." The fact is, we could never have been made righteous if for us Christ had not been made sin; our sins are transferred to Christ, and His righteousness is transferred to us. It is called in the Holy Scriptures imputed righteousness. Look at Psa. xxxii. 2, "Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity," &c. Now look at Rom. iv. 6, "God imputeth righteousness without works."

II.—Let us now speak of *the death of the righteous.* Where there is a righteous life there will be a righteous death. Those who live a wicked life die a wicked death, their end being, "the wicked shall be turned into hell, and all the nations that forget God." Yes, all those who live a life of sin and rebellion against God; and especially such as sin against light and knowledge, as Balaam did. But what is a righteous man in his death? What is he at his end? Look at Psa. xxxvii. 37, "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace." It is well to consider here what this kind of man is in God's sight, as well as what he is in our sight; therefore, look at Psa. cxvi. 15: "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints." The death of the righteous, so to speak, is Christ's death; for His death was the secret of the death of every saint. If Christ died for us, we died for Him, and in Him, according to Rev. xiv. 13; and "He died for all, that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them and rose again." None but the righteous have a well founded hope in their death; and they only shall be able to say with good Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," &c.

Here permit me to say a word or two about our departed sister, Mrs. Jane Pollard, who departed this life, Nov. 22nd, 1883, aged 78 years. The apostle says, "As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Our friend not only died in the first Adam, but she was made alive in the second Adam, and also died in Him, as it says, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." God, who is rich in mercy, loved her with a great love, even when she was dead in sins; and at His own appointed time quickened her with Christ. This He did according to the riches of His grace; and He that quickened her soul will also quicken her mortal body in the resurrection at the last day, when she shall, body and soul re-uniting, sit with all the redeemed in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. The Apostle speaks of being *baptized for the dead*, and of *dying daily*. This was true of our sister; she was baptized for one of the Lord's dead ones, and she also died daily,

feeling a deadness to the world, and to herself; nothing pleasing her so much as to hear the Saviour exalted and the sinner abased. In a word, she was,—

“——Little and unknown,
Loved and prized of God alone.”

When I say this, I mean she did not keep much company, either at home, or in the house of others, chiefly going from her own house to the House of God, and saying,—

“Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God my Saviour reigns.”

Like the virtuous woman spoken of by Solomon, “she kept at home, looking well to the ways of her household, and did not eat the bread of idleness.” She was a *living epistle, known and read of all men*, and could sweetly enter into Paul’s questions and answers, when he says, “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 which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ.” In her long Christian life she preached for herself a better funeral sermon than I could preach for her. We baptized and received our sister into the Church, July 25th, 1844, having stood a honourable member with us 39 years.

Our other departed friend, Mr. Cyrus Leftley, whom we buried on the 21st of this month, was baptized with his wife, and received into the Church, August the 2nd, 1854; and departed this life, Nov. 18th, 1883, aged 73 years, after being a member with us for 29 years. His end was peace. He had a blessed vision of Christ and angels just before he died, and begged the Lord to come and snap the brittle thread of life asunder, and take him home. The Lord is calling home all my dear old friends. The good substantial props that are taken away are greatly missed; but we are comforted with the thought that where they are we shall shortly be.

III.—Let us in the last place look at the wish or desire here expressed: “Let me die the death of the righteous.” There are lots of people who would like to die a righteous man’s death; but they have no true heart, sincere wish or desire, to live a righteous man’s life. As touching this, Balaam certainly was one of Solomon’s sluggards: he knew a great deal of the knowledge of God, which is a rich and heavenly treasure; but he was not wise to “*labour for the meal that endureth unto everlasting life.*” The wisdom of the ant is better than the knowledge of Balaam; and “a living dog is better than a dead lion.” All those who know and do not are sent to the ant to learn what wisdom is. “Go to the ant, thou sluggard,” &c. (Prov. vi. 6). The sluggard is said to sleep: he is not without desire, however, for Balaam like, he has a wish which sounds like real religion; but it is nothing more than sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. Let him express his wish ever so well, he shall have nothing. But why not? Surely the desire is something good! The desire of a slothful man is something very different from the desire of a diligent man. Solomon says of the sluggard, “He will not plow by reason of cold; and, therefore, he shall beg in harvest, and earn nothing.” Balaam had a wish to be happy at last; but he had no desire after the Messiah, the Christ of God. He saw no more in

Christ for himself than did the Jews, who found no beauty or comeliness in Him, that they should desire Him. He could never say with the Psalmist, concerning the Messiah, "What have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee." The Pliables and By-ends like a smooth path, while the sun shines, but no facing of storms and tempests. Many like a smooth and easy path to heaven and no lions in the way; if otherwise, they turn back. They like a religion of ease, and self-indulgence; but no trials and troubles, no thorns or briars in the way. Many have a wish and a desire for heaven without any ordinances or Church fellowship with the saints. They would fain die well, but they wish, at the same time, to fulfil the lusts of the flesh. The Lord grant that our desire may be good, our life consistent, and our death blooming with the peaceful joys of immortality. Amen.

PASSING FROM DEATH INTO LIFE.

A FAITHFUL RECORD OF HIS OWN DAUGHTER'S EXPERIENCE, BY
ISAIAH SMITH, PASTOR OF GREAT YELDHAM BAPTIST CHURCH.

"Publish ye, Praise ye, and say, O Lord, Save Thy People!"

[Our brother in the faith and fellowship of the Gospel, Mr. Isaiah Smith, the pastor of the Great Yeldham Baptist Church, near Halstead, in Essex, has been the eye and ear witness of some of the trials of the Lord's children, in his own family and in others; and he has committed to our care a rather extensive amount of correspondence, from which we hope, in this and in future numbers, to select the most interesting and valuable sections. The motive actuating both our brother Isaiah Smith and ourself, is to shew forth for the good of souls the merciful and marvellous work of the blessed Spirit.—C. W. B.]

ISAIAH SMITH, TO MR. C. W. BANKS,

MY DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—You must have thought me idle in not forwarding you the account I named to you respecting my dear daughter, but it has been my lot and portion to be almost on the constant go and do. I, however, now send it with the earnest prayer that it may be made a means of good to many dear souls. This was the desire of the departed, at whose request I have written it out, and sent it; and it is in your hands to do as you think best. You will see the account begins by a letter from me to her, dated Dec. 7th, 1881. I have also sent some letters of hers (to the Misses B—, of whom I wrote to you about, and that appeared in the E. V.), with them some of Miss B's.: if you think fit, you can make use of them. Now, dear brother, I hope you are being blessed, I have no doubt you always will be, in time and in eternity. May it be yours to trust until you fully triumph.

With our united love to you and all of you,

Yours as ever,

I. S.

Great Yeldham, *viâ* Halstead, Essex.

FIRST LETTER I SENT TO MY DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR MIRIAM,—Am I right? my mind is deeply impressed that you are in distress about your state as a sinner before God. Now, my dear child, don't try to hide the thing from me: if it is so, do tell me the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, as in the sight of God. Pray do let me have a line or two, as I get no rest; waking or sleeping you are on my mind. If I am deceived I am deceived. Indeed, you cannot tell me more than what I myself have felt, when my sins like mountains arose; the law of God condemned me, and justice frowned, and with his sword unsheathed approached me, while hell was full in view. With eyes uplifted I cried, "O God, have mercy on my soul." Awaiting your reply, with our united love to you.

From your affectionate father,

ISAIAH SMITH.

P.S.—Sit down at once and write, so that no delay may occur.

Great Yeldham, December 7th, 1881.

THE DAUGHTER'S ANSWER.

DEAR FATHER,—I received your letter; very glad to hear from you. My health is much the same. You are right in thinking I am anxious for my soul's welfare. I am often led to cry, "Lord, have mercy on me, or I perish;" then, sometimes I have a very small hope; and it seems to comfort me a little; but I do not always feel that hope in my heart. But, still, I keep hoping on, although it does not always have that soothing feeling with it; but I cannot give up that hope, although it seems a very small one. Sometimes I feel so pressed down with my sins that I feel I cannot say a word of prayer to ask God to have mercy on me. At such times, I feel I deserve hell's punishment, and more than that, if it could be. This makes me very sad. I thank God, this is not allowed to last long at a time, I believe I had convictions of sin when at H——. I have often been afraid to close my eyes in sleep, for fear I should wake up and find myself in hell. This lasted on me about two or three months. When I came home for my holiday it went off; and I seemed to feel glad at that time that it did, I think, perhaps, it was the Lord who had began His work, and now He is carrying it on. Sometimes I look in my Bible, but cannot find anything to suit my case. This hymn is something like me; when I read it, it comforts me a little:

"Why are our hearts so full of grief?
What! cannot JESUS give relief,
And ease our troubled mind?
To this the contrite all can say,
Had we but now a heart to pray
We soon should comfort find.

But oft, alas! we cannot pray;
We can but just look up, and say,
Quicken our stupid heart;
Make us what Thou wouldst have us be,
We would not live so far from THEE,
From THEE no more depart.

The Lord He hears when thus we moan,
Weighs and considers every groan,
And knows our every sigh;
For reasons best—He means to say—
He won't forsake—He may delay—
It is our faith to try.

Then let us wait to feel His love,
And hope to meet our Lord above,
Beyond the reach of fear.
O may His love attend our days,
And all our future lives be praise
Until safe landed there."

I feel, dear father, I want you to keep this all to yourself, in case it should after all be nothing. I do not know if I am wrong to wish this, but if the Lord should have mercy on me, then would be the

time to tell it all out, that others may know that He will listen to those that call on Him. In time past, I have often wished I was one of His children, so that in times of trouble I could go to Him, and He would direct me aright.

I cannot say more this time.

With kind love from your affectionate daughter,

MIRIAM.

December 8th, 1881.

[For young babes in grace, it will be best to let the dear child's simple, honest, and true expressions appear. To trace the work of God in the soul is a subject far beyond all the creeds and controversies in the world. Now comes—]

HER FATHER'S REPLY.

MY DEAR MIRIAM,—The contents of your letter caused me to bless and praise the Lord. Yes, it is well with thee; your cries for mercy, your doubts and fears, your times of darkness, are all evidences of the work of the Holy Spirit in your heart.

“Ne'er had ye felt the power of sin,
Or need of pardoning love,
Had not your name have been enrolled
In the Lamb's book above.”

You know we read, “The Spirit shall convince the world of sin, of righteousness and of judgment to come.” And what He begins He will carry on, although, as in your case, the convictions may pass off for a time. He will put His hand again to the work which His goodness begins; the power of His grace will complete. And the apostle says (“which hope we have”), “And because ye are sons, God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your heart, crying, Abba, Father.”

Yes, because ye are sons, chosen in Christ Jesus before the foundation of the world, He “which is faithful has called you, who also will do it.” Your sometimes having a hope, and sometimes feeling as though it was so small and almost gone, proves it to be genuine; the Christian is often tried, and like the Psalmist, cries out, “Is His mercy clean gone for ever?”

You say you “sometimes feel so pressed down by your sins, that you cannot say a word of prayer.” That is another proof to my mind that you are being taught by the Holy Spirit to feel your need of Christ as your Saviour, as your Redeemer. Had you told me you could always hope, and always pray, I should have been very much cast down in my mind; but your statements and the assurance of the Holy Spirit to my mind respecting your eternal safety, has taken such a load off my mind, that I do not feel sad at all; I can now rejoice and say, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me.” Yes, it has made tears of joy burst from my eyes, for I am satisfied you will in the Lord's time realise joys unspeakable; and if your life should be spared, you would feel stronger in body; for while the soul is in trouble, it effects and weakens the body; and should the dear Lord see fit to give you faith and peace, and take you Home, he would enable you to say, “Thy will be done.” It is quite likely Satan may try to persuade you it is all nothing, but may you be enabled to tell him he is a liar, and that millions who are now in glory have proved it.

<p>“For once they were mourners here below, And wet their couch with tears, They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins and doubts and fears.</p>	<p>I ask them whence their victory came, They, with united breath, Ascribe their victory to the Lamb, Their triumph to His death.”</p>
---	--

Yes, their triumph over Satan, sin, fears, doubts, sadness, darkness and death. You say when you were at L—— you fancy you had convictions, and feared you might go to sleep and wake up in hell. So have I been the same when I was young; then it wore off again; then in after years the Holy Spirit put His hand again to the work, and now at times I can, and do believe He will not forsake me, but will perfect that which concerns me; and at other times fear and darkness set in. But bless the Lord, He says, “Whosoever will may come, and Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.” No, no, angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth and cries for mercy. You say sometimes you look in your Bible, and cannot find anything to suit your case. So it is with me, and sometimes worse than that; for sometimes it condemns me or, rather, Satan does; for he suggests if I were a child of God I should feel and be different to what I am.

“But all the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel our need of Him;
This He gives us,
’Tis the Spirit’s rising beam.”

The hymn you referred to would be just suited to a new-born soul; therefore you are new-born. If there had not been a change of heart, you would not know what it meant, or feel it to be sweet to your state of soul. As yet you have to grow in knowledge, and it is a strange mystery to you; but—

“God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.”

You say you want me to keep the matter all to myself, lest it might all come to nothing. That is just how Satan would like: all to fear to say a word about their state. All say, Pray don’t name it, for I fear it will come to nothing. But that is impossible: God’s work never fails, and I am sure it is God’s work in you. The hypocrite wants people to think that they are all that could be desired. Not so you who find it difficult to satisfy yourself; but the Lord will satisfy you in His time. You say you do not know if it is right for the matter to be kept a secret. You cannot keep it entirely. You find my mind has been led to write you the letter that brought out the one from you. You will do well, and get great relief by naming it to some one that you believe to be a child of God: you will find it will have the effect of leading them to pray for you, and also to speak a word of counsel and comfort to you. When I was at G—— I asked Mrs. C—— if she could tell me if there was anything like a work of grace going on in your soul? She said, “I have thought so, but she has not named it to me; but I hope there is.” Now, dear Miriam, be advised by me; do not try to hide it; do not believe the devil when he tries to persuade you it will all come to nought; he is only afraid you should let it be known, and then he will not have so much power to worry you. He never worries those who are contented to live on in sin. It is only those who are made to feel sin hateful. You know the poet says,—

“He worries with malicious joy
Those whom he knows he can’t destroy.”

But his worrying will only lead the poor soul to groan out, "God, be merciful to me a sinner," Although he is mighty, "Jesus Christ is almighty," and this you will prove in the dear Lord's time. I now commend you to the keeping and care of Him who is able to keep you from the power of all evil, and to present you faultless before His Father in heaven. With our united love, I conclude.

From your affectionate father,
ISAIAH SMITH.

P.S.—Write again, be sure, and tell me all.

December 10th, 1881.

[We note the strong faith of the anxious father in encouraging his dear child is very blessed. But we must pause here. As we proceed with this correspondence, we believe grace will shine brighter and brighter.—C. W. B.]

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

ALMANACKS.—The thirty-third issue of the *Baptist Almanack and Congregational Yearbook for 1884*, has come forth in good style. Our readers know its value. It is of constant service as a book of reference all the year round, and it deserves of the pastors and deacons a public commendatory notice. We had the honour of originating and issuing this Baptist Almanack when no such publication existed in any form. To see it so well produced, and to know it is now so extensively appreciated, is gratifying to its ancient parent.—The *Anglo-Israel Almanack* consists of a variety of able articles on the Identity subject. The usual almanack information is good. Both these annuals are published by R. Banks, and by W. H. Guest.—*Old Jonathan's Sheet Almanack* is well illustrated, crowded full of good hints, of valuable tables, and an excellent selection of Scripture texts for the whole year. Messrs. Collingridge spare no pains to render all their productions of the highest class in every department.—The *Christian Almanack, 1884*. London: Morgan and Scott, Paternoster-buildings. We remember the little *Revival* at one half-penny, which came forth from a small office in Holborn, by the original members of the firm, whose publications are now numerous, in variety beautiful, and in the promotion of free-will evangelistic enterprises are pioneers of unmeasured power. We were planted in the garden of free and sovereign grace fifty-five years ago, and out of this Gospel garden we never had one wish to remove. In fact, to go out into the sea of man's free-will, has ever been impos-

sible with us. We can do nothing against the truth, therefore poor and despised we must live and die. This Christian's almanack is a grand penny sheet; its illustrations represent Biblical events in strong features, and their portrait of Martin Luther is most handsome. This sheet is larger and more instructive than any we have yet seen.

"THE POOR GOOSE."—Such was the lowly character John Huss gave himself. He was God's witness in Bohemia. The historian says:—"In those sad days the Church had obscured herself in degeneracy, the clergy of all degrees were sunk in vice, open and unblushing. The protest of the few faithful spirits, the fore-runners of Huss, had been all in vain, so Huss opened the crusade in the cause of religion, and carried it to a successful issue, a result of which, even now, the Christian world is reaping the benefit." Men raised up by the great resurrection and life little know how their works do follow them. This year of 1884 is to be the year for Wycliffe's commemoration. He was one of England's noblest sons; his work was one of immense magnitude. The hand of God is to be recognised in him, and the Churches will be called upon to render thanks for the blessings we inherit through Wycliffe's services and sufferings.

"THE NOISELESS STRUGGLE WHICH WENT ON IN HER HEART."—In the forthcoming biography of the late lamented Princess Alice, we anticipate a spiritual feast for all who can appreciate the out-spoken workings of the grace of God in the soul of one truly awakened. We have extensive extracts already. We

hope to give our readers a thorough digest of the whole. We only now notice a Berlin writer "contradicts the idea that the friendship between the late Princess Alice and David Friedrich Strauss implied on her part any participation in his religious opinions. But we believe that it is no secret that from a very early time the traditional religion in which she had been brought up became intolerable for her; and because she could no longer believe in a God, half Greek, half Jewish, she for some time, as her biographer writes, doubted the very existence of a God. After the death of one of her children, however, a change came over her, and a correspondent recollects the Princess saying to him: 'The whole edifice of philosophical conclusions which I had erected for myself has dwindled down to nothing. Nothing is left of it, and what would become of us in this life if we had not the belief, the conviction that there is a God who rules the world, and rules over every one of us? I weary for prayer; I love to sing hymns with my children, every one of whom has his favourite hymn.'" Such is just the opening of her heart, when sanctified affliction brought her to the Lord's feet. We may expect a stream of testimonies in her letters to our royal and honoured Queen, her mother, and other friends. We know our true grace-taught readers will praise God for such revelations brought forth by a royal princess whose soul is now in glory.

Old Jonathan. London: W. H. and L. Collingridge, Aldersgate-street.—An elegant annual. Subjects varied; illustrations beautiful and telling, while the printers and binders have executed their work in such style that an old critical printer can find no fault with them. A nice book for presentation.

JESUS THE CONSTANT COMPANION OF HIS FEARING BRETHREN.—See the *Gospel Magazine* for December, published by Messrs. Collingridge. The *Irish Baptist Magazine* for December, with "heart-speakings" of Martha Horner, communicated by our very much beloved Samuel James Banks, so long and so wonderfully sustained as pastor of the Banbridge Baptist Church in Ireland, and a plodding pedestrian among the rugged villages in that part of the Emerald Isle. We should like to give some of Martha Horner's breathings in our **CHEERING WORDS**. The *Regular Baptist Magazine*, from St. Louis, has reached us in a package; waiting its turn.

The Little Gleaner Annual and The

Sower. Houlston and Son, and E. Wilmshurst, Bookseller, Blackheath. Every one in our family knows these two volumes are brother and sister. *The Sower* is a fine young minister of truth. *The Gleaner* is a pretty, pleasant, and intelligent young teacher. Both these annuals are welcome visitors in many a family circle. **THE CHEERING WORDS ANNUAL**, just published by R. Banks, with its correct photographic portrait of the late Mr. John Bunyan McCure, is a favourite little pet with some who find in it cheerful tidings for the seeking, the sorrowful, and for those who are often cast down by the way.

"IN THE COOL OF THE EVENING."—After the almost universal "Firing of the Great Guns" in commemoration of Martin Luther, we sit down calmly to consider what it is all about; what will come of all that outburst of feeling which the Luther Festival has excited; and while pausing over this excitement, the *English Illustrated Magazine* for December falls into our hands. We admire the portraits and the printing of this "Macmillan Monthly" exceedingly, and the able review of the Lutheran history is like gold purified from some of the dross of an enthusiastic novelty. Here, first of all, is such a portrait of Luther as we have never seen before; it is engraved by Knessing from the Munich picture by Lucas Cranach. As you look on this portrait of Martin Luther, if you have well weighed his history, you are ready to exclaim, "Ah! that is the man himself!" Yes, a man, a God-made man; a man of an iron nature; but so melted, so beat on the anvil, so brought through the fire, so formed, and framed, and filled with heaven's grand attributes, that you are satisfied it is the Martin Luther which the Lord made for the time and for the work unto which he was ordained. In that face are to be seen the deep furrows of soul-anguish, of spiritual conflict, of horrible temptations, which Martin endured so wonderfully. But in that face is now to be seen the lines of the Psalmist, "Oh, God, my heart is fixed, my heart is fixed. I will sing and give praise!" Ah, Lucas Cranach! you must have been inspired thus correctly to bring Martin Luther down to us, as though we saw and conversed with the man himself. Such a head, face, person, a representative of an immensely fortified castle of divinity, of theology, of keen discernment, of resolute determination, and, with all, such satisfaction that through having found

THE PEARL OF GREAT PRICE,
you seem to see in every feature the

living lines of that immortal truth, "The just shall live by faith." We gaze on the head, face, mouth, eyes, and man altogether, until we exclaim, "This is a true picture of Heaven's grand old Gospel, which will live for ever." Amen. Then we have, secondly, Erasmus and Melancthon, the later of which is a true picture of the deeply-penitent, the frightened, and the fearful, for whom, and to whom our Father has spoken and written so many very precious promises. Now, of this trio, Luther, Erasmus, and Melancthon, I wish to have a further bit of *talk*, but this month, friends have sent in some original lines, which, I trust, may be of some benefit to the readers of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, and which may carry down to the coming ages the true testimony which was borne to the Gospel four hundred years ago. Here I give—

LINES SUGGESTED BY THE LUTHER
COMMEMORATION.

I would speak of Europe's darkness,
Of her priestcraft and her sin,
Of her frightful yoke of bondage.
And the Babylonish din;
Of the times when led as captive
By the devil as he would,
And he the cruel tyrant,
Perverted all the good.
He led the poor in fetters,
Their souls were dark as night,
No free and open Bible
To bring them hope and light.
The rich he also blinded,
And by him they were led,
With money bought their pardon,
Had masses for their dead.
But some have nobly suffered
The burning and the rack,
And many other tortures,
In the faith they were not slack.
They dar'd the hideous monster,
Defied the devil's craft,
And serv'd their blessed Saviour,
Into glory then they passed.
But God has taken vengeance
On the sacrilegious herd,
And plac'd the truth before us,
In His free and loving Word.
He raised up the reformers,
To carry out His mind,
And brought the light to millions,
That those who sought might find.
They left the Pope's dominion,
And came to serve their God,
Who broke their chains in pieces,
And washed them in His blood.
And now the Gospel soundeth
On every distant shore,
And the praises of our Saviour
Shall be sung for evermore.
The just shall always live by faith
In Jesus Christ their Lord;
Nor shall they fear what man can do,
With peril, fire, or sword.
God will raise up men like Luther,
Who struck a heavy blow,
At the root of Popish knavery,
And bravely fought the foe.
Let us ask the Lord to help us
To keep the battle on,
And by our glorious Captain
The victory shall be won.—D. J. A.

WILL THEY HEAR THE GOSPEL IN
RUSSIA?

We all know what a successful nourisher of orphans Mr. George Müller, of Bristol, has been for many years. As you fly down the Great Western, near Bristol all the passengers are looking out upon the fine building on Ashley Downs, where 92,109 children, have been instructed and cared for. The forty-fourth report of Mr. Müller's Orphan and Mission work is now issued, in which some notes of his last preaching tour on the Continent are given. When we consider that Mr. George Müller has reached his 78th year, we read with surprise of his recent tour toward St. Petersburg, travelling through and preaching in many towns and cities on his way. He says:—"On Dec. 29, 1882, after leaving Königsberg, we began our journey into Russia, and in thirty hours, on the evening of December 30, 1882, arrived at St. Petersburg, where we were met at the station by Colonel Paschkoff, one of the most active Christians in the whole vast empire, and Princess Lieven, who both welcomed us affectionately. On Sunday, Dec. 31, I preached twice at the British and American Chapel, in English, and during our stay was able not only to labour for the Lord in the way I am accustomed to do at all the places that we visit, but had frequent intercourse also with persons of high rank, whom I sought to benefit spiritually. This was unsought for on my part; but the Lord opened deeply important service for me in this manner, which, I doubt not, will be found in the day of Christ to have been helpful not only to those dear Christians amongst whom I more particularly laboured, publicly and privately: but also, through them, to many others in the vast empire. During our stay at St. Petersburg I preached many times in German at the Reformed Church and at the Moravian Church; and at the British-American Chapel in English; held many large meetings; preached to the Swedes, &c. In all I was occupied at 112 services or meetings, either in preaching or more particularly in teaching, and gave addresses also at the breaking of bread on the morning of the Lord's-day. So precious was all this work, and so manifestly owned of God, that I could only admire Him for allowing me to labour as I was allowed to do. Again and again our Christian friends at St. Petersburg told me that God knew their need, and that just at the right time He sent me to them. The pastors of the Reformed Church, of the Moravian Church, and of the English Chapel showed me

great kindness, and I had open doors for service given to me by them.

“Christians who seek to labour for the Lord in Russia do so under particular difficulties, as there is very little real religious liberty in that country. I mention this in order that the children of God may give themselves to prayer, and ask the Lord graciously to open that vast empire for the spread of the truth more fully. When we arrived at St. Petersburg, I could only preach in English, because the British-American Chapel has no connection with the State. After about twelve days, however, through application by friends to the Minister of the Interior, I obtained permission to preach at the German churches in St. Petersburg, and also to the Swedes in the British Chapel. The written document from the Minister of the Interior was in Russ, which neither I nor the friends who handed it to me understood, so they only told me that the desired permission had been granted. Very soon, however, after I had begun to hold meetings at Col. Paschkoff's house (one of them with translation into Russ) I was ordered to appear before the Director of the Police in St. Petersburg, and told that I had gone beyond my permission. After this the meetings at Colonel Paschkoff's house had to be given up. This dear brother in the Lord is followed everywhere. From his own country house near Moscow he was banished because he expounded the Scriptures to the poor. He held meetings at St. Petersburg, which were attended habitually by from 1,000 to 1,300 persons. These were stopped, and at present he is not allowed to have more than 20 persons at his meetings. He was banished from St. Petersburg also, as well as from Moscow; and during our visit, when reading the Scriptures one day in Russ, with seven poor Russians, a policeman entered the room, broke up the meeting, and ordered the poor people to leave the house. Pray, *pray*, dear Christian readers, for Russia, that God, in the riches of His grace, may give real religious liberty in that country.

“After our departure from St. Petersburg, we left for Warsaw, the capital of Russian Poland, where I held six meetings only, and then we went to the neighbourhood of Pruzhow. Here I preached once, at the Hall of an Orphan Institution, and from there we proceeded to Lodz, the second large city in Russian Poland, which is full of manufactories. My service began on a Wednesday evening at half-past eight o'clock; but though this hour seemed unfavourable, I found the chapel at which I preached crowded

to the utmost. On Thursday and Friday evenings it was the same. On Sunday twice the place was again crowded as before, and so it was on Monday evening. By this time I had heard from the pastor, from a Christian colporteur, and from others, that almost the whole town seemed moved by my preaching, and that it was the topic of conversation at many of the manufactories of the city, and in families generally. I was told also that on the previous evening a number of ‘freethinkers,’ as they are called—viz., sceptics or infidels—had been at the meeting, who left, melted to tears. The next morning I received a note in German, of which the following is a translation:—‘I, and almost the whole population of this town, in the name of the Lord Jesus, entreat that you will have the kindness to remain with us until after next Sunday. In the name of many thousands I thank you for your ministry.’ The crowds who came at first, continued to attend *all* the meetings, and at the twelfth service the number of persons present was as large as it was at the beginning; that is to say there were about 1,200, as many as could possibly be accommodated. There is good reason to believe that the Spirit of God worked mightily amongst them. On our way to England I preached once more at Dresden; and in London and the neighbourhood eleven times, before going to Bristol, where we arrived on June 1. Thus my ninth long missionary tour from August 8, 1882, to June 1, 1883, was brought to a close. In looking back upon it, we can only praise and admire the Lord's condescension in using me so extensively in such precious service, and causing such blessing to rest on my efforts to labour for Him.”

“It was on March 5, 1834,” says Mr. Müller in the same report, p. 10, “that the Lord allowed me to found the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad; and from that date up to May 26, 1883, it has pleased Him to send to us, simply as the result of prayer and faith, the sum of nine hundred and eighty thousand pounds, by means of which ninety-two thousand one hundred and nine children or grown-up persons have been taught in ninety-one schools, *entirely* supported by the Institution, besides tens of thousands having been benefited in schools which are *assisted* by its funds. Five thousand eight hundred and twenty-four pupils are now in these ninety-one schools.”

We clap our hands for joy to find in Russia so many eager to hear the Word of God. Christ's kingdom is larger now than many of us think.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

FORTY YEARS' MINISTRY IN LONDON.

A GRATUITOUS INTERVIEWING BY W. WINTERS.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness" (Deut. viii. 2).

THE fortieth anniversary of Mr. C. W. Banks' ministry in London, was celebrated on November 19th. The afternoon was devoted to prayer and praise, presided over by Mr. J. H. Dearsly, and in the evening an address on the Reformation was delivered by the writer. It was truly gratifying to listen to the many loving petitions offered to the Lord in favour of C. W. Banks, that his usefulness as pastor of Speldhurst Road, and Editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and *Cheering Words*, might continue. It could never be fairly said of our venerable brother, that he was ever idle or selfish. A more hard-working, kind and large-hearted man of God, never could be found than Charles Waters Banks; always on the alert for the well-being of poor sinners, rather than his own personal ease and pecuniary interest. It must be taken as a truism that the times for hearing of sermons, as well as for preaching them, forty years ago, were very different to the present. When Mr. Banks commenced (and for years afterwards) his London ministry, he was invariably heard by large numbers of persons; halls, chapels, and rooms were crowded on week evenings, as well as on Lord's-days, with hungry souls anxious to listen to the glorious Gospel of the blessed God from his mouth. Many years ago—doubtless within the memory of some Christians now living—Mr. Banks preached on Monday evenings in McEllis' Shoreditch Theatrical Hall. This room was crammed on every occasion, and many precious souls were called there from Satan's kingdom to God's most marvellous light, and could sing with Woddridge,—

"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."

Mr. Banks was now growing fast into popularity, and in about the year 1845 the late Mr. W. Fenner hired Hephzibah chapel, Darling-place, Mile End Gate, for him to minister in. In this chapel Mr. Banks successfully preached every Friday evening for seven years to crowded audiences, until the cholera broke out in various parts of London, which eventually necessitated the giving up the services in this chapel, and at which time Mr. Banks was suffering under the weight of great domestic sorrow and affliction, which perhaps tended to make his ministry more mellow and suitable to the afflicted in Zion. Even then, as now, he could say of the Lord,

"I tell Him all my grief and pain,
And He reveals His love to me."

On the Lord's-days, as well as on the

evenings of Tuesday and Thursday, Mr. Banks regularly preached at Crosby-row in the Borough. In this place he began with eighteen persons, and the Church increased to near three hundred members, with an average congregation of from five to six hundred. At the same period Mr. Banks preached every Wednesday evening in Finsbury. Mr. Elijah Packer, a staunch friend of Mr. Banks, was a leading officer in the Crosby-row Church, and by whose persuasion he (Mr. Banks) was first induced to preach in London. Mr. E. Packer and Mr. John Forman were the friends who urged Mr. Banks to remove to Unicorn-yard Chapel in 1854, which caused a division. However, the Church of 192 members went with him to Unicorn-yard. The chapel appears at this time to have been in a dilapidated state, and the large sum of £1,100 was paid in restoring it. In this chapel Mr. Banks laboured for several years. Here he had great business troubles, as printer and publisher of many religious works. Through the late John Branch, he removed to North Bow, and was the means of gathering many together. From hence he was removed and settled at Bethnal Green for many years. By much pressure he removed in the order of divine providence to Johnson-street, Notting-hill, where he worked hard for three years. Eventually Speldhurst-road chapel, King Edward's-road, South Hackney, was offered to him as a suitable place for preaching. The enormous liabilities hanging upon this sanctuary were enough to break the back of any man. However, Mr. C. W. Banks, with some kind friends, rallied to the rescue and faithfully adhered to the cause then newly established, and for ten years Mr. C. W. Banks has earnestly laboured in this place, being personally responsible for all incidental expenses to the amount of nearly £70 per annum, without the slightest guarantee of remuneration for his constant labours, which order of things is contrary to Scripture, as the workman in God's service is worthy of his meal. When Mr. Banks was preaching at Dockhead many years since (from which place he removed to the Borough), he was requested to become the pastor of an Open Baptist, or half-and-half Baptist Church. But Mr. Banks, thanks be to God, ever since he had been a preacher was always as tough in his principles as he was in his physical nature, and consequently immediately refused such an offer. In the truth of God, Mr. Banks was never found on the sliding scale with fashionable men, ready to accommodate the populace with open or close order, or with faith as equally elastic; neither did he ever suffer conscience and almost mental strangulation by the taking of bribes. Nor was his neck ever made to wear an iron collar forged by any man or society of men who are all necessitated to be of equal height and weight. In the apropos lines of Bunyan,

who himself was not a spurious imitator, C. W. Banks could say,—

"Such dirt heap never was,
Since God converted him."

During Mr. Banks' ministerial career, he has laboured in Newcastle, Shields, Sunderland, Barrow-in-Furness, Liverpool, Manchester, Rochdale, Blackburn, Durham, through the North-west of England, Weymouth, Pool, Isle of Wight, Southampton, Bath, Bristol, Exeter, Torquay, Plymouth, through Cornwall, Cambridgeshire and Suffolk, Norfolk, Essex, Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, Dover, Isle of Thanet, in Wales, and other far off places too numerous to insert here. Every moment of his life, with the exception of his sleeping hours, either his tongue or pen has been employed in promoting the interest of the cause of Christ. It is to be hoped that the new year, the figures of which, 1884, seem strange to us at present, will bring Mr. Banks fresh vigour of mind and health of body; and though from his advanced years he must confine his ministerial labours mainly to his own Church, may he spread broadcast by his pen words of truth which shall live—

"When rolling years shall cease to move."

And when grim death shall come, suddenly or otherwise, may he be found ready either at his honourable post as Editor, or in that most sacred of all spots, the pulpit, and,

"No more to strive with flesh and blood,
But cease from sin, and rest with God."

This is the heart's true prayer of his friend and brother,
W. WINTERS.
Waltham Abbey.

[No other man in the world, I think, would do what my excellent friend Mr. Winters has here done, in sketching the outline of my forty years in London. I would willingly fill up the singular events which led me from one place to another, but I forbear for the present. The mortgage of £600 on my chapel is now called in, and I must produce £600, or the chapel must be sold at all risks. Six hundred pounds is not much among the thousands of my readers. If I could secure the lease, I would name the chapel the Monument of Mercy, and it should still have the Gospel preached in it. If such be not the Lord's will, I wish to bow down with "Thy will be done." I am sometimes helped to say, and from the deepest feeling of grateful humility,

"Beneath His smile, my heart has lived,
And part of heaven possessed,
I praise His name for grace received,
And trust Him for the rest."

"In hope of eternal life," I am now, and for fifty years have been, the loving and willing servant of the seeking seed of Jacob.

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

OUR FATHERS WHO ARE GONE HOME; OUR YOUNG MEN SPRINGING UP.

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
your door."

"Are the young men at all like the ancient men who preceded them?" Not likely; the fathers who have gone to rest, who rose to some eminence in our Churches, were originally unschooled, illiterate, eccentric. They answered to the prophetic ideal of Hannah's prayer, when she said, "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth up the beggar from the dung-hill; to set them among princes, and to make them inherit the throne of glory." Most of the young men now springing up have had the advantages we never had; they have had a fair education; and they have been brought up under a Gospel ministry. What education the fathers had came direct from Heaven; in their ministry there was a roughness, an unpolished, blunt manner, which suited thousands in those times, and were useful to the age in which they lived. Of course we have few, if any, like them now. And our venerated sires must be careful how they speak of our sons of Apollos, of the Tituses and Timothies of this age. We have been censured for the encouragement we have given to young men. In fact, we have done nothing right for those who sit in judgment; but what can be expected from a poor boy brought up in a printing-office in a country churchyard; obliged to go to Church for fourteen long years, and all the time under the law of sin and death? We have thought to take a simple review of the fathers that were, and the young men that are; which thought has been conceived by the following

LETTER FROM S. T. BELCHER.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—It must be gratifying to our groaning Churches, after so many years of prayer and waiting (and doubting) to see the Lord raising up young and sound Gospel preachers. I see in this month's issue of the E. V. a report of the public meeting at Providence, Clapham-
junction, in which prominence is given to the fact "that nearly all the speakers were young men;" that the subjects discoursed upon were the doctrines of grace, and that they all delivered themselves well. Judging from the dolorous sounds which have issued from many of your correspondents, for some time past, one might be disposed to fear that the Lord had forsaken His Zion, and that the institution of a Gospel ministry would collapse with the present generation of ministers. But, lo! what is this we hear? "Young men! all under thirty!" Is it not time for the Church to awake to the fact that the Lord still has gifts in His Church, that He is raising young men to fill up the gaps made by the departure of those who have entered into rest? Alas! alas! we still hear the cry, Where are the Wells's, &c., and echo answers, Where? But truth answers, They have finished their course, and others are entering into their labours, not to do their

work over again, but the like work for the same Master; every man in his own order.

I also notice, in the same report, that these young men were watched "very narrowly" by brother T. Steed. Let us hope they are as earnestly prayed for as they are narrowly watched. We were present at the recognition services of young brother G. W. Shepherd at Dorset-square, and, getting into conversation with a sister of some maturity, she told me she had watched the young man very suspiciously at first, but, since she had seen her children converted under his preaching, she had ceased to suspect, and had taken to pray for him. I think she ought to have done that from the first. Had the question been asked, Why she had not done so? the answer would have been, "Oh, he was so young, and I am prejudiced against young preachers." Yet his predecessor, John Foreman, came to London a young man!

I notice again that the same report tells us that Mr. Steed said that there was no subject worth talking about but the exaltation of Christ. If Mr. Steed really means what he is reported to have said, I should certainly say that it is high time for the Churches to set a watch to watch the watchers, for one can scarcely fail to notice, in reading Rom. viii., that prominence is given by the Holy Spirit to the humiliation, as well as the exaltation of Christ; "for what the law could not do in that it was weak through the flesh, God sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin condemned sin in the flesh." From this and other parts of the sacred Word I have been taught to believe that every aspect of the Person and office of the Lord Jesus Christ is of equal value and importance to His Church. If I am wrong in this, I should be thankful for some of our watchers to convince me of the same from the Word of God. I believe Christ should be preached all round: Christ from eternity (God), Christ on earth (Man), Christ under the law (its end to the believers), Christ on the cross (made sin), Christ exalted (God Man Mediator). I could not have an exalted Christ without a suffering Christ; I could not have a sympathising High Priest without a suffering Christ; under suffering He could say, "I am a worm, and no man;" in His exaltation He could say, "Behold I and the children which Thou hast given Me."

Yours truly, in Him,
S. T. BELCHER.

Fibre Works, Millwall, E.
Dec. 14, 1883.

[We have always loved to listen to the innocent prattle of children; hence, with some interest we have read Mr. Belcher's strictures on the aged sister at Mr. G. W. Shepherd recognition; and on her behalf we plead the authority of the divinely inspired Word, wherein we are commanded to "prove all things, and to hold fast that which is good." Aged Christians are not prepared to receive every man who comes forth in the ministry until that ministry has been commended to their conscience by the powerful application of the Word through

the eternal Spirit. We once heard Mr. Shepherd with some profit, and from that moment we loved him in the Lord as we could not before. This may be called "weakness" in us. That we cannot help. "Whatsoever is not of faith is sin." "Lay hands suddenly on no man," says the apostle, and with sorrow we write the fact that we could point to Churches, once in prosperity, now in ruins, through a hasty taking hold of men before they have been proved. We would not discourage young men. Our fault, as some think, lays on the other side; but when Churches have hastily settled men before they have wintered and summered them, sad discomfort often follows. Then, as regards Mr. Steed's "exaltation of Christ" being the only theme worth talking about, we know Mr. Belcher's sentiment of preaching Christ "all round," as he says, is good in its way, but was Mr. Steed in any error? We think not. Let Mr. Belcher consult what lexicon he may, and he will find "exaltation" to mean three distinct powers: first, a "raising;" Christ was down in the depths of sorrow, and in death was laid in the tomb. Fifteen times in the Acts of the Apostles it is distinctly declared that "God raised Him from the dead." Then comes that crowning text of Paul's, in Heb. xiii. 20, "Now, the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect," &c. In the second place, "exaltation" means "a lifting up," implying the deep humiliation to which our Lord was reduced; when on the cross, He cried, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!" To which deep humiliation the apostle carries us in the Philippians, when he writes those letters of sacred truth, saying, "Being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross, whereby God also hath highly exalted Him, and given Him—

"A NAME WHICH IS ABOVE EVERY NAME,
NAME,
that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow," &c. Here exaltation points emphatically at the low, the unequalled low estate of the blessed Son of God. Then, thirdly, "exaltation" is expressive of "praise," and in many places "praise" denotes a conquest; a conquest over Satan, sin, death, the curse, and hell itself. We know not where to find a more comprehensive term, taking in the whole of Christ's mediatorial work, than that of His "exaltation." We cannot say how Mr. Steed used the term, but if Christ's exaltation was the note given to him, he doubtless referred to the Saviour's dreadful subjection out of which He was raised, lifted up, and for which millions do, and will, praise Him for ever; for in His exaltation was the exaltation of the whole election of grace with him. Preachers must study well the many branches of meaning which our English words have in them. We admire Mr. Belcher's zeal, but had it been

tempered with a little more knowledge, he would not have indirectly criticised Mr. Steed so severely.—C. W. B.]

OXFORD SCENES.—Lord Cranbrook said at Canterbury, "The probability is that in the future Oxford might become thoroughly Secularist." Thus the sources of instruction will be carnal instead of spiritual, all tending to an apostasy from the "faith once delivered unto the saints." But Trench wrote a line of much meaning when he gave us the following—

"And, like a happy infant, Faith
Can play among the graves."

All the martyrdoms in the world, all the blazing fires of persecution, which have dug thousands upon thousands of graves, never destroyed the power of the divine principle called "the faith of God's elect." Nor can the temptations of Satan, nor the occasional triumphs of sin, though they may blast the prospects, bruise to death the spirits, bleed out the life of many a poor believer in Jesus; still, where God the Holy Ghost hath caused a soul once to pass from death unto life, where, in the new-born soul, the Christ of God hath once been revealed, and faith in the Son of God hath been implanted in the heart,

"Faith will live, and labour under loads;
May be damped, but can never die."

Oxford and Cambridge may be schools for reasoners, and for every kind of unholy thought; gradually from free communion to Unitarianism, and from thence to Deism, the luminaries may sink; but the glorious Trinity, with a "covenant ordered in all things and sure," will bring the vessels of mercy through floods and flames safe to the shores of eternal bliss. We turn no deaf ear, we look with no jealous eye upon such reports of the extensive works carried out by the Association Churches as Mr. Cuff gives. If their gifted ministers do instrumentally build souls on the Rock of Ages, they will do a work of immense value; but if, while they preach Christ, they only build on their ministerial foundation, "wood" beautifully carved, "hay" neatly stacked, and "stubble" clothed with a temporary moral clothing, the fall of their work will be most awful. Oxford, in 1166, branded thirty Germans. At Oxford, Thomas Gressop wrote in the Geneva Bible,

"Here is the spring where waters flow
To quench our hearts of sin;
Here is the tree where truth doth grow,
To lead our souls therein."

Queen Mary sent Cardinal Ormonde to burn all the Bibles and good books he could lay his hands on. Ah, Oxford has burned the saints, but God's sanctified hosts will fill the mansions of God's home; and, in a manner we can here have little conception of, they will worship the Lord God Almighty for ever. It was in Oxford Botanical Gardens where the gardener told Cecil that the pomegranate tree bore nothing but leaves until he cut it down into the heart; then it began to bear plenty of fruit. William Hanby, being delivered from the

Papacy in 1622, left a will and bequest to have the bells rung and a sermon preached every March 10, giving glory to God for the Gospel; and if I am blessed to see myself inside of heaven's glory, I will preach and praise God for ever. Over Oxford I will not break my heart.—C. W. B.

BRIXTON.—"My Neighbour" shook his head, as we walked away from the stone-laying of Mr. C. Cornwell's new chapel at Brixton. I asked what troubled him. He said, "£4,000 will be required; then over £600 per annum ground-rent! Heavy affair!" I said, "Cornwell is a long-headed lad. He began preaching in a small way. My brother and I were in the little chapel at Stoke Newington, when C. W. Banks recognised him as pastor. From thence he removed to the larger place where Pepper preached until he retired. Then Cornwell came to Brixton. I hope we may say the Lord had need of him, and will increase him more and more. Mr. Cornwell reads the Word of God, and an angel tells me, or some secret whisperer said, "One night Cornwell was reading Luke xiv., and he paused over the Master's words, "Which of you, intending to build a tower, sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it, lest haply after he hath laid the foundation, and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying,

"THIS MAN BEGAN TO BUILD, AND WAS
NOT ABLE TO FINISH."

Cornwell counted the cost! Faith in the all-sufficiency of heaven's storehouse found enough. He walked on; the contract is signed; the building is commenced; in May or June we expect it will be opened; but we must all, all who love the Lord and value His truth, must send in help. Cornwell has been coming to the front lately with great acceptance. He is a leading spirit in the London Strict Baptist Churches, and they will feel bound to hold up his hands. Above all, better than all, the best of all, the Brixton Tabernacle minister and his people can say, "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind." And Cornwell being a modern Nehemiah, says, "The God of heaven, He will prosper us; therefore, we, His servants, will arise and build." "Well, well," cried my neighbour, "you are well up in faith to be sure. Are you one of the deacons or members, or a relation of Mr. C. Cornwell's?" "Nothing of the kind, sir; but the house to be erected is for the Lord's name, for His Gospel, for His people, for His glory, and every saved sinner in England, in Wales, in the United States, in the Colonies, in Canada, and in all Europe, should just send in a Postal Order, if only for one shilling, to buy one brick; the chapel would be open free, and we would sing Psalm ciii. joyfully!" "Well done, Mr. Independent; I will send in my Postal Order; and I will advise others to do the same. Your faith has given my faith a heave, and I will hope Mr. Cornwell may long live to labour for the good of immortal souls. Good-bye."

THE JEWS.

By Mr. ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 8, Mr. Isaac Levinsohn delivered an interesting and instructive lecture in Soho Chapel, Oxford-street, on "The Jews." The body of the chapel was well filled. The pastor, Mr. J. Box, occupied the chair, and after introducing Mr. Levinsohn called upon him for his lecture, which occupied upwards of one hour in delivery.

The lecturer in his opening remarks referred to the fact of his having left his Church at Lee, and assured his audience that it was by no means on account of any change in his views; since he had been converted he had upheld the true doctrines as proclaimed by the Strict Baptists and he hoped to continue to do so. His reason, he then explained, for going to work in the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews was, because he considered there were comparatively few who laboured in that direction. Some people had a dislike to the Jews. A person he knew told him that he had been "Jewed" twice by them, and therefore he had come to the conclusion that they were a bad lot. He (Mr. Levinsohn) had been "Gentiled" more than once, but he did not consider that was sufficient ground for him to be content to condemn all the Gentiles upon. There were 613 precepts that every Jew had to obey. These precepts were the invention of the "Rabbis;" the people were taught that unless they observed them all they could not get to heaven. Every Jew, too, was taught that he would have to undergo a series of torments in hell before he could enter heaven.

He then went on to illustrate the various ordinances observed by the Jews and produced a phylactery, robe, &c., as worn by them. A Jew was considered a man when he was thirteen years of age, and up to that time his father was responsible for the sins he committed. The lecturer then related several interesting incidents in connection with his subject, and pointed out the necessity for the Word of God and the Gospel of Jesus Christ being preached to them in their dark state. He then spoke of the work of the Society he represented and appealed to the sympathies of Christians for support to extend its operations.

After a few remarks from the chairman the meeting was closed with the Doxology and Benediction.

E. J. W. W.

ROWLEY REGIS.—Last September, our brother, Mr. Joseph Flory, called on the venerable and beloved Daniel Matthews, who has a chapel in Willenhall, and another in Rowley Regis, and Mr. Matthews has been the honoured, the preserved, the faithful minister, in those parts for sixty years. We think we see Joseph, the middle-age, and Daniel the over-age, sitting together. The father in Christ will know, if he can, how Joseph came by his religion, and how he came into the ministry. Very right. And Joseph yielded meekly to the examination.

Advanced in years as the good Daniel is, he now and then ascends the pulpit, and preaches to his faithful people. Once one said, "Ah, do you know

"LOCK-LANE PIT, on the Brierley Hill?" "Yea." "Well, one night in '69, when men and boys were working in that pit, the dam which kept the water out of the underground working burst, the mine was flooded, the lights were all put out, and the whole company of miners were driven into a dark gallery partly filled with water; there, without food or light, they were shut in. Is not that like many a poor convinced sinner? His sins have broken in upon him like a flood, and driven into darkness and a famine, he expects he must perish. From Thursday night until Sunday morning were they in that perilous condition. On the Sunday morning,

"IT WAS EASTER SUNDAY MORNING, On this resurrection morning, by heroic, by God-given means, their brother-miners reached them, rescued them; all but one—that is, nine men and three boys—walked into the church, returning thanks unto God for the preservation and deliverance brought for them." "What did you do, all these nights and days," asked a friend. "Do! we men nursed and cuddled the boys to keep them warm, and gave to the poor boys the only bit of food left. One of the men wrote on a bit of paper, and put it in a box (to be found after he was dead)—

"*'Dear wives, we're praying while we're dying.'*

One of the boys cried out, 'It's not me, father, I'm thinking of, but you.' When in the jaws of death hope held up their hearts; to God they cried, and in a mysterious and marvellous manner the Lord delivered them." Thousands of poor souls are shut up in darkness and doubt, but if in their hearts a God-wrought cry is found, He will deliver them. This has been the theme of dear Daniel for many, many years. Praise the Lord!

PECKHAM.—Services held on December 9th and 11th, at Zion Chapel, Heaton-road, were of a very happy and profitable character. The sermon by the pastor on the Sunday morning, from Rom. iv. 25, was an able defence of the doctrine of *Substitution*: and we had a very solemn, searching discourse in the evening from Isa. iii. 10. On Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 11, Mr. Anderson, preached a comprehensive discourse on the EMANCIPATION and TRANSLATION spoken of in Col. i. 13. After a liberal tea a public meeting was held, presided over by T. D. Wood, Esq., of Blackheath, one of Mr. Wilkins' old and personal friends. Excellent addresses were given by brethren Parnell, Squirrel, Carpenter, Anderson, Osmond, Lynn and Benzley, on the subject of "The Offerings Commanded by the Mosaic Law." Some pieces were ably sung by the singers. The collections were good. All the services were felt to be profitable; and better days have evidently begun to dawn upon Zion. To God be all the praise.

MR. W. WINTERS IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

[Seeing our young elastic and loving brother William has ventured so far away from home, we are thankful he returned safe and sound. When we first entered the Black Country, nearly forty years ago, on the top of a coach, while all the furnaces were blazing flames of fire, we felt as though we were going into the regions of the lost. The elder Mr. Halton was then pastor in Wolverhampton. The present Mr. Halton was quite young. But we must not give our many visits to the Black Country. Let us see Mr. Winters's narrative.—C. W. B.]

WILLENHALL.—On November 11th and 12th it was the happiness of the writer to visit what is called "the Black Country"—*i.e.*, the coal and iron and pottery district, in the county of Staffordshire, and to preach three sermons in Gomer-street Chapel, Willenhall, over which the intelligent and genial Mr. George Banks presides as pastor. Mr. Banks, I am informed, is not related by nature to the editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL; he is, however, much like him in spirit, being a kind, godly, and exceedingly persevering young man. The gifts of such an one must make room for him to stand before kings (as all Christians are by and through Christ, who is the King of kings). The beloved wife of this good preacher is the youngest daughter of that able divine and pastor of Zoar Church, Ipswich, Mr. Samuel Cozens, whose praise is in all the Churches, and who spent the prime of his life in the service of the then flourishing Church of Little London, in the dingy neighbourhood of Willenhall. It is pleasing to know that pastor George Banks is quietly and laboriously working in the cause at Gomer-street, and is surrounded by a faithful and loving band of office-bearers and friends, and that the Church is peaceful, happy, and successful, as is also the Sabbath-school connected therewith. The locality, in addition to its coal and iron mines, is specially noted for the lock trade carried on therein. Mr. Lloyd, a kind Christian brother whose hospitality, with that of the pastor and other friends, I shall not soon forget, is himself a large lock manufacturer. The town was noted for locks of all kinds upwards of a century since, when an ingenious man named Lees, at the age of sixty-three, made a perfect padlock and key, of less weight than a threepenny piece. This is stated on the authority of Lewis, the historian. In the town of Willenhall stands a plain and substantial edifice, built in 1879, and known as the Baptist Chapel, of which Mr. Daniel Matthews is the ancient and honoured pastor. The General Baptists in the neighbourhood do not appear to succeed so well as the more scriptural Churches. The Church at Gomer-street flourishes, as also that over which Mr. Matthews presides as pastor. Wolverhampton is a short distance from Willenhall, and is an important town, flourishing in everything but the truth.

Churches abound in the locality of nearly every description. The Baptists, however, are not so numerous as could be wished. It is singular that in borough and cathedral towns the Strict Baptists do not flourish so well as in less fashionable places. On my way to and from Wolverhampton I caught a bird's-eye view of the large mercantile towns of Aston, Coventry, Birmingham, and the more aristocratic neighbourhood of Rugby, which is full of the history of the greatest *literati* of the age. May the Lord keep, honour, and strengthen the loving heart and hands of pastor George Banks and all those in holy union with him, till time with him and them shall be no more. Amen and Amen.

W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

MR. THOMAS STRINGER.—We cannot answer all enquiries, but the following from Mrs. Thomas Stringer will answer all, under date, December 11th, 1883. She says:—"DEAR FRIEND C. W. BANKS,—With sincere gratitude we acknowledge your kind letter, with its valuable contents, and most sincerely do we thank that kind friend A. P. C. May the Lord bless him specially in his own soul for such practical sympathy to us; and to you, dear friend, for your kind interposition on our behalf. I must tell some good news. My dear husband's health is getting round nicely, but the head does not. He has succeeded, after making several attempts, in sitting up in easy chair to tea; he sat for nearly an hour, but was glad to get back to bed, the weakness and noise in his head being so bad. Thomas says, "Tell my brother Banks my heart is so full, I want to be preaching about my Lord and Saviour, but my head says, "Stay at home!" We are pleased to hear you can get to preach Christ. Mr. Bonney is working indced; his pen, his heart, and pocket, are all at work. What kindness, unlooked for and unexpected! the Lord reward him, and all in connection with him.—Very sincerely, T. and H. STRINGER.

A PIECE OF GOSPEL DYNAMITE.—Mr. Battersby's sermon entitled, "And Ye Would Not," is an explosion of the Arminian theory; it shows the true humanity, the kind, loving heart of the Redeemer, and the virulent enmity of the Jews, the Scribes, the Pharisees, and Sadducees, against the person of the Son of God. Mr. Battersby brings out "The Eight Woes" pronounced against these His bitter enemies who sought hard to slay Christ. The common people heard Him gladly, but the high priests, and those high in office, drove the blessed Lamb of God to death. Christ calls them "blind guides." Is it not so now? The "common people" who compose our congregations where Gospel truth is preached, these hear Christ gladly, but the false interpreters, the perverters of the Word, are still the blind guides, whose position is fearful. Read Mr. Battersby on, "And Ye Would Not." C. W. Stidstone, publisher, 23, Moorgate-street.

**"THE WINDING-UP OF LIFE:" OR,
WAITING FOR THE SUMMONS.**

The New Year, 1884, comes in, it may be, with prospects of peace and prosperity to many. But here is a note from one who has seen NINETY New Years in this world, and is daily waiting for the summons to depart. Mr. George Cowell, in his, in every sense, large volume, "Wayside Notes," says: "As the end approaches, there are those of the family of God who increasingly shudder at the thought of death, and no wonder, for

"DEATH IS A TERRIBLE REALITY.

The spirit of the age, and the fashion of the day, is to make light of it. They lay their relatives in beds of moss and roses, bury their dead in perforated coffins, and carry out many new-fangled notions; and thus they try to rob death of its awfulness."

If the people could read old Master Swinnoek on

**THE SOUL'S DEPARTURE FOR HEAVEN
OR HELL,**

with God's blessing, it might solemnise their minds a little. But the preaching and singing, of late years, has been conducted with so much levity, lightness, and fleshly merry-making, that the sacredness of life, of death, of eternity, has been toned down to a mere nothing. All we essentially require is expressed in few words,—

"If I am found in Jesus' hands,
My soul can ne'er be lost."

From one of the most aged of our friends we receive the following,—

"I received your kind letter, which gave me great pleasure. All my old friends are gone home; I am left alone in this wilderness. Therefore, to know that I have a distant friend who sometimes thinks of me is very gratifying. I am nearly ninety-one years old, and have spent sixty-nine years of my life in the work of the Lord. I still keep about, but infirmities increase. I sometimes think that I shall sink, but I have Hopeful for my companion, and he keeps my head above water. As to my future prospects, I am certain that when this poor tabernacle falls I have a house above, eternal in the heavens. With regard to my financial affairs, I have neither silver nor gold, I live upon charity; but, though I am poor and needy, the Lord thinketh upon me, and I feel confident He will not leave me now that I am old and grey-headed."

GOOD NEWS FROM COGGESHALL.

BELoved BROTHER,—I have to day looked through the **EARTHEN VESSEL** for the present month, and must say it is rich in spiritual food for the Lord's dear family. It is no small mercy that you are kept fruitful in your editorial and ministerial work. How glad I am you give such a noble tribute to the great Protestant champion and reformer, Martin Luther. What a mercy for us to know the Church of God is invulnerable. Her bulwarks are salvation and her gates praise. For every true

and devoted servant of Christ, we may give thanks, and that heartily to the God of all our mercies. And now methinks you are ready to enquire and say, "How goes the Lord's work at Coggeshall?" So far as our section is concerned, I may truly say, I hope it is well. Mr. Sherrill, of Ampt-hill, has gained the hearts of the people, and I do hope and pray the way will be made plain for him to come. He is an exceedingly able expounder of the Word of Life, and a thorough gentleman, as well as a Christian. He possesses the happy tact of freedom in conversation, and yet is always genial, and able to hold his opinions upon God's Word. You know for how many years I have preached on the Sunday, in addition to my business duties on the six days, and the lot I have taken in withdrawing from the pastorate is, I believe, a right one. I feel that I must not allow my zeal to outrun my physical and mental powers, for both are of the Lord, and to be used with discretion. Note on the cause at Reading, but what I could say would only be a repetition of the last note, that under Mr. Thomsett, the people hear with profit, and altogether things there are better than at any time in my remembrance. With Christian love, from Mrs. Brown and self, believe me, dear brother, yours sincerely,

E. P. BROWN.

OUR CHURCHES.—**DEAR BROTHER BANKS,**—I have returned from preaching at Ramsey, Cottenham, Swansea and Bexley Heath Old Chapel, where for thirty years I have been favoured to unfold the Gospel message at different times, first preaching for dear old father Wallis. When at evening service they sung

"When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come.
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at Thy right hand."

Never shall I forget the singing of that hymn; and although since then have lost all earth's possessions, and have appeared to be forsaken of men and of God, yet have been enabled to continue in the fear of the Lord; and have testified of the divine faithfulness, love and mercy of a covenant Jehovah. I spent three days with my friends at Peterborough; heard Mr. Tryon, who was in the light and liberty of the Gospel. Afterwards preached to large congregations at Cottenham, with good acceptance. Gave three sermons at Swavesey, and administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper to a goodly number. The Lord bless the Church and people of God at Swavesey. All the churches I visited are without pastors, but the Lord is blessing His people at Cottenham. Eleven were baptized. Grace, mercy, and peace be with you and all who love the Lord in the power of faith unto life eternal.—Yours very truly in the Christ of God, **J. FLORY,** Chapel House, Winstone, near Cirencester.

SURREY TABERNACLE.—We have so long known, and, in Christ, have so loved, C. Z. Turner, of Ripley, that the unsought testimony of "An Unknown Hearer at Mr. James Wells' Tabernacle," concerning his hearing our brother, C. Z. Turner, in the Surrey Tabernacle, is grateful to us. From his youth upward, and onward, for the last thirty years or more, we have been in Gospel fellowship with the Ripley pastor, Mr. Turner. He is no traducer of others, he is not a flaming orator, but he is, by God's grace and mercy, a honest and most honourable "living epistle, known and read of men." Once in every year, for a long number of years, we have preached in the truly primitive New Baptist Chapel on Ripley-common, and the heavenly dew of the blessed Spirit has there, again and again, caused our souls, with loving emotions and tears of heart-melting joy, to exclaim, "Master, it is good for us to be here." Through days of darkness, and nights of sorrow, us two Charles's have had to wade, often up to the chin; but our inexpressibly glorious Lord has never failed us. Our venerable brother, Mr. Green, of Ripley, has always kindly fed and housed us. God bless the Turners, the Greens, and all the friends at Ripley!

FOREST OF DEAN.—It is less than twenty years ago that Mr. Samuel Cozens went down to Cinderford, on the borders of the Forest of Dean, to open a new chapel for the late Richard Snaith. A neat sanctuary, and minister's house had been erected; a Church formed, and a prospect of good being done among the miners was cheering. When the new cause fairly started, up to London came Richard Snaith to beg for the removal of the debt off his chapel. He went boldly to the most popular men in town, but not one fraction could be got. As a last resort he came to us (no uncommon course). We helped him all we could, and went down again and again to promote the cause, and a richer country for timber, coal, iron, brass, tin and water, could not be found. But Richard Snaith died; the chapel has been sold; it is in the hands of the Arminians, and we weep in sorrow. Our last effort, with blessed John Thomas, was in 1881; we raised some help, but the Spirit of God appeared gone, and we fear the Comforter is gone from many. O may the Lord arise, and have mercy on Zion!

LIMEHOUSE.—**ELIM CHAPEL.** Thursday, Nov. 29th, after sermon on the words, "Follow thou Me," by the pastor, eight believers were baptized in the presence of a very full congregation; services throughout solemn, orderly, and profitable. On Tuesday, Dec. 4th, at the same place, Brother Winters delivered a very able, instructive and interesting lecture on "The Life and Times of Martin Luther," to a numerous audience. "The Lord of hosts is with us," and our new "Elim" has, on many occasions manifestly and specially proved to be the House of God and the gate of heaven.

POPULAR.—The Anniversary of re-opening of Bethel Chapel, High-street, was celebrated on December 11th. Mr. W. Kempston preached a soul-comforting sermon. Public-meeting Mr. Henry Hall presided, and conducted the meeting with propriety and profit. Mr. James Lee asked the Lord for a special blessing. Mr. Hall stated that the meeting was specially convened for the worship of God, and also with the hope of realising substantial help to the Church and pastor. He highly commended the pastor, Mr. H. F. Noyes, for his diligence and firmness in the truth, and congratulated him and his friends on their united efforts in carrying on the regular worship of God and restoring the chapel in which they had met. Mr. Noyes read the report; he acknowledged the divine goodness of God in helping and sustaining the Church. The Church had realised an addition of five members, three by dismissal and two by baptisms. The Sunday School had increased from thirty to seventy children, and from two to seven teachers. The financial affairs were excellently good. Mr. Noyes thanked the friends who had helped him and the Church. Mr. Kemp spoke well on the true worship of God. Mr. Holden was in every way equal to himself in treating of the building up of Zion. Mr. Buttery was interesting on the leadings of God; Mr. Sears dwelt on the devout expression of the godly women who addressed Christ after His resurrection. Mr. Winters encouraged the pastor and people to stand fast in the good old way and their reward in heaven would be certain. Mr. Belcher on the glorious Gospel showed it was a blessed subject which all more or less enjoyed. A vote of thanks was accorded to the chairman. £5 was collected for the pastor. The kindness of Mr. James Lee and Mr. Henry Hall on the occasion was truly praiseworthy. The Lord bless brother Noyes and his people with abundant success.—W. WINTERS.

CLERKENWELL—ILLNESS OF MR. MEERES.

A very numerous company assembled at Mount Zion, Chadwell-street, on Tuesday evening, December 11, to commemorate the thirtieth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. John Hazelton, who presided at the evening meeting. Mr. Hazelton, after thanking his ministerial brethren and others for their presence, said he was happy to inform them they were at peace, and the Lord was blessing the Word to the souls of the people, although death and removal now and again visited them, yet others came and filled their places. They all deeply regretted the passing away of Mr. R. Hoddy, but desired to say, "Thy will be done." They hoped soon to add some to their number. To Him be all the praise. After singing, Mr. John Box, in his usual impressive manner, dwelt on Christian unity and brotherly kindness. How sweet to live in such an atmosphere! Messrs. Evans, Reynolds, and Styles followed with congratulatory and experimental remarks. Mr. Meeres commenced his address by saying

these anniversary occasions remind us that we are journeying on toward the time of our end, and notwithstanding all our imperfections "He abideth faithful." He said, "The words impressed upon my mind are, 'We are journeying to a place which the Lord has said He will give it.' There is (1) the commencement, and (2) the end of the Christian's pilgrimage. We do not take one step here till the Lord has regenerated us. When spiritual life is communicated, our feet are turned from the broad way that leadeth to destruction, into the narrow way, to press on to the 'city not made with hands.' It is a race, the prize is set before us. Much opposition is experienced by the Christian as he presses on, but he must press on; hell will oppose, the world will oppose, and we are often cast down; but how cheering, how sweet, how it helps us on the way, how encouraging, when the dear Lord comes, and with a small still voice whispers, 'Fear not.'"

Right through his address, Mr. Meeres displayed much earnestness, evidently feeling the importance of his subject.

As the people were retiring, the speech of our highly esteemed and universally loved brother Meeres was the subject of conversation. "How sweet," "how grand," "how earnest," "how solemn," and such like expressions were spontaneously given out as the congregation passed along.

Mr. Meeres reached his home in safety, and had seated himself to take his supper, when with the first mouthful, he was taken with a severe shock, which took away the use of his limbs. He was immediately ordered to bed, where he now lies, very patient, quite helpless, though the use of his faculties are still with him, for which he expresses his gratitude to the Lord, and also to the numerous ministerial brethren and others, who have offered to help at his chapel, and who have so kindly called to enquire after his welfare. The wife and family ask the prayers of the Lord's people on their behalf.
J. W. B.

GLEMSFORD. — FRIEND C. W. BANKS.—We have no pastor, but we have had, with other good men, John Hanger in our pulpit. He is a full-weight expounder of divine mysteries. We shall rejoice to know of his settlement with some Church who can support him. Churches everywhere are without pastors, and ministers are being laid on the shelf without call. Ah, sirs, when the late Arthur Triggs first came into the Waterloo-road, that large Zion could not hold the people who crowded in to try and hear him. Galleries, aisles, lobbies — all crammed; but Mr. Maycock heard him before he left London, in Crosby-row, when the congregation was small indeed. Popularity is often like the flower that blooms and fades speedily. Mr. John Hanger is not an old man, his character unspotted, his mind and voice in full tune. He may yet occupy a position where there are people to be gathered. O Lord, open a door for John Hanger!

STRINGER JUBILEE FUND.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—Kindly allow me a brief space to correct reports in circulation, damaging alike to the credit of the committee and the interests of our afflicted brother Stringer—viz., that he is in the receipt of a regular allowance, or income, and therefore not in need. Our worthy treasurer, Mr. James Lee, states that he visited Mr. and Mrs. Stringer, at 17, Grosvenor-street, Camberwell, specially to enquire of them if that report was correct. Mr. Lee was positively assured it was untrue, and was referred to others for corroboration.

True it is that our brother's family have some prospective advantages, from relatives, and for theirs, and the many kindnesses of friends who have supplied our brother's necessities during his affliction, he is deeply sensible, and expresses the sincerest gratitude. Our brother Stringer is still in affliction and need, future prospects do not meet present necessities. The committee trust that in their efforts to help our brother, they will have the generous assistance of friends, and the means entrusted to them they will faithfully apply to his benefit.

JOHN BONNEY, *Hon. Sec.*

STRICT BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSION.—It was quite a representative gathering of Strict Baptists in London who met at Keppel-street, Russell-square, on Tuesday, December 18, to give a welcome to Mr. W. Pearson, from Madras, who read a paper, and gave some account of what the society is doing in that far-off, distant land. A paper was also read by Mr. Hazelton, junior, and one by Mr. Isaac Johnson, of Gravesend, on missionary work. The congregation was, for the most part, composed of ministers, deacons, and their wives, from nearly every Strict Baptist cause in London; this, with the voluntary contributions which flow in, gave such an impetus to the society that it never had before. We refrain from giving any report, as a digest of the whole meeting is to be put in pamphlet form; suffice it to say the arrangements made by Mr. Styles and his deacons for the comfort of the people were quite excellent and worthy of note. Mr. J. Hazelton presided, and among the speakers were Messrs. Box, Wakelin, Wilkins, Sears, Styles, &c. The young people at Keppel-street presented Mr. Pearson with a well-bound copy of the Oxford Bible.—J. W. B.

CARLTON, BEDS.—The Lord is still granting us His blessing. Sunday, October 14, the pastor baptized three believers, who have lately been constrained to confess Christ before men. On November 4 these friends, with one from another Church, were received into our fellowship, the pastor addressing a few admonitory and encouraging words to each, and giving them respectively the following texts as mottoes: Jer. xxxi. 3, Micah vi., latter part of verse 8, Deut. xxxiii. 25.

STAINES.—The baptized Church of Christ would through this medium gratefully tender their thanks to the numerous supplies who for the past few years have spoken to them in the name of the Lord. Our brother T. B. Voysey is now steadily preaching to us the glorious Gospel of the grace of God, with signs of divine approval. The congregation is steadily increasing. On the last Lord's-day evening of November to a crowded audience, preached from the words, "What mean ye by this service?" After which he led seven followers of the Lord Jesus down into the water, and baptized them in the name of the blessed Trinity. It was a solemn and sacred season. On the second Lord's-day in December, these seven, together with five others, who had been members of Churches, received the right hand of fellowship at the Lord's Table. Brother Voysey gave kind and loving counsel to each. Brother J. Bonny, implored the Lord's blessing, and our earnest desire is that God the Holy Ghost may bless the addition thus made, and that He may go on to be gracious to us as a Church and people, and that He may make round about the hill a blessing.

—
"WHO COULD THEY BE?"—Referring to the doctrines of apostles, the faithful martyrs, the godly, anointed ambassadors of Christ in all the former and present ages, a modern writer indirectly exhorts us "to let go

"The theological subtleties of the ages of witches and wizards!"

From bad to blacker, from worse to more wicked, daily cometh forth the enmity of the carnal mind, which cannot now burn "the horrible heretics," as they consider all who hold "the truth as it is in Jesus;" so to write them down, to preach them down, to print them down, to pour scorn and contempt upon them, even to death, is now the fashionable pursuit. Like Mordecai outside the gates in tears, in rags, in dust and ashes, we must sit until Haman, on his own-made gallows, is lifted out of the way. O, the deeps of divine sovereignty! Who on the earth can fathom them?

—
CHICHESTER.—We never had a place yet in this city. Thomas Bradwardine was a literary and evangelical giant in the 15th century. Mary burned 17 Christians here. The truth has been preached here by good men, but our New Zealand friend would not find "Zion" as she left it. "Providence" has Mr. Woods for minister, and "Traveller" hears the Gospel preached there when staying. Chichester is almost the only cathedral city we have not preached in; but Sussex is a county rather strong in favour of good William Huntington's views; or, as the late Mr. Abraham once said to us, "I will have nothing to do with the *vather*, because it doth divide the Church." We could never adopt such a course; but we are nobody. We have watched and wondered for years.

CHELTENHAM.—AN HONEST ITINERANT IN GLOUCESTERSHIRE.—"Who kept the fire burning?" Such men as Master Pulham, who is now laid by in affliction. Mr. Roff, at Stow-on-the-Wold, was the instrument of calling him, by grace, to look for and to find a Saviour; and he told no falsehood when he sang,—

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

For forty years he has been travelling and talking the Gospel. He began in his native village, Nainton; and at Rollright and all around the people have heard Master Pulham. A friend says he is a member of Bethel chapel; he was baptized by James Smith, and added to the Church in 1831. No person is now attending the chapel who did then but Mr. John Broom; he joined soon after. The year 1838 was the first time I spoke in public, which was in my own native village. Having it much laid upon my mind for ten years previous, I struggled against it; but it seemed like a fire shut up in my bones. I was weary withholding. After having spoken a few times in my own native village, and having invitations to different places, I had one from the Forest of Dean; I spoke in the cottages for twelve years once a month. At Crudwell I supplied in John Wigmore's time, until Thomas Lamb's death. He and myself were intimate friends.—[There are now a large number of these worthy village preachers in all parts of England and Wales. We dare not, cannot neglect them.]

—
SOUTHAMPTON.—In the November month we had Mr. William Carpenter three Sundays; if the Lord was pleased to send him to us, we believe it would be a blessing. Some years have passed since you spoke over the grave of our late pastor, Mr. Chappell. How happy must they be who in His kingdom dwell! In Southampton, in 1674, Isaac Watts was born. His psalms and hymns have been read, sung, and remembered by hundreds of thousands, and even poor I, with little Isaac Watts, do sometimes sing,—

"I lift my soul to God,
 My trust is in His name;
 Sin, and the powers of hell,
 Persuade me to despair,
 Lord, make me know Thy cov'nant ark,
 So I escape the snare."

God direct and bless William Carpenter, prayeth—**A WEAK AND BRUISED ONE.**

—
RAMSGATE.—Mortlock Daniel, we believe, came out of the late Meard's Court Church, then under the pastoral care of Mr. John Stevens. We once rode in a carriage with Mortlock, and he was full of zeal, in efforts to build a new and handsome chapel in Ramsgate, which we think he accomplished; how far it has been manifestly "the house of God," we know not. It is supposed to hold 800; the registered Church is low. For nearly thirty years Mr. Sharpe has stood in Camden-road, a witness for God. Pegwell Bay is recorded as the landing-place of St. Augustine and his missionaries, who then brought in the Gospel, though it was

wrapped in swaddling bands. How steadily it has grown, and yet the opposition to it is so great. Hear for yourself.

AT ANCHOR LAID.

"Our Jesus died and conquered death;
In dying, conquered hell:
The love of God to His elect
Archangels cannot tell."

A poor preacher's life is one of much exercise, of constant self-denial, of great fatigue, and subject to much contempt. But the itinerant preachers of our early days were the men whom the Lord called, constrained, comforted, and rendered useful in the commencement and establishment of hundreds of our village Churches. At this time we have many brethren who have for years been engaged either as pastors or as "supplies;" but their work is done; they can neither walk nor talk in the service of their Lord, as they have been wont to do. God in His mercy hath made us useful in ministering a little to their necessities. It is but little we can do; but that little is a source of comfort to them, and we daily desire to praise the Lord for making us His almoner to many of His afflicted, aged, and poor pensioners. The following is a sample of a bag nearly filled with similar cases:—

Mr. BANKS.—DEAR SIR,—I am requested by our much-esteemed brother Maybray to acknowledge with grateful thanks what you so kindly forwarded through Mr. W. Piggott.

I can assure you never was a gift more welcome to these aged pilgrims, or more timely rendered. For nearly 50 years, or quite, has this good man strove, by grace divine, to walk in the old path, in which those have gone "of whom the world was not worthy."

Well, dear Mr. Banks, I know that you are always on the look out to learn if possible a little of the history of men who, like yourself, are found in the vale below; who, possessing nothing of this world's goods, yet by grace ye are saved with an everlasting salvation, in that covenant ordered in all things and sure.

Our brother M. for many years laboured in preaching the Gospel of the grace of God, chiefly in the villages round Cheltenham, where many bear testimony, even now, of the good they received through his preaching the truth as it is in Jesus.

His name is also cherished among those who worship God at Foxcote, where many a dark stormy winter's night brother M. has lifted up his sharp shrill Welsh voice in the great cause of Christ, and sought, by the Spirit's help, to propagate the grand and glorious truths of the old-fashioned Gospel, and the great principles held by all lovers of truth.

For years he devoted one Sunday monthly to the cause at Cooper's-hill; before the chapel was built he, among others, scattered the good seed of the kingdom. Many of the aged saints of God who meet within the hallowed walls of Bethel Chapel, Cheltenham, can bear their testimony to the good derived under the sound, discriminating

preaching of poor old friend Maybray, who for these last four years has been in the furnace. Yes, sir, four years have passed away since our friend did any work, and I know that they have had nothing but 5s. parish allowance to live upon. From this you can gather some little about our friend, his past life and his present circumstances. May Heaven's richest blessing rest upon him and his dear wife, and you, and yours sincerely,
THOMAS JONES.

24, Hatherly-street, Cheltenham.

GRATEFUL NOTE.—DEAR BROTHER IN THE LORD,—In that Lord "who fainteth not, neither is weary," like us poor frail things. I have not been so well lately, although yet spared; and to-day I am 49 years old, quite a youth compared with yourself; but I often feel as if I was an old man in my young days. Happily for you and me—

"There is an Arm which never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a Love that never fails,
When earthly loves decay."

God grant us to lean upon that Arm, and go the rest of our journey "leaning on the Beloved." I never heard say that He ever complained of any leaning *too* hard upon Him.

"O let us tell,
He loveth well,
With cheerful acclamation;
O let us bring
Praise to our King,
In songs of His salvation."

The damp of fogs and cold of winter tell upon this body of mine. Let us be looking for that blessed time when earthly fogs and Winters will all be gone for ever. Our wants are still many, but we live to learn how in various ways "the Lord will provide." James Smith said, "God will never neglect an old servant, or fail to sympathise with an afflicted child; try them He may, but turn His back upon them He never will." Nor, after so much mercy and goodness past, can I, or dare I, say otherwise, blessed be His name. Please accept our sincere thanks, with Christian love, yours affectionately in Jesus,—R. BAKER.

WALES.—Brother John Thomas says:—Very dear Brother in the Lord Jesus Christ, —The Lord have mercy on us poor things in our old years, for His promise sake.

"Even down to old age all My people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love,
And when hoary hairs shall their temples
adorn,
Like lambs shall they still in My bosom be
borne."

Beloved, only let me say one word. I feel the blessed Son of God more precious than ever; His life, sufferings, death, and resurrection; then up to His royal mediatorial throne, interceding for His people in whatever state they may be. Thanks, thanks to the Lord God Almighty. Amen for ever and ever. We thank you for taking such interest in us.—J. THOMAS.—[We rejoice in our good brother's faith.]

Births.

On December 5, the wife of T. J. Anderson, 41, Casolla-road, New-cross, of a son.

On December 7, at 63, Taunton-road, Lee, S.E., the wife of Mr. Isaac Levinsohn, of a son.

Deaths.

Henry Hamlet Dobney died at Maidstone on December 4, 1883, aged 74. For many years the deceased had been the pastor of a Nonconformist Church in Maidstone. He was a gifted and influential preacher. One of the people, writing of his death, says: "We are overwhelmed with sorrow." We only know Mr. Dobney did not receive some of those solemn revelations which are given to us in the Word of God. To be led into all truth by the Spirit of truth, to abide therein, faithfully to witness thereto, and soul-savily to realise the same in the comfort and confidence of it, is blessed indeed. Of every professed minister it can only be said, "To his own Master he standeth or falleth." Every man's work will be tried as by fire.

That much-honoured deacon of the Horsell-common Church, near Woking, Mr. Henry Cobbett, has been called to that upper house, not made with hands. His remains were laid to rest on December 1, 1883, in his 78th year. A serious loss to the Church, which is in a weak state; the people are few and poor, and preachers come but seldom. Oh, Lord! wilt Thou send us a young Elishu, full of the knowledge of Christ as his own Saviour, one who can, who will successfully cry out, "Come, see a man who told me all things that ever I did. Is not this the Christ?"

The venerable Mr. Easterbrook, so well-known in Devonshire as a faithful preacher of the Gospel, after one year of suffering departed in peace December 2, 1883, in his 76th year. In the Plymouth Cemetery his remains were laid quietly down to rest by the side of his earthly partner. Mr. Westlake and Mr. Clancy performed the funeral service over the grave of their old friend. He has left four sons and four daughters, all of whom are following the Lord in faith; six of them have put on Christ by publicly confessing their faith and hope in the Son of God by baptism by immersion. We have spent some good seasons with the deceased Mr. Easterbrook, and with two of his sons.

In loving remembrance of George Joseph Knight, aged 85 years. Principal for fifty-five years of Albon Commercial International College, Broadway, South Hackney, and Cambridge-road, Mile-end, E., who fell asleep, safe in the arms of Jesus, on Sunday, November 25, 1883. "Behold, He taketh away, who can hinder Him? Who will say unto Him, What doest Thou?"

LADY HAZLERIGG.—We believe the following refers to the mother of that much esteemed minister of the Gospel at Leicester, Mr. Grey Hazlerigg. We trust the honoured lady found her soul's entire and eternal peace in the Lord Jesus:—Lady Hazlerigg died at Noseley-hall, Leicestershire, on December 13, 1883. Henrietta Lady Hazlerigg was the fifth daughter of Mr. Charles Allan Phillips, of St. Bride's-hill, Pembroke-shire, and was married to Sir Arthur Grey Hazlerigg, Bart., in July, 1835.

MY ESTEEMED BROTHER BANKS.—Death is taking its walks around us, and we are losing those with whom we have held sweet communion, and one of them is our friend, T. Pickworth. The Lord's poor have lost a good friend, for He gave abundantly of that the dear Lord lent him. I miss him much; but he has gone home and entered into rest. May others be raised up to fill his place. I have now to record the death of our good brother, John Fell, late of 61, Seymour-place, Bryanston-square, who died on Wednesday, November 19, in the 73rd year of

his age; was interred in the Willesden cemetery. After being laid aside for about three weeks, the dear Saviour gradually took down the old house, pin by pin, until the soul of the worn out pilgrim took its flight to the realms of eternal bliss, and is now for ever with Him be loved. His end was calm and peaceful, relying solely upon the blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer for his eternal salvation. You, my dear brother, have been held up by your heavenly Father's hand for many, many years, amidst all the conflicts and sorrows of this life (and they have been many and sore), but your loving Saviour has sustained and comforted you through them all, and still spared you nearly to the close of another year, so that you may again, when it finishes, raise a sweet Ebenezer, and with holy gratitude exclaim, "Hitherto the Lord hath been my Helper." Our prayer is that the Holy Spirit may warm your heart and cheer your soul in things eternal, that you may, by the eye of faith, view your Father's home, so that when the tired soldier of the cross shall put off the armour and lay down the body to rest, then the immortal part may burst asunder, and enter into the glorious mansion prepared for it before the foundation of the world, there to "crown Him Lord of all." I trust to be there, having some little hope, through grace that my Jesus has washed and cleansed me from all my sins, and shall at last walk with Him in white, "for they are worthy," and with all the blood-bought, shout, "Victory! victory! through the Lamb."—C. ATKINSON, Notting-hill-gate, December 6, 1883.

THE LATE MR. JOSEPH CHISLETT.—Some thirty years, or more, the once noble piece of manhood and of bold Gospel faith, Mr. John Corbitt, strongly recommended a minister, then in Halifax, or some adjoining centre, whose name was Joseph Chislett. We soon had him up to Crosby-row. The East-street people had lost their pastor, Mr. James Moody. Some of them heard Mr. Chislett at Crosby-row. They invited him to their pulpit, they settled him as their pastor, and in East-street and York-street, Walworth, Mr. Chislett continued to preach from the time he came to London until afflictions prevented his sounding out the glorious second coming of our Lord. Mr. F. Crane writes us to note that his ransomed spirit left this island of sin, of sorrow, of every kind of death, on Wednesday, December 6, 1883, about ten o'clock at night. He had endured a long and weary illness. His last hours were peaceful. We feel much regret that we could not visit him ere he left us; but only the Lord knoweth how He enables us to continually press on in the various branches of work which, we trust, He has given us to do. Further particulars of Mr. Chislett's latter days will appear.

Mr. George Barrell, a deacon of Sudbury Baptist Church, left us all the first Sunday in December, 1883, aged 65. Mr. William Petors, of Rayleigh, and Bertha Clarke, of Glensford; Mr. W. Winters has furnished interesting particulars of each, which will appear (D.V.) next.

In hope of the resurrection to life eternal, on Sunday, November 18, 1883, Joseph Applegate, of Solo-square, in his 75th year. His remains were interred in Nunhead Cemetery on Monday, November 26, in the presence of a large number of sorrowing friends.

In loving remembrance of James Buckingham, late of 80, Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, who departed this life, December 13, 1883, aged 72. His end was peace.

The great Dayananda Sarasvati, the believer in the Vedas of India, the Indian Pusey, has passed away. He was opposed to all idol worship, repudiated caste, and advocated education. He was a Luther in his way, was opposed and persecuted; but he knew not our Lord Jesus Christ, as far as we can discover.

Love Speaking.

“FOR THEY ARE THINE.”

Thus the Saviour to His Father spake,
And a poet, with his heart awake,

Did sing:—

“There is a family on earth,
Whose Father fills a throne;
But, though a seed of heavenly birth,
To men they're little known.
But 'tis the King who reigns above,
Who claims *them for His own*,
The favoured objects of His love,
And destined to a throne.”

WHEN sentences from the Word are sounded in your soul, they expand, like the original roots, shooting out in many branches, or like a full-grown tree, whose natural arms shoot outward, upward, downward, yea, in all directions. Thus it was with my spirit (January 13, 1884), when, once more, that prayer, THE prayer of all prayers, the Saviour's prayer to His Father in John xvii., came home to my heart with astonishing and amazing sweetness. I read for a text:—

“FOR THEY ARE THINE.”

The people, the disciples of whom Jesus spake when He said, I have manifested **THY NAME** unto the men which Thou gavest Me out of the world.” Every truly converted soul is a gift of the Father to His Son; as one family they were given to Him in the covenant of grace before time, and in time they are taken, one of a city and two of a family, and by the Spirit led to Christ. He knoweth them; Love divine draweth them, Jesus receiveth them, and well and truly may He say, “Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out.” The name of God as a Father, a **FATHER OF LOVE**, a **LOVING FATHER**, is, by Christ, “manifested unto the men, given through the Spirit unto the Son

“OUT OF THE WORLD.”

Carnal, covetous, crafty, censorious, cruel praters and professors, I cannot believe have had the Father's name manifested unto them. But how far the sour, unsubdued nature of some reigns over the hidden grace within, I must leave. Thousands of times, to myself, I repeat, that immense volume of divinity recorded in Matt. xi., “All things are delivered unto me of My Father, and no man knoweth the Son but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father save the Son, and him to whomsoever the Son will reveal Him.” Oh, my soul! before such a text, free-will in real religious matters must die, if it could die; but it will not die until the judgment day. It was born with Cain, its power was seen in Cain, and I fear it is Cain's enmity against God's sovereignty that is now aiming to sweep away what they call Calvinism from the earth.

My soul stands looking at that 27th verse of Matthew xi., and she asketh herself, “Hath the Son of God ever revealed to thee the Father?”

If not thou art out of the secret; if He has, thou art in the covenant, and heaven cannot be lost to thee. Oh, let us seek most honestly, earnestly, unceasingly, to know for ourselves the

TRUTH OF THIS GRAVE MYSTERY,

the Son's revelation of the Father in the souls of those who are given to Him; for unto His Father the Son saith,

"THEY ARE THINE!"

The POWER which preserves them is declared by Christ—"I pray not for the world;" therefore they of the world do one of three things: they either rest quietly in the form of godliness, denying the power; or they name the name of Christ for a season, but in the time of temptation fall away; or they live on in sin's dominion until driven away in their wickedness. Tried, tempted, tossed about believer, what has kept you all these years wading through sorrows, battling with sins, almost at times in despair, "yet upheld till now"? Is it not alone to be ascribed to the Saviour's intercession, "I pray for them; for they are Thine." To Judas He never said, "I have prayed for thee;" but His voice to Peter was awakening, alarming, instructing, and consoling. The Saviour's eye was upon Satan. He saw the enemy watching to catch the devoted, the energetic apostle. He comes to the apostle, "Simon! Simon! behold! Satan hath desired to have you, that he may

"SIFT YOU AS WHEAT."

Did Satan know he could not destroy the servant? He knew he could only sift, shake, terrify, bruise the man! "But," saith the glorious Advocate, "I *have*," not I *will*. Already His intercession had gone up to the high throne of God. "I HAVE prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not, and when thou art converted, strengthen thy brethren."

Can ye dig into this deep prophetic mystery? Have ye been sorely shaken? thrown to the ground? all but lost? Yet has thy faith in the Redeemer maintained its hold upon Him? And after the fiery trial have ye come forth, seeking to fortify the minds of those of your brethren who have been sorely distressed? Oh, sing then—

"Petitions now and prayers may rise,
And saints their offerings bring;
The Priest with His own sacrifice
Presents them to the King."

He lives! the great Forerunner lives; and we, who are of His kindred, shall live through Him.

How did Peter ministerially strengthen the brethren? Read through the first and second chapters of Peter's first epistle. After referring to their inheritance above, to the trial of their faith, to their being kept by the power of God, he draws a line of distinction between those who do believe in Christ, and who realise a preciousness in Him, and those who stumble at the Word; after thus paving the way, the apostle distinctly sets forth

THE EVIDENTIAL PRIVILEGES

of those who are vitally, eternally of the FAMILY OF GOD, wherein Peter refers, as I believe, to the part each Person of the Trinity takes in the salvation of the Church.

"But ye are a chosen generation, a chosen kindred;" the Greek will mean, Which is the FATHER'S part? All the kindred in the covenant

were chosen, ordained, predestinated to the adoption of children, ere time its marvellous course began. "*A royal priesthood:*" that refers to the union they have with, and the interest they have in, the great High Priest of our profession; He maketh them kings and priests unto God.

"*An holy nation.*" This is the work of the HOLY GHOST in them. He is sanctifying them, and is gathering them into one compact body, one separated nation. Such a nation as never can, never will, be found in all God's universe beside.

"*A peculiar people.*" This is the outcome of God the Father's choice of them, of God the Son's anointing of them, of the Holy Ghost's separating and sanctifying them, making them in many senses a most peculiar people in themselves, and a peculiar treasure unto their God, answering to the original design—"That ye should show forth THE PRAISES OF HIM WHO HATH CALLED YOU OUT OF DARKNESS INTO HIS MARVELLOUS LIGHT."

Thus in a most brief and imperfect manner I have once more declared the truth of our Gospel way of salvation. I have believed all this, have had fellowship with God in all this, for over fifty years; and have borne my public testimony to it in all parts of the kingdom, and I know this revelation of God's mercy upon poor sinners like myself leads to no bitterness of spirit, to no self-idolisation, to no glorying in the creature, but it doth lead to a repentance which needeth not to be repented of, and to a pure love to all that is god-like and good, to all that is Christ-like and saving, to all that is holy and heavenly. Amen and amen.

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, Jan. 18, 1884.

A FEW DAYS IN THE MANXLAND.

BY ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

AFTER five hours' ride in the railway carriage of the Midland Company, we reached Liverpool, where we remained through the night, desiring to get all the rest possibly to be obtained, in order to be prepared for the passage to Douglas, Isle of Man.

On the following day we hastened to the landing-pier, where the splendid steamer "*Snaefell*" was ready to welcome all who were bound for "*Manxland.*" All passengers getting on the boat, the clock struck one, and the distinct voice, "*Right, sir!*" rang through our ears, and our "*Snaefell*" was on the move. Soon we realised that an unpleasant passage was before us. For a moment all seemed as if our steamer's motto was *upwards*, but soon after *downwards*. We have had several sea voyages before, but never experienced the unpleasant and undesirable sensation. Yet we were willing to experience the roughness of the passage over the Irish Sea if only we could enjoy the pleasure of spending a few days on the beautiful historical island, the pride of the Earls of Derby for so many ages. After six hours and a half of a passage the roughest imaginable, we reached Douglas Pier. Darkness having set on sea and land, we felt it best to rest for the night and be prepared for the morrow's duties.

Early on the morrow the eye was charmed with the magnificence it beheld. The spirit seemed as if intoxicated, but not with wine—with the splendour of scenery and the majesty which the Creator has set upon that small island. The charms of Manxland cannot be fully described. To form an idea it is absolutely necessary to spend a few days there. The climate mild and balmy, the majesty of the rock-bound coasts inspires the beholder with admiration. Standing on the Douglas Pier, or promenade, the "*tower of refuge*" stands in the sea erected on a rock, which is often submerged; but when the tide is low the tower and rock which forms its foundation stand conspicuous before the beholder.

We preached on Sunday morning in the Congregational church, and in the evening in a Primitive Methodist chapel, on behalf of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews. On Monday evening, having delivered a lecture in the Wesleyan Chapel, Douglas, for the same society, we then proceeded to Ramsey, another charming town, exquisitely beautiful. Having lectured in the Wesleyan Church and honoured with the presence of several members of the House of Keys—viz., Manx Parliament—who considerably assisted financially to the good work, we then made our way to Castletown; the chief attraction of that town being the Castle Rushen, one of the oldest fortresses of Europe, and every wall of which is perfect as when it was first erected. The castle is stated to have been built by Guthred, the son and successor of Gorry, or Orry, the first Manx king of the Danish line.

Looking at the castle, one is reminded of the many sieges it sustained; notably, the terrible siege of Edward Bruce in 1313, when, after a defence of fourteen days, it was taken. Having been in company with a dear friend from Douglas, we applied to the governor of the castle for permission to go over the ancient structure. The desired permission was granted, and a special warder was sent to accompany us, who kindly took us over the great building, which is now used as a prison. Going through the yard it was painful to observe strong and bright looking men engaged in hard labour, being imprisoned for various crimes. Having delivered a lecture in the Wesleyan Church at Castletown, we were agreeably surprised to meet a splendid conveyance occupied by my friends, the "Corrin" family, who purposely drove 24 miles to enable me to return to Douglas the same night.

Arriving at Peele House, Victoria-street, Douglas, and having rested from the long drive, on the morrow we said good-bye to Manxland, with the earnest hope of seeing it again before long. The steamer having started early in the morning, the horizon was clear and beautiful, the sea calm and serene. It was most enchanting to see the lovely Manxland, with all the sweet landscapes in all their majesty, gradually vanishing out of sight. In the stillness of the passage, looking upward we gazed at the clear heavens, downwards at the sea, so pleasant, as if delighted to convey us back to Liverpool without giving us the trouble experienced previously when going to Douglas. Arriving in Liverpool, I was met by a countryman of mine, Mr. Aaron Matthews, who is a native of Russia, of the same county, a Jew converted to Christ, a Baptist minister who for several years laboured with great success in Liverpool over a Church which prospered under his ministry. It was

delightful to me to learn in conversation that he too resigned his pastorate and entered into the services of the British Society for the Propagation of the Gospel among the Jews, his heart having burned within him with a holy love for Israel. He is now most successfully labouring as missionary deputation. Having thus found a brother Jew in Christ—his wife, too, with him having been brought out of the darkness of Judaism, and children, too, full of grace and zeal for God and Israel—it was a joy of joys to be thus in fellowship with a brother and his family, who is bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh; both believing and rejoicing in the same Gospel of the Son of God, delighting in the same name of all names, sweetest and most precious in heaven and on earth, “*Jesus*.” Oh, how that name cements and thrills, a joy unspeakable to all who know

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer’s ear.”

And now, dear reader, in concluding this simple narrative of my passage and experience of a few days, will you follow me patiently a few more moments and see if there is not a lesson or two which we may learn as Christian pilgrims through this world. My passage from Liverpool, so rough and terribly stormy, reminds me of the poor souls struggling on through the rough passage of life: we often call life a voyage, but I am inclined to call it only a passage, so short! Standing on Douglas promenade and viewing the tower of refuge, I am reminded of the tower, Christ. “The name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and is safe.” O dear reader, life is brief, full of struggle and storms, on the right and left men perish. Is Jesus your strong tower, the tower of refuge?

The “Castle Rushen,” now a prison in Castletown, I walked over it; on right and left prisoners were labouring, deprived of liberty, yet though I was within the prison, its gates locked, yet the sense of freedom was in my heart. Though in prison yet free were my feelings. O how sweet to know that “There is now no condemnation to them that are in Christ Jesus,” though surrounded by sin and evil of all descriptions, yet by the grace of God freedom is the happy portion of the elect.

“The world is all dark, or the world is all bright,
Just as we choose to make it;
Our burden is heavy, our burden is light,
Just as we happen to make it.
And people who grumble and people who groan
At the world and its every proposal,
Would grumble and groan if the world were their own,
With sun, moon, and stars at disposal.

It is all very well to have beauty and health,
But if ugly and sick, we must bear it;
It is all very well to have oceans of wealth,
Though we find, if we must, we can spare it.
But healthy and wealthy, or sickly and poor,
We are wise to be careless and happy,
And gracefully try all our ills to endure,
Though we try till we’re hairless and cappy.

In the Broadway of life though we’re jostled and torn,
There’s a beautiful gate, at whose portal
The robes of the great, like the wearied and worn,
Must be changed for the garment immortal.

And knocks he a beggar, or knocks he a king,
 To the Master but little it matters;
 Be his heart but in tune he may enter and sing,
 Though his raiment be sables or tatters.

Not all can be noble, not all can be great,
 But our lives with God's love we can leaven;
 And whether of high or of lowly estate,
 'Tis the same to our Father in heaven.
 The world may seem dark, or the world may seem light,
 As we cling to the old, old story,
 And cheerfully work, with our lamps burning bright,
 Till we enter the portals of glory."

THE SOUL'S WARFARE AND ITS VICTORY.

(Continued from page 21.)

[WE wish our readers to bear in mind, first, these letters were never written with any view to their being published. They are the private unfoldings of a child to her father, unconsciously developing the grace of God in its earliest and gradual operations. Then, secondly, the dear writer has been called home. Hence, as we proceed, if spared, we shall see the soul's warfare and its victory through JESUS CHRIST the Son of God, even over death and the grave. Oh, it is a sublime mystery! It is a serious matter. I feel inwardly prompted to advise free-grace believers to ask their free-will neighbours to read these letters. If the blessing of the Lord attend the perusal of them to souls concerned to be saved, we are certain much good will be the result.—C. W. B.].

THE DAUGHTER'S LETTER TO HER FATHER, MR. ISAIAH SMITH.

DEAR FATHER,—I thought you might be looking for a letter from me. I am glad to tell you that the Lord has raised up a Christian friend to come and see me. She is about thirty; her name is A—; her mother is a widow. You may perhaps know them; the husband's name was Charles A—. This young woman is a very quiet person; she has often been in to see me, but always seemed rather shy of me. I often used to serve her in C— shop. But last night when she came in her manner seemed quite different. Then we sat and talked a little while, and she touched upon soul matters. She made my tears flow as a stream. She talked a long time, and I received a little comfort, and have felt more comfortable to-day. I asked her to come when she could, and she said she would.

I feel, as far as myself is concerned, I can say, "Thy will be done." But it is those around me; it seems so hard to leave those we love. It seems so hard for me when I think of leaving the three boys, E—, S—, and B—. The others are more settled in the world. I think if they should get out in the world, and get used bad, and perhaps led astray; I feel if I were alive at that time I could look after them. My worst trouble is poor B—; he is such a willing boy, and these are the ones that get taken advantage of. I often think if the Lord should see fit to take me, in time, oh! that B— could go with me. Many tears do I shed; never a day passes but what I think of him. I know he is very fond of me, and it seems so hard to think of leaving him. I should not mind if he was older, and could take care of himself; but I can do nothing but ask the Lord to watch over him.

I should like to see you; but the weather being so cold I feel afraid

for you to come. I feel more comfortable than I did; but still I have that aching void the world can never fill. I cannot write more now.

From your loving daughter,

MIRIAM.

December 14, 1881.

THE FATHER TO HIS CHILD.

DEAR MIRIAM,—I was pleased to have a note from you, and especially glad to hear the Lord has sent some one to speak to you. You no doubt found relief in opening your mind; do not be shy or afraid to tell anyone that you know other Christians have a good opinion of. At present you will be unable to judge for yourself as to who is a Christian, as there are those who go for Christians who have no grace at all. That kind of person is unfit to talk about experimental things, having never felt their sins to be great, and hell their desert. You may meet with such a one; if so, do not be surprised if he or she should say something to damp your hope. Bunyan, in his "Progress," calls him Mr. Formality (now is the time for you to read the "Progress"). The more you get with (real) Christian people, the more will you find that you will get light and comfort; that is what you need. Soul trouble sometimes so works upon the nerves, and weakens the body, that many have thought as though they were going into decline, the doctor not knowing what was the matter, except it was decline. After the Holy Spirit has revealed Christ to their soul, and they have been blessed, the nerves get strong and the body recovers. I hope this may be the case with you. If it is the dear Lord's will, and if He has designed to take you home, you will in His time be able to leave all in His hands.

I can quite understand you would be more concerned than ever about those near and dear to you by ties of nature; for next our own soul's salvation the well-being and well-doing of them lays near the heart; and when God means to snatch sinners as brands from the burning, He often lays it upon the hearts of those who are saved to pray for their salvation.

"If He inclines the heart to pray,
He means to answer prayer."

I do hope that the Lord will hear our prayers for those dear to us. Do not be backward when you see them in pointing out the evil of sin, and the importance of salvation. Mother says she hopes you will not lay to heart too much about B——, as he shall be cared for as far as can be. With our united love, I conclude.

From your loving father,

ISAIAH SMITH.

December 17, 1881.

QUIETNESS AND HOPE LOST FOR A TIME.

DEAR FATHER,—I was very pleased to hear from you. I am glad to tell you I fancy the Lord did visit me with His presence, as I felt such a calm and happy feeling, such as I have not felt before; I felt so sure I was one of His children, and thought of the time when I shall see Him as He is. This made me praise Him in my inmost feeling and I felt I wanted to have Him praised. Then I thought of those that speak against Him, and this I felt I could not bear to think one ever spoke against Him, who is so kind and ready to forgive poor sinners.

That happy feeling lasted until Friday evening, then Mrs. C—— came up to see me for a little while, and we got talking about things of this life and I seemed to nearly forget my happy state while she was with me, and when I went to seek for it I could not find it. Then I thought I had gone astray in talking of things of this world. Then I cried to the Lord, and told Him I had gone astray and asked Him to shine upon me again. But He did not shine upon me again; then the words came to me, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." These words are still with me. Sunday afternoon I said to myself, I wonder if I am a child of God, I do not feel a bit like one; yet it still clung to me, "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee"; in the evening I felt quite shut up because I felt I wanted to feel His presence; that made me weep and feel very sad. There being several in the room I closed my eyes and wept inwardly. No doubt those in the room thought me to be asleep. This is often the case when I want to cry to God.

Then He said again, "I will never forsake thee," but He did not show His face. Then I thought perhaps He did not see fit to do so. I feel what a mercy He will not forsake us. My prayers are so short, only two or three words, but that young person that came to see me lent me a book; it was wrote by a man who lived at Sudbury some years ago; it is all hymns, and they seem to suit me so well. There is one hymn, it reads like this

"Prayer is the heaving of a sigh,
The falling of a tear."

If God takes that for prayer, I often sigh and drop a tear; so perhaps He takes it for prayer. This seems to come so nice to me, as I so often feel full of sighs and tears. I cannot write more now, shall be pleased to hear from you when you can write. With love from

Your loving daughter,

MIRIAM.

December 20th, 1881.

(To be continued.)

THE MANLINESS OF CHRIST.

<p>FAIR Palestinel what glory to thee history assigns; On many a sacred spot to-day the sun in splendour shines. Our revered eyes gaze on the paths the heavenly Master trod, And showed Himself to all around a Man as well as God.</p> <p>When Bethlehem beheld the birth of Jesus, Son of Man, The vale of darkness gathered up, an era new began. Yet His infant steps were human, earth- like His earliest hour; His manhood, one of sorrow, for He felt the tempter's power</p>	<p>By faith we see through vistas dim of long-departed years, The hallowed spot, Gethsemane, where He was moved to tears; God-like, to suffer for our sakes, His holy self He gave, And, man-like, wept when time brought near the terrors of the grave.</p> <p>His life throughout was holy, though with worldly doings fraught, His pure example ever the most sacred lessons taught! And though so many centuries since then have passed away, The manliness of Jesus is the lesson of to-day.</p>
---	---

SYDNEY GARDNER JARMAN.

Bridgwater, Somerset.

“I WOULD LIKE TO HIDE AWAY FROM EVERYBODY,
AND GET WITH GOD.”

“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.”

OUR New Year's meeting at Speldhurst-road, on January 10, 1884, was, to me, a day of unusual blessedness. We had three meetings for prayer and praise, and three distinct preaching services. Some of the best singing, and many of the richest hymns, added much to my soul's sacred comfort. I am satisfied Speldhurst-road might that day be called

“THE CITY OF OUR SOLEMNITIES.”

All the preachers came up in the SPIRIT OF CHRIST, in the power of Truth. Our universally beloved brother, Mr. Winters, was better than ever I heard him, and I did hear him on the “Cloud of Witnesses,” and on “Looking unto Jesus” exceedingly well. Mr. J. W. Styles gave the people, in the afternoon, an intellectual and a practical discourse from the words, “Who so is wise, and considereth these things, even he shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord.” Many expressed to me how useful, how instructing, how corrective and confirming, that discourse had been to them. At seven in the evening up came Mr. Dolby, of Slaithwaite, and gave his text from the words of the great woman:

“*I dwell among mine own people.*”

The verdict upon that closing discourse was, “Quite a treat”! We had good companies all day; but in the evening the chapel was nearly, if not quite, full.

In the morning prayer meeting I said to brother C. Cornwell, “Can you knock at Mercy's door for us?” And he did, for the door of Mercy appeared to stand open all day; for brethren B. Woodrow, O. Dolbey, E. Beazley, R. Burbridge, W. G. Smith, W. Tooke, the Ven. E. Hewlett, John Vaughan, W. Noyes, John Crispin, Aaron Miller, Dearsly, C. ———, and many more went in, if not vocally, they did in spirit; in every part of the services a hallowed spirit did prevail. One hymn I must mention, in Watts's second book, the one hundredth. I would advise all doubting, troubled souls, to read the ten verses of that hymn. It begins,—

“How full of anguish is the thought,
How it distracts and tears my heart,
If God, at last, my Sov'reign Judge,
Should frown, and bid my soul, ‘DEPART’!”

Oh, how often secretly has my fear come down to that depth! But follow the hymn up to verse 7, where FAITH speaks out of the fulness of a living soul. She says:—

“Christ is my light, my life, my care;
My blessed Hope, my heavenly Prize;
Dearer than all my passions are,
My limbs, my bowels, or my eyes.
The strings that twine about my heart,
Tortures and racks may tear them off;
But these can never, never part
With the dear hold of CHRIST my LORD.”

Then the soul appeals to the Almighty God and says:—

“ My God! and can an humble child,
That loves *Thee*, with a flame so high,
Be ever from Thy face exil'd,
Without the pity of Thine eye? ”

When we came to sing the last verse, my weak heart broke right up, but I stammered it out:

“ Impossible! For Thine own hands
Have tied my heart so fast to Thee,
And, in Thy Book the Promise stands
That where THOU ART, Thy friends must be! ”

Now, if mortal being can enter into these spiritual affections without the grace of the blessed SPIRIT, then I am deceived. But, blessed be God, they are so CHRIST-exalting, I cannot think they are anything but the foretastes of eternal glory. My soul did praise the Lord for enabling me to conduct the whole of the six services, and to feel gratefully happy through them all.

The next morning I sat down to read the letters which had arrived. The first one was from a friend, called under my preaching twenty years ago; a most devout and truly spiritual, but awfully tried child of God, now in the North. This letter never was designed for the press, but it so minutely expresses

THE WARFARE, THE WORSHIP, AND THE WAIL OF ONE IN DEEP WATERS,

that I must make an extract for the benefit (I hope) of some of the saints in tribulation. The writer says:—

“ MY BELOVED FRIEND,—I was glad of your kind letter, and I feel your advice is very much needed. More of the Bible, and nearer to my God, will restore health to my soul. I am ‘tossed about,’ as you call me; not resting as I would. I don’t expect to be satisfied here. My hope has been very strong, but it points beyond this life. I hope prophecies of the *distant future*, yet, like many others, I have been reckoning it nearer. I am depressed in body and spirit: trusting, but not rejoicing; there is too much to make me sad; yet I have a lively little son. He has many faults, but he is a real little Christian; and to hear him pray, when he is *specially moved*, is a real delight. In public he always prays in few words; it is when there is any trouble at home, or when he has done wrong, and repents, that the overflow of his young soul is seen and felt, and the wise, yet childish language deeply touches us. He talks to God, pleading and weeping, wrestling and rejoicing. Not long ago his father was offended at something I said; and my boy knelt down, and cried, and prayed for JESUS to turn the devil out of *our house*. Then he got up, and begged of us to speak kindly to each other. He so melted and humbled us, that we could not help giving in to the young mediator. Then there have been times when he has wept, and said, ‘JESUS won’t have me; I am too bad! I shall go to hell.’ One Sunday he was so full of grief that I did not know what to do with him. I can scarcely tell you how I am going on; not steady, nor lively, nor earnest, as I wish; labouring in vain, I fear, and spending my strength for nought. There seems to be *no dew*; this is my soul’s complaint: I am weary of doing yet dare not stop, fearing that will be

worse. I WOULD LIKE TO HIDE AWAY FROM EVERYBODY, AND GET WITH GOD, AND HEAR HIS VOICE WITHIN MY SOUL AGAIN, as I used to do; but *just now* it is a barren time with me. Pray for me. I know you will."

This is one of those cases where God's truth is known, and so loved as to create a burning desire to make it known to others. I do not believe that the feeling in Rom. ix. 1 and onward is dead. High, dry, and wicked professors of predestination may laugh at us. Let them, if they dare. But when a holy zeal for the salvation of others is trodden down by cold-hearted hypocrisies—when we cannot go with freewillers—and get no sympathy with those who know the truth only in the letter, it causes such souls to be hidden in fellowship with GOD in His CHRIST. After all, let me finish this where I began, and affirm, if I never see another series of public gatherings in this world, I must most vehemently desire to praise the Lord for our New Year meeting in Speldhurst-road, January 10, 1884. The Lord Himself be praised! and to all the beloved ministers and saints who came that day to see and encourage us, CHARLES WATERS BANKS sendeth most sincere and hearty thanks.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, January 11, 1884.

A FAMILY SCATTERED, YET UNITED.

SUCH a family, in the high and glorious sense of the term, is the Church of the living God, the Bride of Christ, of which the Scriptures speak so clearly and blessedly. Yet, the multitudes of ministers and deacons, the members, and the assemblies of the so-called Churches, directly, or indirectly, ignore this one family. Our Lord, in language so explicit and precious, said to His Father, in His great prayer (which prayer is the crowning evidence of the truth of sovereign grace)—in His prayer He said unto His Father, "I pray for them: I pray not for the world; but for them which Thou hast given Me,

"FOR THEY ARE THINE,"

AND ALL THINE ARE MINE, AND MINE ARE THINE, AND I AM GLORIFIED IN THEM." The Apostle of the Gentiles entered fully into the spirit of the Saviour's prayer, when to the saints at Ephesus he wrote, begging them not to faint at his tribulations: "For this cause," said he, "I bow my knees unto the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named." And is it possible any distinction can be more conclusive, more solemn, than the one Peter makes, when speaking of CHRIST, not only as the "Chief Corner-stone," but, as a Stone of stumbling and a Rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the Word, being disobedient? Whereunto, also, they were appointed." Oh, the depths of the mystery! But, my soul bows down, as the Almighty Saviour did, with "Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight." Then, turning to *the Family*, Peter saith, "But ye are a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people, that ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvellous light."

The end and the evidence of this family's existence was proclaimed first by Christ. He says, "I am glorified in them." Paul says, Christ

puts His name upon them; that is, His Divine Nature, Spirit, Truth, and saving power. He espouseth them, marries them, and becomes "ONE WITH THEM, and they one with Him;" hence Peter brings up the rear of vital evidences in two sentences. He says, God hath called them "OUT OF DARKNESS, INTO HIS MARVELLOUS LIGHT." What for? That they should "SHEW FORTH THE PRAISES OF HIM," &c. Oh! are not these distinctions and decisions too awfully solemn and grand to be so lightly made game of, as is the fashion of these times? My readers, before you sanction the free-will and the self-will of the Babylonish buzz of these days, consider whose ye are and whom ye serve.

Pardon me for asserting my connection with

"A FAMILY SCATTERED YET UNITED."

Our father and mother were quiet, honourable members of what was once called the King-street Baptist Church, in Canterbury. There were seven of us—four sons, three daughters—every one professing faith in the glorious Trinity, in God the Father, loving and choosing; in God the Son, redeeming and justifying; in God the Holy Spirit, quickening and sanctifying the whole election of grace. We seven are all scattered, yet in the one faith *united*, and all united in a loving, peace-enjoying *unity*. One daughter, a very precious soul indeed, once the wife of Mr. William Lovegrove, of Camberwell, whose father was a steady hearer of the late Joseph Irons. This Mrs. Lovegrove is now in heaven. I saw and knew her in her life and in her death. I have no doubt of her safety. Another sister is in Brisbane, Australia, the wife of Mr. John Kingsford, the well and long-known Baptist minister in that city; the only beloved sister in England resides in London. I am the eldest, and have been all England over, nearly, preaching with the little ability given to me; and although I am, in my own estimation, the most unworthy of all God's mercies, yet in all the thousands of miles I have travelled, in all the multitude of journies I have made, never once have I been hurt, insulted, or ill-used in any way. Where I have gone I could go again. But the day is past, and all I desire is to show forth His praises who called me, fifty-five years ago, out of darkness into His marvellous light.

Our second brother is a truly spiritual and unflinchingly truthful minister in the Church of England; the third son has for many years been the pastor of the Egerton Fostall Baptist Church, very highly esteemed; and the youngest of all, the sweet Samuel, whom we all admire, and praise God for such a devoted and Christ-like brother, has been for nearly twenty years a Baptist pastor, a village preacher, and a zealous truth-defender in Ireland.

Now, being thus scattered, we have a monthly circular, which, through the post, travels from one member to another, so that every one of us may, monthly, hear from and write to each other. My little December leaf in our circular has been commended; and, although I had no intention of thus intruding myself, or my family, on the notice of my readers, yet, as some may think I am getting into my second childhood, and as very many are inquiring after me and about me, I have been led to give the following leaf out of our December Family Circular, and what I wrote to my most affectionate sisters and brothers, I also hereby, without any previous premeditated design, send to all my

readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, which I am glad to find is useful, not in England only, but in the colonies very extensively. Praise the Lord! The following is the little leaf referred to, just as I wrote it at first:—

“God Almighty send unto you all blessings pronounced upon the head of Joseph, even our heavenly, fruitful bough, whose branches *alone* can run over the wall, and come down to such spiritually helpless things as C. W. B. I would, with every breath I draw, praise the Lord for mercies new and saving. I have not yet left this country. I have over twenty old ministers, a large number of aged and afflicted widows, besides the bed-ridden and orphans. For their sakes I seem to be kept here. I am alive in the faith, in hope, and my little soul sings,—

“Oh, what immortal joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumph of their King.’

“‘*Shall we meet beyond the river?*’

“To sweet John, sober Robert, saintly Samuel, and all the souls to whom this messenger cometh, I wish grace to live for Christ, then with Him. Amen.

“C. W. BANKS.

“9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.”

“HOW CAN A JEW BE SAVED?”

“Except ye believe ye shall all likewise perish.”

MY DEAR BROTHER CHARLES,—I shall have pleasure in attending the lecture on the 20th, the subject being “Moses the Hebrew.”* A Jew, and everything connected with the Jews, have ever been matters of great interest to me, “For salvation is of the Jews.” From a child I have loved the Hebrew nation, associated with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, with whom I hope to sit down in the kingdom of God. With a little of the fervour of the Apostle, “My heart’s desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they might be saved. But how can a Jew be saved? Can he be saved by his own merits, or only by the free favour of God? Is there salvation in any other name than JESUS?” (Acts iv. 12). “Is there any other way to heaven than faith in Jesus?” (John xiv. 6). The xviii. Article of religion answers for me, “They also are to be had accursed that presume to say, That every man shall be saved by the law or sect which he professeth, so that he be diligent to frame his life according to that law, and the light of nature.” He is our salvation and peace who hath made *both* Jew and Gentile one; hath broken down the middle wall of partition that He might reconcile *both* unto God in one body by the cross; preaching peace to the Gentiles who are far off by alienation, and to the Jews who are near by privileges: “For through Him we *both* have access by one Spirit unto the Father” (Eph. ii. 18).

As in the Apostles’ time, so it is now: “He is not a Jew who is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh: but he is a Jew who is one inwardly, and circumcision is that of the heart. They are the true circumcision who worship God in the Spirit

* Mr. Levinsohn’s Lecture at Speldhurst-road.

and rejoice in Christ Jesus. There is no other bar to the Jew than to the Gentile. The only bar to either is unbelief: "If ye believe not that I AM, ye shall die in your sins" (John viii. 24). "He that hath the Son hath life, but he that hath not the Son of God hath not life" (1 John v. 12).

You may read what I have written as a series of truisms. You may fail to see the force, the particular force of my remarks. This train of thought was induced by a Christian teacher, a valued contributor to our family magazine, who, eulogising that pattern of philanthropy, the noble Jewish patriot who has entered the hundredth year of his earthly sojourn, says, "He is a true Israelite in every sense; and yet some *dare* to hint a doubt as to his salvation." And he calls such souls "NARROW." I am glad to hope the best. I am to judge nothing before the time, but there is the law and testimony, "If they speak not according to this word it is because there is no light in them" (Isa. viii. 20). If a man be a *true Israelite*, like Nathanael, he acknowledges Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God; the King of Israel. If he be a true Israelite in every sense he must be subject to Israel's King: For all true Israelites adore one God, Immanuel, and no more. In no other sense can a man be a true Israelite.

The Apostle says of himself, "Touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless." But his prayer was to be found *in Christ*, not having his own righteousness, but that which is through *the faith of Christ* (Phil. iii). And he declares that if righteousness came by the law then Christ is dead in vain. Are Christians to halt here? Do truth and charity meet here? If the Jews say, "One is our Father, even God," Christians say, "This is *His* commandment, that ye believe in the name of *His Son Jesus Christ*" (1 John iii. 23). If they say, "We are Abraham's seed," the Christian says, "If ye be Christ's then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise" (Gal. iii. 29). If they say, "We are Moses' disciples," Christ says, "Had ye believed Moses, ye would have believed Me: for he wrote of Me" (John v. 46).

On Christians devolves the duty, not to bolster up the Jews in their delusions, but to remind them of their own confessions and point them to the consummation they implore in their synagogues on *יום הכיפור*, their day of atonement. Here they are: "And with love hast Thou given us, O Eternal our God! On this day of atonement for pardon, forgiveness, and expiation, that all our iniquities may be forgiven thereon, a holy convocation, as a memorial of the departure from Egypt. But in consequence of our sins we have been exiled from our lands, and removed far from our country; so that we are unable to go up, appear, prostrate ourselves before Thee and perform our sacred obligations in the temple of Thy choice, that magnificent and holy house to which Thy name is attached, because of the hand which has been put forth against Thy sanctuary. May it be Thy will, O Eternal our God and God of our fathers! all merciful King! to return unto us in Thine abundant mercy, and to have compassion upon us, and upon Thy sanctuary. Oh, rebuild it speedily, and exalt its glory! O, our Father! our King! do Thou speedily manifest the glory of Thy kingdom over us; shine forth and exalt Thyself over us in the sight of all living. Gather our dispersed ones from among the nations, and assemble our outcasts from the extremities of the earth; conduct us unto Zion, Thy

city, with exulting song, and unto Jerusalem, Thy holy temple, with everlasting joy."

When Pilate said, "I am innocent of the blood of this just Person," the Jews cried out, "His blood be upon us and on our children." When Pilate said, "Shall I crucify your King?" they shouted, "We have no king but Cæsar!" They cast away themselves the sceptre of Judah from them, and they have had no king but Cæsar since; but they cry unto God for his return and acceptance of them. Now this acceptance is not by presumption, but in repentance. Blindness in part has happened unto Israel until the fulness of the Gentiles be come in (Rom. xi.). There is a well-grounded hope then for the Jews; this is the ground: "And I will pour upon the House of David and upon the inhabitants of Jerusalem the spirit of grace and of supplication; and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him as one mourneth for his only son, and they shall be in bitterness for Him as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn" (Zech. xii. 10). "Pray for the peace of Jerusalem! They shall prosper that love thee."

Oh, for grace to do this! prays your loving brother,

JOHN.

December 17, 1883.

A PATTERN CHRISTIAN! A PRECIOUS MOTHER!
MEMORIAL OF MRS. SARAH BRITAIN, OF
WANDSWORTH.

BY A LOVING DAUGHTER.

HER PARTICULAR AND PRACTICAL LIFE; CALL BY GRACE; HER BAPTISM BY MR. JAMES WELLS, WITH FORTY OTHERS AT THE SAME TIME; HER SUNDAY-SCHOOL WORK; SUDDEN ILLNESS; HER EXPERIENCE IN THE APPROACH OF DEATH; HER FALLING ON SLEEP.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—When I had the honour of serving you with tea at my brother's valedictory services at Canning-town, I little thought how soon I should write you upon so painful a subject. I enclose a memorial card of my precious mother, on which you read, "An Israelite indeed," and this was strictly true—not merely one in the house of God, but at home, in her every-day life, in all her dealings. At the table her conversation was chiefly upon the best things; if any foolish talk came up, instead of speaking sharply, she would lovingly say, "Were half the breath that's vainly spent." That was quite sufficient. As to arranging worldly affairs, or even posting letters on the Lord's-day, she would say, "That which is done of business on Sunday is sure to be undone on Monday;" and I have seen she was right. In her the young had a wise counsellor. Some have laughed at her for being so particular; her reply would be, "Well, I am sure it is sinful." Although so scrupulous, she was very cheerful, and would bring down her mind to amuse very little children. She would soothe the infant, instruct the youth, and sympathise with the aged—indeed, words fail to tell her worth. I loved her as a precious mother, a spiritual adviser, and a loving companion. All could approach her without fear; she said, "It would make me very unhappy to see anyone afraid of me." Her motto was: "A merciful man is merciful to his beast." Although so gentle and lovable, she was blessed with a very decisive character. Not all the persuasion of plausible tongues, nor any other bait, could shake her principles. I am certain that if all earthly friends had forsaken her for it she would have stood as firm as a rock to that which her own conscience, and God's Word, told her was right. She was gifted with

great discernment; hearing a young preacher remark, upon John i., "One thing God did not make, *sin*," she kindly spoke to him, explaining that sin is not a *thing*, but an act, saying, "We ought to be very careful not to contradict God's Word." He, seeing his error, thanked her.

She spent much time in the study of the Old Testament; but her chief delight was in the New, to read the words of the dear Saviour. She said we ought to be just as careful in our walk and conversation as if He were with us in person. Truly, she did let her light shine before men. She was a bright light in the cause of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. We wish that every parent would follow her example in denying herself for the sake of her children. She really devoted her life to the happiness of others.

HER CALL BY GRACE.

My precious mother was called by grace about the age of twenty; was a member of the Church at King's Langley, of which her dear father was pastor. No doubt, dear sir, you still remember my beloved grandfather, Mr. THOMAS HANSHEW, whom you lovingly called "*that venerable, that transparent saint*" in the piece entitled, "The Patriarch at Watford" (CHEERING WORDS, Aug., 1867). My dear mother was married at the age of twenty-four; was brought by the providence of God to settle in London; sat, for a time, under the ministry of Mr. Fowler, afterwards that of the late Mr. James Wells. The Holy Spirit opening her eyes to see believer's baptism, she was led through that delightful ordinance by the beloved Mr. Wells, and continued a consistent member of the Surrey Tabernacle until after the departure to glory of her highly-esteemed pastor. Forty others were baptized at the same time, one being her dear friend, Miss Lane, who afterwards married Mr. Wingfield, dear mother's cousin. My dear aunt (as we call her, who has brought up the writer from her infancy) and my dear mother have been inseparable friends ever since. No doubt my mother would have continued her membership, but having removed to Wandsworth, and strongly objecting to Sabbath-day travelling, she joined the Church at Waterside, where dear father has been deacon for some years. My beloved mother spent much of her time here, being only four miles from Watford, her birthplace; the air suited her. On Saturday, October 13, dear father brought her down for a change. The following Wednesday being fixed for the Sabbath-school tea, the children were to receive their prize books at her hands. This they had been greatly anticipating; but truly we know not what a day may bring forth. On the Lord's-day she was teaching in the school; and afterwards remarked, "I do feel happy in meeting with the children." It was really a delight to relinquish my position as teacher, and sit with the children while listening to her wise instruction. She had a most pleasing manner of imparting knowledge, which drew the attention of all. The loss we feel at her departure cannot be expressed in words; but the dear Lord is ever true to His promise, "As thy days so shall thy strength be." But to return. Monday and Tuesday she appeared very well; indeed, I never saw her more cheerful than on Tuesday evening, although she was always the sunbeam of the house. Wednesday morning she came down for family worship, but was compelled to return to bed. About twelve o'clock, complaining of pain in the right side, saying, "I must rest a short time, or I cannot keep up this afternoon." Could eat no dinner; we applied a mustard plaster; this gave relief. As the children were assembling for tea, I begged of her to come down and sit in the easy chair, saying, "It will cheer you up, ma, dear, to meet with the children; besides, you know there is no pleasure for me in anything where you are not; and with the children it will be nothing if Mrs. Brittain is not there." Her reply was: "Darling, you don't know how ill I feel." This greatly alarmed us, being assured she must have felt very low indeed, and quite powerless, or she would have come down, knowing the disappointment all would feel at her absence. A friend took her place, but the meeting passed off sorrowfully. What a mercy there will be nothing to mar the pleasure when we all meet at home! We were filled with dismay at the rapid change in our dear one;

Wednesday night she had very little sleep; several times said, "I want"—then seemed quite exhausted. I tried to understand what she wanted; mentioned several things; at last she said, "I want you to come to bed, darling." She frequently sipped beef-tea, &c., but was unable to take more. Thursday morning there seemed an improvement, which continued until Friday evening, when we saw a change for the worse. Seeing we were so anxious, she at last consented to medical aid, having objected before, saying, "Dr. H—— said I did not want medicine; it was the trouble had worked upon my constitution. Parting with her eldest son and daughter, with their children (for Australia) had been a great blow to her." The doctor came between 7 and 8 p.m.; he pronounced her very ill; gave little hope, saying, "It is a wind-up of the constitution. She has not strength to battle against it." After this she was able to converse, though feebly, to a Christian young friend. She said, "I am always pleased to see one of God's children." The friend who conducts our meetings came in, and between 9 and 10 p.m. she said, "You know, Mr. R——, I have had a deal of sorrow lately." Before leaving she asked him to engage in prayer. We little thought the end so near. About 2 a.m. she asked for her medicine; lay quiet for some time, then said quite distinctly,—

"He's precious on a dying bed."

After this she took dear aunt's finger, and moved it as though writing. Aunt asked, "Do you want me to write to Rhoda?" (my sister). She nodded her dear head. "And to Mrs. Kevan?" again feebly nodded. Fixing her dear eyes upward, and using my finger for a pen, she wrote rapidly line after line upon the bed; then seemed quite tired, saying, "I must not write any more to-night." We think she had a beautiful vision, and was putting it down in verse. She then lay apparently unconscious. We continually moistened her dear mouth with grape juice, which father pressed from the fresh fruit; this she used to call the pure wine, a symbol of the blood of the "True Vine." We all watched her until 5 a.m., when, without a struggle or a sigh, with her dear head on my arm, and her hand in mine, her happy spirit took its flight.

"In vain our fancy strives to paint
The moment after death:
The glories that surround the saint
When yielding up her breath."

It was wonderful how the Lord supported us all; it was like a dream. The general remark was, "What a lovely corpse! Such a sweet, calm expression!" She looked many years younger. The number who came to see her, and the lovely flowers continually coming, with the letters, all showed how greatly beloved was my darling mother. She had said she should like Mr. Kevan to bury her when she died. The funeral service was held in the meeting-room of our house, conducted by our long valued friend, Mr. S. Kevan, of Wandsworth. Our esteemed friend, Mr. G. Burrell, of Watford, sent up a lovely prayer. Mr. H. Welch, junior, kindly came down and played the harmonium most effectively, while the Sabbath-school children and friends sang the following hymns: the first, my dear mother's favourite, "On wings of faith mount up, my soul, and rise" ("Denham's Selection," 501, tune, Streatham, Bristol, 251), first three verses; "Our sister has gained her release" (996, tune, Doncaster); "O happy saints, who dwell in light" (1034, tune, Mainzer). The precious remains of my beloved mother were then carried to the churchyard, which is just at the end of the road, preceded by brethren Kevan and Burrell, followed by my dear father and family, near friends, and those who worship with us; lastly, the Sabbath-school children, all attired in mourning. Mr. Kevan gave a beautiful address at the grave, at which the following hymns were sung: "Come, let us join our friends above," and "Lo! I see the fair immortals." Thus was my dear mother honoured by having the first dissenting funeral in Great Stanmore, thanks to the new Burials Act. It is quite a picturesque spot where she lies, close

to the ivy-covered ruins of the old church. On the stone is engraved (after the name of her cousin, Mr. Wingfield), "Also, SARAH, the beloved and devoted wife of JOHN BRITTAIN, who calmly fell asleep in Jesus, October 20, 1883, aged 70 years. 'An Israelite indeed.'" The funeral took place October 29.

EMMA E. BRITTAIN.

Beulah House, Great Stanmore, Middlesex.

The following lines are sent to us by that genuine, bereaved disciple, Jos. Cassey, sen., of Chatham. They come in here suitable and grateful:—

NATURE AND FAITH.

WE wept; 'twas *nature* wept, but *faith*
Can pierce beyond the gloom of death,
And, in yon world so fair and bright,
Behold thee in refulgent light!
We miss thee here, yet *faith* would rather
Know thou art with thy heavenly Father.
Nature sees the body dead—
Faith beholds the spirit fled;
Nature stops at Jordan's tide—
Faith beholds the other side:
That but hears farewell, and sighs,
This, thy welcome in the skies;
Nature mourns a cruel blow—
Faith assures it is not so;
Nature never sees thee more—
Faith but sees thee gone before:
Nature tells a dismal story—
Faith has visions full of glory;
Nature views the change with sadness—
Faith contemplates it with gladness;
Nature murmurs, *faith* gives meekness,

Strength is perfected in weakness;
Nature writhes, and hates the rod—
Faith looks up, and blesses God;
Sense looks downward, *faith* above—
That sees harshness, *this* sees love.
Oh! let *faith* victorious be—
Let it reign triumphantly!
But thou art gone: not lost, but flown;
Shall I, then, ask thee back, my own? .
Back, and leave thy spirit's brightness?
Back, and leave thy robes of whiteness?
Back, and leave the Lamb who feeds
thee?
Back from founts to which He leads
thee?
Back, and leave thy heavenly Father?
Back to earth and sin? nay, rather
Would I live in solitude!
I *would* not ask thee if I *could*;
But patient wait the high decree
That calls my spirit home to Thee!

[We well knew, most sincerely loved, that most excellent man of God, Mr. Thomas Hanshaw; yea, we admired the true grace of God that was ever manifested in his life; and how thoroughly he loved such men as his "dear brother, James Wells" (although Mr. Hanshaw was not a Baptist), proved that no bigotry was in his heart. Where the Spirit of Christ was seen, and by whom the Gospel of Christ was preached—toward all such his whole soul went forth in the most devout, loving, and lasting union. Even to us he always was as a tender father, and the fact that, in our heart, we could realise so much Christian affection and fellowship with such a man, encourages us to hope we will meet in glory. We wonder not he had such a daughter as is here described so faithfully by her own child.—C. W. B.]

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

LITTLE SILENT MESSENGERS.—That big literary gun, almost always firing off its rockets against "the faith once (for all) delivered to the saints," has just let off the following announcement: "As a clean sweep is being made nowadays of the oppressive theological monstrosity called Calvinism, it is curious to notice that just now a house at Orleans, once inhabited by its founder (John Calvin), is also in process of being demolished. It has hitherto been known as No. 10, Rue du Gros Anneau, and in it the reformer resided, while in his earlier life he studied for the law. His room, lighted

by two windows, overlooked the street, and it was there he received the visits of his two friends, Theodore de Réze and the celebrated librarian, Leurez." Now, so far from there being such "a clean sweep" of the so-called "oppressive, theological monstrosity, called Calvinism," we are preparing a little report of the many places where—and of the earnest pastors by whom—the Biblical revelation of holy truth is faithfully proclaimed, not in the metropolis only, but throughout the United Kingdom, the colonies, &c. And many of the zealous Calvinistic ministers are using the press,

also, in witnessing for the validity and eternal value of that Gospel which was opened by the ancient prophets; which was expounded by the incarnate Son of God Himself, by His apostles; and by a blessed and beautiful succession of godly ministers, during the last eighteen centuries and more. We have William Fyrrne's volume, entitled, "Anti-Arminianism," the last edition of which was published in 1630. William Fyrrne was a learned, God-fearing, and eloquent barrister of Lincoln's-inn; and his rich testimony contains the concurrent witnessing of authors and records from the year of our Lord 430 till about 1440 and onward. We cannot now further refer to Fyrrne's work; but we can say, there are an innumerable host of witnesses to the doctrine of Christ, which the chief organ of TRUTH'S LITERARY ENEMIES calls a theological monstrosity. Nothing has come to us lately more seasonable than the No. 3 tract of the Pure Truth Mission, which is an exposition of

"BELIEVING ;"

of which we will send copies to anyone who will express their wish to read it, by addressing C. W. Banks, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, E. We have no motive but a desire to be God's instrument of usefulness to our fellow-creatures, when we honestly affirm we know of nothing published lately so clearly defining the Scriptural import of a true "believing" than doth this Pure Truth Mission tract, which may be had for 1s. 6d. per hundred copies, post free, of the secretary, at Hull, or of W. Wileman, 34, Bouverie-street, London. No zealous, experimental lover of Christ's unadulterated Gospel will carefully read this piece of "rightly dividing the Word of Truth," without feeling anxious to circulate it broadcast among all classes of the people. Then Mr. F. P. Patterson's original *Tracts of Truth* are circulating by tens of thousands, and can be had of him from Larkfield, near Maidstone, Kent, post free, fifty copies for seven stamps. Mr. Patterson, the author of these original tracts, is a plain, earnest preacher of the New Covenant. Of himself he says:—

"From Satan's service I was brought,
Right from the brink of hell,
The painful lesson I was taught,
No tongue but mine can tell."

Mr. J. C. Pembrey, of 164, Walton-street, Oxford, has issued, in neat binding, Vol. i. of *Tracts for the People*, by the author of "Nothing to Pay." These tracts can be had singly from the publisher, in coloured wrapper; and most of them, in narratives, lead the readers up into some

part of the delightful garden of evangelisation. We have also Mr. J. S. Anderson's *Silent Messenger*; the January No. contains an original poem by the editor, which so delighted our soul that we had almost written for his permission to issue it as a separate leaflet; but we feared to presume. — Mr. G. W. Shepherd's monthly, Mr. R. E. Sears' *Life and Light*, and a host of other "silent witnesses," are poured into the midst of the people, all saying, "We can do nothing against the truth, but for the truth." Oh, no! Christ's Calvinism is not to be swept away by all the half-blinded perverters of the meaning of "THE WORD." As the pioneer of useful publications, we shall not be afraid to say one word for ourselves. We do not expect much sympathy from "the cloth" generally. Many of them are our bitterest foes. We either could not do all they desired, or in our plain way of writing we have not pleased them. We expect no favour from the bulk of them; nevertheless, we are really glad to serve any of the Lord's manifested faithful servants, whenever we have a fair opportunity of doing so. Our imperfections they may magnify, multiply, and make mischief of, so far as it may appear right in their eyes, but having been upheld, in the main, ever since we were eighteen years of age (now nearly sixty years) in printing and publishing, may we ask those friends who have been blessed in any measure by our "E. V." and *Cheering Words*, to aid us in giving a gratuitous circulation of many thousands per month. This question has been suggested. With the Lord and His people we leave it. It has been a hard battle we have had to fight. Many a wound have we received, yet we have not been forsaken. Praise the LORD!

The Morte Stone; or, Caution and Counsel. By Ebenezer Wilmsburst. (London: C. A. Bartlett.) The second edition of this attractive little volume appearing so early, proves the happy success which has attended its advent into the world of literature now growing into such gigantic proportions. It is a work which may be given to any young friend with the assurance that it will please and edify all who can duly appreciate the author's desire to be useful.

THE ESSEX FARMER'S WIFE, AND ORIGINAL POETESS.

There is a poetical inspiration inherent in some of Adam's race, and where this germ is, it will bear fruit. Who has not often read the stanzas of Mrs. T. Chaplin, of Galleywood, near Chelmsford? For

years surrounded with the inside and outside work of a farm-house, this favoured little housewife has been constrained to let her poesy spirit come forth, and thousands love to read her plain, truth-telling lines. It has so come to pass that while this Lutheran fire has been burning, a little brown-haired boy has arrived at Galleywood, and Thomas and Mary Ann Chaplin agreed to call him "Luther." So a new Luther is born in England, and the mother presents us with the following lines on

THE ORIGINAL MARTIN LUTHER.

They love thee for thy strength, dear man,
I loved thee most when thou wert weak,
When in thy solitary cell
Thy heart was nigh to break:
When none could cheer, and none could aid,
And nought could make thee break thy fast,
When thou could'st only hide and dread
Heaven's judgment on thy past.

The mission of that aged monk
Was one that angels might have craved;
Who, bending o'er thy misery, saw
A sinner lost but saved;
And uttered in those pitying tones,
Kind and sincere as human mother,
"Listen to me, for I believe
In God's forgiveness, brother."

This was thy need, and this thy prayer,
Forgiveness—for the Saviour's sake;
A righteous liberty to live,
Which yet thou dared'st not take;
Early leapt thine eyes to his,
And b'nding low again he said,
"In God's forgiveness I believe."
Then thou could'st quit thy bed.

Strong in the thought that Jesus could,
If so He would, remit thy sin,
Grappled thy fears and hopes with Him,
Till thou at last didst win:
"Justified freely by His grace."
Well might thine indignation spring
'Gainst those who gave to fellow souls
Such hopeless sorrowing.

'Tis passing strange to thinking minds,
That fire or sword came not to thee;
So keen and to the mark they aim
At Romish villainy.
Surely God covered thee the while,
Thy lifted eyes confronted kings,
He gave thee 'mid that blaze of thrones,
"The shadow of His wings."

And I admire thy strength, dear man,
Yet love thee best when thou wert weak,
When in the stillness of the night
Thy heart was nigh to break;
One heard and penn'd thy piteous prayer,
Poured forth in all the strength of pain,
That He for whom you fought would bear
The charge of the campaign.

Oh, never, never would I part
With thy recorded weaknesses;
Though sobe are swelling at the heart,
And big tears fill the eyes!
I praise the breath that bleasted Rome,
The power of thy mighty years;
But, oh! I bless thee for thy gloom
And love thee for thy tears.

Galleywood, Nov., 1883. MRS. T. CHAPLIN.

Every broken and contrite heart will understand the meaning of our poetess, in so much admiring the hand of God in first breaking Luther's heart, and so

making the way for Christ to come in with a free and full salvation. *Luther's Ghost*, by Mrs. M. A. Chaplin, we hope to give in some future No.

Outlines of Prophetic Truth, &c.—London: S. W. Partridge & Co. The author of this demy octavo of eight hundred pages has been a diligent student, a persevering penman, evidently unusually anxious to honour his Lord and Master, by producing works as means to promote the best of all causes in this or any other world. A mere cursory glance at the preface of this huge volume will convince any discerning mind that Robert Brown is a well-disciplined scholar; that he has, by special grace, stored up the Word of God in his mind and memory, and, in fact, nearly the whole of the work is quotations from the Scriptures. From what we have seen of this volume we are convinced the careful and prayerful reader, who is possessed of a spiritual discernment, and who is seeking to know the way of life, cannot fail to be edified, instructed, and mentally strengthened in some matters of our holy religion. We are not yet prepared to announce this a perfect work. It will take much time to wade through, and to weigh well, such a compressed library of divinity; but the subjects are sublime, of the highest order, and no pains have been spared to work them out with Scriptural and spiritual force and clearness. This month we only refer to the author's concluding sentence on the inspiration of the Bible. This is his own language: "We see, then, that the **WHOLE BIBLE IS GOD'S OWN BOOK, and that He must mean what He says in it, as well as have a meaning for everything that He says in it likewise; and if men reject THE DIVINE TESTIMONY they reject it at their peril.**" Such language is plain; such conclusions are just; such statements must much enhance the value of God's Book in the estimation of all hearts whom God has touched by His Spirit. We feel this work is an offering of a loving, devoted soul.

ON MRS. BRITAIN'S DEATH.

S ad is the scene, thy mortal flesh
A waits its transformation,
B adiant soul, awake afresh,
A nd reach thy consummation,
H osannas sing, with seraphim,
B efore the throne eternal;
R epose in arms of Elohim,
I n pastures ever vernal.
T he valley's gloom enwraps us still;
T hine is the revelation,
A ppointed by Thy Father's will,
I n covenant salvation—
N o sin—no perturbation.

S. KEVAN.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MR. O. S. DOLBEY AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

January 13th was the first Lord's-day that Mr. Dolbey occupied the pulpit of the Surrey Tabernacle. He had preached on the previous Wednesday evening, which no doubt accounted for the large attendance at the morning service. Mr. Dolbey comes from Slaithwaite, Yorkshire, and is of youthful appearance, has a powerful voice, which is heard to advantage in a large building. He read the seventh chapter of John's Gospel, and his running comment upon almost every verse at once riveted the attention of his congregation; they evidently felt they were listening to a man well versed in the Word of God, a deep thinker, and one that had both tasted and handled of the Word of Life.

His text for both morning and evening was the 46th verse of the chapter he had previously read, "The officers said, Never man spake like this man." Mr. Dolbey said the one object he wished to hold up to them that morning was, "This man," a real man, but none the less the Son of God, He was born of a virgin, He was the seed of a woman: "Behold, a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and His name shall be called Immanuel, for He shall save His people from their sins." This "Holy Thing" was in due time born of a woman, and although we do not read much about His sacred life until He arrives at manhood, we find Him saying to His seeking parents, "Wist ye not that I must be about My Father's business?" That business was none other than the great, the glorious, the divine mission of redeeming His chosen people. The Jews marvelled, saying, "How knoweth this man letters, having never learned?" for He was not known at any of their public schools or academies of learning, yet He taught as one having authority. Some of the people said, "He is a good man," others said, "Nay! but He deceiveth the people." As it was with the Master then, so it is with His servants now, some say after hearing a man of God preach, he is a good man, but others say he is a deceiver. The preacher gave many illustrations showing the perfect humanity of our Lord as well as His God-head. Our Saviour sees a mournful procession approaching Him, a widow with her heart well nigh broken, following her only son to the grave. Her sorrow touched the Saviour's heart, and He felt all that a man would feel of compassion; but although He feels like a man, He speaks like a God: "Young man, arise!" Again, see Him at Lazarus' tomb. Jesus wept; one said, "See how He loved him," but He that is the God-man, said, "Lazarus, come forth!" and he that was dead came forth.

The evening service was commenced by Mr. Dolbey reading the eighth chapter of Matthew, and again his remarks were so to the point, that a new light seemed thrown

upon each verse as he proceeded. The sermon was more particularly upon the words of our Lord, "Never man spake like this Man," showing how simple and yet how decisive were His words. There had been a quibble through all ages as to whether man could do anything towards the salvation of His soul. What did our Saviour say? "No man can come unto Me except the Father which sent Me draw him." Could anything be plainer than that? Our Saviour said, "It is finished." You may say, many have said the same of the works of their hands; but wait a little, the most beautiful piece of mechanism will soon want repairing, time will tell upon all man's work, but the work the Saviour accomplished on Calvary was perfect, and it shall stand for ever.

Mr. Dolbey, in conclusion, said, Moses, we read, was slow of speech, but Aaron could talk well; but what were Aaron's words in comparison with Christ's? "Never man spake like this Man." Would you listen to the sweet words of the Psalmist of Israel, making melody to the Lord? or to a seraphic Isaiah, or to a mourning Jeremiah, touching a plaintive note, or to an Ezekiel, seeing mighty visions? or would you go to the stirring words of a Paul, or to the eloquence of an Apollon, or come down to John in the isle of Patmos, seeing his wonderful revelations? Yet great and grand as are the words of all these mighty men of God, yet never man spake like this Man, Jesus Christ, that said in creation, "Let there be light, and there was light," that said to the leper, "I will be thou clean," that said to the tempest, "Be still," that says now to the poor troubled soul, "I am thy salvation." Oh, "Never man spake like this Man."

We trust that Mr. Dolbey will soon again be found in our midst. We overheard one friend remark, "If we always have such a man in the pulpit, the Surrey Tabernacle would soon be filled again."

WALTER.

MEETING OF YORKSHIRE STURDY DEFENDERS OF THE FAITH.

Yorkshire, the largest and one of the most fertile counties in England, is not apparently very numerously studded with churches holding the New Testament Faith and Ordinances. In that wealthy, intelligent, industrious, and most influential town called "Leeds," there are two Strict Baptist Churches; but if the two were united in one, as they originally were, they would make but a small communion. A minister has recently on a Sunday preached to less than twenty persons. At Slaithwaite, under Mr. Dolbey's ministry, there is a Church of larger dimensions; and we have the pleasure of giving the following report of their New Year's meeting:—

BAPTIST CHAPEL, SLAITHWAITE, YORKSHIRE.—The annual meeting of the members worshipping in this place was held

January 1, when a good number assembled together. After the regular business of the Church had been transacted and tea had been enjoyed, a meeting was held for mutual edification. Brother Joseph Hirst gave out a hymn and drew near the throne. Mr. Dolbey, the pastor, then gave "a review," referring to the past year. He pointed out many ways in which the Lord had appeared for them as a Church and people. The funds of the Church had been kept up, and all temporal needs had been supplied. Peace and unity had prevailed; and, best of all, the Lord had not left them without testimony in relation to the word spoken by His servant. Several had been added to the Church during the year, and others possessed the root of the matter, but were waiting (he supposed) until they were a little better before they came forward to join the Church; so that upon the whole they had much to be thankful for. After touching upon the relationship in which the believer stands to God, and the Church at large, he concluded with a desire for the advancement of the cause which they all had at heart.

Mr. James Hoyle then showed how his mind had been drawn, during a season of affliction, to the words of the apostle, "*called to be saints.*" This calling was an holy calling, an effectual calling, a high calling, a calling which separated and sanctified. Another hymn, and brother Thomas Stansfield, of Ossett, gave the words, "*the love of God.*" In handling the subject our brother was sweetly helped; showing the eternity, sovereignty, and special nature of God's love to His people; the difficulties that love had to contend with, the mountains in its way, the enemies that opposed it, and its ultimate triumph. Oh, how blessedly did the truth flow! the Holy Ghost bearing witness, especially when the speaker showed how this love was interwoven with every trial, loss, and cross the believer experienced.

Then came Mr. Samuel Eastwood, with a word of personal experience, relating a little of the way in which the Lord had led him, and how grace had abounded over all the aboundings of sin. This was followed with a few remarks from Mr. Daniel Smith. This good man, with beaming countenance, informed us that nothing would do for him but the Gospel of the grace of God. The substitutionary work, the atonement of the Saviour, with the effectual working of the Holy Spirit, constituted the rock upon which he was resting. Speaking of the work of the Spirit, he said, "I tell you what, friends, people talk of conversions and joining the Church; but, in my opinion, neither the persuasions of men, the universal invitations, or anything else will ever do until the Holy Spirit puts life into the soul; there is no movement towards God, nor can there ever be."

Mr. Hirst then spoke a few words expressive of his delight in meeting with his brethren and sisters, and enjoying the good things which had so ably been set before them. He said that he had been to many

meetings in his lifetime which brought guilt upon his conscience and misery into his soul, but that meeting had a different effect upon him; he felt that he could go home and sleep soundly, knowing that he had the Lord's approval. A hymn was sung, the blessing of the Lord invoked, and then the meeting broke up, every one seeming well satisfied with the goodness of God's house. Truly it was good to be there. So testifies

ONE WHO KNOWS.

BRIGHTON.—"How different!" "What do you mean?" said John Freightmore. "Why, have not I told you, I am a descendant of one Derick Carver, who was burnt at Lewes for reading the Bible?" "Oh, yes, you have told us all about him many times; and Fred Robertson, who thundered out against High Church on one hand, and poured contempt on Dissenters on the other. But Robertson never knocked a steeple down, nor did he ever shut up one chapel in all the county." "I heard Robertson! Never heard him rail, nor roar, nor rant against anyone. He (so Mrs. Lovegood told me one Sunday, he) was so reverentially and affectionately united to Christ, that all his eloquence was poured out in extolling and commending Jesus, God's own Son. Do you know, when Thomas Boxall is in his true, spiritual, ministerial element, he makes me think of Robertson." "Ah; and if poor William Tant (for whom that 'Jireh' was built) had been polished, preserved, and deeply sanctified, he would not have been far behind Robertson." "Was not Charlotte Elliott born in Brighton?" "Yes. I have read her hymns until my tears ran down my old sea and weather-beaten cheeks in streams." "That one, 'Just as I am,' is nice when faith takes the soul up to say—

"His blood was shed for me."

"Well, did you notice Mr. Charles Master-son on that last Sunday, Dec. 30, 1883?" "Yes. Was there not a crowded company? Someone said 600 people were there, and I thought he baptized those four well. He is the very man for baptizing. In Salem there is something to look at! something to listen to, something to learn, and to love. Is he a *Standard* man?" "I cannot tell; I never go there only when our vessel lays here; and you know my old daddy was always there in sweet Savoury's time; but I cannot think I shall ever see heaven." "Oh, no, nor I. We are always a doubting. But I was a little helped when C. W. Banks said the other night, 'I have two good staffs, one for each hand. In my left I have this golden staff, "Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." In my right hand I grasp this, "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." Now I do with all my soul believe in Him; and He has seen me and spoken to me. Can I be lost?" "Ah, you get beyond me. Good night."

SIX SACRED SERVICES IN ONE DAY.

A New Year's meeting of great encouragement and interest was held in Speldhurst-road chapel, South Hackney, on January 10. It was so blessed to be there that our souls could wish there had been "no night." The loving and beloved pastor, Mr. Charles Waters Banks, was president over the six services, and he looked as ruddy and healthful as the shepherd-king of Israel did when in his full manhood. He must have felt cheered and encouraged when surrounded by such a numerous staff of brethren as were present on the happy occasion, and to hear their united heart-breathings to God for him and his Church. The uplifting of soul will not be forgotten by many for a long while to come. Mr. C. W. Banks was encircled by brethren Vaughan, Hewlett, Green, Styles, Winters, Took, Cornwell, Dolby, Carpenter, Burbridge, Dearsly, Noyes, Beazley, Kemp, Beddow, Holden, Branch, Rayment, Woodrow, Austin, Elsey, and others, besides the office-bearers of the Church, as also those from the surrounding Churches. Nothing particular was said during the day about the financial position of the Church, of which the pastor understands best, and will therefore fully enlighten the people upon it if necessary. We heartily wish it were in the power of the denomination to rid the pastor and Church of all monetary responsibility. All preachers sent of God, like good brother C. W. Banks, ought to be free from the shackles of chapel debts, and be paid for their labour. It is a crying shame on persons who profess to profit in soul by the hard labours of God's servants, and yet not to support such according to their means. The sin of omission in this respect is great indeed. Mr. Banks' soul is large, generous, and independent; and that is the reason why he should have the help he richly deserves. He will, it is to be hoped, pardon the liberty here taken in expressing freely what is the thought of thousands who know and love him for his staunch adherence to the grand old Gospel of the blessed God.

At the New Year's meeting many brethren met at 11 o'clock in the forenoon, for prayer, presided over by the pastor, and it seemed "like a little heaven below." At 12 o'clock W. Winters preached, and the morning service terminated pleasantly; it is to be hoped profitably. The friends adjourned to the hall adjoining, where dinner was provided; the place was not large enough to hold them at one sitting. Everybody was made as heartily welcome as if he were in his own house. Mr. W. J. Styles at 3 o'clock preached an experimental sermon from Psa. cvii., last verse, and treated mainly of the object and results of saintly observation and saintly observers. A large number partook of tea. At 6 o'clock many met for prayer and praise; and at 7 o'clock Mr. O. S. Dolby, of Slaitwaite, preached a sound Gospel sermon. The whole day passed away rapidly, as all good seasons do, and profitably, the sweet savour of which still abides with

W. WINTERS.

[As Mr. Winters has referred to the finan-

cial position of Speldhurst-road chapel, I may say, up to the present time all current expenses on the place are paid—the mortgage interest, the ground-rent, the insurance, gas, chapel-keeper, fires, &c., &c.—but the £600 mortgage on the chapel is called in. If the mortgagee insists upon having his £600 in the spring, and if no one comes forward to aid in this crisis, there will be no alternative but to sell the chapel. £600 is due to the mortgagee and £200 to myself. We have had many blessed seasons in that place, and souls have been given me as seals to my ministry there. What the future will bring to light is not known to C. W. Banks, 9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London, E., January 16, 1884.]

MALDON, ESSEX.—Sunday, Dec. 23, 1883, was a day of rejoicing to the hearts of some of the Lord's loved ones who still worship in this once favoured spot. We were privileged again to hear the well-known voice of our late pastor, Mr. Edward Debnam, who proclaimed the glorious Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to the comfort of some of the mourners in Zion, and the edification of those who do hunger and thirst after righteousness. The subject he chose for the morning's meditation was found in Isa. liv. 13, "And all thy children shall be taught of Me." He opened it up under the following headings. Thy children (referring to the Church) shall be taught—1. Their ignorance. 2. Their helplessness. 3. To know the Lord. 4. To love the Lord. 5. To obey the Lord. And, lastly, to know their everlasting security, for He had said, "they shall never perish." The afternoon and evening's discourses were equally well rendered, and at the close of the day we felt a secret regret that its hours had sped so quickly; but we were enabled to thank God and take courage, believing that He who hath begun the good work is able to carry it on. God grant that it may prove so is the earnest prayer of—ONE WHO WAS THERE.

TWO WATERS.—This ancient cause of truth is well-named *Salem*, as it is peaceful consequent upon the reigning power of the Prince of Peace therein. I had the pleasure of visiting this sanctuary on January 16th. I was delighted to meet friends from Watford, Tring, Hemel-Hempstead, and elsewhere. F. D. Beauchamp, Esq. of Marlowes, is a loving, active, Christian office-bearer, and works happily with others of humbler life. The cause is gradually progressing, and the pulpit is supplied by good sound men of God. The services of the day above-named consisted of two sermons, preached by the writer, and it is to be hoped that as the New Year was so successfully commenced the termination will be even better than the beginning. The collections were truly encouraging. May the best of heaven's rich blessings rest upon every honest-loving soul connected with Salem. This is the sincere prayer of W. WINTERS.

CHIDDINGFOLD, SURREY.—Service was held at this village, Wednesday, January 16th. Some nine months ago, Mr. and Mrs. Henry came to live at Ebenezer Place, Chiddingfold. There being no Baptist cause, and service only on Sunday evenings in the place, they opened a room in their house for worship on Sunday afternoons and Friday evenings. People were gathered, and the Lord's presence and blessing realised. About three months ago these friends removed to Norwich, but the meetings have been continued by Mr. J. Ayling, and Mr. J. Bridger. On Wednesday evening, Jan. 16th, the friends were invited to a social tea-meeting by Mr. Ayling, in commemoration of his fiftieth birthday. About seventy responded to the invitation, and enjoyed our brother's hospitality, the arrangements being admirably conducted by Mrs. and Miss Ayling, assisted by Mrs. Whetbourne and other lady friends. After tea, a service was commenced by brother Bridger giving out a hymn. Brother Blake besought the divine blessing, another hymn was sung, John iii. read, and prayer offered by brother Bridger. Mr. Mitchell, of Guildford, delivered a discriminating discourse upon "If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His." The singing was hearty, the prayers warm, earnest, and lively, and the attention good. The company separated with the sweet feeling in many hearts that the Lord was there. That much blessing may attend the efforts of our brethren is the prayer of—**LOVER OF ZION.**

BRIXTON.—Eighth anniversary of Sunday-school was held in Brixton Tabernacle Lord's-day, Jan. 13th; Mr. C. Cornwell and Mr. J. Clarke gave the sermons. On Tuesday W. Winters preached. The evening service was presided over by Mr. Thomas Carr, of the Surrey Tabernacle. Mr. Cornwell offered fervent prayer; George F. Gray, Esq., an able and loving office-bearer of the Church, read the annual report, which was spiritually sweet. The school is in a healthy condition. Any gentlemen possessing duplicate copies of Sunday-school books cannot do better than send them at once to the pastor, who is superintendent of the school. Mr. T. Carr spoke highly of the report as being cheering, and gave an excellent epitome of Sunday-school work during the past hundred years, showing its moral and spiritual influence as far and wide-spreading, together with some grand results from the free circulation of the Scriptures. W. Hazelton, W. Winters, W. H. Lee, and T. Higbam spoke, and a few words from Mr. Cornwell brought the happy meeting to a close.—**W. WINTERS.**

KIRKBY BELLAIRS.—We have had Mr. Rolleston in our Church lately. He spoke out freely on the hollow insufficiency of ritualism and the impotence of works as a means of salvation, and pressed upon his hearers the necessity of the simplest faith—reliance upon the merits of the Saviour. The preacher, after deploring the ignorance which blinded men into believing the assumptions of Romanism in forgiving sins said,

"It is a matter also of the greatest pain to me that there are hundreds of ministers in my own Church who are so false to their responsibilities as to teach that by the mere sprinkling of a few drops of water on the head of an unconscious infant regeneration takes place, and that of a necessity that life will be a sanctified and renewed existence. Oh, what gross darkness has fallen over the minds of men that such doctrines should be believed in! Where was my regeneration when I was living a life estranged from God—without hope in the world?" Mr. Rolleston then earnestly besought his hearers to trust their souls' welfare simply on the merits of Christ, and not to be deceived by any such unscriptural theories as were now so much preached. [The sprinklers may talk till doomsday about sprinkling, but unless in the Saviour's ministry or in that of His apostles, any authority for it can be found, we can only look upon it as a man-made ceremony of no value whatever. But it has become an established custom, like the ceremonies of Rome, and the idolatries of heathen nations, and we can only witness against it.—C. W. B.]

SOUTH HACKNEY.—Over ten years since, when I was carried (by a power over which I had no control) into the pastorate of Speldhurst-road Church, I had these words coming up in me, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest." All through the period of my ministry there I have had the supporting presence of the Lord. No minister could have kinder brethren than David Stanton and J. J. Fowler, who never gave me a pain, an unpleasant word, or offence of any kind. The Church has ever manifested a loving spirit. Surely I must say the Lord has been overwhelmingly merciful to me. Our New Year's meetings, January 10, were more blessed than can ever be described. The following few words from my ministerial brother Dolby are in close accord with my own feelings. He says: "In respect of the meeting we had in your chapel on Thursday I must say that my soul felt sweetly moved in the delightful ways of the Lord, and the fire of devotion burned higher by reason of the addition of fresh fuel. I trust the Lord will make the remembrance of it an incentive to further service."

THE NON.-CON. KING.—Swaffham (Master C. W. B.) is likely to be my last lodging-place. I cannot now even reach friend Hubbard's chapel. He is, as you said to me on railway-station, quite an original, and of a philosophical tone. How it has perplexed me, at times, to see good, mental, ministerial, and intellectual powers almost buried in obscurity. The conversion to God of some men is so mysteriously effectual as almost to eclipse the natural energy, and, as the E-sex parson told you, they are only to be compared to the glow-worm. In some men, as in many women, there is more tongue than soul-speaking. If the root and strings of the tongue only grow out of the

brain, you will get noisy clatter, but little good matter; but, when the root of the tongue is transplanted into a living, a sanctified soul (where the Spirit of Christ worketh), then the tones and talk of the tongue will be mellowed; I mean spiritually instructed hearers will feel assured such a pulpit man has an "unction from the HOLY ONE," and the sacred oil will drop quietly into the hearing ear, and into the understanding heart; and God-fearing souls will know Paul's meaning: "The letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life." I know I am a jealous old dove; but I fear a letter tongue, a learned tongue, a fine, fluent tongue, hung up in the steeples of a manly presence, with plenty of ambitious blood, and a large supply of brass and boldness—these natural, these scholastic, these polished elements are the fashion, the order, the only acceptable accomplishments for pulpit, for platform, and for pastors in these days; and with what contempt they look down upon dear Hubbard, afflicted Simpson, of Lincoln, yea, upon yourself; for I can tell you what the Swaffham Christian nobility said of your preaching in their Town Hall. But not now. I have notes of all. I intended to send you my Waterbeach excursion, but the "tic" prevents my writing more now. The whole will come in due time. Waterbeach has a long history. It is over 200 years in existence; yea, in the twelfth century there was a hudding. Old James Harrison, your "bruised" pensioner (who tells me you have been a real friend to him), does not know half so much as I can tell you. But in Waterbeach Christ has had many sheep folded there, and not a few good under-shepherds to feed them. When will you come to Swaffham again?—"STATION TALK."

ISLE OF SHEPPEY.—"Here, sir, on the high ground above Prospect House, was the first meeting of Augustine with King Ethelbert. Augustine and his procession obtained the king's permission to go forth as teachers, and from hence they went on to Canterbury." Now at Minster the chapel is almost deserted; they have preaching only occasionally. The once grand old Zion does not much increase; and the New Baptist Church at Strode-crescent, under the afflicted Mr. Hadler, has scarce reached a flourishing condition. Still a many-sided Gospel is just kept alive. One says to me, for the Isle of Sheppey there are brighter days coming. Mr. J. W. Stanford preaches around the country here, and is a useful man.

MR. ISAAC LEVINSOHN.

One of our constant correspondents says some think Mr. Levinsohn has changed, seeing he has become a representative of the British Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Jews. We have been in private personal communion with Mr. Levinsohn, and we have not the slightest suspicion of his departure from the faith of the Gospel. He delivered a lecture on "Moses, the Hebrew," in our chapel. It was in the week before Christmas, and was

not so well attended as it would have been at a less exciting time. In a note to us he says:—

"We are as thankful to you as if we had had the place crowded. I know that your heart is in every work that is good. Many kind friends, outside the pale of Strict Baptists, amongst whom I constantly go, ask after you in the most kindly terms, as if you were their best friend. Cheer up, dear father; there is plenty of work for you, and numerous friends that love you. Very truly yours,—
ISAAC LEVINSOHN."

We have never been "high enough," nor "strong enough," nor "condemnatory enough" for some; but we have, for more than half-a-century, loved to labour for our most merciful God and Saviour Jesus Christ, in any way whereby we might serve His cause, His people, His Truth. We have always been glad—yea, delighted to do it; and never were we more helped by Him to help His poor people than we have been these last few years. Very soon the Master will say to us, "Give an account of thy stewardship!" We pray to do it with joy and not with grief; and in our being instrumental in introducing Mr. Levinsohn more fully to the Church of Christ at large, we trust the Lord has thereby carried out one part of His divine purpose.—C. W. B.

LITTLE ALIE STREET.—The chapel is to be repaired and made comfortable. Mr. R. E. Sears is pronounced now to be the right man in the right place. The late Charles Stovel's chapel, that has been much too large for years for the congregation, is to be filled by young and talented preachers. "To preach plain and simply," said Luther, "is a great art." Christ Himself talked of tilling ground, and of mustard seed, and used homely similes. An old member said, "No smooth planers or French polishers are wanted here. Either Barnabas or Bonerges will do if Christ sends him, and comes and blesses his ministry." The power and preciousness of preaching is not gained at the universities. Nevertheless, let men be instructed if they have minds, memories, and manners qualifying them for pulpit work.

COLCHESTER.—The members forming the Church of St. John's Green held their annual meeting, January 7th. About 50 sat down to tea, after which a pleasing surprise was prepared for the pastor (Mr. W. Brown), who was presented with a polished oak pedestal writing-table, as an expression of the esteem and affection of the members of the Church over which he presides. Several of the members addressed the meeting, and feeling allusion was made to the absence of the senior deacon (Mr. Wigley) through an accident some weeks back, by which his knee was dislocated. As a mark of their sympathy and esteem the members had resolved to present him with his portrait in oil, which was done at his residence after the meeting.

SOHO.—At the New Year's meeting the members of the Church at Soho, Oxford-street, manifested their love to their pastor, Mr. Box, by presenting him with a most elegant dinner service and a handsome travelling rug, besides a suitable gift to Mrs. Box. The meeting was of the most amicable and spiritual kind, and the presentation was accompanied with the following lines by Mrs. Eleanor White:—

LINES WRITTEN TO OUR DEAR PASTOR,
JANUARY, 1884.

Dear Pastor, with joy we can each of us say,
As a family circle we meet here to-day,
To wish thee, dear Pastor, with children and wife,

A bright, glad New Year, and a long, useful life.

May the sunshine of heaven illumine your path,
No gathering storm-cloud your sky overcast;
But your life like a river glide smoothly along,
Till sorrow and sighing be chang'd into song.

Some thorns you must have with the roses, we know,

The Lord in His wisdom hath ordered it so:

But the sweet Rose of Sharon sharp thorns wore
for thee,

That you from the curse of God's wrath might
be free.

May your soul like a well-watered garden be
found,

With the fruits of the Spirit to richly abound,
That you may deal out to the weary and sad
The wine of the kingdom to make their hearts
glad.

And now, my dear Pastor, what can we say
more?

We wish thee all blessings in basket and store;
But, as actions speak louder than words, we all
know,

Our spirit of love we would tangibly show.

So now, beloved Pastor, accept from us all
This tribute of love, although 'tis so small.

May you prove that our wishes are true and
sincere

By each trying to make this a happy New Year.

Mr. Faulkner, on behalf of the Church, made the presentation, which Mr. Box acknowledged in his own genial and loving way. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—
J. W. B.

PLYMOUTH.—MR. EDITOR,—You should have said Mr. W. Trotman, the minister of Corpus Christie, took part in the funeral services of the late Mr. Easterbrook. The brethren Westlake and Clancy united with our esteemed Mr. Trotman in bearing testimony to the great usefulness in the ministry at Exeter, in the three Western towns, and in all the neighbouring districts. Mr. John Easterbrook, as was said of the late Bishop Wilson, was not a brilliant orator, but he was a man of God, of Gospel truth, a practical Christian, known and read of men; and his Lord, whom he served faithfully here, did not, will not, forsake him; no, never. I have known Triggs, Rudman, Robert Bardens, Collins, and many of the blessed preachers once here. I heard you in Trinity, in Howe-street, in Mount Zion. Those days are gone. Jesus lives. So does your friend—AN OLD HEARER.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF MR. JOSEPH CHISLETT.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I send a few particulars relative to our dear friend and brother, Joseph Chislett. He had been a great sufferer for years from sciatica and bronchitis, but persevered to go to speak to his friends at York-street until the first Lord's-day in January. He took to his bed the latter end of the month, where he continued till his death, on December 5th, 1883. He often spoke of you! When the VESSEL came, he used to ask for it to look over. Sometimes he would say, "C. W. Banks is too busy to come and see a poor fellow like me." His friends at York-street visited him often and were kind; together with other friends supplied all his need. He lacked nothing, for which he was deeply grateful.

About three weeks before the end, his appetite failed, and it was soon apparent he was sinking. Previous to that he was able to talk fluently on divine things. He gave much good advice to the young people who visited him, his favourite subjects being: "Union to Christ;" "Resurrection life in Him;" "Faith in God;" and so on. He had a ready flow of language on most Scripture subjects. Yet I cannot say he was in the full enjoyment of peace; there seemed to be a restless inquiet, a cleaving to earthly things, that was sometimes painful to witness. The friends to whom he had been talking so delightfully little thought of the restless irritability that would succeed his conversation with them. He had embraced the conditional immortality doctrine, and though I did not believe in it, I watched for the consolation it would give him. I must say it did not recommend itself to my judgment through the support it gave him. I remained by him the last week, night and day, and prayed the Lord, if he was in error, to show it him, and grant him peace, if only at the eleventh hour. *My prayer was answered*, in so far that he had peace, and I believe a heavenly vision opened to him after he had lost power of utterance. He calmly, placidly breathed his last about ten on Wednesday night.

We interred his remains on Tuesday, the 11th, at Forest-hill cemetery. He had asked his old and valued friend, Mr. Rowe, of Brixton, to perform the last office for him, which he cheerfully did; he also asked his friend, Mr. Wood, of Norwood, and Mr. Alfrey, of Enfield, to assist, with Mr. Heasman, who has been kindly speaking at York-street every Lord's-day, without remuneration, all through Mr. Chislett's long illness, that he might have all the benefit of the weekly offerings. In the little chapel at Forest-hill Mr. Rowe prayed and read a portion of Scripture in Corinthians, touching resurrection, making some very good remarks as he read. Mr. Wood followed, quoting the text Mr. Chislett had given him: "I am the Resurrection," &c. He gave a short address, speaking of the man as he had known him. He said he was not a perfect man; none of us were; but he was a genuine man, a loving-hearted man; one who would

speak out his mind. Mr. Heasman engaged in prayer; then, as our time had expired in the chapel, we repaired to the grave, when Mr. Rowe again made a few timely remarks and prayed; Mr. Alfrey also prayed. Mr. Heasman gave out a hymn. So ended a very solemn and impressive service.

Both my husband and myself feel we have lost a friend. He has been with us, as one of the family, four-and-twenty years. We have learned to love him and look up to him as a father. The few friends still meet at York-street, Lord's-day morning and evening, and Monday evening. The cause is very low.

I think I have given all particulars as briefly as possible. I trust the Apostle's experience may be yours; instead of being "afflicted and sorrowing," you may say, "Troubled on every side, but not distressed; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." So prays your sincere well-wisher, and sister in Christ,—FRANCES CRANE.

80, Royal-road, Kennington-park.

CLAPHAM JUNCTION.—PROVIDENCE CHAPEL.—On Boxing-day services were held. Sermon in the afternoon by Brother E. Mitchell, of Guildford (an old and tried friend of the cause, whose self-denying service as fellow-worker with those who laboured in raising the cause is held in loving remembrance) from Col. i. 12, "Giving thanks unto the Father which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light." An earnest and instructive sermon, unfolding the goodness of God in the abundance, freedom and certainty of what God has laid up in store for all that love Him. (1) The motives which the apostle presents for thanksgiving, or what it is to be made partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light. (2) The preparation: "Made us meet to be partakers," &c. (3) The desire of the apostle "that they might be found thanking God for what He had done for them." After tea, of which a goodly number partook, a public meeting was held in which the following ministers took part:—Mr. Hazelton, subject, "Christ in the bosom of the Father"; Mr. Parnell, subject, "Christ in the Bush"; Mr. Cornwell, subject "Christ in Horeb"; Mr. J. Clark, subject "Christ in You." Mr. J. Copeland closed with prayer. Mr. J. Bonney, in the chair. Collections were made, and the services of the day were in every way helpful and enjoyable.

RAUNDS, NORTH.—We held New Year's services, January 6th, in connection with our Sunday-school. The service was opened with the hymn, "Spared to another year," and conducted by Mr. Fuller. Bibles were given to 15 scholars who had reached the age of 14, during the past year, and books to those which made the most marks during the same period. The Lord has taken two of our teachers home lately, and one scholar. He is gathering His dear souls, one by one, and we hope through Jesus to be gathered soon.

COLLEGE PARK, LEWISHAM.—Profitable services have lately been held here. Our pastor, on Nov. 11th, gave an interesting address to the school and friends on "The goodness of God manifested in the life of Martin Luther." This led us to request him to give a second one on Dec. 17th, which he did to a goodly number of children and friends. At the close of which our brother Mountford (who is becoming known to the Churches as a preacher of the Gospel), rose, and after making some remarks upon the address and the pleasure he believed all had realised in listening thereto, he told us he was requested to perform a most pleasing duty. The teachers and scholars, with the Bible class, and committee, had felt they should give their pastor and president substantial proof of the esteem in which he is held by them, and said, I am requested to present you with a copy of "Young's Analytical Concordance," also a travelling-bag containing a sum of surplus money. We sincerely pray you may long be spared in our midst to proclaim the glorious Gospel of God, and may you be crowned with every blessing of the Lord. I regret to say our brother Hall, who should have presented this to you is too unwell to be with us, but I can assure you, my dear brother, you live in our warmest affections and have a deep interest in our prayers. A hymn was sung; after which our pastor (who was deeply affected) acknowledged in a few loving and suitable words their kindness, and said he should greatly value what they had given him—he did not expect it, and was unworthy of it, but whilst conscious of many failings he sincerely hoped their prayer would be answered on his behalf—he had not sought theirs—but them; and was surprised at what they had done. We were all gratified, and sang, "Praise God, from whom," &c. On Jan. 2nd a members' tea-meeting was held in the chapel; a number partook of tea, after which many of the brethren gave short addresses, and spoke of the goodness of God in the year for ever past. This was a very pleasant and profitable time. May God continue to bless the word preached to the ingathering of His elect, and establishment of His saints, is the prayer of—A MEMBER.

OVER.—Mr. Josiah Morling, it is believed, will settle here. We are thankful when any Church can receive a brother (after hearing for a probationary term) as their pastor. When Churches are long without pastors they often sink into a sickly and weak state. Many supplies produce many prejudices and partialities. We have an account of a Welsh pastor who commenced his pastoral work at a little over twenty; and continued right on over one Church until he was 91. He was in one place 70 years. But he died.

WADDESDON-HILL.—Enquiry is made of this cause. It still lives, under supplies, but as to its visible prosperity we have known little since the Roses have faded and the Coxes are gone to rest.

MR. THOMAS STRINGER.

On January 9 we received the following note from our long-afflicted brother. Mr. Stringer writes:—

"MY DEAR BELOVED BROTHER, C. W. BANKS,—Can it be true? Am I spared and enabled to write a few lines once more to you? 'Bless the Lord, O my soul,' I am. Why and wherefore I leave to His infinite wisdom and goodness. My health has been better since last week; but the poor old head continues very weak. Sometimes miserable in myself; anon, bappy in the Lord. Many sincere thanks for your kind, Gospel-toned letter, with its acceptable contents. When I read it I wept. How good and gracious the Lord is to you, my brother; so He is to me. Bless Him! bless Him! bless Him for ever and ever! And let the whole earth be filled with His glory. I am glad that you had such a warm heart. Looking on the pierced Redeemer, O how sweet is a melting, humbling, exalting, comforting, confirming time from the Lord!

"More frequent let Thy visits be,
Or let them longer last."

Oh, how blessed, amidst all the changing scenes of mortal life, to be in the constant care and keeping of Him who saith, 'I change not,' &c. If I should live and preach till 90, hope you will too, that I may have a companion in His Majesty's service. Thanks for all favours. God bless thee and thine. Our united best love, yours sincerely in Him,
"T. STRINGER."

We have received a circular from John Bonney, Esq., respecting the Stringer Jubilee Fund, which will culminate in public services announced to be holden in the Surrey Tabernacle, on Tuesday afternoon and evening, February 5, 1884. We here give a portion of the circular referred to. Mr. Bonney says:—

"It is the privilege of the Christian, and his high calling of God, leaving mere sensationalism and theory, by an active benevolence, to show his sympathy with fellow creatures treading the pathway of sorrow; and in proportion as God has blessed him or her in His good providence, to afford relief to the suffering, and cheerfully render help to the distressed. This is Christ-like, and when done for His sake to the afflicted and poor, affords the best evidence of our present identity with Him, and future recognition by Him (Matt. xxv. 34—40).

"Tender hearts and liberal hands are partakers of the divine nature, for God loves and gives; and everyone that loveth—i.e., practically and for Christ's sake—is born of God (1 John iii. and iv.).

"Emulating the spirit of the beloved apostle, and in humble obedience to the words of his divine Master (John xv. 12), some few ministers and gentlemen have formed a committee in order to raise a fund for the permanent assistance of an afflicted servant of Christ, Mr. Thomas Stringer, 17, Grosvenor-street, Camberwell, who is overtaken by heart disease, subject to fainting fits, rendering him helpless, after preaching the Gospel of Jesus Christ as a Strict Baptist

minister for about fifty years. Hence the fund is named 'The Stringer Jubilee Fund.' Known to be a worthy man, he is the author of many excellent Gospel hymns, and for some years was a contributor to various religious publications; and, till stricken down by disease, was an able exponent of those distinctive doctrines of grace as taught by Jesus Himself, in St. John's Gospel, and that new and better covenant as unfolded by the Holy Spirit in the Epistles.

"T. S. has an adult son, a mental imbecile and three other members of his family entirely depending on him, whilst he has nothing to depend upon but God Himself and those stewards of His divine Providence who delight to minister to the necessities of the saints. His case is strongly commended to your sympathy.

"The committee earnestly appeal for donations on his behalf; they desire to render substantial help to one, so useful in his day to the Church of Christ, and to remove the care of want in his present afflictive circumstances. Stamps, postal notes or orders, cheques crossed Central Bank, will be thankfully received by the treasurer. Kindly cut out the form on the other side, and oblige,
"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN BONNEY, Hon. Sec."

We have known Mr. Thomas Stringer over forty years, and we have had the honour of inaugurating this Jubilee Fund in the pages of the EARTHEN VESSEL some months since. With a true sympathy, from the commencement of this affliction, we have been favoured to convey to him a number of contributions. Some ministers, brethren Cornwell, Holden, and others, have also done their utmost toward cheering and supporting our brother Stringer in the season of sorrow. We have also a draft for £8 from our noble brother, D. Allen, and his people in Sydney. Many friends in the country have promised their aid. We believe this effort will be crowned with great success.—C. W. B.

SUDBORNE, SUFFOLK.—On Wednesday evening, Dec. 26th, an entertainment was given by the choir and friends. The chapel was well filled with a very attentive audience. The chair was occupied by the Vicar of Butley, Rev. W. J. Edwards, who made a very appropriate address. Prayer was offered by our pastor, Mr. W. J. Large. Readings were given by Messrs. C. Keer, H. Raynor, J. Wilson, and W. J. Large. Singing by the choir. Mr. W. J. Large, and Mr. H. Raynor took part at the harmonium. Addresses were delivered by the pastor, and Rev. G. S. Martin (Congregationalist). At the close of the meeting presentations were made to the Sabbath-school teachers by the mothers of the scholars, under the arrangement of the superintendent, Mrs. Sewell (Valley Farm). Votes of thanks were given to the chairman, and teachers, speakers, and singers. A very enjoyable evening was spent. Our dear pastor, notwithstanding his delicate state of health, and weakness of body, continues to break unto us the bread of life, and God blesses his work.

SOUTHAMPTON.—DEAR MR. EDITOR—Your correspondent who sent you a few remarks respecting the Church and people of Southampton leaves the impression that the present Church was that of which the late respected Wm. Chappel was pastor. At the time of Mr. Chappel's decease, the Church was very low, several of its members having left; and after struggling for some two or three years, the members dissolved their connection, and the chapel was sold. The few friends who had previously left that community united with a small body of Christians under the pastorate of Mr. Taylor; after a time, several of the members left, engaged a suitable room; formed themselves into a Church, and when unable to have a minister the services were conducted by three of the brethren, by rotation; and many happy opportunities were enjoyed by the few friends meeting together. An earnest desire had long been felt for a more suitable place; after some time a plot of ground was purchased, and presented in trust, for the Church to build themselves a house, or sanctuary, which was done, and now they occupy a nice place which we have called "BETHESDA CHAPEL." Our opening services you noticed in November's "VESSEL," since which we have been favoured with suitable ministers for the Sunday services. Our prospects are encouraging, and our congregations vary, but still increase; a Sunday-school has been formed with encouraging prospects. Thus has the Lord been gracious unto us, and we believe He will bless us. With much respect and desire for your well-being, I remain in Christian bonds,—Yours sincerely,—JAS. HAWKINS. January 12th, 1884.

ST. NEOTS.—Another year has gone; and we have been kept and blest, while many have been laid on beds of sickness; some we have known have been called into eternity, as it were in a moment, and why have we been thus supported? Was it because we are more deserving than they? O no, but because of the sovereignty of our God, and verily it must be for a good purpose. Only last week, one in our town was struck down by death; one day he was out, the next a corpse, a man very much respected, and loved by almost every one that knew him; he was a member of a Christian Church, and bore a good character, and I hope he was a good man: if so, what a glorious change; one day to be in this sin-smitten world, and the next to be enjoying the bliss of heaven; and seeing his Blessed Saviour, the sight of whom makes our heaven upon earth. On the other hand, how fearful the doom of the ungodly, thus cut off. Oh, that this solemn event may be made a blessing to many, if it be the Lord's gracious will, what cause have we to call upon our souls, to praise His great and holy name for His mercy towards us; although we have been forgetful of Him, yet He has remembered us in mercy and forgiven us our transgressions. Dear sir, another year you have been helped and blessed many times. Our God has

shewn you tokens that He is owning and blessing your labours, I pray that this New Year you may have more to encourage you still to press forward, may you have many testimonies come to you that your labours are abundantly blest more than you ever heard of before. We had Mr. Carpenter on December 30th, and had a good day. We are having some good supplies at St. Neots. Christ is preached.

THE SCHOOL AND THE CHURCH.

IPSWICH.—The annual meeting of Bethesda chapel Sabbath-school teachers was held New Year's Day. Tea was provided; about eighty sat down. At public meeting, pastor, Mr. W. Kern, presided. We sang, "Look back, 'tis time I marked the road"; Mr. J. Garrard of Stowmarket prayed, report of school was read, and a few remarks made by the superintendent and secretary, expressing, on behalf of themselves and fellow labourers, thankfulness for God's help and blessing realised during the past year, and which had encouraged them to press on, hoping that He would still be with them to own and bless His own Word which was being taught in their midst. Addresses of an encouraging nature were then delivered by Messrs. Whorlow, Houghton, Leggett, Northfield, and Garrard. The meeting closed by singing and benediction pronounced by the pastor.

On the following Lord's-day, Jan. 6th, our pastor had the privilege of administering the ordinance of believer's baptism to four candidates, three sisters and one brother; one of the sisters being a member of the young women's Bible-class. In the afternoon, at the Lord's Table, where the Lord's presence was graciously felt, these four, with another dismissed from a neighbouring Church, were received into Church fellowship by the pastor, whose ministry, under the divine blessing may, we trust, still continue to be blessed, to the conversion and ingathering of precious souls.

Many have of late, from this part of the Lord's vineyard, been transplanted into the garden above, some of them of long and honourable standing, but we are comforted amid the sorrow these removals have occasioned by the thought, that our loss is their eternal gain and believe that God will still carry on His own cause, and bring in others to fill up the vacant places.

Yours in the truth,
A. E. GARRARD.

ILFORD, ESSEX.—EBENEZER.—On Sunday, January 13, 1884, we had jubilee services. Mr. James Flavell attained his fiftieth year in the ministry this day, and our people presented the venerable preacher with a substantial token of their love and esteem for a faithful minister, who, as Mr. Flavell has served fifty years in the Gospel of Christ. For nearly fifty years has the Gospel been preached here in Ebenezer, Ilford; but we are informed that this Ebenezer is likely to be sold. We trust the Lord will provide.

BATH.—EBENEZER, WIDCOMBE BAPTIST CHAPEL.—"Behold, how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." The best of all is God is with us. Who can be against us? On Monday, January 7, we held our social tea. A fair company sat down. At the after meeting the pastor, Mr. John Huntley, spoke of the good feeling which existed among us. He referred to the gracious dealings of the Lord towards us in the past, and encouraged us still to look for greater blessings. We pray that the divine favour may still rest upon our pastor, and that he may yet be made more and more useful in gathering in the outcasts of Israel. Mr. J. R. Huntley (son of the pastor) for some time past has conducted a Bible-class on Sunday afternoons for young men, and in recognition of his services Mr. H. Gibbons, on behalf of the class, presented him with an address and a very handsome writing-desk. With much emotion Mr. J. R. Huntley thanked them for their kind appreciation of his efforts to lead them to Christ, and expressed the hope that ere long many of them would be constrained to come forward to join the Church. To this we heartily say, Amen. Brethren John Seaman and Price afterwards gave short addresses. Another hymn having been sung, the pastor brought a very pleasant meeting to a close. "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—W. P., Bath, January 9, 1884.

DANIEL HERBERT'S HYMNS.—MY BELOVED BROTHER BANKS,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thy precious soul, from our ever blessed covenant-God and Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. My soul rejoiced in your happy meeting on the 10th; oh, how sweet when God's dear people together meet for happy prayer and praise for His tender care and kind providence. Beloved brother, may I ask you not to forget dear brother Herbert's hymns and poems. I hope I shall pray much that you will give such a most blessed account that they will soon appear in print. I have wrote you two letters about those precious hymns and poems; also I sent a long letter to your dear and well-beloved son, Mr. Robert, with 10s., but have seen nothing in print yet. I have such great faith in those truthful hymns and poems, that they will soon have a large sale, and are greatly blessed of God to the poor, needy, helpless, self-emptied, of God's dear family, who rejoice in a free salvation all of sovereign grace from first to last.—I am, beloved brother, your loving brother, BENJAMIN WOODROW.

HOXTON.—As Mr. F. Green is known by most of the Churches holding the fundamental truths of the Gospel, and practising New Testament ordinances, his friends will rejoice to know that the Lord is blessing his labours at Bethel, Newton-street, Hoxton. For fifteen months he has been stately preaching the Word here with acceptance, ten have been added to their number; the current expenses have been met; and the debt of

£140 has been reduced to £100. The Church and congregation are united and in peace; attendance is good, so that, in more senses than one, it is a little "green" spot, which is no small mercy. New Year's services were held Sunday and Tuesday, the 13th and 15th January. Sermons were preached by brethren Green, Sears, and Box. Addresses were delivered by Messrs. Reynolds, Bennett, Beazley, Lynn, Melbourne, Saunders, and Waite; W. Kennard, Esq., presided.—J. W. B.

HAPPY TIMES AT ELTHAM, KENT.

MR. C. W. BANKS,—You have given notice of the opening of a room here, for the preaching of the Gospel of the grace of God. The blessed Gospel has been preached with the power of the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, I think it is a work of God's pleasure, when His Word is applied, and when we are carried above this world, to see King Jesus upon His Throne with the eye of faith; to behold His glories, to feel persuaded that He is there, as our Forerunner, and glorious Redeemer. It has been our happy lot to enjoy the Master's presence in the above room. On December 6th three of our brethren went over to Enon chapel, Woolwich, because there was much water there, and followed the Lord through the Ordinance of Believer's Baptism. Mr. Squirrel gave an excellent sermon, and baptized them. He said he believed they were spiritual persons, and had been called by divine grace. On January 2nd, 1884, those three, with nine others, were formed into a Gospel Church by Mr. R. E. Sears. The twelve joined hands, and Mr. Sears spoke kind words, gave to each one the right hand of fellowship, and declared a Gospel Church formed in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. The Lord's Supper was then administered for the first time, after which the usual week-night service was held. Mr. Sears said he had sought for a text on this important occasion, and these words had come, "Behold, I have graven thee on the palms of My hands, thy walls are continually before Me." He expounded the beautiful Scripture very clearly.

On the afternoon of January 8th, a goodly number gathered together to hear Mr. J. Box, who preached a good sermon from Eph. v., "Speaking to yourselves in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs," &c. He said the Word of God was addressed to sinners as well as saints, and those words were addressed to the Church of Christ, or children of God. Mr. Box shewed what a blessed privilege it was thus to sing, and he wished it might be the happy lot of the Church formed here thus to sing on their way home to glory.

About 60 sat down to tea, after which public meeting was held, presided over by J. Mote, Esq. Brother Weeks led us to the mercy-seat. The chairman called upon Mr. Smith to give the report; he shewed how the place was opened and had continued unto the present time, the cause had grown more than was expected, and more expenses had been in-

curred, and paid off too, for which he was very thankful; the offerings had averaged 19s. per week ever since it had been open. We are free from debt. The chairman congratulated us on such a report, and on what God had done at Eltham; he hoped the little one might become a thousand.

Mr. Dexter spoke on the Church as a spiritual community; he shewed God did not despise the day of small things, but blessed it.

Mr. Sears thought there was room for the cause; he gave out the first hymn in the room, and had offered the first prayer; he also said some good things from the words, "From this day I will bless thee."

Mr. Anderson spoke on the establishment of the Church in the Rock of Eternal Ages, on the endowment of the Church by the Holy Spirit, and rejoiced that the Church at Eltham had not come out of some split, but it was banded together in love to the Truth, and he had good hopes concerning it.

The speakers put me in mind of Jacob blessing Naphtali: "Naphtali is a hind let loose; he giveth goodly words." "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

ALFRED H. BROOKS.

HOUGHTON-LE-SPRING.—If Thos. and James Miller must go there to live, ask for Dixon Burn. He did stand in "the faith" once. We cannot answer the question. Hear and try for yourselves.

WOOLWICH.—Carmel, of Anglesea-hill, is beautiful for situation. New Year's meeting was January 8. A number of friends gathered to tea. It is always pleasing to meet beloved friends under such enjoyable circumstances, but it seems more conducive to the spiritual well-being of friends to have public tea prefaced by a sound Gospel sermon. In the evening one of the good deacons, Mr. Joseph Brain, occupied the chair, and performed his service in a meek and godly manner. It is a great blessing to have such genuine deacons as Mr. W. Osmond, the pastor, has. Mr. Church offered prayer. The chairman called upon W. Winters to address the meeting. Mr. W. J. Styles followed with an experimental speech on the soul's thirsting for the water of life, which was much appreciated. Mr. Henry Myerson gave an excellent address on the promise of the life to come, showing the distinction with great clearness between the religion of God and that of nature. Mr. W. Osmond testified of the happy meetings realised at Carmel during the past year, and of the cheering signs of steady progress. A vote of thanks was heartily accorded to the chairman by brethren Osmond and Stevens. May the best of Heaven's blessings rest upon brother Osmond, as he is an humble, faithful, and hard-working minister of Christ, and enjoys the esteem of all who know him.—W. WINTERS.

READING.—In this noble town stands a Strict Baptist cathedral commanding a splendid position in the Oxford-road, which is just as it should be, for who need be less afraid of coming to the front than those who love and promulgate the whole truth as it is in Jesus? Over this Church presides as pastor Mr. W. E. Thomsett, whose steady success is truly gratifying. The Church here has not been so flourishing and peaceful for many years as it is to-day, for

which the entire denomination must be grateful. Mr. A. Martin (with his good brother deacons) stands firm by the pastor, Church, and school, and is never tired of magnifying his high office to God's glory. On January 9 a New Year's meeting was held, Mr. J. R. Wakelin presiding. Mr. Stevens, pastor of the Church at Yarely, Hants, offered fervent prayer. Mr. Wakelin introduced the nature of the meeting with appropriate words. Mr. Mitchell, of Guildford, treated in a firm and loving manner of the words, "For me to live is Christ;" and was followed by W. Winters, who endeavoured to cheer and strengthen the hearts of all present. Mr. Daniels, who preaches at Swallowfield, spoke well on the affections of Christ for His people. Mr. Thomsett moved a vote of thanks to the excellent chairman, and closed the happy meeting with the benediction. The remembrance of the Reading cause will be pleasurably realised by—W. WINTERS.

Birch.

On January 5, at 102, Kennugton Park-road the wife of Walter Keast of a son.

Marriage.

At Debnam, Mr. William Freeman to Emily, only daughter of Mr. Robert Curtis.

Obituary.

A WORD TO THE YOUNG.

GLEMSFORD.—Death has suddenly visited this pleasant little village, and has snatched from one of the most peaceful family circles a godly young creature who but a short time before appeared full of health and vigour, and just coming into the bloom of womanhood. Bertha Clarke was a living and lively Christian, called by divine grace early in life, and was baptized some time since by our beloved brother Mr. G. G. Whorlow, of Stowmarket. For some time she resided with her fond widowed mother at Glemsford, and worshipped in the old Baptist cause there with the family, and where she regularly played the harmonium. She will be greatly missed, both in the Church and in the Sabbath-school, as she was so active and cheerful, and was consequently highly respected by all who knew her. Her illness, though short, was painful; but the continued presence of Jesus cheered her immortal soul until it passed through the valley of the shadow of death, and was landed safe in glory, to be for ever with the Lord. This occurred on Tuesday, November 20. Her remains were interred in her father's grave in the old chapel ground amidst a large concourse of sorrowing relatives and friends. Mr. J. Garrard, of Stowmarket, officiated at the grave, and shortly afterwards Mr. Whorlow preached her funeral sermon. I have written the annexed lines on the solemn occasion, hopeful that my young readers may thereby be led to think less of the life that now is, than of the life to come:—

IN MEMORIAM.—BERTHA CLARKE.

BY W. WINTERS.

"Her sun is gone down while it was yet day,"
The sun of her short day had barely risen
To noontide glow,
Ere her rapt soul was snatched from its prison,
And all below;
To meet her loving Lord, within love's portal,
And there to rest;
Free, in the glory-land of life immortal,
For ever blest!

'Twas He who drew her from the world's en-
In early days; (chantments)
And taught her to obey His wise command-
And love His ways; (ments),

As though for earth unsited, she expired,
 Only to rise
 To where her longing spirit much aspired,
 Beyond the skies.

So young! Earth smiled, and strengthened her
 With prospects fair! [decision,
 When lo! a cloud eclipsed her fondest vision,
 But God was there.

The radiant spark of mortal life soon quitted
 The house of clay;
 The Master came and called her, and she flitted
 With Him away!

But heavenly light across the grave doth glisten,
 Where Christ hath slept;
 Who still abounds with sympathy, O listen,
 For Jesus wept!

Her gladdened soul is gone where weeping never
 Shall mar her joys;
 And where the Father's hand shall dry for ever
 All tear-dimmed eyes!

Day without night, O deathless state of wonder!
 Her sufferings o'er;
 The feeble thread of life is snapped asunder,
 She dies no more!

Death came and claimed her, O the mournful
 And bore away [reason,
 The sacred trophy, and would hear no reason
 Why she should stay!

Ah, could she from those parapets of glory
 Look down on earth;
 She'd tell in "wordless words" the wondrous
 Of Jesu's worth. [story
 But now she mingles with those holy faces,
 Fresh with delight:
 Adorned in all the everlasting graces
 Of endless light!

Churchyard, Waltham Abbey, Dec., 1883.

THE LATE MR. WHITHAM.—C. W. BANKS,—
 Of Mr. Whitham, deacon of Bethel, Newton-
 street, Hoxton, I may say his departure to the
 eternal home of light was very rapid; laid aside
 scarce a fortnight. Dead one day, buried the
 next, with no one capable of going to the house
 or attending the funeral. The poor widow, our
 sister in the faith, had to meet this stern stroke
 of a malignant disease sweeping away her hus-
 band, leaving her with five little ones to be
 provided for. Our departed brother was only
 41 years of age. Of apparent good constitution,
 loved by us as a Church, and respected by all
 who had connection with him. We will, as far
 as Providence favours, help the widow; for she
 has now only to look for help to support herself
 and family to her Almighty Father, and through
 a gracious God opening the hearts of
 friends at Bethel, and whosoever may feel in-
 clined to sympathise in the case. We trust our
 beloved sister will be borne up.—F. GREEN,
 Pastor. [We shall certainly look to this case.—
 C. W. B.]

SUTTON ELY, CAMBS.—DEAR BROTHER
 BANKS,—I send a line on the death of an aged
 member of this Church, the widow Mary
 Meake. They took her to Ely Union. She died
 within a month, at 87 years of age. Her late
 husband was many years deacon of this Church,
 and she was many, many years a member. The
 remarkable feature of the case is that she has
 attended our chapel at Sutton for 82 years,
 having been accustomed to come with her
 father when she was five years of age, and has
 regularly attended ever since. It is not very
 often a person attends one place of worship 82
 years. I thought you would be pleased to know
 of this case. I will be glad if the Lord would
 soon open a door for me.—A. J. MAUGERUM.

J. G. ONCKEN, the pastor of the German
 Baptist Church in Hamburg, died January 3,
 near 84.

Mr. Samuel Francis, at over 80, is gone home.
 We cannot this month give particulars.

In loving remembrance of Elizabeth, the
 beloved wife of Francis Collins, called to her
 rest in Jesus December 17, 1883, aged 73 years.
 "Death is the pathway to eternal glory."
 Interred in the family grave in Plymouth
 cemetery, December 21, 1883.

That gentle, manly, and faithful minister, Mr.
 Page, once the minister of Earl-street chapel, in
 the London-road, and finally of Hastings Taber-
 nacle, breathed his last here December 19, 1883.
 A long season of helpless, patient waiting has
 thus terminated. How much of soul-enjoyment
 or of suffering, while thus laying on the shores,
 can never be known here. Now "home," with
 the immense army, his ransomed soul doth
 surely "behold the King in His beauty,"
 although not to the full, as he will when He
 shall gather home the whole family, of whom
 the pleading Saviour said to His Father, "They
 are Thine!"

Our beloved brother, Mr. William Peters, of
 "The Welr," Rayleigh, passed from earth to
 his eternal rest in holy confidence in the all-
 sufficiency of the finished work of Jesus, and
 could say—

"Jesus, the vision of Thy face
 Hath overpowering charms."

Mr. Peters had been a hearer of Mr. Wigmore
 for some time, under whom he gained much
 spiritual strength and comfort. But afterwards
 he was favoured for many years to sit under the
 more able ministry of our late brother, Mr.
 James Wells, of blessed memory, who, by the
 Spirit of God, was instrumental in bringing his
 burdened soul into the glorious liberty of the
 sons of God, from the words, "And blessed is he
 whosoever shall not be offended in Me." Mr.
 Peters was a quiet, unassuming Christian. His
 experience was spiritually moderate and safe.
 He was not, however, always free from doubts,
 which (as in the case of most believers) mainly
 arose from the keen sense he had of himself as a
 sinner. But during his last illness, and for some
 time prior to his death, the dear Lord graciously
 removed every fear from his mind, and filled
 his soul with sacred longings for eternal bliss,—

"Where all His beauties you behold,
 And sing His praise to harps of gold!"

Before his happy exit his pains grew very strong;
 but not one sound of murmur was ever heard to
 pass from his lips. He would sometimes quote
 the agonizing Saviour's words, "O, My Father,
 if it be possible let this cup pass from Me; never-
 theless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." And
 as His mind was led to reflect on the intensity
 of the sufferings of Christ, he would sing (as he
 was fond of that holy employment)—

"Did Christ, my Lord, suffer,
 And shall I repine?"

Mr. Peters peacefully fell asleep in Jesus early
 on Tuesday morning, December 4, aged 70. His
 remains were brought from Rayleigh to Grays,
 and there interred in the old churchyard. The
 funeral rites were performed by W. Winters
 amidst a large group of mourners, who sang
 before parting the telling hymn of Dr. Watts,
 beginning—

"Why do we mourn departed friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?"

In May last we baptized our brother, Mr. Peters,
 and he became a member of the Church at
 Grays, in which happy little cause he was much
 interested, and in which sanctuary his funeral
 sermon was preached on Sunday evening, Dec.
 16, from 1 Cor. xv. 54. He leaves a godly
 widow, who deeply mourns her loss, having
 lived in loving harmony together for nearly
 fifty years. May we be also ready when the
 divine Master shall call us to be always with
 Himself!

"Life from the dead is in that word,
 'Tis immortality!"

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

Shall We Know Each Other There?

SHALL we know each other there,
Clothed in garments white as snow?
Free from pain, and grief, and care.
Shall we then each other know?

Shall we recognise a brother,
Who on earth was poor, forlorn?
God his friend, and not another
Caring for him when way-worn.

In his spotless robes above,
On his head a crown of gold;
King and Priest, and filled with love—
Love divine, and bliss untold.

Shall we know him then, as now—
Poor, despised—or shall it be
Sorrow passed from his brow,
Happy, rich, and blessed he?

Shall we see the face of one—
A dear sister—who whilst here,
Oft in solitude had none—
None to wipe the bitter tear!

Who in heaven now for ever,
A redeemed and happy soul;
Loved of One, no foes can sever:
Resting where no billows roll.

All her tears of sorrow gone,
Wiped away by Him who died;
Cheeks no longer pale and wan,
Object of earth's scorn and pride.

But a royal, blessed saint,
Singing praises in the sky;
Who her happiness can paint!
Blissful, blood-washed soul on high.

Shall we know each other there?
Free from envy, hate, and pride!
In blest homes and mansions, where
Discord hath no place to hide.

Where our everlasting pleasure
Will be in His love to dwell,
Whose great mercy had no measure,
Since it saved us from hell!

Shall we know, as we are known.
Brothers, sisters, kindred blest?
With the faithful round the throne
Of heaven, our everlasting rest!

Yes, we shall, and great our peace,
On the shining, blissful shore!
Brotherhood no more to cease,
Happy children evermore!

G. H. M. READ.

Margate, January 27, 1884.

VOLUME XL.—MARCH, 1884.

F

THE MINISTERIAL HISTORY OF MR. T. STRINGER.

"Our fathers! where are they? The greatest sage
Is quickly passing off the stage;
Well styled, then, is DEATH, most aged King,
Who leads the van, and up the rear does bring."

A NOTE TO PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN.

DEAR BROTHER DANIEL ALLEN,—The Stringer Jubilee Meeting has proved a great success, under the wise and statesmanlike management and guidance of an able Committee who are thorough practical Christian workers; and to them, under God, the grateful acknowledgments of the Strict Communion Baptist Churches are fully accorded. Some on our shores, others in the far-off broad lands and big cities of the United States; and I know not a few in the Australian colonies, where you, the laborious, the zealous, and most worthy Daniel Allen, have set your foot down firm, made your mark, and have, by the grace of God, rendered efficient aid in defence of THE TRUTH, as it is in the eternal Christ of God—I say, many everywhere are asking,—

"WHO AND WHAT IS THIS THOMAS STRINGER?"

This Christian brother, Thomas Stringer, for whom, in a short time, upwards of four hundred pounds have been subscribed as a jubilee testimonial. What has he done that to him should be accorded a gift so noble, and so freely? In a few words, kind brother, I will answer this question. As I was appointed the second speaker in the evening meeting, I thought to have referred to the afflicted and aged brother on whose behalf we had met; but when called by the worthy chairman, Mr. Baldwin, to stand up and address the meeting, when I saw before me, as far as my eyes could reach, such a vast concourse of living, looking, eagerly-listening, and truth-loving people (quite one thousand, it was thought, if not more), when around me sat such a body of pastors, preachers, and noble sympathisers, I was overcome in my feelings, and I was lost to my subject, the preparation in my mind for speaking was scattered to the winds, and with comparatively a few sentences, I gave way for the business of collecting the money to be proceeded with.

Let me now, then, have the quiet attention of some thousands who read the EARTHEN VESSEL, while I very briefly review the

MINISTERIAL HISTORY OF MR. THOMAS STRINGER,

whose fifty years as a preacher of the Gospel we yesterday (February 5, 1884), so blessedly celebrated. I repeat, it is simply his ministerial history I refer to, and nothing more.

The late MR. JOSEPH IRONS was, I believe, the spiritual father of our beloved brother Thomas Stringer; and in the boldness of his witnessing for essential salvation truth, and for his zealous denunciation of the anti-Christian and Arminian heresies, Thomas Stringer was a worthy and able follower of his father in Christ, Joseph Irons, who, after thirty-three years' ministry in the Grove chapel, Camberwell, fell asleep in Jesus April 3, 1852, in the 67th year of his age.

Snow's-fields chapel, in the Borough of Southwark, was where I first knew Mr. Thomas Stringer. The preceding minister of Snow's-fields, Mr. George Francis, had lived and preached so long that his congrega-

tion had died off, and I have seen Mr. George Francis sitting in his pulpit on a Sunday morning with but here and there a worshipper; yea, scarcely any to make up a congregation. George Francis was a spiritual son of the late William Romaine; thus, as one generation of the godly in Christ pass away, another generation springeth up to perpetuate the name, the fame, the work, and the worthiness of the

GLORIOUS THREE-ONE JEHOVAH.

Mr. George Francis finished his earthly journey January 5, 1848, being then 80 years of age, and Thomas Stringer was the second and succeeding pastor of Snow's-fields Baptist Church. I saw Mr. James Wells baptize him; and when he was standing in the water with Thomas in his grasp, Mr. Wells said (and I can see them standing in the Baptistry in East-lane chapel now in my mind's eye, and I can hear James when he exclaimed), "Nature has given me a pair of long arms, and when I get believing followers of Christ in the water, depend upon it they go down," and down underneath, sure enough, Thomas Stringer went. When he was ordained the pastor of Snow's-fields, I heard Mr. John Foreman deliver to him his CHARGE; and during the last forty years, or more, I have watched, walked, and worked with Thomas Stringer, and never was there any jarring between us. He might say, when he first occasionally came to hear me, "I always appeared in the seventh of Romans," and I might think he would have to come more into it than he had then been; but between us there was no unkind feeling or expression that I have any recollection of. He was in my mind a naturally eloquent, fluent, and able defender of the faith; and with all my heart I loved him as a genuine, honest,

TRUTH-LOVING WITNESS FOR CHRIST.

At the Jubilee Celebration, in that beautiful sanctuary which

"Stands like a palace built for God
To shew His milder face;"

in that spacious Surrey Tabernacle, on the 5th of February last, I plainly said: "Our chairman has declared he stands here this evening to plead the cause of Mr. Thomas Stringer;" I said: "I stand here to plead the *character* of Mr. Thomas Stringer." Not that any black mark of inconsistency, or of immorality, has ever been laid to his charge. As William Carpenter said the same evening, on the same platform: "Thomas Stringer was a man of God, and a man of *character*." True! But Thomas Stringer has been very unkindly spoken of on account of his warm denunciations of every species of error; and also on account of what some have termed his over-anxiety for money. Let us look at these alleged infirmities for a moment.

I do not profess to have any spirit of inspiration or revelation; but I confess to one thing: that, from the Word of God, by thought, by prayer, by reading and searching it, I often obtain useful instruction. And on the occasion to which I am now referring, as I sat in my bed this morning at three o'clock, I asked silently, "Where can I find the *type* in the Bible of which this man may be considered the anti-type? For, as 'THE BOOK' is God's sacred mirror, in which every man, by the light of the SPIRIT, may see his own image, so in some degree every servant of God will find his typical character in the '*Sacred Library of Divine Revelation*.'"

“*He blew a trumpet in the mountain of Ephraim.*”

That sentence, that descriptive characteristic, was fixed upon my mind. Was not *the mountain of Ephraim* a fruitful type of the Gospel dispensation? I believe so. Has not Thomas Stringer been—ministerially—on this mountain for fifty years? I believe he has. And whenever or wherever you might find him, his trumpet was in his hand; and he was never long on his feet before his trumpet would be heard clear and bold; sometimes the notes both harmonious and full of edification. Of whom doth the writer of *The Book of Judges* speak, saying: “He blew a trumpet,” &c.? His name is called EHUD—a deliverer, a saviour, which the Lord raised up for poor Israel when they had again fallen into idolatry, and when the Moabitish king, *Eglon*, was destroying the possessions of the children of Israel. RUTH, it is said by the authorities, was the daughter of that Moabitish king, *Eglon*; and it was under *Eglon*’s chastisement of the Israelites that *Elimelech*, *Naomi*, and their two sons, went into the land of *Moab*, where poor *Elimelech* and both his sons died; and by the determination of *Naomi* to return to her own land, and by the grace-determination of *Ruth* to cleave unto and be with *Naomi*, that *Ruth* was plucked as a brand from the Moabitish fires of idolatry. Upon the wonderful harvest which *Ruth* ultimately reaped—after all her gleaning—in her union to *Boaz*, our prettily-gifted brother, *Charles Cornwell* (who is now building his *New Brixton Tabernacle*) made and drew forth a beautiful finish.

I ask the Hebrew how EHUD reads in the English? He says it is an abrupt expression in the English translation. EHUD means *a praising*, one who goes on *a praising*, one who vindicates the honour, the justice, the mercy, the goodness, the victories, the saving blessings of

“THE GOD OF ISRAEL.”

Brethren, do not, in your lightness and haste, pour contempt upon this comment. I ask, most seriously: “Is not nearly the whole of our professing Israelitish Christendom given over to the idolatry of self-will, free-will, entertainment-will—to a mixture of God’s truth with man’s error? How many *Eglons* (divinely-appointed chastisers) I will not, must not stop to develop; but our modern *Eglons* are many. Mr. *James Wells* saw and denounced them. Mr. *Thomas Stringer*, our modern *Ehud*, went on *a praising* God, and His CHRIST, and the Gospel, faithfully and perseveringly; yet he has been a martyr in the cause; and has apparently fallen in the hot contention. And now, as

HE LAYS WOUNDED AND PROSTRATE,

some think it a rod from his heavenly Father. Let me correct that error, if I can.

OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST was the best Physician ever the world had. His prescriptions were efficacious and perfect, His power omnipotent, His promises faithfully performed. But there has been a something lacking on our part.

Look at this wounded warrior, as he now often lays so low, that he cannot raise up his head. What is it that has prostrated such an apparently strong gigantic pillar of humanity? I ask a first-class medical practitioner who has known THOMAS STRINGER for many years, What is the malady under which our friend is suffering? He says, “Weakness of the heart! A want of power to send the blood into the brain; the centres

of the nerves have been strained, they have affected, weakened the heart." The grandest prescription CHRIST ever gave to His disciples, just before His departure from them, was respecting *the heart*. "LET NOT YOUR HEART BE TROUBLED! *Ye believe in God; believe also in ME!*" That is the text with which He commenced His farewell discourse at the table; and see how He follows it up: "Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you! Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. *Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.*"

Now, for one moment, review the life's troubles of this good man, THOMAS STRINGER. He was a man of a heroic spirit; whatever acute anguish he felt or suffered within, he would not let it appear if he could help it. [Not one sentence of this has been communicated to me by any creature on the earth, nor has anyone suggested or hinted a shadow of this to me. I hold myself responsible, alone, for all I herein write, in order to remove false impressions, or incorrect aspersions, from his name and the course he has pursued.] Review, then, his forty years, or more, since he began at Snow's-fields. Not many years rolled over his head before he removed to Gravesend. There, after a time, a division takes place, and he preaches in a hall; but his heart in secret sighs. He removes from thence to Brighton. There he stays some years; but his heart is often in pain, *it is troubled!* He gets settled at Stepney, and has years of usefulness there; but troubles arise, and again his heart is pained. I saw it one public meeting when about to leave there. Earl-street Chapel was fitted up for him, but it was soon evident that rolling seas of sorrow across his spirit fell. To Trinity Chapel, in the Borough, he and his friends travelled, and what amount of deep anguish he there endured I cannot tell. In all these scenes his heart is troubled, it is afraid, storm upon storm assail it. He came to see me just as he received an invite to Artillery-street. There was a re-action in his heart. He was joyously happy in the anticipation of being once more the settled pastor of a truth-loving people. But that re-action was too strong. The heart failed, and he fell down. As yet he cannot rise. God only knoweth whether this "*Ehud,*" who has gone "*a praising*" externally and "*a mourning*" internally so many years, will ever stand again upon the mountain of Ephraim and blow his trumpet with its old certain sound.

As to his complaints in the financial line, those who know what it is to have a limited income and a large family to rear will not be surprised at his frequent unhappiness from that quarter. Too much, it may be, he did let his heart be troubled, until the poor life-engine could bear it no longer. Now, dear man, if the goodness of God is not too much for him, may he not gratefully exclaim, "I was brought low, but the Lord helped me." It has been my honour to help to cheer him and his dear partner, and if it be the will of our Lord to raise him up again—not as a monument of mercy only, but as a miracle of physical power—none will more desire to "praise God, from whom all blessings flow," than will his sympathising friend,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, February 6, 1884.

[Shall this note be closed without drawing from the "*prescription*" one lesson? No, it must not. Plainly, the GOOD MASTER tells all His followers, "In the world ye shall have tribulation." Has it not been

so in the ages through which the Church has passed? The apostles, the martyrs, the missionaries, the ministers of Christ's Gospel, have they not all come into tribulation? What man had greater success in the Gospel than did our beloved and valued brother, James Wells? But before he began to build his splendid New Surrey Tabernacle, he came to me personally and privately, discovering the great trouble of his heart. And all the time of its erection, and after its opening, the sorrows of his heart were greatly enlarged; and his "Gloomy Valley of Achor" witnesseth to the fact that intense distress of soul, as well as external tribulations, were his lot, until he came to the brink of Jordan. There his anxious fears did subside, and as I stood by his bedside a few hours before his soul was caught up, he preached (while on his dying bed he lay), and enjoyed the Gospel of peace; and among the millions of the glorified, it is the continued desire and prayer of my heart that I may see around the throne of glory in the brighter world the happy spirit of the late pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle. Tribulation! Did I not see it in its deep lines in the face of our high-spirited, truthful, and esteemed brother, William Carpenter, who is now without a pastorate, and is watching the hand of his God with faith and much prayer? On that stormy Saturday evening just passed, that well-beloved deacon of the Grove, Mr. Crutcher, was thrown from his gig, and it is a mercy of mercies he was not killed there and then! Tribulation, sooner or later, we must endure; but if we believe those lines they sang so heartily that night of the "Stringer Jubilee"—

"Not a single shaft shall hit
Until the God of love see fit"—

if we believe in God's covenant ordered in all things and sure, if we believe in Christ, having our best interest at heart, then shall we realise that prince of promises, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose MIND IS STAYED ON THEE BECAUSE HE TRUSTETH IN THEE!" Oh, may we thus be kept from breaking our hearts, as some have done, and certainly we shall—

"CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL."

Amen.]

HOW HE WENT THROUGH THE VALLEY.

By C. CORNWELL,

Minister of the Brixton Baptist Tabernacle.

"Lord, break these bars that thus confine,
These chains that hold me so;
Say to them all who thus combine,
'Loose him, and let him go.'"

MY DEAR SIR,—When we returned from the burial of your much-lamented brother, I promised you I would write an account of his death; and although I have kept you waiting some few days, I am sure you will pardon me in this matter, as my hands are so full, and time is so precious.

It was at twenty-five minutes to twelve on Saturday night last when I was awakened by someone knocking at my door, and on looking out of my window I saw your young brother and a hansom cab, when he

informed me that Alfred was "near his last," and had a great desire to see me. I immediately dressed, and in a few minutes I was at his bed-side. I remarked to him that he was very ill. He said, "Yes, I am dying." I said, "Do you know you are dying?" He said, "Yes;" and, after a short pause, he added, "The doctor told me I might die at twelve, or I might live till eight o'clock in the morning." And, looking anxiously at me, he said, "Will you stay?" I said, "Yes;" but little did I think he had only an hour to live. I inquired of him concerning his hope, when he replied, "My hope is on Christ, and I know that all devils and all sin, nor anything else, can't take it away from me." I said, "That is sure ground, my dear sir." He went on, "I have sat in my pew, and shook hands with you many times, and my heart has melted; for I know no mortal man could preach God's truth as you do, if he were not taught of God. I know what you preach, and these things are my only hope now." After a pause he said, "When I have been happy on Sunday, the devil has seemed to get it all away from me on Monday; but he can't rob me any more. I did want to see you before I die. I am glad you have come." All at once a dimness seemed to cross his mind. This was the last arrow from Satan's bow. I suggested that we should pray. He said, "Yes, that is what I want you to do." I asked him what I should pray for. He said, "That I may have a little more light; but I know what I have believed," and I prayed. While thus engaged, he responded, "Amen," several times. When I rose from my knees, it seemed like a little heaven to be with him; he began to pray that God would receive him, and spoke of the many who had bright hopes, but lost them when they came to a dying bed, but said he had a hope he should not lose; for it was not in anything about himself, of what he had ever been or done, or anything else, but Christ was all.

As he seemed somewhat exhausted in talking, I thought I would leave him, and spend a few minutes with his wife, who was very ill in bed in the next room; but before I had time to say much to her, he began singing almost at the top of his voice. I could not catch many of his words, for he seemed to compose the lines as he sang them. His wife said, "Hark, how happy my husband is," and, listening, we distinctly heard him call, "Oh, the anointed of the Lord! the anointed of the Lord!" and, shouting still louder, he repeated, "The anointed of the Lord! I see Him! I can see Him! Sinners are coming, precious Jesus. They are coming—*one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve*—what a multitude! I am coming, JESUS!" I said to his wife, "I will go back to him," thinking my talking to him would quiet him, for I feared for his wife; and when I went in the room the doctor informed him of my presence. He made some brief reply of approval; but in an instant his mind had again gone to heaven. He said, "I am coming, Jesus!" He spoke as though he was called, but could not go so fast as he would. I was holding one hand, and one of his brothers the other, when he tried to raise his hands, and fixing his eyes upwards, he said, "I am coming, Jesus! These two men think they can hold me back; but they can't; I am coming, Lord."

He lost himself for a few seconds, and spoke of a West-end suit, or some best black coat, and again repeated the words that he was

coming; but in almost a whisper, poor fellow, his strength was gone. He moved his tongue, for his chin had dropped, and the doctor said, "He is gone now!" I had forgotten he told the doctor, just before he died, "Doctor," he said, "You can't do me any good; but JESUS can. I am going to Him."

Thus he died, and I have no more doubt of his being in heaven than I have of Jesus Himself being there. I had been in the house just about three quarters of an hour, and when I reached home it was just one o'clock. On Sunday morning I did not seem to remember going home, nor the way I went; it seemed but a minute that I left him, and I was at home. I seemed in a dream. But his death prepared me for the pulpit. I went up on that morning, and gave out these words, "Let me die the death of the righteous." I shall never forget that night. I am truly thankful to his friends for sending for me. Oh, the bliss of vital godliness in a dying hour! Let the infidel sneer; give me a hope fixed on Christ, and all is well. Thus, my dear sir, I have given you a very brief account, as near as I can remember, of what took place. May we die the death of the righteous. Yours very faithfully,

MR. H. HADLOW.

C. CORNWELL.

SPEAKING AS YOU OUGHT TO SPEAK.

BY O. S. DOLBEY, SLAITHWAITE.

[In a private letter from our brother, Mr. Dolbey, are some words on PREACHING, which we extract, because they may stimulate Christ's ministers not to fear the frowns of men, nor to court their smiles, when in the solemn work of preaching they are engaged. Mr. Dolbey says:—]

IT is true there is much ground for the enemies of sovereign grace to assert that what is nick-named *Calvinism* is fast dying out; but that the truth of salvation by grace alone will ever become extinct is a most vain imagination, for it is interwoven with the glory of God, and inseparably connected with the everlasting Gospel. It strikes me very forcibly that if those who know the truth would be a little more honest, and fearlessly tell out their convictions, it would soon be seen that we are not so few in number as the enemy thinks. Why do not men be more manly; and if they really believe a thing, let them say so, and say it in unmistakable language. Will you believe me, brother, when I say that some gentlemen parsons glory in the fact of being such masters of language that they can preach from January to December, and no one knows to what school of theologians they belong?

But thus did not our glorious Master. He would say plainly what these pleasers of carnal men durst not say, for fear they should lose their bishopric, and offend the polite of their congregations. Such wolves in sheep's clothing my soul abhors. I would rather die in a ditch than be exalted to a throne by such God-dishonouring means. Many thanks for your loving sympathies and cheering words. May the right hand of your best Beloved be under your head, and strength still be given you for your editorial work; and be sure, dear brother, that the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in the hand of our covenant Head; not a hoof shall be left behind of all the numerous flock chosen in justice, redeemed in mercy, and called by sovereign grace. So believes, and so testifies,

Yours in the bowels of Christ,

O. S. DOLBEY.

“PRECIOUS JESUS! PRECIOUS JESUS!”

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF MISS ELIZABETH CHITTY, BY HER NEPHEW,
W. E. SOPER.

MY late dear aunt, Miss Elizabeth Chitty, who fell asleep in Jesus January 23, 1884, aged 80 years, was born on December 17, 1803, at Wonersh, near Guildford, Surrey. Her younger days were spent in connection with the Established Church, of which her parents were members; and though attending to all its forms, she had not manifestly the grace of God in her heart. Yet the Lord had thoughts of love towards her in the councils of peace from everlasting; and the serious illness of a beloved mother, of whom she was dotingly fond, was the means in the Lord's hands of bringing her to a knowledge of herself as a sinner.

In the good providence of God she was led to the old Baptist Chapel, Guildford, at that time called “the old charcoal barn.” She was baptized by Mr. W. Cæsar with her dear sister, my late dear mother, on Palm Sunday, April 12, 1835, having previously come before the Church at Guildford and given a testimony of the Lord's dealings with her soul that melted all present to tears. There being then no baptistry at Guildford, she was baptized at Horsell. Mr. Cæsar preached from John iii. 23, “And John also was baptizing at Aenon near to Salim, because there was much water there,” etc.

She continued a member at Guildford some time, but left for private reasons I need not enter into. In those days it was no easy thing to take up the cross and follow Christ. But by the grace of God she was enabled to overcome opposition from relatives, who beheld the grace shining in her and ceased to oppose.

After some years, removing to Peckham, she attended the ministry of the late George Moyle at Rye-lane, and when the Church of Christ was formed at Heaton-road, January 24, 1878, she united with the 31 who originally formed it, and continued in membership till her death on January 23 last, just six years since. And although during that period the Lord was pleased to hide His face from her except on some occasions, yet towards the close the clouds that had gathered were wonderfully dispersed, causing her to rejoice once more in Him who had been her stay and refuge in the hour of sorrow, and proving the truth of that saying of the prophet, “At evening time it shall be light.” She suffered much in body during her last short attack of illness, but the enemy was not permitted to harass or distress her, and was as still as a stone till Jordan's cold waters were passed, the ark of the covenant being there before, and although not triumphing, yet calmly relying on her dear Lord, the waters were divided and she crossed safely over.

The last time she attended at the Lord's house was November 25, 1883; and it was a time never to be forgotten. She spoke on her return of the delight with which she heard Mr. Wilkins preach from Numbers xx. 11, on the smiting of the rock by Moses twice, and his sin in so doing and consequent rejection, &c. Next day she was poorly, but revived till January 5, 1884, when she took to her bed for the last time, lingering a fortnight and four days, when she breathed her soul into the hands of her Saviour, who had redeemed her from the second death.

Speaking to her one day if she had any particular verse of Scripture

on her mind, she said, "The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble, the name of the God of Jacob defend thee;" and again, it must be "Lord, save, or I perish." I quoted her favourite 23rd Psalm, and the 4th verse being unfinished, she said, "You have forgotten that part, 'Thou art with me.'" A member of the Church calling to see her quoted the words of that hymn, "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear," when she answered with emphasis, "Precious, precious Jesus!" During her last illness she remarked it was a great mercy she had not now to seek salvation, or she could not do it in her present weak and suffering condition. Going into her room about three hours before her end, she said to me, "Good night, my dear," twice over, which were her last conscious words. I feel I have sustained a very great loss, as she acted a mother's part to me for 16 years, but desire to bow to the will of the Lord, though nature feels it. The Church has sustained a great loss, and though not widely known among the members, yet those who knew her most loved her best. Dear Miss Millidge, who is still a member of the same Church, was an old acquaintance and valued friend of my dear aunt's. My aunt took delight in the services of the sanctuary, and while health permitted was constant in her attendance thereon. Her last New Year's motto (1884) was that sweet but often perverted text, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden and I will give you rest" (Matt. xi. 28), which rest she soon realised to the full, and she is bathing her ransomed soul in an ocean of blessedness for ever and for ever, where we hope ere long to join her in ascribing all the praise to sovereign grace.

Her remains were interred by Mr. Wilkins in the family grave at Nunhead Cemetery on Monday, January 28, 1884 (her late sister, Mrs. Topham's, birthday), at one o'clock, in the presence of some of the members of the family and the members and friends in connection with Heaton-road chapel. And now may the Lord bless this solemn event to the family, relatives and Church, and may we follow her as far as she followed Christ Jesus her Lord. The funeral sermon was preached on Sunday morning, February 3, 1884, by her pastor, Mr. J. Wilkins, to whom she felt greatly attached. The text which was so often in her mind and repeatedly quoted by her was the passage given for the funeral sermon, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8). Mr. Wilkins dwelt chiefly upon the "RELATIONS Christ sustains to His people," showing that in all those various relations and offices Christ is immutable, unchangeable, and unalterable. It was a solemn service.

In conclusion I may just say my dear aunt, Miss Elizabeth Chitty, was the sister of the widow of the late William Soper, formerly of Harwich. "The memory of the just is blessed."

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. Thos. Goodwin's Marrow of Divinity.*

A KIND NOTE TO MR. STRINGER.

"Be patient."

O TRIED Christian, O child of God, amid all the trials of this life, the evil speakings and tauntings and assaults of the great adversary, be patient, thy God is watching thee, thy God is protecting thee; thy God knows all your weakness, all your sorrowing, all your trouble. He will keep thee in peace, He will keep thee from all harm; He knows what is best, you need not despair; He is stronger than all that are against you. He was with those who were sorely tried when they were almost ready to give up; He came to their rescue and comforted them, and brought them peace. He raised them up; He vanquished all their enemies; He enabled them to mount up with greater faith in the power of their God.

Oh, be patient; it will not be long; the conflict will be sharp at times; the darts will be hurled vigorously by the devil, but they will not hurt the Christian. Many are the examples to be found in Holy Scripture, and those of our forefathers who now sleep in Jesus. Oh, their fierce trials! yet they were delivered out of all their troubles.

Many are the evils of the present day to try those who love the Lord. The temptations are many; there are things introduced that must make the Christian at times feel sad; nevertheless, the Christian knows "whom He has believed," and that amid all these things, he stands on the Rock, the Refuge, the High Tower, the Fortress. Oh, then, be patient, and wait for the Lord; it is only a little while longer, and then He will call for thee.

Plymouth.

THOMAS HEATH.

Sunday-school Superintendent.

WHAT ROBES?

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb; therefore, are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple" (Rev. vii.).

[The above exceedingly interesting Scripture is much quoted; but its beautiful and essential meaning has not always been apprehended. When brother Daniel Allen has finished his exposition, we may make some further reference to it.—C. W. B.]

(Continued from page 364, vol. xxxix.)

SPEAKING of our robes, which need washing, pastor Daniel Allen further says:—

These should be our riding, walking, working, and talking habits. Those who wear and wash these robes are said to be the Lord's "kings and priests" (Rev. i. 5, v. 9), "royal" and "holy" (1 Pet. ii. 5—9). They are named "the priests of the Lord, and the ministers of our God" (Isa. lxi. 5). "His seed" (Rom. iv. 16), to whom the promises are sure. In ver. 10 they are said to have these robes, as also in Psa. cxxxii. 9, 16. These priests, and their robes, and their washing of them, was set forth in "the patterns of the heavenly things" (Heb. ix. 23). Beside, Aaron and his robes, as patterns of Christ and His robes, there were the sons of Aaron and their robes, as patterns of the children of Christ and their robes. Let us see how the patterns agree with the heavenly things in them, as before noticed. In Exod. xxviii. 40, we have four garments ordered for Aaron's sons, coats, girdles,

bonnets, and breeches. In those they were to be consecrated to serve, in them only, in the tabernacle and at the altar. They were to be consecrated to God with these robes on them, by the blood of the ram, for that consecration being put on these robes, and by the anointing oil, also, being put upon the robes (Exod. xxix. 21). That was a very sublime ordinance. Now, what did it spiritually mean? It meant that the sons of Christ, the great High Priest, are, in the robes before noticed, consecrated unto God in His blood, and in the anointing of the Holy Ghost. "Now the God of Peace, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will" (Heb. xiii. 21). "Ye have an unction of the Holy One, and ye know all things" (1 John ii. 20). The bonnet of heavenly wisdom, the breeches of a pure conscience, the robe of humility, and the girdle of charity, that bond of perfectness, are all under the blood of Christ and the anointing of the Holy Ghost, by which not only the person of the child of God, but also his robes of habits and dispositions are consecrated unto a holy service before the Lord. Now, as all things were by the law purged with blood (Heb. ix. 22), even the robes of the subordinate priests, it was to teach us that the robe-habits and dispositions of God's saints are consecrated unto Him. May not those whose robe-habits have been so consecrated unto Him be said to have washed their robes and have made them white in the blood of the Lamb? I think so. I know it. These robes were so provided (Exod. xxxi. 10, xxxix. 1, 41, xl. 14). So much for the robes.

Some may still doubt the washing. People do not read the Bible much, or they would not do so. These robes, to keep them white, must have been frequently washed, to which we will not here pay attention at present. The dead Calvinist, who will have no robe but the robe of the imputed righteousness of Christ, as set forth by these priestly vestments, who will have no robes of holy habits and godly excellences, will here very definitely ask me to dare to prove that these holy robes, only to be used in the tabernacle, and at the altar, were ever said to be defiled, or washed. "Well, my friend," I would say, "surely there was enough in the skins of the priests, and at the altar, and about the lamps to soil them, was there not?" But I say they were defiled, and ordered to be washed. In Lev. vi. 27, it is said of the sin-offering for the priest: "When there is sprinkled of the blood thereof upon any garment, thou shalt wash that whereon it was sprinkled in the holy place." Thus the holy robes were defiled, and they were washed. In all these consecrations and washings, the persons and robes of the priests were consecrated and washed.

This last pattern of heavenly things shows that, in the holy services of the children of God, their robe-habits, or dispositions, or charity, humility, and meekness, gets defiled by the sins of the flesh, so that not only their persons, but their habits, have to be washed in the blood of the Lamb. When the priests had so defiled their holy robes in the holy place, and had washed them also, in the holy place, and put them on again, white and clean, could it not have been said of them: "These are they who have washed their robes and made them white in the holy laver, which is in the holy place, therefore are they come to appear before the Lord"? I think so. Thus, when a dear child of Christ, one great Aaron, sins in his habits, spirit, temper, or disposi-

tions, in his service before God, in the holy place, so that his bonnet of heavenly wisdom is stained with error, his breeches of a pure conscience are defiled, his girdle of charity is spotted with some malice, and his robe of humility is polluted with pride—such must wash these stained holy robes in the holy fountain, which is in the holy place of the divine presence—

“The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, though vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.”

Is it not well said of these people, “They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?” Thus, Moses washed Aaron’s sons before he put these robes upon them (Lev. viii. 6). Then he put the robes on them (ver. 13).

So far we have considered the priests, and their robes. Now, let us notice the people of Israel. Their persons and their garments had also to be washed, in all which they were patterns of heavenly things. If an Israelite touched an unclean beast, creeping thing, fish, or fowl, or carried such, he had to wash his clothes (Lev. xi. 25, 28). If a child of God handles his beastly sins, creeping desires, flying fancies, the muddy, slippery eels of the waters of this world, he is unclean, and must wash his clothes in the ashes of the red heifer. If an Israelite got the leprosy into his garments, some must be burned out of the way (Lev. xiii. 52); some old habits of the child of God must be destroyed right out, there is no cure for them. Peter’s lying and swearing, Noah’s drunkenness, Lot’s fornications, and David’s adultery, are habits utterly to be destroyed, so as by fire. But the poor leper has some habits, some robes, which, though the leprosy of sin is in them, the Lord can wash them clean (ver. 54). “Then the priest shall command that they wash the thing wherein the plague is.” “It shall be washed the second time, and shall be clean” (ver. 58). Let “I. C. J.” remember that we have in this chapter the leper’s person (soul), his house (body), and his robes, or his habits and dispositions. Some of the habits of a dear child of God have sin in them, and they are washed again and again, and made holy unto the Lord. So that it may be said of them, “They have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” I am a poor leper, but I hope for this joy; and would not the Suffolk Churches, the Churches in Kent, “Phylogonins,” and “I. C. J.” like it to be said, in the glory of poor lepers healed, “They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb”? I do hope they will not protest against it.

“O what is sin? It is a leprosy.
When Scripture so compares it, may not I?”

“Sin is a plague that kills eternally
All sorts of men, unless they swiftly fly
To Jesus Christ; no medicine will do good,
Nor heal the soul, but this Physician’s blood.”

In Lev. xv. we have eleven cases of washing persons’ clothes, and other things. In all these eleven causes for the washings of the garments of the poor Israelites we have set forth the many things in which the robes of habit and disposition are defiled by the child of God in this world. Their robes of conversation. Millions will stand before the throne with

their robes washed from the things set forth by these eleven defilements. It shall be said of them, "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." If this poor paper should fall into the hands of some poor tried child of God, who fears that his robes never will be washed, I would invite him to a careful reading of this chapter, and ask them to notice with what care, compassion, and tender mercy the God of Israel made provision for all sorts of uncleannesses, and sins, that no poor sinner, however vile, might despair of washing his robes in the blood of the Lamb.

"This fountain, sick soul, recovers thee quite;
Bathe here and be whole, wash here and be white;
Whatever diseases or dangers befall,
The fountain of Jesus will rid thee of all."

In chap. xvi. 26, the man who took the scapegoat away had to wash his clothes. Also the man who burned the bullock and goat, slain on the great day of atonement, had to wash his clothes (ver. 28). What a foul, filthy thing sin is! In the very removing of it away, by the death of Christ, robes were defiled, and had to be washed in His own blood. And was it not so, that many of the agencies in the death of the Lord Jesus, afterwards washed their persons and robes in His precious blood? (Heb. xiii. 11). Oh, the amazing depths of grace! Some who led Him to Calvary were saved! (Acts ii. 37, 41).

"O Love, how high Thy glories swell!
How great, immutable, and free!
Ten thousand sins, as black as hell,
Are swallowed up, O Love, in Thee!"

Of the very agents of the death of Christ, it will be said: "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." Some in Sardis had not defiled their robes with the whore of Babylon as others have done, and now do, with Rome, in England, and elsewhere (Rev. iii. 4). "These shall walk with Christ in white, for they are worthy." They shall have all their habits and dispositions washed in His blood; every faculty of their souls and bodies dressed in the garments of sanctification by the Holy Ghost, or "the garments of salvation" and "the robe of His righteousness." They shall walk with Him like that, up and down the golden streets of glory.

"Then shall their eyes the heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold;
The bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold."

Thus they will be "clothed in white robes." In chap. xvi. 15, they are said to be blessed who watchfully keep these robes. They shall not walk naked, none shall see their shame. Every heaven-born child of God will look well after "the best robe." Such will ever say—

"I seek no other blood nor name,
To cleanse my guilt, and hide my shame,
But that wrought out by God the Son,
Which God imputes, and faith puts on."

"Not having my own righteousness of the law, but the righteousness of God by faith." These will be watchful to keep the garments all glorious within (Psa. xlv. 13).

“The Spirit wrought my faith and love, | How far the heavenly robe exceeds
 And hope and every grace; | What earthly princes wear!
 But Jesus spent His life to work | These ornaments, how bright they shine!
 The robe of righteousness. | How white the garments are!”

God's people will watch prayerfully to keep all these, and they shall be blessed with them, and in them stand before the throne. Thus the whole Church shall be, in all these robes, presented to the Lamb as His bride in holy marriage. To her shall be granted to be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints (Rev. xix. 8). Angels will admire them, and say, “They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.” The Lord will say of them, and to them:—

“Behold! My covenant stands for ever good,
 Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
 And signed with all their names, the Greek, the Jew,
 That paid the ancient worship, or the new,
 There's no distinction here, join all your voices:
 And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.”

Thus we poor sinners hope that the Lord has taken away our filthy garments, and clothed us with change of raiment (Zech. iii. 1); so that—

“We sing of the realms of the blest,
 That country so bright and so fair:
 And oft are its glories confessed,
 But what must it be to be there!”

Hoping to meet you there, dear brother,

I remain, yours in the robe of love,

DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor.*

Sydney, April 24, 1883.

A LAMB CARRIED IN THE BOSOM OF THE TENDER SHEPHERD.

BY S. COZENS, MINISTER OF ZOAR CHAPEL, IPSWICH.

DIED, at Sutton, Isle of Ely, February 2nd, 1884, after a long and painful illness, and many moral conflicts, a saintly mother in Israel, Sarah, the beloved wife of William Nixon. She was interred in the burying-ground in front of the chapel, in the presence of a large number of people, on the 8th, when the late pastor, Mr. S. Cozens, conducted the service; and on the following Sunday evening Mr. Cozens preached a funeral sermon to a crowded congregation. The following were his concluding remarks:—

Our departed sister was as gentle as a lamb. She was a lamb carried in the bosom of the tender Shepherd. She nestled in the bosom of His love, and found rest and happiness there. She was the gentlest of creatures, and illustrated the gentleness that makes one great. She was as good as gold. She was gold purified in the furnace of many fiery trials and much affliction, for the Master's use. This world is a burning fiery furnace in which the godly realise the presence of the Son of God, and lose nothing but the bonds that the powers of evil have imposed upon them. She was godly as a saint. She was in the Lord's

calendar of saints. She was a saintly *woman*, possessing all the fine feminine tender sympathy of a truly good woman. Her neighbours will miss her ready hand to help them. How good she was to those who needed help, many can bear witness. She was a saintly *wife*, a true help-meet, and none will mourn her loss more than the husband she helped so wisely and well. If all wives helped their husbands as she did there would not be half the poverty there is in the world. I cannot help thinking that she overtaxed her strength during the famine years, when the harvests yielded so little, and the landlords and the tithe-mongers were so exacting. Her sense of honour was so deep that she exerted herself to the uttermost, to make both ends meet, and to be honest in the sight of all men. She was a saintly *mother*. She had more than the maternal instinct of the hen which gathers her chickens under her wings, for she spread the wings of her loving care over her upgrown children. I never heard her say one angry word to any of her children, and as to slapping them—there was no slap in her. Oh, what a mother she was. She ruled her family by love, and the obedience of her children illustrated the fact that it is love that makes our feet in swift obedience run. She was a saintly member of the Church, and ministers never had a more considerate and liberal friend. If all did according to their means, as she did, their minister's larder would be well supplied, and we should not have many poor parsons. I speak from my own personal knowledge of her liberality. I have not exhausted her virtues, for she was an exceptionally godly woman. She greatly loved the truth, and lived out the precepts of the Gospel, and there was one precept she held inviolably sacred—namely, "Speak evil of no man." Think not that I am uttering faint praise. I am glorifying the grace that made her so good and gentle, and it is because, and only because of my regard for her estimable character and exemplary life that I have come so long a journey to pay my last respect to her remains. I said in my note to the bereaved family that she is gone beyond the sympathy of our tears, and it is a mitigation of our sorrow that she is in heaven. I pray most earnestly for the family, for they have suffered an irreparable loss. I pray for the widower, for he has lost a help that was meet for him, the like of whom he will never see again. May he be comforted by the hope of meeting her again in that blest world where partings are unknown. I pray for the daughters, for they have lost a mother indeed, a mother of mothers, one who loved them fondly. May that sweet promise be sealed home upon their hearts, and soothe their sorrows. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye shall be comforted." I pray for the sons, for they have lost a love, the memory of which they will ever fondly cherish, we hope, with gratitude to God for the kindness of that love in acts of continual loving-kindness. May they each and all be the subjects of that love which made her so loving. I pray for the Church, for she has lost one of her most anxious and prayerful members. Were all as earnestly prayerful for the peace of Zion we should have happier and brighter days.

GOD will be sure to use us kindly when we come to heaven, for how kindly He used His Son, when He welcomed Him to heaven with, "Sit Thou on My right hand," &c.—*Dr. Goodwin's Marrow.*

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"*The Credentials, Call, and Claims of the Christian Ministry,*" &c., &c. By David Alfred Doudney, D.D., vicar of St. Luke's, Westminster. London: W. Mack, 4, Paternoster-square; W. H. and L. Collingridge, Aldersgate-street.—This demy 8vo. volume of 600 pages is full from beginning to end of personal and experimental narratives. We can only this month announce its issue. It cannot fail to edify the Christian family, from the babe in grace to the sires and saints of every age. We know scores of ministers who would find in the volume a friend who has gone through fire and water; but the Lord has led him out into a wealthy place. May it cheer the tried servants of God.

"*A Forty Years' Pilgrimage,*" &c. By Samuel Alexander Smith, Pastor of the Strict Baptist Church, Higher Temple-street. (Manchester: John Boyd, 15, Piccadilly).—This is a plain literary pen-and-ink map, showing how a merciful Providence and a good measure of the true grace of God carried a young unlettered lad up from a low state through the various stages of life to a position of honour and of value both in the commercial world and in the Christian family. In no sense did Samuel Alexander Smith, the Baptist minister of Manchester, ever go down to the sea in ships, nor did he do much business in the great waters of outward tribulations; but he was a good man, a safe, steady, solemn preacher, and his poems are the outcome of a heart much more in communion with his God than in external exhibitions of flowery eloquence, which, like many a gale of wind, passes over our heads, leaving nothing of value behind. The poems will be acceptable.

"*The Marvellous Grace of God in the Salvation and Hopeful Death of the Young Curate*" is given in *Cheering Words* for March. For one half-penny, this, to us, exceedingly gracious victory over Papist entanglement, over Oxford High Churchism, over Priestly ambition, can be read in its original, honest, and truthful dress. Outside the Scriptures we know of nothing so solemn as this, the closing scene of a young man's life, who set out for making "the Church" instead of Christ, the saviour of man's soul. The tender mother watching, the "holy friar" denouncing, the dying man confessing, all tend to strike us as one of the most convincing scenes rarely to be witnessed. *Cheering Words* for March can be had of R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, London.

England and Ireland. What chapters of pain, misery, cruelty, bloodshed, and of souls lost must be written for Ireland during the last few years, if such a history is written without Popish prejudice, with the fear of God, and in the light of eternal truth! *The Monthly Record* for last month, published by R. Steele, 5, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, contains an address of awful meaning, declaring the tranquility of England cannot long continue if mercy is not shown to the oppressed Protestants of Ireland. We have long feared that the following sentence is not exaggerated. DELUSION in its deepest disguise is blinding the eyes of nearly all who profess great zeal for God in bringing the world to His Son! "England," says a writer in this *Record*, "England seems overcome by a Popish narcotic, which has not succeeded in Ireland; and we Protestants fear that 'Ichabod' is written on England and her institutions." Yes, go where you may, in these times, you living, Christ-adoring, truth-loving people, must painfully see and feel "the glory is departed." Oh, to be prepared.

COMING TO AND ABIDING IN CHRIST.—Andrew Murray, in the *Cape of Good Hope*, gave some lectures on *Abiding in Christ*. Nisbet's have published the volume. The preacher dwells with much power on that vital sentence, "Of GOD are ye in CHRIST JESUS." Unless we are in Christ Jesus, we are nowhere in the vast region of salvation; and if we are in Christ it is all "OF GOD," from first to last. The Son of God is too dear to His Father, the chosen Church is too precious and too essential to Christ's glory; every ransomed vessel of mercy is of such indescribable value to the Holy Ghost, ever to leave the smallest particle of the covenant of grace dependent on the will, or wish, or work, or way of the creature. That soul which is deeply concerned to reach heavenly glory, says, "I will pray, I will hear, I will read; I will, by grace divine, take unto me 'the whole armour of God,' but after all the doing, the desiring, the wishing, the striving, I must be 'of God in Christ Jesus.'" The whole mystery and matter of salvation is summed up plainly, positively, and perfectly by the inspired apostle: "For of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things; to whom be glory for ever. Amen." There are rich layers of heavenly wisdom in this volume, "a title in Christ." It may be studied by *seekers* to some advantage.

Memorial of the Rev. Robert Walker, of Wymeswold. London: Houlston and Sons. Paternoster-buildings.—This memorial of the spiritual life and ministry of the late vicar of Wymeswold is something refreshing. We have read it with admiring gratitude to the God of truth. The King of Grace is seen in His beauty. The perusal of it has been blessed to us by an unction from the Holy One. It is as if one of the unsophisticated divines of olden times were speaking to us. The little book of 56 pages is a compilation of passages from letters and those annual publications which Mr. Walker addressed to his people. The writing of these was evidently a part of his ministry, and in them he frequently drew out his soul to the spiritually hungry of his flock. By them he being dead yet speaketh; and we so write of them that he may be heard by all whom our opinions can influence. Here the grace of the doctrines of grace is exemplified. There is nothing to criticise, but everything to commend, because God's work shines in every utterance. But to verify our words we must find space for one of these utterances as a sample of the rest:—“A little divine insight into the covenant of grace, power from above given us to see Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and the New Testament saints to be all men of *one faith*, and to feel that ours is the same, and comes from the same Giver; clear experimental evidence that the *same God* condescends to commune with us as He communed with Jacob at Luz, and in Syria, and as he was going down into Egypt. Some small sympathy with Daniel when his very ‘comeliness was turned into corruption’ at the appearing of Christ, and with Isaiah's when he cried out, ‘I am undone, for I have seen the Lord.’ I say a little of this ‘doing business in great waters’ will make us clearer and more distinct in true spiritual knowledge than any course of human study of theology. The believer thus taught and thus truly *humbled* will not dare to cavil at God's election before the world began, for it will be experimentally clear to him that such is his utter depravity that it *must* have been God's *act*, and not his own, to quicken his soul to life. Besides, he will have by-and-bye, if not now, some evidence that he is himself interested in this divine election unto *life eternal*. And so it will be with every other truth; he will not want any proof by laboured argument that perfection in this life is unattainable; he will know experimentally that when he would do good evil is present with him. He will

not want to read long chapters of confusion and endless mazes of dangerous mystery to answer the question whether Rom. vii. refers to St. Paul as an unconverted or a converted man, he will *know* that what St. Paul says in that chapter is his own experience now he is converted, and that it was *not so* when he was unconverted; hence the knotty problem, as some seem to consider it, is solved at once. And as to ‘final perseverance,’ as it is called, he will not only read this in endless promises in the Bible, but he will gather inward assurance that it shall be so with himself; he is not better than he was, he is not stronger than he was, he has not in his flesh any good thing any more now than formerly, but his faith grows and increases, and his acquaintance with Christ gathers more and more life and form about it, and the more he knows of the ‘faithful and true witness,’ the ‘Amen,’ the more he gathers for certain that whom He once loves He loves to the end (John xiii.). His language is—

“And can He have taught me to trust in His name,
And thus far have brought me to put me to shame?”

This is how what are called ‘the doctrines of grace’ are learnt by God's true people, and they do not dare to think they know anything aright, or ‘as they ought to know,’ except they learn it thus—to wit, *experimentally*.”

“THE VIALS OF GOD'S WRATH SEEM TO BE Poured OUT IN THE ATMOSPHERE OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.”—With this tremendous sentence David Milne, M.A., commences his new work, *The Philosophy of the Dispensations, and the Theology of the First Two Centuries*. We call it a “tremendous sentence;” but is it not justified by the clashing elements of diverse thought? Is not Pilate's question, directly or indirectly, still echoed, “WHAT IS TRUTH?” Nay, rather, is not every man attempting to answer that question from his own, or his pastor's “opinion”? “Tremendous sentence!” Are there not many Gospels, so-called, in the present age? Seriously, does it not appear as though both wise and foolish virgins are sleeping? And their dark dreams, told out, in a confused way, constitute the sermons, the platform essays, the periodical productions, and the conversational dialogues of the times we live in? To any one who hath ears to hear, eyes to see, and hearts to understand, does it not to such appear evident that “the law and the testimony” is not the standard, is not the source of the knowledge of the so-called divines?

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"THE STRINGER JUBILEE" AT THE SURREY TABERNAULE.

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

[No reporter, no artist, no man of letters, could adequately describe the solemnity, the unanimity, the respectability, the Christian charity, witnessed in the Surrey Tabernacle, on Tuesday, February 5th, 1884. A tailor, up Brompton way, having nothing better to do, wrote and issued a pamphlet, in which he condemns us for a fulsomeness of flattery; but, as Christ Himself commended one, saying he had not found so great faith, no, not in Israel; as Paul wrote highly of some in his days, so, seeing there are such bitter, narrow, censorious spirits about, we honestly praise the Lord for any real service rendered to the good cause by any of His honest and honourable servants; and when we witnessed such hosts of faithful ministers and so many hundreds of zealous Christians gathered together on that occasion, all striving to cheer, to comfort, and to substantially help, a servant of Christ in the day of his adversity, we wept for joy. We thanked God for beholding, not the burial of the Strict Communion Baptists, but the evident life, love, strength, deep-rooting, and fruit-bearing of that "Sect," that original organisation, which was instituted by CHRIST Himself in the large upper room; was established, confirmed, and manifested by GOD the HOLY GHOST on the Day of Pentecost; that true New Testament Church, which has passed through centuries of persecution, of floods, of fire and sword, of imprisonment, of martyrdom of every kind, yet lives on still, because our exalted EMMANUEL LIVES, and who will defend, preserve, prosper, and bless His faithful followers to the end of time, and for ever. I censure not, nor condemn any other accommodating system, but, in my last days, when all the fathers are gone to rest, I exult most joyfully in beholding so many young and middle-aged servants of Christ coming up for the defence and obedience of THE FAITH revealed from heaven by CHRIST, and by all the prophets and anointed servants. Our excellent brother, Mr. William Winters, of Waltham Abbey, furnishes us with the following review of the meeting.—C. W. B.]

By the indomitable energy and perseverance of our highly-esteemed brethren, Mr. John Bonney, Mr. G. J. Baldwin, James Lee, Esq., and others conjointly and through the important medium of

the EARTHEN VESSEL, with the influence of its worthy editor, Mr. Charles Waters Banks, the great meeting on behalf of our much loved and afflicted brother, Mr. Thomas Stringer, was brought to a successful issue in the Surrey Tabernacle, Wansey-street, Walworth-road, on Tuesday, February 5th, 1884. The beloved deacons of the Tabernacle, whose kindness no words can express, willingly placed the splendid sanctuary, with its commodious vestries, at the service of the committee of the "Stringer Fund." The deacons, whose names are here annexed, were courteous, generous, and active in making ministers and friends welcome and happy. Messrs. Albert Boulden, J. M. Rundell, S. Crowhurst, T. Carr, Thomas King, T. Green and John Pells. The ministerial brethren present were Messrs. Bonney, Bradbury, Wilkins, Steed, G. Webb, C. Z. Turner, Mitchel, Cornwell, Parnell, Kemp, Holden, Baldwin, Ballard, Waite, Dolbey, C. W. Banks, Beddow, Woodrow, Reynolds, Bennett, Mayhew, J. Vaughan, Griffith, Burbridge, Took, J. Wheeler, F. Wheeler, W. Wheeler, Dearsly, Noyes, W. Hazelton, J. Box, Wise, Holton, Rayment, Flack, Bush, Sears, Whitteridge, Carpenter, Hand, W. Beech, Osmond, Preston Davis, Buttery, Anderson, Elsey, Bolton, Oakey, Winters, H. Welch, and lay brethren James Lee, Esq., treasurer, and his son, Master Lee, R. Banks, Henry Lee, Esq., J. W. Banks, Mr. Hurst, John Mead, R. H. Davey, E. W. Syms, J. Anderson, W. Standbrooke, J. Knott, W. Stringer, A. Martin, R. Walter, Jos. Dorling, and Aaron Miller, Esqrs., with crowds of blessed believers in New Testament doctrine and discipline.

It is pleasing to notice that all the brethren were in true sympathy with our brother Stringer. The noble sum of £75 16s. 9d. was raised by collections alone at the Surrey Tabernacle, independently of the collections at the great meeting here recorded. This splendid amount surpassed the most sanguine expectations of all interested in the occasion, and which of course was mainly attributable to the influence and energy of the office-bearers of the Church.

The large vestry of the Tabernacle was well laid out for the accommodation of the ministers and friends who arrived in time to take luncheon: the expenses of which were met by friends, without

deducting a fractional part from the Stringer Fund. The first part of the service of the day was presided over by Mr. Henry Myerson; prayer was offered by brethren Wilkins, J. Vaughan, and G. Webb. At 2.30 Mr. Thos. Bradbury, pastor of the Grove Chapel, Camberwell, succeeded to the chair, and after reading a part of Phil. iv. spoke of the pleasure he had in coming to the meeting, and of the sympathy he felt toward the valiant, though now afflicted servant of Christ, Mr. Thomas Stringer. Mr. Bradbury spoke on the fruits and evidences of the HOLY SPIRIT in the soul of the believer, and expressed the blessing of those Christians who were possessed of grace and common sense, two grand qualifications which made a servant of Christ useful in the present day. Mr. Bradbury also made loving mention of the late William Parkes, of Openshaw, as being, when alive, a man of great grace, with knowledge to use it to the best of purposes. And no man ever showed greater grace and common sense than did the late James Wells, of blessed memory. [We enjoyed personal fellowship with the late Mr. Parkes.—C. W. B.]

Mr. Thomas Steed gave a hymn from James Wells' selection, in which book we noticed several sound hymns by Mr. Thomas Stringer. Mr. James Griffith spoke on the great things prepared for the believers. Mr. Kemp announced a hymn. Mr. John Box addressed us on the words, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Mr. Bush came up with a hymn. Mr. Philip Reynolds spoke from Psalm lxxxi. 10. The closing hymn (of that part of the service) was given by Mr. F. C. Holden. Mr. Bradbury expressed, amidst much joy, that he had brought £25 from his friends at the Grove, towards the Stringer Fund. Mr. O. S. Dolbey, of Slaithwaite, Yorkshire, then preached a sound experimental sermon from Zeph. iii. 12, which gave much satisfaction. A very large number of friends sat down to tea (we were told over 600); in the most efficient manner came the refreshments.

In the evening, brother George J. Baldwin occupied the chair. Mr. R. E. Sears read the Word of God. Mr. Mitchell, of the old Baptist cause, Guildford, offered fervent prayer. The zealous secretary, Mr. John Bonney, read the report of the progress of the Fund, which was highly appreciated. Mr. Bonney made special reference to the origin of the movement as being made by letters in the EARTHEN VESSEL of last year, by the editor, as also by Mr.

Stacey,* and Mr. Baldwin. Mr. Baldwin supplemented the speech of Mr. Bonney in a manner which must have touched the hearts of all present. Mr. Baldwin has been exceedingly liberal in contributing to the Fund, as has been the Church of which he is a deacon, of which Mr. F. C. Holden is the pastor. Mr. Baldwin gave his proper reasons for interesting himself in the movement, as he had known Mr. Stringer for seventeen years. His reasons were that Mr. Stringer had stood faithful in the truth for fifty years; his heart was knit to him, and also because Mr. Stringer laid in a very helpless condition. Mr. Baldwin also read a letter from Mr. Stringer. Mr. J. Hand gave a hymn. Mr. Anderson gave us an interesting speech. Mr. Dolbey brought a hymn. Mr. C. W. Banks, amidst great cheering, rose upon a chair to address the meeting, and spoke well on the character of Mr. Stringer as a preacher of Christ and as a Christian brother. Mr. Banks stated some of the chief incidents of the ministerial career of Mr. Stringer. Mr. Joseph Wilkins, of Heaton-road, Peckham, read out ably and distinctly the financial report, and we were pleased to hear amongst the many donations, one of £8 from Mr. Daniel Allen, at Sydney, Australia, brought in with others by C. W. Banks. James Lee, Esq., the worthy treasurer, spoke highly of Mr. Stringer, of the spiritual good he had realised from occasional visits to him in his sickness. Mr. Lee earnestly suggested a plan for providing help to aged and infirm ministers of the truth. Mr. Cornwell made a noble speech on the beautiful word *sympathy*. Mr. W. Carpenter addressed the meeting on the believer's relation to Christ, and warmly supported the cause for which the great company had met. Mr. Elsey delivered a hymn. Mr. H. Myerson contended for practical love. W. Winters spoke on the rest of mind Mr. Stringer must realise resulting from the generous help of the many towards the Fund, and proposed a vote of thanks to the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle for the great kindness shown in lending the Chapel

* Mr. Edwin Stacey has for a long period been connected with the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle; he was a hearer for many years of the late James Wells; he took a deep interest in the Church here in every movement. Mr. Stacey is now, we are deeply grieved to report, himself confined to a bed of affliction; in fact, his letter to the VESSEL Editor suggesting the "Stringer Jubilee Fund" was written from his bed.

for the occasion. Mr. P. Reynolds supported the proposition, which was unanimously carried, and Mr. Rundell, in behalf of his brother deacons, expressed the pleasure himself and his brethren in office felt in promoting the interest of the Stringer Fund. Mr. W. Flack gave a few loving words in parting, after which Mr. Baldwin gave out the hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," and Mr. W. Osmond closed the meeting with earnest prayer. A hearty vote of thanks to the chairman was moved by brethren Lee and Noyes. The sum total collected towards the Fund up to Feb. 5th amounted to (publicly) £381.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

MR. JOHN BOOTLE'S RECOGNITION AT ST. ALBAN'S.

The recognition of Mr. John Bootle as pastor of Bethel chapel was on February 12. In the afternoon Mr. Shepherd preached on "Then they that gladly received the Word were baptized" (Acts iii. 41, 42). He conclusively showed what the STRICT BAPTISTS believe, and why they believe it; what they do, and why they do it. A good tea was supplied. At evening service the chapel was full. Friends came from Dunstable, Luton, Redburn, and Watford. Mr. Shepherd occupied the chair, and read Eph. iii. Mr. Burrell, of Watford, implored the Lord's blessing.

The Chairman, after making a few remarks, called upon Mr. Bootle to state how he came by his religion, the doctrines he believed in, his call to the ministry, and his call to St. Alban's.

Mr. Bootle said: I feel the position that I stand in to be a solemn one. To me this is a week of importance. It was thirty-five years yesterday since I came into the world. My father died when I was two years of age. My mother, a godly woman, married again to a godly man, so that I was brought up in the fear of the Lord, sent to a Sabbath-school, and was well versed in the letter of the Word. Up to twenty years of age, my experience was (touching the law) a pharisee. About this time my brother died, a circumstance that very much affected me. On the Sunday that followed the day of his burial (fourteen years ago to-day), I went to hear Mr. Dickerson, at Little Alie-street. His text was, "Remember me, O Lord, with the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people; O visit me with Thy salvation." I went into the chapel a pharisee; I came out a crushed sinner; and for a long time afterwards "the terrors of God seemed to set themselves in array against me." In process of time the Lord dispelled the darkness, and so opened mine eyes as to enable me to say that whereas once I was blind, now I see. *Doctrinally* I believe in a Triune God; in the fall of man; and in his utter inability to take the first step in salvation matters. I believe in a salvation by love,

and power. Love in devising, blood in purchasing, and power in applying and calling; in the eternity of happiness and of punishment, and that baptized believers are the only persons that have a right to be added to the Church, and to sit at the Lord's Table. The first indication I had for the ministry was after I had spoken at a meeting in Little Alie-street chapel. Returning from the chapel, the words came into my mind, "Forasmuch as ye desire spiritual gifts, seek that ye may excel to the edifying of the Church." Some little while after this, in reading the Bible my eyes fell upon the words, "Obey My voice." My heart went up to heaven with the prayer, "Yes, Lord, I will, if Thou wilt show me what to do." I turned the leaves over and read the text, "If ye divide the precious from the vile, ye shall be as My mouth." I made the work of the ministry a matter of prayer. I prayed that if it was the Lord's will that I should not go forth, my mind should be altogether estranged from it; but the more I prayed against it, the greater the burden seemed to be. At last I mentioned the matter to my father-in-law, Mr. Carpenter. A short time afterwards I received a letter from the friends here requesting me to preach to them for one Sunday. I agreed to come. "Fear not, little flock, for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom," were the words I spoke from in the morning. I sweetly realised the presence of the Lord. The people gladly received my testimony. After supplying them for some time, they asked me on two separate occasions to become their pastor; but on neither occasion could I see my way clear to accept. A third time they asked me; and after seeking direction from on high, I acceded to their wishes. To many here I can say, with Paul, "My Gospel came not to you in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance."

Mr. Willis, a deacon of the Church, gave an outline of its history, and how that Mr. Bootle's ministry had been blessed in their midst.

Mr. Bootle then joined hands with Mr. Willis and Mr. Shepherd, with his hand on the clasped hand of pastor and deacon, gave a short but solemn address to each.

Mr. Carpenter gave the charge to the pastor, basing his remarks upon 2 Cor. viii. 23, 24, "Wherefore do any enquire of Titus," &c. Mr. Sears addressed the Church from Paul's words to the Hebrews, "Suffer the word of exhortation." The chairman closed the meeting with prayer.

THOMAS COOPER.

MR. MEERES, minister of New Church-street chapel, Bermondsey, we thankfully notice, has so far recovered as to attend the service on Wednesday, February 13, and occupied the desk, reading out all the hymns. The sermon was preached by Mr. Hall, a member of the Church, and was most appropriate. We hope before this note reaches our readers, Mr. Meeres will be able to occupy his pulpit again.

BRIEF HISTORY OF LOWER TOOTING BAPTIST CAUSE.

Some 30 years ago a little chapel in this suburb was occupied by a small Church of the Huntingtonian order. Here Mr. Henry Welch, though a Baptist, had been occasionally invited to preach. At the time mentioned, however, the chapel was unavoidably lost to them, and the congregation removed into a private house in Tooting-grove, and about the same time Mr. Welch was invited to preach regularly. About four years afterwards, he being a Baptist, and Mr. Dee, the managing man, the same (he being a member of Mr. Ponsford's Church at Clapham), and the majority of the congregation now acknowledging the ordinance of Believers' Baptism, Mr. Welch baptized several of them, and a Church, consisting of some 15 persons, was formed on Particular Baptist principles. As the space of two rooms thrown into one was found insufficient to accommodate the worshippers, it was proposed to build a chapel, and our friend, Mr. Cantle, kindly giving a plot of ground in the Grove, a chapel was built thereon, and opened in January, 1863, Mr. C. W. Banks preaching the evening sermon. Here Mr. Welch has laboured as pastor from then till now, a period of just 21 years. In the course of that time most of the original attendants have been removed; some into other parts, but most by death. Mr. Welch having some months ago been himself removed by Providence from the locality into London, he has thought it wise to resign his long-held pastorate, and seek a change of work as an itinerant preacher. Mr. G. Crutcher having friends at Balham, a mile or so distant, who were hopeful that he might be brought to settle somewhere near them, and the Tooting Church and congregation hearing him acceptably, he was invited to and accepted the succession to Mr. Welch. On Boxing-day, a tea-meeting was held, to bid farewell to the out-going and welcome to the incoming pastor, when in the afternoon both gave respectively suitable addresses, supported by Mr. Preston Davies, of Norbiton, Mr. Sylvester, of Norwood, and Mr. Buttery from Forest-gate. The meeting was concluded in the evening by Mr. Levinsohn giving his interesting lecture on "The Jews." Mr. Welch, who is not unknown among many Churches of Particular Baptist faith and order, both in London and the country, is now open to supply the pulpit in either one or the other. His address is 191, New Kent-road, London, S.E.

THE LATE MR. CHAS. VERRALL.

This devoted and faithful minister of the inward kingdom of God, of the essential work of the Spirit of Christ in the souls of the redeemed, this loving branch of the Huntingtonian stock, Mr. Charles Verrall, of Hayward's-heath, passed away from this mortal state on Monday, February 11. 1884. His outward tabernacle was respectfully and reverently laid in its silent chamber of earth in the Brighton cemetery, on Thurs-

day, February 14. For more than twenty years Mr. Charles Verrall has been one of those useful ministers who supply such Churches as have no settled pastors. Principally in Sussex, in Leicestershire, and in some other parts, his ministry was made a blessing. Within about three weeks of his death he preached his last sermon at Welwyn. At Outhall chapel, in Winchfield, he filled the pastor's office for some of the earliest years of his life, and he built a small meeting at Plumpton, where he sought to gather a school and congregation. Like most Christ-loving men, he could not do all he desired; but his mind, his motive, his movements, were for the honour of his Lord and Master, and to benefit the souls of his fellow-men. He was brother-in-law to the late Mr. John Grace, once the favoured minister of West-street chapel, in Brighton; also of Samuel Palmer, Esq., of Park-house, Broadway, South Hackney, the originator, proprietor, and editor of that valuable work, "The Index to the Times." We have watched the descent of the Huntingtonian line of ministers for over sixty years. "The doctor" himself left this island in 1813, nearly 71 years since. His sons, Jenkins and Verrall, of Lewes, are not enrolled in the "Slim Registry." Isaac Beeman was a long and laborious lover of "the doctor," as he frequently called William Huntington. Beeman was a richly sainted man. He left off work here in 1838. I would be glad to draw the line of distinction between the Huntingtonians, the Ironites, and the preachers of our day; but I must not till I get a little younger.—C. W. B.

CROYDON.—The deacons (J. Cullingford and H. Thomas) of Salem Baptist Chapel, in Windmill-road, have issued a respectable and authenticated circular, in which they plead for pecuniary help to enable them to remove the debt now pressing heavily upon them. Their chapel is in the midst of a dark and densely-populated outskirts of the large town of Croydon. We trust the Spirit of Christ has carried them into that part, where God's truth is wanted. Such friends as are entrusted with "the means" of helping a cause so deserving should visit this "Salem," and, having proved the genuineness of the work, the integrity of the people, and the purity of their motive, give them encouragement and a lift. It is dangerous to withhold from Christ's claims when we are God's stewards. We can tell, without the fear of contradiction, of professors who were rich in this world's goods, but in the multitude of their possessions they were "not rich toward God." They lost all they had, and in the paupers' union they breathed their last. We require help to meet our mortgage claim. There are those with us who could deliver us, and keep Speldhurst-road to the truth without the slightest risk or inconvenience, but we expect they will hug their gold in their coffers and leave it for ungodly ones to squander away. These are serious considerations. God help us to lay them much to heart.

HILL-STREET, DORSET-SQUARE.

—The report read by Mr. C. Wilson at the forty-sixth anniversary of Mount Zion chapel Infants' Friend Society, on Tuesday, January 29, 1884, gives unmistakable proof that the ladies who form the committee, and other friends connected therewith, are untiring in their exertions to carry out the objects it aims to accomplish: "To unite Christian instruction with temporal relief," &c. During the past year 189 cases were visited and relieved within three miles of the chapel, which devolved much labour upon the ladies of the committee. The expenditure for the year was over £90. The sermon in the afternoon was preached by Mr. Shepherd, from the words, "I have showed you all things, how that in labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how He said, It is more blessed to give than to receive" (Acts xx. 35). Tea was served in the schoolroom and chapel to a very large number of sympathising friends. In the evening Mr. Shepherd presided at the public meeting, when the bottom of the spacious chapel was very full. The first speaker was Mr. John Box, whose subject was "Everlasting love." Our brother, at the very outset, pleaded guilty to his inability to grapple with such a vast, comprehensive, and glorious subject—everlasting love! Every comparison fails in contemplating the everlasting love of God. To know God is to know that "God is love," and the drawing influence of love is what we know of it. God loved His Church before the fall—why or how He did it we cannot explain; the important thing to know is, Am I a participator in it? Love goes after its object. God goes out into the wilderness after His redeemed family. God's love flows through the Mediator to the sinner; when we realise its power then are we drawn to Him. When John wrote, "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God," it was to the people of God. May we learn what everlasting love is in carrying our daily cross, and in the sweet experiences of daily life. Mr. Reynolds seconded the motion, and proceeded to speak in a way that gave evidence of much thought on "Everlasting righteousness" (Dan. ix. 2). The work the Messiah accomplished was a perfect work, it was the means of bringing His people to Himself; it was an active work. Step after step of His valuable life tells of this. This righteousness is a gift, and not meritorious; this righteousness is the eternal security of God's elect; everlasting is not written upon the systems of this world; the Gospel is everlasting. It is a wondrous gift from God to man—it is from everlasting to everlasting. Mr. John Hunt Lynn followed on "Everlasting life." It is the gift of the Father by His Son—He who said, "Because I live ye shall live also"—gives to His redeemed everlasting life. Life is the breeder of faith: life first, belief next. It is compared to a spring, at times rising and flowing freely, then in dry seasons it appears like a drought—gone; but no, it is there, and it bubbles up

again, and bursts forth. How true it is, if for a little space I lack His presence, yet He is the same. May we experience not the little drippings, but copious manifestations of His mercy in our hearts. Mr. R. E. Sears was brief, but to the point, on "Everlasting kindness." He said, this I have received from the friends at Hill-street. How kind of God to give me gracious, praying parents! how kind of Him to call me early by His grace, and to call me into His service! He is always kind, "E'en when He hides His face." Mountains may depart, but My kindness I will not take away." Mr. J. Clark was homely, fluent, and savoury, on "Everlasting joy." The benediction closed the meeting. Many were grieved because Mr. Meeres was unable to be present, as he has, I think, been to the forty-five previous ones, and a hope was entertained last year that he would be with them at the jubilee of the society.—J. W. B.

CHATHAM.—ENON, Nelson-road. New Year's services. On Sunday, January 20, 1884, Mr. W. Beach preached in morning from Deut. viii. 2. He took a five-fold view of the subject: 1. Divine sovereignty in choosing His people; 2. Divine protection in their safety; 3. Divine direction in the wilderness (Exod. xiii. 21, 22); 4. Divine deliverance from their enemies (see Psa. cvi. 42-48); 5. Divine supply: manna from heaven, and water from the rock. He spoke on the reasons assigned: (1) to humble thee; (2) to prove thee; (3) to know what was in thy heart, &c. Evening text, Rom. viii. 35. Glorious, blessed, and Christ-exalting truths the Holy Spirit enabled our brother to bring forward. Oh! how sweet are the streams flowing from the ocean of everlasting love.

"How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end."

Next day New Year's tea-meeting. Public meeting in evening, Mr. Beach presiding. After prayer, brother Beach gave a short address on the blessedness of "a good hope through grace;" brother G. Webb on the fullness of life there was in Christ Jesus for His people, in a sweet, experimental manner; brother F. P. Patterson on the latter part of Psalm xxxiv., in a savoury way; brother T. Gilbert spoke to us in a touching way, relating how the Lord had appeared for him in providence, when lying prostrate for seven weeks on a bed of affliction, so that his needs were all supplied. We are thankful to the great Master of assemblies for these services. Who can be cast down when the King of glory is present? But,—

"What must it be to dwell above:
To be like Him, and sing, and love,
Nor from His presence e'er remove!"

J. C.

HIGHBURY-VALE.—GILLESPIE-ROAD.—Our brother, Jabez Whitteridge, and his friends were favoured to have services, not special in word only, but special in every sense of the word, on Feb. 12, when Mr. Henry Hall preached the sermon; Chas.

Wilson, Esq., presided; Mr. Henry Myerson, and other brethren, delivered Gospel sermonettes, and such happy seasons were enjoyed, that some wished they were more frequent. It is easy enough for ministers to go on, who have numerous friends, large gatherings, and wealthy stipends; but for a minister to endure long wintry seasons, to have the whole weight upon his own shoulders, few to hear, fewer still to help, is evidence of a spirit supported by such a measure of love to the cause of Christ, as cannot be extinguished. We must wish, as his hairs whiten, his days may brighten, in the Gospel preached by our brother, Mr. Jabez Whitteridge.

GODLINESS WALKING IN ITS ROYAL ROBES OF CHARITY.

[Out of a handful of letters received on January 23, we select the following as one of the happiest received lately. We have a few honourable brethren in the far-off country districts who for us are visiting and distributing relief to well-proved most needy cases in the Lord's afflicted family.—ED.]

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Many thanks for your last and its contents. May the Lord give it His blessing in its distribution, and He shall have all the glory. To visit the poor of the flock and help them is a work of delight, as much as my public ministrations. O that the Lord may make me increasingly useful during the few remaining days I have to be here! Yesterday was a blessed day to my soul, and also to the souls of my people. We had a large congregation; the Lord of hosts was in our midst; and it was delightful to see our friends all over the chapel at the noon-time, lovingly conversing together, manifesting that spirit of fraternal unity we have been favoured to enjoy for more than 40 years. In the morning, at our Church meeting, we had a lad, a teacher in our Sunday-school, aged sixteen years, came before us, and declared what the Lord had done for him; and there are others, we feel persuaded, must come before long; for if these still hold their peace, I think the very stones will cry out against them. At the noon hour two of our female friends called me into my little room to present me with a sum of money as a New Year's gift, together with a letter, which I prized more than the money, because the root of the gift was love. Our brother Elsey helped me in the afternoon, as I was poorly, and said some good things upon the love of God; and after my sermon I publicly thanked my people for their token of love, and told them that by giving me the money which they had privately collected they had made me very covetous, for now I wanted more gifts, such as were beyond their power to give; I wanted many precious souls to be given me, and to be brought into the Church of Christ here before my departure to the better land. I say to my friends here, "*The Lord increase you more and more.*" In the morning I spoke of garments, and in the afternoon of bottles—grounding my ideas upon our Lord's words, "No man putteth a piece of new cloth unto an old garment, for

that which is put in to fill it up taketh from the garment, and the rent is made worse. Neither do men put new wine into old bottles, else the bottle break and the wine runneth out, and the bottles perish, but they put new wine into new bottles, and both are preserved" (Matt. ix. 16, 17).

I was so delighted with the letter I received with the money from my friends, that I cannot refrain from sending you a verbatim copy of it, knowing you rejoice in all such things. Here it is, word for word:—

"DEAR PASTOR,—We wish you grace, mercy, and peace; and as the dear Lord has been pleased to spare you through the past year it is our earnest prayer that He may spare you some years to come to deliver the messages that He is pleased to give you from time to time; and may the Holy Spirit apply the same with power to both saint and sinner, so that we may have cause to rejoice over sinners being "*saved in the Lord with an everlasting salvation.*" And now, dear pastor, as we believe that faith without works is dead, so we also believe that words without actions are dead also. We therefore would present you with a small sum as a New Year's gift, and may the Lord bless both the giver and the receiver, not forgetting thy own dear partner in life, is the sincere desire of those who have contributed to the small sum presented.

"Yours in Christ,

"FRIENDS."

The reading of the above letter quite melted me down, and I felt it to be to me far beyond silver and gold. My dear friends shall lose nothing; God will make it all up to them; for "the liberal soul shall be made fat, and by liberal things shall he live." May truth, love, grace, peace and liberality reign among all the Churches of Christ, throughout our land. The Lord grant it for His name's sake. Amen.

Your affectionate brother in Christ,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, Jan. 21, 1884.

—
SWANSEA.—We hardly think there is a more wide-spread profession of religion anywhere than is to be found in North and South Wales. We have travelled and preached in parts of both these districts. Cardiff and Swansea are immensely numerous, zealous, and industrious centres of preaching and professing people. But see what one honest, truth-loving brother, says:—"DEAR MR. BANKS,—You ask me to tell you about the great House in Swansea. I doubt there is very little gold and silver, but plenty of wood and earth. I have spoke against their concerts and sing-songs, and they hate me for it, pass me by, just the same as they do John Thomas at his home. All the so-called Christian members of Churches seem to me to have the mark of the beast on their forehead. Still I should think there is some that the Lord had set His mark upon; but I don't come across them, so I don't know them. I have had a nice note from John Thomas. When you go to see him I hope you will come to Swansea."

[If I was somewhat younger, I know of no towns in any part of Great Britain, where I would rather stand up to preach the Gospel, than in Cardiff and Swansea. But it must be ALL the truth OUT OF THE HEART, mere tongue-talk about truth they will not have. I had large companies at Clynderwyn, Bargoed, Nerberth, Newport, and other parts, and the ministers and the people received me gladly and respectfully. Oh, I love the good old Welsh Puritans, and the scenery, the mountains, the valleys, the rivers, the whole country is a panorama of God's beautiful handiwork. My Welsh reminiscences are hidden, as yet. At the end of South Wales I started by rail one morning at six o'clock, reached London at nine at night. I saw and heard much in that journey. God has many people there, but the preachers are leading them astray, is the fear of C. W. BANKS.]

— — —
MR. THOMAS STRINGER ON THE
JUBILEE MEETING.

*To the Subscribers of the Stringer
Jubilee Fund.*

MY DEARLY BELOVED CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—Your extremely great kindness in contributing so liberally to the above Fund constrains me to make an effort to acknowledge the same with my own hand. It would be impossible for me, in my weak and afflicted condition, to write a note of gratitude to you individually. I therefore write to you collectively. Language fails in attempting to fully describe the deep and sincere heartfelt gratitude, both of myself and dear wife, for your kind sympathy and Christian liberality. You truly have been "given to hospitality." I can never repay your kindness, only by praying for you *all*. My esteemed brethren, Messrs. Bonney, Lee, and the Committee, I feel deeply indebted to for their great trouble and unceasing exertions in this matter. The dear friends at the Surrey Tabernacle have "dealt bountifully with me," and other causes of truth also in proportion to their ability and circumstances, including the dear friends at Sydney. May "the God of Jacob" whom we love, serve, and adore, abundantly bless you all with rich supplies of saving grace here, and a triple crown of righteousness, life, and glory hereafter. So prays, beloved friends, yours faithfully, affectionately, and gratefully, in Jesus.

T. STRINGER.

HARWICH.—The great sweeping wave long predicted to be the ruin of Harwich has at last come, in the removal of the whole of the immense continental trade and traffic of the Great-Eastern Railway Company from this port to Parkstone. At present it has only had a thinning effect upon our general congregation, but it must eventuate in drawing away many even of our members, who will shortly be requested to live where their work lies. Another militating circumstance, incident to a seaport town, is the necessity for Sunday work; which oft-times prevents attendance at our place of worship.

But, despite all these drawbacks, the year 1883 has been one of blessing, the presence of the Lord has ensured us both peace and prosperity. Some, indeed, have gone out from us, because they were not of us; others have come in, because they perceive that God is in our midst. Indeed the "signs following" the preached Word have proved that it has been received "in demonstration of the Spirit and with power." Thus two, whose joint ages amount to 150, have come forward and been baptized in the name of the Lord; two others have followed them in this ordinance; and two have been received by transfer, thus adding six new members to our Church; and one other is now proposed. Our prayer meetings have also been well maintained, and the requirements of the poor amply met; thus in addition to the ordinary sources of supply, forty-one warm garments have been made and distributed through the generous gift to the minister of another £5 from Sir W. H. Tyler, Bart., besides participation to the extent of forty tickets of 2s. each in his annual Christmas distribution to the Harwich poor; so that the minister's wife in her active love and zeal, aided by other willing hands, has found plenty of profitable work to do. The Sunday-school also, under her management, has prospered marvellously, but whilst it has been a means of great blessing it has also been the source of much anxiety and sorrow, the children multiplying so fast, we have been repeatedly obliged to turn earnest applicants away; a good school-room is an absolute need in this Harwich hive. The school funds have also increased by the receipt of £13 11s. 1d. in excess of the year previous, £5 of which was sent in love by that aged saint, Mrs. Ruth Stevens, of Billericay. The annual sermons were preached by Mr. Levinsohn before a full chapel, and at the outing that followed 180 friends took tea in a tent, 110 children sat on the grass; and the infants were regaled at the chapel. The old harmonium has been replaced by a new and sweet-toned instrument, and the chapel debt reduced to £80. But the late serious illness of the minister [for whom prayer was made by the Church continually, and which drew forth such precious love and sympathy from the dear people] has so weakened his constitution that he sometimes thinks the physical powers cannot long sustain the required mental pressure upon his sensitive nervous system. But our times are in His hand, and the term "three-score years and ten" is nearly reached. However, we live on but to love and serve the Lord, in the free-offering of our time and means, for the benefit of His Church and people; and when we shall have "fulfilled our course," doubt not we shall "fall on sleep" in Jesus.—**JOSIAH, Esplanade House.**

GRAVESEND.—We regret to learn that Mr. Heath has ceased to minister in Windmill-street chapel. "Quinquostor" asks, "Why no Baptist cause has ever been extensively useful here?"

LIMEHOUSE.—The fourteenth anniversary of the formation of the Church now worshipping in Elim chapel, Pekin Street, East India Road, was celebrated January 20th. Sermons were preached by pastor F. C. Holden and W. H. Lee. On the Tuesday Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached. A great company took tea. In the evening Mr. F. C. Holden presided, and Mr. Lovelock invoked the divine blessing. Mr. Holden stated that the Church had been formed fourteen years, six out of which he had occupied the position of pastor. On the Church books there were eighty-two members' names; sixty-five of which had been added during his (Mr. Holden's) pastorate (twenty-eight by baptism); out of that number six had died, two removed by providence, leaving a total of fifty-seven persons now in union, and all added within the short period of six years! The new chapel, Elim by name, has been honoured by eight believers being immersed in the right and glorious apostolic order instituted by Jesus, who Himself lived on earth a Baptist, was a blessed Baptist preacher, died a Baptist, rose a Baptist, and is now on the right hand of the Father, the holy pattern and practical representative of His whole baptized Church. The deacons, with the pastor, are thoroughly one, in spirit and action, and magnify their office in every way praiseworthy. Mr. G. J. Baldwin, one of the deacons, spoke with warmth and fullness on the Head of the Church. Mr. W. Carpenter unfolded the grand constitution of the Church; Mr. C. L. Kemp (another deacon) declared many of the blessed privileges of the Church; Mr. W. H. Lee, the glorious subject of the spiritual warfare of the Church; Mr. J. H. Lynn dwelt on the song of the triumphant Church, and the writer glanced at the consummate glory of the Church, so that the evening meeting was like a little heaven upon earth, not a jarring note was heard. Mr. F. H. Noyes wound up the happy service with a prayer and the Benediction. The sum collected on Lord's day and on the following Tuesday together amounted to £14 10s. 1d. To God be everlasting glory, so says from his very soul.—**W. WINTERS.**

BOW.—Successful services were enjoyed in Mount Zion, January 29th. The writer was privileged to preach in the afternoon. In the evening Mr. Haines, as chairman, spoke of his union to the friends at Bow. Mr. John Bennett unfolded many beautiful examples of the great love of God as the evidence of God's foreknowledge respecting the Church on earth. Mr. Charles Cornwell was clear on the fundamental doctrine of predestination as being a grand truth and an eternal work of God. Mr. Thomas Steed, the important doctrine of divine calling. The writer was led into the justification of the saints. Mr. F. C. Holden was drawn out on the glorification of the saints. It is pleasing to note that the chapel is to be put in trust as the property of the Church. The collections realized on the occasion amounted to £12 11s. 10½d.—**W. WINTERS.**

HERTFORD.—Our New Year's meeting at Ebenezer was Thursday, January 24th, Mr. Edward Casey preached. In the evening Mr. Lovelock occupied the chair; Mr. Winterton, a deacon and precursor of the cause, offered prayer. Mr. Lovelock made a suitable introductory address. Mr. Tucker, of Hitchin, spoke on Isa. liii. 1, "Who hath believed our report?" Various were the reports stated by our brother, both good and bad, as set forth in the world and in the Church. Mr. E. Casey gave a stirring speech on the glorious gospel. W. Winters on the real presence of God in Christ. Mr. Gilbert gave a very neat speech, and which he supplemented by presenting his pastor, Mr. Bowles, with a New Year's gift, consisting of a purse of £15, which had been cheerfully given by the friends. Mr. Bowles, in a pleasant speech, thanked the kind friends for the expressions of their appreciation of his labours in their midst; Mr. Bowles said the Church was in peace and gradually increasing. The congregation was increasing, also the Sunday-school. Mr. W. Stringer, deacon of our late lamented brother R. A. Lawrence's Church, testified of the value of brotherly love. Mr. John Sampford, the Ware pastor, long known as "The Rural Shepherd," spoke on being vitally united to Christ. Mr. R. Alfrey gave a concise epitome of the truth of revelations from the earliest times, and all concentrating in Christ. Mr. Winterton and Mr. Bowles accorded a vote of thanks to the chairman, and the meeting happily closed.—**W. WINTERS.**

WALTHAM-ABBEY, ESSEX.—Jan. 31 was a red-letter day in the annals of Bethel chapel. The friends worshipping there being anxious to promote the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom, announced that a public meeting would be held for that purpose, over which W. Webster, Esq., of "The Firs," presided, in the large British school-room, previous to which over two hundred persons sat down to partake of a sumptuous tea, provided by the ladies, who superintended most ably this department. Pastors Jackson and W. Winters were present, and expressed their hearty good will in the object of the meeting, and which afterwards was addressed by the brethren Flavel, sen., T. J. Hall, Fellows, Herring, and Gordelier. We fervently and devoutly wish that Bethel may have a long and prosperous future.—**G. C.**

CITY ROAD.—Thursday evening, Feb. 7th, a meeting of members and friends of Jireh chapel was held for spiritual communion and Christian greeting. At seven o'clock, Mr. Waite, who has been supplying the pulpit for some time, with acceptance, delivered an experimental discourse from the words:—"This God is our God," &c. At the close of this service the members of the Church met, under the presidency of brother Linsell, when a cordial and unanimous invitation was given to Mr. Waite to take the pastorate, which was accepted.—**J. W. B.**

A SUFFOLK PLOUGHMAN IN MANCHESTER.

[The first time I entered Manchester was in 1841, forty-three years ago. The unhappy division in Mr. William Gadsby's Church had not then taken place. Ten years after that I went again to preach in Oldham-street, for the new Strict Baptist cause meeting for divine worship in that large chapel. Many ministers went from London to preach the Gospel unto them, but most of them have passed off this planet where much evil, even in Christian Churches, doth disturb and divide the family of believers. Mrs. Lucy Ashworth, a fine old mother in Israel, related to me the whole of the circumstances which led to that eruption so painful to the heart of that most excellent man of God, the late Mr. William Gadsby. Mr. John Foreman, Mr. James Wells, Mr. W. Palmer, Mr. Henry Hanks, Mr. John Corbett, and others, went down to Oldham-street. They are all gone home. Thomas Stringer and myself went; we are yet in the wilderness a few days longer. One evil arising out of that division was the misrepresentation of almost every minister that went to help them. The following letter, written by the late Mr. John Foreman to that energetic and sterling Strict Baptist preacher of Manchester, Mr. John Hudson, of Ardwicke, will show that even bold, upright, honourable, useful, and fearless John Foreman did not escape the attack of the false spirit. I preached many, many times in Manchester, Liverpool, Rochdale, and other parts of Lancashire, but I cannot recollect a season of soul-liberty in any part. But let us read Mr. Foreman's letter.]

MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am an old Suffolk ploughman, and an old sinner too, of no small degree, so that I cannot boast of pedigree, merit, or worth, nor of anything else but of free grace, and of free salvation thereby, through Christ Jesus our Lord. The dateless, unconditional, unchanging, unabhating, everlasting love of God the Father, running into and upon the immutable basis of foreordained mediaship in the person of one God-Man Mediator, Christ Jesus, unto eternal redemption through His obedience and blood; and again this eternal love running through redemption into regeneration by the Holy Ghost, and so in all its forms of blessing along the road of my renewed soul's pilgrimage into eternal life promised me in Christ Jesus, whom by grace I am favoured to know for myself, and believe in for myself, and to know what I believe, and how I ever was made to believe, and what in *matter*, though not in *magnitude* of good, God Himself hath bound up inseparable, with a heaven-begotten, heaven-born believing state of soul. This, I say, is my life, my comfort, my stay, my hope, and my prospect, and I am but very little concerned that other busy mortals may think or say of me, for my judgment is with my God, and with Him stands my present state, and by Him my final destiny is fixed, and in Him along my pathway to my end I hope. If you profited anything by my poor labours,

God be thanked; but I have no mind to make more public any remarks that you picked up. They are your own, to do with as you please. The children of God are under no wrathful law of condemnation; but to say that they, as children on the filial premises are got to sinless perfection, that they can do no wrong; or, doing wrong, it is not wrong, because they are children, to me is a libertinism of principle I want to have nothing whatever to do with, and which in effect is the doctrine to the denial of a vast deal of the Scriptures having any sense or meaning at all; of no fatherly, chastening rod in Zion, and which I could show, if I had time, but which I have not. Having five sermons to preach in the course of this week. I would just say that the very text I took must at once be totally denied before the chastening rod; and the scourging whip can be denied, and if we hold a creed so much more sound and right than Scriptures, and to maintain which we make nonsense of and set aside a part of the Scriptures, we ought never to think them wrong who set aside other parts of the Scripture to maintain their creed, such as the Arminians, &c.

With regard to what I have heard said of my holding the law of Moses as a rule of Christian life, the man that hath said this speaketh falsely. Not a man under the heavens, who has really known me for the whole or any part of the 31 years I have been in the ministry, will say such a thing, because they know better. I never held such a form of sentiment, nor such a sentiment in any form, in my life; but, painful to say, some professors are the most mischief-making of any sort of people on the earth. I know no King in Zion but Christ, and I know of no salvation but by grace in Him; and I know of no law-giver in Zion but Christ, and no law as a rule of life but what is signed by His hand, stands in His name, and binds all Scripture in the grace of His name, as prophet to teach, as Priest to atone, and King to rule.

Need I say more? Both Gadsby and Stevens said the very one and the same thing—namely, "that the preceptive will of God in Christ is the rule of the believer's life," only one called it *law*, and the other called it *Gospel*; and I never called it either, being no party man; but the Word of God in the name of Christ alone to me is everything, and men may call it what they please, and me too, only my Father will not hold them guiltless if they lie.

One thing I ever wish to remember most gratefully and that is the kindness and attention of our friend Goodfellow, his dear partner, and beloved family, to whom most affectionately remember me, and to all other friends who may like or would not be offended at hearing of my law, rod, proud man, and many other ways perhaps naughty name. My love to brother Wells, God bless him in soul, and in his labours of love; all the friends, the cause at Oldham-st., your

own soul, and all that love our dearly loved Lord. Pray excuse this very hurried line with all its blunders, my hands are more than full of demands, as I am not idling away time as at Manchester. Nevertheless I hope my visit there was not waste time, fruitless and vain, and with best wishes,

I am, dear brother, yours in the Lord,
8, Paddington Green, J. FOREMAN.

London, October 18th, 1883.

To JOHN HUDSON, Manchester.

—
"THE MAN WHO GAVE US THE BOOK."

Any man who has his eyes open may see there have been, in the Gospel dispensation, times when

"CHRIST'S RELIGION SLEPT,"

"fettered by priestly craft and Papal ban," and in His time God has always called up men—*resurrection men*—who, filled and fired with His Spirit, have brought up and led on the purpose of the mighty God, whose omnipotent, sovereign, and never-failing will worketh out His own covenant decrees. Look at the call and conversion of Paul, the planter; at Apollos, the waterer; at Cephas, the discriminator; then at Augustine, the theologian; at Wycliffe, the translator; at Calvin, the ancient foundation man; Luther, the Reformer, and the succession which has followed. All these men were contenders for principles. Then came the Paritan host of witnesses to the power of the Holy Ghost in the souls of God's elect, and these witnesses were contenders for the fruits of grace in those who were living branches of Christ, the living Vine. Now, by the life and light of the Spirit of God within us, let us examine and see—

1. Have we been "planted together in the likeness of Christ's death?"

2. Have we been watered with the Spirit's dew from heaven, as the promise saith, "I will be as the dew unto Israel?"

3. Has Peter's discriminating knife been applied?

4. Has Wycliffe's translation, or the opening up of the Word of God, been experienced?

5. Have we seen and proved that "the election hath obtained it?" and

6. Has the Reformers' power been exercised in bringing us from all Rome's darkness, and from all Arminian delusions? If so, we shall bless God for John Wycliffe, whose

Keen piercing eyes that saw through all deceit;
Lips firmly set; a brow of wondrous might;
Sharp vigorous features, lit by smile so sweet

That little children trusted him at sight;
Such is the portrait loving Time has kept

Of England's great Reformer—the one man
Who dared to show how Christ's religion slept.

Fettered by priestly craft and Papal ban.
Fearless and bold, he set himself this task;

With all the powers that God had given him,
To lift before the world Rome's specious mask,
To show the clouds that made heaven's path-
way dim.

And to the last he carried on the strife.

Toiling to leave to those he lived among
The crowning labour of a noble life

The Bible in his own pure English tongue.

(To be continued.)

CAMDEN TOWN.—Excellent meeting of the Sunday-school in connection with Church meeting at Camden High Schools, was held Wednesday, February 6th, pastor James Dawson presided. The meeting was opened with prayer by Mr. George Webb, whose presence gave great pleasure to the friends. After a few opening remarks from the pastor, the scholars gave numerous recitations, in which they acquitted themselves well, meriting the highest praise. Suitable books were awarded to the scholars that recited, our Pastor addressing a few kind words to each recipient. Our superintendent, Mr. C. J. Burrows, performed a pleasing duty on behalf of himself and the teachers, in presenting Mr. James Dawson with a handsome album, which bore an elegant inscription. This token of Christian love and esteem took our pastor by surprise, and was accepted with feelings of deep pleasure. The collection taken was a most liberal one; the best we have had; and afforded abundant proof that one and all were highly satisfied with what had taken place. The service was interspersed with special hymns by the scholars, which were well rendered. A few remarks followed, with the Benediction, which closed a very happy meeting.

HADLEIGH.—The members' annual tea took place at the Baptist chapel Wednesday, February 6; about eighty sat down to tea. Public meeting at seven o'clock, under the presidency of Mr. B. J. Northfield (pastor). Brother Double prayed; the year's balance-sheet was read, a very satisfactory one. It was with deep-felt gratitude stated by the chairman that we had had a year of prosperity financially, numerically, and spiritually, although we had not been without our changes, especially one loss we had been called to bear since we met at our last annual meeting, and that was the death of our esteemed brother Hitchcock. Brethren Keen and Watson spoke words of encouragement. The pastor was presented with a gift of money in token of the affection in which he is held by the people amongst whom the Lord is still blessing his labours, which gift was affectionately acknowledged. The Lord's blessing rests upon the Church and congregation; the school also prospers. Unity and peace is sweetly realised, and our triune Jehovah's eternal name is praised.

—
OUR MINISTERS IN OLD AGE.

[Nearly forty years since, in connection with the late James Blake, William Fenner, and others, instrumentally, we formed a fund and committee for the relief of poor, of afflicted, of aged ministers in our denomination, and to some extent it proved "a friend in need." But the cruel spirit of contempt poured upon it by the more influential leaders caused its death. Now for some time we have been favoured to relieve a large number of ministers, of widows, of orphans, of bed-ridden believers in the truth. Mr. R. Daniels, of Reading, sends us the following note, which we hope may lead to some permanent benefit.—C. W. B.]

MR. C. W. BANKS.—DEAR FRIEND,— Will you insert the following suggestion? My object is that, by that means, the attention of the ministers labouring among the Strict Churches might have their attention directed to the necessity of special effort being made to provide the means of subsistence for Baptist ministers in old age and infirmity. To that end I suggest that a meeting of ministers be called, resident in and near London, to consider the advisability of attempting to form "A Minister's Mutual Aid Society," each member of which shall contribute an annual sum toward the general fund of the society, and become in old age entitled to support. Should this be considered advisable, a committee might be formed, a scale of payments arranged to suit the requirements of the case; the work of making other necessary arrangements would, of course, follow in due order. I feel confident that by a united effort a plan of this kind might be successfully carried out.

R. DANIEL.

Reading, Jan. 26, 1884.

[Already most of the different sections have their benevolent societies. The Baptist Union has its Annuity Fund, its Augmentation Fund; there are others, but even the Strict Churches are so divided into parties that the formation of another will be difficult unless taken up by such gentlemen as John Bonney, Esq., Isaac Charles Johnson, Esq., Edward Harris, Esq., John Wild, Esq., F. Jacquery, Esq., Henry Hall, Esq., James Lee, Esq., Albert Boulden, Esq., C. Wilson, Esq., and others we might name. Mr. Daniels should first obtain the patronage of these gentlemen.]

CHELMSFORD.—The Baptist cause at Chelmsford is favourably progressing under the ministry of Mr. Burgess; who, in the midst of error and creature-doings, is enabled, by the grace of God, and the teaching of the HOLY SPIRIT, to preach a free and full salvation to poor, lost, perishing sinners, without money, and without price. God blesses His own Word through his instrumentality in convincing sinners, comforting those in distress, and liberating the captives, many souls are brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. Last month Brother Burgess baptized seven believers, and another waiting for the moving of the water. Since Mr. Burgess has been there, they have had seventeen added to the Church. It is heart-cheering to see minister, deacons, and members blessed and fed under the preaching of our brother. He is pressed down with trials and afflictions; still, his bow abides in strength; he is a *fruitful bough*, and unflinchingly speaks the truth as revealed in the Word of God. May the God of Israel (if it is His will) increase them more and more, add to the Church daily, such as should be saved, and feed them with the Bread and Water of Life, is the prayer of one that was there, on January 27th, 1884. — JAMES MOSS, Canewdon.

"GOOD WORKS!"

I was driven up on Sunday evening, Jan. 27, 1884; the doctor was in a long time, and I had no text, no sermon, no mental fitness for preaching. When I could get up to study, I silently prayed for something to be laid in my soul. I looked about, and a little before six these words were in me, "BUT CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL." There was a whisper inside said—

1. That is a text for all ministers.
2. That is a guarantee for all soul-seeking sinners.
3. That is a strong cordial for all travellers who are going from time into eternity.

I went to chapel. Mr. Dearly kindly read and prayed for me. I stood up, and without any premeditation said, "I have no sermon to-night, but I have a wonderful text—"Christ is all and in all." Of course I cannot give anything of an outline, for between the text and the sermon, if sermon it might be called, there was a great disparity. Yet things, sentences, thoughts flew out that seemed to be born in a moment, and they were out in language before I could hardly say I had them in thought at all. I just remember expressing a denunciation against what we call "GOOD WORKS" as a foundation of our hope of heaven; or as the *means* of procuring salvation. When I warmly said, "Shall I preach against good works then? No, oh, no. Did Christ demand them? Certainly He did. Did the apostles exhort their people to be found in them? Most specially they did. Will the Son of God in the judgment acknowledge them? He declares He will. As well might you condemn a good tree for yielding good fruit, as justly might you reproach a servant of Christ for preaching good doctrines. Good works! truly GOOD WORKS in GOD'S sight only can be produced where in the heart CHRIST IS ALL and in ALL!"

Then the test of this (without knowing what I was going to say) I said the really godly man has in him

"A THREE-FOLD LOVE!"

He has a deep, useful *natural* love for them that are near and dear unto him, so the Scripture tells us. He has also a *social* love, which goes out towards his fellow-men, who are morally and commendably valuable members of society, which social love leads him, as he has opportunity, to do good unto all men; but, above all, in his heaven-born soul he has a supernatural, an inexpressible, an enduring, a fruit-bearing love to Him who is "All and in all." A series of sermons on

PAUL'S CLIMAXES,

by a divinely-taught theologian, might develop an immense volume of sterling truth, but the crown of all climaxes ever must be this one, that in the new man

"CHRIST IS ALL AND IN ALL!"

Such is the confidence of old

C. W. B.

FLERY DARTS AND HOW THEY ARE QUENCHED.

"Then I can smile at Satan's rage
And face a frowning world."

"The thorn in the flesh! the messenger of Satan to buffet me!" This affliction was not confined to Paul's experience simply. Such severe discipline all the Christ-made ministers, I expect, have some knowledge of. For some years I have wondered where certain internal speaking did come from. The other morning this sentence was written in my inmost spirit—

"You are only an angel of light."

It woke up all the reflective power and recollections of the past. I will not tell all that followed upon it now. Saturday morning came. The following note was written in the evening:—

February 9, 1884.

This morning on coming into the study I stood up and prayed the Lord to speak to my soul. I had reached my 78th year in this world, and I fervently prayed the Lord to give me some word for my comfort and confirmation. I felt drawn to the Lord in simple desire to be assured of my standing, in time and in eternity, to be a safe one; that I was not deceived, and should not prove to be a castaway. After waiting a little while my spirit became stirred to look into the Word, and I opened my Bible on Acts xxvi. In the margin of the Bible there was a strong mark like an arrow, and when I read the verse where the mark was it said, "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister," &c. I looked, I read, I prayed no more. I went about my work; and at times I thought of the words, *how true*. "I have appeared unto thee to make thee a minister and a witness, both of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord," said Paul. He did not mean that they said nothing about themselves, but that they did not preach themselves as saviours, or as in any way essential to salvation. Paul did preach himself as to how he was saved, and how he was constrained to labour for Christ and for the spread of the Gospel. So a minister may speak of his being called by the Lord, and a minister may speak of things the Lord has done for him in teaching and working by his ministry.

There are three divine privileges, which I think every child of God wishes, more or less, to realise. The first is his relationship to God, to Christ, to the Holy Spirit, and to the people of God. You see, Gal. iv. 6, 7, "Because we are sons of God hath sent forth the Spirit of His Son into your hearts, crying, 'Abba, Father.'" We are to know our relationship to God by two evidences. 1. The Spirit is sent into the heart. He there shows us we are in the valley of dry bones, but when there the Word came with power, we were quickened and raised, and Christ was so revealed in us that faith sprung up and the second evidence was realised, for the Spirit in us and for us did cry, "Abba, Father." The relationship to

God is thus proved. Then the second thing, or evidence, is fellowship, with God in Christ by the Spirit. This was seen in Naomi and Ruth, and in Boaz and Ruth. Fellowship commences in a living sympathy. Ruth cannot leave Naomi because they are both widows, and Ruth, out of a loving affection, clings to Naomi. When she came gleaning in the fields of Boaz, he noticed her, he spoke kindly to her, he gave directions for her well-being. This led to fellowship, to unity, to blessedness and fruitfulness. You see a person come in and go out of God's house, never speaks to any one; does not appear to want to know any one, nor any one to know him. Such a state, if continued in, will argue that such a person does not realise his relationship to God. Nor does he desire any fellowship with God's people here. O what a picture is that in Jer. i. 5, "The children shall ask the way to Zion, with their faces thitherward, saying, Come, let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten." Then the third privilege is to find ourselves one with the people of God as revealed in Scripture in the Psalms and in other parts of the Word of God. So the Word, by the Spirit shining as a mirror, wherein we see our souls' likeness to those prophets, apostles, and saints who had the Spirit of Christ in them.

Here I feel at home in the text. Look at it. 1. Here is a most remarkable way of working. "I have appeared unto thee." 2. Here is a special purpose to be effected, "to make thee a minister." 3. A most important office to be filled, or worked out, "A witness of those things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee." Dr. Doudney has just issued a new beautiful volume on the *Credentials, Call, and Claims of the Christian Ministry*. I wish to show my credentials, not from Dr. Doudney's book, but from my own soul's experience, if the divine mercy will lengthen out the days of

C. W. BANKS.

UNITED STATES.—We have tidings of the safe coming home of brother Charles Graham, who this Summer spent five months over here in his native country, seeking for Gospel truth in its soul-sanctifying power. Presently we shall see what he says; but one of "James Coffin's sort," who has been from London full thirty years, whispers across the Atlantic, wondering, "now all the persons of divine meekness are dead," whatever has become of the remnant who hunger and thirst after righteousness. "In the backwood settlements, when we read in your *EARTHEN VESSEL* of the dying off, oh, how we cried, Who are the men we read of?" [For every age, the men are found willing, some have a trumpet to sound; there is no lack of servants. We cannot answer "Backwoods" yet. The thought is, "No full, free-grace, truth-expositor would do in the States." We believe, if the great King in Zion did raise up or send any of His own there, they would find a people to receive them.]

DO THEY MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?—Dr. Angus, in his funeral sermon for the late Charles Stovell, gave quite a biographical history of the good man, of his life, ministry, and works. Of Mr. Stovell's end, Dr. Angus said: "He was willing to go if the Master called him, but desirous of staying and working, deeming it more useful and more convenient for the Church. When, however, he was compelled to take to his bed, on October 6, he seemed fully conscious his end was at hand. 'My work,' said he, 'is done. I am like a man looking across to the other side.' With simple resignation, he soon reached perfect peace and triumphant joy, the fuller life, the more blessed hope. His utterance was imperfect, his vision dim, and his hearing dull; but he was able to respond to those who were about him, and to give expression to his faith and hope. 'I am a poor, helpless, hell-deserving sinner,' he says. 'All my trust is in Christ. He is able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God through Him.' On the 21st he asked a friend to pray with him. He said, 'I am going home, and shall soon be at rest.' He appeared to be sensible to the end, though it was only at intervals he could recognise his friends. On Monday morning, the 22nd, within an hour of his passing away, another of our brethren, who had been for fifteen years secretary of our Union, J. H. Millard, breathed his last. At ten minutes to three he 'fell on sleep,' having 'served his generation according to the will of God.' Christ died for him that, whether in the body or out of the body, whether awake or asleep, he might live in unbroken and endless life with his Lord."

"THE LAW OF LOVE."

Archbishop Trench wrote a little poem, called "*The Law of Love*," of which the following is a copy:—

"Pour forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou faintest vessels to provide,
Which it may freely fill.
But then, when such are found no more,
Though flowing broad and free,
Till thou, and nourished from on high,
It straightway stanch'd will be.
Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.
But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parch'd and dried.
For we must share, if we would keep
That good thing from above;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love."

Yes, yes, let me tell you there is to my heart a rich cordial in giving where "Christ and a crust" are often the only possession of a poor widow's home. But let me say to the whole of my family of afflicted and aged children of God, as I wrote to one, who is almost perpetually confined to her bed and her chair, "Are you not one of the Lord's poor? Then this is your own, not mine;

the Lord knows well where you are, and He sends it, not me. I am but the hand to give it from those who gave it to me, for the express purpose that I give it where I know it is needed, and I feel it would be the deepest and most piercing thorn in my last pillow if I held back from those who need that with which I am entrusted for them." Here is a case from an afflicted, aged, and honourable pastor over one Church all his long lifetime. He says, "Let me thank you again and again for my poor dear daughter, who strictly charged me to give her love to you, with sincere thanks. I am," continues her father, "grieved to the heart for her. She is going fast; no one to wait on her. Her husband has everything to do when he comes home at night." [This is a most distressing case.] And were I to attempt to describe the position of many of "the Lord's poor" I should occupy the whole VESSEL, but I forbear, and only add I have proved "The Law of Love" is truly good. C. W. BANKS.
9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

BANBRIDGE.—The Baptist Church here, under the pastoral care of our own intensely-loved brother, S. J. Banks, for many years, has just convened its annual meeting, the report of which shows such a programme and combination of talent as would completely throw into the shade all our meetings in "the great metropolis." The Banbridge Baptist Chapel must be nearly re-built. It has proved to be a good old servant, wherein some thousands have met for divine worship; but it now demands a restoration, and extensive consideration. A. J. P., A. M. D., and other notables, highly recommend the case to the charitable consideration of those Christians who have plenty in store. We are overwhelmed with appeals; and every day we are helping some. We shall go on as fast as means are supplied.

WOOLWICH.—**ENON.**—Tuesday, Jan. 29, was the second anniversary of W. K. Squirrel in this God-honoured sanctuary. Our friends enjoyed the excellent tea provided. Public meeting was presided over by the pastor, who stated that he and his people had much to be thankful for. Peace and prosperity was enjoyed. Prayer was offered by brother Player, which gave a spiritual tone to the whole meeting. Brethren Anderson, Webb, Dalton, Thomas, and Osmond, were each enabled to speak such precious truths as made many to feel it was good to be there. Pastor and people had one regret—viz., the absence through illness of our aged and dearly-beloved brother Meeres, under whose labours the pastor was called by grace. We rejoice to learn the Lord is restoring him to health.

Notes.

HORSELL COMMON.—DEAR C. W. BANKS, —Whom I love in the truth, and for the truth's sake. Having seen a statement in E. V. of this month respecting the cause at Horsell-common, let me say, we have a minister three Lord's-days

out of four, sometimes more. And we have men of truth, for there are some in the Church who have been there for nearly 60 years, who will not be satisfied with anything less than "the truth as it is in Jesus Christ." We do not despise young Elibus, knowing they must be young before they are old; but we prefer such as Paul, the aged, who have kept their harness bright by constant use and exercise, men that have hazarded their lives, with everything due to them, for the Word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus Christ, men who are not afraid, nor ashamed to declare the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear. We are a poor people, and not a great people, but we are not dead, for our life is hid with Christ in God, and the life we now live in the flesh we live by the faith of the Son of God who loved us, and gave Himself for us. As our birth is from above, so our food must come from above also; for, "Except ye eat of the flesh of the Son of man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you." I have one request to make, that special prayer be made by every Church for their pastor, for it is said, "Ye also helping together by prayer for us," and let the deacons set the example, so that there may be a holding up of the arms of the dear servants of the Lord. May you be spared many days, if it is the Lord's will; and may He bless you indeed in the sincere desire of your friend—OBSERVER.

"TOO MANY BAPTISTS."—Where are there too many? We have travelled in many parts of this little kingdom where there are none at all in designation or in communion. In Yorkshire alone there are at least seventy towns, with hundreds of thousands of people, but not a Baptist chapel among the whole of them. If the Strict Baptists are the only true representatives of the New Testament, if they only follow Christ in the obedience of "the faith," they have done but little yet. When passing through Darlington we found not even a small cluster of truthful Baptists. Mr. McMaster has had the lead of what are termed Baptists. One said to me, "We believe in the universal Fatherhood of God, in the universal redemption of Christ, in the universal striving of the Holy Spirit!" I said, "A friend of mine is now compelled to live in Brussels, a very pretty city, with everything grand but the Gospel. It is the capital of Belginm, a European kingdom, with some six or seven millions of peoples, but they are all, with very few exceptions, Romanists, and the Sunday is a noted day for open shops, work of all kinds going on, and commercial and pleasure pursuits of every kind; but there, Romanism looks like Satanism, and Universalism is snism and sorrowism; the saving grace of God is not known in any visible form whatever. Never was more exertion of the creature exercised here than now; but the New Testament doctrines and practices, much less its experience—I mean a soul-saving experience—cannot be heard of. Universalism and awful failures are not found in the new covenant. The great preachers here get great fortunes; but while we wait for a universal salvation millions seem to perish.—C.

CROYDON.—Salem Baptist chapel stands in Windmill-road, in a dark, thickly-populated outskirts of the large town of Croydon. It is truly a Baptist missionary effort to do good to the working classes. The friends here are endeavouring to raise £100 to liquidate the debt on this plain, substantial house of prayer. We have some honest and honourable, truthful and united friends there, and we should be very happy if we could influence some who have the means to assist them. Mr. J. Cullingford and Mr. H. Thomas are the esteemed deacons, who will acknowledge any donations sent to them. We knew and preached in Croydon when, we believe, the only Baptist chapel in that large

district was "*The old pump-pail*;" before the late Mr. Covell began to preach. Now there are six (in some sense) Baptist places of worship: Salem, in the Windmill-road, is, perhaps, the weakest of the family. Let us give the dear little child some substantial help.

CLIFTON, BEDS.—SIN.—We have opened a new chapel, where our friends can assemble for worship. The venerable Mr. Bull, of Wellington, and Mr. G. W. Shepherd, of London, delivered the inaugural discourses. [We cannot dwell upon the circumstances leading to this new cause. We are amazed at the many divisions of the most particular people in connection with Baptist interests. We once preached with the late Septimus Sears, at Dunstable. We united with him in the stone-laying services of Mr. Cook's chapel at Luton, and we last met with him at a Leicester Conference, but he always appeared so far beyond and above us, that no fellowship ever existed. Nevertheless, we silently sympathised with him in those sorrows which appeared to break down his spirit.]

FREEWILL—A SLAVE.

By W. J. STYLES.

WITH his dark heart estranged from God,
The sinner runs the downward road: (a)
While mingled thoughts his mind possess, (b)
Sin may delight, or woes distress:
But his own way he follows still,
The mind's proud regent is the Will. (c)
At times with eager, fierce desire,
He will for earth-born joy aspire;
At times he loathes, but cannot leave
The trifles that his soul deceive.
But the mind's regent is the Will,
And on he madly hurries still.

Conscience awakens to afraid:
Then with a thousand fears dismayed,
He feebly wishes to retrace
Steps that must load him with disgrace.
But the mind's regent is the Will,
He hates himself, but wanders still.
The prospect of the "great white throne,"
May make His spirit writhe and groan; (d)
Religion! O that he possessed
Her sacred calm within his breast! (e)
Tears flow—yet his rebellious Will
Impels him to perdition still.

Thus, though he sighs beneath his load,
His "mind is enmity with God;" (f)
He cannot, WILL NOT turn to heaven, (g)
Nor seek through Christ to be forgiven.
The bondage of his iron Will
Holds him sin's weary servant still. (h)
Lord, what is man? Until Thy grace
Constrains his heart to seek Thy face; (i)
Unable to direct his course, (j)
Till hope is lost in dread remorse.
He must go on—impelled to ill—
Dragged hell-wards by his tyrant Will.

(a) Isa. liii. 6. (b) Isa. lviii. 20. (c) Eccles. vii. 6. (d) Prov. x. 24. (e) Num. xxiii. 10. (f) Rom. viii. 7. (g) Rom. iii. 11. (h) Rom. vi. 17. (i) Ps. xxvii. 8. (j) Jer. x. 23.

* A sinner may hate himself, but does not *abhor* himself. A saint *abhors* himself, but never hates himself. Self-hatred is sinful, and leads to remorse and despair. Self-abhorrence is gracious, and leads to godly repentance (Job xlii. 6).

Heath.

On February 2, 1884, at his residence, 169, New Cross-road, Surrey, in "a good hope through grace," Reuben Edwin Crowhurst, aged 30 years.

The Cry of Many a Soul at this Time.

BY JOHN BOLTON,

Strict Communion Baptist Minister, Boston, Lincolnshire.

"O, when wilt Thou come unto me?"—Psa. ci. 2.

I LONG for a view of my glorious Lord,
As th' hart for the brook in the chase,
Around which its would-be devourers
have roared,

I long for the Spirit of grace.
On the right, on the left, and before, and
behind,

Dear Jesus, I'm looking for Thee,
Thy presence alone can bring peace to
my mind—

"O, when wilt Thou come unto me?"

To lean on Thy bosom, like John the
belov'd,

Like Mary to sit at Thy feet,
Or t' list to the question, like Peter, who
rov'd—

My "children, have ye any meat?"
Methinks that no honours were ever like
those,

Nor favours so rich and so free,
Bestowed upon mortals to banish their
woes—

"O, when wilt Thou come unto me?"

The pilgrims to Zion, when thirsty, I
hear,

Encompass the life-giving well,
Before their Redeemer in Baca appear,
And to Him their sorrows they tell.

The seafaring men who are lifted up high,
And now again plunged in the sea,
I've heard that Thou hearest when to
Thee they cry—

"O, when wilt Thou come unto me?"

By darkness surrounded, and tossed on
the wave,

The fishermen needy and poor,
Their voices uplifted, and them Thou
didst save,

And wilt Thou be gracious no more?
The halt, and the blind, and the demon-
possessed,

Were favoured Thy glory to see;
And here am I, panting for healing and
rest—

"O, when wilt Thou come unto me?"

The wayfaring man, in the desert of Zin,
Surrounded by serpents and snares,
Was heard and relieved by the Bearer
of sin,

Who for him a table prepares.

VOLUME XL.—APRIL, 1884.

The stork and the raven are under Thy
care,

Unmusical tho' they may be,
The ox and the lion partake of Thy fare:
"O, when wilt Thou come unto me?"

Thy voice I have heard, and Thy glory
I've seen,

Upon me Thy hand hath been laid,
With Moses on Sinai's summit I've been,
Thy terrors have made me afraid.

The sins of my youth I am made to
possess,

No good in myself can I see,
Nor hope for my soul, save in Thy
righteousness—

"O, when wilt Thou come unto me?"

The grass and the lily are richly array'd
By Heaven's omnipotent hand,

Nor Solomon ever such glory displayed
With all his rich stores at command.

No sparrow unnoticed can fall to the
ground,

Though 'mongst them the arrows may
flee;

The eagles they cry, and Thou hearest
the sound—

"O, when wilt Thou come unto me?"

O, are not Thy promises Yea and Amen!
Thy mercy as great as of old!

Thy arm of salvation as mighty as when
Thou carriedst Thy sheep to the fold?

Art Thou not as able and willing to
bless,

As when Thou wast heard from the
tree,

To speak to a sinner, sunk deep in
distress—

"O, when wilt Thou come unto me?"

Though lifted up high on Thy radiant
throne,

'Neath which all Thy treasures are
couched;

My joys and my sorrows are unto Thee
known,

Thou canst with my feelings be touch'd.
Methinks I behold Thee still treading
the wave,

And hear Thee commanding the sea:
Art Thou not as able as ever to save!

"O, bid me now come unto Thee."

LOVE'S PERSUASION.

PAUL IN THE RIVER—PAUL ON THE ROCK.

WHAT words of majestic power are those which the Holy Ghost brought forth by Paul when, having passed through the floods of the seventh, he was favoured to stand on the immutable rocks of the eighth of Romans, and to exclaim, "For I am PERSUADED!" "I am *persuaded* that neither death nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature shall be able to separate us from

"THE LOVE OF GOD WHICH IS IN CHRIST JESUS OUR LORD."

When a ship is thrown by waves and winds strong and long enough to shatter and rend her in twain, the crew and the company require to have some confidence somewhere. When a man's soul and body and circumstances are all a wreck on the wild shores of time, if the soul has not a *persuasion*, a strong hold on some impregnable ROCK, he must be in danger of black despair, of banishment from the presence and glory of the Lord for ever.

There are numbers of the poor servants and saints of the living God even now who are at their wits' end. We look at them; we know them; we send to them; we try to say to them—

"O, Zion, afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save."

Why are they not in some union, in some lunatic asylum, or in some dungeon? Why? It is because they have this "*persuasion*"—a persuasion that the love of God hath been shed abroad in their hearts by the Holy Ghost which was given unto them, which has been as a river, "the streams whereof have made them glad," and this *persuasion* holds them fast to the fact that NOTHING shall be able to SEPARATE them from that LOVE, which, like a golden chain, bindeth them up in the bundle of life with the Lord for ever.

What some call "RELIGION" is, I fear, to many a mere plaything. With thousands it is a respectable profession; in some cases it is a commercial enterprise; but show me a man who has known fully for himself, has known the depth and meaning of those two lines—

"I WAS BROUGHT LOW," AND
"HE HELPED ME!"

And I will therein find a man who, having "learned of the FATHER," has, by acts of divine grace, found the SON, and salvation in Him, with all its blessings.

Early the other morning, after a night of bronchial suffering, an inspiration of some one brought spontaneously out of my inmost soul the following lines, which, as far as I know, are perfectly original. They are my last little bit of rhymery, and may cheer some one on their way. They express the soul's ascending power God-ward, on the strength of this *persuasion*.

Although I was not well physically, yet my happy soul was singing cheerfully, and I heard her quite freely exclaim—

"On wings of sublime adoration I'll raise,
An anthem of gladness, a solo of praise,
To GOD, our good FATHER, Who sent us HIS SON,

And now by HIS SPIRIT
 Our conquest is won!
 A conquest o'er fear,
 Cruel bondage and death!
 To 'LIFE EVERLASTING,'
 The PROMISER saith."

I heard this little solo, and it pleased me well; but it did not satisfy.

"Across the dark river I strove hard to see
 What, really, this 'LIFE EVERLASTING' could be!
 The vision doth tarry, hence here I must wait;
 It will speak in its season—it can't come too late.
 In patience, in hope, in sighing I stand,
 Till JESUS shall beckon me HOME TO HIS LAND."

This *persuasion* is directly the work of the ever-blessed COMFORTER in the souls of the redeemed. This *persuasion* is commenced, is continued, is consummated by the SPIRIT fulfilling that promise—

"*He shall take of Mine, and show it unto you.*"

This is the secret of the Lord, which is with them that fear HIM, and His covenant is with them to make them know it. But what does this *mean*? Christian reader, what have you which is a secret between your soul and your Lord? The parsons, and others, talk sometimes—not very often, I think—of the perfections of His Person, of the glories and excellencies of His work; but what is it that *persuades* me to, that giveth me such a loving confidence in—Him? What is it that so endears Him to my heart? It is not hearing eloquent sermons on His incarnation, His atoning sacrifice, His resurrection, ascension, and so on, although such discourses have their use. First of all, surely, it is the Holy Ghost inditing in the burdened soul that full-weighted petition in the eleventh verse of Psa. xxv. Oh, what a verse! "For Thy name sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, *for it is great.*"

Man! have you ever, by the teachings of the Spirit, cried out, again and again, "For Thy name sake, O Lord, pardon mine iniquity, for it is great"? And, in God's good time, has it been answered? Has the Lord Himself taken off the burden, the guilt, the sentence, from thy conscience? Then the foundation for the possession of this *persuasion* is strongly laid in thy soul; for true it is,—

"If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,
 Death hath no sting beside."

Then, secondly, as you travel on in tribulation's thorny maze; as you daily meet with strange afflictions, and strong oppositions; when they sing that verse in worship, you join in it most heartily; your melted heart will say, How faithful a Friend my Saviour hath been! for—

"When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
 Hath gathered thick, and thundered loud,
 He near my soul has always stood:
 His lovingkindness, oh, how good!"

To see Him step in, when, without Him, we must have been hurled into the depths of misery; to see His hand helping and delivering, time after time, year after year, will much establish the soul in the divine *persuasion*.

Sit ye down, kind reader, and *think*, if ye are able, calmly, and put

my testimony into the scales of the sanctuary; weigh every sentence well. If it will stand the test, receive it for thy soul's good; if it will not bear the scrutiny of Scriptural and spiritual investigation, then cast it into the fire, and forget me altogether.

There are two sayings of our Lord handed down to us, which, to me, are fraught with much mysterious wisdom. I mention them distinctly presently. A gentleman is going about the city of London and some parts of the country who is increasingly zealous for sovereign grace. He is called Thomas Aplin Taylor, Esq., the hon. superintendent of "The Free and Sovereign Grace Mission." I respect Mr. Taylor for his perseverance in defence of divine truth; but the issuing of the tract, "Moody and Sankey's Way of Salvation," is a course I could not adopt. I admit that the anti-Scriptural way of deceiving the people, the Sankey singing, the drum-and-fife playing, the flourish of trumpets, calling people together to hear Christ degraded and the sinner empowered, is enough to make a man like Mr. Taylor exceedingly angry; and, in reading his plain tract, I cried and laughed at the same time. But Jesus told us "many would come in His name, and would deceive many." I have always seen them coming, and the more they deceive, the wider they spread. Bring human nature a religion of its own, and it will welcome it. The Saviour so emphatically said (Matt. ix.), "Go ye, and learn what that meaneth,—

"I will have mercy, and not sacrifice.

"For I am NOT come to call the righteous, but *sinner*s to repentance." And, in connection with the prodigal son parable, the blessed Master opened a little of heaven's joyfulness, and said, "I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over

"ONE SINNER THAT REPENTETH,

"more than over ninety and nine just persons, which need no repentance."

Now, these righteous free-willers, and these ninety and nine just persons who need no repentance, these we have seen by multitudes during the last fifty years. Men of large minds, men of splendid gifts, men highly idolised, men of pride and power, as pastors, and deacons, and members in the Churches. When, near fifty years since, I was called up to preach in London, it was *as though* one of the then patriarchs obtained an angel to go round to all the chapels, and shut the doors against me; yet surely in all parts of the kingdom the Lord hath revealed His arm. I condemn not, I despise not. God forbid I should think lightly of these righteous ones, nor of the ninety and nine who need no repentance. *I am not in that secret.* I suspect I have seen numbers of them; and the same treatment which the younger son received from the elder son has been meted out to me, and I have held my peace.

The commencement of my ministry in London, over forty years ago, was a mysterious event. One Sunday morning, (figuratively) clothed in sackcloth, and filled to the brim with a misery indescribable, I entered New-court chapel, Lincoln's-inn, knowing no one, no one knowing me. A most devout and intelligent looking gentleman entered the pulpit. I never saw him before, or since. It has been so with all who have been useful to me; the gigantic herculean Wesleyan minister at Rye,

in 1826, who roared at me, threatened to send me to the lowest gulph of darkness, until I was so alarmed I ran from the chapel, through the dark Churchyard of Rye, to my lodgings (being then engaged on the *Rye Gazette*), and how I passed through that night I could never tell. That old Wesleyan minister I never saw before or since. Then the Countess of Huntingdon's minister, under whose sermon I had such glorious revelations of the Son of God and His work, I never saw but that once. Now years after, when a Euroclydon had driven me to the ends of the earth, in New-court chapel, a gentleman is certainly sent to open up my condition, and to promise peace to my soul; a blessing I never anticipated at that time.

The minister read his chapter, offered up his prayer, and the singing went on. I expected nothing that morning but that the sentence of death would be read over me again, as it had been, then, for years. When the melody ceased, the minister opened his Bible at the fifty-seventh of Isaiah, and read his text from the 17th to the 21st verses. I ask no pity from any mortal. God only knows what my sufferings have been; the sacrifices, the mortifications, the desolations, the chastenings, the heart-breakings, the inward, suppressed sorrows, and the awful fear lest, after all, I should be a cast-away.

From that morning's discourse "*I am persuaded*" that the work of the HOLY GHOST is powerfully personal, it is pointed, it is a discerner of every thought and intent of the heart. That individual who is brought under the searching witness of the HOLY GHOST by the ministry of the Word will be sure to know it is the Lord.

The first thing that minister did that morning (or the Holy Ghost by him; for the minister knew nothing of me, and it was by accident, so to speak, that I was there—the first thing) was to lay open and convince me of *the sin* which was the cause of all my trouble. "For the iniquity of his covetousness was I wroth and smote him." This took me back to when I was master-man, sub-editor, and manager of the news office, and I became of a *covetous* spirit. I must not enlarge; but there, that Sunday morning, in New Court Chapel, quite unexpectedly, all my sin was charged home upon me; there I sat convinced and amazed.

Secondly, the *chastisement*. "I hid me, and was wroth;" and being left in Satan's hands, left of God, left in darkness, hardness, blocked up in despair, God says, "He went on frowardly in the way of his heart." Oh! what volumes of untold anguish are in that one sentence, but I can only name it.

Thirdly came the *consolation*. "I have seen his ways, and will heal him. I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners." O, my Lord! what bowels of compassion! O, my soul! what seas of mercies! Well may you to the glory of His grace exclaim, "I am persuaded nothing shall separate us finally from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord."

Lastly, the *restoration*. "I create the fruit of the lips. Peace, peace, to him that is far off, and to him that is near, and I WILL HEAL him." How far the whole of this discourse was, has been, is literally, experimentally, ministerially, providentially true, would occupy much space. When the service was over I left the chapel, hardly realising what I had heard, but the Lord knoweth how wonderfully and mercifully He fulfilled all He promised. But what I have hitherto said is small

when compared with the bulwarks which Paul had set up, as the omnipotent pillars of safety to the one true Church of Christ. Consider carefully the different mountains, under the shadow of which Paul places himself ere he comes to the bold "*I am persuaded.*" Paul well knew the truth of Psa. lxxxvii., "*His foundation*"—Christ's foundation—"is in the *holy mountains.*"

The first mountain Paul stands on is "God's Foreknowledge and Predestination," and having carefully surveyed his ground, he lifts his trumpet to his mouth, and with a strong, clear, shrill voice, (which has sounded through the heavens, around the earth, and down to the deepest caverns of the kingdom of darkness), he asketh:—

"WHO SHALL LAY ANYTHING TO THE CHARGE OF GOD'S ELECT?"

Ere time things began to move or have any being, God did foreknow all and every one of His ancients, His elect, His chosen-out ones, and He did predestinate them to be conformed to the image of His SON, that He might be "the first-born among many brethren." Shall God's predestination *fail*? "I am persuaded it never will in any single case." Shall CHRIST lose ought of His brethren? Nay! never! They shall all come up in His likeness, making one perfectly-glorious body, to the praise of His glory.

Paul next takes his stand on the Mount Calvary, and again his trumpet pierces the whole universe of God's creation, and he asketh,

"WHO IS HE THAT CONDEMNETH?"

Multitudes have condemned themselves; yea, down to the confines of eternal despair. Millions have been condemned by their fellow-men. But Paul stands here on behalf of God's predestinated sons and daughters, who were chosen in Christ, given to Christ, whose sins were all laid upon Christ! He bore them in His own body up to the tree, there for them He laid down His life, and declared redemption's work to be "finished." Let my challenge go through the regions of all creaturesship, and answer me, "Who is he that condemneth?"

"IT IS CHRIST THAT DIED."

It is the Christ of God that paid the debt, and "I am persuaded" that nothing can separate me from Him if unto Him I have come by the drawings and constrainings of the blessed SPIRIT! Laying near eternity's bridge, pardon your afflicted

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
March 12th, 1884.

STUDY THE BIBLE.

WHILST affectionately addressing the young on the subject of religious excitement, Mr. Walker writes:—

"Which students at Cambridge get on and come out high in honours? Those who are always first at one lecture and then at another? By no means; but those who study hard in their own rooms, and learn what they learn *correctly*. Believe me, my dear young friends, one or two foundation truths *learnt*—*i.e.*, truly grounded in the soul by the power of the Holy Ghost, and learnt *experimentally*, will stand you more in

stead than weeks of public meetings, however thrilling and exciting the 'Gospel addresses,' as they are now called, may be. If you come to know experimentally two things—(1) The *real ingrain evil* of your nature; and (2) that Christ is the Friend of sinners, and that He is *your* Friend—if, I say, you come to feel a little of the *power* of these two great truths in your hearts, it will do more to establish and ballast your souls in the midst of an ensnaring world than all the addresses of public meetings put together.

"I am not speaking now without understanding what I say; the two great truths I have above pointed out have abode by me in some storms which threatened my ruin, and have been to me as Jacob's staff. An abiding sense of the first lessens the dismay which a fresh discovery of sin in our hearts occasions; the second is an anchor sure and stedfast. One word more. Study—yes, study—the Bible. It is God's inspired Word. I have read it through and through by rule for a quarter of a century, and I dare venture to say you may *trust it* when all the philosophers and secularists in Europe have, as they think, proved it false. Yes, I dare to say, as John Bunyan so well affirmed two hundred years ago, 'Every jot and tittle of that Book stands firmer than heaven and earth.'

"My last word to you is, young people, read, value, and study that dear old-fashioned book—THE BIBLE."

THE SOUL'S WARFARE AND ITS VICTORY.

GRACE PREPARES FOR GLORY.

(Continued from page 14.)

[The valuable letters between Mr. Isaiah Smith, pastor of Great Yeldham Baptist Church, and his daughter, now with the spirits of the just, are read with Christian sympathy by those who rejoice in the gentle, the gradual, the gracious outflow of spiritual life in the soul. No counterfeit, no fleshly zeal, no mere forms of godliness, ever can be so precious recognised, acknowledged, and confidently appreciated, as the grace of God. We regret our limited space, and our overflow of demands on our pages, precludes the giving but a fraction of these letters at a time.—ED.]

THE FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

DEAR MIRIAM,—I received and read your letter with great delight, feeling satisfied the Lord has done great things, whereof I am glad indeed. Your experience tallies with those who are first taught to feel their sin, then led to mourn on account of it, which, to the quickened soul, is so hateful, and but for mercy shown, and pardon realised, would sink a poor soul down into deep despair. But the dear Lord speaks with power, "Fear not, I am thy God; I will strengthen thee, I will uphold thee." Hence it is that strength equal to our day is afforded. You say you fancy the Lord did visit you. That fancy was a matter of fact; for no one could ever create such delight in themselves as that realised when under the divine influence of the Holy Spirit. Oh, no!

"'Twas Him that taught my soul to pray,
And made my eyes o'erflow;
'Twas grace that's kept me to this day,
And will not let me go."

Which means the same as "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." I can quite understand after you had been talking to Mrs. C—— about time things, it would have the effect of bringing on a state of darkness and sadness. It is so with all Christians, more or less, according to the state their mind is in. Yours is now very sensitive. I was like you once. I felt afraid to live for fear I should sin; and had a desire to die to get away from sin and sinning. You said you nearly forgot your happy state while she was with you, and after she was gone you felt it had left you. If you look at Solomon's Song v. 6, you will see that your experience corresponds with it, and that is a proof of your being a subject of grace, a child of God. You remember the Psalmist cried out, "He hideth His face, and I am troubled," and at another time he cried out, "Is His mercy clean gone for ever?" The prophet said, "O Lord, I will praise Thee; for though Thou wast angry with me, yet Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me." Do not be surprised if you do not realise so great joy again for a very long time. In the Christian's life there are times of darkness, doubt, and fear; you will no doubt have more of it than you will like, and more than you will know how to bear at times; but the Lord has passed His Word, and that is His bond, "I will never forsake thee." He does not say, "I will never hide My face from thee;" that is often the case. But then it is done out of love, that those He loves may cry out after Him, as a babe does after its mother when it wants the breast. So the child of God wants the breast of consolation to comfort the soul. Having received it, it makes it happy. Yes,—

"Prayer is the heaving of a sigh,
The falling of a tear."

Perhaps you remember the Psalmist says, "Hast Thou not put my tears into Thy bottle?" meaning they were prized and taken care of by our heavenly Father. You will, I have no doubt, in the Lord's time, know for yourself, when He, the Spirit of truth, is come (said the Saviour). He shall lead you into all truth. Give our love to all, and accept the same yourself.

From your affectionate father,

ISAIAH SMITH.

December 21, 1881.

THE DAUGHTER TO HER FATHER.

MY DEAR FATHER,—You will be surprised to hear from me, as you only left me yesterday. But my mind has been rather exercised about Baptism this last day or two. I had made up my mind to speak to you upon it when you came on Monday. But when thinking about it on Sunday I decided that it could not be, as I could not walk down into the water; because as soon as I feel the water cold to my feet, it would stop my breath. But almost as soon as you were gone, my mind began to be exercised again, and it became so strong, that I could not resist. I tried to put it off, and thought I would wait a day or two. But the desire became so great to serve the Lord that I was forced to write and hear what you said about it. While I sat thinking, the thought came to my mind, you could stand at the edge of the water, and some one could lay you in the arms of the one which would baptize you. Then this seemed to make the way clear;

as you will see in the first part I could not see my way clear how I could do it, as I felt I could not walk down into the water, for directly it touched my feet I should not get my breath.

Now I feel the Lord has made the path for me to walk in. I feel it is His voice speaking to me, and it is my desire to obey my Saviour—for He is my Saviour, as He has saved me by snatching me as a brand from the burning. We read: "If ye love Me, keep My commandments;" then again, He tells us to follow Him. But I want you to think it over and let me know what you think. I feel that it is only due to God that I should make a public confession, and if I am baptized the world will know He has saved another sinner from that dreadful place where hope can never come. I feel that to the Lord is due all the honour and glory; and it is my wish to acknowledge Him as my Saviour. I feel Yeldham is the place I should like it to be; that is, if you can see with me that it should be so. Trusting the Lord will make it as plain to your mind as He has done to mine,

I remain, your loving daughter,

MIRIAM.

January 4th, 1882.

HOW THE GOOD MAN WENT DOWN INTO THE VALLEY.

"The angel of His presence saved them."

We'll never meet again on earth,
But shall we meet above?
As subjects of the heav'nly birth,
And bathe in seas of love?

[You must not say a word—good, true, and grace-wrought—of anyone, but you are charged with being an idolater, setting up the creature above CHRIST. God forbid we ever should be guilty of such an error; but without any motive but to prove that the grace of God may be seen, admired and commended, we most unhesitatingly declare we never knew a brighter example of the life and love of God in any man than we saw in the late Alderman Joseph Osborn, of Banbury, in Oxfordshire; and after the following extracts have appeared we hope to erect a small literary tablet to his memory.—C. W. B.]

A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE ILLNESS AND LAST DAYS OF JOSEPH OSBORN, A NATIVE OF BANBURY, WHO WAS BORN OF HUMBLE, BUT GOD-FEARING PARENTS, NOVEMBER 27, 1812, DIED MAY 12, 1883.

THE departed was a man of strong mind, firm principles, and persevering disposition. I have often heard him say he did not believe in the word "can't;" but "try" he was very fond of, and had often found obstacles overcome when putting that little word into practice. Up to within eighteen months of his death he enjoyed a good share of health; but since then has suffered severely, which prevented him taking his usual exercise. Medical advice being resorted to, he was ordered a change, which was taken, but proved only a temporary relief. Winter coming on, the disease increased so much that he was unable to attend the house of God regularly, which was a great trial to him. He suffered excruciating pain exerting himself to go. Often on a Sabbath morning it has taken him three or four hours to get ready and walk to chapel; his breathing and the pain at his heart being so severe.

Mainly through his efforts the Ebenezer chapel, situated in the Dashwood-road, was erected; and at the time of his death he cleared off the debt and endowed it with £1,000 for the support of the ministry. Beside this, he left £300 to be invested: the interest to be spent annually —of £100 for the Sabbath-school, of £100 to be given in coals, and of £100 in warm clothing to the poor of the chapel at Christmas.

EXTRACT FROM JOURNAL.

“*January 1, 1883.*—Enter on the untrodden paths of another year, and whatever, O Lord, in Thy infinite wisdom, may be Thy secret purposes in grace and providence, concerning me, give me patience under submission to, and acquiescence in Thy divine will; and may that frame of mind recorded by the Psalmist in Psalm xxxiv. be more richly enjoyed by me!—to bless the Lord at all times; and may His praise be continually in my mouth, leaving no room for murmuring and repining: my soul experimentally boasting in the Lord, and that not alone, but with those nearly related in nature’s ties, and religious affinity in humility, be found gladly magnifying and exalting the name of Jehovah together.”

During the months of January and February he continued very weak and poorly; some days so prostrate that he could not go out. Suffered greatly at times with his heart; could not lie down in bed some nights for hours.

Sabbath-day, February 25, was the last time he went to the house of God: was only able to attend the morning service, when Mr. Gordelier, of London, preached from 1 Peter i. 7, which he enjoyed. After this he did not appear so well; would often say he felt weaker every day.

When any friend came in to see him, speaking of his health, he would say: “Ah! it is the unpinning of the tabernacle.” Then again: “I have run the race; I have passed the three-score years and ten.”

Sabbath-day, March 4.—He felt a wish to attend chapel; ordered a bath-chair, but when the time came felt too ill to go, after which did not leave his room for about three weeks. Very little ease night or day, at times his sufferings were intense.

Sabbath-day, March 11.—Having passed a sleepless night, he was very ill all through the day, breathing very bad, pain at the heart so severe, causing great restlessness; was not able to lie down, being propped up in an easy chair.

EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

“Oh, Lord, Thou knowest how disturbed, agitated, and pained both body and mind were during the day.

“REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

“The distressing symptoms above alluded to having become so oppressive, especially when attempting to sleep, my attentive dear wife and myself determined to make the mitigation or removal of them a subject of special prayer. In the evening we did so; and, believe me, if ever true, sincere felt need was expressed in supplication at Jehovah’s Throne, seeking the leading of the divine Spirit to Jesus as our Advocate and Mediator in His Father’s presence, this was one instance.

“After the exercise we sat quietly down together and immediately both went off into a sweet sleep, from which we awoke with tears of

gratitude and praise. The mercy will never be forgotten, enabling me to bear testimony that my God is a prayer-hearing God, because I cried unto Him and He heard me and answered me, a great encouragement to my faith in Him; and, further, then was added during the night to me five hours' lying down refreshing repose.

"*March 15.*—Feel myself more comfortable to-day, and truly during this long and trying affliction I can bear testimony to the goodness of my God therein. And I would not forget the many kind and sympathising daily enquiries of Christian and social friends after my health, nor the many petitions sent up to heaven on my behalf. I cannot feel grateful enough to my heavenly Father for this night's rest. I do think the best this year.

"*March 16.*—Very comfortable through the day and the night, without once disturbing; sitting up; marvellous.

"*March 17.*—Find flatulency again troublesome. Left foot painful during the night, consequently rest disturbed; still, thank God, had quite five hours' sleep.

"*Sabbath-day, March 18.*—Between my poor circulation and rheumatic lameness, find myself a very weak poor creature, but was able to spend the day in reading and meditation, seeking a blessing, and during the night was only once roused at 3 a.m. to take refreshment, and lay down and slept four more hours.

"*March 19.*—Favourable day and a beautiful night's rest; slept from 10.45 till 4.40. A mercy indeed; and after refreshment slept again till 7.

"*Sabbath-day, March 25.*—Not quite so strong, but managed to get down into dining-room to dinner and back to tea.

"*March 30.*—Spirits much depressed to-day, followed by a very wakeful, although, thank God, not so agitated a night. Sat up from 3 till 8 o'clock; and then, in answer to prayer, had one and a-half hours' nice sleep, for which I did not know how to be thankful enough.

"*March 31.*—Comfortable day. Received promised letter from Mr. Townsend, containing the following beautiful verse, which the saint delights to sing who knows he is accepted in the Beloved:—

" 'When I stand before Thy throne,
Dressed in beauty not mine own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinning heart,
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.'

"*Sabbath-day, April 1.*—Lord, after Thy great mercy to me through the past night, do let me enjoy the light of Thy countenance during the sacred hours of this day of rest in my retirement. Felt much my weakness, but came down-stairs to dinner and kept down till 10 o'clock.

"*April 3.*—Very flat and depressed through the day; could not assign any reason, and during evening devotions an attack of flatulency seized me; not quelled till 1 o'clock. After that slept comfortably till 5 o'clock.

"*April 5.*—Comfortable this morning, and walked out for the first time along the Horse Fair since March 1.

"*Sabbath-day, April 8.*—Received much instruction in reading Psalm cxxii. and Dr. Gill's exposition. Give me, Lord, a similar state of mind with the Psalmist, an appreciation and right estimation of the house of the Lord."

The last day he was out was April 30th, for a drive, and said he enjoyed it going, but felt the cold coming back.

Tuesday, May 1st, was the last time he came down-stairs. We did not then think his end so near, and from little things he said do not think he thought so himself, but from that time he sank rapidly.

May 4th.—He spoke to one of the trustees of the chapel very solemnly and faithfully, saying there was a great responsibility resting upon him in connection with the little cause, and he hoped he would remain faithful to the trust placed upon him and uphold the truth. On the document under the foundation-stone is written: "If any other Gospel is preached here except the Gospel of the grace of God, it is hoped the walls may fall down."

Saturday, the 5th.—His sufferings were very severe; could get no sleep night nor day, his poor frame was worn out, but was very patient and grateful for everything that was done for him, and would often say, "Oh, Lord, give me patience."

He repeated the 1st and third verses of Kent's 200th hymn:—

"The good old way that leads to God,
Which saints in every age have trod,
Was Christ alone; they saw His day,
And Him pursued, the good old way.
Prophets in strains exalted high,
From Enoch down to Malachi,
Sung of His righteousness and blood,
The good old way, cast up by God."

He quoted the words of Mr. Townsend. Resignation to God's will is a blessed frame of mind to be in, but to acquiesce in it is a step further. This is what I want to feel.

He spent a most distressing night, not being able to lie down. Said several times he thought the Lord would send for him before morning, which was Sabbath-day, May 6th. Two friends called before going to chapel. When asked whether he could see them, said, "I will try;" breathed a few words in prayer to himself, then said, "Let them come up." He sat up in bed, was too weak to say much, but repeated the lines:—

"My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

One of them engaged in prayer.

May 9th.—He said to one of the members who came in to see him, "We have enjoyed Christ's presence around His table on earth. I hope we shall all meet around His throne in glory." Two of the young friends calling, belonging to his Bible-class, he spoke very calmly and blessedly, and said he believed their names were written in the Lamb's Book of Life. He mentioned a sermon he heard preached some years ago by the late Mr. Galpin, "The great trumpet shall sound. The trumpet of mercy." Said he never forgot that sermon; he often thought about it, but "he (the preacher) is now in glory, and I am following there." His strength was failing fast, was very dark in his mind, but at times realised the presence of his Saviour, and prayed earnestly that his Jesus would cut his work short, not because of his sufferings, but that he might behold Him face to face, repeating:—

"On Christ, the solid Rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand."

Thursday, May 10th, about quarter to seven a.m., he said, "My Jesus, my Jesus, I long to be with Thee. Is this dying? Jesus has ordered it." At another time:—

"I am a poor helpless worm,
O Lord, on Thee I fall,
Be Thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all."

In the night he repeated the following:—

"My Jesus hath done all things well."

"Hath done, is doing, and will do." He could get no sleep, so longed for rest. Speaking of heaven, he said:—

"And every power find sweet employ."

Friday, 11th.—When in extreme pain he exclaimed, "My Father, give me patience, do. I wish I could bear it without a murmur." At another time, "My precious, precious, Jesus." On being asked if he realised His presence, he said, "Yes, yes, He has been with me all my journey through. He is very, very precious now." Afterwards he repeated the lines:—

"Bold shall I stand in that great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?"

Saturday, 12th.—The doctor came in about 9.30 a.m.; when he saw him said: "The beginning of the end is set in." During the day he could not articulate, gradually got weaker, and passed quietly away just as the clock was striking seven p.m. R. T. STEVENS.

HIS WIDOW ONLY STOOD AT HIS GRAVE.

ON Saturday, February 23rd, 1884, that old inhabitant of Sutton Courtney, Mr. Richard Randle, so far as his mortal tabernacle was concerned, left the village, and was respectfully, solemnly, quietly, laid to rest in his grave. Not one relative would have been there, had not divine strength enabled his faithful widow to witness that last sad office. A widowed sister is, we believe, the only one in the Randle family now existing, and she has been on the borders of the grave for a long time. We have her under our care, to do as much as possible for her comfort, seeing she has no income whatever; her daughter, Hannah, and her niece, have been compelled to leave their situations to wait upon her; and to watch over her night and day. This is one of our most painful cases.

In the Baptist Register, Mr. Richard Randle is enrolled as the Sutton Courtney Baptist Minister for over fifty years. Himself and his faithful Mary have—

"Clambered the hill together;"

both working most industriously, so that the Gospel should be preached freely, and the poor in Zion cared for. We have seen, and spoken to, crowds of people in that chapel; but they have died off. Now the pastor is gone home, and what will become of the house of prayer we cannot conceive. How the fashion of this world, and of the visible Church, doth pass away. Great as his sufferings were our friend Randle had unmistakable evidences of the Lord's loving-kindness towards him. As Sutton Courtney was the first living the late Mr. Tiptaft had, and as Mr. Randle was useful to Mr. Tiptaft, a memoir of his life may appear.

C. W. B.

BALM FOR THE CHURCH'S SECRET SORROW.

"My soul is cast down within me."

[From the nature and number of the epistles we receive from the different ministers and members of our Churches in England, Wales, the United States, and the Colonies, we believe a deep weakness and a great want of spiritual power are fearfully realised. At associated and at special services in London some hundreds are joyful; but behind the scenes, in homes of destitution, of spiritual darkness, in homes of empty cupboards, empty purses, cold, empty hearts, there are thousands, yea, tens of thousands, almost overwhelmed with grief. The unemployed pastors, and not a few of the supply list, are fairly represented by one we heard saying,—

"Saturday night, *nothing to do!*
Sunday comes, *nowhere to go!*
Monday shows an empty purse,
Which means to us a starving curse."

We will not dwell upon these gloomy scenes. The following paper, from a minister who has spent many years in endeavouring to extend the knowledge of the Gospel, will meet the experiences of some of our readers.—C. W. B. J.

"But Zion saith, The Lord hath forsaken me; and my Lord hath forgotten me."—Isa. xlix. 14—16.

GOD is sometimes spoken of as forsaking even His chosen people. "If ye forsake Him, He will forsake you" (2 Chron. xv. 2). But then in the new covenant God never forsakes them: "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee" (Heb. xiii. 5). When this word comes home with power to the heart and conscience; when we enjoy the promise as our own; when we find it good to draw near to Him in prayer and praise, we do not doubt He is present with us then. But there are seasons when, as in the case of some friend who once called often, but for a time has ceased to come, we are ready to say, "He has forgotten, He has forsaken me." There are seasons when the promise meets the eye, but will not reach our case; when all the prospect is dark, dreary, and wild within and without, so it has been with my poor soul now and again; but bless the Lord, He hath granted some release. But how distressing that reading, or meditating, or trying to pray, when our hearts are cleaving to earth, or borne down, and we say, "Are His mercies clean gone for ever? Will He be favourable no more? When I remember God I am troubled." Those who have enjoyed much communion with God are sometimes brought into this dark state, and are ready to think they have no part in that covenant which is ordered in all things and sure. They have called on God, and have had no answer. They have gone to Him with their distresses, but He did not seem to regard them. They have carried their load of sorrow to Him, but have returned as they went; and though He has said, "Call upon Me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify Me," yet they have called again and again, and still were not delivered, their sorrows not restrained, their joys were not restored, and the remembrance of past kindness only made them feel their desolation more. "When I cry and shout," said Jeremiah, "He shutteth out my prayer." But the strongest language uttered on such an occasion is, perhaps, that of Job, "If He had answered me, yet would I not believe that He had hearkened unto my voice" (Job ix. 16).

Our faith, being "the faith of God's elect," may be so tried that when our prayers are answered it seems incredible; and though we dare not wholly disbelieve it, yet so tried that Satan and the flesh would

almost persuade the poor soul at first to look at things as coming by chance, and that it is all the same with him that feareth God as with him that feareth not God. It is well when the light of God's countenance is withdrawn to ask, "Is there not a cause beside divine sovereignty to try us, and prove to us, by sustaining power and delivering grace, that we are those of whom it is written, "The Lord trieth the righteous"? To lead us to consider the question put to Job, "Are the consolations of God small with thee? Is there no secret thing with thee?" (chap. xv. 11). "Is there no secret evil cherished in my heart for which my God, in fatherly chastisement, hides His face from me?" Well, whatever darkness, and however, poor soul, thou mayest sink, for thou art a child of the living God, although in such a state, passing through floods and flames of spiritual tribulation, your cry will be, "Oh, that it were with me as in months past, when His candle shined upon my head, and by His light I walked through darkness" (Job xxix. 2, 3), through it to the Lord, helped to believe all was right. So, precious tried one, it shall be again here in this world, in soul sweet experience, and, with dear Kent, feel in thy soul, if not sing with the voice,—

" 'Tis well when Zion's breasts
 No consolations give ;
 But better far by faith to rest,
 And on the promise live.

'Tis well when joys arise,
 'Tis well when sorrows flow,
 'Tis well when darkness veils the skies,
 And strong temptations blow.

'Tis well when they can sing,
 As sinners bought with blood ;
 And when they touch the mournful string,
 And mourn an absent God.

Why, how can this be? This is contrary to flesh and blood notions. Hearken! while Zion laments, what does her God reply? "Can a woman forget her sucking child, that she should not have compassion on the son of her womb?" The natural tenderness of woman's heart would not permit her to leave another's child to perish, much less her own. But still "they may forget." It is possible for them to be hardened even against their own offspring, as our own land bears witness to some who have imbrued their hands in their children's blood. The case is rare, yet it does sometimes occur. But though "they may forget, yet will I not forget thee." "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." A mother has a power to comfort which a father has not; but God's tenderness exceeds both a father's pity and a mother's comfort. "They may forget, yet will not I forget thee." There is nothing in the nature of things to warrant the thought that God may forget His people. If they had turned out *worse* than He had *expected* there would be a reason for Him to do so, but Jehovah knew from the beginning that their neck would be as iron sinew, and their brow brass. He chose Israel not because they were better than others, but to show in them the sovereignty of His distinguishing grace. So it is still; God knows from the beginning all that we are; and therefore our depravity, deep as it is, is no reason for Him to forget His chosen. Oh, let us

admire the riches of that grace which secures our salvation; the wonders of that love which, when we were ruined by the fall,

“Yet loved us, notwithstanding all.”

Do we rejoice in sin? Nay, only in the love of God that chose us to be holy. *First*, in love's choice, our God, in a superlative way, hath “not beheld iniquity in Jacob, nor perverseness in Israel.” *Secondly*, in Christ, our holy representative, Surety, and Justifying Righteousness. *Thirdly*, by the Holy Ghost's regenerating, sanctifying work manifested in the life of righteousness and true holiness, not of the flesh, but of the Spirit—the Holy Ghost's inwrought and outwrought life-manifestation. “Predestinated to be conformed unto the image of His (the Father's) Son;” here in measure; finally in glory. “God will not cast away His people whom He did foreknow.” God's *promises* assure us He will never forsake His people. He is faithful to all He has spoken. “I will be their God, and they shall be My people.” I will not turn away from them to do them good, but I will put my fear in their hearts, and they shall not depart from Me.” Fear thou not, for I am with thee; yea, I will help thee “when thou art in straits; “yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness,” so that thou shalt not fall. The promises of My covenant are passed, and My faithfulness is pledged to fulfil them. I will not forget to deliver and to save. “He shall deliver thee in six troubles, yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee.” “Thy shoes shall be iron and brass, and as thy days so shall thy strength be.” No iron and brass shoes for downy carpets, but for rough paths. If we are to have a thorny path, the Lord will give us iron and brass shoes, and we shall tread down all our foes, come they from within or from without. If we are to die in a workhouse, or have parish relief, those thorns will not prevent our trudging on to our mansion above; for if friends turn their backs, “I will still be with thee!” is the voice from heaven. When thou art on the bed of death I will be thy stay; when thy spirit quits the body, angels shall convey it home; in the day of judgment thy God will be with thee still. Fear not, “I will never leave thee nor forsake thee.”

“I have *graven* thee upon the *palms* of My hands,” it is said. “All His saints are in Thy hand;” they are safe. But this figure seems to mean that they are ever present to His view and thought. All their desires, anxieties, hopes, fears, faith, and unbelief, whatever passes in their minds, is continually before the Lord. They are as if “graven” on His hands, made, as it were, a part of Himself; are ever remembered, and remembered to be blessed. “Thy walls are continually before Me”—Isaiah prophesied before the captivity, but speaks of it as having taken place—“thy destroyers and they that laid thee waste shall go forth of thee.” Look thou upon the walls of Zion! Behold them desolate and broken down; her people hang their harps upon the willows in the midst of Babylon, and weep when they remember her. But her walls, though broken, are continually before her God, and the time, “the set time,” to favour her shall come. So now, though by false doctrines and practices her defences may seem to be broken, God thinks of us still. He both can and will make up the breach, and supply all Zion's needs individually and collectively, out of the “riches of His grace by CHRIST JESUS.” Zion shall call her walls “salvation” and her gates “praise.”

The LORD the HOLY GHOST keep us from dishonouring our loving

JEHOVAH by saying, "The Lord hath forsaken me." Blessed God the Holy Ghost so be with us that we may hear the gracious words with power, "Who is there among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no bright shinations, let him TRUST in the NAME of the LORD, and stay himself upon his God." Amen.

J. FLORY.

Northfield-terrace, Cheltenham.

"THEY WANT YOU AT HOME."

"To souls in Christ death is most lovely found!
But unto others, terror all around."

CHARITY came walking into my study one Monday. She had come from that loving and genial brother, J. L. Meeres, who has been called aside of late to rest awhile. I had desired to write to him in his chamber of affliction, but my natural shyness kept me from doing so until Charity prompted me; then at it I went, and without any due consideration I wrote at the commencement of my note, "They want you at home." The Sunday morning previously I had been speaking from the closing sentence of the eleventh chapter of the epistle to the Hebrews, which reads, "*That they without us should not be*

"MADE PERFECT!"

And, in one sense, I saw that the saints in glory never could be perfect until the whole family were gathered home; not the justified spirits merely, but the bodies raised up, the bodies of those who could say, when on this earth, "Our citizenship is in heaven; our city, it is in heaven; we are freemen of that glorious city whose Builder and Maker is God; from whence, also, we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned

"LIKE UNTO HIS GLORIOUS BODY,

"according to the working whereby He is able to subdue all things unto Himself."

This suggests a ponderous query. Are we nightly pitching our tents

"A DAY'S MARCH NEARER HOME?"

In all the universe of God there is but ONE HOME. We have only lodging-places in this world; and no lost soul will ever find a home in the abyss of woe. From the Saviour's exhortation it is clear that there is a struggle to get even in at the "straight gate," which leads to the "narrow way," the only way to the city of God, to the mansions of glory, to the fellowship of the Saviour, and to the companionship of the redeemed.

The other day I found one laying at the foot of the cross, which stands near the wicket-gate; he was soliloquising to himself. His name is "Wade Robinson," and so choice, so experimentally rich were his words, that they have been preserved and elegantly framed in a frontispiece to the *Sunday at Home*. Mind you, these lines which Wade Robinson uttered, exactly express the faith, the deep feeling, the desire, the penitential prayer of one "striving to enter in at the straight gate." He said:—

“Weary with my load of sin,
 All diseased, and faint within ;
 See me, Lord, Thy grace entreat !
 See me prostrate at Thy feet !
 Here before Thy cross I lie ;
 Here I live, or here I die !

I have tried, and tried in vain,
 Many ways to ease my pain ;
 Now all other hope is past,
 Only this is left at last ;
 Here, before Thy cross I lie ;
 Here I live, or here I die !

If I perish, BE IT HERE !
 With the Friend of sinners near !
 Lord, it is enough, I know,
 NEVER SINNER PERISHED SO !
 Here, before Thy cross I lie ;
 Here I cannot, shall not die !”

Such is the breathing of a soul, made, created in Christ Jesus, a *new* man, such as never was found in the fallen sinner before; nor could they ever come out of the old heart, out of a dead or deceived soul. Big-brain professors, long and large tonguers, smooth, polite, compromising, elegant orators, I will not condemn, it is not my province; but really broken hearts and contrite spirits will appreciate the soul's out-coming, which Wade Robinson gave utterance unto.

The outside workers I must leave. On Saturday, January 19, 1884, there came up into my soul the closing sentence of

“THE HOLY GHOST'S BOOK OF MARTYRS.”

That sentence worked in me while the most terrible storm was raging; the hail and rain against my study window was blowing and beating furiously, destruction and death were extremely busy; but, preserved in quietness, I pondered over the words, “That *they* without us should not be made perfect.”

These introductory words must suffice this month; but I hope to gather up a few fragments next time, if I am spared.

C. W. BANKS.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Twelve Sermons by Josiah Munns.—(London: J. Gadsby). We are glad to see some of Mr. Munns's sermons so neatly printed and bound. They will be acceptable to many of the broken-hearted in Zion. In our Churches there are more of the poor and illiterate than of the rich and learned: it is, therefore, a good thing that some of these sermons should be issued, for they are dressed in plain language; they are truthful, spiritual, and expressive of the various experiences of the contrite in heart. We knew Josiah Munns when he commenced preaching the Gospel, and we know him to have been a man with a heavy cross

on his shoulders; nevertheless, the Spirit of God has holden him up, and rendered his ministry a medium of conveying spiritual life and sustaining grace to many souls. William Burch, once of Staplehurst, a similar man to our friend Mr. Munns, a plain unfold of the law-work, of the grace-work, of the furnace-work, and of the fitting-for-glory-work which the eternal Spirit carries on in the regenerated souls of God's elect; and if an unlettered man can ministerially open up these internal footsteps of the flock, it is evident the Holy Ghost useth him. There were three distinct departments in the incarnate life of our blessed Lord.

First, He was thirty years fulfilling the law. Secondly, He was three years and a-half ministering and suffering. Thirdly, He had forty days' resurrection life here previous to the ascension homeward. The saved disciples of Christ do experimentally pass through these three phases of experience in measure, and the great Spirit of Christ will lead the ministers sent and taught by Himself, to trace out and to mark well the children of God, who here are found inexperienced, either under the law or learning of Christ, or in faith and love preparing to ascend up to the Father's house on high. The work of the Spirit in the redeemed is not without order and system, neither is the minister's work without its direct commission in bringing the redeemed under the law from the law unto the Gospel, and from the Gospel up into a fitness (by grace) for glory. We pray Mr. Munns may see better days here yet.

THE MORDECAI OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.—

"Outside the gates, in sackcloth clad,
He sat, he cried, his heart was sad!
God's saints were doom'd to woe."

In Old Testament records eternal truth is mysteriously expressed, but beautifully developed to all in time who can walk inside the Hebrew cabinet, and there plainly read the *mind* of Christ. Mordecai means *bitter*, and there is the type of the truthful but denounced witness for Christ; find a Spirit-taught witness for Christ where you may, you will find one that knoweth that in the world *such* witnesses must have tribulation. Bitter herbs they have to eat, bitter experiences they will know. Out of all their troubles God will, in His time, deliver them; and to their astonishment they will be *more* than conquerors through Him that loved them. Inside the gates was Esther, a faint type of the spouse of Christ, not yet free from stateism or formalism, or even worldlyism. She, as her name means, is *secret*, or *hidden*, or both, and only the Lord knoweth where to find her; and no other, in these days, can find her. James Godsmark was one of the many young men introduced to a London audience by his preaching in my Crosby-row pulpit, more than thirty years since. I have always respectfully remembered him, although we have never been in much personal fellowship, for he has put himself outside the gates of nearly all Gospel ordinances, and as a kind of Mordecai, he has sat by himself, sending forth rather bitter cries against the troops of professors with whom he has had no oneness of spirit. Mr. Godsmark's last essay deserves special notice. It is a pamphlet bearing the following

title: *Free and Sovereign Grace Mission; a Religious Anomaly of Calvinistic Arminianism, Existing only in the Absence or Deficiency of that Divine Faith which acknowledges the Absolute Power, Wisdom, and Love of Jehovah in the Salvation of His People.* This twopenny twenty-paged octavo, can be had of Robert Banks, or of Mr. Godsmark, 13, Daneville-road, Denmark-hill, and it has come forth in a time when such a protest was called for. However much it may be rejected, as it is sure to be by multitudes of people, we feel, before God, it is destined to be very useful. Nothing of fleshly wildfire is here; it is the calm and conclusive judgment of a man who has, for many years, weighed ministers, missions, workers of all classes; the creeds and controversies of the so-called Churches, and has set forth *the truth* as its divine author has revealed it, and which must stand for ever. The popular delusions, the war-cry of the Arminian, semi-Arminian, Calvinistic Arminian, and new-school thoughtisms of the revivalists are shown to be in opposition to God, to His Christ, to His Spirit, and to all His apostles. The leader of the Free and Sovereign Grace Mission, the movements of Moody and Sankey, and other enterprisers, are referred to in respectful terms. C. H. Spurgeon's ministry is tenderly touched; in fact, Mr. Godsmark's *hypercritical review* is too full of good, sound common sense to be treated with contempt, except by blind, spell-bound, and dead speculators. He that sitteth in the heavens, He only knoweth what ends are to be answered by all the movements of men in these days. He will carry on His own work; He will glorify His own Son; He will gather home His own people. We only know divine truth is too precious to our souls to see it opposed, not by atheists only, but by those who profess to fear God. We never could look upon the amalgamation of letter-truth with error but with sorrow. We wish Mr. Godsmark's new work a large circulation.

Dr. Doudney's New Volume, "The Christian Ministry." — (W. Mack, 4, Paternoster-square). This is not a minister's book only, it is full of the scenes of life, from childhood to youth, to the wedded state, domestic life, business life, studious life, the pastor's life, &c. Dr. Doudney, as a writer and author, is a skilful weaver; facts, narratives, various incidents, wise lessons, practical counsels, danger-signals, all interwoven in such sheets of variety, as must render it a book for reference and reading, whenever a little fresh literary fuel is needed

to set the mental powers above dulness, dreariness, and darkness, even to distress. The volume has been well read in our homestead, and is highly prized.

The Fireside, for March, has from Longfellow, "the poet of home life," some flowers and fruits so very excellent. The office is 7, Paternoster-square.

The Prodigal Son; or, The Two Seeds and the Two Covenants, by Aaron Allard, Baptist minister. (London: R. Banks). From the first line to the last this pamphlet is a solemnly separating testimony. It carries us back to Mr. Beeman, of Cranbrook; Mr. Burch, of Staplehurst; to Mr. Smart's theory of the angels, and to a number of old pleaders for the truth. The two sons in the parable are here set forth as representing the old and the new covenants. We delight in the repentance, the return, the reception of the prodigal, and hope, like him, we have found mercy.

An Acre of Land, &c. By Henry Atherton, late of the Bengal Civil Service, &c. London: W. H. Smith & Son. —Now and then, out of the midst of millions of our countrymen, there is heard a voice—a common-sense expositor—whose testimony, like a blazing torch, throws a clearer light upon the diseases which afflict our country, and upon the remedies which might give her the health and the prosperity she so much needs, than do all the wasted, weary, and useless harangues of a whole session. As a condenser of Parliamentary debates, we have often mourned over the talk and the tongue-tugging of Commoners, whose speeches, like the pulpit discourses of thousands, are puerile and lifeless, of no real good. But we have read this "Acre of Land" with an enthusiasm of grateful emotion, and have realised a strong persuasion that if Ireland and England could have the positive, the permanent, the practical benefits of Mr. Atherton's principles, a comparatively blessed millennium would be the result. The pamphlet opens with a melancholy picture. Our author justly says: "The state of the country generally, with thousands out of work, while employment might be found on the land now lying waste or half cultivated, and in making the improvements in towns and villages everywhere needed, for ten times the number, is very sad; and that of Ireland particularly so." Our space will not permit us to even touch the arguments advanced. The closing verdict of England's future demands the serious consideration of all who wish well to our much-favoured island. We can only quote the following sentences:—"Education is

spreading among all classes, and teaching the poor and energetic where to go to better their condition; and go they will if not tempted to remain at home; and if we lose the best of our people, what will be the condition of the country? The helpless, the infirm, and indolent, will remain to be supported, and rates and wages will so increase as to leave little profit to the owners and occupiers of land." "We Protestants—says Mr. Atherton in his closing paragraph—are apt to sneer at Roman Catholics as poor deluded creatures; but we have ourselves simply gone from the worship of the Virgin to the worship of mammon, and it is now high time, I think, to try what REAL CHRISTIANITY WILL DO FOR THE COUNTRY, for we have abundant proof around us of the utter worthlessness of sound doctrine without sound practice, and of any profession of Christianity which is not proved to be genuine, by a life of purity, benevolence, and justice towards all men." Read this pamphlet, and get it read everywhere.

"HOW CAN I EXTEND MY BUSINESS?" This is a question that occurs daily to every good tradesman. You may have a large stock of excellent goods in your warehouse, but they are little more than useless, unless the public can be acquainted with the fact that you have such goods for disposal, and that it would be to their advantage to purchase from you: but you must make it known that you have such goods for sale—to do this you must *advertise*. You may quickly spend a large sum of money and gain little or no advantage; the question is, "How to advertise successfully?" This is a difficult problem, and can only be solved by experience. Merchants and tradesmen can get a large amount of valuable information on this important subject by obtaining a copy of *Successful Advertising: Its Secrets Explained*—a sixth edition of which has just been issued by Thomas Smith, of 15, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, London, E.C. The price is 6d., post free, and we are sure no business man will regret this outlay for the information given in this volume.

Pleasant Memories. By William Trotman, Corpus Christi, Stonehouse. The author of these "Memories" can sit and review the past, and tell us what happy days he has seen; then he can stand up and look around, and answer the question, "What of the Night?" Then climbing up into his watch-tower, he can guess at the future. No wonder his "Memories" sell by thousands.

Mr. Battersby's *Sermons* are continued monthly, and are Scripturally sound.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"THE MYSTERY OF SPELDHURST-ROAD."

"To C. W. BANKS. — We would more clearly understand your position in connection with the Church and chapel in Speldhurst-road, South Hackney.—A. N."

In few words this can be made plain. I had no personal knowledge of, or connection with THE ORIGIN of Speldhurst-road, but it sprung up in a division at Homerton-row Church, some fifteen years ago, during the pastorate of the late William Palmer. Some of the members left Homerton-row and erected this chapel in Speldhurst-road, having a certain young man as their minister. The money with which the said chapel was erected was chiefly borrowed, and as the young minister quickly left, and supplies had to be obtained, the expenses were heavy, and the prospects not promising. At that time I was pastor of the Church at Notting-hill, and the late Mr. Thomas Thiselton came to me to ask if I could preach for them, and get them up a public meeting to help them. I did so, and the meeting was so successful, and the help rendered so bountiful, that they began to look to me as one, instrumentally, to lift them out of their difficulty. They heard, also, that some few hundreds of pounds had been collected to build for me what was to be called, "*The Bethnal-green Tabernacle*," and it was suggested if such monies, instead of building a Bethnal-green Tabernacle, could be given to the Speldhurst-road chapel, and if I would settle with them as their pastor, that then Speldhurst-road cause would succeed. I left the matter in the hands of the solicitor, and the treasurer who held my money; and, after some meetings and consultations, it was resolved to pay my money into the Speldhurst-road fund, and to obtain a £600 mortgage on the chapel, for which I alone was made responsible; and, with what I collected, with the £600 mortgage, and the proposed Bethnal-green Tabernacle fund, the original responsible parties were released, and all the responsibility was laid on me alone. As I had been so successful in my efforts to clear Speldhurst-road debt from over £1,000 down to £600, I felt hopeful that the remaining £600 might soon be cleared off, and Speldhurst-road chapel be free from all debt. In this I was most painfully deceived. For, soon after the burden was removed from their shoulders on to mine, the chief movers in the cause left the place; and I found myself bound to pay yearly—for interest, ground-rent, property-tax, gas, chapel-keeper, repairs, &c.—full £70 per annum, while the income has never realised the absolute outgoing; but during the whole ten years that I have ministered in Speldhurst-road, and lived in South Hackney, I have borrowed of none, run in debt with no one, always paid up all demands; in the Church there has been no disturbance; souls have been given to me; the Lord's presence has been enjoyed by me; I have earned my

bread by the labour of my hands, and complain of none. But now the £600 mortgage is called in, and the lawyer tells me a writ can be issued against me, in this April, if the £600 is not paid. There are members in the Church rich enough to set me free; but not the slightest movement (as yet) has been made. The lawyer has instructed an agent to sell the chapel; but up to this time no sale has been effected. I am praying, watching, and waiting on the Lord. His will be done, prayeth

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney,
March 15, 1884.

METROPOLITAN ASSOCIATION OF STRICT BAPTIST CHURCHES.—Annual meetings in connection with this noble institution were held on Tuesday, March 11, at Mr. John Hazelton's chapel, Mount Zion, Chadwell-street, Clerkenwell. A meeting (of rather a private character) of the pastors and delegates of the associated Churches was held for business in the morning. At 1.30 a large body of friends adjourned to the school-room, and sat down to a substantial repast. Our brother, Mr. James Clark, pastor of the Waterside Church, Wandsworth, was elected to serve for a term as president of the Association, and he filled his post on the first great day to the admiration and satisfaction of all present. The letters from associated Churches were read in the afternoon before a large assembly by the excellent secretary, Mr. John Box, and his valuable assistant, Mr. John Harris. Mr. Sawyer opened the meeting with prayer, and the president read Psa. lxxii, and gave a brief exposition of the last verse of the chapter. The first letter read was from the Church at Bermondsey, under the pastorate of Mr. J. L. Meeres. The hearts of many were greatly grieved on hearing of Brother Meeres' affliction; but hopes are entertained of his recovery. God grant it. The Church remains in peace. Mr. J. Hall has supplied the pulpit mainly during the pastor's illness. One added.—Hope chapel, Bethnal-green, brother J. Griffiths, pastor. Peace, love, and unity abounds. Members, 87.—Keppel-street; pastor, W. J. Styles. This is the renowned Church of which John Martin, a noble champion of truth in past years, was pastor, and the first to expose the errors of Andrew Fuller. Added 3; members 123. Various societies in connection with this Church thrive under the able leadership of the pastor. Sunday-school flourishes.—Camden-street, Kentish-town; pastor, brother James Dawson. Peace and love abound in this Church. One added; members 74. Sunday-school well sustained.—Meyrick-road, Providence. This Church was much blest under the sound ministry of Mr. John Bonney, until a temporary affliction prevented him from regularly serving the Church. Brother W. Moxham is acceptable

to the people. Lost a great friend in the person of Mr. J. Palmer, lately deceased. Added 2; members 45.—Chatsworth-road. This chapel continues to feel the loss of its late worthy pastor, Mr. E. Langford, now of Dover. Teachers are being drawn away by the more attractive schools, and the Sunday-school is growing weaker. No additions; members 71. May God send a man to build up this cause.—Chadwell-street, Mount Zion. This Church still mourns the loss of good brother Robert Hoddy, whose soul God has taken to Himself. The pastor, Mr. John Hazelton, we were happy to see enjoying moderate health. The Church is in peace and the ministry is much blest. Added 2; members 298.—Croydon, Tamworth-road, no return! Dalston, Forest-road. Our dear brother, Mr. Dearsly, is still in loving association with this Church, though not its pastor. Members 38.—New-cross, Zion, Mr. J. S. Anderson, pastor, whose labours are much honoured of God. £280 paid off chapel debt during the year. The Church has rendered great help to needy saints; but regrets the loss, by death, of Mr. W. Brain. Mr. Topley, a worthy brother, has long been laid aside, but is hopefully recovering. Added 4; members 260.—Eritb, Providence. Peace abounds; added 4; members 28. Sunday-school healthy. The Lord send them a stated pastor.—Esber, Claygate. The Lord continues to bless the Word by the pastor, J. Woods.—Farnborough, Wellbrook-road. Our beloved brother, Isaac Ballard, whom we have long known and loved, labours here as pastor with success. Peace and unity abounds.—Grays, Ebenezer. This is not a large cause, but it is united and happy; God is in the midst of it. There is a debt of £90 on the chapel. Added 5; members 20.—Hackney-road, Oval. Pastor Henry Myerson. Peace and love reigns, signs of prosperity appear. Three from this Church regularly preach the Word. Added 3; members 133.—Hayes, Salem. No pastor. The Church is united. Members 17.—Holloway, Wedmore-street. Pastor, our dear brother, Henry Boulton, who preaches the solid truth of God to the acceptance of many. Unity is realised. Members 21; Sunday-school flourishes.—At this juncture brother F. Shaw offered prayer.—Hornsey-rise. The financial position of this cause is good. Mr. Waterer is still the honoured pastor, although infirmity prevents him from preaching. Added 4; members 40.—Hounslow, Zoar, Mr. Curtis pastor, Church is peaceful. Added 5; members 64. Sunday-school successful.—Jireh, City-road. The future is hopeful. Mr. W. Waite is chosen pastor. Deaths 5; transfers 2; members 60. Sunday-school good.—Hoxton, Bethel, Newton-street. Pastor P. Green. Peace and joy abound. Added 11; more are coming forward. Members 65. Sunday-school flourishing.—Islington, Providence. Pastor P. Reynolds. The cause is in good working order, and happy. Added 6; members 127.—Wilton-square. Pastor W. Flack. Added 10; members 87. Sunday-school strong and united.—Kingston-on-

Thames. Mr. Bush is much appreciated. Chapel free of debt. Added 8; members 52.—Hill-street, Dorset-square. All societies of this Church flourish. Pastor, G. W. Shepherd. Added 19; members 304. Sunday-school, 250; teachers 23. This is the largest cause in the Association.—Lower Norwood. No pastor: the Church is happy and prayerful. Members 19; Sunday-school good.—Notting-hill-gate. Pastor H. Brown. Church united and peaceful. Added 1; members 85; Sunday-school working well.—Pimlico, Carmel. Pastor, Mr. J. Parnell. The work is going on encouragingly; the chapel is to be renovated; friends want help. Added 3; members 51; Sunday-school and Bible-class flourishing.—Poplar, Bethel. Pastor, F. H. Noyes. Our brother works hard; may God long sustain him. Members 30; Sunday-school 80; teachers 9.—Salem, Richmond. The friends are united, and are working to get a freehold plot for a new chapel. The Lord prosper them. Members 57; no pastor.—Shepherd's-bush. All societies of this cause work well. W. Williamson, pastor. Added 4; members 82.—St. Alban's, Bethel. Mr. Bootle has been elected pastor. Added 4, members 20.—Soho, Oxford-street. Pastor, John Box, the able secretary of the Association. Members 206. Sunday-school good.—Forest-lane, Stratford. Pastor, J. H. Lynn. Unity is realised. Added 10; members 88; Sunday-school 140; teachers 12.—West Ham-lane. Everything successful. Pastor Mr. Clinch. Added 7; members 102; Sunday-school good.—Wands-worth. Pastor James Clark. This Church is truly happy and prosperous, as also the Sunday-school and Bible-classes. Added 10; members 104.—Little Alie-street. Pastor R. E. Sears's Church is united. Added 8; members 150. Sunday-school very good.—Woolwich, Enon. Pastor W. K. Squirrell. All peaceful and happy. Members 73; Sunday-school 210; teachers 23; in splendid working order.—After the letter-reading, friends partook of tea in the chapel. In the evening the chapel was crammed. The president read Rev. i.; Mr. G. Webb, of Maidstone, prayed. Mr. Clark then delivered his inaugural address from Rev. ii. 25, which was listened to with marked appreciation. It is to be regretted that space forbids us giving the substance of it here. Mr. J. Parnell followed with an address full of solid truth on the personal glory of Christ, and Mr. W. K. Squirrell gave an able speech on the excellency and beauty of the Church of Christ. Heartly votes of thanks were accorded to Mr. Hazelton and his friends (especially the ladies), for the use of the chapel, and other necessary blessings. The happy meetings terminated happily, and all seemed the better for them.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

THE PROGRESS OF OUR LONDON CHURCHES.

THREE things—three powers—keep alive the Churches age after age. (1) Sovereign grace, in its silent, secret, flowing in divinely appointed channels, implanting spiritual life,

which may have to contend painfully with its opposing enemies. (2) The preached Gospel coming home to the soul with invincible power. (3) The receiving of Christ into the heaven-born soul by faith. As an instrument, a *sanctified talent* qualifying a man to proclaim the Gospel, to open up the hidden mysteries of the Word, to encourage the seeker, to feed the Church of God mentally and spiritually, to edify believers. Such a peculiar gift is of much advantage to the progress of the Gospel.

The late John Foreman's "Mount Zion" has been much modernised and rendered comfortable to its multitude of worshippers, who appreciate the industrious mind, the pleasant manner, and the varied stores of matter found gushing forth from the ministry of Mr. G. W. Shepherd. Between forty and fifty years ago one Sunday evening we attended the service in Mount Zion. The congregation then was thin and the ministry heavy; the whole service to us was dull, but the venerable pastor held on in honour to the end; and then who could fill his place? No one could, but God provided a successor to prosperously carry on the work. "Zion" at New-cross we knew well in Mr. Felton's time, and preached for him. How largely the chapel, the Church, the congregation, the schools, the societies have become extended under Mr. J. S. Anderson is well known. The two Churches on Peckham-rye are alive and full of hope for good. We rejoice in the sterling talent, the extensive acquirements, the natural and experimental fitness for Heaton-road which our long-known and steadily-loved Joseph Wilkins is endowed with. He is no "flying Dutchman," but strong and safe, as a good ox to tread out the corn. The recent ordination of Mr. John Mead over the Nunhead Church is another verification of the promise, "Instead of the fathers shall be thy children, whom thou mayest make

"PRINCES IN ALL THE EARTH."

The Philadelphian prophetic philosopher publishes his verdict that this is "*the reign of apostacy*," which we attempt not to deny, and this solemn fact calls powerfully upon our ministers to be much in prayer, constant in communion with God, diligent in searching the Scriptures, and bold and beautiful upon the mountains declaring the revealed counsels of the Lord their God. When Mr. McInturff asserts that "the Church is in a deep sleep, from which nothing but the midnight cry will awaken it,

"ALAS! WHEN TOO LATE!"

We cannot fully agree with him. We are nobody; but for more than 50 years we have been in our watch-tower, and we guess there is more labour, more learning, more professional life, if not more real life, than in the days we have left behind. We have not the men we had; but men for the times we live in we have.

"We are going," said some of John Hazleton's people, "We are going to modernise our chapel to the extent of some hundreds of pounds." They are not in a dead sleep.

"Little Alie-street" sends out her appeal for £700 extensively to repair and bring to the front that ancient building for the honour of Christ. Mr. Robert Edward Sears, the pastor, is looking at his door (50, Grove-road, Mile End-road) every morning for cheques to help him and his people to open their almost new chapel next May free from debt. Mr. Sears can fearlessly look every man in the face, avowing his one aim to be the ingathering of precious souls to SHILO, the Priest and the King in the household of faith. We know he will succeed.

In May, next month, our Brixton Tabernacle brother Cornwell will open his spacious new place, and he is worthy of all the help the real friends of Christ's Gospel can render. In these stirring times no one must dare to hold back. If they cannot send in bank notes, sovereigns will be acceptable; yea, shillings will nowhere be despised.

Just as we are closing, the deacons of "Ebenezer Chapel, Ilford," send in a circular for friends to remember them, because through a death their expenditure is increased. God in His mercy has done well for dear brother Stringer. Now, lest these building burdens break the hearts of our valiant ministers, we must see to it these debts are cleared. "O Lord, send us now prosperity," prayeth

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

GUILDFORD.—Services in connection with the tenth anniversary of the Sunday-school connected with the old Baptist chapel were held on Sunday and Tuesday, February 24 and 26. On Sunday two excellent discourses were delivered by W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey. In the afternoon Mr. J. Bonney addressed the scholars and their parents, and presented the annual rewards, each scholar in the school receiving a book. The chapel was well filled with appreciative audiences; and the children, under the direction of Mr. Pickett, sang hymns specially selected for the occasion. On Tuesday afternoon Mr. I. Levinsohn occupied the pulpit, and preached from Amos iii. 12. About 260 partook of tea, and at 6.15 a public meeting was commenced in the chapel, presided over by Mr. T. Leake. Mr. Pickett (superintendent) gave an encouraging account of the condition of the school. There were 184 scholars on the books, with an average attendance of 101 in the morning, and 127 in the afternoon, and a staff of fourteen teachers. Finances were healthy, there being a balance of £4 10s. 8¹/₂d., after a year of somewhat exceptional expenses. Brethren Bonney, Levinsohn, Rankine, and Mitchell (pastor), delivered suitable addresses. During the evening thirteen special reward-books were presented to scholars who had variously distinguished themselves; and several well-chosen pieces of music were effectively rendered. The chapel was crowded in every part, extra seats having to be placed in the gallery and aisles. Collections amounted to £12 14s. 6d. We thank God, and take courage.—E. M.

SUTTON, ELY.—Mr. Joseph Hinson, of High Street, Sutton, sends us the following report, asking for its insertion:—On Tuesday, March 11th, an interesting meeting was held in the Sutton Institute. A good number sat down to tea (the trays being all given). At the public meeting J. Gimbert, Esq., presided, who said he had known many ministers at the Sutton meeting, for they did not keep their pastors long. He was intimate with Mr. Meekins, he also knew Mr. Flack, Mr. Edwards, Mr. Baker, Mr. Cozens, and Mr. Margerum. In consequence of the illness of his aged mother (lately deceased) he had not heard Mr. Margerum so much as some of the others, but he was as good a preacher as he could wish to hear in any chapel. He held in his hand a testimonial most numerous signed by members of the Church and congregation, which he presented to Mr. Margerum, saying that it was well deserved, and he was pleased to see the long list of names. It would be useful to prove that he had the sympathies and prayers of those he left behind; it also showed the esteem in which his character and ministry was held by those who signed; he hoped the Lord would open a door for him and bless him and make him a blessing. Mr. Margerum opened the testimonial with its long rows of names, and read, "We the undersigned members of the Church, congregation and hearers at the Baptist Chapel, Sutton, Isle of Ely, do hereby testify to the plain, outspoken, faithful and energetic manner of Mr. A. J. Margerum, as a minister of the Gospel, and feel that he leaves us clear from any stain upon his character, and trust, that to whatever cause he may be called to minister in the future his labours may be greatly blessed." He said, "This testimonial is signed by the body of the Church and congregation." After thanking the chairman for his interesting address, and the sympathetic words with which he had presented the testimonial, also from his heart thanking those who got up and signed it, he said he wished to speak upon three things—viz., retrospection, prospection, commendation. He would not retrospect much. If there had been dark nights there were some bright days, if there had been deep waters the Master's footsteps were there; there certainly had been fiery furnaces, but the form of the Fourth had been in them; when the storm raged He had had His way therein, and the clouds were the dust of His feet. Amidst all the sorrows and sores he could not forget the Ebenezers, even now, tho' the way seemed very dark, still there was faith in the providence of the Almighty, God given, God sustained, which could not be shaken, it is indelible, it is indestructible. I commend you to God and the word of His grace, &c. Not to man, but to God, the fountain of life, of light, and the One Source of every good, to Christ, the Author and Finisher of salvation. The distinction between true and false religion is this, the true teaches that God begins with us, giving life, quickening and speaking the mighty voice which penetrates the ears of the dead, God raising, God sus-

taining, God saving, the finished work of Christ, &c. With false religion it is man doing something for Christ, for salvation, giving himself to God for God, willing to accept this and do that; but the Bible says that it is not of them that willet or runneth, but of God that showeth mercy. I commend you to the word of His grace, God's grand, glorious Bible. It seems almost forgotten, it is at once the most popular and the most neglected book in the world; in your family circles, in your business affairs, and especially in your Church relations, I commend you to the word of His grace. Oh, that His law may be written upon your hearts, and that His word may be a light to your feet and a lamp to your path. Bidding his friends an affectionate farewell, Mr. Margerum sat down. Mr. Hinson endorsed the chairman's remarks as to the shortness of the ministers' stay in Sutton, and stating that he had felt very great sympathy with Mr. Margerum in his labours. The meeting was closed with the doxology and benediction. It was a solemn season, and one that will long be remembered by many; friends declared that it was good to be there.

KENSINGTON - HALL, NOTTINGHILL.—Sunday, March 2, was the 11th anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. R. G. Edwards. Sermons as usual by the pastor. We feel grateful to Almighty God that He has blessed and sustained him in body as well as in soul prosperity. For two years previous our beloved pastor has been absent from us on anniversary occasions through affliction; but it gave us great joy to see him among us on Tuesday, March 4, at which a goodly company sat down to tea. We were disappointed in not seeing our honoured friend and brother, C. W. Banks, in the afternoon, whom we learn has been laid low by affliction. May the dear Lord spare him, and bless him to his people yet for many years to come. In the absence of Mr. Banks, brother Thomas Steed, of Stepney, spoke from the words, "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed upon Thee." In the evening an excellent discourse was delivered by Mr. Steed, from the words, "What savest thou of thyself?" May the Lord still bless us, and give us the light of His countenance.

"My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life and death remains."

Yours in the truth,—J. W.

BYTHORNE. — Our esteemed brother, Mr. H. Nunley, is still, in the Lord's strength, labouring to raise up this old and much sunken cause. The school and congregation are sustained; but Bibles and books for the school are absolutely necessary. Cannot we help him? Mr. Nunley will be glad to supply Churches occasionally, in order to help on the good cause he is working, freely, to raise up. At Raunds, and all around, Mr. H. Nunley is known as a devoted, industrious, truth-loving, and Gospel-preaching man. He is truly worthy of the support he needs.

SHEFFIELD—With its 300,000 people, and not one truly New Testament Church within its circle. There are some respectable open-communion Baptists; but we have not one foot of land in that teeming population. Some years since, we saw and took part in the formation of a pentecostal plant. When passing through the other week, we enquired for the zealous Elam, the critical Wingfield, the once steady Johnson, no knowledge could be gained. If those, and other brethren, could have worked on in the spirit of Christ, a new chapel, a good cause, a happy Church, would now be seen. We must not open fire here. The following from brother Joseph Taylor, proves out of weakness God is making him strong. He is both experimental and practical. He says:—Dear and beloved Brother,—I hope I can still out of the fulness of your loving heart be allowed to call you my friend and elder brother in our glorious Head, even Jesus the Christ. I cannot refrain from writing you as, whether you believe me or no, I greatly esteem and love you for your works' sake, and the precious things put forth by the Son in you. I am now in the midst of a very severe affliction, induced chiefly by the heavy trials and tribulations I have been called to endure. It is in these seasons we learn the sovereignty and greatness of Him with whom we have to do. He doeth as He will! how heavy is His hand at times upon those whom He loveth! He knows best how much scourging we need to bring our proud hearts down at His feet, and teach us how truly and absolutely unworthy we are of fellowship with Himself or His Son Jesus Christ! It is in the fire we find what a heap of dross our flesh is, and how rebellious and opposed we are unto Himself. I conceive it to be a blessed revelation of His love to make us know our own foolishness and sin before Him. He unclothes us from our own conceits to clothe us upon with His immortal robe of righteousness and humility; He tears off our bandages of fleshly wisdom that He may set the broken bone afresh, and cause our spirit to live before Him. But, oh! how strange, how terrible are His goings while yet He stripeth and stripeth us that we may bring forth fruit. He showeth us the wrath from which our souls have escaped by His mercy alone, that He may fill our lips with praise, and our hearts with joy; for why should He stoop to notice such unworthy worms as we are? It cannot be for His own advantage or profit, but that we may learn His holiness, and become conformed to His will. These things are not strange unto you; you know them, having been taught the truth as it is in Jesus. We are in rather low places at Masbro'—many, through affliction and other causes, having been separated from us; still, though faint, we are pursuing. Brother Elam is unwell; I and Mr. Sherwood are left to still draw the bow. Once a fortnight at Barnsley keeps me full-handed. We commenced there a crusade against the sceptics, by my going with our friends into the public market when they were holding their meeting in the open air, after which I stood up and replied with very good effect, and challenged

the speaker to public discussion of his points; it was accepted, and we held the discussion in an auction-room in Barnsley, and the Lord helped me there. The subject was, "WHO IS ON THE SAFE SIDE?" I opened by laying down three arguments for the Christian being on the safe side: 1. The prophetic history of the world is on our side as the safe side—the testimony of Jesus is the spirit of prophecy, &c.; 2. God is on our side: where God is that is the safe side. When I asked the audience what sort of a God that would be who would bring into existence a race of creatures who are evidently capable of inquiring after Him, and allow them to propagate for six thousand years on the earth without revealing Himself unto them? these words had an excellent effect; also, when I put it that Adam was more likely to know the affairs of his own house than Bradlaugh, we evidently had the best of it. 3. I took the side of morality and truth, and turned them to Romans xii. as containing the Christian code of morality, and challenged its improvement. Seeing our success, we followed out, in a course of four lectures on Sunday evenings, which we published, and invited discussion on the topic,—

"CHRISTIANITY *versus* SCEPTICISM." Many of them came, and I took up many objections from Paine, Bradlaugh, and others, I should say to the number of forty, and answered them clearly and straightly. God was with us, and the victory was evidently every night on our side. We are, therefore, if we are spared, intending another campaign in this direction, if the Lord will. This has been done along with our regular services. I write you this to let you see that, although I walk in great trouble, I am over head and ears in work for my Lord, and intend to be while He permits me to stay in this dark Northern and saturated Arminian country. We are all so happy with each other, and so satisfied with the good old Gospel of the free grace of God, that I have hope good will yet be seen to have come through the humble ministry of your unworthy brother,—**JOSEPH TAYLOR.**

CITY-ROAD.—Special services were held at Jireh on Lord's-day, March 2, when Mr. Waite (who is expected to enter upon his stated labours as pastor on April 6) preached morning and evening. On Tuesday following, March 4, Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached. In the evening, Charles Wilson, Esq., presided, and Mr. W. Waite prayed. Mr. J. Swan Linsell, the much-respected deacon, read a report of the cause, which, in a monetary point, showed a heavy balance against the Church of £47, which includes the last year's debt of £25 7s. 8d. It is hoped a bright season is yet in store for dear old Jireh. Mr. Walter James, whom we may fairly designate the singing pilgrim, brought in at the meeting his collecting-card, with £3 10s. in favour of the Church. The friends heartily thank brother W. James for his profitable labours. If the ladies were to take the debt in hand the whole would soon be discharged. Mr. Charles Wilson, the

excellent chairman, gave the friends help, supplemented with some honest and wholesome advice how to liberate the Church from debt. Let us hope by the recognition meeting the pecuniary burden of the Church will have entirely vanished. The collection during the two days' services (inclusive of Mr. James's collection), amounted to £10 Gs. 8d. W. Winters spoke a few words; J. Box made a good speech on "Endurance;" R. E. Sears on "Salvation is of the Lord;" F. Green was on the "Lord's house;" W. Hazelton dwelt nicely on the "Priesthood of Christ." Brethren Noyes, Fellows, Whitteridge, J. W. Banks, and J. Rayment were present. God bless old Jireh, with its pastor elect and worthy deacon.—W. WINTERS.

KNOWL HILL AND READING.—I resolved on seeing Knowl Hill and giving you a word; but was prevented, so turned into Providence, Reading, where I found the minister, Mr. Thompsett, had fallen in his pulpit, by some affliction; but hopes are given he will quite recover. After Newberry returned to Reading, found young E. Sadler, of Egham. Heard him hopefully. Cannot you get him a ship to sail on in? [I have been much censured for my zealous efforts in forwarding young men in the ministry; I have quietly borne all that, because I have no motive but to honour Christ, to help His Churches, and instrumentally to fill up the vacancies death is always making. I shall do no more in that direction, and I will leave in the EARTHEN VESSEL the testimony of William Rooker, for the benefit of others. In some account William Rooker gave of himself, he said, "My course has not been the calm flow of a tranquil stream that many have supposed; I have had storms and tempests in my inner life. At the age of fourteen years I professed faith in Christ, and at sixteen entered the Western Academy at Taunton, to prepare for the ministry. I think now I was too young, even though I was truly born of God. The blossom had not settled into fruit. There's great danger when young men are brought into the ministry on promising appearances, rather than on decided evidences of grace. The apostle's rule should be ours, 'That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you.'" He mentions the gracious Providence which placed him pastor over his beloved flock at Tavistock, where to the end of his days he laboured in the Gospel. Often was he severely tried, he says, "with an intense agony which shook my very soul for the witness of the Spirit that I was indeed called and chosen to the work of the ministry." At length the Lord gave him rest, and many precious souls were given as seals to his ministry; so that the church had peace and rest, and many were converted and turned to the Lord. Yet with self-abasement he says, when in view of death, "I must begin at the lowest place, beneath the foot of my Redeemer's Cross, and under the droppings of His blood, and I call God to witness that I come with ten thousand thousand sins, the sins of more

than seventy years, and I roll them all upon Christ, asking Him to bear the load." Another time he said, "I suppose you expected to have found me in the land of Beulah, or on the delectable mountains with my glass in hand telling the towers of the heavenly city. But after sixty years' ministry here's poor old Rooker just creeping into heaven, and glad to throw himself under the full robe of Christ's righteousness." Again he said, "O what a mercy if I, who have deserved to be an outcast, should for Christ's sake be accounted faithful! It's a solemn thing to look back on sixty years in preaching the Gospel. God has blessed me—I cannot deny it—there have been many at Tavistock who were living epistles of Christ; I have been honoured to build up saints. But ministers little know—they can have no idea until they stand on the threshold of eternity, with their commission in their hand—what that Gospel is, or how awful is their trust!" This choice saint was favoured at the last with Divine assurance. The nurse standing by his bed-side, he raised himself on her arm, she remarked, "Dying is hard work, sir." He said with quick energy, "Death is nothing! Jesus is so precious!"—C. W. B.]

WANDSWORTH, WEST HILL.—On the occasion of holding the third anniversary of the opening of this substantial and excellent place for worship, on February 12, many people were gathered, and it is a source of much joy to be able to record that brother James Clark is happy in the work of his Lord and happy among his people. Mr. Shepherd delivered a sound Gospel sermon in the afternoon. W. Kennard, Esq., presided at evening meeting. Mr. Box on the object and privilege of the Gospel, and Mr. H. Brown and Mr. Preston Davis gave short sermons. Mr. H. Hall was kind, encouraging, and gentle on the bruised reed and smoking flax, enjoining all to be tender to those who are young in the faith, the weaklings, and sweetly depicted our dear Lord's care for the lambs. Mr. Osmond, on the immutability of Jehovah, enjoined the Church to take encouragement. Mr. Clark thanked the chairman, ministers, and friends for their presence. Good brother Tomlins prayed as one who knows how to go to the throne of grace, and all united in praising God, and then separated.—J. W. B.

IRTHLINGBORO'.—Our old friend, Mr. J. Wilkins, of Peckham, paid us another visit, and preached on Wednesday, March 12, to a good congregation in the old chapel, where Mr. Trimming stood and laboured in the word of faith so many years. Our pastor, Mr. Pearce, is leaving us to seek another sphere of labour. Mr. Pung is also leaving, or has left, Rushden for Orford-hill, Norwich. But, amid all the changes in this and other counties, Mr. Bull still holds on somehow at Wellingborough. Arthur Baker, the veteran soldier, is also at Wellingborough. And Thomas Field still lives and works on successfully at Raunds. May the Lord arise and build up Zion!

**BEULAH BAPTIST CHAPEL,
WATFORD.**

The lovers of God's precious truth and Zion's peace and welfare will be grieved to hear that this once happy and peaceful fold of Christ has been by Satan, sin, and strife disturbed, distracted, and divided; and that my ministry within the walls of Beulah will terminate on April 6 next.

When invited to supply in October, 1869, I had no idea there existed the *elements of strife*, and two little struggling Strict Baptist causes in the town. It was my lot to come to Beulah. My testimony was warmly and unanimously received, and I supplied the pulpit about twice a month during the year 1870. In February, 1871, I accepted, at the Church's earnest request, an invitation to supply three months with a view to settlement, at the expiration of which term, though urged at once to accept their unanimous call, I proposed six months' further probation. The six months having nearly expired, I received the following letter:—

"DEAR BROTHER BURRELL,—At a Church meeting held October 4, 1871, it gives us unspeakable pleasure to inform you that the Church cordially and unanimously, without the least hesitation, invite you to become their pastor, feeling themselves to be unworthy of such an one, but believing the Lord has sent you in answer to their many united prayers that He would in His own time send one who should administer clean provender to us. This you have been enabled to do, and we know it is your fervent desire to exalt a precious Christ in all His lovely characters, that many poor sinners may be attracted thereby. We think, dear brother, it must prove encouraging to you to see the little place so steadily increasing, and pray that the Lord will abundantly increase the Church with every gift and grace and with numbers such as are ordained to eternal life.

"Signed on behalf of the Church,
"C. GOODSON,
"R. CAMPBELL, } *Deacons.*"
"A. BROWN,

Being satisfied that the good hand of the Lord had opened this door, the invitation was accepted, and the pastorate commenced on November 5, 1871.

From this period the good Lord was pleased to own and greatly bless the union. During the year 1872 several were met with under the word and baptized, and since then there has been a steady and constant increase, so that the little Church of eight members has increased to over 120, the greatest number of these having been added by baptism. Several straggling sheep who had no Gospel home have been gathered into the fold, and several from general causes have been led to hear and embrace the yea and amen truths of the everlasting Gospel. Several of the members have been removed home, and others, in providence, to other localities; but the place has been for years too strait to admit of increase. Ground was bought some two years ago with a view of building a

larger place, but was not carried out for want of unanimity.

The entire debt on the property has been removed, a Sunday-school established, and a school-room erected and paid for, and up to the present time the congregation kept up and sittings applied for, but discord, alas! sown some years ago, has been working and sprung up, and at length culminating in my notice to leave, several, however, voting for this, alleging as their motive the peace and happiness of their minister.

Not wishing, however, to enter publicly upon the merits or demerits of the Church's proceedings, a goodly number of the members and friends of the congregation have expressed their conviction that the proceedings are both unkind and unjust, there being no Scriptural or good ground for such a course. The result is an earnest desire on their part to retain my ministry in Watford. Did I study my own ease or welfare, I should not consent to their wish; but, feeling I cannot discard the scattered flock, and believing we have God and truth on our side, I have consented to stay. After much solemn prayer and careful deliberation, the Lord having raised up means, a piece of land has been purchased in Queen's-road, and it is in contemplation to erect as quickly as possible a chapel thereon. We have not chosen this course, but have struggled hard and prayed against it for a length of time, but have been driven to it.

Beulah Chapel will only seat 150 persons, and it is the only Strict Baptist or free-grace truth place in our rapidly-growing town of about 16,000 inhabitants. We believe, therefore, there is ample room for us, and having no object but the extension of the dear Saviour's kingdom, the good of souls, and the glory of God, we trust we shall have the sympathy and help of our brethren and sisters in Christ, the lovers of covenant truth and Zion's peace and welfare.

Subscriptions or donations towards this desirable object will be thankfully received by

MR. GEO. BURRELL, Pastor,
55, Estcourt-road, Watford,
MR. JOHN CULLING, Treasurer,
17, Woodford-road, Watford.

The above statement is verified by Joseph Rickett, John Temple, John Culling, and John Johnson.

— — —
POPLAR.—Tuesday, March 18, was one of the best and largest attended meetings it has been our pleasure to witness, and the main reason assigned may be accounted for by the selection of Mr. Thomas Bradbury as the afternoon preacher. Mr. Bradbury went delightfully into various beauties of the *word* of God, and many souls were blessedly refreshed. In consequence of temporary indisposition, our beloved C. W. Banks and our brethren, J. Bunney and G. J. Baldwin, were absent, but sent a donation each as their representative. The pastor, Mr. H. F. Noyes, presiding, read Psalm cxlii., and our good brother, Mr. James Lee, implored the divine blessing upon the meeting, and we fully believe his earnest prayer was answered.

This Church under its new pastor is as yet in its infantile state. The building is old, but the present Church is less than a year and a-half in age; and, considering its weak beginning, it continues to grow, as at times the weakest children make the strongest men, may it be like Jacob, greatly increase. The cause has suffered on account of the migratory commission which some have exercised, whether lawfully so or otherwise, is not our business to enquire; that remains with God and conscience to settle. The cause has not actually decreased, as others have come in and filled up the ranks. The Sunday-school has increased to 80 scholars, with a proper staff of teachers; the pastor takes a large Bible-class, which is flourishing, but a lady teacher is in special requisition, to take a large Bible-class of young ladies growing into womanhood; any sister desirous so to be useful in a poor Church would find ample scope for the exercise of her talent in Bethel Chapel, Poplar. Our brother Buttery spoke well on the Lamb; brother Belcher treated sweetly of the washing away of sin; brother Holden expressed blessedly the beauties of our *Banners*. Speeches followed by brethren Winters, Kemp, Beazley, Nash, and Waite. Our brother Noyes is a hard-working minister and is deserving of the earnest help of all lovers of the Gospel. May God grant him his desire. Brethren James Lee, Henry Lee, J. W. Banks, Mr. Archer, W. Lovelock, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Fellows, Mr. Linsell, Mr. Holton, and others favoured the friends with their presence and help.—**W. WINTERS.**

“THE FAILING OF THE FLESH.”—

When conducting Conservative journals, we were often side by side with some of the noblest of men in the wide circles. They are all gone. From W. Mudford, Esq., James Grant, Dr. Campbell, Daniel Pratt, now Blanchard Jerrold, Miner Gibson, Alfred Boot, that large, benevolent salesman, Mr. Clayton, of Great Marylebone-street, died March 13. Many more. C. H. Spurgeon has had another hindrance. C. Stanford cries out, “Do not send for me for months.” Maclaren must only preach once a day. When old 92 seeth all creatures falling, he exclaimeth, “Lord, what is man?” What is his commencement? What his career? What his climax? Man—a shadow of a substance, the direction of which he does not understand. Our fathers are gone; we are going; others are coming. So the world goes on. But that England should be mixed up with such cruel massacres is more awful than all. What does General Gordon say to all these seas of blood?

THE LATE MR. DAVID ASHBY (whose mortal tenement was laid to rest in the old Rushden chapel burying-ground on March 5, 1884), was a resident in Higham Ferrars, when we first knew him. He was called under the late Charles Drawbridge, and was several years pastor of Whittlesea Baptist Church. A quiet, useful man in his

HACKNEY. — SHALOM CHAPEL. — “Out of the mouth the heart speaketh.” This truth was verified in the experience of those who attended the meeting at the Oval on Tuesday, February 26. The subjects referred to the grand and fundamental Gospel of the grace of God, and the speakers, under the divine influence of the Spirit, spoke to the comfort and consolation of the hearers. Mr. H. Myerson presided, and after adverting to the desirability of aiding in promoting a spirit of unity in the Strict Baptist Churches, called on Mr. Branch to speak on “The Great Light.” Christ was a great light to Paul, Manasseh, and others, of whom we read in the Word. Has He not been a great Light to you and I? Mr. Mohbs told out some of the great things the Lord has done and is doing for us individually and collectively, “whereof we are glad.” Young T. J. Hall spoke like an aged sire on “Great Grace,” which is unmerited and extended to those who feel their lost condition; grace begins and carries on the work in a believer’s heart, and grace all the work will crown. Patriarch Golding was called to address the people on the “Great Multitude,” and he said John saw a “hundred and forty and four thousand,” and after that he saw a “great multitude coming out of every tribe,” &c. It just comes to this, Shall we be among them?

“When Thou, my righteous Judge, shall come
To fetch Thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?”

Brethren Burrell, Smith, and others, took part, and though we separated, the savour of that very happy meeting still abides.—**J. W. B.**

LEICESTER-SQUARE. — On Friday, February 29, the second annual meeting of the Friday night prayer meetings was held at 48, Lisle-street. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. T. Baldwin on Judges xiii. 19. In the evening a public meeting was held. The chairman (Mr. J. Hand) in the course of his opening address stated the object of the meetings—viz., to pray for the prosperity of Zion and the blessing of God upon His ministers. The secretary read a report, after which encouraging addresses were given by brethren Adams, Box, Boulton, Beazley, and Baldwin to a good audience.—**JAS. E. FLEGG, JUN.**

KEPPEL-STREET. — This cause of Christ and noble structure has been established nearly 90 years. In about ten years the lease expires; a renewal fund has been set on foot to prepare for whatever emergency may arise. On Sunday and Tuesday, March 16 and 18, the fifth anniversary of Mr. Styles’ pastorate was held. Mr. Charles Hill (of Stoke Ash) and Mr. John Hazelton preached the sermons, and the following ministers took part in the public gathering: Messrs. Anderson, Box, H. Hall, Harris, Hill, and Sears. The deacons (Messrs. Cooper and Wakeling) and other friends gave a hearty welcome to visitors. The attendance was cheering. The collections were for the renewal fund.—**J. W. B.**

LITTLE ALIE-STREET, WHITE-CHAPEL.—Sixty-seventh annual meeting of Sick Visiting Society was March 6. An excellent tea was supplied. In the evening pastor R. E. Sears presided. Mr. Charles Wilson offered fervent prayer. Mr. Sears introduced the subject of the meeting, and called upon Mr. T. J. Stevens, jun., secretary, to read the report. Mr. Sears hoped the ladies would feel induced to throw their hearty goodwill and energy into the work as sick visitors, thus co-operating with the eight brethren visitors of the Society. Mr. W. K. Dexter made an able speech on the practical work and real good done by such an institution. *Life and Light* is spread gratuitously, but this is not done without expense. Friends help the fund for sending forth monthly such good Gospel literature. The editor's address is R. E. Sears, 50, Grove-road, Bow, E. This little work has not gone forth unblest—

"It is twice blessed:

It blesseth him that gives and him that takes." Mr. Reynolds, W. Winters, Mr. H. Myerson, Mr. E. Beazley, and Mr. H. F. Noyes gave some practical remarks, which altogether must have stimulated the pastor and members of the society.—W. WINTERS.

PIMLICO.—Special services of a very interesting character were held at Carmel chapel, Westbourne-street, on Tuesday, March 4. A sermon was preached in the afternoon by W. K. Squirrell, of Woolwich, and after a social tea, held in the schoolroom, a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Mr. J. Parnell, the pastor, who gave an encouraging report of the state of things at Carmel. Addresses were then delivered by J. Wilkins, of Peckham, on "Coveting earnestly the best gifts," followed by W. Tooke, on "Soul-seeking;" next, F. C. Holden spoke from Psalm xlviil. 1, and W. K. Squirrell on "Following on to know the Lord" (Hosea vi. 3). The pastor then closed the meeting with appropriate remarks and prayer.

CLAPTON-PARK.—On Sunday, March 16, special services were held in celebration of the sixth anniversary of the Sunday-school in connection with Chatsworth-road chapel. W. Moxham preached two excellent sermons, and in the afternoon a service of sacred song, entitled, "The Closing Scenes in the Life of Our Saviour" was rendered by the children and friends connected with the school. Special hymns, suitable to the occasion, were sung in the morning and evening. On Tuesday, March 18, about 100 friends sat down to a social tea; and in the evening a public meeting was held, Charles Forster, Esq., one of the deacons, presiding. Several spirit-stirring addresses were delivered bearing upon the increasing necessity for persistent Sunday-school effort, and the great helpfulness attending the work. Altogether it was a happy time for those present. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Mr. E. Francis, the superintendent of the school.

LEICESTER.—Mr. Henry Haddow, of Leicester, says: "I was pleased when I opened the **EARTHEN VESSEL** for this month and found Mr. Cornwell had sent for publication a copy of the letter he very kindly wrote me giving an account of his visit to my brother in his dying moments. My object in writing is to ask if you will correct the name "*Haddow*," it being a mistake and misleading. Many of my dear brother's friends will not be aware as they read the letter that it has reference to him. Our loss as a family is very great, but it is his eternal gain. We mourn not as those that have no hope, believing in our inmost soul that he, with all those that sleep in Jesus, God will bring with Him. May we be among that blessed number. I do hope you are much favoured in your soul with sweet and hallowed communion with our precious Redeemer; that He is to you the chiefest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely. When in death you bow your head, may Jesus be precious on a dying bed. It won't be long (a few days, or months, or years at most) before you bow your head in death. It seems but a few days since I heard you preach at Masborough, in Yorkshire (and I must say it was a good time to my poor weary soul), from those sweet words, "The Lord hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary." No doubt you will remember staying at my cot that evening; the next day you left for Lockwood. I have not forgotten you, though you may have forgotten me. Truly, dear friend, the Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad. Oh, that men would praise the Lord for His goodness and for His wonderful works unto the children of men. He is worthy of our highest praises. Sometimes when I would praise Him I cannot, am compelled to cry, "The good I would I do not, and the evil I would not that I do."

"But when this lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song
I'll sing Thy power to save."

When it is well with thee remember me and make mention of my name to the King of kings and Lord of lords.—Your brother in Christ, HENRY HADDOW. [Leicester was very dear to us in Thomas Hardy's last days and the early days of that singular man, "*the Watchman on the Walls*." On the Good Fridays in those years we preached the anniversary sermons, and holy seasons we had. Although Master Chamberlain locked the pulpit door. Mr. Barber, Mr. Carr, Mr. Hazlerigg, Mr. Webb, were men not known then; but Jesus Christ was known, and His Gospel was known, and we should rejoice in the fact that while we have seen death taking away many good men, others come up in their places. An old man acknowledges there are "parsons plentiful, but where is the power?" In soul feeling we have felt the diminishing of the Spirit's power for years. Alas! it is so.—C. W. B.]

CHARLES CHAPEL DAVIS.

The city of Bath has been favoured with several good Gospel lights in our own time. The patriarchal Mr. Huntley and his sons have been citizens of honour and ministers of extensive usefulness in their day. The late Mr. Charles Chapel Davis was for many years a worthy citizen, both of the temporal and spiritual kingdoms, of which the world is composed. We have received the following note:—

“MR. BANKS,—I send you the card recording the decease of your old friend, Mr. C. C. Davis, Larkhall, Bath. As I have known him for a great many years, and have had the pleasure of very many conversations on the things of the Lord, I purpose writing a short biographical notice for you, if you think good to accept it. I may say that my grandfather knew the Lord for nearly sixty-two years, having been converted at the age of 19. He laboured earnestly in the Sunday-school for about ten years, and then for fifty years, all but about a month, he preached the Gospel in the pulpits in and around the city. During this period of time he walked thousands of miles. You are aware that he held very tenaciously what are called the doctrines of grace; he was, in fact, a strong Calvinist, and a liberal and an earnest advocate of all measures for the benefit of his fellow men.—I am, dear sir, yours very faithfully,

“WM. J. WILLWAY.”

[A memoir of such a man will be worthy of special consideration.—C. W. B.]

ST. NEOTS, HUNTS.—The friends at New-street, where the venerable George Murrell laboured in the Gospel so many years, celebrated their Sunday-school anniversary on Sunday, March 9. In morning the scholars, teachers, and young people assembled in the front and side galleries, presenting a very pleasing sight. The sermon was preached by J. Wilkins, of Peckham, from 3 John 4. In afternoon the school occupied the body of chapel below. Mr. J. Wilkins conducted the service, and addressed the children and friends on “Discipleship.” The scholars very readily and correctly answered all the questions Mr. Wilkins put to them. In the evening the galleries were crowded, uncomfortably so. A great number of young people attended this service. On the following Tuesday, March 11, about 300 scholars, teachers and friends assembled at the tea-table. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by Mr. Wilkins. Addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. Wren, of Bedford, and Mr. Pearce, of Irthlingboro’. The children sang their hymns very nicely, both on the Sunday, and again at the Tuesday evening meeting. And very great credit is due to the working superintendent and teachers. Hearty thanks is also given to the friends for liberal collections, the collections being among the best ever realised. Altogether the services were good, of a very cheerful character, and felt to be of a most profitable kind. To our ever-gracious God be all the praise.

A POOR OLD MAN, NEAR EIGHTY.

“Wonders of grace to God belong.”

Down in the Eastern counties a good brother says:—“I should like you to have seen a poor old man, near eighty, about three miles from here. He says he has been an awful sinner. He has been in great distress. I was pleased to find a little light, a little hope, but still great fear. He said, ‘Since you were here there has been several of the Army folk to see me, and they said if I would go to their meeting (two miles from his), and kneel on the form, they would all pray for me, then I should be saved.’ ‘Sir,’ he said, ‘I want a different salvation to that. I know I have no room to say a word against anybody; but if some here are saved, as they say they are, I could never believe they would want to spend their time in a public-house. That’s what I used to do; but oh, dear! oh, dear! I hate the thought of it now. Do you think I can be saved?’ I told him he was already, that the Holy Spirit would in due time favour him by making it known. His looks, his sighs, his tears, are proofs to me. He says he tries to pray, but he don’t know what to say, so he keeps saying, ‘Oh, Lord, do have mercy on me, a poor, old, wicked sinner. Do, sweet, dear Jesus, have mercy if you can.’”

CITY-ROAD.—JIREH, EAST-ROAD.—

Holding the anniversary of the prayer-meeting held at Walter James’ house on the first Friday in every month, has now become an established matter. On Friday, March 14, the eleventh annual meeting was convened. Mr. W. Winters, in the stead of Mr. C. W. Banks, delivered a sound, soul-comforting discourse, from the words, “Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God.” There was a good congregation. In the evening, Mr. Henry Hall (of Clapham) presided, and brethren Sears, Parnell, Green, Lynn, Beazley, Burbridge, J. W. Banks, Noyes, Waite, and Whitteridge took part. The addresses on prayer were so encouraging that those who are in the habit of attending were stimulated to go on. The meeting was founded eleven years ago by C. W. Banks.—W. J.

LITTLE ALIE-STREET.—SICK

VISITING SOCIETY.—This is an old servant in the gardens of charity. Sixty-seven years have the missionaries of this institution entered the homes and chambers of the Lord’s poor. We never felt more sure of our calling than when visiting the sick, the poor, the dying. Oh, what lessons have we there learned! what freedom in prayer have we there realised! Alie-street friends, if you wish to honour CHRIST, to follow Christ, to comfort the poor disciples of Christ, go into the cots and rooms of His afflicted saints. Carry them something for their fainting bodies; tell them all you know of JESUS, for the lifting-up of their souls. He says, “You shall in no wise lose your reward.”

THE WONDERFUL NAME.

His name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. ix. 6.

SEE yonder poor cripple at the beautiful gate,
Laid there to ask alms in his weak, helpless
state;

He looked on Peter and John as they came
To the temple to speak of the wonderful name.

But see! the man's walking, and leaping for joy,
And praising the Lord seems his chiefest
employ;

But how can it be? Is this he that was lame?
Yes, he's healed through Jesus, the wonderful
name.

I once knew a sinner, fast spending his breath
In the pathway of evil, which leads on to death;
So hardened and guilty, so void of true shame,
Ah, then he made light of the wonderful name.

With sin all defiled, without and within,
Who saved me from that wretched state I was
in?

Who saved me from plunging right into hell's
flame?

CHRIST was my deliverer, the wonderful name.

Sing praises to Jesus, let gratitude flow,
He stayed my progress in the pathway to woe,
He'll save me from wrath, from guilt, and from
shame.

I trust Him entirely, the wonderful name.

This, while I am living, does comfort my soul,
My sin He has pardoned, in Him I stand whole;
And in death may I tell of His love, and pro-
claim,

This is my Beloved, the wonderful name.

Name precious to thousands, and precious to me
Its own precious fragrance still cheering shall
be;

Ah! but for His favour how soon might I go
To dwell with the lost ones in darkness and woe.

My Saviour is gracious, so gracious to me,
'Tis love, grace, and mercy, so constantly free;
Unwearied in patience, in kindness and care,
'Tis good to draw near Him, and pour out my
prayer.

In all my petitions, His blest name I plead,
And God in rich mercy shall bless me indeed;
In all my poor praises when singing His name,
With all I must mingle the wonderful name.

Oh, blessed Redeemer, my Strength and my
Song,

The Rock and Foundation my soul rests upon,
The all-cleansing Fountain to which I repair,
Oh, Jesus! Thy wonders I cannot declare.

Ah, sinners, believe me, 'tis Jesus alone
Has given His life-blood for souls to atone,
We to Him for mercy and refuge must flee,
Or with Him in glory we never shall be.

There is none other name which the Father has
given,

By which man is saved and brought home to
heaven;

There is none other name to believers so dear,
As Jesus, the name we both love and revere.

All praise to the Father, the Spirit, the Son,
The Three-one Jehovah, for what He hath done;
And still will accomplish to the praise of His
grace,

Till each ransomed soul shall with joy see His
face.

Where wonders on wonders will ever appear,
And our understandings be perfectly clear;
Where many petitions will then, oh, so sweetly,
As "Shew me Thy glory," be answered com-
pletely.

Oh, praise ye His name, every humble believer,
Oh, think what a mercy to be a receiver
Of Christ and His grace, oh, praise ye His name,
Who loveth for ever, and ever the same.

B. BAKER.

Sturry, Canterbury, March, 1884.

MAIDSTONE.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Through the tender mercy of our faithful God, we were privileged, as a band of Sabbath-school labourers, to celebrate our annual tea meeting in connection with the Church meeting at Providence Chapel, Maidstone, Wednesday, February 20th. A hearty welcome was given to friends who assembled together. Prayer being offered by an old friend, and a few opening remarks from our beloved pastor, Mr. G. Webb, who always takes a lively interest in the young, and encourages the teachers in their work; the children recited their pieces remarkably well; the report was read by brother Potter, which showed a good balance in hand. A number of handsome and suitable books were given them. Special hymns by the scholars were well rendered. Our pastor presented brother Potter with a handsome writing desk, which was accorded to him by his scholars, the Bible class, as they very much appreciated his services as superintendent. Brother Waters spoke well, and the proceedings closed with the parting hymn. I have never seen such a united and happy meeting in Providence before. We have obtained help of the Lord, and to His dear name shall be all the praise for Christ sake, Amen.—JAMES LAMBERT.

CARLTON RODE, NORFOLK.—Mr. Ager preached his farewell on February 17. The chapel is now open to the friends to return to their original home. The trials here have been very heavy; but the people meeting for worship in the barn have been very much favoured under the ministry of Mr. James Lock. The cause at Carlton Rode has existed over seventy years. It has a good chapel, excellent burying-ground, and stands well for the people.

SAVED AT LAST
BY A DEEP DRINK OF THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

"Sinners can say, and none but they,
How precious is the Saviour!"

[From some of the most godly who we are honoured to help in times of need, we receive heart-melting acknowledgments. Many a weeping season we have in perusing such notes as the following, sent to—CHARLES WATERS BANKS.]

DEAR MR. AND MRS. BANKS.—I thank you for your kindness. God Almighty bless you both. I sat in chapel on Thursday evening praying to the Lord to send me a little, and when I returned I saw the blessing my dear faithful Jesus sent me. Late at night I sat thinking; when at home, and I was about eighteen years of age (now I am fifty-eight), my poor backsliding father used to go out of an evening, and I said, "Mother, where does father go?" She said, "Oh, he goes to hear C. W. Banks." Mother was a member at Mr. John Andrew Jones' Jireh chapel, St. Luke's; Mr. Powell baptized her in 1819; the same year she was married, and continued a member till her death, which was in 1856. Her foot never slipped through all those long years; but she had a dreadful path in other things. Satan takes much pains to make some mad. My poor father was held in bonds; he used to creep out to hear you; he also, on a Sunday afternoon, would go to Limehouse Church to hear Mr. Harris; these two great lights of God, made by God, and not by man, kept that poor

sin-bit (en soul from what?—ah, what? Eternity alone will reveal. The Lord called me by sovereign grace in 1852. The Lord gave me my poor father to nurse, after my mother's death, for five years and a-half. He gave me great love to both. After I was called by grace, mighty prayer for father's soul was laid upon me. One day I said, "Mother, I think poor father will be saved at last." She said, "He! not he! there's nothing in him, nor ever will be!" I said, "If he was called by grace, he will be called in again." "Ah (she said), look at the years of his folly!" She had prayed for years, and walked a holy life before him. Now her faith went in hatred of him; for she hated him. After they were married they walked in the way two or three years, and then he fell off. Mother died, and never saw any change in him. Jehovah's thoughts were not as my mother's. No! no! I prayed, and read, and spake, and did all in my power, but saw nothing in him but horror, fear, dread, trembling, paleness of face, and great quaking for the future. Three years and a-half like this passed away, and now the change. His face, voice—yea, everything—was altered; everlasting peace was stamped upon his brow. As soon as I could, one Sunday evening, I sat down by him, and said, "Father, how came this blessed peace, this quiet, heavenly frame?" He was like a lovely, innocent child. He said, "My dear, secretly and alone, these words came, 'By His stripes ye are healed.'" He said, "All sin, doubts, fears, everything fled, and fled for ever." The Spirit that spake the words brought the mighty healing power through the precious blood of Jesus—taking of the things of Jesus, and showing them to him. He had then just two years to live. The Spirit gave him a deep drink of the love of Christ. It was no use talking to him about anything but the love of Jesus. Oh, the love of that soul to Christ! and the exquisite depth of tenderness with which he spake of His sufferings. Who can understand His movings? Not the best of Christians; no! One day I said to him, "Daddy, dear, how is the soul to-day?" His eyes seemed to leap with glory; he said,—

"Bright angels, strike your harps of gold—
Strike all your harps of gold!
And when you've raised your loudest note,
His love can ne'er be told!"

That was his answer to my question. Fourteen days before he died, I went up to his room in the morning, as usual. What a sight! He was filled with glory. This great glory continued through the day. In the evening I went up to get him to bed; the glory just the same. For me to try to think of the measure of love the Spirit gave him to Christ, I could not. Oh, what an ignorant nothing am I! The Saturday before he died, after closing shop at twelve, it was nearly one o'clock Sunday morning. I said to him, "I have not had much time to see and talk with you this long day in the shop." Then I looked at him; the same glory again; his eyes leaped with glory. He said, "My Jesus has been standing here close to me all this day, speaking to me." Then he quoted the precious texts that had been spoken to him. I went to bed, and next morning, while dressing, the voice came to me, "Up, for this is the day thy father shall be dying." He was dying all that Sunday; his soul entered the bosom of his beloved Redeemer at twenty minutes past three on Monday morning. His death was almost painless. What a sight I had of the finished work of Christ—not one can be lost. He died March 17, 1862, aged 72 years.

I know not why I write these few lines. The Lord bless you, and everything that belongs to you—yea, and thou shalt be blessed, for thou hast been helped to highly exalt the Father's darling Son above thousands, and thou art, and shall be, blest for ever.

Dalston, February 10, 1864.

MRS. H.

Deaths.

Mr. Widdin, formerly a deacon at Jireh, Old-road, entered his eternal rest on March 3, 1864. Just before his death he expressed a wish that his funeral service might be conducted in Jireh. "Take me into the dear old place once more," he said. So on Thursday, March 20, his remains were taken to Jireh, and an impressive funeral service was conducted by Mr. Waite, which commenced by singing, "In hope of life eternal given." Mr. Waite then read several portions of Scripture. Referring to deceased, Mr. Waite said: We are congregated to perform the last rites over the remains of a beloved, though departed brother. He was created of God naturally and spiritually; a lover of the free and distinguishing doctrines of grace, though he never realised that happy assurance which some of the Lord's people are favoured to enjoy. He was a man of prayer, and one who delighted in praise; in this latter his services have often been timely. Those who knew him best, know that he was a man of God, which he manifested by his walk and conversation. We have had some sweet intercourse with him. You could not be long in his presence without knowing what he was. God made him a Christian, and none could alter that. He has left a widow, a family, a Church; all mourn his loss. May God bless the widow. We are thankful some of the children are on the Lord's side: may their father's God be their God. After a few kind words to the family, commending them to be kind to their mother, Mr. Waite closed the service, and then proceeded to Abney-park, where the remains were committed to the grave, to await the resurrection morn.—J. W. B.

On March 9, 1864, James King, of Great Paxton, Hunts, aged 64. He was for forty years an honourable member of the Strict Baptist Church at New-street, St. Neot's. It may truly be said of him that he was peaceable in his life, peaceable at his death, and his end was peace.

BATH.—In loving remembrance of Charles Chapel Davis, who fell asleep in Jesus, March 2, 1864. In his 81st year. Interred in the Old Baptist Burying-ground, Widcombe. [A memoir by his grandson is expected].

DEAR BROTHER BANKS.—On March 13 a numerous gathering mournfully marked their esteem for our beloved and departed brother. William Shaw Walters, of Colnbrook, and devout men carried him to his burial. He was laid up but for a week, and then the Master made short work, and took him straight away from all his labours here to rest from them indeed yonder, where "the good Shepherd with His sheep shall guard him evermore." Baptized when 19, he was led to Colnbrook in 1858, and in 1859 was elected deacon; and, until his sixty-first year, went in and out purchasing to himself a good degree of boldness in superintending the Sunday-school, leading prayer-meetings, preaching the Gospel most frequently at Longford, besides at many other places. During my pastorate at Colnbrook, to me he was indeed, and ever remained, as a brother, united with ties indissoluble. With our brother J. House, he was ever one in seeking the good of Zion, and spending his strength for the household of faith. The gap he leaves here is a wide one; but grace is sufficient. Believing for you and me it may be found so, I am, in covenant bonds fraternally yours.—S. KEVAN, 6, Champion-terrace, Wandsworth.

Marriage.

At the Independent chapel, Hounslow, on February 28, by Mr. E. Price, Arthur, third son of Mr. G. Rose, coachbuilder, of Lampton, near Hounslow, Middlesex, to Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. R. Sones, of Leiston, Suffolk.

A Long, a Deep, a Heavy Sigh.

“*Abroad, the sword bereaveth!*”
“*In the house is a certain death!*”
“*They have heard that I sigh!*”
“*There is none to comfort me.*”

A SIGH is such a heavy, noisy, drawing of the breath, as may be heard. We sometimes call it a groan; it indicates *heavy sorrow* of the heart, so heavy that it oppresseth the breathing powers, and is as though the soul was being pressed out of the body. A sigh is an unuttered grief, an untold sorrow. I read that the late Duke of Albany awoke his physician in the night with a heavy groan. They say he was in an unconscious fit; but someone heard him whisper, “*My mother.*” In an unconscious state the power to express much may be lost; but there may be an internal consciousness. He might be in his secret consciousness aware that he was dying away from home, from wife, from babe, from mother, and he sighed deeply. It has fetched a *long* sigh from thousands in the nation. It has produced a *deep* sigh in the soul of Her Majesty, OUR QUEEN; and many a *heavy* sigh will come out of the heart of the bereaved widow. There comes a sigh out of my soul—a sigh of *mystery*. WHERE now is the soul of the once royal English prince? His character was excellent, his refinements and motives were superior to any of the family, as far as we know; but one of the bold writers said—

“HE WAS NO SAINT!”

I do not believe anyone on earth can say what he was in God's sight. Suddenly, in the midst of gaiety and life, he is called from time into the eternal world.

Very remarkable has been the life of our Queen. A long and prosperous seat on the throne has fallen to her share. My memory can follow her career from her cradle to the present moment. But what heavy strokes have fallen upon her during the last quarter of a century! The loss of her mother, the Duchess of Kent; the death of her Albert, her husband, the Prince Consort; the loss of her darling Princess Alice; and now the sudden calling away of her pet boy, Prince Leopold, will render one line in the text true:—

“THEY HAVE HEARD THAT I SIGH!”

The Lamentations of Jeremiah is as much a part of the Word of God as is the Song of Solomon, or the Gospel of John; and *sighing* is as much a part of the Church's experience here as singing the praises of the Lamb will be, at least, a part of the saints' enjoyment in the better world.

The four lines in the text have come upon my mind as expressing

OUR POSITION AS A NATION.

Descriptive also of the condition of the Church, and exactly expressing the experience of many whose hope is in the Lord God.

It may be said of England, "abroad the sword bereaveth." In Egypt what slaughter and bloodshed! The sword of war has been bereaving; widows and orphans by many thousands are mourning over the loss of husbands and fathers. Surely this is a judgment on our land! A mysterious, murderous, onslaught. What will be the end of it? It is said the Lamentations of Jeremiah were written by the weeping prophet when Josiah was slain in battle. Josiah was a good king; he reigned long and well, but when war was proclaimed, Josiah, though warned not to go, would, and there he lost his life. I fear England's many wars will bring her down from her greatness.

Is not the Church's condition expressed in the words, "*At home it is as death*"? The true Church is God's *home*. He says: "Here will I dwell; for I have desired it." The true Church is Christ's bride; and He has promised to be WITH HER for ever. It is in the true Church where the Holy Ghost worketh; and when the Christian can see the ministers of Christ clothed with salvation, then do the saints shout aloud for joy; but now—

"AT HOME THERE IS AS DEATH."

Death means a *separation*. Literal death is the separation of the *soul* from the *body*. When the soul is at home, in a strong, healthy body, what works can be done, and are done by men alive and hearty! But let the soul be called *from* the body, then there is a *separation*; and instead of the Duke of Albany coming home to the joy of his sweet child and wife, there is separation. There sits the widow weeping, and the mortal part of the Duke is shut in a grand coffin. With heaps of flowers and a grand procession, it is laid away where nobody can see or hear him any more. Death is as a *separation*. Is it so in the Churches of Christendom? Look at the language of Christ concerning His Church. He says: "My dove, My undefiled, is but ONE. She is the ONLY ONE of her mother, the choice ONE of her that bare her." But you come now into the streets of Zion, and there, like so many *different* shops, there are separate establishments—Catholics, Anglicans, Baptists, Independents, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and a host of New Church, Free Church, High Church, and Low Church. It is as death, all separation.

But they are separate from the TRUE doctrine which God has revealed, which Christ and His apostles taught. The *Jewish Herald* comes out with the following assertion:—

"Saving faith is the first and great duty of fallen men. It is the duty not of one man merely, but of *all men*, Jew and Gentile, to believe in God and His Son Jesus Christ. And it is a duty to be performed now: 'Behold, now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation.' Faith is a most important duty. For example, if I am told that my house is on fire, and I believe it not, I shall remain in the flames and be destroyed. Or, if I am informed that Jesus Christ died to save me, and I believe it not, I trample a Saviour under my feet on my way to endless ruin."

This duty of man is called "saving faith." *Universality*, instead of divine relationship, is the separation which has brought in a death-like state into the Church; yet never was there more exertion put forth to save the people than now.

The following paper very forcibly shows the distinction between a

soul-saving and a merely sentimental FAITH IN CHRIST. It comes to me at this moment from Mr. Samuel Cozens, of Ipswich, and I give it as he sends it. I believe every Spirit-taught mind will receive it as truth:—

FEELING FAITH.

Moody asked the question, "What is the Gospel?" but he did not tell the people what it is—that it is God's choice of the Church of the firstborn; that it is Christ's atonement for the adopted sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty; that it is the Spirit's reclamation of the captive sons of God; that it is the Father's love for His lost son, Christ's love for His brethren in adversity, the Spirit's love for the heirs of salvation, to deliver them from a death in sin; that it is God's mercy for miserable publicans; that it is God's salvation for those who feel themselves lost and ruined by the fall; that it is the beatitudes for the poor in spirit, for the penitent in heart, for the persecuted in the world. Such discriminating truth as Christ and His apostles preached Moody never preaches. No, it is not the religion that pleases the masses. I mean the religion of God, of the prophets, of the apostles, was never accepted by the masses. Mr. M. is dead against experimental godliness. He says: "The religion of a good many consists in feeling, feeling, feeling." However Mr. Moody may sneer at a religion of feeling, we thank God the religion of a good many is a thing of feeling—a thing of *power* and life. I may believe in the commercial power and intrinsic value of a sovereign: that it has power to purchase up to its value, and that its value is equal to four crowns, or twenty shillings, or two hundred and forty pence. I may know and believe all this, and not have a sovereign in the world. But if you put a sovereign into my hand, saying, with a gracious squeeze, "Accept that," I *feel* it—I feel it in my hand, I feel it in my heart. And there is as great a difference between Christ in heaven, and Christ in the heart the hope of glory. Duty-faith looks at Christ a long way off; but a living faith says, "Christ liveth in me."

Again, I may believe as a fact that there is no balm in the universe for wounded souls but the balm of Gilead. And because I have no wounds that belief produces no feeling. But let the balm of Gilead, the blood of Jesus, be brought into my wounded spirit and broken heart, and then shall I have no *feeling*, no joy unspeakable, no peace that passeth all understanding?

Yes, sir, we go in for feeling—for a feeling of divine purity that comes from washing in the blood. These duty-faith men may just as well tell us that you may have a Turkish bath without feeling. We speak that we do know, for we have felt the blood that cleanseth—the blood that speaketh our sins away, the blood that takes into the Holiest. I contend that religion is from first to last a thing of feeling. It is a *birth*. Can there be a birth without feeling? Then why the *cry* of the new-born babe? When Saul of Tarsus was born again, he cried; and God told Ananias that he cried. "Behold, He prayeth." Prayer is the voice of a pain, or a need deeply felt. It is a *death*—a death unto sin. Can a man die without feeling the agonies of death? To crucify, to mortify the flesh, to deny self, is a feeling unknown to those whose faith is only that of sentiment. Religion is a conflict, a life-long warfare. A soldier's life on the battle-field is not a life of ease. The *ballad*-faith that is hawked about our streets, and that we so often hear professional

beggars singing, is a vastly different thing to that faith which wars a good warfare. It is easy enough for people who have no feeling to sing,—

“I do believe, I will believe
That Jesus died for me.”

I was saying, only the other evening, that somebody said, “Never mind your feeling; let’s have your faith.” Yes, sir, but a faith without feeling is dead. He that liveth and believeth shall be saved; not he that believeth and is dead, like Simon Magus. Faith is compared to all the *senses*, because it is a thing of exquisite consciousness. The eye is not more tender, the ear is not more quick, the hand is not more sensitive. Yes, sir, we go in for feeling, because “Faith works by love,” and love is a blessed feeling.

In the approaching departure of the soul there are, in some cases, what are called “*death struggles*.” The dying man is all commotion. He aims to be *going, doing, wrestling*. They cannot keep him quiet. The astonishing popular movements now in course of action, the never-before-heard-of armies, musical processions, and tent-gatherings, make me think the *professing* Church is in her last days. The wise and foolish virgins are full of dreams, nightmares, walking, and working in the night, believing they are awake, and seeking the salvation of the masses. We know of no nation that from its former privileges should be fuller of the Gospel than Germany, yet

DR. CHRISTLIEB

has come to England to say, “There is at the present time no country on the Continent so open to evangelistic work as Germany, and there are few people who so need the Gospel. The great public life of Germany is *running wild*. In Berlin about ten thousand souls have to be cared for by one minister, and in other large cities two pastors have to minister to eighty thousand souls. We want ten thousand more ministers, and we cannot get them. The city missionaries of Berlin do a good work, but they are hardly qualified to meet the social democrats, atheists, and materialists, men of good training and large knowledge.” England is not much better.

The text expresses the experience of many a child of God in the cry,

“THEY HAVE HEARD THAT I SIGH.”

A sigh is a low state of soul. It is one who cannot come forth praising or preaching, or with long praying. The burden is so heavy, the fears are so many, the clouds of unbelief are so thick, I can only *sigh*, and the enemies of my soul hear of it, and cast contempt upon me.

The climax of this painful condition is, “there are *none to comfort me!*” If the Lord has hidden His face there is no comfort in any one person, nor in anything, or in any possession.

In this last sentence Jeremiah lost himself for a time. God was still his comforter. But when Jehovah’s face is hidden, when the *ADVOCATE* has sat down for a small moment and hidden His face from us, when we are bereft of all heavenly manifestations, when we are distressed, afflicted, dismayed, we can then find no one on earth to comfort us. But when He has tried us, “With great mercies will He gather us.” So believeth

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, April 7, 1884.

THE SOUL'S WARFARE AND ITS VICTORY.

THE SAVIOUR'S GIVEN COPY FOR US. THE HOLY SPIRIT'S GUIDANCE.

(Continued from page 109.)

THE FATHER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER AND SISTER IN THE LORD,—How wonderful it must be to you, as it is to me, to know what the Lord has done for you, and what He is to you. He has led you, step by step, from the broad way that leads to ruin, into the narrow path that leads to life eternal and everlasting joy. Had He done no more for you, I feel I must have praised Him for ever; but to find that the Holy Spirit has led you to see the steps the Saviour trod, as a copy for us to imitate, and led you to feel a desire to honour Him who said, "Follow Me," and "If ye love Me, keep My commandments," this, as far as you are concerned, I did not expect. I prayed again and again that the Lord would look upon you for good, and that He would save you, if His dear will. He has done more than I asked for. He has saved! He has blessed! and now He has created in your soul a burning desire to make a public profession of your faith in Him, and love to Him, and to His Son, JESUS CHRIST, our only and ever-blessed Redeemer, who has been made so precious to your soul by the power, teaching, and anointing of the HOLY SPIRIT. I am now glad I did not name the subject of baptism to you, because if I had it might have occurred to my mind that it was through my influence you were induced to follow the Lord through the ordinance of baptism. But it is all plain enough that you are being taught and led by the Holy Spirit. I did so wish you were well enough to go to chapel to hear Mr. B——; but, bless the Holy Spirit, He is pleased to come to you, and teach and comfort you in your sickness and weakness; and I believe He will continue to do so while you are here below. I am well satisfied that you should do as you desire to do, and that the Holy Spirit will strengthen and enable you to do beyond your expectations, for the word of the Lord standeth sure, and many have proved it, "They that honour Me I will honour." I do not know if you ever read about the "Australian widow," who was taken from her bed and carried and baptized, sitting in her chair, by Mr. Bunyan McCure. Some said and thought she would die in the water, but she could say,—

"Greater, Lord, Thou art
Than all our doubts and fears."

The mouths of those who despised that Christ-honouring ordinance were open while others sang His praise that proved Himself a God of truth.

I have no fear of your coming to Yeldham to be baptized, if you could come in the same way as you went to G—— (or in any other way), as the Lord can and will keep you from taking harm. Should you be spared to come, and the Lord honours me in baptizing you, I shall, I hope, never forget to praise Him for it. I (D.V.) intend baptizing a young man the first Lord's-day in February. If you would like it to be then let me know, or name a time yourself.

May the great Head of the Church of the living God become more and more precious to your soul; may you be favoured with sweet communion and fellowship with Him by the testimony and blessing of the

Holy Spirit, is the earnest desire and fervent prayer of your loving father and spiritual brother in Christ,
 ISAIAH SMITH.
 January 5, 1882.

THE AFFLICTED DAUGHTER'S REPLY.

DEAR FATHER,—I was very pleased to receive your letter, as my mind was rather unsettled. But when I received your letter it seemed to ease my mind. You said you were going to baptize a young man the first Lord's-day in February. I have made it a matter of prayer to the Lord, and I think it is His will I should also be baptized the first Lord's-day in February. My heart is not so warm as when I wrote you my last letter; I felt such a love to my God such as I had never felt before. But still I feel a longing to serve my God, and feel I would not be ashamed of Him who is not ashamed of me. But of course I know it is His Holy Spirit which makes me feel so. I trust the Lord will uphold and strengthen till, and for that time when I shall be brought to make my confession to the world. I cannot write to-day; I want more of the Spirit's help, for I can do nothing without it; but I thank the Lord for what I have been favoured with, and still hope on that there will be times when I shall be favoured again.

Trusting you may have a good day to-morrow (Sunday), from your loving daughter,

MIRIAM.

January 7, 1882.

“THE CHRISTIAN'S HOPE ABIDING.”

BELOVED IN THE LORD,—It is said in God's Word that in the world we shall have tribulation. The writer has proved this statement true many times; especially of late it has been verified in his experience. But, withal, the gracious Lord has ever been mindful of His covenant and of me His unworthy servant. To Him be all the glory. There is one matter that I feel exceedingly deficient in, and that is, I cannot praise Him more. When I call to mind His numberless temporal benefits, and then His superlative blessings in Christ, so boundless, free, and full, I am lost in wonder, love, and praise. This morning I arose from my bed full of sorrow and sadness concerning the Church of God (to that part of it to which I am now united) and myself in connection therewith. I said in my soul, Lord, to whom can I appeal but to Thee. Thou hast the words of eternal life and blessedness; speak, Lord, and thy servant shall hear. I opened the Statute Book upon the words, “And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord, that thy children shall come again to their border” (Jer. xxxi. 17). I said in my soul, Enough, Lord, Thou hast said it; on Thy Word I trust, in Thee only I make my boast. The words so appropriate to my soul under the circumstances caused me to think; and such before you are the thoughts which arose.

We find, in looking at the surroundings, that the Lord's people were at this time captives in Babylon, and that the Lord sent them a word of promise to comfort them by the prophet Jeremiah. The Lord intended to set them at liberty; His almighty power and outstretched arm should command their deliverance. There are times and seasons

when the people of God are in bondage and shut up in prison. How often the child of God is bound down to earth by Satan and unbelief! Sin and self binds us down in the prison-house of death and darkness, and we writhe under the burden and oppression, feeling as though we must perish, and droop, and die. But the Good Samaritan passes by, and lifts us up, and whispers peace and consolation; delivers us according to His mercy. He opens, and none can shut; He shuts, and none can open. And as it was with Paul and Silas, we are led to sing, and the prison doors are opened, and we pass out into light and liberty.

The Son of God making us free, we are free indeed, and we say, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name." The Christian's hope is abiding, though at the first it fluctuates, mixed with fear; but if it be a living hope, inspired by the Spirit of God, it shall be confirmed or strengthened in the covenant of God in His oath and promises. It may be very feeble because of the many adverse circumstances we may be called to meet. Friends fail, foes get stronger, Providence seems to frown; the uncertainties of this present life are contrasted in the believer's mind—sometimes writing bitter things against himself, as though there was no hope; but presently the indwelling Spirit quickens the faith, and we are led to see that, with all our darkness, doubt, and fear, He ordereth all things well, His covenant is no uncertainty, His mercies are all sure, unchanging, and everlasting. His oath and promise abideth for ever; His Word cannot fail, and shall not return unto Him void. He establishes His covenant love and grace in the soul, and we are led to see and rejoice in the truth. There is hope in the end that our God will accomplish all His purposes of love and grace, even to us, who are the most unworthy.

We are led to discover this to be the way and means He employs for the confirming our hope unto the end. If we found everything to be satisfactory and convenient, we should soon indulge in the thought of our present safety, and comfort and rest, but there is a thorn in the flesh, and often when we seem to settle down in our rest, as an eagle stirreth up her nest, so the Lord comes and afflicts us; and those who are without chastisement have little evidence of sonship.

The *Christian's hope* is abiding because it longs for an enduring substance. Christ Himself is the believer's Hope, the Object, the Author, the Attraction, the Life, the Joy, the Fulness and Blessedness of this Hope. *His Person* for acceptance, *His Name* for restoration and sanctification, His character for pleading, His blood and righteousness for communion and fellowship with the Father, His Holy Spirit as the operation and exercise of this hope in that which is good in the future.

The *Christian's hope* is unfailing, not only because it abides in Him, but because of the believer's destiny. Jesus said to encourage the hope of His little ones, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom." The future destiny of the believer is sure,—the haven of rest, the kingdom of God, of grace, of glory. To dwell for ever with God, to be for ever blessed in Christ, to share in all the spiritual and heavenly joys, the Eternal Spirit shall fill us with, is the hope of the Christian, the child of God. All shall be restored to their own border. Jesus will say at the last to His Father, "Here am I, and the children Thou hast given Me; I have brought them all home to

their own land; they are Thine, and all Mine are Thine, and Thine are Mine, and I am glorified in them."

If this should meet the eye of any of God's tried and tempted, persecuted and buffeted people, may the Lord strengthen and comfort them by His saying to their souls, "And there is hope in thine end, saith the Lord," is the prayer of yours in Jesus,

W. OSMOND.

(Late of Carmel, Woolwich.)

ONE LINK IN THE CHAIN OF MYSTERY.

"Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will."

THAT full-blown poetical rose in one of the Kentish gardens has, more than once, flung at us the privilege he enjoys of having such an unspotted reputation that all the brethren receive him; and rolling his big eyes about, and his red cheeks swelling out with freedom, he would say inside of him, "That is a hint for you, *you sinner!*" And off he would walk, saying to himself, "What a good boy am I."

Now, as one says in his sermon, "For a man to live well, to die well, and to be buried well, is good; better than leaving a stench behind him." "Amen," we say. Truly, no price can be put upon the value of a good, a clean, a pure, "an unspotted reputation." In this world it is of immense value. Our Lord was unjustly assailed, so was His great apostle to the Gentiles, unjustly, untruthfully, unfairly, have many of the Lord's vessels of mercy been accused, condemned, cast out, without any qualified judge or jury. "Silas Stonemill," in Kent, appeals to us for our judgment on "*the consequences of sin.*" Our answer is this: "SIN WORKETH ITS OWN SORROW, but SOVEREIGN GRACE SAVETH SOME SOULS IN CHRIST, BY CHRIST, WITH CHRIST, FOR CHRIST." And every one of these relative terms have a spiritual bearing upon the souls that are saved, sanctified, and pardoned. By this I mean my soul by faith believes she is IN CHRIST, all her salvation comes to her BY CHRIST, she is ever WITH CHRIST, and she has no motive, no movement, no gift, no favour, no cross, *nothing* but what tends to meeten the soul for giving glory to the great Redeemer. But all this does not prevent, in this time-state, sin producing its deep secret sorrow. "*Sin*" in its origin, in its working, in the never-to-be-expressed misery which it involves, is altogether a mystery of mysteries. No person, no one of any due consideration would ever wilfully enter upon a course of sin, because it is sure to produce a long harvest of "*corruption,*" of distress, of anguish, but the eyes are blinded, the judgment is perverted, the conscience is silenced, is scared, the deceitfulness and desperate wickedness of the heart becomes manifest, the fear of God, for the time at least, is trampled under foot, a suicidal spirit is predominant, "led captive by the devil at his will," a reckless downward dashing into error is the result. If, from this awful mania such a one at length escapes, it stands amazed at the pit into which it has hurled itself, and wonders, above all things, however such a pursuit could have been commenced, continued, consummated, a sealing condemnation on itself. To any professing disciple

of Christ, that dark declaration of Paul in Heb. x. forbids all hope of forgiveness: "If we sin *wilfully*, after that we have received the knowledge of the truth, there remaineth

"NO MORE SACRIFICE FOR SINS,

But a certain *fearful looking for* of judgment, and of fiery indignation, which shall devour the adversaries."

What this "*sinning wilfully*" is, and "S. S.'s" enquiry of the divine meaning of "the Father's house, where all began to be merry," are under consideration. We fear there is too much Gospel lightness, too little serious weighing of the consequences of sin, in these flighty times; but we approach these premises with fear and trembling. Think for a moment on the fact that that master in Israel, Dr. Thomas Goodwin, wrote a thick demy octavo volume of near six hundred pages on "*Man's Guiltiness before God, on Account of Sin and its Punishment*," then review the singing and dancing down to perdition of these times, and tell us if "the mystery of iniquity" is not now all but forgotten. England cannot be rightly called "A Protestant Nation," her Governments have thrown open the gates to Romanists, to Jews, and to atheists. Our most precious Saviour's name and His Gospel are rejected. From the death of the Prince Consort down to the Duke of Albany, warning voices have been uttered. We tremble for England's future! We fear for ourselves! But here, for the present, we pause. Having read Beecher's "*Morality, the Gate to Spirituality*," we may renew it.

C. W. BANKS.

MUSIC.

"*There is no music that can make the prodigal's heart merry but the music of his Father's house.*"

A PAPER BY S. COZENS, ON THE SUICIDAL MANIA.

IT seems to me that the suicidal mania is an intense desire of the troubled and guilty soul to get away from the presence of God, and that actual suicide is an attempt to reach a goal where God is not. The words of the Psalmist, "Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?" seem to indicate the temptation of one whose present existence were almost intolerable. But happily he reasons himself out of the possibility of getting away from God, even though by some desperate act, he should make his bed in hell. "If I make my bed in hell, behold Thou art there."

Men of the greatest genius and of the purest lives have been tempted to commit self-murder. Cowper was; and but for this temptation we should not have had that beautiful hymn—

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

Job was; he chose strangling and death rather than life. Christ Himself was; "Cast Thyself down hence," &c. The poet laureate is not ignorant of this temptation—

"A still small voice said unto me,
Thou art so full of misery,
Were it not better not to be?"

The suicidal mania is in some cases a sad inheritance—inherited from former generations. I have known two families afflicted with this fearful mania from generation to generation. It seems a marvellous thing that a child should inherit not only the physical condition, but also the morbid inclination of the father. Many a dipsomaniac owes his drink madness to the alcoholised, to the vitiated blood of the father that begat him; and the man that hangs himself sometimes hangs his posterity. The suicidal mania in too many cases comes of hard drinking. There is what is called "the horrors," the drunkard's horrors, delirium tremens. By a repetition of these horrors the mind gives way, and the man is lost to all self-control. A man in "the horrors" springs from an upper chamber window, screaming, "Hold me!" And when they picked him up he said with his expiring breath, "Why didn't you hold me?" To alcoholic poison is attributable the lamentable increase of this dreadful mania. Alcoholic spirits are poisons; and the evil is that many vendors of these spirits add more deadly poison to them. And the man who indulges in spirituous liquors becomes poisoned in body and soul, in mind and morals. From the evil spirits which destroy the body many madly rush to the eviler spirits which destroy the soul.

When a fast young man at our free-and-easy glee clubs, we used to hob-nob to such toasts as "A short life and a merry one," "May the morning's reflections bear the evening's amusements." Such dissipations would have secured "a short life," but not "a merry one," for our morning's reflections on the evening's amusements were the drunkard's horrors. Then it was that we were tempted to put an end to our miserable existence. And yet we sang again till we broke down after singing—

"The light of other days is faded,
And all their glory's gone."

And from that moment all our songs vanished from our mind, and memory could never recall them; and we ultimately found happier associations in the sanctuary of God, and sang sweeter melodies in the songs of Zion. The songs of the drunkard will not bear the morning's reflections; but the songs of Zion gladden us in the house of our pilgrimage. There is no music that can make the prodigal merry but the music of his Father's house.

The suicidal mania comes from a combination of causes. See how the agony was piled upon poor Cowper—first in the loss of his sweet mother when a child of tender years, then in the fearful persecutions and torments he endured at school, then in the cruelty of his father in requesting him to read closely such demoralising literature as "A Vindication of Self-murder," then in being articulated to a profession for which he had no liking, and then his being appointed to a post for which he felt utterly incompetent, completely unbalanced his mind, and he resolved to make his exit from a life that was no longer tolerable. Six times he attempted to destroy himself—twice by poison, once by a penknife, and three times he hung himself; and his last attempt proved almost fatal, but he was saved as by the skin of his teeth. And to this dear tempted man of God we owe such hymns as—"God of my life, to Thee I call;" "Heal us, Immanuel," &c.; "Dear Lord, accept a sinful heart;" "O Lord, my best desire fulfil;" "What various hindrances we meet;" "There is a fountain filled with blood."

I have known three gentlemen—one a physician, one a captain of the navy, one a yeoman—who attempted self-murder and were saved. One in a most miraculous manner; for after cutting his throat in his bedroom, he sprang from the window to expedite his end. But though the devil pushed him so nearly into hell, he was saved, and ever after, I believe, he lived a life of unceasing prayer to God. O how he prayed. I have heard him, when a convalescent patient in my uncle's asylum, by night and by day. Those who know the power of temptation know the worth of prayer. Some apologists for the suicide say that "we are the creatures of circumstances." True, but there are circumstances and circumstances: circumstances over which we have no control—such were Job's; and it was when these overwhelming calamities rolled over him that the dark thoughts of self-destruction flitted across his troubled soul like a cloud from the blackness of darkness. But God hedged about the life of Job with such prohibitory barriers, that the devil himself could not break through them. He hurled his fiery darts at the citadel of man's soul, and pierced the earthworks; but the soul of the man of God was beyond the range of his firing, and that soul that he so persistently aimed at escaped unscathed to glorify his living Redeemer and loving God. He lived to realise more than he lost; and so may you. God gave him back twice as much as the devil took away; and so he was an ultimate gainer by Satan's temptations. There are circumstances which are the result of our own folly. Look into the home of the drunkard, at the scant furniture, at the unhappy wife, at the ragged children, at the empty cupboard, at the universal aspect of misery and wretchedness. Is the great God of love chargeable with these scenes of misery? No, no, but that poor miserable sot, who by his drunken habits has drowned every spark of manly, husbandly, fatherly feeling. No marvel that when men multiply their sorrows that those guilty sorrows worketh *death*. "Do thyself no harm." "Thou shalt not kill." "No murderer hath eternal life." "Murderers shall have their portion in the lake which burneth with fire, which is the second death." If *time* is too long they shall not have *eternal life*. If they seek death, they shall have the second death. Self-murder is an act of *pride*, is the act of a man who will not submit himself to the will of God, who willeth not to be unless he may be as he willeth. If he cannot have his own will in life he will have it in death. It is an act of *infidelity*. Distrusting God in trouble leads to desperation. No marvel if men dishonour God by distrust, that He should leave them to dishonour themselves by desperation. Cato slew himself rather than he would say, "Cæsar hath saved me." So a man slays himself, rather than God should save him. It is an act of *despair*, the act of a man who thinks that the door of mercy is closed against him. As there is nothing more preserving than hope, so there is nothing so perilous as deep despondency. Hope issues in fruition, despondency leads on to despair. It is sometimes the punishment of great crimes, and it is a remarkable fact that we have no suicides recorded in the Bible but those of wicked men. See Abithophel in the Old Testament, and Judas in the New. And it was when the sin-forfeited sceptre was melting from the grasp of Saul that he fell upon his own sword. It is in many cases the reward of unrighteousness, the murderer's reward. How many murderers of others

have become self-murderers! That cut-throat monster, Nero, runs on his own sword, saying, "I have lived dishonourably. I will die shamefully." Neither the light of nature nor the light of grace directs a man to put out the light of his own life; not *nature*, for nature shrinks from death as from a dreaded enemy. The natural fear of death is a moral feeling that tends to the preservation of life. Not *grace* for grace supplies the afflicted, bereaved, and tempted Job, the patience that says, in subdued sorrow, "All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come." This is a blessed feeling, a feeling I pray ever to possess, for I know that the taper of my life is burning down to the socket. Shall I blow it out? God forbid! I know not the time when, nor the manner how, nor the place where I may have to depart hence, but by the grace of God I will wait till my change come. I ask, is self-murder a sin? Undoubtedly. Then sinning out of time into eternity cannot be the path to heaven. It is, in fact, an assumption of God's prerogative, for it is He who killeth and maketh alive. It is to imitate the devil; for he was a murderer from the beginning. "Do thyself no harm." God in mercy hold our souls in life, that we may ever be found among the living followers of the Lamb, to praise Him with grateful hearts for our creation, preservation, and salvation. Poor tempted one, rejoice, thy Saviour is stronger than the devil, and He will deliver thee.

"THE WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN."

(Continued from page 118.)

HOW busy the parsons and the people are everywhere! Building and modernising the chapels, making "collections for the cause," ordaining new ministers, getting rid of the old ones, celebrating their anniversaries, and so on. Really, they have no time to think of heaven! So here and there DEATH comes and strikes a sudden blow, takes home some man of mark, and the voice pierces a soul, saying, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not,—

"THE SON OF MAN COMETH."

What a sharp thrill of sorrow ran through the hearts of Zion's New-cross friends when it was whispered, "Mr. Topley, of Woolwich, is gone!" Oh, how solemn! At Turnham-green that zealous worker, J. E. Fowler, was preparing to commence a new cause; but DEATH came, saying, "Your work on earth is done; they want you at home." Colnbrook has not for years had a more faithful friend than was Deacon Walters; but Colnbrook Church mourns his loss.

"Why," said a pretty little country parson to us, "I never expected to see you here any more! *They* (?) said you were *going*." Quite right, sir; we have been into Suffolk, and Essex, and other places preaching. It is true, Master Bronchi has hindered us, and sometimes rendered one rather inaudible; but at times we are carried above it, and sound out the old key,—

"*Salvation! the purposed, the promised, the perfected gift of God,*" as clear as ever. It is said of the Saviour, "*His hour was not yet come,*" and until He surrendered Himself they could not touch Him. When

our hour is come we shall surely go. Let us first say another word or two about—

“HOME, AND THE FAMILY THERE.”

Random railers, and anti-studious platform talkers, may blow upon a net-work piece of thought like the following; but a Scriptural, sanctified mind may ponder over it. May the Spirit help us to “set our affections on things above.” As we have silent hours of thought, we call to mind that godly man, William Matthews, who, before his departure home would say,—

“This life’s a dream! an empty show!
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantive and sincere;
WHEN shall I wake and find ME THERE?”

Oh, glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be NEAR and like my God!
And flesh and sense no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.”

But come to the text in Heb. xi. 40:—

“*That they, without us, should not be made perfect.*”

These words point distinctly four ways: 1. They point us *backward* to all the saints in the Old Testament dispensation—“THEY.” 2. The text points *downward* to us in the New Testament dispensation. 3. The text points right upward to the saints in Paradise, and says, “They are not *perfect.*” Lastly, the text points forward to the *future*, when they, with us, shall be made perfect. Under these four branches of thought, of fact, of revelation, dwell for a moment.

The *Old Testament saints* are all included in the word, “THEY.” In this pointing us to the past we see three features: (1) Significant characters; (2) General conditions; (3) Essential qualities. You have some most significant, some expressive characters, before the Flood. You are told of Abel, Enoch, Noah: three very significant characters. Abel showed the new and living way, going to heaven by being slain, by a sacrifice, by the shedding of blood. Abel was a clear type of Christ, who has been a sacrifice for us, whose blood cleanseth us from all sin. The Welchman speaks of Abel’s soul being the first soul to enter heaven. The angels had never seen a ransomed soul in glory before. They gathered round him and asked questions; but this is not revealed, and we must not speculate.

The three, before the Flood, represent the whole economy of grace. *Abel* shows the new and living way to glory, by the shedding of blood. *Enoch* shows the high privilege—they walk with God, they are taken by God, they dwell in the presence of God. *Noah* shows the blessedness of all who go home in the kingdom—they enter into rest. Our Antitypical Noah has provided an ark of safety to take all His family up from the Fall, and convey them into the regions of eternal rest.

Then, after the Flood, we have special mention made of Abraham, of Moses, of Samuel, of David. Here we have the Old Testament Church’s body-guard. Abraham, the father of the faithful; Moses, the old typical mediator; Samuel, the good and great prophet; David, the wonderful king of Israel. Then we are led to consider the general condition of the old saints. Oh, let us read them, and what they endured for Christ’s sake; then let us hide our heads for shame, because

of the little zeal we have now. THEY were tortured, stoned, tempted, imprisoned, wandered in deserts, and mountains, and caves of the earth. As a mere creature I do wonder at two things: (1) That God could suffer His dear ancient saints to be thus awfully treated; but by these trials the strength of grace was proved, the truth of the promises was realised, and the measure of the wicked cup of enmity was filled up. As a mere creature, I wonder (2) the cause of Christ did not die out; but the continuance of believers under all these circumstances clearly shows God's predestinating purpose must stand, and His grace is victorious over all.

There are *essential qualities*. They all died in the faith; they saw the promises afar off, they were persuaded of them, they embraced them, and confessed they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth, and that they desired a better country—that is, a heavenly; and God is not ashamed to be called their God, for He hath prepared for them a city.

Thus in the Old Testament saints you have their significant characters, also their general condition as the most painful sufferers, and the essential qualification which marked their characters here.

The text points to us—"That they, *without us*, should not be made PERFECT." Where is the difference—the difference between them and us? The three types before the Flood. Mark the Lord's people now. We have faith in the blood, as Abel had. We desire to be reconciled to, and walk with, God, as Enoch did. We pray to be carried safely over all the floods of time in the ark, and find eternal rest in the kingdom of Christ. These are three essential fruits of grace in our souls. We have no hope but in the sin-conquering, sin-subduing, sin-forgiving blood of the Lamb. We have no greater desire than to be perfectly reconciled to God, and to be blessed with holy rest in that land where floods, Cains, Herods, famines, death, never come. Old Master Seckett, in his preface to a book called "The Nonsuch Professor," says, he has described "CHRISTIANITY DRESSED IN THE WHITE LINEN OF PURITY." That white linen of purity can only be found in the righteousness of the Son of God. But the good Puritan gives a more hopeful sign of true Christianity in the souls of God's people, when he says, "As grace begins in God's love to us, so it ends in our love to God." Yes, we, the "us" in the text, do love and fear God too. We love God in His covenant, in His Son, in His Spirit, in His Gospel, and when perfected we shall

LOVE GOD IN INFINITE GLORY!

(To be continued.)

SHALL THIS MAN BE LOST?

MY DEAR FRIEND AND BROTHER,—For such, in the best sense of the words, you have proved yourself to be unto me, by your counsel and advice, your sympathy of a practical character, in the ministerial circles in which you move, and through the press. You have doubtless felt surprised that you have not heard from me since I received your Christian and brotherly letter, inviting me to your New Year's gathering. My crushed and broken spirit would doubtless have been blessed and comforted had I gone, and I tried hard, and cried to the Lord to help me to crucify my *natural feelings* that I might go; but flesh and blood prevailed; my sadly broken-down condition, my long separation from many I should have met with, who knew me when I was a stranger to the crucible of extreme poverty into which

it has pleased my Heavenly Father to thrust me, and still keep me, prevented me from being with you, although I feel that in *yourself* I should have found an unaltered friend and Christian brother. I meet with some people who appear to have no crosses; they are like Moab, "settled on their lees"; they are not "emptied from vessel to vessel." *Is it because* they are reprobate? I don't see the goldsmith putting dross into the furnace; it would be waste of time, of fuel and labour; but he fills the crucible full of gold and thrusts it in the midst of the fire. I sometimes say (aye, and very often), "Surely *I am the man that has seen affliction,*" I seem to take precedence of *all others* in the region of sorrow. But I look back into the history of the Church of God. I survey her as she now stands in her time state in these awful and perilous times. I look at the Word of God, and find it is through much tribulation we are to enter the kingdom; and this brings comfort to my poor soul, and helps me to say in the midst of my poverty and sorrow, the rod (not the sword) is in my Heavenly Father's hand, and He cannot err. It is a source of comfort and consolation to know that we are *not the only ones that suffer; others have and are still suffering*, perhaps more than I. The Book tells me that princes have sat in the King's gate, with their heads covered with ashes, and some of the holiest of God's people have had to say, "Thou hast filled me with wormwood, and broken my teeth with gravel stones." Yes, my brother, the path of sorrow is well frequented; beaten down, and trodden by hosts of God's chosen ones, who have found that sorrow, and that path alone leads to the place where sorrow is unknown, and where God shall annihilate sorrow, and wipe away all tears from off all faces.

My principal reason for now writing you is to enclose some letters I have recently received from friends to whom my humble testimony was much blessed. They wanted me to supply one Sunday, but I had to decline. Dear brother, you cannot think how comforting such unsolicited testimonies to what the God of all grace may have been pleased to do through me in days past, when His candle shone round about me: these soothe and comfort my lacerated and crushed spirit. My dear wife breaks fast, physically, but she is a great comfort spiritually, her conversation is in heaven. I am in the Lord's hand, and living or dying I am prepared to trust Him. With Christian love, yours as ever.

[I may say, there is no moral, physical, or mental reason why this brother should not be again in the ministry.—C. W. B.]

LINES ON THE DEATH OF A BELOVED SISTER IN CHRIST.

THE LATE MRS. SARAH LOCKETT, WHO FELL ASLEEP IN JESUS
MARCH 5, 1884.

"Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

FAR from this region of sorrow and night,
Soaring above in that region of light,
See our dear sister, long feeble and faint,
Present with Jesus, a glorified saint;
Ended for ever the sigh and the tear,
Ended for ever all conflict and fear;
No more of weariness, no more of pain,
Realised all she had hoped to attain.
We saw not that messenger sent from
the skies,
The blissful transition was hid from our
eyes;
But this was the earnest of glory above;
Her faith and submission, her meekness
and love,
The grace which was strongest through
suffering and death,
And made her to triumph with life's
latest breath.
Though severed awhile from the dear
ones below,
It is only awhile we assuredly know;

The Lord has a meeting time* fixed for
His saints,
Let us cease, then, from weeping—be
hushed our complaints.
See Time's passing moments glide swiftly
away,
How quickly approaches Eternity's day.
And soon will our spirits be wafted above
To dwell in the presence of Infinite
Love,
Led safe through the wilderness, kept
by His grace,
Until in the glory we gaze on His face.
With a hope so inspiring, a future so
bright,
Let us walk through this world as the
children of light,
In holy distinction apart from the throng,
Who still to the kingdom of this world
belong.

* The marriage supper of the Lamb.

THE OLD THATCHED COTTAGE.

My friend had volunteered to supply my place at Cubberley. I was free. I thought of the old friends up the London-road. After an early breakfast, with staff in hand, I wended my way towards Shipton. Yes, there is the old thatched cottage; under that roof many a Gospel sermon has been delivered. Friend Pulham has preached there many years. George Townsend conducted a week-evening service some time, and J. Flory has been heard there. Our friend Mark Judd is one of those sturdy men of the Puritan stamp. He gives out the hymns with that power and pathos as only those can that feel the power of the sacred poetry they read. Mark is always ready to give you a warm greeting. His wife, too, does everything to make you feel at home. Well, it was so on this my last visit. There were friends assembled. Thomas Green was the preacher; but he took a seat on the other side of the room; so I set to work in the name of the God of Jacob; and truly I seemed to forget that I had walked seven miles. I had a good time while proving "here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." I find in looking over the old Church-book that some brethren, members at Cubberley, introduced the Gospel here in 1834, preaching in a house of John Smith, and from then till now some of the Lord's own have met here for worship.

After an early tea we started off for Foxcote. It was here that Mr. Thomas Davis, the first pastor of Cubberley, preached Christ's Gospel on Feb. 13, 1823, in the house occupied by Mr. Burford. For seven years and a-half the living Word of God was proclaimed beneath that cottage roof. The squire was accustomed to listen under the window, and when the late James Smith was preaching there on one occasion the blind was not drawn quite down; so the squire had a good view of the company inside. He was astonished at such a congregation. The result was that he gave a "parcel" of ground, and the use of his quarry to get stone to build them a chapel. In June, 1839, the building commenced. After a walk I, with my friends, arrived. A goodly company came together to hear the Word. We sang some good hymns, and I preached from Psa. xviii. 19. We are sorry for this struggling cause; it is low. In the past it has flourished, but the cloud hangs over it just now. But still the "set time" will no doubt arrive, we hope speedily. After service and taking leave of the friends, being laden with their best wishes, I, in company with Esau (a noted singer) tramped off on a two hours' march. Home is reached; and, after a small portion of the daily bread, my Sabbath-day's journey ended.

THOMAS JONES.

 THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"THE GOSPEL DOCTOR."—This expressive title was given to John Wycliffe at Merton College, Oxford. There is a stream of books about, pouring from the English press, descriptive of the man whose memory has long been honoured by the characteristic title of

"THE MORNING STAR OF THE REFORMATION."

He was a Yorkshire lad, being born at Wycliffe, near Richmond, in 1324, and was rector of Lutterworth from 1375 to 1384. His soul has been in heaven full 500 years; yet his name and his work have never been forgotten in this country, nor will they, so long as there is a people to love and to read the best of all books, the book of God. It was in 1380 he produced the great work of his life, *A Complete English Translation of the Bible*. His whole soul, and all the powers of his mind, were working out the blessed monument of God's mercy for many years. We understand that

his pulpit of carved oak, his chair, and other things, are still preserved, and are shown. It is some years since we preached for the late Mr. De Fraine, in Lutterworth, but we retain the feelings of zealous interest which the records of John Wycliffe's labours to spread the Gospel then produced in us. In fact, wherever we have met with anyone who had in them the Spirit of Christ for the good of souls, it always has stirred up in us a passion akin to one who wrote: "Immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood, but went to preach Christ among the heathen." For full sixty years, from press and pulpit, have we aimed to make TRUTH known among the people. Failures in our case have been most prominent; still, we believe the day will declare all has not been in vain. We hope to give some details of good John Wycliffe yet.

The Messiah King.—(London: S. W. Partridge and Co.). One sentence in

"Our Lord's Prayer," which reads, "Thy will be done on earth as it is done in heaven," is brought into great prominence in the volume, *The Messiah King*, and it is designed to be both a purifier and a spiritual tonic in the hands of the glorious Comforter. The fourth new edition is just issued.

MR. BATTERSBY'S SERMONS.—(O. W. Stidstone, 23, Moorgate-street). We have several of these monthly issues. Of each and all we may affirm, a more simple, straightforward exposition of the Word of God ye will never find. Wherever in God's Word Mr. Battersby sets his foot down, there he abides, and sentence by sentence is opened, until the end is reached. Opponents to new covenant truth will not be able to prove Mr. Battersby either unscriptural or extravagant.

"THIS MUST BE, AS GOD SEES IT BEST FOR US."—Thus wrote Maurice to Kingsley. The life and letters of Maurice, by his son, have been published. We go not with Maurice into the fog; but his mind was one of great power. It was no stereotype block, just shouting out the platitudes of others. His thoughts were penetrating, diving down deep into the bowels of truth. He hated mere oratory. Most writers and speakers are like the little pleasure-boats which float gently on the surface of things. Where are the men-of-war, who go down into the deep seas, the seas of error, the seas of Satanic delusions, the seas of man's wicked heart, the seas of grace-working, the seas of divine revelation? Where are the ploughers, the sowers, the reapers? The Arminians have their set phrases; the Calvinists have their A B C. Who breaks up the fallow ground? A wild-goose chase after meetings and tea-drinking gossips is bringing us down to be lean kine, and only unthinking people come to hear. Mr. Dolby said to me of James Wells, whatever subject he took he plunged into it, and carried you away with him. So he did. He was not everybody. He was not perfect. But he was a thinker, and in the pulpit like a hind let loose. Think, men, or never speak.

Prest With the Lord. A sermon by J. S. Anderson on the death of the late Mr. William Topley, of Woolwich. To be had in the vestry of Zion Chapel, New Cross-road; also, two copies or more post free from Mr. Anderson, 171, Manor-road, Brockley, S.E., price two-pence each. Both in this sermon and in Mr. Anderson's *Silent Messenger* for April the valuable life, the sudden death, the high position reached by Mr. Topley

are recorded with sobriety, sincerity, sorrow, and a spirit of resignation well befitting the painful circumstances of the case in hand; but to us the poetic elegy is the most beautiful. We give the three last stanzas:—

"There in that blood-washed, snow-white, happy throng,

Our brother stands in his prepared place,
To take his part in the exalted song
Of endless praise for free and sovereign grace.

To see the risen Saviour as He is,
Enthroned in glory, and with power supreme,

Is the quintessence of his state of bliss,
And of his every song the constant theme.

Adieu, beloved, till again we meet,
Our grievous loss is thy eternal gain;
We're on the way, and oh! the thought how sweet,

To join thee there, no more to part again!

Who is on the Lord's Side? This strong dissecting question is at the head of a new leaflet by Mr. Patterson, of Lawson House, Larkfield, Kent. Fifty copies post free for seven stamps. None of us will ever know the use the Lord makes of writers of heavenly truth in this world. Sacred promises of blessings are made to sowers of precious seed. If, therefore, our motives are good; if a secret power constrains us to write of Christ, or speak of Christ, or preach Christ, God help us to do so in faith, believing, yea, "knowing our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord." Go on, ye godly penmen and pulpit TRUTH unfolders, "ye shall in no wise lose your reward."

THE DARK PATHWAY.

Tho' my path be dark and lonely,

Tho' I cannot see Thee near,

Tho' I am alone and weary,

Thou wilt never leave me here.

Tho' the billows roar around me,

Tempests shake my feeble bark;

Wave on wave o'er me is rolling,

Winds are howling, night is dark.

Thou hast said, "I will not leave thee"

In the dark and weary night;

Lighten now my weary darkness

With Thy precious heavenly light.

Guide me through this world's dark path,

Leave me not; oh, leave me not!

Guide me tho' I cannot trace Thee,

Guide me through my earthly lot.

Thou hast said, "I will be with thee"

In life's storm as well as calm;

All Thy people do have sorrow,

But uphold me with Thy arm.

I am weak, but Thou art mighty;

I am poor; Thy wealth how vast!

Give, oh, give me of Thy riches,

Grant me favour now, I ask.

Guide me, oh, my Saviour, guide me

Take my hand and lead me on;

Never leave me through life's journey,

Till I sing the heavenly song.

North London.

J. J. S.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

RECOGNITION OF MR. JOHN MEAD.

NOTES OF MR. MEAD'S EXPERIENCE AS A CHRISTIAN; HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY; THE UNION BY MR. MEERES; MR. HAZELTON'S ADDRESS; MR. G. W. SHEPHERD'S COUNSEL TO THE CHURCH, ETC.

AT the assemblage of ministers and people gathered in Surrey Tabernacle, March 25th, to witness the recognition of MR. JOHN MEAD as pastor of Strict Baptist Church, Nunhead-green, we noticed a number of friends from all parts of London. The promoters of this meeting foresaw that there would be a larger attendance than could be accommodated in the Chapel at Nunhead, so the Surrey Tabernacle was sought for and obtained. Mr. Mead grew up under the ministry of the late Mr. Jas. Wells; Mr. Mead served the office of deacon, and took an active part in all the institutions connected with the Surrey Tabernacle. There was the spirit of Christian affection breathing throughout the whole of the services, and all were grateful at the presence of that kind brother, J. L. Meeres. When his presence was referred to by Mr. Firminger, he asked the people to stand up and unite in singing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," which was responded to not only with the voice, but the tear of gratitude flowing down many a cheek.

Mr. Mead is a man of a most humble spirit, made so by the grace of God; at the same time, he is intelligent and studious, grave, and whenever and wherever he is seen he always appears full of thought, as though deeply impressed with some important matter or subject. God has given him a pleasing way of speaking and a ready utterance; these gifts are devoted to the service of the Lord, and our prayer is that they may be consecrated by God the Holy Ghost to the bringing in of many a sinner, and to the building up of the saints in their most holy faith.

Afternoon service commenced at three o'clock, by singing,—

"Holy Ghost, inspire our praises,
Touch our hearts and tune our tongues."

Mr. J. Clark read and offered prayer. Another hymn; then MR. JOHN HAZELTON rose and said: We meet this afternoon for a very important purpose—viz., to recognise our brother, JOHN MEAD, as a pastor and a brother beloved, and to recognise the Church over which he is called to minister. Our brother, no doubt, feels the importance of the position to which he is called. It is no small matter to invite a man to occupy the position of

pastor; it is a union of the greatest importance. When brother Mead called upon me he said, "We want an old-fashioned ordination"; we all love the old-fashioned Gospel; salvation is old-fashioned; men change, things change, but the Gospel my brother Mead and myself preach will never change. Men will always need salvation whether they know it or not. My brother is determined to know nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified. The Gospel is great and glorious, it will never lose its savour. As time will not admit we are compelled to dispense with that part of the old-fashioned recognition services, of "stating the nature of a Gospel Church." A Gospel Church is an organised body of true believers. Stone, iron, brick, and timber, thrown down in a heap is not a building. A few scattered sheep is not a fold. A little flock are gathered at Nunhead, and our brother Mead is called to be their under-shepherd, and we meet this afternoon to recognise him as their pastor, and as our brother wishes to be recognised as a minister we shall now ask him to state how God called him by His grace?

Mr. Mead said: The question asked is a very proper one; it is an apostolic one. I have nothing striking to relate; but, as far as I can recollect, from a very early age I had concerns about eternity. When about ten years of age I had a very narrow escape of losing my life while riding in a cart, so near that the one I was riding with was killed; this solemn circumstance greatly increased those impressions. When about fourteen, the law made its demands upon my conscience, and I tried all I could to meet its requirements. I was diligent in reading the Word of God, and tried all I knew to commend myself to the Lord. One Scripture after another struck me down; one more especially I can recollect—i.e., "If any man seem to be religious," &c., weighed heavily on my mind. I went to work at an early age and used to get my Bible at meal times. This was noticed by a man who worked at the same place, and who was a member of the Surrey Tabernacle (which circumstance I was quite ignorant of), who asked me, "Do you believe in election?" This struck terror into my

heart, because where I had been brought up to attend this doctrine was greatly ignored. I searched the Word of God yet more diligently, and there I found this doctrine of election to be true; but still I opposed it. It was while reading the second of Ephesians that a ray of hope came into my heart. I was not then fifteen; but so terrified was I, I could not sleep; when it was night I wished for morning, and when it was morning I wished for night. The more I struggled the more dark became my mind. I was recommended to hear the late Mr. W. Allen, of Stepney. The first time I went he was in prayer; there was such a sweetness and savour, that I became united to him and he was instrumental in feeding and nourishing my soul. When sixteen he baptized me and I remained a member there for years. I was not brought up a Strict Baptist, but was convinced of the truth of this order by reading God's Word. But Mr. Allen's ministry did not continue to feed my soul, and I was led to hear Mr. Wells. I heard him one Friday night from the words, "He is as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." In this discourse Mr. Wells so traced out my state that I was brought into Gospel liberty through him. Thus being brought from nature's darkness to God's most marvellous light, I was strongly attached to Mr. Wells. The longer I live the more I love the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel. I can find no rest in any other. I am too great a sinner for any other system.

Mr. Hazelton:—Will you now tell us how the Lord was pleased to make you a minister, and how you was led to Nunhead Green?

Mr. Mead:—When the Lord first set me at liberty I was anxious to speak in His name. I had no particular desire to be a minister; while I was at the Surrey Tabernacle I was so well fed, I had no desire but to continue thus. But circumstances arose through the illness of our dear minister, that he was obliged to absent himself from the prayer meeting. As a deacon, it devolved upon me at times to preside and lead the meeting; in doing so I was led to remark upon the Scripture read. On one occasion (April 5, '69) I took a text, "But the anointing which ye have received of Him abideth in you, and ye need not that any man teach you" (1 John ii. 27), and spoke from it to the comfort of many. From that time I continued to address the friends without any idea of speaking in the Lord's name. I never had a trouble (except domestic) till our minister died; I was then often com-

pelled to take the service at the Surrey Tabernacle; and was led by one circumstance after another to supply for him in Bartlett's Buildings on a Friday evening. On one occasion I preached from these words, "When they had nothing to pay," &c., which was the means of deliverance to one poor man. Even then I had not the least intention of going out. The first time I stood in a pulpit was nothing to do with myself. My brother deacons had arranged for Mr. Lawrence to come here, and for me to go to his chapel. When I became acquainted with this arrangement I objected, but was compelled to go; it was without any movement on my part. The friends at Nunhead Green having heard of my speaking in the name of the Lord, waited on me, and said, "Will you come? if not we shall be scattered." After repeated requests I went, and have been occasionally for some time. I have been asked several times to take the pastorate, but would not leave my colleagues at the Surrey Tabernacle; having summered with them I thought it was only right I should winter with them. The last time the friends at Nunhead Green asked me to become their pastor I felt I could no longer refuse; and, in the Lord's strength, have accepted the invitation.

Mr. Hazelton,—What are the doctrines you believe and preach, and the ordinance you observe?

Mr. Mead,—I have no written creed. The Gospel I preach is based upon the doctrine of the Trinity. Jehovah was pleased to choose His people before time. I preach a Gospel which emanates from the purposes of God. I believe the Lord has chosen His people to everlasting life in His Son, not on account of any good in them, but because He would. Salvation from first to last is by Jehovah's good pleasure, and all that are known as the distinguishing doctrines of grace. I believe a Church to be an organised body of Baptist believers. From convictions I am a Strict Baptist, and should not admit of any other system, though we do not hold these essential to salvation, but essential to Church order.

Mr. Hazelton,—We have heard our brother's statement; it now remains for some brother to state the leadings of providence in bringing brother Mead among you.

Mr. Firminger said:—Dear brethren, having heard that Mr. Mead, one of the deacons of the Surrey Tabernacle, was speaking in the Lord's name, after much prayer I was compelled to seek him out. I met him once in St. Paul's churchyard, told him the friends at Nunhead Green would be glad if he (Mr. Mead) would

come and supply for them. Mr. Mead declined. One Sunday, being disappointed of a preacher, we had a prayer-meeting in the morning; I went to ask Mr. Mead again to come and take the evening. After much conversation he agreed to come. Time went on, then he came again, and has several times occupied the pulpit with universal acceptance. After repeated applications to him to accept the pastorate, he ultimately acceded. Our brother Mead is no stranger to us; he is greatly loved by us all. He has preached for us several times. The Church was formed of nineteen, it now numbers seventy. Every member of the Church and every seat-holder signed a requisition to brother Mead, which testifies the unanimity of feeling toward him. Our chapel will hold between 300 and 400 people, it is nearly filled, having only about nine sittings to let. Our brother's testimony is greatly blessed, and several are waiting to join. We have a good school, with 130 scholars. Altogether we have great cause to be thankful to our heavenly Father for sending our pastor, brother Mead, among us.

Mr. Hazelton then asked the members of the Church to ratify their choice by holding up their right hand.

The members of the Church having acceded to this request, Mr. Hazelton asked Mr. Mead to stand up and hold up his right hand, to signalise the union.

Mr. J. L. Meeres joined the hands of pastor and people with a few words of fatherly counsel. Having baptized all the members at Nunhead, Mr. Meeres said, This is just what I have been anxious to see, and it is with great pleasure I join the hands of pastor and people; may the Lord grant you, my dear brethren, His presence for years to come, may you be united for the advancement of His cause.

Mr. Hazelton expressed his great gratification at the clear, concise and correct answers given by Mr. Mead to the questions, and in the name of the Lord and on behalf of the Strict Baptist denomination gave him the right hand of fellowship as a brother in Christ, a minister of the everlasting Gospel and pastor of the Church of truth at Nunhead Green.

Another hymn with the Benediction closed the afternoon service.

EVENING MEETING.

The evening meeting commenced by singing a hymn given out by Mr. R. E. Sears. Mr. Bush read and implored the Divine blessing. Mr. Griffith gave out another hymn, and Mr. Hazelton ascen-

ded the pulpit to deliver the charge to the minister, which was founded upon the parable of the sower (Mark iv. 14).

At the outset he (Mr. H.) said he preferred the term brotherly congratulation to charge, especially so as the brother whom he now addressed had reached the meridian of life. In the words of the text we have a very interesting servant—a sower. Nothing can be more simple than this parable. The sower is a God-sent minister of the glorious Gospel. Paul said, "I am determined to know nothing among men but Christ and Him crucified." Paul was a great and learned man, and that intelligence was sanctified of God, to the salvation of His redeemed. I hope our brother whom the Lord has called to this work will always have in his sermons the theme of salvation. To what rank do we belong? There is only one nature superior to ours—that of angels. They could not be preachers of the Gospel. The angels desire to look into the great mysteries of the Gospel—they are ever looking down into the profound mysteries of redemption; the come where the Gospel is preached, probably listening to us, but cannot preach themselves; they are with you in the field, they never sinned, and so could not come down into the position of sinners. Angels never having sinned, could not preach to sinners, could not say, "Purge Thou me from secret sins." May God bless you in this important work. Again, a sower must be a soldier; you must sow and fight too. "Therefore endure hardness as a good soldier." The Lord has endowed you with gifts, and I know you are anxious that those gifts should be devoted to the cause of God. God intending you for the ministry, gave you those gifts. Gifts, especially those for preaching the Gospel, are public property. May the grace in your heart and the gifts in your head be devoted to your loving Master. Preach Christ and Him crucified. Your office as a minister is set forth in God's Word; may that be your example. Again, the authority. Some ministers send themselves, some are sent by men. Some parents get their sons to be clergymen, and there are colleges where men are trained to preach. We have no sympathy with either. It is God's work to make believers; it is God's work to make believers preachers. By what authority are you at Nunhead-green? You are there by God's authority. You heard His voice, "Go into My vineyard," and you were obliged to obey the command. You must go—you may go reluctantly, fearingly, out, having His

authority you must go. God said, Go, and the Church at Nunhead-green said, "Come over and help us." Then there is qualification. You are a sinner; a saved sinner, a blood-washed sinner; a saint, a tried saint. All these are personal qualifications. There are official qualifications. You must be a student of the Word. Don't make me believe God calls a man to preach without qualification. Think, my brother; pray and think. You must be a reader as well as a speaker. Preach in a good temper. Sow nothing but Gospel seed. Preach the whole Word—doctrine, ordinances, and precept. You will have a variety in your congregation. Be instant, in season and out of season. You must sow in all weathers. Preaching is not an experiment; you must preach prayerfully. It is not an experiment with our God, it must not be with us. Distinguish between law and Gospel, between more external and saving conviction, between the operation of the Spirit and that of the flesh. May the Lord help you to go forth in His strength. Amen.

After Mr. Griffith had given out a hymn, Mr. Shepherd entered the pulpit and proceeded to give an address to the Church, founding his remarks on Philemon xxi., "Knowing that Thou wilt also do more than I say." After some important introductory remarks, Mr. S. proceeded to give a few words of congratulation, counsel, caution, and consolation:—

You have at last got a pastor, and I congratulate you on having so great a gift from God. I am thankful you have such a man. We heard sufficient from his own lips this afternoon to know what sort of a man he is, and what sort of a Gospel he will preach. Having got him, hold him, and that respectfully. He will have to rule over you by the power that God gives him in the pulpit. There should be and is, a loving union between pastor and people. I was glad to discover from our brother's remarks, that he will not only preach the truth, but will preach it lovingly and intellectually. There is a gathering between pastor and people, where there is no pastor there is dissemination; there is no such thing as standing still. I congratulate you because I believe God will bless and strengthen you. I counsel you upon the great principles on which your Church is founded. You are all in the position of trustees. What is a more solemn trust than the truth of God? Do not be in a hurry to get in members; there are some who are rather unwise in this matter. Let every member come before the Church; if a minister has a

right to know a reason of the hope that is in them, it is as much the duty of the Church. Christ says, "Hold fast that which thou hast." Hold the truth; if you let that go you will lose ground. Study brotherly love and affection, esteeming each other better than yourself; a large amount of the pastor and Church's happiness depends on this. A little spark creates a great fire; any fool can cause a fire, but it takes many wise men to put it out. The pastor may preach like Paul, if there is no peace his labour will be all in vain. Try and think how much you may have to bear and forbear. I counsel you to prayer; nothing will kill a minister sooner than an empty prayer-meeting. Never tell a man he has not preached well. Do all you can to make your minister comfortable; contribute according to your means, cultivate the spirit of liberality. Help your minister all you can, but do not idolise him; come to hear the Master, not the man. These are matters which need mentioning. Caution. Do not be discouraged if all Peckham is not converted at once. I believe in the old-fashioned way of conversion. If you get one or two now and then be satisfied and grateful; and if you should have large prosperity do not be unduly elated. Do not be ashamed of your denomination. A great many people who love the truth do not join us because we are poor, because we have no status. Some hold aloof because they will not join any creed. We can afford to be despised, because we have the promise of life eternal. Water finds its level; that which comes down to us from the throne of God will carry us back. Mr. Shepherd concluded his address by wishing well to pastor and Church in the name of the Lord.

In answer to a vote of thanks for the use of the Surrey Tabernacle, Mr. Albert Boulden, in a few well-chosen and loving sentences, expressed the willingness of his colleagues and himself to aid any good cause. He wished his brother Mead and the Church at Nunhead God's blessing.

The above is a very condensed account of a happy day spent in the Lord's house among His people.—J. W. B.

HOXTON.—On Sunday evening, April 6, Mr. Joseph Wilkins preached, in Wilton-square chapel, a funeral sermon for the late Mrs. Flack, the long-suffering wife of the pastor of Wilton-square Church. Mr. Flack and his family have passed through a season of sorrow in the almost unparalleled sufferings of a beloved wife; but the end came, when the husband himself was nearly beat.

PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN ON GIVING
TO THE POOR.

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS, — Love, mercy, and peace to you and to all the brethren in Christ in your parts, from the Saviour, and the Father, by the Spirit. Enclosed is £10 from the same dear aged brother as before, with request that it be distributed among aged servants of God, who have loved and laboured for the Lord Jesus during their past lives; and are now in their old age left to feel the need of the things that are seen, which the Lord has promised to add unto the unseen things, in those who first seek the kingdom of heaven. My aged friend and brother also desires those who receive this, his expression of love to them, to pray for him, that the Lord may bless his soul with grace, and give his body release from pain and grief. Please acknowledge it in the VESSEL, that my fidelity to trust may be apparent.

We take much prayerful interest in this your ministry to the needy of the Lord's body. We pray the Lord to raise up loving, liberal donors, and preserve you from all but honourable recipients. As in the proclaimed ministry of the Gospel we need the directing wisdom of the Lord to keep us in a certain sound; so in the providential ministry of God's mercies to the saints we do need the same kind and merciful wisdom of the great Head of the Church to direct us in this attention to His saints. Idleness, extravagance, luxuriousness, imprudence, and indifference are sins in the flesh of some of the Lord's people, and we cannot deny it, if they will. These sins are under God's correction, as a merciful Father. My foolish kindness has cast in hundreds of pounds between God's rod of chastisement and the breasts upon which it has been laid, to no good purpose. Oh, my brother, we cannot turn back the correcting strokes of our God, neither from ourselves, nor from another. In our heart of hearts we do not wish. The sins I have named must be left in their effects to God's dispensations of poverty, that they may be considered and put away, in which merciful process of heavenly wisdom we must stand aside. I thus write, with a tender heart, after forty years of observation and much consideration upon this subject. Some, whose leading sin is vile covetousness, will, with greedy avidity grasp at what I have just written as a justification for their shutting up of their bowels of compassion, if they have any, and their cash boxes, against all appeals to supply the needs of Christ in His little ones. Let me say to such, "For such a vile design I have not written, and from a sin so obnoxious in the eyes of the Lord I beseech you turn away; and do not deny the holy claims of the Son of God upon you, for from Him you have all your temporal and spiritual blessedness; and He knows how to correct you for covetousness, as He does others, for the sins I have before named. We may soon see you too in want, as the just reward of your sin, or your flesh and blood.

Now, as distinct from the needs which are the fruit of the before-named sin, in the Lord's body, there is much need arising from affliction, bereavement, loss, inability, and want of opportunity, over which the poor dear children of God have had no control, and which have out-bounded all their responsibilities and abilities to alter. Now, these being the issues of the good pleasure of the divine will of our sovereign Lord, for His own glory, in the exercise of His own faith, hope, and love, in them; they are the Lord's needs in His body, the Church, by His own most holy appointment. Woe to him, or her, who withholds from these, when he, or she, has it by them. Blessed be he, or she, who gives to these little ones of Christ (Matt. xxv. 31—46).

Last Lord's-day, we had on a flying visit one of your London Church and commercial princes, one of the sons of E. Harris, of Marylebone. He said his father was one of your old friends in the Lord. He affirmed that he never expected to hear such wonderful things in this far off land. I saw his face shining and smiling as a stranger in the congregation, and inwardly thought, "Hallo, there's a true Jerusalem blade from some of the mountains of Zion!" He was constrained to come to me at night, to tell me how much God had blessed his soul morning and evening, and who he was. I was very glad to see him, and hear of you all. He heartily invites me to his home, and the house of God, in London, and fled from us on Monday to Tasmania.

At a meeting of Protestant gentlemen last Monday night, one of them put a *Cheering Words* into my hand, saying that "a gentleman in the 'bus gave it to me, to give to you, as the son of the editor, C. W. Banks." Surely, if you have a son in any one of our ships, in harbour, he will come and see me. Surely you would have written to me about him, if it were so. In the multiplicity of ships, I cannot find him unless he lets me know where he is, or I would do so.—

"At home, or abroad, on the land, on the sea,
As thy days may demand shall thy strength
ever be."

This is the portion of all who love the Lord
and trust in His holy name.

"Let the next age His praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies."

About a month ago, I sent you £8 for brother Stringer, I hope the Lord is very gracious unto him, and all such as he is, both in the dispensations of His kind providence and in the glorious administrations of His grace. Then when His providence has fed us, and His grace has lovingly sustained us, His glory will enrapture us to all eternity, when the outflow of the river of His love from the throne of His sovereign pleasure shall fill our hearts with unutterable joy. In such hope, faith, and love, I remain, my dear brother, yours in the Lord,

DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor.*

Sydney, December 12th, 1883.

PECKHAM RYE.—The half-yearly meetings in connection with the cause of God at Heaton-road were held Lord's-day, March 16, when the pastor, Mr. Joseph Wilkins, preached. On Thursday Mr. G. Webb preached in the afternoon. Public meeting was presided over by W. Kennard, Esq. Mr. J. Parnell prayed. Mr. Kennard spoke of Christ's reception on earth as "virtue in human form," and the contemplation of His life's work as being inspiring and absorbing to the believer. W. Winters treated of the Saviour in His infancy, and the humiliating circumstances surrounding His life throughout. Mr. J. Parnell spoke on the three baptisms—the baptism of Christ in Jordan by water, the baptism of the Holy Ghost, and the baptism of the passion of Christ. Mr. Henry Hall unfolded the nature and purpose of the three great temptations to which Christ subjected Himself. Brother Took spoke, in the absence of Mr. J. Bonney, on the humiliation of Christ in His sufferings in the garden and on the cross. Mr. J. S. Anderson, who had just left the grave of His late worthy deacon, Mr. Topley, spoke with much solemnity on the precious doctrine of the resurrection. Mr. George Webb wound up the meeting on the Lord Jesus in heaven. The choir favoured the friends at intervals with a few anthems, which were short and well executed. Our faithful brother, Mr. Wilkins, is still honoured in his work; several are concerned about their souls and the order of baptism. May the Lord continue to shine upon him and his labour of love.—W. WINTERS.

DUNSTABLE.—**OLD BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—Sabbath-school anniversary services were held on Sunday and Monday, March 30 and 31. On the Sunday Mr. Levinsohn preached two attractive sermons, and conducted a children's service in the afternoon. Hymns selected for the occasion were sung by the children, the whole giving great satisfaction to a crowded congregation, the galleries, school-room, lobby, and vestries being filled, many more not being able to gain admittance. Services were also conducted on the Monday, in the afternoon by Mr. Levinsohn, and in the evening by Mr. Batchelor, tea being provided between service, to which upwards of 130 persons were present. The amount realised during Sunday and Monday, the expenses of tea deducted, was £13 18s., being in advance of any previous year. We are pleased to state that our school continues to flourish, a satisfactory increase in numbers being well maintained. We have during the past year had the pleasure of seeing two of our scholars added to the Church, having made a public profession by following the Lord in His appointed way, by baptism, and we are still hoping that others may soon be led by the Lord to take the same steps. Believing that God has been with us, we are thus encouraged to go on, knowing that we shall reap in due time if we faint not. Then, not unto us, but unto God, be all the praise.—A. K.

MUSIC AND HAPPY MEETINGS IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

You must not think it is all literally *black* in that rich part of England, so-called. Nay, many Churches of truth, and no small number of faithful ministers have we seen and known there. The following is a cheerful note from our genuine and well-beloved brother in the faith, David Smith, of Bilston:—

Nearly twenty-four years have passed away since the late Mr. James Wells, of London, amidst the rejoicing of those who lived and came out for the truth's sake, laid the foundation-stone of Bethesda chapel, Bilston, since which time the Gospel of the grace of God, in its fulness, freeness, and power, has been maintained and earnestly contended for, in the face of much opposition. Sunday, March 23, we celebrated the anniversary. Our late pastor, A. B. Hall, preached special sermons to good congregations, morning and evening. The Word of Life was heard gladly, and we are trusting that fruits may follow. Our old organ has been replaced by an organ-harmonium of a first-class make and tone, which gave an additional interest to the proceedings.

Tuesday, March 25, annual tea and social meeting was held. The largest gathering we have had for many years partook of the good things provided in an excellent manner by the ladies. At 6.30 G. Adams, Esq., of Wolverhampton, took the chair, the chapel being full. The friends united heartily in a hymn of praise, the chairman read a portion of divine truth, and deacon S. Lloyd commended us in prayer. The address from the chair followed, stimulating the Church and congregation to more active service in the cause of truth. Robert Howard, of Birmingham, gave an encouraging address full of sound advice. A. B. Hall (Chatteris) spoke in his usual affable, genial manner. David Smith, pastor, spoke of the Lord's goodness towards us as a people. Pastor D. Smith has been associated with the cause in a peculiar manner. The foundation-stone was laid the year he was born; the chapel was opened on his first birthday; he was brought up amongst us as a scholar, as a teacher, as a member; he was here baptized, here married, and is now the pastor, being raised up at a time when a resolution to call trustees together for closing the chapel was before the Church. We can indeed sing,—

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

Mr. George Banks (Willenhall) opened up the person and work of our Lord Jesus Christ, to the edification of those present.

The addresses were interspersed with a selection of anthems, rendered in an efficient manner, accompanied by Mr. G. W. Adams, son of the chairman, whose able playing effectively displayed the rich tone and quality of the new instrument, and by whose kindness we secured it much below its value. By the kindness of friends, the purchase money (£50), and £7 spent in roofing the chapel, has been realised, so we stand free of debt.

After the usual vote of thanks, the congregation sang, "Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing," and the pastor closed with prayer these most successful and pleasant meetings. We thank God, and take courage.

HIGHBURY VALE.—A very pleasant and profitable meeting was held at the Baptist Chapel, Gillespie-road, on Good Friday. Mr. Carpenter preached from "We see Jesus." A good number of friends took tea. At evening meeting Mr. Whitteridge presided, and spoke from "The foundation of God standeth sure." Brother Hammond asked for a blessing; he said he had known Mr. W. as a Christian holding the truth for forty years. Brother Moynihan (Mr. Whitteridge's son-in-law) gave a nice account of his Christian experience; how he was called by grace under the ministry, and baptized by his pastor, Mr. W. Brother Herbert showed how he was led into Gospel liberty under Mr. W.'s ministry at Britannia-row, about eleven years back, and has steadfastly abode with him ever since, finding the word profitable to his soul. Mr. Fletcher, a young friend who has an "inclining" to preach the Gospel, gave utterance to some good experimental truth. A most interesting appeal to the souls of the people was delivered by brother Hitchcock. Brother Thimbleby was helped in prayer, W. James said some words. We sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—A GLAD LISTENER.

THE GOSPEL WELCOME. (Rev. xxii. 17.)

O WORD of welcome to us sent
In messages of love!
Let hearers all be now attent
The call to hear and prove.
Come, say the Spirit and the bride,
Choice fruits, both old and new,
Are in profusion now supplied
To eat as well as view.
And he who heareth, "Come," may say,
Is giving always free?
The Host no com'er turns away,
Who bears His "Come to Me."
Let those who conscious are of need,
And those who are athirst,
The welcome invitation heed,
Free now as at the first.
' And whosoever will," sweet word!
O, needy sinners, think,
Water of life in river stored,
Here now may freely drink.

J. H. DEARSLY.

BRIGHTON.—On Good Friday, the friends at Salem Chapel, Bond-street, held a tea and public meeting in connection with the Good Samaritan, and Tract and Dorcas Societies. There was a large attendance. The pastor, Mr. C. Masterson, presiding. Reports presented by Messrs. Horton, Stephens, and C. Grey, were cordially adopted by the assembly, shewed that the Societies during the year had done a good work, expressing at the same time the fervent hope that greater things would yet be accomplished. The following brethren gave suitable addresses, Messrs. Greenyer, H. Carr, H. Stephens, T. Read, J. Christmas,

W. Boniface, and J. J. Hinckley. The speeches delivered were listened to with much interest, illustrating the fact that the spirit of Christianity is one of purest benevolence, as clearly seen in the conduct of its Great Author, and wherever the Gospel enters it introduces and maintains the same spirit of earnest kindness. The heartiness with which the meeting was characterised, and the spirit of liberality evinced at its close augured well for the Societies' prosperity. May the Spirit of Christ dwell richly in all His true disciples.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM FISHER, OF GREENWICH.

Over thirty years ago, when the late Jesse Gwinnell came to us with a chapel-begging case from Trowbridge, we sent him to Greenwich. They wanted a preacher, and Jesse left the Trowbridge cause and became pastor of the Greenwich Church. Mr. W. Fisher and his family were strong, steady, and successful friends to the Bridge-street Church, over whom for some years Mr. Joseph Wilkins was pastor. Mr. William Fisher, of Greenwich, has recently left this land of changing scenes and dying friends. His earthly house, in which he had lodged for over seventy years, was laid quietly to rest in Nunhead cemetery, April 4, 1884. He was a true friend to the Gospel of the grace of God; but it cost him many a sorrow. Almost everybody now-a-days swims down the Arminian river. Where it carries the people to finally we know not, because we CANNOT go with that tide. If God could change His mind, if the Almighty's Book of Life could be discarded, and another system of saving souls be *from heaven revealed*, then we must believe that the multitude of free-willers are right and safe. But the day is come when MAN'S TALENT (NOT GOD'S TRUTH) is the ruling power in what are called "the Churches."

We have been in a little valley these ten years, while the great guns of man's free will have been fired down upon us. We are not quite killed yet. That 24th verse of Matt. xxiv. is a word of immense power to us. The Saviour said, "There shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders, inasmuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect." God so is in our mind, none can turn Him out." Now we hope the late Mr. William Fisher knoweth it well:

WEST BRIGHTON.—On Tuesday, 25th March, 6th anniversary was commemorated at the Baptist Chapel, Haddington-street. Mr. S. Grey preached in the afternoon from, "This day is a day of good tidings." Nearly sixty friends sat down to tea; in the evening Mr. Masterson discoursed on, "But now being made free from sin," &c. Both services proved strengthening to the faith of many. Chapel well filled, and friends liberally responded to appeals for pecuniary aid; the services of the day proved very encouraging to the deacons and friends of the cause.—B. TURQUAND.

A GREAT DAY FOR CLAXTON, IN NORFOLK.

Monday, 14th April, 1884, Mr. F. J. Harsant was publicly recognised as pastor over the Particular Baptist Church, at Claxton, in Norfolk. Service commenced at two. Mr. Charles Suggate, of Halesworth, gave out the hymn, commencing "Descend from heaven, immortal dove"; then he offered prayer for a blessing to attend the services of the day, and went on to state the nature of a Gospel Church; first, stating the Church of Christ was chosen in Him from before the foundation of the world; a part was now in heaven, and part on earth; some were to be found amongst the various sections of the professing people of God, regenerated and converted to God by the Holy Ghost, and many yet unborn should, by the same power, be created anew in Christ Jesus. The whole election of grace would be perfect in glory. Secondly, a Gospel Church is a company of believers joined together according to New Testament order, being each baptized by immersion, which is the entrance into such a Church, and no other can be (according to God's order) a New Testament Church. Infant sprinkling is no part of the order of this Church, nor anything imported by man forms any part thereof. It is not parochial, nor diocesan, only acknowledging one Spiritual Head, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Head of the Church. He has instituted His own laws and ordinances. He has not thought proper to alter them, but they are to remain as long as time shall last; nor has He delegated any man to alter them, nor add to them.

Mr. S. K. Bland, of Ipswich, asked Mr. Harsant the usual questions: first, his call by grace. He stated, his father died when he was young, and his employer, where he was apprenticed, before his time was out. Went to London and became acquainted with a man, a member of a Roman Catholic Church, by whom he was induced to attend. He never joined that community, but drank deeply into that system, and became very bitter against every other body of professed Christians. About this time the Lord laid a very trying affliction on him, and it came into his mind that if he could but get home to his mother, he should get well. So he came home, and she was a godly woman, and also her husband; and they were glad to see him, and were about to read the Word of God and have prayer; but so bitter was he that he retired to get out of their way, and said he did not want the Bible nor their prayers, but felt he was in a most miserable state of mind; his lost estate as a sinner was revealed to him and his cry was for mercy, expressing he felt in hell. While in this state, the Word came to his mind, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin." He tried to hope, but seemed as if he must be lost. He said, "Some people say there is no hell; but he had been there in his feeling, and knew there was." During this unhappy time, the godly R. Smith, then pastor at Aldringham Baptist Chapel, frequently visited him, and conversed and prayed with him, so that light broke into

his dark benighted mind. After a time he was received by that Church, baptized, and added to it. He ran well for a time, stating he felt proud of his religion, but not long after in business matters, into which he entered with an ungodly man, to his sorrow he fell into the snare of intemperance, and was withdrawn from by the Church; but all the time he was in an agony of soul, the abounding grace of God suffered him not to continue in that backsliding state, but brought him out with shame and confusion, and bitter lamentation; and after a short time he was again restored to membership, and continued to rejoice in the mercy of a covenant God, and in fellowship with His people. Now a few incidents relative to his call to the ministry. Having been made a partaker of love divine, he had an earnest desire to "tell to sinners round what a dear Saviour he had found," and in due time was invited to exercise his gifts before the Church, which he did once a month for eleven months. The Church decided he might preach the Gospel wherever the Lord might open doors, but not at Aldringham; which reminded me of some other Churches who are frequently praying the Lord to send out more faithful labourers into His vineyard, and when a young man is raised up amongst them they have no eyes to behold it, but remain unbelievers, proving they may pray but do not watch; and when the Holy Ghost has separated a man for the work of the ministry He makes room for him. So our brother had invites from various Churches; for several years he has been, as he said, a gap-stopper at Saxmundham, Earl Soham, Tunstall, Lowestoft. The Claxton friends having heard of him, Mr. Cossey, one of the deacons, wrote to him, and he came to preach one Lord's-day and was well received, himself feeling at home; then for nearly twelve months he supplied the pulpit, the Lord hearing testimony to the word spoken, which resulted in his acceptance of the Church's invite to become their pastor. He stated the doctrines he held, which he, by God's help, intended to preach. On the Trinity his views were very clear, as also on the doctrines of sovereign grace and the ordinances of Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Mr. George Pung, after the Church had shown their unanimous approval of the choice (now pastor of Orford-hill Church) gave him the right hand of fellowship, and a cordial welcome to the county of Norfolk, and Mr. Cossey, one of the deacons, in the name of the Church, gave the pastor the right hand of fellowship.

Mr. E. Marsh, pastor of the Laxfield Baptist Church, then, in a very earnest manner, offered the ordination prayer. About four hundred sat down to tea. Service commenced at 6.30 by singing,—

"Glorious things of Thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God."

Mr. W. Brown, of Friston, in a kind and fatherly manner, gave the newly-chosen pastor his charge, which he was well qualified to do, having been a pastor about sixty years.

His text was 1 Tim. iii. 1. Mr. Brown gave the plain English of the word, "office," and the good work of one who desires the office of a bishop, and he said many bishops desired a good thing, which meant several thousands a year; but the apostle says "a good work." He spoke also on 1 Tim. iv. 16, "Take heed to thyself, and to the doctrine." Some kind advice as to himself. Our brother has a large field of labour, being much engaged in villages three and four nights a week. He cautioned him in his zeal to be careful as to his health, and to the doctrines, never to be afraid of them. The Lord will take care of His own truth.

Mr. Musket, pastor of York-road Baptist chapel, Yarmouth, then gave the Church some wholesome advice, which was well received. Messrs. J. Bedingfield and J. Elliot also took part in the services. The singing was taken notice of by many, and some were much interested in the same, remarking that it was a treat. In the various parts they lingered on the good words, but not tedious nor heavy—so different to the flying style of the present day, as if by railway speed they want to get over it.

There were numbers of friends from Norwich, Leiston, and various other places; about six hundred present, many expressing it had been a good day. It closed at 9 p.m. The chapel has been neatly cleaned, painted, and varnished. We noticed two beautiful tablets, one in memory of a Mr. Utting (100 years since), and the other to Mr. Job Hupton, who ministered there for more than fifty years, whose memory is still embalmed in the minds of some members. Mr. Hupton was a faithful preacher, and a loving pastor.

—ONE WHO WAS THERE.
[We praise God for raising up such original witnesses for truth as the new pastor of Claxton Church. We preached there one Lord's-day in Mr. Pegg's time, and their last pastor, Mr. Henry Pauson, we knew from his boyhood, and deeply we lamented his many afflictions. May the pastor and people at Claxton have the long-continued showers of sinner-saving and soul-sanctifying mercies. Amen.—C. W. B.]

RATTLESDEN.—It was my pleasure to pay a visit a short time since to this cause of truth. The truth, as it is in Jesus, has been proclaimed here for many years, and where now our brother in the Lord, Mr. R. Huxham, stately labours, he is surrounded by a loving people, who flock together in large numbers to hear the Gospel preached. It is here proclaimed, we believe, in all its fullness, and approved of by Him that commissioned it—"Go ye into all the world," &c.—for our brother has already seen that he is not labouring in vain nor spending his strength for nought. Additions have been made to the Church. Christians have been established, and God glorified. May he long live to stand upon the walls of Zion and to blow the Gospel trumpet, and that it may have a certain sound. So prays,—A. E. GARRARD, Cauldwell Hall-road, Ipswich.

BERMONDSEY.—The 68th anniversary of the Sick and Poor Society was held at Lynton-road Chapel on Easter Monday. The sermon in the afternoon, by Mr. C. Cornwell, "Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift," was received with much acceptance. An excellent tea followed; and in the evening the public meeting was presided over by Mr. James Lee, supported by Messrs. Bennett, Cornwell, W. Hazelton, and Holden. Mr. Stringer engaged in prayer. The chairman expressed the pleasure he always had in being present at the meetings of the society. The new Secretary (W. M. Cranfield) read the report, in which it was stated that Mr. John Knott (a deacon) who had been secretary for about 25 years, had, from serious and continued illness, been compelled to resign. The subscriptions had varied from 2d. per week to £2 10s. per quarter from the chairman, and further subscribers for any sum, however small, were earnestly solicited. The amount distributed during the year had been £41. Mr. Bennett said he had known the society 40 years, and urged there was no need to be ashamed of the report. Referring to the parable of the good Samaritan, he feared that in digging for mysteries the surface truths were passed by. He knew it had highly spiritual teachings, but the surface truth was that a living active sympathy with helplessness and woe was pleasing to God. Mr. Cornwell, referring to one who sought a reconciliation of "Me ye have not always," and "Lo, I am with you always," clearly showed how, while Christ is no longer here as a poor man, yet in the persons of the poor members of His Church He is always present, for "the poor ye have always with you." Then He is with us always in spirit and in our hearts, that presence being manifested by assisting the poor members of His mystical body. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least," &c. You will find more gratitude to God in their hearts than in those who never knew poverty, and often had they encouraged him. There is as great necessity for the winter as for summer, for the thunderstorm as for the sunshine, for adversity as for prosperity. It was a cause for gratitude that the society had lived so long. Mr. Hazelton considered that much peace and prosperity enjoyed was owing to the prayers of the Lord's poor. It is more blessed to give than to receive, but God gives all to us and can receive nothing from us, unless it be our praises and confidence. There are special blessings connected with giving to the poor, and the heart learns much in the sick chamber. Mr. Holden said the existence of the society for 68 years was a proof they had not grown weary in well-doing, for they had furnished the society with the means of relieving. Though the Church in which he ministered had no established Sick and Poor Society, they never let him visit the sick without a pound in his pocket. He then discoursed upon "These all wait on Thee," &c. Such are God's sick, and poor, and waiting ones. "That thou givest them they gather." It is a sufficient encouragement

to those who minister to the needy, that those who are ministered unto recognise therein the hand of God, and thanksgiving and praise with prayer go up from their very hearts. Our God is a good God, and all that He gives us is given cheerfully, freely, willingly. He cheerfully and willingly gave His Son for us, and such institutions as this afford opportunities for manifesting our love and sympathy for the household of the Lord Jesus Christ. The chairman having thankfully announced that the total collections for the day amounted to £13 4s. 8½d., engaged in earnest prayer, and thus brought a very happy meeting to a close.

PIMLICO.—Anniversary services were held in Carmel chapel, Westbourne-street, on Good Friday (being the fifty-fourth of the kind), when Mr. R. E. Sears and W. Winters preached. It is pleasing to say the above antiquated sanctuary is now closed for a few weeks whilst the work of cleansing, repairing, and re-seating is going on, and in the meantime the friends are worshipping in the school-room adjoining the chapel. No one who has an eye to cleanliness and comfort could reasonably say that such a movement was needless; for what with the want of proper light, comfortable seats, and clean walls, visitors suffering from despondency or nervous debility, could not possibly expect anything cheering from such a gloomy aspect of things, either from without or from within. Although it is not necessary to have splendid pictures and ornate architecture in a building wherein to worship God, it is nevertheless necessary to have things clean, plain, and comfortable. The self-imposed task which the pastor, Mr. J. Parnell, and his loving deacons, have taken upon themselves to complete, is very heavy, and the hands of the Church are not strong. Money to an encouraging extent has been forwarded by different friends to defray the outlay, but not half of the real cost has yet been obtained. Friends willing to help on so desirable a work will kindly do so on or before the re-opening day, May 27. Mr. Parnell's work is prospering, the attendance increases, several have been added to the Church, and others are coming forward. The congregation on Good Friday was better than had been for years. For Carmel a bright and prosperous season, it is to be hoped, is at hand.—W. WINTERS, Waltham-abbey. [To us old, antiquated, and despondent ones, such remarks come harsh. We have seen this Pimlico Carmel full on a Good Friday morning to hear John Kershaw, and we have preached there on a Sunday in good John Stenson's time, when the chapel looked beautiful, and the pews were filled with careful hearers. We forget; we are going back more than 45 years. John Stenson died in 1856. Of course, that old generation has passed away, a new generation has arisen. We should be thankful that in Carmel, Pimlico, the Gospel is preached.—C. W. B.]

WALTHAM ABBEY.—It was not a little encouraging to the Church at Waltham Abbey on the 17th of April, to see so large a gathering on the occasion of their 60th anniversary. About fifty friends from various parts of London wended their way to "Ebenezer." Villagers and boys stood and gazed as group after group of friends pressed on from station to chapel. The brethren and sisters were not only going to worship the Lord in His sanctuary, but to manifest their regard to one of His servants, one whom the people delight to honour. Mr. W. Winters is always ready and willing to aid, if possible, any London or suburban cause of truth; and, there is little doubt, from the increasing interest the Lord's people feel towards brother Winters, that in course of time the annual meetings at "Ebenezer" Chapel, Waltham Abbey, will be crowded, and that "Waltham Abbey Excursion" will become among the Strict Baptists a household word, and that some special arrangements will have to be made for their going and coming. Among the company we noticed Mr. Harris and his good godly wife from Shouldham-street, Messrs. H. and Jas. Lee, G. Lovelock, from Bow, Messrs. Baldwin, Kemp, and others from Limehouse, S. Noyes, of Poplar, Mr. Haynes, of Homerton, Messrs. Kempston, Kingston, Alfrey, Crutcher, of Camberwell, and numerous friends from "Providence," Islington, Hoxton, and other parts. In the afternoon, Mr. P. Reynolds preached a sermon on the intercessory work of Christ, founded on John xvii. 9—10. The fact, the ground, and the limit of Christ's intercession were told out. (1) The fact. "I pray for them." The words are full of joy to the tried believer; to know this fact, that Christ sits at the right hand of God, doth cheer the Christian pathway. This made Stephen's face gleam with joy. It is a source of joy to know that here we have those who carry us to the throne in the arms of their faith. It is the way God has appointed to make known our requests. It is good and right to pray for one another; but this is not to be compared with the words of our Lord, "I pray for them." This cannot fall to the ground. This fact shuts Satan's mouth; the devil never makes a mistake about our sins, he makes out a long list and we cannot deny it. But the Redeemer says (and this silences Satan), "I pray for them." Christ died for us; He did this by His sacrificial death; He might have saved by His omnipotence, but the method He took displayed His love. This is a mystery which cannot be explained. Here He suffered, now He pleads in heaven. (2) The ground of His intercession. It is relative: "I pray for them which Thou hast given Me, all Mine are Thine." There is a mutual interest, the love of the Father and Son are alike; therefore our great Intercessor prevails, and when we realise this, all doubts and fears are dissipated. Then the glory of Christ is intimately connected with His people's happiness. Christ's everlasting happiness is linked with His people's salvation—"I am glorified in them." (3) The limit of Christ's intercession. I suppose no

man will question that God has a right to limit His own work. One would think that common-sense itself would teach divine sovereignty. He has His limit to all things. He has set His own limit to salvation. "I pray for them, I pray not for the world." We pray for all men, and the Bible tells us to do so; but it must be with "if in accordance with Thy will." What a deal of effort is wasted in the present day to convert the whole world! If Christ has not prayed for the whole world, what is the use of us dragging the whole world to the throne? "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." Mr. Reynolds concluded his sermon with a fervent application of these words to any who were not manifestly on the Lord's side. At the evening meeting, Mr. G. Lovelock, of Bow, very ably presided, and good sound Scriptural addresses were given by Messrs. Steed, Baldwin, Kemp, Noyes, P. Reynolds, and W. H. Lee. Mr. Winters expressed his thanks to the friends who had come so far, and prayed the Lord would reward them. About 150 sat down to tea in the spacious school-room.—J. W. B.

—
WALWORTH. — SUNDAY - SCHOOL, PENROSE-STREET.—The twelfth anniversary meeting of the above Sunday-school was held in the Board-school, Penrose street, on Good Friday, April 11, 1884. In the afternoon Mr. Grey Hazlerigg, of Leicester, preached a very impressive sermon from Psa. cxix. 9, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to Thy Word." In this sermon Mr. Hazlerigg spoke of the variety of the Word of God, doctrine, precepts, promises, exhortations, &c. A tea was then provided, to which over 200 friends sat down. The chair was taken in the evening by Mr. John Piggott, the superintendent of the Sunday-school, who, after reading a short chapter, called on Mr. Stanbrook to engage in prayer. The secretary, Mr. Green, then read his report of the operations of the school during the past year. The chairman called on Mr. Bouldey, of the Surrey Tabernacle, to address the meeting, who, in a few words, expressed the pleasure he realised in being with them on these occasions. Mr. Mead then called the attention of the friends present to Matt. xviii. 18, "All power is given unto Me, both in heaven and in earth," and finished his most excellent speech by wishing the teachers and superintendent God-speed. Mr. G. Hazlerigg delivered a most instructing and interesting address on Sunday-schools, of which a further account will be given in the report. Mr. King, of the Surrey Tabernacle, then addressed the meeting, and said that he hoped the teachers and superintendent would be enabled, by the Holy Spirit, to continue in that work which they delighted so much in. The chairman, after making a few remarks, closed the meeting with prayer. Mr. Hazlerigg's sermon will be issued with the report.

POULNER, NEAR RINGWOOD.—The usual gathering took place at the Baptist chapel on Good Friday. Tea was provided, when about 80 friends sat down. At public meeting the pastor presided. After singing and prayer, the pastor (G. Diffeys), in the course of a few remarks, said that although they did not regard Good Friday more than any other day, yet it would not be amiss for those who were present to look back to that time when Jesus died on the cross; look on that suffering One, Him who hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows; Him who was despised and rejected of men. Think of Jesus in that garden of Gethsemane, when all forsook Him and fled, when He sweat drops of blood, when an angel came and strengthened Him, when He offered strong cryings with tears, and was heard in that He feared. Let those who were believers in Christ follow Him from the cross to the tomb, and behold Him rising from the dead. The pastor said he would breathe the prayer that each present may be enabled to say truthfully from the heart that He loved me, and gave Himself for me. He longed for those who were without hope for the better world to be brought to know the plague of their own hearts, and their helplessness, and then brought to seek Jesus as their Saviour. After singing, "Come, wanderer, come." Mr. Diamond, from Pokesdown, spoke of bygone years, when he used to visit Poulner; but now he said there were scarcely any faces present that he knew. He would wish every good wish for the pastor and people at Poulner. Miss Horne then sang a solo very impressively. Mr. H. J. Wareham, of Wimborne, then gave an address on "Mercy." Mr. Williamson, of Ringwood, followed with remarks on the word, "Grace." Sergeant Henning, a soldier in the army, and a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ, gave an interesting account of his life, showing how God had called him from darkness to light. The hymn, "It is well with my soul," followed, and after a few closing remarks and prayer from the pastor, the company went to their dwellings, feeling that it "had been good for them to have been there." The chapel was nicely decorated with flowers and mottoes by kind friends.

—
NEW WHITTINGTON, CHESTERFIELD.—**DEAR MR. BANKS,**—I see in **EARTHEN VESSEL** some wish to know if there is any place of truth at Chesterfield? I say no; there is a so-called Baptist, but they are free-willers. There are a few lovers of truth at New Whittington, near Chesterfield; but they have no chapel at present. I have been trying to get them together, and they are anxious to know what to do. There are about a dozen of us living here from different parts of this county. They belong to Strict Baptist Churches. We have no place of truth to go to. What must we do? I do hope the Lord will provide.—**THOMAS GOODSON,** New Whittington, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire. [By all means obtain a room; meet for prayer and praise. Help will come if you are found in the way.]

"KEEP THIS A SECRET!"

[Sometimes a new Christ-loving heart gushes out with a spiritual energy when privately writing to its friend more fully than when it speaks in public. The following note is from a young brother whose soul longs to be useful in Christ's vineyard, and was addressed to a father in the faith. We thought a few lines out of it would gladden some spirits. So with this motive we give the following.]

MY DEAR BROTHER IN JESUS,—I thank you much for your letter, so full of Christian and faithful counsel for unworthy me. My way is still very dark, but the desire reigns within. I have an earnest longing to be at work for my dear Saviour. Oh, how I desire to love Him! to feel more than ever that He is to me "the chief among ten thousand and the altogether lovely," and to see Him "formed in the hearts of others the hope of eternal life and glory." While at W. I was very happy in Church communion with the friends, and during the past year I trust by the sanctifying influence of the ever blessed Spirit I realised good and profit. The scene is changed! I would feel restful, not fretful; but often have I missed the Word, the prayer-meeting, and perhaps, as much as anything, the faces of my young men, members of the Christian Association. Oh, how I loved them all! JESUS! blessed JESUS, how precious He has been to me, and I believe to some of them. The Lord worked mightily in their young hearts, and when I left I felt I could hope for each one's salvation. How attractive is the grace of Jesus! how full of grace, matchless grace and beauty, is He! God grant us more of His Spirit. Oh, I want to be right, to fill the niche ordained for me to occupy. May God bless you richly with His own blessing, and make you very happy, very earnest, very successful, and above all, very much in the company of Jesus, in your work, is the desire of one who trusts he loves the same Jesus as you serve. L. H.

TO WEALTHY STOCK-HOLDERS.

"Now concerning a collection for the saints."

So said the late William (Jadsby when he preached for the Lord's poor in London. But after all the sweeping collections made of late, where can we hope to collect any more? "Stop! see that villa so beautifully surrounded and furnished?" "Yes." Therein dwells an old gentleman, with stores of wealth. We will ask him. Having done so, he inquires, "What are the characters and what are the conditions of those whom you help by the way?" Read this letter:—

"MY DEAR BROTHER IN CHRIST,—I thank you, and gratefully, for what you sent me. I was much surprised when the lady brought it. She said she had brought me a present from Mr. Banks. I thank all who are so kind to the poor aged and afflicted. I always have had the VESSEL from nearly the first of its coming out, and I must say I read it with great comfort to my mind. Often, when overwhelmed with trouble, I have picked up the VESSEL and

read a little bit, and I have gone on again quite cheerful. I think I have read it as much as anyone. I thought of writing to tell you how I was situated. I was obliged to give up my business about twelve months back. I had lost, in a short time, one daughter and two sons, all of them leaving heavy families. One son had been assisting me in my business for sixteen or seventeen years, and I missed him very much; and I was so feeble with old age I could not carry it on of myself. I have a room to live in. Me and my dear wife, we do not expect to last long. I am in my 79th year, my wife in her 78th, and we are living in hopes of a better and brighter home when our few more fleeting days are run out. The Lord spoke peace to my soul by that servant of God, Mr. James Wells, whose memory is ever dear to me. I must write a few more lines to you another time, if spared. I must now say, 'farewell,' praying the Lord to grant you every needful blessing for your remaining days. When the time of your departure shall come, may you hear that voice, 'Child, your father calls, come home.'"

ISLINGTON.—I have been accustomed to attend Providence chapel for years past, during the labours of several of its late pastors; but never have I seen so excellent a congregation as I have witnessed since Mr. P. Reynolds has been the pastor. Tuesday, April 15, was the celebration of the pastor's fourth anniversary. Mr. G. W. Shepherd preached a racy sermon. At public meeting, W. Kennard, Esq., presided. Mr. Dearsly offered earnest prayer. Mr. Kennard, who is a brother of long-standing repute in the Churches, and a generous helper to many, gave the introductory address of the evening. He ably treated of various voices experienced in Providence and grace. Mr. R. E. Sears came to the front full of his subject, which he handled well—the quickening voice of Christ. Mr. G. W. Shepherd treated in a masterly manner of the pardoning voice of God. Mr. J. Harris gave an intelligent and full exposition of Zech. iii. 2. W. Winters was followed by Mr. F. Green, who presented the audience with some earnest suggestions on the loving voice of Christ to His bride. A few pleasant words from the pastor closed this happy meeting. Brethren W. Houghton, H. Boulton, J. W. Banks, W. Archer, and J. Rayment, were present during the services; so were others.—W. WINTERS.

HOLLOWAY.—The Church of Christ in Wedmore-street, under the care of Mr. H. Boulton, celebrated the fifth anniversary of his pastorate on Easter Munday in Mr. Waterer's chapel. Two sermons were preached in Elthorne-road by W. Winters and G. Burrell. Mr. Boulton and his friends are anxiously waiting for help towards the purchase of land for the erection of a more suitable chapel than wherein they now worship. I hope their waiting shall prove in the end satisfactory.—The Lord of hosts bless pastor, deacons, and members, prays—W. WINTERS.

IPSWICH.—GOOD FRIDAY SERVICES AT ZOAR.—DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Through mercy, we reached home safely on the eve of Good Friday, after spending a pleasant day with you and with our much-esteemed friend, Mr. S. Cozens, and his warm-hearted people at old "Zoar," Ipswich. It was a cause for praise to see such crowds gathered together to those services. Our brother S. Cozens is one who has suffered much for the truth's sake; he ought to have the tender sympathy of those who are partakers of the same hope, especially under the increasing infirmities of age, and a combination of diseases, each one more than a burden in itself. Few men in our day have fought so bravely against the combined powers of darkness as he has done. With cruel and remorseless malevolence he has been assaulted by "dearly beloved brethren whom the Scripture moveth in sundry places to acknowledge their manifold sins and wickednesses," and by men of "deep piety" he has been called by names not lawful for us to utter; but still "whoso is wise" can see the approbation of heaven stamped upon his labours, and his works and memory will be honoured when his enemies are forgotten, for it is written, "The name of the wicked shall rot." That will apply to religious wickedness. I hope brother Haddock's fervent prayer found a hearty response in many hearts. I felt very much your solemn subject in the evening. Oh, where is our beloved country drifting to? Verily, "abroad the sword bereaveth, at home there is death." Your solemn question moved many, "Is England a Protestant nation now?" One audible voice emphatically said, "No!" and many others felt its truth. Some said they should like to read the sermons. If you could give substance in EARTHEN VESSEL they might do good.—Yours very truly, JOSEPH WHATMOUGH. —[We were deeply grieved that the bronchitis under which we suffered rather hindered some from hearing all that was delivered. *We know it was solemn truth.* We went on to Harwich, and was enabled to preach twice there on the Easter Sunday. We believe the evening service was a hallowed and blessed service. Mr. Josiah Cowell, the pastor, read, expounded, and prayed. I was helped to preach from "I will bless the Lord at all times. His praise shall be continually in my mouth." Brother Cowell and his devoted and excellent wife are doing a heaven-appointed work there. They were as angels of mercy to their poor servant, C. W. BANKS.]

CLAPHAM.—For 26 years Mr. Henry Hall has been sustained as pastor at "Ebenezer," Wirttemberg-street, contending for the principles and practice of the Gospel among a loving people, and still lives in their affection, with signs and tokens of the Lord's blessing resting on the word. A combination service was held on Tuesday, April 1, celebrating the anniversary of the Sunday-school and Mr. Hall's pastorate. Mr. John Hazleton preached a glorious Christ-exalting sermon in the afternoon to a large congregation

from the words, "In whom also we have obtained an inheritance" (Eph. i. 2). In the evening Mr. Wilmshurst presided, and called upon Mr. Hall, who said, "The Lord has been our support from the commencement up to the present. The word has been blessed, and I still have a desire to be useful. God has promised His blessing; they have and will be verified in our experience. Christ and the cross is the theme. Have had several brought in during the year. I have done the best I can. To His name be all the glory." The secretary to the Sunday-school read report for past year, from which we glean that they have, at a cost of £200, built a new school-room. They have a Band of Hope and a monthly prayer-meeting. There are 120 children, good staff of teachers, and good library. The income and expenditure was £30. A very pleasing expression of attachment to the superintendent was manifested by teachers and children presenting him with a very handsome timepiece. Messrs. Wilmshurst, Box, Higham, Cornwell, and Hand gave utterance to Christian congratulations and encouragement. The young people sang "How Beautiful upon the Mountains," and in no place did we ever hear the harmonium played so distinctly and efficiently. Mr. Whitteridge closed with prayer.—J. W. B.

SAFFRON WALDEN.—In this highly interesting and antique town, surrounded by wealth and beauty, stands the London-road Baptist Chapel, with its small grave-yard in which repose the ashes of departed worth belonging to friends of the cause. A noble tomb to the memory of Turner Clark, Esq., is the most prominent, near to which is one to the memory of Mr. Player, a former pastor. On Lord's-day, March 30, I was favoured to preach the Sunday-school anniversary sermons, and was honoured in the evening by the presence of the ex-mayor, Joshua Clark, Esq., son of the highly-respected gentleman above named, and who warmly congratulated me on the discourse and the recitations of the children, to whom he kindly gave a shilling each. Mr. Clark has been very liberal to the cause here, and it is extremely kind of him, as also of Mr. Gibson, to assist so weak and yet so deserving a people. On the following Monday a tea and public meeting were held in the chapel, presided over by the pastor elect, Mr. J. D. Bowtell. The deacon, Mr. Bunting, offered earnest prayer. Mr. Bowtell introduced the purport of the meeting, and spoke of the living realities of the Gospel. Mr. Bunting addressed the meeting on the necessity of erecting a house for the pastor, which subject was supported by the after speakers, and before the meeting closed upwards of £20 were promised by the friends present towards the noble object. Mr. Parsonage, superintendent of the school, spoke on the practical work of the Sunday-school, and Mr. J. Simkin, pastor of Stapleford, spoke in a solid manner on Christ the centre of all good, and was followed by a speech from the writer. Friends Furlong, Whitehead, Perring, Bunting, Parsonage,

Bowtell, and others did their best to make everybody else happy. This was the first time I had the pleasure of meeting the Church at Saffron Walden. Friends from Glemsford helped to cheer the meeting. I trust Mr. Bowtell will find a large sphere of useful labour in this ancient locality.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

KEDINGTON, NEAR HAVERHILL.—Annual services were held at Rehoboth Baptist Chapel on Good Friday. Two appropriate sermons were preached; afternoon by Mr. Robert Page (pastor of Providence, Glemsford), from Rev. xxii., "And the Spirit and the bride say, Come; and let him that heareth say, Come! and let him that is athirst come; and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely." In the evening Mr. J. Crown (pastor) preached from Isa. xxxii., "And My people shall dwell in a peaceful habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting-places." About 120 took tea, nicely arranged by the lady friends. We had a good time; it was encouraging to see so many gathered on that occasion. The crowded congregations on the Sabbath-day to hear the Gospel preached is a joyful sight. It may be truly said in our corner of the earth, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them." The Church has cause to bless God for His many mercies, "for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."—H. H.

HADLEIGH.—Mr. B. J. Northfield's ministry has been attended with that success under the divine blessing, that it has been rendered necessary to make more accommodation for the congregation and school, and to meet this requirement, a substantially-built and commodious gallery has been erected. Through the kind subscriptions of our own and other friends, this was opened on Good Friday, April 11, free of debt. At the afternoon service a good congregation assembled, when the pastor preached from "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give glory" (Psa. cxv. 1). A public tea took place at five o'clock, at which about 200 sat down. The chapel was crowded for the evening service, when another sermon, from "What think ye of Christ?" (Matt. xxii. 42) was preached by Mr. Northfield to a very attentive congregation. The services of the day were profitable and cheering, and we heartily joined in the closing hymn, "All hail the power of Jesu's name." The Benediction and singing of the Doxology brought to a close another very happy day. To God be all the praise. "What hath God wrought!"

THE ISLE OF THANET.—In the roll of deceased Baptist pastors, that of the venerable, the honourable, the enduring pastor of St. Peter's, Mr. Thomas Cramp, is to us most savoury. He was sixty-three years a good servant of Christ in the ministry. "In the stillness of his soul" he thought of Christ, he studied Christ; in a manly sedateness he preached Christ; and, after all, went

home in 1851 to be with the Lord for ever. Another St. Peter's correspondent writes to us, saying, "Will you correct a slight error which appears in the notice respecting St. Peter's Baptist Chapel? Your correspondent, referring to the dear old pastor, the Rev. Thomas Cramp, speaks as though there had been no Gospel preaching since his death, which occurred in Nov., 1851, instead of which I am happy to say we have had a succession of faithful pastors who have preached the Gospel in all its fullness. Our late pastor, who has just been compelled, through ill health, to resign, has laboured disinterestedly for 23 years, and we are now hoping that the good Shepherd will in His own time send us an under shepherd who shall be the means of saving souls and edifying the Church.—AN OLD MEMBER, baptized by dear old Mr. Cramp 40 years ago.

BRIXTON.—Mr. Cornwell's 12th anniversary of his pastorate was held on Good Friday. Mr. Cornwell preached a sermon from "The fear of man bringeth a snare." Chapel was well filled; evening meeting was presided over by Mr. Cornwell, who said, "We have many things to thank God for. He has acknowledged us in the past; we are in peace and unity. He has been pleased to preserve us in the truth; where that is not the case no prosperity will follow. The longer I live the more I am convinced of this. With regard to the new tabernacle, we have cause to bless God. In a matter like this some difficulties will crop up; nothing has occurred which has not been overcome. Last year was our best here; we had 17 added, and lost none; this is not all, some were born here; that is real prosperity. We have been upheld by Him; in Him is still our trust; He is the great Governor of Zion; the hearts of all are in His hands. Messrs. Bennett, Rundell, Holden, F. Wheeler, E. Griffiths, Hand, and others gave addresses.—J. W. B.

Deaths.

The remains of Mr. W. Fisher, sen., were carefully laid to rest in Nunhead on April 4, 1884. His age was stated to be 90. Mr. O. Spurgeon, of Greenwich, was chaplain on the occasion. The deceased had seen much of the changes in Churches; but he abode honourable to the end. For seventy-two years out of the ninety he had known the Lord, and lived a life of faith upon the Son of God. He had been waiting for his heavenly rest a long time. At length the chariot came, and home he went.

The widow, Mrs. King, of Newport Pagnell, whose house has been the resting-place for the ministers, has been near to death. Her daughter, so heavily afflicted, has become worse than ever. We know the many preachers who have supplied at Newport Pagnell will grieve to hear of the great sorrows of this good Christian widow. The multitude of such cases presses hard upon us. How heavy the hand of death has been on our Churches lately! [Since the foregoing was penned, the spirit of our honoured sister has been called home. Her heavy sorrows have come to an end; but she has left behind a daughter in so grievous an affliction we cannot tell how she can be cared for].

Frances H. Flack, for 45 years the beloved wife of William Flack, minister of Salom Chapel, Wilton-square, New North-road, after a long and painful illness, peacefully fell asleep in Jesus on the 28th of March, at 2.40 a.m. Further particulars (D.V.) next month.

Mr. William Arthur Adams, as far as his outer tabernacle was concerned, was carried to Forest-hill cemetery on Tuesday, April 1, when, by his expressed wish, Mr. Joseph Wilkins, minister of Heaton-road chapel, read, prayed, and delivered an address. Mr. Adams and his wife, with about 50 others, came out from the late Mr. Moyle's Church, when changes occurred, and they formed the Church at Heaton-road. Mrs. Adams died, November 25, 1882, and Mr. Adams died at Denmark-hill, March 26, 1884. Out of every garden now the Lord is gathering home His own. How blest are they who are in the kingdom and likeness of our Immanuel!

The Widow Ewer, of Two Waters, ceased here to tarry, March 24, 1884, having reached 86 years. Fifty-two years a member of Salem; her husband was a deacon. Nearly all have passed away who were the deacons and members when we first knew Salem. As death removes the elders, life in Christ brings in the young; thus the Church is replenished.

MRS. REBECCA SORRELL.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—My wife's mother, Mrs. Rebecca Sorrell, late member of Mr. Bowles', Manor-street, Poplar, afterwards of the late Mr. Palmer's, in the Barking-road, Plaistow, departed this life March 13, 1884, in the 72nd year of her age. During the last fifteen years she had been a fearful sufferer from an ovarian tumour. It had not troubled her much during her six years' residence at Hastings, until the first week in Feb. last, when it re-appeared, and, after six weeks' pain and agony of body, she went home to be for ever with the Lord. About a fortnight before her death she told Mr. Hull (of Ebenezer Chapel) she had never lost her hope during the last fifty years, and said to her daughter (my wife) she had no fear of death, but she did not know what it might be when the time came. A week later she said to a dear friend, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." Not many hours before she died, and almost the last words we could understand her to say, was to her husband: "I am trusting in Jesus." Her remains were interred in the Hastings Cemetery, there to wait for the coming of the Lord. From what I have heard her say, she must have been very young when the Lord first appeared to her soul, and showed her that she was a sinner; and when a very young woman living in the neighbourhood of the Edgeware-road, she used to be able to hear the late John Warburton, William Gadsby, John Foreman, Stevens, and many others of the Lord's dear ministers. I see, in one of the late John Stevens's selection of hymns, it is noted down on the inside of the cover she was baptized at Cave Adullam Chapel, by Mr. Bowles, March 3, 1858. She was a quiet walker. My wife tells me that she never heard any but the songs of Zion from her mouth. She leaves an aged husband and three daughters (married) to lament her loss, and yet rejoicing in the full assurance that their loss is her gain. Thus you may know another saint has left for glory.—In Christian bonds, yours faithfully, F. W. CHAPMAN.

SHOULDHAM-STREET.—Death has been permitted to visit our borders again and again, and this time we have had to part with a beloved sister, one very much beloved by the whole Church. MARY TAYLOR, aged 66, after a very brief illness, died April 7, 1884, was buried at Willesden Cemetery, April 10. Mr. Beuzley, who had known the departed for very many years, officiated. The last Gospel sermon our sister heard was greatly blessed to her; it was from Isa. xlii. 2, "When thou passest through the waters," &c., the happy result being her mind was stayed and supported amidst the swellings of Jordan. "In every state 'tis with the righteous well."

We have notes of the emigration from this country to, we hope, a heavenly one, of some

four or five widows, aged from 81 to 89, and Mr. John Sturton, of Peterborough, writes of having been requested by one of the members of the tabernacle to officiate at her funeral, which he did. She thought to live to see her one hundredth birthday, but the hour of her departure was fixed just before she reached her 96th birthday. So, of course, she left Peterborough for "the land of far distances," there to see "the King in His beauty."

Died, on Tuesday, April 8, 1884, THOMAS ELIAS FOWLER, of 4, Bank-buildings, Turnham-green, late of High street, Stratford, and deacon of Mount Zion Strict Baptist Church, Bow, aged 61. Our dear brother was called by grace under a sermon preached by Mr. Kershaw, from the words, "The Lord reigneth," and was baptized by Mr. Samuel Milner. He was firmly attached to the distinguishing doctrines of grace, yet often sorely exercised respecting his interest in them. He died resting on the Rock of Ages. Now—

"Not a wave of trouble rolls
Across his peaceful breast."

On Sunday, April 13, he was buried in his family grave at Monro Park Cemetery, in the presence of a numerous company of mourning relatives, friends, and neighbours. Pastor W. H. Lee kindly officiated.

In loving remembrance of Elizabeth King, who fell asleep in Jesus April 3, 1884, in the 66th year of her age. "For ever with the Lord."

The widow Garner has gone home at the age of 83. Her husband (Jabez Whitteridge's uncle Garner) was Mr. John Warburton's oldest deacon, and was the man who instrumentally brought John Warburton to Southall. Just before the widow departed she would have all gathered around to sing,—

"Firm as the earth Thy Gospel stands."

Thus some of the happy saints who have known the Saviour here go singing home to heaven.—C. W. B.

A BELIEVER'S TRIALS THE RESULT OF DIVINE APPOINTMENT.

Ye troubled saints, belov'd of God,
Bought with Immanuel's precious blood,
Doubt not Jehovah's constant care
To guard you from the fowler's snare;
His mercy stands engag'd to keep
The weakest of His ransom'd sheep;
Nor can the foe, with all his skill,
Against thee hurl a single dart,
But in submission to His will,
Whose love can ne'er from thee depart.

Each trouble that disturbs thy rest,
Each grief that agitates thy breast,
Each cloud that hovers o'er thy head,
Each storm that fills thy soul with dread,
Was order'd by eternal grace,
As to its measure, time, and place;
And all eventually shall tend

Thy welfare to promote and show
Him to be thy eternal Friend,

From whom thy joys and sorrows flow

Look to the starry hosts on high!
And note the order of the sky;
Consider, too, the power divine,
That tells them where and when to shine.
Proceeds from Him whose sovereign will
All things in heaven and earth fulfil;
His covenant more secure shall stand
Than earth, or sun, or moon, or stars,
Ordaining by supreme command,
All that gives comfort, or that mars.

Chatham, 1827. W. G. LEWIS.

[More than half-a-century has passed since the then young W. G. Lewis was pastor of Zion, Chatham, preaching to crowds of loving people.—C. W. B.]

“One Family in Heaven.”

“That they without us should not be made perfect.”

THE late John Stock, of Salendine Nook, when he left his people and pulpit on April 20th, 1884, little seriously thought he would never there be seen again. He came to London to preach, to attend, and to speak at, the missionary meetings; no doubt he was somewhat excited, and on his way homeward his heart came to a stand. He truly said, “I AM GOING,” and he was quickly gone. You say, “He was not one of us.” I will hope he was one of the Lord’s. I have read some things he said here lately in London, and his decisions for old Gospel truths caused me to hope. Why, sir, when a sanctified mind is inspired by the poetical genius and grace of the SPIRIT, we all unite; and though with Richard Baxter I could not always say, “Amen,” yet, when in poetry his soul speaks to His Lord, I find *truth* in experience so in harmony with the feelings of every regenerated mind, that there comes no cross-bar to hinder me from saying, as he said:—

“Christ leads me thro’ no darker rooms

Than He went thro’ before;

He that into God’s Kingdom comes

Must enter by this door.

Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet

Thy blessed face to see,

For if Thy work on earth be sweet,

What will Thy glory be?”

In the perplexity of my mind as to what would become of Speldhurst-road Chapel, the seventeenth verse of Isaiah viii. came expressly into my soul. The prophet, after hearing of many things, he says, “And I will WAIT UPON THE LORD that hideth His face from the House of Jacob, and

“I WILL LOOK FOR HIM.”

This Scripture stands not alone. It begins with the relative “and,” bringing in a *conclusion* of the foregoing teaching and an *expectation* of the future. A *Conclusion*, as regards the *Position* I will occupy, “I will wait upon the Lord, that hideth His face from the House of Jacob.” There is a *conclusion* as regards the *position* I will occupy. As though the speaker said, “Now, He hideth His face from the House of Jacob.” One old version says, “I will wait for THE HIDDEN GOD.” “I will not despair. I will not give all up, but I will wait upon the Lord.” This is the *conclusion*. Then there comes out of this an *Expectation*, “And I will LOOK”—look out, and in, all around. “I will look for Him.” The prophecy seems to begin at ver. 11, which may be considered

A CALL TO EXCLUSIVENESS.

The prophet (he was here a true representative of all God-made ministers, if not of all true Christians) says, the Lord, with a strong hand, called him not to walk in the way of the people. “*The way of the people*”

is marked by two features. "They refused the waters of Shiloh and rejoiced in Rezin and Remaliah's son."

"The waters of Shiloh that go softly,"

are CHRIST'S GOSPEL WATERS; they go softly; they are a gentle, a soft, a certain springing out of the Rock of Ages. The Gospel of Christ has never come with great flourishing of trumpets, with warlike flags, with the rattling of drums. Christ's Gospel is compared to

"A STILL SMALL VOICE."

There may be the earthquake before "*the still small voice*," the breaking up of the fallow ground; there may be the thunder and lightning of Sinai. But the life-giving and peace-speaking voice of Christ is a STILL SMALL VOICE, speaking individually, softly, assuredly, powerfully, and blessedly, known only really to the soul who has it.

GEORGE FOX, the originator of Quakerism, was a striking instance of this exclusiveness. George Fox was apprentice to a man who was *shoemaker, wood-dealer, and farmer*. From his earliest days George was a solemn, thoughtful, careful, enquiring lad. When about nineteen years old, his master sent him on some business to a fair; there he met a cousin of his and another man, who were what he terms "professors" (of religion). Being thirsty, at the instigation of the cousin, they all adjourned to a tavern; but, besides his thirst, George had another reason for going. He was never willing to lose an opportunity of having a religious discussion, such as he expected the two professors would engage in, instead of which they began to drink healths; and agreeing that he who would not drink should pay all, they called for a second tankard of ale. The custom of drinking healths was already looked upon as a heathenish practice by some of the stricter sectaries, and Fox was grieved that any who professed religion should do a thing so light. Quietly getting up, he laid a groat on the table, with the remark that "if that were so, he would leave them;" and then, having done his business, he went home. But all that night he spent wandering up and down his room, until he fancied he heard the voice of God warning him "to forsake all, young and old, to keep out of the way of all, and to be a stranger to all."

Macaulay considers that George "had an intellect in the most unhappy of all conditions—that is to say, too much disordered for liberty, and not sufficiently disordered for Bedlam;" but this is far too harsh a dictum. His mother was proud that her boy should be so much better than others of his age, and herself valuing religion above all other objects, had encouraged the boy in his solitary studies.

Fox interpreted the revelation he had received to mean that he was to leave his native place and all his friends, so, with the implicit obedience he always yielded to what he understood as the will of his Creator, he left Drayton in the Autumn of 1643, and went to Lutterworth, where he stayed for some time, and so from one place to another, until in June, 1644, he was at Barnet. Wherever he went people seem to have pitied the gentle, melancholy youth, and many were anxious to befriend him, but he refused to permit them; for, though they were "professors," he tells us that he was sensible that they did not possess what they professed. While at Barnet he was almost in despair, mighty troubles and temptations came upon him, and he spent many hours walking up

and down in the Chase, solitary and sad, trying to find some relief for his over-wrought mind.

Not Fox alone, but from Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Christ, the apostles, all were called to come out from the world, to be separate, to make no confederacy with those who are opposed to the still small voice of the SPIRIT of the LORD in our own souls. In the consideration of the seventeenth verse of the eighth of Isaiah's prophecy, you will think of—

1. The House of Jacob.

2. In what sense the Lord did, or does, hide His face from the House of Jacob.

3. The Conclusion which the prophet and true believers come to—"I will WAIT UPON the LORD."

Lastly, the Expectation—"And I will LOOK FOR HIM."

The House of Jacob is set forth as a family, and ETERNAL SAFETY IN THE LORD is the main feature stamped upon the Church of God, under the figure of "*the House of Jacob.*" I do not pronounce any judgment on any people beyond the Scriptures, but God Himself declares that if any man have not the Spirit of Christ he is none of His. Now, in the prophecy of Obadiah, in verses 17 and 18, you have the whole of Grace's mercies. See three cardinal blessings—*deliverance*, holiness, and a full possession of all their possessions. What more can God promise any people? A full *deliverance* from all condemnation. A being made holy in the holiness of the Lord Jesus, and a possession of all the promises and properties of the kingdom of God.

To render the safety of this family safe beyond all question, you may see what *government*, what kingship, what sceptre, what saving power, they are put under. Read Luke i., where the angel Gabriel tells Mary she shall have a son, she shall call His name JESUS! He shall be great! He shall be called the Son of the Highest! The Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David; He shall *reign over the HOUSE OF JACOB FOR EVER*; and of His kingdom there shall be no end." The "House of Jacob" is the Old Testament name for the whole election of grace.

Who was Jacob's father? "*The Promise!*" ISAAC! Isaac was the fulfilled promise, and Jacob was the result and fruit of the promise. You see, in Jacob's case, nothing can hinder the promise coming to the House of Jacob. Jacob, poor lad, goes off, lays down to sleep, and, behold, the Lord appears unto Jacob. Only at this first appearance there is a ladder between them. Jacob is *laying* at the bottom; the LORD is *STANDING* at the *top*. Jacob saw "the angels ascending and descending on it." Have you not sometimes wondered how a special providence could come at the very moment it was needed? Why, sirs, the angels are all *ministering* spirits, "sent forth to minister unto the heirs of salvation." And they come down to know your state, your need, your trouble, and up they go to carry the tidings, and then down they come with the blessing. Oh, this mystery of the angels waiting upon the children of God is a deep concernment, a part of Heaven's wise, merciful, and wonderful provision of which we know but little. Jacob *saw* in the ladder the *way* to God and glory, and he *heard* all the blessed promises—the assurances of safety. Jacob, in his closing testimony, confirmed the truth of all God promised him, for he quietly, but confi-

dently said, "The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the angel which redeemed me from all evil, bless the lads."

Yes, Obadiah, "the House of Jacob shall possess its possessions." Oh, to be in that circle, in that covenant, in that family called "the House of Jacob," is to be under the wings of the Almighty, to be in glory for ever.

In what sense does He hide His face from the House of Jacob? The face of God was hidden until Jesus Christ came in our nature. It is true Abraham saw Him, and Gideon saw Him, and Manoah and his wife saw Him, and Solomon and David saw Him. But these were rare seasons. And during the incarnation life of Jesus it was only now and then that

"The God shone gracious through the man."

It was true, as the Saviour said: "What I do thou knowest not *now*, but thou shalt know hereafter." We could not bear the full blaze of His glory now; God hides HIS face in the incarnate Son of His love—God hides His face behind some cloud. You cannot see Him anywhere very clearly, but FAITH speaketh even then, and saith: "He knoweth the way that I take;" He appointed it, He measured and marked it out. He designed to try me by these dark dispensations; He saw what a poor, ignorant, conceited, self-willed worm of the earth I was, and He did with me as He said of Ephraim: "I will be unto Ephraim as a moth"—secretly eating out all his spiritual strength; then poor Ephraim runs to King Jareb, and he only wounded him more deeply. Oh, does this come to any poor Ephraim thus forsaken of God, wounded by some earthly, proud moralist, or dogmatic? See—God saith more terrible words yet. He seeth poor Ephraim thinking of coming back to the Lord: but, saith God, "I will be unto Ephraim as a *lion!* I, even I, will tear, and go away; I will *take away*, and none shall rescue him; I will go, and return to My place, till they see, and know, and feel they be guilty; till they acknowledge their offence, and

"SEEK MY FACE!"

"In their affliction they will seek Me early." Ah! every step of this path I know. That God, in infinite mercy, appeared, sanctified the affliction, caused my soul to cry bitterly unto Him, and to find Him a sin-pardoning and soul-saving GOOD SAMARITAN: so that the Spirit of Hosea vi. has been my spirit ever since, which says: "Come, and let us return unto the Lord, for He hath torn, and He will heal us; He hath smitten, and He will bind us up." The man who is thus exercised will, for the most part, have to walk alone.

The *Position*.—"I will wait upon the HIDDEN GOD!" I do so much like the old translation. For Christ is God, and in Him we shall see God face to face. Here we must WAIT UPON HIM. WAITING implies FAITH IN GOD. He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is the Rewarder of all who diligently seek Him.

Waiting is coming to the door. The ordinance of public worship is not of man's creation, or of man's appointment. *Why* do you come to sing and pray? Because He has said: "Where two or three are gathered in My name, there am I," &c. When ye go up to God's house, do not say, "I am going to hear so and so;" but, "I am

"GOING TO GOD'S DOOR!"

I am going to KNOCK at God's door." And, as He is never out, I must wait until He opens the door and lets me in. There are three doors spoken of: (1) the door of faith—you must come in by that door; (2) the door of acceptance—that is, CHRIST; (3) the door of utterance—that is, the publican crying, "God, be merciful to me, a sinner!" If you wait patiently, believing the promise, He will open the door.

"I will wait upon the Lord." This blessed posture proveth that PRIDE is humbled, that PRESUMPTION, if not dead, hath received such a blow it can never again be bold and strong as it was, and that PATIENCE hath begun to have her more perfect work. See the poor bruised and bleeding heart *waiting* at the door! *It says nothing.* Once it was full of presumption: creed-proud! experimentally proud!! fine-reputation proud!!! education proud!!!! popularity proud!!!!!! financially proud!!!!!! You may see these "*Fellows*" of the dogmatic colleges at all the public gatherings. I suppose their day of trial is yet to come, or they belong to the class Paul defined, "If we be without chastisement, then are we bastards, and not sons."

I do not believe that a most dreadful knowledge of sin's working is absolutely and essentially necessary to salvation. Infants go to heaven! Pious young believers in Christ alone for salvation, our Lord said, "are saved." John had not the experience of Peter—at least, so we think; but I am come to the "*door*." I am *waiting* there upon, and for the LORD. The Scripture is full of information respecting this "*door*." But I must stand here for the present, and in my next hope to notice this "*door*," this "*waiting upon the Lord*," and its result. In the meantime, if you can, do pray for yours truly,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

[Should the "*door*" open, my chapel be saved, and my life preserved, I trust to be able to sing a new song of praise unto the Lord; but all is dark at present.]

A WELL OF SALVATION.

NOTES OF A SERMON BY MR. M. WELLAND,

Preached at the Surrey Tabernacle on Sunday morning, March 16, 1884.

"To the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved."—Eph. i. 6.

A WONDERFUL text we have here, one of those wells of salvation from which the Church of God is supplied whilst she is wending her way to glory. But, unless the Holy Spirit is pleased to apply it to our hearts, and open up to us its mysteries, we are like the woman of Samaria, we find the well is deep, and we have nothing to draw with. How God's people sometimes feel like that, and at other times they feel the springing up of the waters of life in their own souls, and they sing with Israel of old, "Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it." We listened to this chapter when it was read last evening, and there seemed in some measure a springing up in our soul, and we decided to look into it this morning, and see what is to the praise of the glory of His grace. This epistle was written to the people at Ephesus, where the preaching of Christ caused great confusion and uproar. Paul preached that Jesus

Christ was Lord of all, but he could not be heard, for they cried for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" "The preaching of this Man tells us there is a Man greater than our Diana, but we will have none of Him; ours is the best religion in the world." But some of them received the Word with power, for God does His own work.

Our text contains sweet words addressed to God's own children. This chapter speaks of peace which the Father will give to them. God meets us, and convinces us of our sin. If He has not convinced us of our need of pardon through Jesus Christ; if He has not convinced us of our need of this religion, we are dead. You may say, "It does not much matter, sir, what sentiments we hold;" but I tell you that if we know nothing of the power of the Holy Ghost we are dead. Our Father is a gracious God to His Church and people, for "He hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, according as He hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love, having predestinated us unto the adoption of children by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will." He thus forms them "to the praise of the glory of His grace." God chose them from all eternity, and consequently has a Church which must be spiritually fed, according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.

We will notice, in the first place, the pleasure with which God accepts the Church. 2. How this Church is accepted in Him. Wonderful words! Not according to our will, but according to the good pleasure of His will. 3. How this was done, and how the people of God know it. 4. He thus puts before us the glories of God's grace. 5. That all this is done to the praise of His grace. 1

1. The pleasure. All God's people answer to this. They were all enemies to God by wicked works; they all, like sheep, had gone astray; they were all dead in Adam; all fallen in him. Do you and I know this experimentally? Let us not talk flippantly about the great truths of God, who says, "Heaven is My throne." When blessed by the Holy Spirit we turn our eyes from all that we have done, "for all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God." But there is One who has not sinned, of whom the Father has said again and again, "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." What cheering words for sinful men! Let us ask ourselves the question, Is He our Beloved? The Church shall be brought to see things in this light. I ask you in all faithfulness, Is Christ become the Beloved of your soul? O! daughters of Jerusalem, I do not ask you what sentiments you hold; but is Christ the only Beloved of your heart? It is Christ who is the Beloved of His people. It is a simple truth. He first attached Himself to us, and as God has accepted Christ, so He will receive us at His hands. We may have dear neighbours, dear children, dear wife, dear husband; but we hold them as the gifts of God, for none but Jesus can save us; none but Jesus will do. We are brought to see the simplicity of the Gospel, and if we are the beloved of the Lord, we are dead to everything but Christ, and thus all the Church are of one mind. Other people do not know the love of the Lord for His people, how He endears Himself to them.

"If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be?"

Beloved, it will not be long before we shall see Him as He is. "For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face." Now we get some glimpses of Him as our Friend, as our Redeemer, and we feel sometimes, "Let me be sick of love and die." It would be a beautiful death. We all meet in Him.

2. We are accepted in Him. What a wonderful word, "accepted." Can God accept anything that is enmity—that is wrong; certainly not. What did God's people do in the old dispensation? They were commanded to offer a daily sacrifice for sin. A lamb in the morning, and in the evening another lamb; all this to point out the glories of the Lamb of God, for these lambs must be perfect, must be without blemish, or they would not be accepted. Aaron, the high priest, must wear a mitre upon his forehead, upon which was engraved, "Holiness to the Lord." Do we not see here a beautiful type of our glorious High Priest? "We have such an high priest, who is set on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens." The apostle emphasises these words, "For such an high priest became us, who is holy, harmless, and undefiled." We bless God for the sacrifice that atoned for our sins, that through His righteousness we are accepted in the beloved. How do we know this, for it took place hundreds of years ago? "Now, faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen." Where did you first find peace and pardon for your sins? Not when you stood at Mount Sinai.

"But faith looks up to see
The burdens Thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there."

There was a young man went to chapel, a guilty, sinful man, but he came out a pardoned man; his guilt was all gone. We remember it well. It is not for any work of yours, but simply for His name's sake, that you are pardoned. You did not want to go to the minister or anybody else to ask if you were pardoned, but you bless God for the evidence you have in your soul, and often cannot find words to express it. We are accepted. We find He is our Friend, and we have communion with Him. "Let me hear Thy voice, for sweet is Thy voice." And the poor child of God says, "Let me see Thee," and they learn His secret; for the Psalmist says, "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him; and He will show them His covenant." And so they find they are accepted in the Beloved. One day our great Master accepted a poor blind man. The Pharisees rejected him, and you will find it so now. If you belong to Christ, it will make the world despise you. "And they cast him out;" but Jesus found him, and it is a great comfort to us that He did. Is it a fact that the Pharisees called the blind man, that they might excommunicate him? His parents said, "We know that this is our son, and that he was born blind, but by what means he now seeth we know not; he is of age, ask him." So they asked him, but he did not know who gave him sight; but he knew one thing, that whereas he was blind, now he could see. He began to see through them; but Jesus found him. We do not like the casting out, but if Jesus finds us, all is well; for we know we are accepted in Him, by His

grace. Oh, it is beautiful! because we see that peace must come to us in this manner. It must be so, for we cannot do anything of ourselves, and God never intended that we should, for

“He saw us ruined in the fall,
Yet loved us, notwithstanding all.”

Whilst we were sinners! What induced Him to do that? “God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.” God has said it, and He accepts them because of it.

“Oh, to grace, how great a debtor
Daily I’m constrained to be.”

When Jesus meets a sinner He opens his eyes and heart to receive His truth.

“’Twas grace that taught our hearts to pray.”

Yes, it is all of grace, and the more we feel it, the more we love it. It has laid me low at His dear feet many times. “By grace are ye saved through faith.” Not by any works that you can do, for faith is the gift of God. So the people of God understand the text. Grace will support us under every trial, and we hope to pass away presently triumphing in the grace of God. “But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.” They are all led into the sweet mysteries of grace. If we have grace in our hearts, the day will come when that grace will be crowned with glory. Paul saw it, and it filled his soul with wonder. Heaven is called glory, and when the people of God enter there, it will be a great crowning day. Grace will sustain them as they pass away. They are accepted in the Beloved, and may it be our lot to praise the glory of His grace. May we sing, “Unto Him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen.” We sometimes feel that we can sing that. We are put into tune by Him who weans us from all creature confidences, and all shall be “to the praise of the glory of His grace, wherein He hath made us accepted in the Beloved.”

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES CHAPEL DAVIS, OF LARKHALL, BATH,

Who fell asleep March 2, 1884.

BY HIS GRANDSON, W. J. WILLWAY.

MR. DAVIS was born on August 15, 1803, five months after the death of his father. His mother was a woman of great strength of character, who supported herself, three fatherless children, and an aged mother by her industry. Of the three children, Charles, the subject of this memoir, only, grew up. He received the rudiments of education, and was at an early age sent to work. His scanty education was made up for by the earnest study of “Plutarch’s Lives,” Ancient History, Heathen Mythology, and Milton. He early showed keen perception and

judgment. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a smith for seven years, "which time," he says, "I served to the full." He earnestly sought to acquire a thorough knowledge of his trade, and the result of it was, that shortly after he was out of his apprenticeship, he received good wages, and was appointed foreman at a shop in Cheltenham. But during the time he served his master as an apprentice he was the slave of one who led him captive "at his will." He describes this period as a time of proving that "Evil communications corrupt good manners." "My Lord's-days," he says, "were spent in an ungodly way—nutting, fishing, bathing, &c., in Summer; in Winter, morning, idleness, cleaning my gun, &c.; afternoon and evening, places of amusement. Monday morning was a time of keen remorse, and a resolution that next Lord's-day shall be differently spent. The week's intercourse with the world and ungodly companions caused the next Lord's-day to be spent as the last.

"I hope the Lord was now dealing with me in mercy, and preparing me for the reception of the Gospel of His grace (though I knew it not), for He gave me to reap a little of the fruits of my sowing, and I then went to him in my ignorant and self-sufficient way; told Him if He would take off His rod, what *I would*, and what *I would not* do; but as another proof of my powerlessness I broke my solemn promises I had made to Him in secret. This made me a terror to myself."

Going home with a companion after an ill-spent Lord's-day, he met a young man, who, he says, "stopped us, entered into a religious conversation, being concerned about our salvation. I learnt that resolutions formed in our own strength would be but sport for the devil, and like the chaff of the Summer threshing-floor. Also I learned that pardon of sin, and a knowledge of it must take place in this world, instead, as I thought, of waiting till the world to come. This was the secret I wanted to know. It was to me glad tidings, that, as the young man said, they who felt their need of strength, and asked God for it, would obtain it, and by His strength keep their resolutions. The young man was very earnest with us and urged us to abandon our sinful course. I felt then and there determined by God's help to seek Him, and the salvation of my soul. My companion and I conversed on the subject of the interview, and he joined me in the intention of leading a new life; but he was only a 'Neighbour Pliable,' for in a few days I had to reprove him for telling lies in jest, which reproof he resented, to my great grief, as I was attached to him; but here ended our friendship, as, 'Two cannot walk together except they be agreed.'

"I now read the Bible and other books, and walked circumspectly, and kept a watch over my words and actions. I read a book on 'Conditional and Unconditional Election,' and at once decided that conditional election was the truth.

"I was now taken ill, and knowing that my sins were not pardoned, and not knowing but that the sickness may be unto death, I became in real earnest. My sins lay on my conscience, and I believe were the chief cause of my illness. My agonising prayer now was, '*God, be merciful to me a sinner!*'"

"The subject of election again came to my mind, and having an uncle, an old professing Christian, I sent for him, supposing he knew more on religious matters than the young man before referred to. I

asked him whether conditional or unconditional election were true? He told me he believed unconditional election was the truth. This tumbled me at once into the 'slough of despond,' for the father of lies told me 'if that were true it would be of no use to pray, read, or seek; for if God had settled it all, and our work had no hand in saving us, I may as well settle down in despair.' In this awful state I believe the Lord kindly supplied a thought, which was, whether the doctrine of election were true or not, I know and feel that I am a sinner. I will seek the pardon of my soul, and if the Lord grant me this, I will then search His Word to know what is true; and with this determination I left the subject.

"The burden of my sins increased, amounting to 'the sorrows of death, and the pains of hell,' such as cannot be described. Now I feared that those words applied to me—'Because I have called and ye refused, I have stretched out My hand and no man regarded; I will also laugh at your calamity, I will mock when your fear cometh' (Prov. i. 24—26). Now the tempter presented suicide in the most fascinating form. I was terrified at the suggestion, and knew it was the devil, and cried mightily to God for deliverance, and the tempter fled. I had always wondered how individuals could be induced to commit suicide, till then, but I wondered not now, for had God left me to the power of Satan I should have been His victim. God put a 'hitherto shalt thou come,' to his temptation.

"I was now in the 'horrible pit and miry clay,' and had no power to get out. It seemed as if I must sink and give up all for lost, when I cast my eyes on a text in a little book of short sermons, 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' These words were spoken home to my desponding soul with as much power and reality as if spoken by an audible voice by Gabriel, or even the Lord Jesus Himself. My heart said, '*In no wise;*' then He will not *cast me out!* It will not be sin to take Him at His word! As the soul agony can only be known by those who have felt it, so the transport of joy can be known only by those who have realised it, as it is '*joy unspeakable.*' The scalding tears of bitterness which had copiously rolled down my cheeks gave place to tears of joy, which now flowed more freely. I felt my guilt and terror gone, my soul 'leaped as an hart,' and 'the tongue of the dumb could sing.' I felt assured I should 'not die, but live and declare the works of the Lord.' I felt assured in my mind that my 'sickness would not be unto death, but for the glory of God.' Such light now broke in upon my mind that it was 'out of darkness into marvellous light.' I was in a new world. 'Behold, I make all things new,' was fulfilled in my experience, and God who commanded light to shine out of darkness, hath shined into our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of God in the face of Jesus Christ.' I was as blind to spiritual things as the man in the Gospel, who was *born* blind, was to natural things, and I looked with as much wonder upon spiritual as he did upon natural things. I saw God with new eyes, saw myself, the Bible, and everything in a new light. Truly, 'old things had passed away, and all things had become new.' I had twice read the '*Pilgrim's Progress,*' and do not know that I got an idea of its spiritual meaning, but read it as a wonderful dream. The light I now had interpreted the book. I saw the '*City of Destruction*'

from which I had escaped. I had in my companion a 'Neighbour Pliable,' who went a little way and then turned back. I could also see the 'Slough of Despond' and the 'Wicket-gate,' at which I had knocked, and which I feared would not be opened; and I then saw that it was indeed a 'strait gate and a narrow way.'"

(*To be continued.*)

“THE MAN OF KERIOTH.”

“All to the Great Tribune haste,
The account to render there!
And, should'st thou strictly mark our faults,
LORD! *how* should we appear?”

“*He goes out into the blackest night that earth ever saw, and hangs himself.*”

ONE James Hart, a “Rev. M.A.,” has published what he calls “Judas’s Roll; or, The Autobiography of Judas Iscariot.” It is, as we look at it, a piece of fiction in the Gospel field; yet there is TRUTH in some parts of it. How Judas became a disciple of our Lord; what he expected to gain thereby; and his want of faith in the Saviour’s promise, which leads to his selling his Master, is given in the following form. Judas is talking to himself, touching the promise Jesus had proclaimed, and he says:—“Did He not expressly promise us a great reward? Were not His own words: ‘Ye which have followed Me in the regeneration, when the Son of Man shall sit on the throne of His glory, ye also shall sit upon twelve thrones, judging the twelve tribes of Israel.’

“Where is that promise now? Is *this* its fulfilment, an accepted defeat? a resigned submission? not even safety by flight. And does He think that we must follow Him in blind obedience unto death? No, no, a thousand times, Jesus of Nazareth. Here we part for ever. I trusted Thee, believed Thy words, placed fullest confidence in Thy promises. And how hast *Thou* fulfilled Thy part? Dost Thou remember those words spoken to Simon’s question: ‘Behold, we have left all, and followed Thee; what shall we have therefore?’ What was the reply? ‘Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the kingdom of God’s sake, who shall not receive manifold more in this present time, and in the world to come, life eternal.’

“Deceived, most bitterly deceived; and even the little which I had, all lost since I entered His service and followed Him. Not even workman’s wages at the last. What can I do, what shall I do, to build up the fallen fortunes of a life? how begin the world again?”

“The Autobiography of Judas,” *fiction* though it may be called, rings out a solemn peal of warning bells to all who are making their fortunes by preaching the Word. Of course, a man may anticipate living beyond his “popular” standing. He may wisely “make hay while the sun shines;” he may lay up for the winter season of his life; but if the *heart-motive* be not supreme love to Christ and His service, all the profession and the gain thereof is, in God’s sight, unholy! How many like Judas there may have been, or even now may be, the omniscient eye of Jehovah alone knoweth.

KNOWING AND REMEMBERING.

THE Psalmist, in the 103rd Psalm, speaking of the fatherly pity of God, gives as a reason, "For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust." Oh, what comfort these words have often brought to His tempest-tossed family, when meditating on the weakness of the flesh, or when some temptation has prostrated us! What a consolation, under such circumstances, to feel, by the Spirit's application, that our Father knows our weak and helpless state!

But the thought that has struck me much in relation to this passage is that the dear Lord not only *knows* but He *remembers* our frailty and weakness, and the idea (so to speak) is ever present with Him. I think this fact may be profitably studied by us in relation to the strife and differences that so often rend the Christian family. Now we *know* that our brethren in the Lord are fallible and weak; but how often, when anything occurs, any word or act that displeases us, we seem to forget this fact, and criticise them as though we had a right to expect perfection in them. We look at the mote, and too often, I fear, magnify it to a beam. What a blessing the Lord does not deal with us in this way; but in all our failings He remembers that we are dust. It does look as though, having constantly manifestations of our own weakness and sinfulness brought home to us, we should be prepared to see similar manifestations in others of the family, and thus learn to bear and forbear. The strifes and divisions in what ought to be a family of love are very heartrending and derogatory to the glory of our loving Lord. Oh, that He would give all grace to "esteem others better than ourselves." W.

Raunds, March 8, 1884.

[This is a most wholesome prescription. We gladly publish it. May the same SPIRIT which surely did indite it, render its application powerful and blessed. So would ever pray,—C. W. B.]

THE CERTAIN EFFECT OF HEARING THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

TWO SERMONS PREACHED BY E. MARSH, PASTOR, LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK, LORD'S-DAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1884.

"And it shall come to pass in that day, that the great trumpet shall be blown, and they shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts in the land of Egypt, and shall worship the Lord in the holy mount at Jerusalem."—ISAIAH XXVII. 13.

THE prophet Isaiah is not unjustly designated the "Gospel prophet," not that there is any lack of Gospel in any of the prophets, but *Isaiah* seems especially led by the Holy Spirit into the wonders of God's redeeming love in the great work of salvation, by the Lord Jesus Christ, and while writing of the gathering of the Jews unto "Shiloh," very clearly foretells of the glorious effects that should follow the preaching of the everlasting Gospel of the grace of God wherein "Christ crucified" should be the certain sound, dead sinners raised to life the certain issue. Under many figures and similes the work itself is set forth, which to the spiritually-enlightened are full of unfolding beauty.

While granting that spiritualising the sacred Word may be carried to a most intolerable degree, and the Word of God be twisted and turned to say what the Holy Spirit never intended it to say; this cannot be said of interpreting the "great trumpet" as the "great Gospel," God's voice of glad tidings of great joy. While our text may have allusion to the second coming of Christ (as you with marginal Bibles will see the translators have principally, if not wholly, referred it to) that time when He shall come to proclaim time no more, and gather to Himself the vessels of mercy to their eternal bliss, to judge the world in righteousness, yet not solely does the text point thereunto but rather to the first, which includes the second—namely, to the preaching of the Gospel wherein Christ cometh in Gospel judgment ere He shall come to final judgment, wherein sinners by faith hear the sound of the Son of God and live; and are led to rejoice in eternal life through Jesus Christ, that when He cometh to make up His jewels they who have heard and embraced Him in this Gospel shall behold His face with joy and say, "Lo, this is our God, we have waited for Him, He will come and save us." Thus the sounding of the Gospel trumpet precedes the final trumpet of the archangel, when *the end* shall be. Blessed be God, that He has not only *planned* and *purposed* the salvation of His people, but *proclaims* and *publishes* it too, that he that hath ears to hear may hear what the Spirit saith unto the Church. May God the Holy Spirit direct and lead our hearts for a few moments while from our text we try to dwell on three leading particulars:—

I.—The trumpet blown.

II.—Those who hear it.

III.—The certain effect which follows it.

I.—The trumpet blown. Here is a figure of speech to set forth the proclamation of the everlasting Gospel to wretched, dying man. No figure used by God the Holy Spirit can be meaningless; and certainly this is not. Many reasons why the Gospel should be likened to a trumpet might be given; let one or two suffice. *A royal instrument.* Before any royal proclamation was made, the blast of the trumpet was heard calling the people together to hear the word of the king. The Gospel is of royal birth. Yea, the very first Gospel note was proclaimed by the Lord of lords and King of kings; for amid the awful scene of destruction, through the fall of Adam—when Eden's bliss could no longer be the dwelling of the law-breaker—mercy rejoices over judgment, as the great God Himself exclaims, "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." The Gospel may be compared to a trumpet as it is *a war instrument.* Happy is the Christian warrior—the soldier of Christ—who, when the Gospel is proclaimed, hears the war-call to "defend the honour of His name, the glory of His laws, at the same time flocking to the standard of the cross, as the trumpet calls to arms, and at the same time declares victory through the blood of the Lamb. For He hath conquered every enemy. Moreover, the Gospel war-note declares to all its hearers *the spirituality of their weapons* and *the nature of the armour* with which they are to be clad (2 Cor. x. 4; Eph. vi. 13—18). Again, the trumpet is to be heard for a long distance. God's Gospel shall reach from shore to shore, even as Christ says, "And this Gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations" (Matt. xxiv. 14). Yet, again, a trumpet is useless hung up

as an ornament; *it must be blown*. Thus the great trumpet *shall* be blown. God has declared it *shall*. Life and power must be brought into exercise. God the Holy Spirit is the breath divine to give the trumpet its sure and certain sound. Hence, to all His sent servants, the trumpeters on Zion's walls, He says, "Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end." My Word shall not return unto Me void. But let me now draw attention to the fact that the everlasting Gospel is declared a *great trumpet*; it is the trumpet of the *great God*, as already noticed. The Gospel is the property of the great *I AM that I AM*. It reveals a *great Saviour*. "He shall send them a Saviour, a *great One*." It declares a *great salvation*—"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" It produces *great consequences*; the deaf hear, the blind see, the lame walk, *the dead are raised to life*. Oh, what human trumpet ever roused a dead man! how great is this trumpet! how powerful its blast! Away, away for ever, with your puny inventions as substitutes for the great trumpet, for they can bear no more comparison with God's great Gospel than a tinkling penny whistle to the high sounding note of a loud and well-blown trumpet.

Oh, let the everlasting Gospel ever be known in its greatness, for it publishes the greatest of all blessings—pardon for sin and justification of the sinner, a free acceptance with God as a reconciled Father; and all through the great Saviour it proclaims the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth. Life through His death, pardon through His blood; sinners not only saved *from* eternal death, but saved to everlasting life and happiness. Oh, for a tongue to tell forth this great salvation! But come, beloved, and let us listen to the notes the trumpet sounds forth from the messengers of God as divinely inspired. They proclaim the good news and glad tidings; for "The Lord gave the Word; great was the company of those that published it." We must here pause again to notice that the great God Himself is the first publisher. "The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." And when He sends forth His heralds, how blessedly do they all harmonise with the first note; thus proving they were servants, not of men, nor by the will of man, but of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Now let us listen to the glorious peal of Gospel truth from heaven's divinely-commissioned heralds. *Moses*, step forward, and let us hear this great trumpet blown by you. "Yea, He loved the people." Well done, thou servant of the Most High God! good Gospel this. Indeed He did love, or He never would have done what He did. But blow on. "All His saints are in Thy hand." Capital! they cannot be in a better place. Oh! think, poor sinner, as you hear it, in the hand that was pierced for your sins you are placed for eternal safety. Again, *Moses*. "And they sat down at Thy feet; every one shall receive of Thy words." No better seat; glorious position to sit at the feet of the Lord, clothed and in our right mind, learning of Christ, learning His words of grace and truth. Thus we find the Gospel *shall come*, the fruit and the effect of love divine, the sound of the trumpet blown by *Moses*. "They shall all know Me, from the greatest unto the least," thus the eternal covenant runs. *Joshua*, what sayest thou of this great Gospel? Let us hear thy trumpet note. "The Lord your God is He which hath fought

for you." Good, Joshua; then to the Lord our God be all the glory. What arm can match Omnipotence, or drag the blood-bought sinner thence? Joshua can sing of a finished salvation, for the Lord *hath* fought the fight, the victory won. Oh! come, poor sinner, cast thy deadly doings down, and cling to what thy Lord hath done. *Samuel*, hast thou a Gospel note to blow for we poor sinners' encouragement this afternoon? Hark! "Yet doth He devise means that His banished be not expelled from Him." Oh! listen, ye outcasts and ready to perish, ye banished by sin, self, and Satan, "*He* doth devise means." We cannot; *He doth*. "For what the law could not do, in that it was made through the flesh, God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh, that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit." Oh, that the Gospel trumpet, sounding in your ears, may make you lame ones in the Spirit to walk to Calvary's bloody mount, there beholding the devised means, sit and sing,—

"Payment He cannot twice demand;
Once at my bleeding Surety's hand,
And then again at mine."

Pass on, Samuel, we love your trumpet notes, for they are glad tidings indeed. You did not say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth," without a cause. Your Master's message is a message indeed. Oh, how the trumpet is sounding in every direction from the mouth of the herald Isaiah. Stay, poor sinner, and listen to the melody, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Glorious news! Oh, ye empty, starving, poor, welcome come to mercy's door. Oh, doth not the Gospel of *the grace of God* peal forth from Isaiah's trumpet at every note indeed?

And what is that murky dungeon of distress yonder, where sits the lonely weeper, writer of "Lamentations" and sorrow? Look up from thy depths, thou prophet of the Lord, and tell us even now, Jeremiah, is there no Gospel song from thy trumpet, though its notes come through the deep waters? We have heard thy fellow-labourer cry, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee." What sayest thou to these things? "It is of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed, because His compassions fail not." Ah, true! Mercy still forms the song. Gospel note this, rising up from the low dungeon, too.

"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart, and the boast of my tongue;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast."

Oh, what melodious sound is that we hear as of a Gospel trumpet great with blessings promised by a faithful and unchanging God; *Malachi* is the herald, "Unto you that fear My name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in His wings." Then let the devil say He shall *not*, my wicked heart of unbelief say He shall *not*, the world and the flesh unite to say He shall *not*, while the great trumpet says *He shall*, faith exclaims, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief." Oh, blessed truth with which to close, listening to just a few of the Old Testament heralds blowing the Gospel trumpet. But before we dismiss the trumpeters, let us see the blessed harmony between Moses and Paul,

Samuel and Peter, Malachi and Matthew, for their trumpets are one. *Matthew*, just one note! "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Precious Physician, here is healing for the sick and rest for the weary indeed. *Peter*, let us hear thee, for thy trumpet sound is well worth listening to. "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to His abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." Ah, Peter, we poor sinners cannot do without the begetting again, for, alas! how often are we found denying our Lord; and if it were not for a risen Saviour at the Father's right hand, as our living and loving Intercessor, where should we be? "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire beside Thee." Like Peter, again we cry, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

(To be continued.)

THE SOUL'S WARFARE AND ITS VICTORY.

BEFORE THE BAPTIZING.

(Continued from page 138.)

[We will lovingly ask those who despise the literal baptism of believers to condescend to watch the progress of this narrative unto the end. A father baptizing his dying daughter is no small matter. Cannot she pass it by? Nay, she cannot. We could relate some indisputable testimonies, but we will not while this case is before our readers; only we may observe this, ISAIAH SMITH is an honoured man. We believe he is about to, or has, baptized a Congregational Minister; but, let us see this narrative finished before we commence another.]

THE GODLY FATHER TO HIS CHILD.

MY DEAR MIRIAM,—I received your letter, and was pleased to find by what you said that you have been brought to see and feel that "none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." Your experience is like the rest of God's dear children; the Holy Spirit works in those who are heirs of glory; and Satan, knowing this, begins to harass and hunt them about, even daring to follow them to a throne of grace, where they cry out, "O Lord, undertake for me." I preached yesterday from Zech. xxxvi. 2. Read the chapter, and rest assured what the devil did to Joshua he does to all God's children; and what the Lord did for him (Joshua) and to him, He will do for all that cry unto Him because of the oppressor. I am glad you have been led to make it a matter of prayer to the dear Lord respecting your being baptized; there is no doubt but that He who laid it upon your mind will give you grace to do it with all needful strength. You said your heart was not so warm as when you wrote last; this I can well understand, for as the poet says:—

"Infinite wisdom ne'er designed
To give us always joy."

We read, "In the world ye shall have tribulation; but in Me ye shall have peace." If then, we were without tribulation, we might conclude we were without spiritual light and life. It may be a long time before you feel so blessed and happy again. That is what in Ezek. xvi. 6 is

called the time of love; when by faith you were married to Christ, when He put on your wedding garment, which is His robe of righteousness, which He wrought out on Calvary's tree, to cover the object of His love whom He finds naked, being stripped of self-righteousness, and their feelings cast out to perish, and when He passed by (or came near) and saw you, showed His love and led you to love Him. The poet says:—

"All needful grace will He bestow
And crown that grace with glory too."

I hope, however, when you are favoured to put on Christ by baptism, it may be a blessed season to your soul, and many others too. I have seen some just before being baptized cast down in spirit and filled with fear, lest they were doing wrong; but afterwards they have seen it was a trick of Satan's, for they have come forth out of the water blessing and praising the Lord, whom they have been enabled to serve and honour.

Mr. R——, that preaches at B——, told me he felt snre the water would stop his breath, and he should die when I baptized him. I laughed at him, and told him not to give way to the enemy by believing his lies. After he was baptized, I said, "Who is right, the Holy Spirit that led you to do it, or Satan that tried to keep you from it?" He was filled with joy.

I tell you these things that you may not be ignorant of Satan's devices, who tries a thousand ways to deceive the little ones of God. I told Miss D—— the contents of your letter, and she said she felt sure she should hear something to gladden her, as she had been so much led out in prayer for you. I also named to the Church your desire to be baptized, relating also some of the Lord's dealings with your soul. They were nearly all melted down in tears of sympathy and gratitude; you are the object of many prayers, and no doubt prayers will be answered for your present welfare and your future good. I have, I hope, been led to arrange the matter so that you may become a member with us, without any difficulty to you; and that you may sit down at the table of the Lord in the afternoon. When you write again say how you would like to manage about coming. I have enclosed a sermon I thought might please you; you will take care of it, as it is not mine.

With our united love,

I remain, your affectionate Father,

ISAIAH SMITH.

January 9th, 1882.

THE DAUGHTER TO HER FATHER.

DEAR FATHER,—I was pleased to hear from you, as I was looking for a letter from you. I am always on the look out for your letters after I have sent one to you. You asked me in your letter when I thought of coming home. For my part, I do not mind when. I should like you to say when you think it would be best for me to come. As to my returning to G——, I do not much care for the idea of coming back, although I have every comfort and everything I want, or if I fancy any little thing they always try and get it for me, so that I am well waited upon, as you know C—— would do all she could to make me comfortable. But I feel I should like to see more of you and more of the others at H——, as it is such a long way for them to come down here to see me. But if I should stay at home I would like S—— to come

home to wait upon me, and she would be company for me as well, as I should feel I did not mind what I asked her to do for me, and I could not feel so with anyone but my own sister. We all know that in sickness there is no one can do for us so well as our own, and I thought as she would leave C——'s in the Spring, it would not make much difference whether she left it now or in the Spring-time. As to my health, I shall either get better or worse, if I am spared till the Spring, as the rise of the leaf always affects this complaint; and if I am taken away to rest, then S—— could go out again.

I thank my God, He does not let me murmur, but often applies these words to my mind, "Sweet affliction, thus to bring me near my God," and almost makes me feel it a pleasure to suffer at my heavenly Father's will. I often look back at the time when I did murmur, and wonder why I was thus afflicted; but that was when I was dead in sin. I cannot write more, as I so soon get tired, and my eyes seem very weak; they soon ache after looking at anything a little while. But just a few words which I had nearly forgotten to tell you. I opened my Bible on the first chapter of Solomon's Song, and my eyes caught on the eleventh and twelfth verses: "For, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth. The time of singing of birds is come; and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." This came with sweetness, and made me feel quite light all the evening. C—— and O—— send their love. With kind love from your loving daughter,

MIRIAM.

January 10, 1882.

THE LATE MRS. FRANCES HERSILIA FLACK.

BY HER BEREAVED HUSBAND,

Salem Parsonage, Wilton Square, N. May 12, 1884.

"The memory of the just is blessed" (Prov. x. 7).

MRS. FRANCES HERSILIA FLACK was a native of Essex, being born at Rettenden Common, then a large open common about midway between Chelmsford and Raleigh, on the road from Chelmsford to Southend. There being no educational establishment in that neighbourhood, she was early sent to a boarding-school at Baddow, two miles from Chelmsford, the native place of the late RICHARD LUCKIN, where she remained some few years. During her stay there she was taken notice of by a Miss Ledger, a dress-maker, to whose house she was often invited, and the result was a mutual attachment; and at the end of her school-days she was apprenticed to the said Miss Ledger to learn the dress-making business. This lady was a great professor and a rigid church-woman; but she was not without her use to the dear departed. It was while there she was confirmed, and when under examination for confirmation she was deeply and sternly convicted of her state as a sinner. Truly, the terror of death and hell got hold upon her; she found trouble and sorrow, and for seventeen long and painful years she was indeed a "child of light walking in darkness."

On her leaving Baddow she came to London, and entered a house of business at the West-end as improver. Here she found herself in something like a hornet's nest, and she was stung on every side. There were there both professors and profane; and her sorrows of heart were

enlarged. One would say, "Come and hear my minister; he is such a fine preacher, you are bound to like him." Another said, "Come and hear mine, he is sure to meet your case." Now she was found listening to the great Dr. Leafchild, then to the greater James Wells, of memory dear; another time she would be found under the loud-pealing thunder of some popular Wesleyan preacher; again at her church (for she was yet a churchwoman) hearing with profound and thrilling interest Thomas Dale, Dr. Dillon, and Henry Melville. On the Monday morning the workroom would be like a theological Noah's ark; there were all sorts of sounds and all sorts of sentiments ringing in her ears. One said, "*Do and live*"; another said, "*Live and do*"; and another said, "*Neither live nor do—only believe—now—just now, and you are safe.*" All this did but increase her confusion, increase her darkness, increase her bondage, till her burden became intolerable, and she would often be afraid to go to sleep at night, lest she should awake in hell; she often paused at the side of a busy London street, afraid to cross, lest, being run over, she would be suddenly launched into black despair. There was no doubt in her bosom about a future state, or about eternal punishment, or of the justice of God in the condemnation of the wicked. No! She knew that she was a sinner; she felt herself to be a vile transgressor of His most holy law; and as such a guilty transgressor, having the sentence of death in herself. As was her felt vileness so was her known helplessness; hence the stern conviction that salvation must be of grace—all, all of grace. Thus through the long period of seventeen years, she was the child of light walking in darkness. But think not, courteous reader, that she was all this time without one ray of light shining upon her dark pathway. No! She, here and there, had her comparative bright green spots; now and again she would get under the apple tree, and sit under His shadow with some delight, and find His fruit sweet to her taste; anon she would get a walk by the still waters, and a *little* rest in the green pastures; but these seasons were few and far between, and of short duration; nevertheless, they were helps by the way. They renewed her strength, they strengthened her heart, and enabled her, though faint, to keep pursuing. Yes! pursuing in a steady and habitual use of the means of grace, both public and private. Thus, although for the time she did not get deliverance such as she panted and longed for, yet she was helped to hold on her way, and to hold fast that she had; she was a real lover of the Word of God, the house of God, the ways of God, and the people of God. Hence, now and then she would find some sweetness in the promises, as on one occasion these words came in a way never forgotten, "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." But the light did not at once come, nor the glory of the Lord arise to her satisfaction. As such she would ask, "How is it—if the words were from the Lord, how is it they are not fulfilled? How can these things be?" So again she would sometimes have a good time in hearing, especially when some doctrinal subject was clearly handled. But before she had scarcely crossed the threshold of the door, it would be—"Sweet truth! but what do I know about it? Precious doctrine! but what saving interest have I in it?" Thus we say, she loved the doctrines of grace as far as she understood them, but could not as yet realise her personal interest therein. No! the time to favour her was not come. It *was* to come, there was a set time too for it to come, but it was not yet.

It was in this state of things we became acquainted. In the year 1836 we first met, and spent a few days under the same roof. During these few days, a mutual attachment was felt, though nothing was said about it by either party. In less than a week I was removed to Stamford, where I remained two years, and at the end of which time I returned to London, purposing to devote my life to foreign missionary work. But in this, as in most of my own projects, I was disappointed, and I had again to turn my thoughts to business pursuits. Now I began to think of a married life, and the dear departed one became my choice, or rather, as I now fully believe, was made manifest as the one chosen for me. Oh, how mysterious, as old folks say, these "matches made in heaven." How wonderful the ways by which they are brought about. But however tempted, I must not enlarge; this is not to be a love tale. Suffice it to say, she at the first proposal objected, on the ground that she could never be a fit companion for me, or a help-meet for me. However, this difficulty was overcome, and in the following May we were united in matrimony. Still, she could not feel it to be a real union. The time was not yet come for her deliverance, and at times her bondage, or at least her trouble, seemed increased, fearing, as she did, that we were only united for time, and that we could never meet in heaven. She had a promise for me, before we were married—*viz.*, "With long life will I satisfy him, and show him My salvation"—but she had none for herself; hence the trouble on this point.

(To be continued.)

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

THE CHURCH IN HER CRADLE, AND HER SUBSEQUENT GROWTH.—Where to find it I know not; but surely there must be a bump of *antiquity* in my upper storey somewhere, for such books as the *Early Days of Christianity*, by Dr. Farrar, much attract my attention, and to be carried back to the times when *Christianity* was in her birth-pangs, when she had such a dark night to be born in, such bitter foes to oppose her, friends so few and feeble to help her, and yet to see how she has been planted, preserved, prospered; how she has grown and spread in all directions; how she has been instrumental, in the hands of the Holy Ghost, in sending it may be millions into glory, is more astonishing than I can express. We have only to contrast the past with the present, and if we have any gratitude to God we shall cease grumbling, and commence giving to Him all the glory, all the praise. Cassell's company are the publishers of the *Early Days of Christianity*, which we are reading for the benefit of our friends.

Twenty-second Annual Report of the Strict Baptist Mission.—We are not to criticise a pamphlet of this description.

Its contents bring into exercise the sorrows of our heart, because we have done so little toward sending the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ out to heathen lands. Every saved sinner should send something to a society of this kind. We belong to the poorest of the denominations, and we are appealed to, to do more than we can do, to keep many, very many, of the most spiritual of the Lord's people from starvation. Our doors are besieged by well-known Christians who have seen better days. Hence we have neither time nor means for foreign mission work. There are in the Churches, which compose "*the cream of the Strict Baptists*," many who might do much toward the support of this Society, but their names do not appear. *The Claims and Character of the Strict Baptist Mission* is a twopenny pamphlet of wide-spreading interest. It will be read by many with astonishment and pleasure. So indeed we have studied the speeches of Mr. John E. Hazelton and Mr. W. Pearson. It can be had of W. Wileman, and we advise all the lukewarm family to obtain it, to go through it carefully, and to circulate it. That

pamphlet (or the two here referred to) are powerful witnesses to the work of the Strict Baptist Mission Abroad. We smiled on reading Mr. J. E. Hazelton's hope for the "Huntingtonians." We dined, and had frequent seasons of converse with the late Mr. George Abrahams, until he found we could not renounce Strict Baptist order. Then he convinced us, if all the Huntingtonians are of his mind, it will be a long day before they countenance such institutions as this. We confidently affirm it would be an honour to them so to do.

Life and Light. By R. E. Sears, Baptist chapel, Little Alie-street. Mr. Sears gratuitously sends out some thousands of this sheet every month. He is a persevering man. We cannot see him in private; but, we trust, the secret of his success is in the fact that he "takes hold of God's strength." A man may do much outward work without God for a time; but if he is the means of building up the Church of Christ, he must have more than Nature's efforts, be they ever so useful otherwise. With its almost new chapel, we trust the Church at Little Alie-street will increase with all the increase of God.

The English Bible and the Gospel Doctor.—What an amazing workman Wycliffe must have been! He wrote tracts and volumes. Some even now are in manuscript; but Wycliffe's greatest gift to his country was the Word of God in the English language. It was the first Bible in English that ever had appeared, and it anticipated Tyndall's Bible by nearly 150 years. Wycliffe saw "the sword of the Spirit," the Word of God, was the only cure for that Popish superstition then so gross, so prevalent, so blinding and destructive. Then his evangelising work, sending out "poor priests" with their rough garments, gathering the people together in markets, in towns and villages, and publishing the Gospel unto all who would hear, was another work of immense zeal, proceeding from a love to God, to Christ, to the Spirit, and to the souls of his fellow-creatures. His over-wrought mind brought him to a speedy termination. One day he was in his pulpit in Lutterworth, when a paralytic stroke seized him, and he died December 31, 1384. He was not what we call an old man, but his work was done, his body was laid to rest in Lutterworth Churchyard. The hatred of his enemies was so bitter, that 40 years after his interment they took up his bones, burnt them, and cast the ashes into the river Swift; thus they were carried into the Avon,

into the Severn, and into the sea. His ashes, like the doctrines he taught, were spread all the world over. What wondrous tales they tell each other in the heavenly world, and every victory thus recorded swells again the new 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.

A Sermon by J. Hanger (now of Braintree), on Gad, his Troops, and Ultimate Conquest. "Gad, a troop shall overcome him," &c. That is easy to read in the Bible; but when realised in some terrible conflict, wherein the soul is overcome, it breaks all the bones of self-righteousness and of creature confidence, of which we see but little in these days. Has Satan left off his dreadful work? Are ministers now left to grow proud, vain, conceited, filling their brains with books, and other men's ideas? The Westminster Canon fears the men of the age are but the echoes of their elders. Ministers! no work is so solemn as yours. Be honest to God and conscience, or leave off your preaching.

Max Muller's Lecture on Ancient Buddhist Charity proves that Buddhism is charity. Its very essence consists in giving to the needy. The lecturer declared that charity, which is "the love of man towards man," is the one thing needful, as described by all true religions, assented to by all clean consciences, and confirmed by all experience. [We come in beautifully here! The essence of our life is in giving to the needy. We would not help an evil-doer; but, like the good Samaritan, we would gladly help to bind up the wounds of the wounded, and to be God's instrument of raising up the downcast and the outcast. We only live for the exercise of this charity, knowing the soul's salvation is all the work of the Lord.—C. W. B.]

The Jewish Herald for May gives us a variety of information; but "The Death of Moses" is the most remarkable of any Biblical matter we ever read yet. Published at Snow's and Partridge's.

Biographical Sketch of the late Dr. Alexander Carson. London: E. Stock. "Many a young man," says the writer, "will read this piece of biography with profit." We wish to do so, and give our readers the benefit.

The Monthly Record of the Protestant Evangelical Mission, &c. London: R. Steele, 5, Racquet-court. We have perused this number with amazement.

If the present leaders of our nation are not hindered, England will, ere long, be sold to the Romanists. We were told the other day when in Ipswich, "The people here are Radical, and are ripening for a rebellion!" We wish all friends to God's truth and well-wishers to the nation would read this *Monthly Record* for May, and get it into circulation.

Zion's Witness for April has a poem by "A. W." on the "Water Turned into Wine," and some flowings forth of soul experience which overflow the banks of many a believer who has not yet been led into the green pastures, and to rest beside the still waters. We never read *Zion's Witness* without a deep feeling of awe, of godly fear, and of holy reverence. If any man in this nation can say, "My cup runneth over," it certainly must be Mr. Arthur Wilcockson, of Hull.

The Remembrancer. London: R. Banks. The papers on Mr. Kilpin and his ministry suit us well. He was a discerning man. "*The Spirit of Christ*" was in him; and to be "a living epistle, known and read of men," was the feature of his life. Trials, temptations, and deliverances strongly marked his ministerial course. In these days he would find but few who could or would walk with him; but we always loved him.

A Sacred and a Blessed Inscription. The following is an exact copy of the inscription to be placed on Charles Reade's tombstone, for the accuracy of which I can vouch. It was written by himself:—

HERE LIE,
BY THE SIDE OF HIS BELOVED FRIEND, THE
MORTAL REMAINS OF
CHARLES READE,
DRAMATIST, NOVELIST, AND JOURNALIST,
HIS LAST WORDS TO MANKIND ARE ON THIS
STONE.

I hope for a resurrection, not from any power in nature, but from the will of the Lord God Omnipotent, who made nature and me. He created man out of nothing, which nature could not. He can restore man from the dust, which nature cannot.

And I hope for holiness and happiness in a future life, not for anything I have said or done in this body, but from the merits and mediation of Jesus Christ.

He has promised His intercession to all who seek it, and He will not break His word; that intercession, once granted, cannot be rejected, for He is God, and His merits infinite; a man's sins are but human and finite.

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out." "If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the Righteous; and He is the propitiation for our sins."

"Why?" saith John, the favourite preacher, "what could a 'novelist, a dramatist, a journalist,' know of the Lord?" Let this inscription answer you, John. We know when we were immersed in journalism, almost night and day, we have been obliged to turn away from the office, and hide in some corner for a

season, to pour out a prayer to Him where only our treasure could be found. Perhaps there is a much larger measure of the saving knowledge of CHRIST in the secret experience of thousands than we are aware of. When writers are continually calling Calvinists "the disciples of the old murderer of Servetus" we can have little hope of them; but when a man goes right on believing, hoping, trusting in CHRIST alone, he will not be "cast out."

Teachers and Teaching. By Samuel Cozens, of Ipswich. I would that every parent, Sunday-school teacher, and scholar possessed a copy of Mr. Cozens's admirably-written book, so full of anecdotes and natural illustrations of men and things. How necessary it seems for parents and teachers to mark the character and habits of each child under their respective charge. And no book of instruction and interest equal to the above on such an important subject could possibly be purchased at so small a cost. It is a little gem, and those who admire genius, coupled with unflinching energy and determination, and associated with the higher gifts of heaven, would, I am sure, be gratified with *Teachers and Teaching*, which may be had of Mr. Wileman, 34, Bouverie-street, London, E.C.—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

Down in the Depths of Outcast London. Facts not Recorded in the "Bitter Cry."—Seeley, Jackson, & Halliday, 54, Fleet-street, London, publish this 32-page pamphlet for one penny. We never before had such a horrible insight into the dens of poverty and misery in London as this little book unfolds. But it proves to demonstration that some of the city missionaries have accomplished great moral, and, in some cases, spiritual victories. We do pray the "bitter cries" now screaming through the metropolis, and in every part of the country, will not cease to scream until a reformation is effected. *Poverty, immorality, idleness, ignorance, and drunkenness*, are savage murderers of the human race. They have sent millions out of this world without hope. But during the last 40 years a multitude of useful societies have sprung into existence, and all of them are doing something to ameliorate the sad condition of the deep-down wretchedness of the masses. If our ministers and missionaries, if our mothers and maidens were all intent upon seeking to save some from their wicked and wanton courses, a moral millennium might be seen, where humanity, a thousand times worse than the beasts, has been raging, and roaring, in scenes indescribably awful.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE NEW BRIXTON TABERNACLE.

MR. WINTERS' NOTES.

This new and magnificent chapel was opened for divine service on May 11, when the pastor, Mr. Charles Cornwell, preached morning and evening, and Mr. J. Mead in the afternoon. The attendance was exceedingly large. Special opening services were conducted on the Tuesday following, when a sermon was preached by Mr. W. Winters, of Waltham Abbey. The imposing stateliness of the sanctuary itself stands almost without an equal—at least, within a considerable distance of it—and its situation is excellent indeed. The style of architecture throughout is not elaborately ornate. The exterior shows traces of studied tastefulness, with here and there specimens of the chased antique. The front vestibule is approached by a flight of steps, and surmounting the doorway is a beautiful chaplet of embossed flowers, over which appears the name and date in relief. The interior of the chapel is airy, well-lighted, and comfortable; the closed ceiling being beautifully incurvated with compartments slightly projecting, gives the whole a very pleasing aspect, and renders it exceedingly agreeable for speaking. The pulpit is massive, but proportionable, considering the front gallery and the extensiveness of the body of the chapel. The seats are capable of holding 600 persons, and are adapted for comfort, and the bearers are in every way studied. The chapel is ventilated and lighted by star pendants, and the window light is tempered by venetian blinds. At the basement of the chapel is a spacious school-room, also minister's and deacons' vestries, &c. At the rear of the chapel is the pastor's manse, constructed with mouldings uniform with the chapel.

There are two memorial-stones on the front of the chapel. The stones bear the following inscriptions in somewhat antiquated characters. The right-hand stone: "This stone was laid by I. C. Johnson, Esq., November 13, 1883. 'By grace are ye saved' (Eph. ii. 5)." The left-hand stone: "This stone was laid by Mr. C. Cornwell, pastor of the Church, November 13, 1883. 'Salvation is of the Lord' (Jonah ii. 9)."

The reasons for removing from the old chapel to the new one are quite feasible. They have been published by the pastor, and are seven in number. It is to be hoped that means for relieving our highly esteemed brother, Mr. Charles Cornwell, and his good deacons, from their heavy responsibility, will be speedily forthcoming, and that the ever-present Deity may be realised therein by pastor and people, is the earnest prayer of—
W. WINTERS.

THE EDITOR'S NOTES.

It is a fact which should command the gratitude of all God's spiritual Israel that "enlargement" and "increase" are visible features in the face, or external departments of the London Strict Baptist Churches. On

every hand there are almost daily young men coming into the Gospel ministry. I am advised by many of the more aged ministers to recommend this, that, and the other young man, who blooms with the promise of being very useful to the Churches. We may mention some of them some day, as we know by communications received some Churches are anxiously watching and seeking for "pastors after God's own heart."

Mr. Cornwell and his deacons set a charitable example in the selection of their preachers for the inaugural services of the new Brixton Tabernacle. A few years ago such names as John Mead and W. Winters were never heard in special service announcements; but today they are found amongst the stars in the ministerial heavens. We look with much inward feeling of hopeful gladness upon such new and rising men. They are fluent, consistent, and truth-loving speakers; and if heaven's original, never-failing, ever rising and flowing "well of water" be in them, they will, during the next thirty years, shine brighter and brighter until the perfect day in glory is found of them. Men who wear and work on to the end of their days with savour and acceptance, are those who "take root downward," as well as "bear fruit upward." The one must precede the other, or a withering winter will end their public usefulness, as we have seen it do in many cases.

On my return from Ipswich I started by Brixton omnibus to Stockwell-road to find the new Brixton Tabernacle. I was surprised to see a building so large, so lofty, so handsome, so well erected, so beautifully furnished. A gentleman inquired, "Who is this noble edifice erected for?" I said, "Mr. Cornwell, sir." "What is Mr. Cornwell thinking of doing, sir?" "What he has done for many years, sir, proclaim the truth of Christ's Gospel." So the gentleman and myself entered this unique and palace-looking tabernacle, and both of us admired it very much. The long rows of seats, the central body, the gallery, the whole place looked crowded with a most excellent and respectable congregation, and in front of the pulpit was an immense and handsomely-furnished platform, which appeared fully occupied by a large number of the pastors of the different London Churches of "the same faith and order." The conductor of the evening public meeting was J. M. Rundell, Esq., a mercantile, business-like, and zealous Christian, who carried on the course of the meeting with propriety and wisdom. Mr. Wm. Webb, of Leicester, was asked to plead with the God of all grace for blessings on the pastor, the people, the services, and the Churches everywhere.

Mr. G. F. Gray rendered a full account of the stewardship of the Building Committee, which showed a debt on the building, which will be lessened until this handsome house for the unfolding of the Gospel shall be quite free. Mr. Cornwell always has been a liberal and faithful man in helping others,

and, as his faith in God's providence towards him is reverently reliant on the power and promise of the MASTER he lovingly serveth, our faith carries us to the assurance of his ultimate victory. We are prayerfully anxious that Mr. Cornwell's life may be sustained in full vigour for very many years to come. The chairman asked me to speak to the people for ten minutes. I had in my mind an address which might have occupied much more time, but seeing the host of valuable orators waiting to testify their allegiance to the truth and their brotherly affection for the minister and the people in their new tabernacle, I cut my meditations in sunder, and simply said before coming to the meeting I opened my Bible on these words of God in Isaiah, "Mine house shall be called a house of prayer for all people." I could say the prayer of my soul was that in the future ministrations of the Gospel by Mr. Cornwell, that God would say, "This is *Mine* house," and that in the salvation of sinners, in the feeding of the saints, and in the visible extension therein of the cause of Christ, the Saviour would say, "This is *Mine* house," and that God would so help them, in His providence, to pay off every responsibility, that all people might hear Him say, "This is *Mine* house"; also that the prayers of hundreds of souls might be so effectually poured out, and answered in their happy experience, as to constrain them to call the new Brixton Tabernacle "a house of prayer." Thus I had the privilege of expressing the deep inwrought desires of my heart that the pastor and the people might be solemnly blessed in the future services of the sanctuary. What the great army of Gospel ministers said, and what was done in reducing the debt may be told by some one better qualified than C. W. BANKS.

RECOGNITION OF MR. WM. WAITE AS PASTOR OF JIREH CHAPEL, CITY ROAD.

Never was the true sentiment of the meaning of Jireh—*i.e.*, the Lord will see, be manifested, or provide—more forcibly witnessed than on Tuesday, May 6, nor have I ever before seen the dear old sanctuary so closely filled. The pastor of Chadwell-street (Mr. John Hazelton) presided. Mr. F. H. Noyes gave the opening hymn, "Kindred in Christ," and Mr. J. H. Dearsly read the Word of God and offered prayer. After Mr. W. Hazelton announced and the second hymn was sung, Mr. G. W. Shepherd ascended the pulpit and stated the nature of a Gospel Church in a powerful sermon based upon Matt. xxviii. 20. He gave a lucid exposition of what scripturally constituted a Christian Church, and of the divinely-instituted order to be maintained to the end, and in which the preacher drew some cogent deductions from the latter part of Acts ii., and placed them before the audience with great warmth of feeling. The body of Mr. Shepherd's sermon was delivered under the annexed divisions: (1) That Jesus Christ alone had a right to command in the Gospel dispensation; (2) that His commands were binding

on all His followers; (3) and will remain so to the end of time.

At the conclusion of the sermon Mr. R. E. Sears gave out hymn 759. Mr. J. Hazelton, the chairman, proceeded with the order of service, and spoke of his early connection with Jireh, when called, many years ago, to take part in the settlement of Mr. Griffin as pastor, and in association with the late John Foreman, Samuel Milner, and Phillip Dickerson, and the only surviving pastors who officiated in that service were Mr. J. L. Meeres and himself. Mr. Hazelton having expressed his love and best wishes for the friends at Jireh, called upon Mr. Waite, the pastor elect, and late member of Shadwell-street Church, to state his call by grace. Mr. Waite gave an interesting epitome of his life's history, from his earliest days, when under the roof and tuition of his godly parents, then residing at Bradford, in Wiltshire. When he was of a tender age his beloved father died; but he received some religious impressions when at a day-school under a Christian master, and at the age of twelve years he launched into the cold world to seek a living for himself, and having obtained employment at a factory, he attended a Sunday-school (where Mr. Hawkins laboured) until sixteen years of age. In 1858 young master Waite came to London, and soon fell in with the Bible Christians whose religious systems, however, only tended to embarrass his mind, and he left them, attended Soho chapel (when the late John Pells was in the zenith of his preaching power), and from a searching sermon preached by Mr. Pells in the open air, Mr. Waite was arrested and convinced of his state as a sinner before God. A short time afterwards, Mr. R. E. Sears, who was preaching at Soho, was helpful to him, and he was baptized by Mr. Pells in 1863.

Mr. Hazelton having expressed his satisfaction with Mr. Waite's call by grace, requested him to testify of his call to the ministry. After conversion, Mr. Waite's desire for preaching the Christ he loved continued to increase, and he was much strengthened in his love to the work from his connection with Mr. W. Osmond, and a Bible-class, which he was then for a while necessitated to conduct, and in 1864 he, with a friend, hired a room in which he (Mr. Waite) preached his first sermon on the last Lord's-day of the May of that year. Some time afterwards, Mr. Waite and his friends opened a hall in the Euston-road, where the Lord blessed his labours much. Mr. C. W. Banks in due course recommended him to several of the causes in the country, first to Esher, near Claygate, and afterwards to Down, Knockholt, &c., and he had continued preaching Christ for the last twenty years.

Mr. Hazelton showed his approval of Mr. Waite's testimony, and desired him to give a public declaration of the Gospel sentiment he intended to preach. This being done in a concise and satisfactory manner, Mr. J. Swan Linsell, a beloved deacon, was called upon to show the reasons of the Church in selecting Mr. Waite as their pastor, which,

having been stated, was put to the members of the Church, and unanimously carried. The chairman then asked two of the deacons to come forward and join the hands of the pastor, and while the three hands were linked together, Mr. R. E. Sears sealed the union with a few loving and appropriate words, and Mr. John Hazelton, the chairman, gave the duly elected and recognised pastor the right hand of fellowship in the name of the Lord and of the denomination.

Mr. W. Winters followed with a hymn, "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," which was very heartily sung, and the Benediction, by the worthy chairman, closed the highly interesting services of the afternoon.

A large number of friends sat down to tea. We saw brethren J. Vaughan, J. Griffiths, R. E. Sears, G. W. Shepherd, J. Hazelton, W. Hazelton, J. Clark, J. Hand, W. Osmond, P. W. Williamson, W. Winters, F. H. Noyes, W. Weob, F. Green, Mr. Nash, S. T. Belcher, J. Kingston, W. Archer, J. Marshall, J. Whitteridge, J. Lee, E.-q., J. W. Banks, Mr. Golling, G. Pocock, and others.

Having to attend another public meeting the same evening, I reluctantly parted with the friends, leaving the reporting of the evening meeting to my beloved and highly-esteemed friend and brother in Christ, Mr. John Waters Banks.

Waltham Abbey. W. WINTERS.

[We reserve a summary of the charge, &c., for next month.—Ed.]

GLEMSFORD. — The Sabbath-school anniversary of Ebenezer Baptist Chapel was Lord's-day, April 27th. Three sermons were preached by that God-sent young man, Mr. B. J. Northfield, whose delight it is to publish the glad tidings of salvation by free and sovereign grace. Our chapel was filled with attentive hearers; the collections amounted to £8 12s. Our school is progressing favourably under the superintendence of Mr. R. J. Clarke, and although we are at present without an under-shepherd, yet the Lord thinketh upon us, and His Word seems verified in our midst, where He has said, "I know My thoughts concerning you, they are thoughts of peace, and not of evil"; for when we take a view of the Lord's dealings with us, we have to exclaim, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." And, dear brother, we also rejoice in the fact that we have a goodly number of those meeting with us, from time to time, whom we believe to be the Lord's dear little ones, but have not yet been brought into the full liberty of the Gospel; their language is at times, if not always, "O that I knew where I might find Him, Him whom my soul desires to love"; and in the language of the Psalmist, "Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation." O that the Lord would in His own good time send one of His faithful servants amongst us, that He will use us as the means in His Hand in breaking unto us the bread of eternal life, and also in bringing poor doubting and fearing ones into a personal realisation of their standing in Christ Jesus. Amen.—W. G. N., May 9th.

HOMERTON-RO W.—Forty-second Sunday-school anniversary of this old cause was held Tuesday, May 6, 1884. Many friends took tea. At public meeting our pastor, Mr. J. Bennett, presided. The report read by the secretary was interesting, business-like, and modest. Among other particulars, it spoke of considerable anxiety at the beginning of the year, culminating in the resignation of the superintendent, Mr. Brown, through ill-health. Of the earnest request of the teachers to Mr. B. F. Bennett, a son of the pastor, to become the superintendent; and of the Lord's blessing on the year of his loving, careful working. The income for the year was over £28, leaving a balance in hand a little over £3. Truthful, warm, and loving addresses were delivered by brethren Dearsly, Myerson, Dawson, and Osmond. Brother Plack, through bereavement, not being able to fulfil his promise. The singing of selected pieces by the elder scholars, led by a fine instrument played by the superintendent, was exceptionally good, and elicited well-merited praise from the friends assembled. A collection was made, after which a vote of thanks to the ministers was moved by Mr. Lewis, who has proved a valued friend to the cause and school, and seconded by Mr. Barmore, brought one of the best school anniversaries ever held at Homerton to a successful close.—**AMICUS.**

LIMEHOUSE.—There is always something of special interest in the first anniversary of a cause of a pastorate or of the erection of a building for divine worship. The first annual celebration of laying the memorial stones of Elim Chapel, Pekin-street, East India-road, was observed on Tuesday, May 20. On the previous Lord's-day sermons were preached by F. C. Holden and J. H. Lynn. On Tuesday Mr. James Clark gave us a Gospel sermon. After tea a public meeting. Mr. Holden opened the service with—

"Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God."

Mr. Haines prayed. Mr. Holden spoke of the success and happiness attending the ministry of truth during the past year. New members had been added, and the Church realised unity and peace. One thing which called for gratitude was the partial restoration to health of Mrs. Holden, the pastor's wife, who was one of the recent number added to the Church. Mrs. Holden was present at the meeting; and, consequent upon her inability to walk to the house of God, the Church and friends had furnished her with a beautiful chair for conveying her to and from chapel. Mr. J. Bennett spoke faithfully on the praise and glory of Jesus. Mr. Kemp gave a hymn. Mr. Rundell, W. H. Lee, J. Wilkins, W. Winters, and Mr. Noyes cheered us. The collection realised £15 3s. 9d. A most soul-encouraging meeting terminated with the pastor's benediction and with Heaven's rich blessing.—**W. WINTERS.**

WIDCOMBE.—Anniversary of Baptist chapel was held on May 11. We had prayer-meeting at 10; several friends supplicated the throne of grace for a blessing on the services of the day. At 11 a.m. the pastor, having read 1 Kings xvii. and 2 Kings iv., took his text from "Is it well with the child?" At 3 p.m. an address was delivered by the Rev. R. Hutton, and our pastor (Mr. Huntley) preached in the evening, taking for his text, "This voyage." The pastor opened it up in a very interesting manner, speaking of the voyage the Christian has to take to glory, and of the numerous rocks that endanger him, but that God had provided a light-house, which might be compared to the Scriptures, to guide us to heaven. All services were well attended. The singing was excellent, for which we are indebted to the efficient training of Mr. W. H. Curtis. On the following Tuesday we had our annual tea-meeting, to which about 120 persons sat down, and was followed by a most enjoyable meeting, presided over by the pastor. After prayer being offered, and a stirring address by the chairman, the report was read by Mr. Curtis, which shows a gradual increase on the last year. The school now contains about 190 scholars, there being a slight increase in the young men's and young women's Bible-classes, one scholar being added in Church membership. The financial affairs show a balance in hand of about 13s., the collection amounting to about £9. Addresses were also delivered by Messrs. R. Hutton and D. Sharp (of Tiverton), R. Dillon, and J. R. Huntley, and prayer by the chairman brought to a close a very pleasant evening. That God may continue His blessing in a large measure to us as a Church, and also as a school, is the earnest prayer of, yours sincerely,—H. W., Bath, May 15, 1884.

SOHO.—Mr. Shepherd preached the sermon at the ninth annual meeting of the District Visiting and Sick Relief Society, held May 7. In the evening Mr. John Box presided. Mr. E. White, the secretary, read the report, which told of many interesting and distressing cases wherein the Society had been a great blessing, temporally and spiritually. Balance-sheet showed a disbursement of £18, which was certified by Messrs. H. White and J. Flegg. The adoption of the report was moved and seconded in truly spiritual, as well as instructive sermonettes by brethren Parnell and Evans. Mr. Styles said that a society of this kind was the best answer to the "bitter cry of London," and affectionately as well as cheerfully addressed the visitors from the words, "O be joyful in the Lord, serve the Lord with gladness." I am one of those who think that a kind, happy Christian helps to resist the devil. Messrs. J. Harris and Isaac Foster, as well as others, united in rendering the service a happy one. When we heard, "Grace, 'tis a charming sound," sung to the grand old-fashioned tune of "Cranbrook," we scarcely thought we were in Soho.—J. W. B.

CITY-ROAD.—JIREH, EAST-ROAD.—The anniversary of the prayer-meeting held at Walter James's house on the first Friday in every month, has now become an established matter. On Friday, March 14, the eleventh annual meeting was convened. Mr. W. Winters, in the stead of Mr. C. W. Banks, delivered a sound, soul-comforting discourse from the words, "Ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God." There was a good congregation. Tea was provided. About 80 sat down. At the evening meeting Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, presided, and brethren Sears, Parnell, Green, Lynn, Beazley, Burbridge, J. W. Banks, Noyes, Waite, Liusell, and Whitteridge took part. The addresses on prayer were so encouraging that those who are in the habit of attending were stimulated to go on. The meeting was founded eleven years ago by C. W. Banks. Walter James proposed a vote of thanks to the deacons for the loan of the chapel. J. W. Banks seconded that. Brother Linsell said that I was welcome at any time to the use of the chapel, and he felt a pleasure in doing so. Walter James then proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman. Brother Beazley seconded that. Walter James moved a vote of thanks for the ministers, and Mr. Toynbee seconded it. Closed the meeting by singing 938th hymn in Dentam, "Inspirer and Hearer of prayer."

TWO WATERS.—"Mr. Hazlerigg preached in our Salem to a full congregation. We are getting quite *Standard* people. Mr. Copeland preached a funeral sermon for one of your pensioners, the Widow Ewers. When do you expect to be here again?" [Never any more. Our work in rearing the four orphans of the late beloved Charles Wootton has been, by God's mercy, a success. They are all doing well, so far. We are glad to hear Salem is well attended, and the school hopeful. Altogether we have had more than fifty years' travelling and working for some of the poorest Churches in this country. Now they are getting a better class of ministers; the young people are getting more musical, and the teachers in the schools more intellectual, that we do not see the extinction of the Strict Baptist Churches very probable at present. There is life, zeal, and truth with them yet.—ED.]

BAYSWATER.—South Kensington has recently thrown open a new Romish oratory, which Dr. Manning declared was "beautiful beyond all other sights on earth." The colours of the bishop's vestments, the grand processions, the peals of music from the organ, the incense odours, the throng of the aristocratic worshippers, rendered joyful the hearts of all who can take pleasure in such idolatrous scenes. Oh, how we sigh over the "progress of Popery," which we have witnessed in this country during the last half-century. How soon England will be led captive by her, no one can tell. We have seen the professors of truth sleeping on, while in vain we have tried to arouse them. "How long, O Lord! how long!"

HORNSEY-RISE. — The seventeenth annual meeting in commemoration of the building of Ebenezer chapel, Elthorne-road, was held on Tuesday, May 13. It must be a source of gratification to the aged pastor, Mr. W. S. Waterer, and his beloved Church, to be able to trace so clearly the good hand of the Lord in their united labour of love from the foundation of this godly Church. The cause appears to have been the special charge of the pastor, from its earliest commencement, in 1864, when late in that year a room was taken for worship, it was soon too small. Shortly afterwards a Church was formed by the late Mr. George Wyard, consisting of seven members (a perfect Jewish number). The number continued to increase until the friends, with Mr. Waterer, their pastor, began to contemplate erecting a chapel. The friends promised to produce £100 to begin with, and in 1866 the foundation-stone was laid. Messrs. John Forman, John Hazelton, James Griffiths, W. S. Waterer (pastor), and other brethren, were present, and took part in the happy services of the day. The cause has continued in peace and happiness to the present moment. One thing to be regretted is the infirmities of their beloved pastor and founder of the cause. The Church, however, have shown him the highest possible regard by their loving and timely aid, and of which he is specially conscious and thankful. In the afternoon of May 13 Mr. John Hazelton preached a blessed sermon. After an excellent tea, Charles Wilson, Esq., presided. It was Mr. Wilson's birthday, and all were grateful to see him so well and happy. Mr. Wilson spoke encouragingly to the young. The financial report read by the pastor showed a balance on the right side of the current account. J. H. Dearsly, W. J. Styles, J. Griffiths, W. Winters, F. Green, and Henry Boulton, all spoke on the great things the Lord has done for His people. — **W. WINTERS.**

HIGH WYCOMBE. — Mr. W. E. Palmer's first pastoral anniversary was on May 6, 1884. Mr. W. J. Styles delivered the sermon in the afternoon to a numerous assembly. We were refreshed with a cup of tea, and enjoyed the evening meeting. The pastor, Mr. Palmer, presided, and reviewed the past year cheerfully, seeing peace and prosperity in some degree had been realised. Mr. Collins, the senior deacon, said: "As a Church we feel God is with us, and God has blessed us." Mr. Collins considered Mr. Palmer was the right man in the right place. Mr. Styles spoke well of and for the pastor. Mr. Herring, Mr. E. B. Lloyd, Mr. Tilbury, and others, gave such service as to render the anniversary a good one; even in the financial department, £13 was satisfactory. Zion chapel, in High Wycombe, has not had a more hopeful future for some long time. We trust Mr. Palmer will there grow in grace, and in every branch of goodness, until the time shall come for him to enter glory.

DORSET-SQUARE, HILL-ST., N.W. — The 37th annual meeting of the Benevolent Society was celebrated on May 6. A number of friends gathered to a social tea. The evening service was presided over by the pastor, Mr. G. W. Shepherd, who opened the meeting with Dr. Watts's well-known hymn, commencing, —

"Jesus, the Spring of all my joys."

Mr. George Enough offered prayer. The secretary of the society, T. W. Nunn, Esq., read the report, which was ably compiled and explicitly read, and which showed not only the financial position of the Society, but much of the incalculable benefit rendered to the household of faith, not omitting some of the sweet evidences of spiritual good realised by many of God's poor by Christian visitors of the Society. The Society is composed of President G. W. Shepherd; Messrs. Barrat, Beazley, Buckoke, Cobb, C. C. Harris, J. Harris, Millwood, Northfield, R. Robbins, R. B. Robbins, T. Robbins, Rodwell, Tinson, C. Wilson, T. W. Nunn (Secretary), and H. O. Sennitt (Treasurer). Mr. Shepherd spoke of the healthful state of the various societies connected with the prosperous Church at Mount Zion. The Gospel Literature Society was very successful, as was also the Infants' Friends Society. Earnest addresses were delivered during the meeting. W. Winters unfolded the sure covenant; W. Hazelton treated of the sure foundation; R. E. Sears on the sure anchorage. The adoption of the report and the motion attending it were moved by W. Winters, seconded by Mr. W. Hazelton, and unanimously accepted by the friends present, and the Benediction from the chairman, closed a very happy and profitable meeting.

LEWISHAM. — One has often been asked, "Are you not tired of attending these meetings?" Our answer has been, and now is, "No!" "How is that?" "Because 'Here my best friends, my kindred dwell;' and so, after a ten mile's walk, on Tuesday, April 29, it was quite refreshing to drop into College-park chapel, Lewisham, and to find brother Hazelton's sanctuary crowded with friends anxious to encourage him and the Church. The brethren J. Box, Clark, Holden, Dexter, Levinsohn, and others, were enabled to talk of those things which, by the influence of the Holy Spirit, had yielded so much happiness to their own soul, even the "peaceful fruits of righteousness." Mr. Hall, the treasurer, thanked God that he had been restored to health, and brought, by the Providence of God, among them. He briefly reviewed the ten years' history of the Church. It cost £1,050; there was a debt of £15, which he hoped would be cleared off that night. It was quite astonishing to see what this loving and united people had done. Several attempts have been made to establish a Sunday-school. Soon as our pastor came he opened a Bible-class, then a Sabbath-school. We now want funds to erect a room at the back of the chapel. After a few words from Mr. W. Hazelton, the chairman (Mr. Cooper) closed the meeting. — **J. W. B.**

LOWESTOFT.—MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am just returned from Lowestoft, where, although I had the very best of lodgings, and was with the most warm-hearted friends, yet I could get no sleep. Head very bad on the Lord's-day, yet helped through the day, for which I could not feel thankful enough. I am well recompensed by my visit to the Tanning-street Baptist chapel, at Lowestoft, because of the revival there is in that place. I was delighted to see what a nice gathering of people there was, morning and evening, and of the attention paid to the Word. They have a young man among them, I think, of a promising character, whose name is Cammell. He is from the Zoar chapel, in Ipswich, and seems earnest and affectionate; thinks meanly of himself, while the people are being gathered together through his instrumentality. The friends have just given him a three months' call. I wish many visitors to Lowestoft, lovers of truth, may feel prompted to go and give our young brother a hearing, for I feel confident they would not consider the time to be lost, while they would see quite a new state of things in the place. Happy to say I found our esteemed brother Knights somewhat better; but not able to do anything, either bodily or mentally. He is an earnest well-wisher to the above cause, and would rejoice exceedingly to see it once again flourish and prosper. May the Lord send the people there every good success. Yours in the bonds of the Lord Jesus,—**B. TAYLOR.** [The Tanning-street Sunday-school is growing in usefulness and numbers. We had the honour of preaching at the opening of the chapel referred to. We pray most deeply that the next six months may bring forth a voice from heaven, saying, "This is he. Arise! anoint him!" It cheers us to find in every part young men of valour and of virtue are raised up.—**C. W. B.]**

HADLOW.—On the anniversary of the Church at Hadlow I was delighted to greet with warmest wishes the friends from Larkfield, Ryersham, Snodland, Rochester, Borough Green, and various other places, who came to hear the truth as preached by Mr. John Box and myself on April 30. The souls of many were much encouraged. Mr. E. Beecher has been labouring for some time past in preaching the everlasting Gospel of Christ in Hadlow, with signs following, but has not yet fully accepted the pastorate. Since the anniversary of last year the chapel has been renovated, and it looks clean and comfortable. The cause has seen bright seasons of prosperity in the palmy days of Mr. Crowhurst, Mr. John Bunyan McCure, and Mr. House, and I do not see why the truth should be less esteemed to-day if rightly placed before the people. On the occasion in question Mr. Wood, of Snodland, assisted Mr. Beecher in giving out the hymns, which were sung heartily, and many more united in the services. May God abundantly bless the Kentish Churches with the outpouring of His Spirit, and that Hadlow may share in joy is the heartiest wish of—**W. WINTERS.**

WANDSWORTH.—The ladies' annual meeting on behalf of the building fund was celebrated on May-day. After tea a large attendance gathered; Charles Wilson, Esq., occupied the chair. Mr. Cox offered fervent prayer. Mr. Wilson made some practical and earnest remarks on the true spirit of helping the cause of God, by Christians especially, who are expected to render pecuniary aid according to the ability God has given them. Mr. Tomline, a good deacon of the Church, read the report, in which appeared a detailed account of the income and outlay of all monies during the existence of the building fund, which certainly showed that the God of Heaven had wonderfully blest the earnest efforts of the friends, and especially the ladies. There is still a debt of upwards of £500 on the building, which will in due course entirely disappear. The produce of this meeting, amounted to £18 0s. 2½d. The chairman congratulated the friends, with their large-hearted pastor, for their united work and labour of pure love so plainly evinced. W. Winters spoke on the extension of the kingdom of Christ. Mr. Henry Myerson was faithful and earnest on spiritual love, life, and death. Mr. Dearsly on the work of Hezekiah, which bore close assimilation to that of the Church in question. Mr. Mobbs gave a suitable speech; the meeting terminated cheerfully. Brother James Clark continues to grow in the esteem of the Church and people; and not only so, but in the high estimation of the whole denomination, and of all who know him. Without flattery, we say from our inmost soul, may God abundantly bless him and his dear people until the whole shall be swallowed up in eternal glory. Amen.—**W. WINTERS,** Waltham Abbey.

FARNHAM.—PARK-LANE.—Our anniversary services were held on May 14, when two sermons were preached by Mr. Vaughan, of Hackney. Friends from Hale, Aldershot, Guildford, and Reading, testified it was good to be there. We had a melting season whilst Mr. Vaughan described the Church's fight and victory in temptation, his other subject being, "Solemn Warnings in this Day of Formality and Declension." Mr. Vaughan preached with liberty, and felt at home with us.

SAVIOUR, GUIDE ME.

Guide me, oh! my Saviour, guide me,
Through this world's vast wilderness;
Hide me, oh! for ever hide me,
Be my All, my Righteousness.
Guard and keep me through life's storm,
When, alas! the storm's most high;
Keep me with Thine own strong arm,
Oh, my Jesus, still be nigh.
When grim death shall stand beside me,
On me place that icy hand;
Oh, my Jesus, then be nigh me,
Lend me on that happy strand.
Where no sickness there can reach me,
Where no storms can come so bold;
But, for ever, I shall then be
Clasp'd in Thine own precious fold.

North London.

J. S. T.

"MEN THAT I HAVE KNOWN."

BY AMICUS.

[Turning over a little mountain of papers, I found the following, and as it but briefly refers to "Charles Waters Banks," what he was forty years ago, we give it as one of "Amicus's" series sent to "THE EARTHEN VESSEL," during the last year or two. From all we know of O. W. B., a more unfortunate little fellow seldom is known here, and yet of strong, saving, restoring grace, few have been more favoured. The only real treasure O. W. B. has known during the last fifty-five years has been the knowledge and service of Christ, and there his heart has been. Now "Amicus," say what you will. No man on earth knoweth O. W. B., only by report.]

"Banks, midst abuse, and praise, and thanks,
Is almost crushed among the ranks,
Some dreadful wounds received.

Sinking, swimming, creeping, flying,
Shouting, groaning, living, dying,
But often is relieved."

THE WATCHMAN ON THE WALLS.

Some men are roundly abused in their own generation, to be glorified in the next. It seems hard that a man who is aiming to serve his generation should be abused by that generation to whose interest he is devoted. Well, I suppose we need abuse, as the steel needs friction to give it polish, as the sword needs furbishing for the battle, as the gold needs burnishing to give it brightness. Abuse deserved is our chastisement, undeserved is our consolation. Abuse is the common lot of all godly men. The martyrs, apostles, and prophets were abused to death. Christ Himself was abused as the worst man of His day, as more deserving of public execration and death than that notorious sinner, Barabbas, and He was numbered with the transgressors, whose existence the world would no longer tolerate. It is a good sign to have a large share of abuse, for the world will love its own. "Because I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hateth you." "Sinking, swimming," the living one sinks into the deep to swim in the living waters. "Creeping, flying," the chrysalis creeps before it flies, a thing of beauty in sunbeams. Changes greater than these have been wrought in the soul of Charles Waters Banks. Judging from his testimony, he has gone down into the deep to come up again into the waters of swimming. The waters of Ezekiel's vision were waters to swim in, not to sink in. No, there is no sinking in the river of love, no dying in the river of life. To those who know anything of the bitterness of hard bondage, as Ezekiel did, the revelation of such a river of life makes the soul swim as in a sea of heavenly bliss. Men whose religion is a thing of sentiment, and whose ministry is only an effort of the memorized pilleterings of other men's brains, may pass on undisturbed by the devil and his agents, in the even tenour of their way, for their hypocrisy, their dead forms of service, their cant, pleases the devil and his children. But let a man come up, as it were, from the belly of hell, or from some horrible pit, and declare what God did for his soul when the sorrows of death compassed him, and the pains of

hell gat hold upon him; or, let him declare what great things the Lord hath done for him, in bringing him out of a wilderness of manifold temptations, and these stiff-starved letter men are down upon him like a pack of bloodhounds and, like the dogs in David's day, they would eat up his soul. We know these gentlemen, these dead-letter men, who learn the doctrines of grace as the lawyer learns all the points of law. We know them by their sullen hatred of those men who have been knocked about by many a sore temptation, and have been mercifully delivered out of the snares of the fowler. O, sirs! if John could say in his day, "Many false prophets are gone out into the world," what could he say now? And because the devil cannot make them fast enough, we have a lot of human manufactories, where men are educated into hypocrites to follow the *profession* of hypocrisy. I am not objecting to education; but pray let godly men be selected for the holy office. To educate ungodly men to be exponents of godliness, is a blasphemous insult to God, an infamous imposition upon men, and a deadly injury to religion. How can a man who is not born of the Spirit preach the new birth, without which no man can see nor enter into the kingdom of God? What did that learned master in Israel, Nicodemus, know of the new birth? Nothing. And the Rabbis to-day know no more. In the liturgy of Cæsarea we have these words, "Fit us for the ministry by the power of the Holy Ghost, that, standing without condemnation before Thy holy glory, we may offer unto Thee the sacrifice of praise." If a man not fitted for the ministry by the power of the Holy Ghost assumes the ministerial office for a "living," like the men who sought the priest's office for a piece of bread, he is in a fearful state of condemnation. And these are the very first to condemn the true servants of God. And why? Why, because Elijah is a terror to the false prophets.

Some time ago "Amicus," having missed his train at Cambridge, stayed for the night at an hotel, where he was thrown into the company of a very communicative clergyman who, in the course of conversation, said: "I am the unfortunate creature of circumstances. I was educated for the Church. I obtained a living, in which I have been for some years. I know I am not *morally* qualified for the ministry, but what can I do? I have a wife and family, and if I throw up my living I have no means of living." Amicus could only shed a tear of sympathy for this honest man, who felt and confessed his unfitness for his office. O how many there be who are ready to curse their parents for having put them into a false position. These are to be pitied; but the men who of their own will assume to be what they are not, are to be rejected as reprobate silver. The first time I heard Charles Waters Banks was at Crosby-row, on David's "mighty men." He dwelt more particularly upon the honourable man, Benaiah, whom David made the president of his council and the chief at his command (see

margin, 2 Sam. xxiii. 2). The preacher gave us an elaborate explanation of the man's name, as the Son of the Lord, understanding the Lord. We had under this first part of the subject a good deal of experience that made one sympathise very deeply with the preacher, who preached very much, we thought, as David would have done when the Lord brought him out of the horrible pit. There was a remarkably deep vein of solemn feeling running through the whole service, that convinced us that the pale, sad, and tired-looking minister was a vessel of mercy being prepared by much furnace work for glory.

The literary labours of Charles Waters Banks are before the world in nearly forty volumes of EARTHEN VESSELS, which are read wherever the English language is spoken, and therefore I need say nothing about what is known to almost everybody. The most extraordinary thing to Amicus is how one man could do so much as he has done; and now, feeble as he is, and half-dead as he is, his pen still lives and moves, and when that ceases to move we may be sure that the editor of the VESSEL is no more, for he must write or die, but with the classic he might say, *Non omnis morier*.

BILSTON CHURCH FORTY YEARS AGO.

A letter by the late W. H. Bonner to J. Casey, of Chatham.

MY BROTHER, beloved in the common bond of the Christian fraternity, the covenant love of the Triune-Jehovah,—I thank you very sincerely that you have not acted upon the common rule of mankind—"tit for tat." Though I have been silent to you, again and again have you favoured me with a dish of savoury meat, such as my soul loveth. Your letters I have received with gratitude, and perused with relish. . . . For several weeks past I have been, as I still am, much out of health, and part of the time unable to fill up all my ministerial engagements. In addition to this, my dear partner has, during the last six weeks, passed through the most severe affliction I have ever known her to endure. Three distinct and dangerous diseases have attacked her in succession—first, the erysipelas, then the typhus fever, and then the rheumatic gout. For twenty-three days she took no food, and she has lain nine days at a time without being able to bear sufficient removal to have her bed made. Every one who saw her, including her medical attendant, despaired of her recovery. But I am thankful to say—firstly, her affliction has been sweetly serviceable to her soul. Her "heart has been fixed, trusting in the Lord." She has been favoured with full submission to the Divine will, ready to live or to die, as He please; and has been preserved from impatience. Secondly, she is now hastening back to health. . . . We do not expect her to get out of doors for some weeks, she is so much reduced. [Mrs. B. died a few years afterwards, without leaving any children. Some time after that brother Bonner married again, and was blessed with

a family.—J. C.] In consequence of these things, and other occurrences equally cogent as preventatives, I have been thrown behind in my correspondence. Many friends, besides yourself, have been apparently neglected. You will oblige me by naming these matters to the beloved friends at "the oven" ["The oven," the schoolroom at Hammond-hill, Chatham, where we then met; so named on account of the overcrowding and the heat, even in the winter.—J. C.] as it will account to several for my not writing. . . .

I am glad my friend and former pastor, Mr. Thomas Jones, is about to visit you. He is now in my house, and we have been talking about his journey to you. He expects to be at Chatham, "if the Lord will," about two o'clock in the afternoon of Saturday, November 11th, 1843. . . . I know he does not think to settle anywhere at present; but I say, without his knowledge, that should the Lord fix him with you, I shall congratulate you as a favoured people. I shall sincerely rejoice if it be so.

You are rejoicing, my brother, in a full salvation as the work of a covenant God. So through mercy am I. There are, however, parts and features of that salvation which are known and entered into by means of adversities only. "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth," for by correction He instructs. "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction," is a declaration that involves much. He chooses to have us in the furnace, when necessary, and in the furnace He makes us fully satisfied of His sovereign, choosing, saving love. When we are tried we try Him. He proves us, that we may prove the truth, extent, and appropriateness of His grace. Sanctified affliction is the best discloser of the heart, the best test of deity, the best expositor of Scripture. Of these things I have been made to know something in years past, but I have lately been having another lesson that I may not forget. This is one blessed way in which the Lord "remembers me with the favour that He beareth unto His people, and visits me with His salvation." O, that I were a reader, more submissive, more obedient, more grateful scholar. Remember me in your prayers.

The Lord is singularly gracious to us at Bilston. The cause is prospering greatly. I had the honour to baptize five disciples last Lord's-day evening, on which occasion the congregation numbered full nine hundred persons. That made the fourth administration of the ordinance in four months. Others are on the way. I expect to baptize again in the course of November. Be it observed, this is, we believe, a genuine work. We have got up no excitement meetings; we have invited none into the Church. God has given the brethren the spirit of prayer, and has made His Word powerful. Our meetings are well attended and savoury. My heart's desire is, that the good work may continue and extend. The increase of Zion is a source of joy to every right-minded believer, and is especially cheering to Zion's watchmen.

I must now conclude, by "commending you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you inheritance among all them that are sanctified." Write when you can, and as much as you can; shall always be glad to hear from you.

In Jesus, I am, my brother,
Very sincerely yours,
W. H. BONNER.

Mr. Josh. Casse, Chatham.
Bilston, Oct. 31, 1843.

P. S.—After nine years' labour at Bilston, Staffordshire, Bro. Bonner came to London, was settled at Unicorn-yard Chapel, Tooley-street, afterwards removed to Keppel-street Chapel, Russell-square, where our esteemed Bro. Milner blew the Gospel trumpet, and now God is with our brother, W. J. Styles. I remember that place when living in Tottenham-court-road. A minister, Mr. Butler, was there for a time (1838-9).—J. C.

MR. HATTON'S DEATH.—The editor of the *Gospel Standard* fell asleep, April 16, 1884. We first saw him in Wolverhampton, when his father wished us to open a door for him in London. In Crosby-row pulpit, when we were stationed there, he first preached, through our instrumentality. We preached with him once at Horley. The last time we saw him was at the funeral of the late beloved James Wells. Mr. Hatton was what is termed "a self-made man." He had studied, perhaps, too laboriously; but his work here was done. No doubt his soul is still diving deeper and deeper into those mysteries which he began to search into in this world. Who will fill his place? That is not our business. But such grave, patient, persevering, and faithful men, are not to be met with every day. What is really the work of God He will find workmen to perpetuate. Mr. Glover, of Bristol, has been up here to proclaim the Church's want—men inspired of God to preach the Gospel.

STAMFORD.—The Strict Baptist chapel, where the late Mr. Philpot was pastor, was opened in May, 1834, by the late Mr. Tiptaft. Mr. F. Tryon, of Market Deeping, was one of the first baptized here by the late Mr. John Warburton. Having known and heard all these once powerful witnesses to the truth, and many others, we feel thankful that the Stamford Church has been preserved until now. "Kept together by the Lord in peace and union for the long space of fifty years." We hope in July to give some account of the Stamford jubilee services announced to be holden on Whit-Monday, June 2, 1884.

ST. NEOT'S.—We sent a report of the Strict Baptist Foreign Mission to a correspondent at St. Neot's, who says: "It was just what I wanted. We have lately had a meeting on behalf of that work; it was the first we have had of that kind, we hope it will not be the last. We collected

£11. Mr. Styles and Mr. Wakelin came from London, and gave addresses on the mission work. It was a very enjoyable evening. We are now expecting Mr. Kern to preach unto us the Gospel."

WHITECHAPEL.—Re-opening services, May 18 and 22, were indeed red-letter days in the annals of Little Alle-street Chapel. On the first day of re-opening, May 18th, sermons were preached, morning by the pastor, Mr. R. E. Sears, and evening by Mr. John Hazelton; and these sermons were declared by many worthy of being ranked among the best ever preached in this time-honoured sanctuary. The exterior of the chapel now appears to have life and light about it. The front and projecting sides have been refaced and the vestibules much improved, so that in reality it looks, to passers-by, like an entirely new building, and which, in a parallel direction, may be seen some distance off. The interior work of the chapel has been carried out in the most conservative manner, preserving the identity of the ancient sanctuary. The old miniature rostrum has been removed and a beautiful pulpit inserted in its place to suit the height of the galleries, and below which is a large and well-constructed platform for public meetings. The whole of the chapel and vestries look clean and comely from top to bottom, and the sanitary work has been carefully considered and securely effected. The entire work has been ably and satisfactorily executed by Mr. Lee, son of Mr. James Lee of Forest-gate, and which work certainly reflects honour to his skill and practical efficiency. The total cost of the restoration amounted to £792 1s. 1d. (or, as one of the beloved deacons, Mr. W. Hyder, wisely said, about £800); and what is marvellous to say, the whole amount was entirely cleared off by the close of the public meetings. The enemies of truth can no more legitimately say that the Strict Baptists are a poor do-nothing sect. I am glad the denomination, as a whole, is fast redeeming itself from the too truthful epithets which latitudinarians have gratuitously cast upon it. The services of Thursday, May 22, were commenced in the novel order of an afternoon public meeting. I. O. Johnson, Esq., J. P., presiding, read Psalm ciii. Mr. F. H. Noyes offered prayer. Mr. Johnson congratulated the pastor and friends for effecting the work they had so heartily undertaken, and in the subject matter of his speech he referred to the non-imputation of sin by the death and merits of Christ. In speaking of the power of memory Mr. Johnson mentioned "old blind Kitty," who for many years sat under the ministry of the beloved James Wells, and who had committed to memory the whole book of Psalms. Excellent addresses followed by brethren W. Hazelton, J. Clark, J. Parnell, J. Griffiths, F. C. Holden, and W. Waite. A large company of friends were regaled with tea in the commodious school-room, long held by the Alle-street Church, and situate in Rupert-street, close by. As I visited the school-room I thought, "Oh, for an American fulcrum! not to remove the world; but to lift Rupert-street school-room to the rear of Alle-street chapel." In the evening, Charles Wilson, Esq., presiding, read Isa. xxxv., and Mr. J. Box engaged in earnest prayer. Mr. Wilson having made an introductory and emotional speech, called upon Mr. Hyder, a respected deacon, to read the financial report, which showed that Mr. Shepherd's Church and friends had rendered great help in the matter. Mr. Ince, however, gave the first donation of £5. Contributions not exceeding £5 amounted to £53 4s. 4d. Cards not exceeding £10 amounted to £62 15s. 9d. Cards exceeding £10, £20 5s. Mr. C. H. Spurgeon gave £5; Strict Baptist Association gave £25; Charles Wilson, Esq., £50; and C.

Harris, Esq., £50, were among the most prominent donations to the restoration fund. Mr. and Mrs. Lee and son were truly noble and generous, as were also many other friends, including Mr. W. Hyder, Mr. J. Harris and several nameless contributors. The chairman called upon the pastor, Mr. R. E. Sears, to speak. Mr. Sears' speech was pleasingly written, being simply a list of donors who had heartily contributed to the fund. The total sum collected by Mr. Sears himself amounted to no less than £300. The amount collected on the re-opening day was £176 7s. 8d., making the total collected since November last, £302 16s. 7d.

W. WINTERS.

Deaths.

Mrs. Lockett, late of Leyton, left these lower regions on March 5, 1884, in the evening, resting upon the finished work of Christ, cheered by the witness of the Holy Spirit that it was for her. My prayer on leaving her was that my God would bless me as sweetly when He comes to take me to Himself.

Mr. Hatton, the last editor of the *Gospel Standard*, has recently been called to his rest. It must be over 35 years since I was with his father in Wolverhampton, who told me his son was anxious to be found in the ministry. I believe Crosby-row was the first pulpit in London he ever preached in. He was one of the many I was instrumental in getting into this part of the kingdom. Once I preached at an anniversary with Mr. Hatton. The last time we shook hands together was at the funeral of the late beloved Mr. James Wells. They are both now in heaven.

Dr. John Stock was suddenly caught up on Saturday morning, May 3, 1884. His son, Mr. F. Stock, says he was pastor of the Baptist Church at Salendine Nook, Huddersfield, and died suddenly at Mill-hill railway-station on Saturday morning, May 3. Dr. Stock was accompanied to the station by his daughter, and while waiting in the station-master's room for a train, and engaged in a cheerful and cheering conversation with the station-master and with his daughter, he was suddenly overcome by a feeling of faintness, which almost immediately resulted in unconsciousness. He never rallied, the heart ceasing to beat at a few minutes after nine o'clock. Dr. Stock had been spending a fortnight at Burton Bank, the residence of one of his sons, and had attended and spoken at several of the meetings of the Baptist Union during the past week. On the Lord's-day previous to his death he preached missionary sermons at Camberwell and at Hackney. He was genial and cheerful, and apparently in good health to the last. Dr. Stock has been pastor of four Baptist Churches: at Lime-street, Liverpool; at Chatham; at Morrice-square, Devonport; and at Salendine Nook, Huddersfield. The main part of his ministerial work has been done, however, in two churches: at Devonport, where he was pastor fifteen years and a-half, and at Salendine Nook, where in all he has been pastor nearly twenty-one years. Dr. Stock was sixty-six years of age. What an unexpected translation!

On May 4, 1884, Mr. William Crowhurst, sen., in his 72nd year. He was a hearer of John Stevens, and many years member at Soho chapel, Oxford-street, during the late Mr. George Wyard's ministry. His end was peace. His last distinguishable words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly."

Died, April 25, 1884, of heart disease, which he endured with great patience, William Lynton Lawrence, aged eight years, twin son of the late Mr. R. A. Lawrence. Interred at Nunhead Cemetery in the grave with his lamented father, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection.

Died, April 12, 1884, at 337, West 10th-street, New York, Sarah Manners, wife of John Axford aged 76 years. A member of the New York Beulah Particular Baptist Church from the time of its commencement (1868), under the pastorate of Mr. John Bennett (now in England), to the period of her death. My wife was a native of Calne, Wilts, and came with me to America, landing in New York on April 20, 1831, where we have resided to the present time. Some years ago she met with a bad fall; but in a measure recovered from that, though quite feeble. On August 23, 1883, she was taken suddenly ill. Under the skillful treatment of a physician, and by the blessing of God, she became better. By the goodness and mercy of our covenant-keeping God, and in answer to prayer, she was spared to us so long. I was with her almost night and day. Often would she break out in the language of the hymn,—

"A few more days, or months, or years,
In this dark desert to complain;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And I shall bid adieu to pain."

Then again and again has she, in anticipation of the happy change, exclaimed,—

"Oh glorious hour! oh, blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God;
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul."

By-and-bye, in the former quotation, "A few more days," &c., the years were left off, and then the months; and shortly before the Lord took her, it was, "A few more sighs, and I shall bid adieu." On Friday evening, April 11, the evening before she departed, about the last words said to me were, "If the Lord will only give me one more manifestation, I shall be glad to go to-night." We were spared through that night, and we got her down to the breakfast-table next morning. After my asking a blessing, I observed she did not swallow. On my asking her why, she attempted to answer, but could not. As soon as we could, we took her to bed in an unconscious state, where she lay until 10.30 the same evening, and then fell asleep in Jesus.

"The waves of trouble o'er me roll,
They penetrate my very soul;
Lord, reconcile me to Thy will,
And give me grace to trust Thee still.
My earthly joys are from me torn,
A lov'd and dear one now I mourn;
Lord, comfort me, if 'tis Thy will,
And give me grace to trust Thee still.
Physician great, Thy skill profound,
Alone can heal this bleeding wound;
Lord, make me bow to Thy just will,
And give me grace to trust Thee still."

"In Achon's gloomy vale,"—JOHN AXFORD, New York, April 25, 1884.

WORMINGFORD.—MY DEAR MR. O. W. BANKS,—I have no doubt you know Mr. Ophim Clarke, of Wormingford. His present case is worthy of notice. This good brother, who occasionally preaches, has been in one of the London hospitals suffering from the effects of a withered arm, and for which nothing could be done but amputation. He is now unable to follow his usual manual labour, and has a wife and four children depending upon him. I do not myself personally know Mr. Clarke; but his name is highly spoken of by the Haddleigh friends. Relief is much needed. A subscription list is being set on foot, and Mr. B. J. Northfield, Baptist Minister, George-street, Haddleigh, Suffolk, or Mr. Clarke himself, will be thankful for any help friends may be pleased to forward.—W. WINTERS.

The Perfections of Divine Love.

"That He might present it to Himself."

Ere long will this dear Saviour come,
In majesty and glory dressed;
He'll take His ransomed children home,
To seats of everlasting rest.

AS "all the fulness of the Godhead bodily dwelt," and still dwelleth in CHRIST, so the fulness of ETERNAL LOVE dwelleth in Him; and as HE dwelleth in His people—so in them the divine love will be perfected; and nothing can alter, or lessen, or remove it from them. CHRIST is *perfect* in Himself: perfect God, and perfect man. All His ways, works, words; all His prophecies, all His promises, all His prayers, all are perfect. Was ever such a prayer as the Lamb of God offered up unto His *Father* (recorded in John xvii.)? Was such a prayer ever known before or since? *Is it not PERFECT?* Can we find any word, or sentence, unnecessary? Is anything *wanting* in it? Nothing, it takes up the whole election of grace, from the Father's giving them to the Son, until they are ONE in the GLORIOUS TRINITY; "I in them, and THOU in ME, that they may be made PERFECT IN ONE; and that the world may know that Thou hast sent Me, and hast loved them AS THOU HAST LOVED ME!" Oh, to be baptized into this heavenly theme, this river of God's pleasures, this soul-elevating, Christ-endearing, Heaven-attracting power! O how I love to feel a little of *this* love in my soul; and honestly and heartily to exclaim,—

"O Love Divine! how sweet Thou art,
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up by Thee!"

How little, how poor, how utterly contemptible are all the oppositions of science, "falsely so-called." Yea, how black and base are all our thoughts, all our cavils, all our sermons, services, and sacrifices, when compared to this "river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding—ever proceeding out of the Throne of God and the Lamb!"

This LOVE—yes, I feel I may say, *THIS* Love—took me down to Ipswich the other day, to preach in Bethesda Chapel. And what ragged, wretched, poor work I made of it, when I came to speak of it. The love of God in Christ, sirs, is a principle, a power, a precious divine blessing that you cannot touch with your words, or handle in your sermons, but you feel ashamed of the poverty, the brokenness, the nakedness of your language and spirit, while you are labouring to tell others the excellency of this heaven-born glory which, on this earth, can never be fully defined. No! not the smallest fraction of its richness, of its mysterious constitution, its character, and its comprehensiveness, not a mite of it can here by puny man be unfolded. The other Sunday morning, my mind was very full of thought upon those words:—"Now let Daniel be called in, and he will shew the interpretation."

The perishing of Belshazzar's glory and the fading of all earthly glory, the weakness of the wisest men in, and of, the world, the penetrating, the God-unfolding power of the HOLY SPIRIT, when it dwells in a regenerated man as it dwelt in Daniel. My mind was full of the scenes passing before my mental vision, which were then enacting in Belshazzar's palace—his "thousand lords," his wives, and his concubines, his command to bring the vessels of gold and of silver which had been taken out of the temple; the wicked but gorgeous hilarity of the idolatrous king and his mighty host was all clear before me. Then the sudden, the terrible shock to the king when he saw the hand-writing on the wall: "And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote." I saw

"The king's bright countenance changed; his thoughts troubled him; the girdles of his loins were loosed; his knees smote one against another."

Oh! see how often the wicked is driven away *in his wickedness*. See what a fright, what a frenzied fever the king is in! how he struggles near! how he cries out! what an agony the man's soul is in! And what has done it all? It is only the back part of a man's hand he has seen; it is only a word or two on the wall that has caused all this consternation. Ah! but it is the HAND OF GOD—the strange, the sin-searching, the conscience-awakening, the soul-alarming, yet unseen power has fallen upon this wicked king's spirit, and he is alarmed beyond all our apprehension. Something like this befalls many a poor wretch when the justice of God awakes against his sin. Then, alarmed, he flies to self-destruction.

First of all, "the wise men of Babylon" must be called in to interpret the hand-writing. Our people were singing on in full choir. I was, mentally, in the palace with Belshazzar; and I looked at these "*wise men*." To bring the matter home, and to give some idea of these "*wise men*," I thought, Suppose some strange, some mysterious "hand-writing" came to our Queen, and she would have all the astronomers, all the judges, all the soothsaying clergymen called into the palace; and in they come; but

WHO CAN READ GOD'S WRITING?

We have some wonderful statesmen, many largely-read scientific Cambridge and Oxford men; we have judges of Chaldean judicial powers and soothsaying clergymen in thousands; but again I ask, "Who can read *God's writing*?" I am not asking in absolute ignorance. I have read, I do read, the sermons of Bishops, Archdeacons, Deans, Doctors of Divinity, and others, and their natural philosophy, their moral teaching, their essays on man's duty and responsibility, are logically correct. But have they read God's writing concerning man's fallen condition? man's absolute bankruptcy? that man has ruined himself, and will ruin himself? Have they read God's writing that, except the ETERNAL THREE had irrevocably decreed, predestinated, chosen, and given to CHRIST a remnant according to the election of grace, we all should do as Daniel Rowlands, the great Welsh preacher did, lift up our eyes to the heavens, and cry, "O, heaven, heaven! thy mansions would empty be if God had not given us children here to nurse." Praise to the glorious JEHOVAH—there is still "a seed to serve Him, a generation to call Him blessed."

But "the wise men of Babylon," the wise men of the United Kingdom, or the gifted orators of the United States, cannot read God's

writing. To them the Bible is a sealed book; it is not given to them to "UNDERSTAND the mysteries of the kingdom." Hence they bring all their talent, all their reasoning powers, all their natural light, to *explain away* God's writing, and to set up their own opinions, their own natural conclusions, and to obliterate the revelation God has given.

"At Athens," says Standish Grey, "the apostle Paul and Satan met in opposition—Satan as the exponent of the then fashionable systems of philosophy marked under a certain garb of religiousness; but Paul, as the apostle of a true religion, "founded upon the absolute will and work of the mighty God." Satan himself is transformed into

"AN ANGEL OF LIGHT."

But neither the prince of the power of the air, nor any of his fallen spirits, can ever read God's writing.

See in Belshazzar's palace, there stand the wise men peering into the wall; they are guessing, speculating, presuming, pausing; but

"*They could not read the writing.*"

Worse than ever was the king, and his lords were all amazed. Oh, what a hell upon earth was here; what mystery, what misery, what danger. The old widowed Queen mother, hearing in the more private parts of the palace, of the pangs and paralytic agonies of the king, steps into the banquetting hall, and tells him "There is a man in thy kingdom in whom is the Spirit," &c. "Now," saith the old Queen, "let DANIEL be called; he will show the interpretation." This Daniel was the Old Testament representative of God's everlasting love. Daniel among the prophets, and John among the apostles, show

THE SOVEREIGNTY AND SUFFICIENCY OF LOVE.

LOVE! God's love IN CHRIST to His Church, is the FOUNTAIN OF LIFE, while the precious blood of atonement which the Son of God poured out on the cross of Calvary, is the fountain of pardon, of forgiveness, of peace to the whole election of grace. Only that "faith which *worketh* by love" will ever unite a soul to Christ. Outside of Christ any faith, any believing, any assent, any persuasion, any confession, may do for a *natural* religiousness; but see in Gal. v. how plainly Paul shows the power by which God's own children stand, and the position they occupy here. The apostle says, "We, *through the SPIRIT*, wait for

"THE HOPE OF RIGHTEOUSNESS

by faith." *What faith?* Then Paul takes you *inside* into the secret place of the Most High; for "He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty; for in Jesus Christ neither circumcision availeth anything, nor uncircumcision, but—

"FAITH WHICH WORKETH BY LOVE!"

Love is the heart of God, and the hand of God, and the covenant of God, and the Christ of God, and the heaven of God, and the glory of God. "God," saith a saved heathen, "God is a strong God, and He is a bright God, and He is a good God, because

"GOD IS LOVE."

On the Sunday morning I have referred to, while our curate, the venerable Thomas Austin, was engaged in the devotional part of the service, and while our beautiful precentor, J. J. Fowler, was leading the

choir upward, I was in deep thought upon Daniel, as the object of JEHOVAH'S love, and how clearly the sovereignty and sufficiency of the divine love shone forth in Daniel in the Old Testament, and in John in the New Testament; and behold! just as I was rising up to give my little sermon upon the vanity of all earthly glory on the one hand, and the eternity and immutability of the love of God on the other hand, at the very moment when I was about to read my text—"Now let Daniel be called, and he will show the interpretation"—at that instant, before I could read the text, my eyes, with astonishment, beheld (in a pew close to where I was) that noble-looking man, our brother THOMAS STRINGER, and his faithful and affectionate wife by the side of him. I was not so much electrified as Belshazzar was at the sight of the hand-writing on the wall; but I—well, I was taken off my equilibrium, and instead of getting in Daniel as the object and subject of the divine love, I found myself floundering in Belshazzar's palace, until Daniel gave the interpretation of the writing, and that night

"THE KING WAS SLAIN."

Leaving that awful scene for the present, I will, for one moment, refer to the fact that the divine love carried me down to Ipswich the other week, to preach for Mr. Kern. After I had promised to go, I felt afraid I had done wrong, and was much inclined to beg that the engagement might be cancelled. But whenever I was about to write, *something* (I cannot tell what) but something prevented me; until early one morning Paul's words, in the Ephesians, spoke in my mind frequently, and a thought came up, saying, "You must go with those words to Ipswich." Saturday came, and to Ipswich I went. Now, not a word was said to me that there was to be a wedding in Mr. Kern's chapel that very Sunday morning that I was to preach there. But, thoroughly unknown to, or unthought of by me, that very morning Mr. Samuel Cozens married a respectable couple in the chapel where I preached, and all the wedding party came to the chapel, where at least seven hundred people formed the congregation. I read a short Scripture, offered a brief prayer, felt much bound in my spirit; but when I read my text, I noticed a little looking one at the other, and some smiling. *Why* I knew not. I repeat, no thought had crossed my spirit that any union of the kind had been celebrated that morning. The text was one I had never touched before in all my fifty-three years' ministry, and why I read it then I know not, nor do I know now; it was this, "*Husbands!* love your wives, even as Christ also loved the Church, and

"GAVE HIMSELF FOR IT,

"That He might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the Word; that He might present to Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing; but that it should be holy and without blemish!"

Here the perfections of Christ's love to His people are distinctly stated and most definitely declared; which declaration is in perfect harmony with all the ancient types, with all the prophecies, with all the experiences set forth in the Canticles, and all that CHRIST Himself preached and said when He came down to redeem His bride. The perfections of divine love are here fully mentioned. LOVE makes an

entire surrender of itself for the salvation and glorification of the bride the Father had given to Him.

“ He left His crown, He left His throne
By His great Father's side;
He wore the thorn, He bore the cross;
Was scourged and crucified.

Behold! how every wound of His
A precious balm distils,
Which heals the scars that sin hath made,
And cures all mortal ills.

Those wounds are mouths that preach His grace,
The ensigns of His love;
The seals of our expected bliss
In Paradise above.”

Never before was the retrospective and the prophetic indexes, bearings, and elucidations of Solomon's Song so opened up to my soul as on that occasion. I fear the expositions were not understood; but, if God will spare and enable me, I will simply write out, and, in these pages, will publish some of the secrets of that LOVE, which is our foretaste of heaven while here, and will constitute the fulness of our glory in the bright world to come; for the text I have here given, in the study of it, brought up in my soul, again, all the unspeakable mercy, grace, revelation, and happiness of

THE BRIGHTEST DAY I EVER HAD IN MY LIFE;

The day of my espousals, when Jesus came and won my heart! when there was none but His precious, glorious Person and myself. So happy! so holy! so free from all sin and creatures, from all the world, and from everything approaching trial and temptation. Wait awhile; and if a fresh anointing be granted to me, more of love's perfections shall be expressed by your servant in the Gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, London,
June, 1884.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MRS. FLACK.

BY HER BEREAVED HUSBAND.

(Continued from page 184.)

INTERESTING DETAILS OF THE SOUL PASSING FROM DEATH INTO LIFE, FROM BONDAGE INTO LIBERTY, FROM THE STATE CHURCH TO NON-CONFORMITY, FROM NATURE'S PREJUDICES INTO THE CALM FREEDOM OF THE GOSPEL OF CHRIST.

WE said in our last that the happiness with which her married life commenced was greatly marred by the feeling that the union was only for time, that death must separate us for ever. In vain did I try to prove that these fears and suspicions of herself were evidences of life, and not unfrequently would she grow angry with me for attempting to make a hypocrite of her, saying: “You know there is nothing in me, and it is wrong to try to send me to hell with a lie in my right hand.” This state of things was especially trying through the first year of our married life. On the 10th of January, 1840, the memorable day on which

Her Majesty the Queen was married, she brought forth her firstborn, a beautiful boy. This in a measure diverted her mind, and for a time she seemed in a measure to forget her sorrow for joy that a man child was born into the world. Taking cold in her confinement she was a great sufferer for some months; the babe had to be weaned, and before he was 11 months' old a second boy was born. He lived but a few days, and in less than 11 months again, a third boy was born, and in about 17 months more, a fourth boy was born, and yet 18 months more and a girl was born. Through all this she was still "The child of light walking in darkness." How these seasons of travail and sorrow were approached no one knew. Fearing lest they might prove fatal, and what then! Ah, what then! Notwithstanding all this she would ever appear a most cheerful companion, a warm-hearted friend and much beloved by all who knew her, and although most tried circumstantially, yet ever hopeful in divine providence, and would often help me to trust in the Lord. She was ever cheerful in company, but her conduct and conversation was always marked with a solidity and sobriety becoming the Christian, and as a kind and faithful friend she won the esteem of all who knew her. But while I thus speak, I would not forget that she was what she was by the grace of God.

THE LOSS OF TWO SONS.

At Christmas, 1845, we lost two beautiful boys in one night, the eldest died at 10.30 on Christmas eve, and the next eldest at 7 o'clock on the following morning. That was a bitter Christmas day for us. Oh! how little do we think when spending our festive seasons in meetings and greetings of family and social gatherings how bitter the cup of many families afflicted or bereaved. But we had no time to nurse our sorrow, as some men say. The lives of the other two loved ones lay trembling in the balance. Unconscious and blind with measles, there seemed little hope of their recovery. All our time and care had therefore to be devoted to them. God in mercy heard prayer and spared them. Nevertheless, on their recovery, the loss of the other two was more fully realised, and the weeping mother again found that the sorrows of her heart were enlarged. Now came the overwhelming thought, that her dear boys and herself were for ever separated. Yes, she would say, true, they will not return to you but you will go to them. Not so with me. O! what a bitter cup was that to her poor broken heart and crushed spirit. But the time of her deliverance drew near.

Soon after this we were removed in providence to the North side of London, and became unsettled as to a place of worship. True, we found a Church where the doctrines of grace were preached; but not in that savoury and experimental way that we wanted them. My mind, too, had become unsettled upon baptism and Church government, and was rapidly becoming a Dissenter and a Baptist.

MAN AND WIFE SEPARATED.

Now, for the first time in our married lives, we became divided; and, for a time, one went to church, and the other to chapel. This was soon discovered to be a very unprofitable and unhappy course. We had ever been thoroughly united in our desire to train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to do this, we saw it

to be absolutely needful that we should walk together as a family to the house of God. This was a source of great trouble to us both. For a time I attended the chapel in Eden-street, Hampstead-road, and heard such men as J. C. Philpot, John Warburton (sen.), Mr. Kenzie Isbell, and others, and my soul revelled in the precious truths to which I listened. But she was still a Churchwoman, and could hardly be persuaded to listen to a Dissenter, though I strove hard to get her to try them.

SHE STEALS INTO A CHAPEL.

One Sunday morning, we started together as usual. When we came to the corner of the street in which we lived, the question was, "Where are you going?" "To Church," was the reply, and she went one way, and I the opposite. This may seem a little thing to mention; but great results hang on trifling incidents. I left her and the dear children with a sorry heart, begging of the Lord to bring about a better state of things. Well, that morning I went, I think, to Benlah chapel, Somers Town, and heard the late James Nunn. On leaving the chapel, I hastened to the Church door to meet her and help her home with the children, as was my custom; but she was not there. Then I hurried home, and found her there. "Why, where have you been?" was the question. "To Eden-street," was the reply. "Then why not have told me? I would gladly have gone with you." "I did not think of it when I left you; but afterwards I felt constrained, and I went; and oh! I heard such a sermon! such a strange-looking old man! and at first sight I felt, Oh, I can't hear you; but when he began to preach, all prejudice fell, I forgot I was in a Dissenting chapel, and I heard such a sermon as I never listened to before. You must go and hear him to-night." That day her prejudices against dissent were broken down. She was half a Dissenter. But the time to favour was not yet come. There was still the *if*. If I am interested in these precious things; but if not! Ah! that sad *if not* seemed to cast a gloom over everything.

But now, once more, we had the happiness of walking together to the house of God. But the time to favour—the real, fixed time—was not yet come. However, it was drawing near, although, as yet, she knew it not. Oh, tried one, hold on; the time of love will come for you too.

UNDER JAMES NUNN THEY BECAME UNITED.

But to proceed. We soon found that Eden-street was too great a distance to take our little folk—and they were little then—so I advised her to try the ministry of Mr. Nunn. She did so. The first thing that attracted her was the singing. It was good, it was hearty. The people sung as though they meant it, and they stood up to do it. That pleased her; she never liked the (as she would call it) lazy way of sitting to praise God. That (say some) is a little matter. Yes; but little things have their weight, even with the people of God. But the preaching; how about that? Well, it was just what she wanted. The doctrines of grace were soundly and clearly preached, and with a savour, unction, and power that went right home to her heart. She heard as she had never heard before; beside which her line of experience was most clearly traced out; every line, from her childhood to that day, seemed called to remembrance, and every dark and bending line shown to meet in the centre of *His* love.

Thus her bonds were broken, her fetters fell off, and liberty was realised. Now the words of Isaiah seemed to have their fulfilment: "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Now she could say, "My Beloved is mine, and I am His." But all this did not produce any great ecstasies; she was still the same quiet, unassuming, solid, sober-minded, and humble-walking Christian. Now she began to search the Scriptures for clear and definite views upon baptism, and she was not long before her mind became settled on this point. On my returning from my ragged-school one Lord's-day afternoon, she said, "I have been reading the words, 'I have a baptism to be baptized with, and how am I chastened till it be accomplished.' Oh! those words have made the matter clear to me that baptism must be by immersion. If Christ's sufferings are set forth by baptism, it cannot be by sprinkling; they were of an overwhelming nature; and I think I have had such a view of the Saviour's sufferings as I never had before. I suggested that we should be baptized together, and that I should call on Mr. Nunn (our minister) and request him to visit her. She consented, and it was soon arranged that we be baptized on December 31, 1847. But not so; we propose, God disposes. A little matter took place which prevented her being of the number at that time; her baptism was postponed till the following Spring. These were sunny days indeed; we walked together in a fellowship we had never enjoyed before, though even now she was not very demonstrative, or very communicative. Still we had fellowship, and I believe the means of grace, public and private, were greatly enjoyed by her. But these happy days were not permitted to continue very long without interruption.

SOLEMN AND SUDDEN LOSS OF CHILDREN.

In the following January another little girl was added to the family, once more making the number of little ones four. On the day the babe was three weeks old, all appeared healthy and well; but before the day was gone the eldest fell sick with scarlet fever, and in 48 hours he was a corpse, and in the short space of 36 hours another was gone. A few days more and another was removed and we were left with but one dear babe of a month old. When I carried her the painful tidings of the second death, she became sadly rebellious and exclaimed: "Pollie cannot die! Pollie must not die! Pollie *shall not* die!" I tried to soothe her, but had little hope of the child's recovery. After watching at their side for six nights and days I fell prostrate myself, and was unable to stand on my feet for some weeks and quite unfit for my work for three months. While her mother was watching at the side of the dear girl one night, the child seeing her weep, said: "Don't cry, mother; don't cry; let me go! They have taken away Alfred, and they have taken away Teddy, let me go. Let me go to Teddy and Alfred." And a still small voice gently whispered, "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Though painful at present 'twill cease before long,
And then O how pleasant the conqueror's song."

And from that hour she became more reconciled, and was helped to say, "Even so, Father, for so it seemeth good in Thy sight." In a little while it became her turn to bring the sad tidings of another

lamb gone. She sat by my bed-side and we wept together; but there was joy mingled with our tears. The sufferers were released, and faith saw six of our loved children safely housed in the realms of eternal glory. Now, too, she had the sweet assurance that although they would not return to her she would go to them. O! the blessedness of a good hope through grace in such seasons as these! Now we were left with one, only one babe of a month old. But O, what a source of comfort was that dear little one! It seemed for a time as though we should never cease to weep for those dear ones, but time did its work, and God Himself wiped the tears from off our faces.

A PATTERN PASTOR'S WIFE.

It was not very long before another trouble came upon her. The prospect of my becoming a pastor caused her much and great anxiety. Her humble views of herself filled her with grave thoughts of her unfitness for so important a position; still, she put no hindrances in my way; but did everything in her power to help me. Nevertheless, she had deep soul trouble over the matter; but on this subject, as on all others ordained of God, time did its work. I was chosen and recognised as the pastor of the church at Sutton, in the Isle of Ely. But the matter once settled, and she threw her whole heart and soul into the work, and became a true *helpmeet* for me; and in a little while made herself beloved by the people. Her meek and quiet spirit gained the esteem of all. In public tea meetings she was most useful, and as the teacher of the senior girls' class in the Sunday-school, she was a great help. Indeed, there was nothing that she was not most willing to render assistance in, and it was there her mouth was first opened in a public prayer meeting. So she proved herself, despite of all her fears, one of the best of wives for a pastor. At the end of five years and a quarter we left Sutton for Peterborough. There she made many warm-hearted friends, and when at the end of 12 months it appeared desirable that we should leave, it proved one of her greatest troubles, and she became very rebellious over it.

(To be continued.)

THE CERTAIN EFFECT OF HEARING THE GOSPEL TRUMPET.

TWO SERMONS PREACHED BY E. MARSH, PASTOR, LAXFIELD, SUFFOLK,
LORD'S-DAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1884.

(Concluded from page 180).

LET us hear just one more of God's faithful champions and Gospel warriors before we pass on. Come, Paul the aged; thy jealousy for Gospel harmony has long made the professing Christian world of dead formality to hate thy very name for the high notes of thy trumpet. Blow on! "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." Then Paul you are all right; with you it is well; blow again, and let us know of that Gospel which you say you received by "revelation." "For ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, tho' He was rich, for your sakes He became poor, that ye thro' His

poverty might be made rich." And again from the same trumpeter we hear hopes of eternal, immovable, and everlasting basis, pealed forth in one long connected sound in Rom. viii., where *no condemnation* is rejoiced in, and proclaimed to all the called, chosen, and separated family of God, because *no separation* can be conceived of to those of whom His trumpet says are "accepted in the Beloved." "In that day the great trumpet shall be blown"—in the day of Gospel prophecy, and Gospel publication. And thus the Church exclaims, "My Beloved is mine and I am His;" and as if rising with a holy zeal for His glory, and intense love unto Him, in answer to the "watchman's" question, What is thy Beloved more than another beloved? fires off in a moment with "My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely." How can she bear such a question as, What is He more than another? Dare not to cast the shadow of a reflection that another is even to be compared with Him, for He is incomparable, ALTOGETHER lovely! Oh, come, ye grace taught-souls, to whom God's Christ is precious, tell me, what think ye of Christ? Canst thou not with the breath of the Holy Spirit declare He is such unto thee? Hear that little one in the family of God unable to say, "He is mine and I am His," yet have they learnt to blow the Gospel trumpet as they exclaim,

"Lord, I cannot let Thee go,
Unless a blessing Thou bestow!"

God has possession of their soul, hence they have a tight hold of Him. Oh, how they hold Him to His Word. "Lord, Thou hast said, I will in no wise cast thee out." Vile and full of sin I am, but "my hope is in Thee."

Gospel notes these which God delighteth to hear, for they have the hope that maketh not ashamed to own Him as their only hope. Oh, how we should love to stay and hear the trumpet blown by the saints in their various experience. One says, "I was brought low and He helped me;" another, "Yet once more will I look toward Thy holy temple;" a third, "He hath made His promise precious to my soul, wherein He declared, I will be with *thee* in thy going out and in thy coming in, from this time forth and even for evermore;" a fourth, bowed down with the weight of gratitude to divine faithfulness as they take a view of the way He has led them, takes encouragement for the future, passing onward singing,

"He that hath helped me hitherto,
Will help me all my journey through."

Thus becomes fulfilled the word of our God, "The great trumpet shall be blown." Great is the company that publish the goodness, grace, and mercy, of a covenant God; they shall come. Ah, here is the reason of it all, God's "shall come" cannot be overturned; for as dear old Joseph Irons loved to declare,

"His *shall come* brought me to His feet,
And gives me comfort now."

Let us now for a while turn to the second part of our text—namely, those who hear it—"They shall come which were ready to perish in the land of Assyria, and the outcasts of Egypt." Look at their condition personally and locally. (1) Personally, outcasts, and ready to perish outcasts. This fitly describes the condition of all mankind: personally they are outcasts from God by sin and wicked works, ready to perish,

inasmuch as "Death has passed upon all men by reason of sin, for that all have sinned." This condition is practically seen as they are found fulfilling the desires of the flesh and of the mind. In Ephesians ii. the apostle gives the past condition of those who were thus outcasts, but were brought to hear the Gospel trumpet and "made high by the blood of Christ."

In this outcast condition man is cast out to the devil, to work the works of him who worketh in all the children of disobedience. They are his willing slaves to do his bidding, turning a deaf ear to the remonstrance of the preacher, or the sound counsel of loving Christian parents; loving darkness more than light, because their deeds are evil—the devil their master, the world their home, and self their only god. Thus personally they are outcasts and ready to perish, fit fuel for the fire. Again, such are cast out to all the wrath of divine justice, for God will by no means clear the guilty, and by the deeds of His law shall no flesh living be justified. But, oh, marvel of marvels, think, beloved, that it is down to this outcast and ready to perish sinner God in sovereign mercy comes, and says they shall come. How is this brought about? They are made to hear the voice of the Son of God, and he that heareth shall live. Convinced of their outcast, and ready to perish condition they are made to cry, "Men and brethren, what must I do to be saved?" "God, be merciful to me a sinner."

Now consider those who hear the Gospel trumpet in their condition *locally*. Assyria and Egypt are names that strike our minds as a strange country, and an enemy's land. This to the outcasts and ready to perish is the world wherein they live. When once the Gospel trumpet is heard with power now they discover the world an enemy to them, they cannot sing the Lord's song in a strange land. Egyptian thralldom is now a burden grievous to be borne, and their heart-cries ascend up to God. He hears them and says, "I am come down to deliver." Oh, blessed coming down this! He comes down to the sinners' place, sends the Word of His grace to them by His Gospel, just where they are. Now they begin to discover they are not *of* the world; they once were quite at home there, but now it is to them a city of destruction. Enemies are now found where once false peace reigned. They are ready to perish for hunger, for the world can provide no meat for their soul; ready to perish for thirst, and the world can never satisfy their thirsty soul; ready to perish with the cold in their outcast condition, for the world has no clothing to fit them. The *profane* world casts them out, and treats them with scorn and derision. Their old friends—falsely so-called—turn them from their society, for they want them not, and they must for ever perish for all the help they get here. The *professing* world serves them no better, but rather worse; for this now takes them in hand, and sounding in their ears their "no Gospel trumpet" of "Do this, and live," blown by the fat and flourishing trumpeters of a dead ministry, these poor souls find other grievous burdens laid on them, as they are taught they must come to Christ, must believe, must repent, must—in short—take God at His word, and dress themselves in the garments their Gospel offers to them. Blessed be God the Holy Spirit that He so cripples and deforms sinners that though they may tug away at these garments, and try to get them on; and go to this chaff-bin, and try to feed; take this physic, and try to

heal themselves—at last, outcast and ready to perish in Assyria and Egypt, the Good Samaritan comes that way and picks up the wounded man, lays him in some Gospel inn, and gives the host orders to supply his need, *free of all charge* to him. Now the outcast and ready-to-perish hear the certain sound of the great trumpet, as it proclaims *life* by the death of a crucified Saviour; *liberty* for the captive, by the conquest of Him who hath conquered sin, Satan, death, and hell; *acceptance* with God, through reconciling blood; *personal victory* over every trouble, through the great Victor, Emmanuel; *eternal rest* when the conflicts, sorrows, and cares of the world are over, through Him who said, “I go to prepare a place for you,” and “Where I am, there shall you be also.” Now shall the poor outcast find a home indeed, and the ready-to-perish rejoice in newness of life in Christ Jesus, their hunger satisfied, thirst assuaged, nakedness covered, chains burst asunder. Oh, how they fall at His dear feet and weep to the praise of the mercy they have found! Oh, how they cry, “Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul.” How they seize the Gospel trumpet, and peal forth the notes that make heaven ring again, “I will rejoice in the Lord; my soul shall be joyful in my God; for He hath clothed me with the garments of salvation, He hath covered me with the robe of righteousness.”

Just a hasty word in conclusion, for we have already dealt freely in the subject of our last head—namely, the effect produced—yea, the certain effect. It is twofold: (1) They shall come. (2) They shall worship. First, They shall come. Yes, that day arrives; for—

“There is a period known to God,
When all the sheep redeemed by blood
Shall leave the hateful ways of sin,
Turn to the fold, and enter in.”

How shall they come? One by one (ver. 12), personally, and in their personality. No longer will the religion of the parent suffice for the child, or the husband for the wife, or the master for the servant, when once the Gospel trumpet sounds in the heart, “Come ye.” No! it is now a living personality with that soul which liveth for ever. Hence the song:—

“Now have I found the ground wherein
My hope’s anchor may remain;
The wound of Jesus for my sin
Before the world’s foundation, slain.”

Thus *shall come* cuts them down, wounds them, lifts them up, and heals them, agreeably with the Word of our God: “I, even I, am He, and there is no God with Me; I kill and I make alive, I wound and I heal; neither is there any that can deliver out of My hand.”

Second, they shall worship. “God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth.” “They shall not worship an unknown God, for they shall all know Me, from the greatest unto the least.” They shall worship Him spiritually, as they offer to Him the sacrifice of a broken spirit and a contrite heart; a song of heartfelt gratitude to a precious Christ that one so vile and polluted lost, ruined, and undone, should ever have obtained mercy. They shall worship Him here as they serve Him day and night with a continual “Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?” not to merit everlasting life,

but to show my gratitude at possession of it. Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth; command, and I will readily obey; for,—

“Through flood and flame, if Jesus go,
My willing soul will follow on.”

Thus,—

“Love makes the willing feet
In swift obedience move.”

They shall worship, but where? “In the holy mount at Jerusalem.” Ah! how the spiritual worship of the tabernacle caused a spiritual David to long for the courts of the Lord, the place whither the tribes went up; but, blessed be God, our holy mount is no locality.

“Where'er ye seek Him, there He's found,
And every place is hallowed ground.”

To worship in God's holy mount is to worship in the mountain of His holiness, even Christ Jesus our Temple, Priest, and Altar, too. To Him shall they come; for unto Shiloh shall the gathering of the people be. Doubtless the text will well bear the interpretation of the coming convert to the visible Church of God in her beautiful, simple constitution, as they—the comers—are pricked in the heart, confess their sins, are baptized in the name of their Lord, and sit down with the household of faith, according to God's “order,” being possessors of His divinely-wrought faith. But feeling such was not the primary meaning. I have not gone so far therein; for, alas! many may be found in the visibly-constituted Church who have never been “washed from their filthiness,” and are but “dead while they live” (professionally); but none so by the power of God the Spirit shall, through the notes of the Gospel trumpet, come to a precious Christ as their All-in-all. Hence on this I have sought to dwell the longest.

Just a word, and I close. Another certain effect of the blowing of the great trumpet is the great and sure encouragement to the Church of God to faithfulness and diligence in their Master's work. The Christian minister's encouragement is only in God's “shall come.” His very soul breaks with longing for the conversion of sinners, but not one can he give life to; but God's “shall come” stimulates him still to blow on with a “Who can tell?” Such may truly be said of our beloved Sabbath-school teachers. Oh! remember, it is all of thy God. Thou art but the vessel; get thy fulness from Him alone, and look to Him alone for the blessing, urging as thy plea in prayer your encouragement in labour—Thou hast said, “They shall come.” Praying parents, and single travellers in Zion's way, here is your encouragement—“They shall come.”

“Go on in faith, go on in prayer,
Order thy cause before Him there,
It cannot but prevail.”

You may never live to see your prayers answered; but plead on, for the travail in birth precedes the hour of deliverance; and if the Lord has brought you into the first, the second is His to accomplish. Rest in the Lord, for here is thy strength. Oh! blessed be God for a certain salvation and the Gospel of His grace.

“There's not an *if* to foul the stream,
Nor *peradventure* here.”

The great trumpet *shall* be blown, they *shall* come; and they *shall* worship.

“Grace all the work *shall* crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven, the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.”

Oh! what think ye of this Gospel? is it good news to thy soul, as it tells of a

“———Pardon full and free.
Wrought out on Calvary's bloody tree”^f

The free gift of the Redeemer Himself to the vilest of the vile. The Lord make its notes the joy of your souls till

“———You see His face,
And never, never sin;
But from the ocean of His grace
Drink endless pleasures in.”

The Lord add His blessing. Amen.

MR. DEXTER AND MR. DAWSON AT DACRE PARK.

“We are a garden walled around,
Chosen and made *peculiar* ground.”

“**WHITEFIELD'S MOUNT**” is the mound marked by a group of tall firs near the South-west corner of Greenwich Park. When George Whitefield was only twenty-four years of age, on Monday, June 4, 1739, he delivered his first sermon here. Such a mighty spirit of convincing, soul-shaking power attended his ministry that the cries of the wounded were heard on every side. His second sermon in these parts was after a long Communion service near Bexley Church, when, Pattison says, “there were over 20,000 hearers; and when he had done at Bexley Church he went to the Green, and continued preaching and exhorting the people until midnight.” Where is that power to be felt now? Greater scholastic light has come, but it is *moonlight*. We do not despise the moon. Oh, no! We must not despise the moon-light ministers of this age. There is a little sunlight; but, as in the present season there is so much change—cloud, cold, uncertainty, and mist—so in the ministry, so much weakness, such a lack of lightning and thunder from heaven, that the souls of the saints are lukewarm, and the spirits of the sinners are careless. The Church and the world are all but married. The tares and the wheat are together growing, and it is impossible—or almost—to distinguish the one from the other.

Thomas Case, who died at Bexley in 1670, wrote of all this in his handsome quarto, “*Mount Pisgah*.” But we must not go back so far. We certainly are come into a busy, working dispensation. Everybody is in a hurry; but where are the heart-rending cries for mercy? Where are the preachers who preach REPENTANCE toward GOD, and FAITH toward our LORD JESUS CHRIST? We would not be merely critical; but souls lost is so inexpressibly dreadful, souls saved so glorious and heavenly, that the mere “soothsayings” of many pulpit prattlers is to us most awful.

Years ago some were moved to erect a chapel near, or on, Blackheath,

and it has been known as *Dacre Park* for a long time. Several pastors have presided there. The cause, in truth, has been continued. A correspondent was at Dacre Park Whit-Sunday and Monday. He heard pastor Dexter on the Sunday, and Mr. Dawson on the Monday. His notes are extensive. Our excellent brother, William Wheeler, sends us a local, with a digest, and the following gives the substance of the preaching on the occasion referred to:—

“ On the Sunday morning the pastor, W. K. Dexter, preached upon the words, ‘Lift up a standard for the people.’ After observing that the text and its context primarily and principally referred to the Jewish people (for whom he believed a bright future was predicted) he reviewed the exhortation as it related to the preaching of the Gospel. The standard to be lifted was of divine origin. God had Himself provided it. The penmen of Holy Writ were inspired by Him. Their inspiration was unique. It ceased with the completion of a revelation which was to be neither added to nor subtracted from. It was most important to remember this. Alike presumptuous and mischievous was the conduct of any, be they who they might, who claimed an inspiration which put men at the present day on a level with those whom God employed to record that revelation of Himself and His will which the Bible contained. Upon this standard so provided there were inscriptions the most important—doctrinal, prophetic, preceptive, and promissory, all centering in Christ, whose name the standard bore; for, from Him as its centre the whole circle of theology radiated. The standard was dipped in His blood. Men might ridicule what they termed a bloody theology, but still the fact remained that ‘without the shedding of blood there is no remission of sins.’ Apart from Christ’s atonement ‘the people’ could never find a standard to meet their necessities as sinners, or satisfy the claims of divine justice. Eliminate the atonement, and the Gospel was destroyed. The standard, however, was imperishable. All attempts to destroy it had proved vain. It had never been shorn of its glory, even when trampled in the dust. ‘The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of the Lord abideth for ever, and this is the Word which by the Gospel is preached unto you.’ This imperishable standard was to be uplifted in the ministry of the Word, the ordinances and enterprises of the Church, and the consistent lives of those who had enlisted under it. It was to be so uplifted, to unite and direct believers, to recognise, declare, and celebrate the presence of King Jesus and the victories He had already received; to pledge afresh our fidelity, stimulate our zeal, and encourage our hope, and to hold forth the only way of life and salvation.

“ In the evening the subject selected was: ‘Come hither, I will show thee the bride, the Lamb’s wife.’ The preacher called attention, by way of introduction, to the contrast which existed between the vision John had had of the woman sitting upon the waters, and the vision to which the text related. The one denoting the character and doom of an apostate Church; the other the character and permanent dignity of the true Church. He then noticed the distinguishing title of our Lord as ‘the Lamb,’ a title suggesting the doctrine of His incarnation; the value of His sacrifice; the full proof He had given of His love and the consequent obligation of His people, special reference being made to the fact that this title was peculiarly esteemed in heaven by saints and

angels, because the most glorious manifestation of deity was made through the priesthood and sacrifice of Christ. He then proceeded to remark on the honourable relationship of the Church to Christ. As His wife He had chosen her, won her affections, become identified with her, made Himself responsible for her, and rejoiced with her in a sacred and perpetual community of interests. At His second coming, this honourable relationship, the preacher observed, would be fully declared. Then the Bridegroom will publicly acknowledge her, vindicate her rights, receive her to Himself, and invest her with the fulness of eternal bliss, while the celebration of the union shall employ the praises of all holy intelligences.

“ On Monday afternoon the Rev. H. Dawson preached from the words, ‘Be ye also enlarged.’ The preacher dwelt upon the necessity of an enlargement of our conceptions of God in Christ; His existence and perfections; His position as Creator; His universal Government; His relationship to inferior creatures, and especially His relationship to the Church of Christ. He also showed how essential it was that there should be an enlargement in attainments, seeing that most blessed privileges were the Christian’s present portion; and in glowing terms he spoke of the influence exerted upon the Christian by an enlargement in his expectation of heaven, its extensiveness, its spirituality, its purity, and its perfection of bliss. After tea a public meeting was held, presided over by Mr. T. M. Whittaker (a gentleman whose life has been almost entirely devoted to the spread of Gospel truth), who gave an interesting sketch of the use and origin of the cause at Dacre-park. Mr. Dawson called attention to the imperative necessity that existed at the present day to maintain in their integrity the doctrine, the ministry, and the ordinances of the Primitive Church of Christ. He condemned the loose views of inspiration, which at the present time were being promulgated in many influential quarters, and exhorted to a firm adherence to the authority and teachings of the divine Word. Addresses were also given by several ministers.

DEATH OF MR. FREDERICK LILL, OF BOSTON.

A LARGE and sympathetic circle of friends and readers of our magazine will hear with deep regret of the death, on the 6th ult., of our dear brother in Christ, Mr. Frederick Lill, West-street, Boston. Lincolnshire has been a stronghold for many years of the good old Baptist cause, but that cause never produced a more sturdy, faithful, and earnest upholder of the faith than our departed brother. Deceased, who was in his 64th year, was for forty years a member of the Church at Boston, having been baptized in 1844, during the pastorate of Mr. William Potter, at Ebenezer Chapel. His zeal for the honour of the Lord’s house and his activity to promote every good work, quickly secured him the esteem and respect of the Church, and for about thirty years he held the responsible position of deacon. To him this was no empty title or nominal office, but he stood within the Temple as if the burden of the Lord was upon him. Stormy times and times of heart burning and dissensions came upon the Church. In all these our brother was called to take a prominent part. With what moderation, patience,

and truly Christian spirit, he acted, many still living can testify. It was his custom, like as did Hezekiah of old, to lay the matter before the Lord, and obtain counsel from the Most High. He believed himself led by the hand of God, and went fearlessly on. The blessing of the Lord rested upon his efforts as a deacon, and in conjunction with Mr. David Wilson, the cause was well established. It is not for us to trace the unhappy discord which has so much injured the Church at Boston. Our deceased brother retired to his home, where, like the patriarch of old, he was frequently sought for counsel and advice. His sincere love of truth and honesty of character entitled him to the respect even of those who may have differed from him. He fondly cherished and closely adhered to the grand old Calvinistic doctrines. He loved to wander through the pages of Isaiah and find reflections of his own heart in the golden pages of the Psalmist. Of all the sacred writers St. Paul was the most admirable to him. Nay, he loved the rugged old Apostle, and for hours would draw in the inspirations of his wonderful teaching. He loved, too, to contemplate the work of his Saviour, and would say—

“ In Him my treasure’s all contained,
By Him my feeble soul’s sustained,
From Him I all things now receive,
Through Him my soul shall ever live.
With Him I daily love to walk,
Of Him my soul delights to talk;
On Him I cast my every care,
Like Him one day I shall appear.”

When called upon to take part in addressing the Church, his invariable theme was the Rock of Ages, and a leaf turned down in his hymn-book to the following verse tells of some solemn hours of meditation and the foundation upon which he leaned:—

“ When called the vale of death to tread,
Then to this Rock may I be led;
Nor fear to cross that gloomy sea
Since Thou hast tasted death for me.”

The faith here exhibited never left him. Our brother was a great sufferer, but he bore all his sufferings patiently. He was often borne to the brink of the dark river, until the cold chills seemed to sweep across his soul, but his faith never failed him. Though at times troubled with doubts and fears, of him it may be truly said, “ His end was peace.” On Sunday, May 4th, he rested, like a tired child, passing the time chiefly in prayer and meditation. His favourite Scripture was no doubt passing through his soul, “ Now, Lord, what wait I for; my hope is in Thee.” This seemed to express the deep feeling of our brother, and formed his anchor and his stay.

On the following day, in answer to the inquiries of his children, who did so much to soothe him, he gave the sweetest assurances that he was trusting in Jesus—“ Nothing but Jesus! nothing but Jesus!” On Tuesday he grew weaker, but his soul, as if conscious of early liberation, illumined the frail tenement by the bright utterances of its undying trust. At length, raised up in the arms of his son Alfred, and leaning upon his shoulder, a heavenly glow passed across his face, and shouting “ Hallelujah! hallelujah!” his emancipated soul stepped into the awaiting chariot, and, borne aloft, went “ sweeping through the gates of the New Jerusalem.”

“When passing Jordan’s icy flood,
Not hell his soul could move;
His only hope was *Jesu’s blood*,
And God’s *unchanging love*.

He lived a debtor to His grace,
Rejoic’d in sins forgiven;
Died in his Father’s fond embrace,
And flew from earth to heaven.”

Our brother leaves behind him a sorrowing widow and eleven children. He was a faithful husband and a good father. He was a Liberal in politics, and highly esteemed by the members of that party. He took part in many movements having for their aim the good of his fellow townsmen.

The deceased was buried in the General Cemetery, on Sunday, the 11th ult. A large number who had known him in his private and public life attended to pay their last respects at the grave-side of their old friend and counsellor, and to show their regard for one who had so nobly “fought the fight and kept the faith.”

“REST IN PEACE.”

BLACK CLOUDS AND BRIGHT VISIONS

CONSTITUTE THE ATMOSPHERE OF

THE WORLD WE ARE NOW IN, AND THEY DIVIDE, FINALLY DIVIDE,
THE WORLD TO COME.

THINK, O my soul! what must that be,
From all things here to be set free;
Yet, plunged in midnight gloom?

JESUS gave one parable on the lost soul, and that reveals a blackness, a horror, and an agony which no tongue can declare, no pen describe. A question shot up in my mind to this effect, “Why did not Paul mention Job in his list of the heroes of faith?” Did ever any man express a stronger faith, under the greatest trials, than Job did? Whenever a black cloud appeared ready to burst upon him, his hand of faith was strong enough to draw aside the curtains under which the ark of the covenant was hidden. Only the hand of faith can draw those curtains aside, Job had that spiritual power. His eye of faith penetrated through every cloud, through every section of the universe. Plunged, as Job was—so have some of his family been; and they are not common-place echoes. For years I have walked in Job’s fields, and gathered some clusters; but who would like them? There is but one Job in the Bible, his near kinsman was Heman. Read his Psalm lxxxviii. John-the-Baptist, a Christ-proclaimer, had his head cut off, so, in a sense, has this poor boy.

WE are justified freely by His grace, by sheer grace without cause; gracious grace; grace dyed in grain without finding anything why we should be saved, but all to damn us. When the whole of salvation is bestowed upon us, what an infinite gift that the poorest believer hath the whole of salvation the moment he believes: he not only shall be, but is saved.—*Dr. Goodwin*.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

PRESENTATION TO MR. J. MEAD, AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

TUESDAY, May 27, 1884, was another memorable day in the history of the Church at the Surrey Tabernacle. Mr. Mead, the recently-chosen pastor of Nunhead-green Baptist Chapel, was a deacon and member of the Surrey Tabernacle, and his former colleagues and fellow-members could not part with him without testifying their Christian love and esteem to him for his past services. Consequently, a meeting was convened for the purpose of saying, "Farewell" to him as a deacon and member. None but members took part in the service, which was of a brotherly, loving, and practical character.

After the friends had taken tea, Mr. Albert Boulden presided, and opened the meeting by reading Psalm cxxi. Mr. Rundell offered prayer. The chairman said, We have met this evening as a family, and I am glad to see some old faces present. This meeting was decided upon at a Church meeting. We thought we could not part with our brother Mr. Mead in a cold way, and allow him to walk quietly out. He has been a member over thirty years, and a useful, honourable deacon twenty years; always took an active part in the affairs of the Church; was secretary, and led the singing, till he was called to go and preach the Gospel. Before Brother Mead was a member, he and I often walked and talked together. I always thought myself to be a child to him in spiritual things; so it has proved. We are sorry to part with old friends, but are glad that his usefulness has increased. Brother Mead, like others among us who have gone into the ministry, are proofs of the blessed instrumentality of our late dear pastor, Mr. James Wells. They continue in the same Gospel; though they go from here, they depart not from the truths of the everlasting Gospel. Now our desire is that this meeting should be of a family and friendly Christian character, and hope friends from the body as well as the deacons on the platform will rise spontaneously and say just a few words.

Mr. Thomas Carr said: There are days in our past history which we look back upon with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure. I am sure our Brother Mead will look back upon this day with feelings of pleasure. God has called him to preach the glorious truths of the everlasting Gospel, which are very dear and precious to our souls;

and while thinking of our dear brother this morning, the words spoken to Joshua seemed very applicable as expressive of our feeling towards him: "Be strong and of good courage." The LORD has taken away our own dear pastor, but HE is raising up others. May he be helped to witness of those things he has handled, tasted and felt of the good Word of life.

Mr. Brain knew our brother before he was a member of Surrey Tabernacle; he never had but one feeling toward him. I have had several portions of Scripture come to my mind to-day while thinking of him and this meeting. The Word of God is very straight, and we read in John, "Whoso abideth not in the doctrine of Christ hath not God." Our brother's own testimony confirms the belief that he will not swerve from the truth. May the dear Lord bless him in his "going out and coming in."

Mr. Pells: I esteem it a pleasure to be here. It is thirty-one years since my feet were led to the Surrey Tabernacle; twenty-eight years in fellowship and communion with our brother; we have been instructed in the same Gospel, have been to the same school. The three-fold cord of the Gospel—the Spirit, the water and the blood—which drew this Church together fifty-four years ago, binds us together now. Mr. Pells spoke earnestly on preaching the Gospel, the ordinance of believer's Baptism, and the Lord's Supper, and prayed that the Lord would keep brother Mead as an indelible witness for these truths and ordinances, and when his end comes, take up the language and say, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," &c.

Mr. Shippes: If there is one here loves brother Mead more than another, it is myself. I give place to no one. I shall never forget his kindness to me when I came before the Church, and I cannot let this opportunity pass without saying, May the blessing of the Lord go with him!

The meeting now took a practical form, brethren King and Green entering the platform with a board laden with books. Mr. Boulden said, in addressing Mr. Mead: It is my pleasing duty my dear brother, to ask you to accept this small library from the friends here as a token of their esteem and love to you, and I can assure you, when it was mooted, it was not only unanimously, but cheerfully taken up, and I am delighted at the

form this testimony has assumed. We all know you to be a student, and some care has been taken in selecting the books, which are as follows: Dr. Thomas Goodwin's Glory of Christ, 1 vol.; Bagster's Hebrew Concordance, 2 vols.; Dean Alford's Greek Testament, 4 vols.; Hadyn's Dictionary of Dates, 1 vol.; Wood's Natural History, 3 vols.; Kitto's Daily Bible (illustrated), 8 vols.; Cassell's Encyclopædic Dictionary, 6 vols.; Smith's Bible Dictionary, 3 vols.; Southgate's Many Thoughts of Many Minds, 2 vols.; Dean Milman's History of the Jews, 3 vols. It may be easy (continued Mr. B.) for you to wade through these, as you have an enquiring mind, and we trust they may prove useful to you. I don't believe in people going into the pulpit without study, though, of course, nothing can take the place of the Bible. In conclusion, he again asked Mr. Mead's acceptance of this as a very small mark of our united love.

Mr. Mead: Christian friends, believe me, I know very little how to make a speech. No more suitable gift could have been made. It is exceedingly gratifying to me on leaving, after having been here 35 years. Frequent reference has been made to our late pastor. Mr. Wells's ministry was blest to my soul the very first time I heard him. No man so plainly described my state as he did; my heart was knit to him. Like many others, I used to hang upon his lips, and have been refreshed, comforted, and encouraged. His great usefulness was a proof (if that were necessary) that he was sent of God. Paul exhorts the Christian to rightly value gifts. Seven times in 1 Cor. xiv. is this referred to. Edifying is the secret of success. Mr. Wells subordinated everything for the edification of the people; he always came up deeply conscious of his work; nothing could ever shake him from the truth. There is such a depth in the Word of God, that it bears reading again and again. He felt the importance of definite teaching; he said it was impossible to get understanding without this. I hope the Lord will enable me to follow in the steps of our late dear pastor. His deep study of the Word made him independent of men. Some thought him haughty, but those who were intimately acquainted with him knew that he had a deep fellowship with the most humble followers of Christ. His last sermon was as full of Gospel truth as ever; he was as happy as could be, and his usefulness continued to the end. No higher honour can be put on any man than to be a faithful expositor of His Word. Nothing is so real

as the Gospel; see how it brings His people together. I have given but a poor expression of my feelings. I am fond of reading, could spend seven or eight hours a-day at it. This is a comfort, because if I live to be old, time will not be heavy. I know all depends on the Lord. Some of these books are learned, classical; and if I get a little light from them, I pray the Lord to bless it to His own people. May the Lord bless you a thousand-fold. No one wishes more than John Mead to see the Surrey Tabernacle prosper. As Mr. Mead resumed his seat there were great oral and other demonstrations of approbation displayed.

Mr. Piggott: It is hardly necessary to say, "Out of the mouth the heart speaketh." One can't say good-bye, but can say God-speed to our brother. Paul's words exactly express our feeling, "Beloved brother, faithful minister, and fellow-labourer." We have proved him to be a beloved brother. I have personally experienced this. I think there is a great want of faithful ministers—ministers with a settled faith. A fellow-labourer, a servant, or messenger; may our brother be commanded to bring a message from the Lord to the people.

Mr. Bush: The more we know of each other, we shall prove the truth of the Psalmist's words, "Behold how good and pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together." I have no fear but that the Lord will bless our dear brother.

Messrs. Simms and Purcell, who have been the active agents in this matter, said they never had a more pleasing duty in their lives; but some were not content because they had not contributed, so Mr. Simms proposed, and Mr. Purcell seconded, that a sum of £50 be contributed and given to the Lord's poor in Mr. Mead's name.

Brethren King, Green, and Crowhurst followed with some kind and loving remarks, and the chairman pronounced the benediction. J. W. B.

THE SUFFOLK AND NORFOLK STRICT BAPTIST ASSOCIATION MEETING.

On May 28-29, the annual gatherings of the representatives of the Associated Churches took place in the pleasant market-town of Halesworth, Suffolk, where Mr. Charles Suggett has long and profitably laboured in the ministry of the Gospel of Christ. To these right glorious meetings and greetings very many warm-hearted brothers and sisters look forward with no small amount of pleasure, and the spiritual profit realised

thereat is remembered by some with joy after many days. It is fifty years ago since the Association held an annual meeting at Halesworth, and few, if any, remember the occasion to-day. The Association has been practically in existence for 120 years, though it was not until the year 1829 that it was remodelled under its present form, and during that long period some of the brightest men in the Baptist causes have shone in their respective spheres and done honour to the truth of God; and I am happy to say the best of them are not dead yet, but are immortal till their work is done.

There were present: C. Hill (Stoke Ash), S. K. Bland (Ipswich), W. J. Styles (London), W. Winters (Waltham Abbey), J. Bonney (Guildford), R. E. Sears (London), W. Gill (Grundisburgh), P. B. Woodgate (Ottley), W. Houghton (Blakenham), B. J. Northfield (Hadleigh), J. Brand (Bungay), B. Taylor (Pulham-St.-Mary), W. Glasgow (Tunstall), J. Andrews (Waldringfield), W. Rumsey (Walsham-le-Willows), J. R. Denham (Hoxne), W. J. Denmee (Hoxne), G. Pung (Norwich), E. Marsh (Laxfield), S. Haddock (Occold), E. Haddock (Somersham), C. Suggett (Halesworth), D. Dickerson (Stowmarket), T. Field (Charsfield), A. Knell (Stowmarket), A. W. Ager (Stowmarket), C. Broom (Fressingfield), R. Huxham (Rattlesden), W. Brown (Friston), C. L. Kemp (London), J. Leggett (Ipswich), W. Cordeil (Chelmondiston). The rector of the parish and the Congregational minister of Halesworth were present, and were helpful to the friends of the Association in various ways. Mr. Chipperfield kindly lent his field, in which was pitched the large tent for preaching; and Mr. Parry was good enough to grant the use of his malting-house in the centre of the town for the friends, where a large number dined and partook of tea.

The following were the delegates appointed from the various Churches:—Wattisham, H. H. Brooko and Partridge; Beccles, C. Lockwood and J. Welton; Halesworth, O. Suggate (pastor), C. Bedingfield, and W. Bradding; Rattlesden, R. A. Huxham (pastor), Messrs. Sendon and Elmer; Friston, W. Brown (pastor); C. Berry and J. Burroll; Grundisburgh, W. Gill (pastor), C. Dunnet and Mr. Shimmer; Norton, A. Morning (pastor), G. Plummer and T. Tillott; Laxfield, E. Marsh (pastor), B. Seaman and Mr. Seace; Waldringfield, J. Andrews (pastor), G. Skeat and H. Brown; Somersham, E. Haddock (pastor) and H. Parkin; Cransford, Mr. Bryant and J. Jay; Occold, S. Haddock (pastor), W. Hawes and R. Mutick; Pulham-St.-Mary, B. Taylor (pastor), W. Batho and T. Hubbard; Stoke Ash, C. Hill (pastor), Mr. Mos and G. Doring; Sutton, J. Cook (pastor), W. Disberry and Mr. Curtis; Bishangles, G. Harris (pastor), W. S. Ringer and L. Lock; Bungay, Jos. Brand (pastor), Mr. Manning and Mr. Jefferies; Chars-

field, T. Field (pastor), E. Wright and J. Brand Walsham-le-Willows, W. Rumsey (pastor), J. Nunn and J. Ellis; Hadleigh, B. J. Northfield (pastor), R. White and M. Green; Tunstall, W. Glasgow (pastor), G. Disbery and J. Garrod; Fressingfield, C. Broome (pastor), A. Crave and J. Flat; Hoxne, J. W. Denmee (pastor), S. Kent and J. Marjoram; Aldringham, H. B. Berry (supply minister), Mr. Botwright and R. Sones; Bradfield-St.-George, W. Dixon (pastor), D. Bland and W. Scarfe; Norwich, G. Pung (pastor), B. Hovell and J. Harvin; Stowmarket, D. Dickerson (pastor), G. Mayes and Mr. Warren.

The hymn,—

"To Christ the Lord let every tongue
Its noblest tribute bring,"

was first sung, and Mr. Marjoram, of Hoxne, offered prayer. The moderator, Mr. Gill, delivered the annual address, after which, the secretary, Mr. S. K. Bland, read the letters from the associated Churches in a manner the most praiseworthy, and stated, much to the joy of all present, that a larger number had been baptized in their Churches during the past year than there had been during any of the past sixteen years, and that they were not dead, and were not likely to be buried yet.

The statistical abstract, omitting the numbers under the headings of "restored," "dismissed to other Churches," and "separated" — the totals in these instances being 3, 23, and 42 respectively—was as follows:—

Church.	Baptized.	Received.	Died.	Members.	Scholars.	Village Stations.
Wattisham	1	110	90	2
Beccles	1	1	3	152	150
Halesworth	2	2	1	76	53
Rattlesden	11	11	1	100	136
Friston	41	90
Grundisburgh...	...	9	...	3	178	172
Norton	5	43	45
Laxfield	5	6	3	201	156
Waldringfield	3	1	1	61	65
Somersham	2	48	45
Cransford	1	2	41	41
Occold	3	51	40
Pulham-St.-Mary	...	1	1	...	80	45
Stoke Ash	8	2	5	184	112
Sutton	1	1	1	46	28
Bishangles	2	...	2	103	70
Bungay	5	2	1	74	39
Charsfield	1	50	71
Walsham-le-Willows	2	1	50	36
Hadleigh	5	1	2	76	70
Tunstall	3	4	4	106	82
Fressingfield	5	1	6	97	80
Hoxne	18	...	3	97	130
Aldringham	6	2	1	69	79
Bradfield-St.-George...	...	1	1	2	71	70
Norwich	1	6	117	66
Stowmarket	2	2	1	47	...

The totals are:—Baptized, 97; received, 404; restored, 3; dismissed, 23; separated, 42; died, 62; members, 2,393; scholars, 2,062; mission stations, 74.

Mr. W. Brown delivered a short address, in which he congratulated the

Church at Halesworth upon having seen another Association meeting after an interval of fifty years.

In the afternoon Mr. T. Field opened the service with a hymn, Mr. A. Knell read Isaiah xl., and Mr. R. E. Sears offered prayer. Mr. P. B. Woodgate preached a most savoury sermon, which was much enjoyed, and which was based upon 2 Tim. i. 11. Mr. T. Field gave the closing hymn, and Mr. A. W. Ager, late of Carlton Rode, closed with prayer.

The evening service began with a hymn by Mr. Field. W. Winters read Acts iii., E. Marsh fervently prayed, B. J. Northfield announced a hymn, and Mr. W. J. Styles (of Bloomsbury), preached a masterly sermon, which did our hearts much good to listen to, from Acts iv. 12, and which was divided after the following three-fold order—1. The uniqueness of the name of Jesus (2) given among men, (3) and the result. Mr. Styles spoke also beautifully of the "musts" of Scripture. Mr. S. K. Bland followed with a hymn, and Mr. J. R. Debnam, of Horham, closed the first day's services with prayer.

On the second day the 6 o'clock prayer-meeting was well attended, also the later minister's prayer-meeting. The morning service commenced with the tent thronged with anxious hearers. W. Gill gave out.—

"Grace, 'tis a charming sound."

Mr. S. K. Bland read 1 Peter iv. W. Houghton offered fervent prayer, the equal we never remember being privileged to listen to—a grand prelude to a grand sermon by Mr. Charles Hill, who took for his text 1 Peter v. 10, and which he divided thus:—(1) The glorious exhibition of God; (2) His wonderful work; (3) The intervening period; and (4) The divine consummation. A sermon every word of which (with the exception of the political firebrand thrown at a venture) ought to be printed and read throughout the wide world. May God long spare our dear, godly, and intelligent brother, Mr. C. Hill. Mr. C. Broom gave out a hymn, and Mr. Brand, of Bungay, whom God has graciously raised from the bed of affliction, offered savoury and earnest prayer. The afternoon service was begun with a hymn by Mr. W. Gill; Mr. R. E. Sears read Isaiah lx. and prayed. Mr. R. A. Huxham preached the closing Association sermon, "Ye are Christ's." The collections amounted to £35. The worthy secretary, Mr. S. K. Bland, stated that the meetings next year would (D.V.) be held at Wattisham, and proposed votes of thanks to Mr. Parry, Mr. Chipperfield, Mr. Smith,

Messrs. Hadingham and Salter, also to the venerable rector and other kind friends who had so nobly helped in the great and good cause. Mr. W. Brown, in closing the services, mentioned that the "circular letter" for the year had been prepared by the secretary, Mr. S. K. Bland, on the subject of "Temptation." The old well-known hymn brought the happy services to a close. Waltham-abbey. W. WINTERS.

TUNSTALL, SUFFOLK.—Our Sunday-school held their fourteenth anniversary on Whit Tuesday. The children recited various portions of Scripture, hymns, and dialogues; the superintendent read the report of the year, and Mr. Marsh, of Laxfield, addressed the children in a pleasing and appropriate manner, upon the word "BIBLE," giving a text upon each letter, and asking questions. The scholars readily and correctly answered him to the satisfaction of all present. A large number sat down to a well provided tea. In the evening Mr. Marsh preached a sermon from "My beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable," &c. (1 Cor. xv. 58). He encouraged the superintendent and teachers to go on in the labour of love. Such a day will be remembered by all, it was such an anniversary as we have not seen for many years. We pray we may have many more like it. Singing the hymn, "Crown Him Lord of all," closed this happy day's meeting.—A. G. B.

PECKHAM RYE.—HEATON-ROAD.—The pastor's anniversary, on May 29, was a great success. One pleasing feature in the evening meeting was, the senior deacon presented Mr. Wilkins with a cheque for £17 10s., assuring him it was a "cheque drawn from the bank of love." It was the free and hearty gift of friends. "But," said the deacon, "you must not, my dear pastor, gauge the feelings of the people towards you by the sum of seventeen pounds; the esteem in which you are held by the people is such, that seventy pounds, instead of seventeen, would not represent it," etc. The gift was suitably acknowledged by Mr. Wilkins, who, as Mr. Anderson afterward remarked, "did not cry," and he was glad brother Wilkins did not cry, but received the gift with becoming grace and manliness.

FLEET, HANTS.—This united people celebrated their anniversary on June 11. The commodious chapel was quite full in the afternoon, and after the sermon preached by Mr. J. Wilkins, of Peckham-rye, over £8 was collected. A large number assembled to tea, more than could be accommodated the first time. Public meeting in evening; able addresses were delivered by Mr. Munns, J. Wilkins, J. Stevens, of Yately, and others. A vote of thanks was given to Mr. Wilkins for his able sermon in afternoon, and after his brief reply the happy services were brought to a close.

STAMFORD.—Jubilee services were held at North-street Particular Baptist Chapel on Whit-Monday, June 2, to celebrate the fiftieth year of the opening of our chapel. The services were attended by crowded congregations, friends coming from distant places to join with us in our thanksgiving services, from London, Leicester, Nottingham, Newcastle, Grantham, Peterborough, &c., &c. The following ministers were present: Messrs. Hazlerigg, Tryon, Feazey, Coughtery, Manasseh Tryon (West Deeping), Wilson. Our object was two-fold in making arrangements for this jubilee; first, to praise and thank our kind Lord for His great and abundant mercy towards us as a Church and people for 50 years; and, secondly, if the Lord's will, we might obtain some help thereby to enable us to carry on the cause of God here for the future. The morning service was opened by singing, "Blow ye the trumpet, blow." Mr. Hazlerigg read and expounded part of Romans viii., commencing at verse 14, and took his text from Solomon's Song, "Thou that dwellest in the gardens, the companions hearken to thy voice, cause me to hear it." He said, in speaking from these words, "We shall just make a few remarks upon the following things:—1. We shall have to look at these gardens, which are Churches planted by the Lord; 2. We shall have to turn our attention to this blessed Dweller in the gardens, the Lord Jesus Christ; 3. We have, then, certain companions of this Dweller in the gardens that bear His voice. In the last place, we have one evidently making a confession of great deficiencies, and still breathing out after something better, after a more satisfactory state of things, 'Cause me to hear it.'" At 1 o'clock a luncheon was provided in the Odd Fellows' Hall; about 130 sat down, under the presidency of Mr. Feazey. The afternoon service commenced at 2.30. Mr. Tryon read and expounded Philippians ii. His text was Leviticus xxv. 55. He spoke of the jubilee as instituted for Israel, and of the spiritual jubilee, when the Lord delivered a soul out of bondage. In speaking about the cause of truth here, he had known it from its commencement. He knew well the blessed men of God who had to do with its being founded and first carried on, and said it was a great mercy the Church and people had been preserved so long, steadfast in the truth. Tea was provided in the Odd Fellows' Hall; about 240 sat down. At evening service Mr. Feazey read Ephesians i., and took his text from Titus ii. 11—14. It was indeed a good day to many of the Lord's people, and we desire to record the Lord's great goodness and mercy to us as a Church and people, and to thank the many kind friends who came to join in our thanksgiving services, and for the substantial help afforded us. The collections and profit arising from the luncheon and tea amounted to the handsome sum of £52 14s. 4d. nett. To the Lord's name be all the praise. One old lady I spoke to, who said she was here when the chapel was first opened, but age and distance prevented her now worshipping with us. She said she thought

she should like to come once more. Oh, what recollections it brought to her mind of years gone by! And we trust, if the Lord's will, the seed sown may be brought forth abundantly in our midst, and many added to our number.—R. M. ROBINSON.

GRAYS.—Second anniversary of Baptist Sunday-school was Whit-Monday. Mr. G. Herring delivered a suitable discourse from the sentence, "And he brought him to Jesus." At public meeting Mr. Wakelin, of Keppel-street, presided. Wm. Heymer, jun., secretary, read the annual statement of accounts, showing an expenditure of £9 9s. 9d., out of which sum about £1 10s. was due to treasurer. The chairman said the accounts read showed they knew how to use the money well. He cautioned the children against the magazines of the present day, and suggested they should enquire of their teachers what to buy. In conclusion, a few questions were asked, which were readily and rightly answered. Mr. Noyes said he looked forward to the time when the room in which they met would be used for the school, and have a comfortable chapel built in front. Mr. Herring said one essential qualification for Sunday-school teachers was to know God's truth for themselves. Mr. Mobbs said the Grays Sunday-school was increasing. During the year 30 had been added; the total was 80. Mr. Ryder told us his first impressions had been received in a Sunday-school. He felt attached to this work. Mr. H. Welch and W. Beddow uttered useful sentences. During the evening the scholars, under the conductorship of Mr. Andrews, sang hymns very creditably. Votes of thanks were accorded to Mr. Andrews; also to Miss Agnes Lack for her kindness. It was largely through Mr. Wakelin's instrumentality that a school was started here, and he has been greatly helpful in carrying it on. Several friends came from London with him to cheer us with their presence and prayers.—W. B.

STONEHOUSE.—The Anniversary Services were held at Corpus Christi Chapel, on Sunday the 8th inst., when two sermons were preached by the pastor Mr. W. Trotman. On the following Wednesday the Rev. J. Vaughan preached in the Chapel, after which a social tea was provided at St. George's Hall, of which a goodly number partook. Mr. Trotman gave a table for the inmates of the Stonehouse Workhouse. It was refreshing to see how heartily the old people enjoyed themselves, and the ample justice they did to the good things provided for them. After tea the Rev. J. Vaughan again preached, Mr. Trotman taking part in the service.—J. B.

PLYMOUTH.—Mr. Varder of Yeovil, preached at Trinity Chapel, York-street, on Tuesday the 3rd ult., to the comfort and edification of those present. We were grieved to see so few present, and to find on enquiry that on the Lord's-day the attendance is very limited. We could not help the question arising, Why is this?—J. B.

PIMLICO.—Re-opening services, Carmel Chapel, Westbourne-street, near Sloane Square. This chapel now looks clean without and beautifully cheering within. The Strict Baptists, bless the Lord, are not dead yet, and if it were possible for the denomination to die, the glorious truth of God is like its Author, eternal, and therefore must live "when rolling worlds shall cease to move." May 27 was a high day at Carmel; many friends met to celebrate the occasion of the re-opening of the Chapel after being renovated and re-seated with easy benches, and the whole of this restoration so much needed does considerable honour to the builder and the energetic and enterprising spirit of the pastor, Mr. J. Parnell, and his deacons and friends. The total cost of the restoration amounted to £250; what is most cheering, nearly the whole sum has been collected and promised. On the day of re-opening the astonishing sum of £98 8s. 6d. was collected, also promises were made on that day by friends to the amount of £47 4s. 6d., to be made good within three months. This amount, with £70 4s. 4d., previously collected, swelled the fund to £215 17s. 4d., leaving only the small balance of £34 2s. 8d. to settle the whole affair. Who that loves God's truth cannot praise Him for such manifested love and mercy, especially when it is remembered that brother C. Cornwell's magnificent Tabernacle has so recently been opened, and the Little Alie-street cause has been renovated and re-opened, and the cost of the latter has been paid. I here also beg to name that Mr. R. E. Sears, the pastor of Little Alie-street Chapel, collected himself the splendid sum of £385. (I put the sum too low in my last report). The grand old Shouldham-street Chapel has been restored, and Mr. John Hazelton's Chapel has been re-opened after expending £400 upon it, and all the money found before the day of re-opening occurred. Surely this is enough to make the children of Zion sing songs of thanksgiving to Almighty God. On the morning of Mr. Parnell's re-opening services, Mr. John Hazelton preached a God glorifying sermon, founded upon *Psa. cvii. 48*. After the sermon several friends partook of a substantial repast provided in the school-room; Mr. Wright, a worthy deacon, gave all the meat, besides other noble gifts. In the afternoon, James Lee, Esq., presiding, offered earnest prayer. W. Winters read *Isa. xii.*, and speeches were given by F. C. Holden, J. Clark, C. Cornwell, W. Hazelton, J. Wilkins, and W. Tooke. After tea another public meeting was held, when Charles Wilson, Esq., presided, and addresses were made by Deacon Wright, W. Winters, J. Box, J. Hand, R. E. Sears, W. Waite, and the pastor, J. Parnell. The chairman of the day worked well and gave well. It is cheering to know that eleven or twelve seals to Mr. Parnell's ministry are ready for baptism, and others are anxious about their souls. "What hath God wrought!" The Lord continue to pour down His precious favours upon the Churches of Truth, not forgetting Carmel, is the sincere prayer of—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

HAPPY DAYS AT ST. NEOT'S.—To C. W. BANKS.—I did not think you were at Mr. Kern's chapel, Ipswich, when he was here. He remembered you most kindly and affectionately at the throne of grace, and prayed that the people might have a good day, one to be remembered many, many years. We like Mr. Kern at St. Neot's very much. On Sunday morning he preached from the words, "Behold, My servant shall deal prudently; He shall be exalted and extolled, and be very high." In the evening from the words, "And if ye be Christ's, then are ye Abraham's seed, and heirs according to the promise." He was helped to preach truthfully and feelingly. All his desire is to stand behind the blessed Master, and the Master Himself alone be seen. This is the kind of preaching we like to hear, and that is most blest. When we hear others endeavouring to exalt our blessed Lord, it makes us feel a love to them we cannot describe. Last Lord's-day we very much enjoyed Mr. Burgess. His text was, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace," and in the evening, "For I know whom I have believed; and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day." What a mercy to be able to say, "I know whom I have believed!" Yes, we do know. Not a mere man, not a dear Friend only; but the mighty Jehovah, the ever-blessed God, the Redeemer and the tender and loving High Priest, touched with the feeling of our infirmities, a brother born for adversity. I pray God to bless you more abundantly, and keep you in perfect peace with His gracious smile resting upon you and all your dear ones. Yours most truly in Christ,—S. C.

DUNSTABLE.—DEAR BELOVED BROTHER BANKS,—I went to Dunstable to fill the pulpit June 1. In E. V. I saw the notice sent you by brother Shepherd, who was expected to preach the anniversary services on Tuesday, the 3rd. I felt cast down. However, when we get home all will be well. I saw the senior deacon; this dear aged pilgrim is just 90 years of age, and till lately continued to give out the hymns. He told me he hoped soon to be at home; he asked how your health is, and when I said I saw you lately in your study, he ran on with such a line of wonder about what good you have done. He has taken the E. V. from its commencement. Well, Lord's-day morning did not appear much; it was about the fiery cloven tongues, etc.; afternoon I administered the Lord's Supper. It did my soul good to have this aged seer sitting on my right, and to take round the "broken bread," then the "wine." In the evening I was helped to speak again. The blessed Lord had raised up His standard against the common foe, for I felt nothing more of him after the morning's service. The Strict Baptists are not dead. Only think of this cause, 209 years old. How many thousands of dear saints are now in heaven who used to occupy the seats in the hope of a glorious resurrection.—S. R. L.

BRADFIELD - ST. - GEORGE. — MY DEAR C. W. BANKS,—You are, I know, well acquainted with the beauties of Suffolk; one of the most charming spots in it is Bradfield-St. George, near Bury, renowned in the past for the preaching of Cornelius Elven. The truth flourishes under the labours of the worthy Christian pastor Mr. W. Dixon. On Whit Monday, June 2nd, I was helped to preach in the afternoon. In the evening, Mr. W. Scarfe, of Bradfield, presided and made a capital introductory address. Speeches were also delivered by Mr. Garrard, Mr. J. Debenham, Mr. D. Bland, W. Dixon, and W. Winters. It is now fifty years since Mr. Elven first preached in a large cottage crowded with anxious hearers in Bradfield; Mr. Elven's services were then obtained by the exertions of that sainted soul the late Miss Abi Last, of blessed memory. The chapel stands near a ~~three-wants-way~~, and is at midsummer beautiful for situation. In September, 1844, a Church was formed at Bradfield, since which time several good men have supplied the pulpit. Mr. James Howell was many years pastor, and died in May, 1877. The present humble and loving pastor, Mr. Dixon, has been sustained in his office for upwards of seven years, and never in the history of the cause was there more happiness and solid prosperity than at the present time. The executors of the late Miss Abi Last have built a beautiful house for the pastor, on the road-side, but Mr. Dixon does not see his way quite clear enough at present to remove into it. At the rear of the dwelling-house is a new burial ground belonging to the Chapel, purchased by the said executors, and the remains of Mrs. D. Bland were the first to be interred therein. May the richest blessings of the Heaven of heavens be poured down upon pastor and people, prays earnestly—**W. WINTERS**, Waltham Abbey.

WHITESTONE.—We had a truly blessed service on Whit-Monday. The Lord enabled Mr. Piggot, of Cheltenham, to open up the Word with power and sweetness to my soul, and others also. The sinner was laid low, and the glorious Redeemer exalted. The leading theme was, "Salvation is of the Lord." I hope you are enabled to continue to publish the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, even salvation all of grace to the chief of sinners, among whom hopes to be found,—Yours very faithfully, **JAMES G. GODWIN.**—[Up to the present, June, 1884, in Suffolk, in Essex, in Gloucester, in my own precious "Speldhurst," I have been upheld in thinking upon, and speaking of, the Saviour of sinners.—**C. W. B.**]

MAIDSTONE.—May 21, was a blessed day indeed at Providence Chapel, Mote-road. Brother J. Wilkins, of Peckham, preached our anniversary sermons, afternoon and evening. Our pastor, Mr. George Webb, seemed right full. Some of our country friends said they "had had a good feed." It was indeed a full Gospel feast, and the people heard and received the Word gladly.

WILLENHALL.—A happy event has taken place in connection with the Baptist Churches of this town. About 21 years ago a number of persons separated from the Little London Church, through certain things which it would be unwise to name now, and were formed into a Church in Gomer-street chapel. Both causes have passed through severe trials, but doubtless have existed for gracious purposes. During the last five years the Gomer-street Church has enjoyed peace, and steadily prospered under the ministerial care of Mr. George Banks. But a new epoch in their history has now to be recorded. A few months ago the Little London Church invited the Gomer-street people to join their fellowship, and Mr. George Banks to become the pastor of the united Church. This was a matter of grave importance, and ere any move was made we submitted it to the Lord in many earnest prayers. Ultimately deputations were appointed, and their deliberations were followed by united Church meetings, which resulted in an union being formed upon the original constitution of the Little London Church, which is Strict and Particular in principle. The first united services were held on Sunday, June 1, 1884, when sermons were preached by Mr. Banks; in the morning from Acts ii. 1-4, and in the evening from Matt. xxiii. 8; noticing (1) The great Master; (2) His divine authority, "even Christ"; (3) Christian brotherhood. At the close of the evening service the Lord's Supper was administered to nearly a hundred members. The day was a very happy one, and many tears of joy and thankfulness were shed by young and old. We thought it a sweet presage of peace and prosperity. The chapel, which is estimated to seat over 800, was opened June 15, 1851, by the late honoured John Foreman, during the pastorate of Mr. S. Cozens. There is a large sphere of labour, and ample opportunity for prayer and faith. May God abundantly bless and bring to peaceful and prosperous issues the various enterprises of the united people and pastor. We venture to think the event will commend itself to the prayers and sympathies of our beloved denomination. The chapel badly needs renovating and cleaning. If any of the readers of this magazine would feel a pleasure in helping us in our plausible undertaking, donations will be thankfully received by Mr. George Banks, 26, Gomer-street, and Mr. D. Waite, Temple-bar, Little London, both of Willenhall.—**HOPEFUL.**

HITCHIN.—Mount Zion Chapel is really beautiful for situation, and its surroundings are all that could be desired, and it would much delight the heart of the pastor, Mr. W. Tucker, to see the cause flourish. On Wednesday, June 11, sermons were preached in celebration of the twenty-fourth anniversary, by W. Winters, and B. J. Northfield. The attendance was equal to our expectation, and the pecuniary profits of the meeting were to be given to the pastor.—**W. WINTERS.**

THE JOYS AND THE SORROWS OF A PASTOR'S LIFE.

MR. GRIFFITHS'S FAREWELL MEETING
AT "HOPE," BETHNAL-GREEN.

One is not often favoured to attend a valedictory service of so genuine a character as that which took place here on Tuesday, June 3, 1884, when, as regards Church relationship, Mr. James Griffiths and his friends were to say farewell. Ties of this description have frequently been severed through some misunderstanding. Not so here; our beloved brother Griffiths, his deacons, and Church, have ever been, and still are, on the most cordial terms. The love of Christ bound and united them when they first came together. What they were then, they are to-day. They have ever worked mutually in the affairs of the Church; but as Mr. G. failed to see that blessing attending the ministry of the Word which he felt desirable, he came to the conclusion that his work here was done, and, consequently, resigned. This conclusion has not been arrived at hastily; it has been thought of and talked about, and prayed over for some long time, and however reluctant the Church were to accept the pastor's resignation, yet they felt they must not stand in the way of what they hoped would prove to be some greater sphere of usefulness for him elsewhere.

On this occasion (June 3) the chapel was well filled in the evening, when Mr. James Lee presided; and after prayer had been offered by Mr. Margerum, called on Mr. Griffiths to make his statement.

Mr. Griffiths said: This is the first time in my life that I have had to do this. It is sixteen years since I commenced here; it has been a period of great importance. I have experienced many mercies; but there have been some sorrows connected therewith. I thank God for the past; without His help I could not have stood before the same people so long. I have never been afraid of my enemies or my friends. We have to be thankful to God for the friendly feeling such a length of time. I never had the least doubt in my mind about God bringing me here, and the Providence of God has brought nothing to disturb me, either in the Church or domestically. I have been blessed with invaluable deacons; never one unkind word or look from either, never one reproof. The prayer-meetings have often been joyful and solemn times, and there is proof that I have not laboured in vain. But there has been the other side. No one acquainted with a minister's life but knows it is often a disappointed one. Many have spoken of the good they have received; then they have gone back into sin. This has caused pain. Some have come and professed great attachment; then in a few weeks they are gone. This has caused pain. Some caress with approbation, and you see them but seldom; this has caused pain. Some move from the neighbourhood where there is no cause of truth, and call it the Providence of God, which one cannot believe. (Hear, hear.) This has caused pain. Then death has taken some to heaven; and though we would not

keep them from heaven, yet we miss them. At the close of sixteen years I go away holding the same views as when I came. Purpose, Purchase, and Power, has been the purport of my ministry. I have found nothing to add to, or take from the Gospel. I am not leaving through a quarrel, or any misunderstanding, nor for a larger salary. I have no other place in view; don't want a better place or people; but do want to be useful. I have an impression that my work here is done. I have felt that for some time, but it is difficult to tear one's self away from an affectionate people. I am thankful that I came, and have been kept here by the grace of God. I cannot say I am thankful I am going away, and it is difficult to say farewell. It is mysterious and strange to many; but it is in answer to prayer. I do not know where I may be settled. I am quite resigned to the will of the Lord.

Mr. Youdan, a very loving, warm-hearted deacon, stepped on to the platform and said: My dear pastor, I appear before you with a cheerful countenance, but a sad heart, and when I think this is the last act to be observed by us as pastor and Church, my heart is well-nigh broken; for while memory and reason hold out I shall never forget the great blessing your ministry has been to my poor soul. It has been to me one of savour and sweetness. Under a sermon from the words, "Never man spake like this Man," I realised the pardon of all my sins. This is my testimony to you, before God and this people. I could say much more to you; but my sensitive feelings master me. But still it affords me great pleasure, in the name of the Church, to hand you the collection from these services, to which friends from Tring, West Ham, Shouldham-street, and Bow, have contributed. It is but a very small token of our love and esteem for you, and wherever you go, may you never cease to tell the wonders of His love.

Mr. Griffiths, as well as he could, in suitable terms acknowledged the gift. A number of ministers took part, among whom were the brethren J. L. Meeres, Clark, Holden, Osmond, Myerson, Dearsly, Lynn, Squirrel, W. Hazelton, Noyes, and G. Webb.

Mr. John Hazelton gave one of his good sermons in the afternoon from the words, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth Him good."

Mr. Griffiths administered the ordinance of the Lord's Supper for the last time on June 1, which, as brother Lawrence informed us, was a very solemn occasion. One hundred and ninety-two times successively he has been thus favoured to preside at the table. J. W. B.

HOUNSLOW.—Happy and profitable time was Whit-Monday at Zoar Chapel. We had a full house, a full Gospel, and full hearts. Mr. J. S. Anderson spoke soundly in afternoon. At public meeting the pastor, James Curtis, in the chair. He was well supported by brethren Voysey, Baker, Evans, Wilkins, and Anderson; all spoke clearly on faith

GOD'S WORK IN EAST LONDON.

In the extreme East of the great metropolis is a little Baptist chapel, situated in Forest-lane, Stratford, where a few simple believers in almighty and sovereign salvation seek to extol their glorious Lord, and, in the midst of a vast population, to maintain an earnest and affectionate testimony to the discriminating and living power of the voice of a covenant God in the doctrines of free-grace and changeless love. A few of the Lord's people having met in a room for about a year, on Tuesday, November 29, 1870, a Church was formed, consisting of six members. The late Mr. Palmer, of Homerton, stated the nature of a Gospel Church, and the late venerable Charles Box gave the right hand of fellowship to the six members. In September, 1870, the present chapel, which had been built for the purpose by Mr. James Morter at his own cost, was opened, Mr. Palmer preaching the first sermon.

The present pastor, John Hunt Lynn, who succeeded the late Charles Box at Enon, Woolwich, has been labouring at Forest-lane upwards of nine years, and with unbroken and increasing blessing. The Church now numbers 90 members. The spirit of prayer is with the friends. The savour of Christ is in the ears and hearts of the people, and the pastor has manifest joy and liberty in testimony. The congregations are most unhealthily crowded, the vestry, aisle, and platform, frequently having to be occupied with eager listeners. On August 28, 1879, the Church unanimously resolved that "a larger chapel is urgently needed," and appointed a building committee.

After many deliberations and much prayer, a freehold site was purchased on February 16, 1881, for £240. This has been paid for. A contract has been accepted from Mr. James Morter, and for about £1,500 the Church will be transplanted to the Gurney-road, in a beautiful chapel to seat 500, with school and class-room accommodation for 250. The Strict Baptists' Model Trust Deed, prepared by Mr. James Mote, has been duly executed and enrolled. This is paid for, besides expenses of drawings, &c., and about £350 has been secured towards the actual cost of building.

It is announced that the two memorial-stones will be laid on Tuesday, July 8, one by Mrs. James Morter, the other by Mr. I. C. Johnson, J.P., and a goodly company of ministers and friends will be gathered on that occasion.

This work is in the midst of a working-class population, and the Forest-lane (or, as they must be called in the future, the Gurney-road) friends are not a wealthy band. Will the Lord's stewards of the gold and silver, seeing He whose treasure they are entrusted with is so manifestly working with this cause, come forward and be in this matter "workers together with God"? Friends at Woburn, Trowbridge, Exeter, Plymouth, Woolwich, and elsewhere, will rejoice in the blessing attending Mr. Lynn's ministry, will join him in praise to a prayer-hearing God who has enabled him to maintain an

unwavering testimony of free, sovereign, and eternal grace for upwards of twenty years; and will surely respond to his request for their frequent prayer, that he may ever be kept faithful in the truth, and that the Church over which the Lord maintains him may increase with the increase of God.

We very cordially endorse his desire, and earnestly commend this work of the great Head of the Church to all our readers. Will the Lord's people help this Stratford Church to enter their new house of prayer in the Autumn without debt?

WEST HAM.—The eleventh anniversary of the Sunday-school was commemorated on May 17. Mr. Clinch (the pastor) presided. The report of the secretary (Mr. George Oakley) showed that not only did numbers increase (there being about 260 scholars in the school), but among them had been found the increase of God. Ten since the last report had been received into the fellowship of the Church, having given evidence of their fellowship to Christ. These tokens of the divine blessing were recognised as direct answers to the earnest supplications made at the monthly prayer meetings of teachers and elder scholars. Mr. Griffith gave the first address, taking up two sentences which he found in the report: "fresh joy," "fresh hope." Both of these he traced to one source, the Gospel, upon which theme he enlarged as to the knowledge which it imparts, and the advantage it gives to teachers of speaking of that which they personally know the worth of. Mr. W. K. Squirrel followed, and referred to the interesting character of the report, and its reference to prayer. This word he used as a text for a very encouraging address, taking each letter for a division. Prayer gave Perseverance in the work; Right views of the work; Affection for the children; a Yielding property in proportion as we are near the throne; Ennobled both ourselves and the work; and in our work gave true Rest. Mr. Welch gave homely words of encouragement and counsel, founded on the saying of Solomon, "A child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame." Mr. J. H. Lynn spoke upon the words found in the close of a piece just previously sung, "The love of Christ to me," in his usual ready and impressive manner. Pieces were sung during the evening, which elicited warm commendation, and contributed to the general happiness which pervaded the meeting. Happy are they who are happy in the Lord.

GLoucestershire.—As I was returning from Cubberley anniversary on Whit-Monday evening, June 2, 1884, I heard a minister say, "Ramsey is gone!" I wondered for the moment where Ramsey was gone to. A correspondent says: "Noah Heath has come from Gravesend to be the minister of Ramsey Baptist Church." But where Ramsey has gone to, correspondent does not say. This Salem chapel in Ramsey was built mainly through the removal of

David Irish from Warboys, where he was pastor for 26 years. Ah! when David was in his prime, and first came to Warboys, many heard him joyfully. About 1855 he removed to Ramsey; he preached there nine years. In October, 1865, he left this Gospel land for glory, when only 68 years of age. Some who were with him in his dying hours say his only hope was in Christ. To a brother David Irish broke out, just before he died, "Let us sing, 'A day's march nearer home.'" And so he fled away. Since his death, Ramsey Church has seen some changes. Now she has called Noah Heath to be her minister she may see more changes; but we know nothing. The original design of Ramsey Abbey we shall not notice. James H. will give us its present position if of any value. Warboys and Ramsey Churches are influential bodies. Cheltenham Baptist Churches are numerous now. When we first knew the ancient Bethel, in Mr. John Bloomfield's time, there was not so much division. We are pained to know there is so much now. We may refer to these another time. Two excellent gentlemen advised us to recommend Mr. William Piggott, the minister of Cheltenham, who is now open to supply; he is a worthy man. Cubberley, Winstone, and the "Seven Springs," we defer for the present. We preached in Bethel, Cheltenham, on the Whit-Sunday, and at Cubberley anniversary on the Whit-Monday. Of Cinderford Baptist Church, and of the new schools at Gloucester, we have notes; but as we hope to be there soon, we wait. It was in 1768 that George Whitfield preached to such a multitude in the Cheltenham Churchyard. The weeping, the heart-breaking, the cries for mercy, the penitents and the prayers, were beyond all description. No preacher in these days can witness such scenes. We dare not criticise on a subject so awfully solemn.

—
BLAKENHAM. — BAPTIST CHAPEL.

—On Whit Monday, June 2, this spot was again the resort of a great many friends, who delight in manifesting their interest and expressing their good wishes for those who are lovers of God, and anxious to extend the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. That able minister of truth, Mr. C. Hill, preached to a crowded congregation, from the words, "It is finished," pointing out to his hearers how necessary it was for our Lord to utter these words, and then to manifest His power by giving up the Ghost, and entering into His glory ready to receive His ransomed Church. Tea was served, after which a public meeting was held, presided over by the much loved pastor, Mr. W. Houghton. Prayer was offered by brother Grimwood, of Little Stoneham, followed by addresses from brethren Whorlow, Knell, Bland, Kern, and C. Hill. The meeting was brought to a close by prayer, by Mr. Jos. Whatmough, of Mendlesham Green. A collection was made at each service in support of the Norfolk and Suffolk Association.—A. E. GARRARD.

HORSELL-COMMON. — DEAR FRIEND C. W. BANKS.—Knowing you are glad to hear of the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom, I send a note of the above cause, which was planted some 70 or 80 years ago by that dear servant of the Lord, the late Mr. George Coombs, on Strict Baptist principles, according to New Testament order, by the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the great Head of the Church. Those principles have been held and maintained to the present time. We have not had a stated pastor since our beloved brother Joy left the Church militant to join the Church triumphant; but men of truth have supplied the pulpit, and fervent prayers have been presented to the God of heaven that He would add to us, which He has done; but not according to our expectations, as there are several who attend, and who are living souls, whom we could receive; but the Lord's ways are not our ways. The Lord was pleased to bring in two perfect strangers to us, and we were ready to say, "These, where had they been?" They gave a most satisfactory statement before the Church. They were accepted on the 4th of this present May. Mr. Denton, of Windsor, preached a soul-establishing sermon from the words, "And preached unto them Jesus." Then he baptized them, and they were received into the Church. May they prove to be the planting of the Lord, that He may be glorified. If it is the Lord's will, may others be brought forth. The words of the prophet are suited to the place and to the people, "The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall blossom as the rose. It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing." The Lord bless thee with all that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord, both theirs and ours. So prays,—A LOVER OF ZION, AGED 82, May, 1884.

—
DUNSTABLE.—This old cause, said to have been often visited by John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer of the "Pilgrim's Progress," held its 209th anniversary services on Whit Tuesday, June 3, when J. Wilkins, of Peckham, preached two Gospel sermons. Many old friends came to see us; and our well-known friend and old member, Mr. Halifax, now over ninety years of age, read the hymns with considerable energy and pathos. Many hearts were made glad. The people are a hearty, united, loving people; and the deacons are truth-loving men, anxious for the welfare of Zion, seeking a settled pastor. The Lord send them the right man this time, and a man after His own heart.

—
WATTISHAM, SUFFOLK.—The Sunday-school anniversary was held on Lord's-day, June 15. Three sermons were preached by Mr. R. E. Sears, of London. The attendance was large; every part of the chapel, vestry, and school-room being crowded. The collections amounted to £25 10s.

YATELY.—The anniversary services of Zoar chapel, Cricket-hill, Yately, near Blackwater, Hants, was on June 2, 1884. This chapel is situated on a common surrounded by scenery of wild and varied beauty; long stretches of heath and woodland, hills and dales, fields dressed in living green, farm homesteads, rustic villas, quaint cottages, noble trees, shady lanes, and flowery banks, all at this season in the freshness and beauty of vernal youth. The foliage and the flowers of the field waving in the gentle breeze, gilded by the shining sun, in whispering murmurs proclaim the praise and reflect the glory of God. Beneficent in nature, the birds of the air remind us of God's providential goodness. He that feeds the young ravens when they cry, surely will not disregard the cry of His own children in seasons of poverty and want, pain and sorrow, bereavement and trial. If a poor little orphan bird, a deserted raven, engage the compassion of God, surely a distressed saint cannot be forgotten by Him. Will He who giveth to the beast His food mock His children by giving them a stone when they cry for bread? No! the very songs of the birds seemed to say, He is ever mindful of His covenant. In prosperity God's children may forget Him, in poverty deny Him by unbelief; but He abideth faithful, He will not forget them, for He cannot deny Himself. He hath said, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." Wise in nature, good in providence, God is rich in mercy, plenteous in grace. The little Church—Zoar, Cricket-hill—has been receiving out of that fulness many years. The streams have not run dry, the spring has not failed. James Stevens, the present pastor, gave up an income of £100 a-year, to serve this Church for £26 (10s. a-week), and for 15 years has laboured on in love to Christ, His truth, and people. To commemorate the fifty-seventh anniversary, Mr. J. Bennett came from Homerton-row, London, to preach two sermons on Whit-Monday. Afternoon text, "He shall not fail," a glorious testimony, a sweet consolation. He who undertook Love's redeeming work did not fail, a fact attested by voices from heaven, confessions of devils and men, declared in dying words, "It is finished!" Jesus did not, had not failed in any work, any office He filled, any character He sustained, and would not fail His people in carrying on the work of grace, and completing their salvation with eternal glory. The chapel was filled. Mr. Mitchell, of the Old Baptist chapel, Castle-yard, Guildford, with a van full of friends, came to greet pastor Stevens and his people. It was a favoured opportunity; spiritual discourses, hearty singing, cheerful company, welcome greetings, screened by awning, under the shade of sycamore-trees. Mrs. and Miss Newman, with Mrs. Ives (a warm-hearted and busy little saint), served tea. For comfort, attention, and excellence of provisions, it would have honoured the sons and daughters of a king. Thus, with good company, warm weather, a shining sun, passed a happy and a profitable day. Zoar

chapel stands on a hill. May it be a Gospel beacon to warn and bring sinners into the right way, and a light to guide them to their desired haven. So desires the pastor, and so prays an old friend and visitor,—**JOHN BONNEY.**

NOTTING - HILL - GATE.—The 19th anniversary of Bethesda chapel was Lord's-day, May 18, when sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. H. Brown. On Tuesday Mr. W. J. Styles gave us a good discourse. After tea, at public meeting, the pastor presided. Mr. Banks came seeking after any walking in darkness. Those who think themselves the worst are the most hopeful. Those who are in darkness, the Lord saith, "Let them lay themselves upon their God." Brother Osmond felt happy in getting away from the world to come to God's house, and meet with His people. Brother Cornwell denounced the false teaching of the present day. He referred to Deut. xxiv. 22. Bondmen were those held fast by Satan. Many ministers who do not preach free-grace are very clever at what the Egyptians of old were clever at, embalming the dead. Spiritually it was so. Remembering we were bondmen will help us to preach better. Our Lord being in an agony, prayed more earnestly. Jacob was another instance of earnestness in prayer. The Chairman said the hand of the Lord had been upon them during the past year, so that the congregation increases; and on next Lord's-day the ordinance of baptism was to be administered. Financially, formerly we had to announce a small balance in the hands of the treasurer; but now it was not so. Hoped the collections of this anniversary would clear off this state of things. We were working well towards liquidating the mortgage debt. Brother Clarke spoke from Deut. xxxiii. 9. What a blessing to be a saint, one whom God has set apart for His service and glory. Brother Dearsly spoke of Paul's shipwreck, where everything seemed to be going to wreck and ruin; but amid all this the believer can be assured of his safety and be firm. Brother Griffiths was delighted to be with them. After announcing the amount of the various collections (£8 16s.), and singing the Doxology, this interesting occasion was brought to a conclusion.—**W. C. B.**

ST. NEOTS.—The late Mr. Murrell's pulpit has not been forsaken. On Sunday, June 8, we had three discourses by Mr. John Box, and on Tuesday, June 10, Mr. Box preached again. After tea a public meeting was convened, Mr. Cooper, of London, presided; and speeches on Bible themes, on soul-exercises, on faith's trials, and on Heaven's glory, were poured out by Messrs. Jull, Box, and W. J. Styles, of London. It was intimated that W. Winters, the famous reporter in the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, would preach the next Sunday. He is such a fine man, such a ready orator, such a sound divine, that many like to see him in our pulpit.

RIPLEY, SURREY.—“Once more!” were the words of the kind-hearted friends here, with which for years they have greeted the “Village Preacher,” while expressing their gratitude at once more seeing him amongst them. Monday, May 19, was about C. W. Banks’s thirty-fifth annual visit to Ripley, and the “once again,” “How do ye do,” and the welcome expression of the features, united in again welcoming him. “Yes,” said the editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL**, “once again; this is the last time.” We all hope, if it please the Lord, he may yet go again and again. It always does one’s heart good to visit this primitive sanctuary, hear the people sing—and they do sing, too, and that with the heart, as well as with the clear, sweet voice, in one harmonious strain, in their own style, which one could listen to with undying delight, in preference to all the Sims Reeves’s in the world. The pastor of this Church is a celebrated man; not for his Hebrew, and Greek, and philosophical attainments, but for his very hearty and simple way of talking about his dear Lord. In the afternoon the place was full. Our kind brother, John Bonney, from Guildford, read and prayed, and C. W. Banks preached from “This same Jesus.” After tea, Mr. Banks visited the afflicted and aged friend Green, who is detained through infirmities from attending the means of grace. Evening service commenced at six o’clock, and after brother C. Z. Turner had concluded the devotional part of the service, C. W. B. again entered the desk, and announced his text, “Now these be the last words of David” (2 Sam. xxiii. 1). “These may be my last words to you. We shall all of us have our last words, the young as well as the aged. Paul’s last words, as recorded, were, ‘I have fought a good fight,’ &c. Our Saviour’s last words were, ‘It is finished;’ not many, certainly, but what they comprehend no tongue can tell. I can recollect my mother’s last words. I stood by her bed-side. She had been much tempted and tried by Satan; but light broke in, and said, ‘Into Thy hands I commit my spirit,’ and she departed. And it will be said of all by-and-bye, ‘He’s gone.’ Now David means ‘beloved.’ What did love do for David? It gave him a character, it raised him up; he was in a horrible pit, all slimy, he slipped and fell: but love and grace raised him. Have you ever been in a horrible pit of noise, the noise of sin, trouble, trial, and many things combining to molest your peace? Can you be easy in it? Not if you are one of His. Oh, no! love and grace will bring you out. David was raised up to be a king, he was anointed to a high position in the Church.” The preacher brought his remarks to a close by making a very solemn and impressive appeal to his hearers, praying that all, both young and old, may be bound up in the bundle of life. Brother Lewis, and friends from Chobham, Chertsey, and others from neighbouring villages, were present.—J. W. B. [We have left our correspondent to his own freedom. The Ripley-green pastor, C.

Z. Turner, is now a long-standing witness to the fact that *truth cannot alter*, which, in verse, we expect to confirm in *Cheering Words*, from Pontypool College.—C. W. B.]

BORO'-GREEN.—The anniversary services were held on Whit-Monday. Our prayers were abundantly answered. We pleaded that the Lord would be pleased to let the sun of nature shine upon us, also the sun of His divine love. He heard and answered prayer. Brother Shaw (of Gravesend) preached in the morning from “Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.” Speaking of the many changes in the world, and pointing us to the precious Jesus, who never changes, we did feel it was good to be there. In the afternoon we had another rich Gospel feast. Brother Shaw spoke to us from, “But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you,” a practical, pithy sermon, that did our hearts good. In the evening, Brother Squirrel (of Woolwich) led us sweetly into the subject of prayer, and pointed out that the tried people of the Lord are taught by the Spirit to wait on Him in prayer. A happy and profitable day was brought to a close by singing,—

“All hail the power of Jesus’ name.”

We had a large gathering of friends from Gravesend, Woolwich, Hadlow, and Meopham; brethren Beecher (of Hadlow), and Richardson (of Eynsford) taking part in the services. Our hearts rejoice; our Lord has not left Himself without witnesses. He has promised to bless the Word and answer prayer. We have tried Him, and proved Him, and can say, with David, “Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits.”—GEORGE W. THOMAS.

THE AGED PILGRIMS’ FRIEND SOCIETY.—The 77th Annual Meeting of this Society was held on Monday evening, May 26, in Exeter-hall, The Hon. Henry Noel in the chair. Amongst those present were Messrs. J. L. Meeres, A. Boulden, T. Green, E. Mote, E. Falkner, T. M. Whitaker, and a large number of well-known brethren. The attendance was good, and the report of a very encouraging character. 1,051 pensioners, living in all parts of the kingdom, are now on the books; 180 of these aged ones are inmates of the four asylums, or homes; upwards of £6,250 have been distributed in pensions alone during the year. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Gritton, Thomas Hull, Dr. Paterson, J. Ormiston, and other friends. The secretary, Mr. J. E. Hazleton, will be happy to supply copies of the report on application.

GLEMESFORD.—On June 5th, a large gathering of friends met to hear the Word by W. Winters. This cause is highly favoured with peace and prosperity, there is a capital spirit of hearing at Glemesford, as also in other places in the warm county of Suffolk.

LITTLE STONHAM.—The anniversary of the Baptist chapel was held on Whit-Wednesday. The chapel was filled, and everything seemed cheering and faithful. Edifying sermons were preached by Mr. Huxham, from Rattlesden. It was a blessed opportunity, and the fervent prayer of our hearts is that the precious seed that was then sown may have fallen on good and prepared ground. Many expressed their gratitude that the Lord sent His dear servant amongst us with such precious things. Morning text, Eph. i. 3; evening, Heb. iv. 14; and very reasonable it was to hold fast our profession. May the good Spirit be pleased to take of the things of Jesus, and show them unto us, that His precious Word may be as a light to our feet and lantern to our path. Many thanks to all the kind friends who lent us a hand, and may our glorious Head of the Church be glorified.—S. G.

CLAPHAM.—The fourth anniversary of brother Thomas Chivers' pastorate at Zion's Hill, Courland-grove, Larkhall-lane, was celebrated June 10. Sermon preached by J. Wilkins, of Peckham, elicited public expressions of approbation and gratitude. In the evening Mr. J. Hazelton preached from "Whose praise is in all the Churches," full of good solid truth. We had the old-fashioned Gospel, such as we love, and such as our souls can feed upon, and such as harmonises with what we have in the pulpit on Lord's-days.

ZION'S HILL, COURLAND-GROVE, CLAPHAM.—Another dismissal from the Church militant to the Church triumphant has occurred in our midst, our aged and honoured brother, Mr. Charles Lang, being called to his eternal home on May 21, 1884, aged eighty-two years. The dear old body was interred at Norwood Cemetery on May 26, when the deacons, and a large number of the Church and congregation attended to show their affectionate regard for the departed, having lovingly and faithfully discharged his duties as deacon over forty years. The funeral sermon was delivered on Sunday evening, June 1. Text, "He being dead, yet speaketh" (Heb. xi. 4). (1) By his life; a perfect man in Christ Jesus, and upright before his fellow man. (2) By his walk; he was a faithful man, and feared God above many. (3) By his testimony; Christ was all and in all to him. (4) By his death; he died as he lived by faith in the Son of God. Amen. The Church's servant.—THOMAS CHIVERS.

HADLEIGH.—On the first Lord's-day in June our pastor immersed three believers in the Triune name of Jehovah, in the presence of a large congregation, one being from the Sabbath-school. We trust others may be encouraged by these seasonable opportunities to profess themselves on the Lord's side. The anniversary of the Sabbath-school took place on Lord's-day, June 8, when the pastor preached three sermons to excellent audiences, the chapel being filled in every available space in the afternoon. The children sang special hymns in a very creditable manner, under the leadership of the choir. Our hands were strengthened, and our hearts were cheered, in recognising the good hand of the Lord working in our midst. To Him be all the praise. Collections in advance of last year.

STOWMARKET.—**PILGRIM'S LODGE.**—On Lord's-day, June 15, the anniversary services in connection with the Sabbath-school took place, when three excellent sermons were preached by Mr. James Clark, of Wandsworth, who was a former pastor of the Church. Much pleasure was realised in once more meeting with him, and hearing him preach the same old-fashioned truths as in days gone by. Hymns were sung by the children at each service in a creditable manner. Thanks are due to Mr. G. Ormes, and those who assisted him, for their trouble and pains in teaching them. It is a good thing to be engaged in a good cause, and we would say, for the encouragement of our young friends, "Go on, and you will have your reward by-and-by." Collections during the day amounted to £5 15s.—A. E. GARRARD.

CANNING TOWN.—Whit-Monday we had a sermon by W. H. Lee, and a full company to tea. W. Symonds, Esq., presided over the evening meeting. Mr. Margerum offered prayer. Various expositions of truth were given by Thomas Steed, W. Wheeler, J. Hitchcock, &c. A spirit of truth, decision, and of grace prevailed. Those interested in the cause were favoured to hope the Gospel would bear up the souls of many, and God would be glorified.

SEA-SIDE CHURCHES.—*To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.*—DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to urge on the many members and attendants of the free-grace Churches in London the claims to their sympathy of the sister Churches at the various sea-side places. Many of those who are hearers in London at the Tabernacle, the Grove, and other well-to-do Churches, are in the habit, at this period of the year, of seeking rest, and trying to restore, by the means of change and the blessings of Providence, the energies which have been in some measure relaxed by constant application to business, and the Churches at the sea-side look forward to this migration, and the consequent joining with them on the Sabbath, as one of the means (and, in some cases, the principal means) of paying off, by the visitors' offerings, whatever debt may have accrued during the year. Most of these Churches are poor, so that the pastor, whoever he may be, can never boast of too much of this world's riches, and nothing can give pastors and deacons of these poor Churches greater comfort than to see from our large city many on the Sunday morning walk in to encourage them by their presence, and their consequent gifts to the collection. From the 10th to the 24th of May I was a visitor in the Isle of Thanet, and many of your London readers will be glad to hear that at Margate pastor J. B. Wise still holds on to those doctrines he has for many years preached at Mount Ephraim. By conversation with him and some of his members, I heard that the Church there is still progressing in numbers, and that peace is within her walls. I feel sure, however, that should you permit this appeal to appear in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, that not merely this Church, but many more pastors and deacons of the various Churches at the different watering-places, will heartily thank you, and that you will be the helper, under God, once more of these struggling, yet honest causes. I am, dear sir, most faithfully yours,—J. H. DABE, 2, Chepstow-terrace, High-street, Peckham, S.E., June 16, 1884.

HAYES TABERNACLE.—Thirteen years have been left behind since Mr. R. O. Bardens was publicly recognised as pastor of the Baptist Church meeting in the Tabernacle at Hayes, in Middlesex. On June 18, 1884, this settlement was commemorated. Messrs Mitchell and John Hazelton preached the sermons. Some said they were famous discourses; others said they were grand. The Gospel is always grand, when God, by man, doth preach it. Mr. J. Faulkner led the evening meeting by Scripture expositions, and precious pieces of hymnology. The ministers Mitchell, Wilkins, Foreman, Warren, and Ponsford, told us something, and C. W. Banks said a word or two to his brother Bardens, and so the day's happy gatherings came to a close. Oh, but did we not miss the old faces who always came to these genial and well-provisioned meetings! But now they are at home, "beyond, beyond these lower skies."

LINES SUGGESTED WHEN CONTEMPLATING MR. MEAD'S FAREWELL MEETING.

(And were read by Mr. King, one of the Deacons.)

FAREWELL, dear brother, beloved in the Lord;
Not final, as those on Miletia's shore,
Who hung upon the neck of him they lov'd,
And wept because his face they'd see no more.

No! not like them we weep, and bid farewell;
Thy voice again full oft we hope to hear,
Proclaiming those sweet truths we love so well,
That broken spirits and sad hearts can cheer.

Go then, sweet herald of the Gospel plan,
Though faint we still would keep thee in our place,

To bring glad tidings of good news to man,
E'en sinful mortals, through abounding grace,

The preached Word clothe, Lord, with mighty power,

That many sinners may, with hended knee,
When prick'd in heart, and in conviction's hour,
Cry out, "O GOD, be merciful to me!"

May blessings from a Father's gracious hand
Attend thee, and direct thy journey through
Life's devious paths, that thou at last may stand
With harp, and sing the song for ever new!

And now, O Lord, we would look up to Thee,
THY CHURCH that still an absent pastor mourn;

Down from Thy throne, O Lord, propitious be,
Oh, hear our pray'r, our widowhood now turn,

Grant us, O LORD, Thy all-sufficient grace,
That we may be conformed to Thy dear Son,
Who, when that bitter cup about to taste,
In sweet submission said, "Thy will be done."

May 22, 1884.

ANONYMA.

Deaths.

That excellent and long-devoted minister of Christ's Gospel, Mr. Wm. Huntley, of Limpley Stoke, fell asleep on June 15, 1884, aged 86. We hope a review of his life will be found in these pages ere long. We knew him for many years, and loved him too.

In affectionate remembrance of Mrs. Eliza Waller, who died May 25, 1884, aged 66 years, widow of the late Henry Waller, of Wandsworth-road. A patient sufferer for years, although afflicted with weak eyesight all her life, seldom she complained. Occasionally she would say, "I can see better now than I have done for years. I have every cause for thankfulness that I can see at all." She never recovered the loss of her husband. She would say, "I am coming soon, dear; only a little while, and we shall meet again. I thought that I should have gone first but it is not so; showing that God's ways are,

not our ways, neither are His thoughts our thoughts; but it must be right, although I do not know what use I am here." She penned these lines to his memory, which I now send to you, altering the gender for her:—

"Redeemed by precious blood, redeemed,
From all her sins set free;
And now before the throne she stands
In perfect purity."

We know that these words are equally true to both of our dear parents. Mother was better in health this past winter than of late years; therefore we hoped she would have been spared to us for some time; but it is not so. With the cold March winds came a change, for she gradually became weaker and weaker, her appetite entirely falling her at times, and not resting at night, for she could not sleep. She used to say she would come to chapel, it might be for the last time. Dropsy set in a fortnight before her death; still, she did not take to her bed until Thursday, the 15th. When the doctor told her she was taken for death, she said, "It does not matter," and she was enabled to leave everything in the hands of her heavenly Father. She did not fear to leave her children, saying that the same God would provide for them as had provided for her. She wished one of her children to read to her Isa. lx. "Arise, shine, for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee." Also John xiv., "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in Me. 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," &c., &c. She never lost the sweetness of that, for she said to another of her children, "All is well;" to another, "Let me go, I am ready." When Mr. Boulden, deacon of the Surrey Tabernacle, visited her, he read John xiv., knowing that she had expressed a wish previously to hear the same. Her only wish was to be with Christ, which is far better. Her hope was fixed on the Rock of Ages & Convulsions set in on Thursday, from which she never recovered, but sweetly fell asleep in Jesus on Sabbath night at five minutes to 12 o'clock, to spend a never-ending Sabbath with Him who died to save, and crown Him Lord of all, fully realising her favourite text, "Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." When asked what she would like on her tombstone she replied, "A sinner saved by grace." May we be enabled to bear such a testimony. She was a member of the Surrey Tabernacle over 30 years, and was buried at Nunhead Cemetery, with her late husband, by Mr. John Bush, on Thursday, the 29th.

"Drawn by the cords of His love,
Her soul from earth has flown,
To take her seat above,
In mansions near the throne."

So believes her affectionate daughter,—RACHEL.

PLYMOUTH.—It is with regret we record the death of the wife of Mr. J. Chambers, which took place at her residence, 37, Treville-street, on Sunday, May 18, after only three days illness. She was beloved and esteemed by a large circle of Christian friends. In this sudden event we are reminded that in the midst of life we are in death.—J. B.

MR. JAMES CROFTS, for many years the pastor of St. Peter's Baptist Church, Isle of Thanet, died at Nottingham, May 24, 1884. A sketch of his life may appear.

MR. LEAKE, deacon of the old Baptist Chapel, Guildford, formerly of West-end, Chobham (when Mr. Lamborne was pastor), died at Guildford on Saturday, May 31, 1884, aged 69.

The Mystery of Prayer.

“THAT IS A CLOSET WHEREVER THE SOUL [FINDS] ITSELF ALONE WITH GOD.”

YOU talk of mysteries, there are none deeper nor darker (to man's mere nature) than the MYSTERY OF PRAYER. Come, culture; come, reason; come, custom; come, the example of parents or friends, or guardians; come, all the forces of intellect, of the schools, of colleges, of discipline, of custom, and tell me how it is prayers so reach our God's ear in heaven as to bring down answers on the earth?

The mystery may be unfolded, but not, now. In Psalm lxxx. the Psalmist, in his prayer, complaineth of the miseries of the Church, and verse four contains this solemn appeal, “O Lord God of hosts, how long wilt Thou be angry against the prayer of Thy people?”

GOD ANGRY AGAINST THE PRAYER OF HIS PEOPLE!!

In the inner depths of my soul I weep over *this, this* singular, *this* awful Scripture. I have—I must confess it—I have feared we are under the cloud. For a time, some of our people have met for prayer on Sunday mornings, on Sunday evenings, on Monday evenings, and on Saturday evenings. Four times every week some were calling upon God for merciful blessings; and yet, it has been hard for me to see their prayers unanswered. A spirit crept in, dividing, scattering, weakening, distressing us. And in my effort to pray for them, my mouth has been all but closed. Then seasons of affliction came on me; the burden of the cause weighed me down, and, although when I preached, words were given, and some sacred unction on my soul was realised; yet, amongst the people, or, through the ministry, I could discern but little or no good effect. Then, the call upon me to pay off the mortgage on the chapel was, and is, a terrible stroke, seeing I stand alone responsible. Having given my life, my all, in the defence and in the proclamation of the Gospel, this gathering of a heavy cloud has been secretly painful to me, and to mine. Here is a chapel, beautifully erected for the only people who steadfastly abide by the New Testament pattern and order of worship. Here is a place where I have been greatly favoured, have baptized many; here is a modern, comfortable house of prayer, estimated at being worth £1,000, but every door against its continuance in the truth seems closed. Sometimes, on my knees, in secret, that precious verse softly whispers in my heart, “He shall call upon Me; and I WILL ANSWER HIM:

“I WILL BE WITH HIM IN TROUBLE:

“I will deliver him, and honour him!” I do not appropriate to myself these promises, but grace has enabled me to “call upon the Lord” in this trouble; and although domestic afflictions in different branches of the family have added much to my sorrow, yet Faith, Hope, and Charity have continued. My efforts to pay off the mortgage have begun to produce some signs of success, and despair has not hitherto unnerved

me. Letters are continually coming to hand of a sympathising character; and, presently, I hope to furnish a list of sums received, which urge me on with hope that

SPELDHURST ROAD CHAPEL MAY YET BE SPARED.

In the ministry I have been greatly helped by our well-known and most worthy brother, Mr. Thomas Austin, who has been a member of the Church from its commencement, and a kinder Christian heart no man can carry than does the good brother Thomas Austin. The brethren Charles Gordelier, J. E. Elsey, and A. F. Pardoe, J. S. Styles, J. Wilkins, O. S. Dolby, W. Winters, H. Welch, my own son Samuel, Messrs. Maycock, Saunders, Debnam, Margerum, Godsmark, Burbridge, and others, have rendered assistance in conducting the services when I was advised to rest: but, for some time I have been able to preach the Word. In the midst of all these depressing circumstances, my eldest living son, Mr. John Waters Banks, was lovingly and laboriously endeavouring to get the burden off his father's heart and hands; but he failed. Nevertheless, we continue unto this day; and, so long as life and strength are given me, I shall use such honourable means as I can command to restore to the mortgagee his full six hundred pounds. I have always paid, annually, the interest, the ground rent, the taxes, incidentals, etc. No deacon or friend has ever been asked to help in these expenses; and He who has helped us hitherto CAN help us to the end. In this month's *Cheering Words* I have commenced a brief narrative of my life. Practically, I say, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what HE hath done for me." If the testimony is commended to your soul, you can scatter the *Cheering Words* broadcast, everywhere. Hundreds of thousands of people can give one half-penny, and if about half-a-million of them be sold, the Chapel will be free for the next fifty-five years, when the lease can be renewed. No easier plan can I devise than to send copies of the *Cheering Words* to any friends who will try to sell them. Who can tell what may yet be done?

When I commenced this little note I had no other feeling than to call the attention of our readers to the little-considered subject of

GOD'S ANGER AGAINST THE PRAYER OF HIS PEOPLE.

It is an astonishing, a painful subject. How often have I thought of the unsanctified, long-drawn talk of many, who, in meetings for prayer, profess to be speaking to the Almighty! Let us read the text as it is in the margin: "O LORD God of hosts, how long wilt THOU *smoke* against the prayer of Thy people?" A cloud of smoke fills the place where unhallowed services are conducted. It is much on my mind, and has been for a long time, that the subject of prayer is not—with any weight—sufficiently considered by the people who profess to fear God. May I presume, shortly, to endeavour to bring this one subject before my readers?

I know not who it is that writes the following:—

"Is any among you embarked in an important undertaking? 'Commit thy way unto the Lord, and He shall bring it to pass. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct thy steps.' Some feel as if it were presumption to implore God's blessing on their daily toils and secular callings. They feel as if spiritual mercies were the only proper themes for prayer, and as if it were a desecration of Jehovah's

presence-chamber to carry thither matters so mean as our worldly undertakings and every-day concerns. And assuredly, if a man were to make nothing else than his worldly welfare the subject of his supplications, it would be much the same with him as with those sordid spirits who had no other use for the temple than to make it a market-place for the sale of doves and oxen. 'Let not the earthly-minded man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord.' But if you be in the habit of resorting to the throne of grace for spiritual mercies, to that throne you naturally and lawfully resort for temporal mercies also. And, indeed, no undertaking or employment of a Christian can be altogether secular. The mere fact that it is his gives it a certain sacredness, and identifies it with the interests of God's kingdom on earth. So far as the glory of God and the honour of the divine Redeemer are implicated, it is incumbent on every believer to bespeak from above that help which will make him more than a conqueror even in his worldly calling. But more than this: there is nothing which can be momentous to a child of God which is not also interesting to his heavenly Father. A kind parent is not only ready to snatch his child from the fire, but to relieve him from lesser miseries. He is not only willing to give him an ample education, or provide for his distant well-being; but, if there be nothing wrong in it, he is ready to help him in his most trivial pursuits. And so the petition, 'Our Father who art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread,' is to teach us that nothing affects the welfare or comfort of His feeblest child, but it is ready to receive the consideration of His heavenly Father, and so is a fit subject for prayer. And just as the Lord is ready to hear prayer in such cases, so it is the wisdom of every one to lighten his own labour and secure his own success by timely supplication. Jacob's prayer did more to propitiate Esau than Jacob's present. Eliezer's petition, as he knelt by the camel's side, did more to prosper his embassy than his own and his master's precautions. And Hezekiah's intercession rescued Jerusalem when its walls were tottering, and nothing but the arm of Jehovah could lay the invader low. We know not the secret history of this world's mightiest transactions and its proudest monuments; but from the little that we know, we can affirm that the men who have prospered best are the men who have taken time to pray. It was to prayer that Henry IV. of France ascribed his crown, and Gustavus owed his victories. The father of the modern fine arts was wont, before he began any new composition, to invoke His inspiration who in other days taught Aboliab; and the Goliath of English literature felt that he studied successfully when he had prayed earnestly. And what Michael Angelo and Milton and Johnson found so helpful to their mighty genius cannot hinder us. You have read in our own history of that hero who, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, coolly dismounted in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. Whilst busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder; but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were closing in on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp was fastened, the steed was mounted, and like a swooping falcon he had vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him on the field a dismounted and inglorious prisoner. The timely delay sent him in safety back to his huzzaing comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless

precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless waking, bounces off into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not marvel if in his hottest haste, or most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust; and though it may occasion some little delay beforehand, his neighbour is wiser who sets all in order before the march begins."

Between Mr. Anderson's cheering report (which we give in another page) and our own, there is a large difference. Mr. A. sees the prayers of the Church answered abundantly. We are called to witness the reverse. But we call to mind, over fifty years ago, when in the villages and in some towns, in Kent, we preached the Word; and, for over forty years in London, and in most parts of England, we constantly travelled and told the old, old story. We often think to be quiet; but, as Garrett says, the impulse cannot be conquered, the fire cannot be extinguished until it burns out. Pardon

C. W. BANKS.

Tent, under the Elder-trees, 9, Banbury-road,
South Hackney, July, 1884.

[James Mote, Esq., is Treasurer to the fund for clearing the mortgage, and J. J. Fowler, Esq., is the Secretary and Auditor.]

A WONDER UNTO MANY.

[*A calm, experimental testimony.*—Ed.]

THERE are times and seasons when one is led to contemplate the wonders of redemption work, and to admire the glorious plan of salvation. The doctrine of the atonement, wondrous and precious as it is, can impart but little real joy, unless by the Holy Spirit it has been applied to the soul, and the sinner can experimentally say, "Jesus died for me."

We have very frequently, when meditating on Christ's work, and feeling our interest therein, asked the question, Why for *me*? The matter becomes personal. Then the memory calls up recollections of the past, what we were, what God by His grace has done, and then the soul joins with one who said, "I am as a wonder unto many, but Thou art my strong tower." We are "men wondered at." Devils wonder and rage to see brands plucked from the fire. The world wonders, with mingled feelings of disapproval, dislike, and hatred, to behold what wonders grace doth work in the soul once dead in trespasses and sins; the world may be able in some sense perhaps in this matter to say, "God hath done great things for them," but in reply to the question, "What hath God wrought?" only the experimentally saved soul can rightly say, "God hath done great things *for us* whereof we are glad." Angels wonder to see the prey taken from the mighty, not only doctrinally considered, when Jesus triumphed, but when grace calls, and the captive sinner is translated "out of the kingdom of darkness unto the kingdom of God's dear Son;" the Son of His love.

The professing Church wonders every time a sinner is enabled by grace to say, "Come, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what He

hath done for my soul." The Church as a body must wonder at itself, when she is led to realize her glorious calling and hope. But the greatest wonder personally considered, is when the sinner contemplates himself in Christ. Then he says, "*I am as a wonder,*" a wonder to myself.

Twenty-seven years ago, a lad of seven summers sitting by his mother's side, began learning the little hymn,

"Almighty God, Thy piercing eye
Strikes through the shades of night;
And our most secret actions lie
All open to Thy sight."

Reading on he came to the words:—

"And must the deeds that *I* have done
Be read and published there;
Be all exposed before the Son,
While men and angels hear?"

The shaft entered where the smart could be felt, and a prayer went up to the Father that his soul might be saved and hidden in the Son. That prayer was often repeated, but for a few years a period of coldness and deadness set in. Sometimes a feeling arose, oh, that I could swear like some, but He that stopped the lions' mouths stopped the young man's mouth. Again life seemed to be imparted, yearnings went forth after the blessings of the great salvation, eventually peace by the cross was revealed, and a blessing brought home by the words, which to some may seem strange: "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." Change hath followed change, light has followed darkness, and darkness has given place to light. Sometimes the sky has been clear, sometimes clouded. Sin has often burdened and brought sorrow, deadness and doubt have wrought sore, but grace cannot be killed, it must triumph. Mysterious have been Divine leadings. That lad, that youth, has realised the preciousness of Christ, as a sinner he loves the doctrine of salvation alone by Jesus Christ, and as he stands up Sabbath after Sabbath to proclaim the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, and demands an experimental acquaintance with the truth professed, turning to himself he often sees, a "wonder unto many," and feels grateful for that grace which, working in a sinner, has made a wonder of one who subscribes himself,

JOHN SMITH.

THE LATE MRS. FRANCES HERSILIA FLACK.

BY HER BEREAVED HUSBAND,

Salem Parsonage, Wilton Square, N. May 12, 1884.

(Continued from page 205).

SETTLING IN LONDON.

THE first 12 months in London were most trying. She could not become reconciled to it; and she proved the truth of the words, "The rebel lions shall dwell in a dry land." These were trying days in many ways, and much sickness in the family was not the least. When the Church now worshipping here, at Salem, Wilton-square, was formed in 1857, she most positively refused to become a member, and not till the last minute could I prevail upon her to give her

consent. But she did at last consent, and soon settled down and became as active and as happy as ever. The Word was greatly blessed to her soul, and she did all in her power to encourage me. She never asked me beforehand what I was going to preach from; and never attempted to dictate to me as to how I should preach, or what I should preach from. She believed me to be the servant of the Lord; and always left me in the hands of my Master. I frequently found my study Bible turned down to certain portions which I believe were intended to be suggestive, but never dictative. In Church matters she was always most quiet, never holding up her hand for anything but the reception of candidates, always feeling that if a matter could not be carried without her vote it was better not carried at all. In her family she was exemplary, the kindest of mothers, but firm in deciding between right and wrong. Always doing her very utmost to make home attractive to her children, and few parents have been more favoured in seeing their desires and efforts crowned. Thus for more than 27 years she was a true helpmeet as a pastor's wife; and for 44 years as the mother of the children of a servant of God. And we have felt many times that if all pastors had such wives, there would be fewer divisions in Churches, and much more happiness in families. She was no gossip, but always ready to help, wherever, and whenever help was needed, either in sickness or affliction of any other kind. Thus she laboured, diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, till in September, 1881, she was smitten down by affliction, and then, as almost by a miracle, every real anxious care seemed taken from her. Not that she became careless even then, for to the very end she never ceased to think about and care for others, both in the family and in connection with the Church and congregation, school, etc.

Mending their nets. Such was the occupation of James and John when their Lord and Master called them to follow Him. And how many thousands and tens of thousands are so employed every day, from one year's end to another. From the anxious, care-taking mother, mending the stockings of her dear little ones, to the Prime Minister, poring over old statute books and daily papers, trying how he can *mend* the laws of the land—all are busy *mending*. And are not ministers, school-masters, authors, and philanthropists of all grades and shades busy too in trying to patch up, repair, and *mend* poor, old human nature? And such was the dear departed. Yes, she was a fine *mender*. Rags she could not tolerate, *mended* garments she did not mind. She was also a good *translator*. What! say you, could she translate? Yes, she could indeed translate. Not Hebrew, 'tis true; nor Greek; neither Latin; but she could translate old clothes into new ones. And this I conceive a nobler accomplishment for a poor minister's wife than that of *playing* and *singing* for the entertainment of evening parties. Many a parcel of old clothes has she begged, and when obtained, turned them about, brushed them up, and made them look like new for the children of some poor member or poor friend. Few women could make a needle fly quicker from stitch to stitch than could she, sometimes it seemed to go along with the rapidity almost of a machine, and in this employment she was thoroughly at home. She never seemed to tire in it, or tire of it, when so engaged. When she discovered that she could not feel her

needle, she said to me, What is the matter? I cannot feel my needle. The doctor, being apprised of it, pronounced it paralysis. Alas! her needlework was done. One's eyes moisten as we are ready to say, Could we see those dear fingers so engaged once more; but no! no! they are better employed now, "She rests from her labours and her works do follow her." Now, too, she is beyond the effort so common with us all; that of trying to *mend up* ruined human nature, and the attempt to translate the old garment into a new one. Now she sees clearly the beauty of the robe, wrought throughout without seam, and craves no other.

But to return to our narrative. We said she was sorely grieved at having to leave Peterborough. Jonah like, she seemed to think she did well to be angry. What a year was that 1856! But we will not dwell upon it. It is gone, and all its trouble with it, gone to return no more. Surely we may say, "He compasseth me about with songs of deliverance." For three months of that year a dear child lay apparently dying; we watched her night and day, expecting almost every breath to be her last. In this state of things the cause was commenced at Dorchester hall. Happy times I had indeed in preaching, but apart from that all was dark, perplexing, and distressing; but she, poor thing, did not preach, and therefore had not those happy seasons to look forward to, or to realise, and her lot seemed a hard one indeed. But what made it worse was her heart seemed as hard as her lot; truly she had learnt the truth of the words, "The rebellious shall dwell in a dry land."

When the time arrived for the formation of a Church, she most positively refused to give her name for membership. No, she said she had had enough of Churches, Church members, and Church membership; she would never join another Church; and so she continued most peremptorily refusing to give her name up to the last hour. But knowing what an unhappy state of things would result from her non-membership, I persevered to the very last, and in the end succeeded, so that she was one of the twenty-one whose names were read over for membership. Mr. J. Foreman asked the usual questions, united hands, break bread, and delivered an address to the Church. In the evening Mr. J. Wells gave the charge to myself as the unanimously chosen pastor, from the Saviour's words, "Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord." That day she was favoured with such a melting as once more to be brought in some happy measure to her right mind, and again she began to feel happily at home with the people and in the work. Thus it will be seen the foundation of this cause was laid in troublous times. But I must remember that I am not writing a history of the Church, not my own experience; but that of the dear departed one. We say, she settled down somewhat comfortably in the new cause, and seemed again to be at home with the people and in the worship of the House of God.

But this did not continue very long. Another great trouble awaited us, and this proved a great trouble to both. On the 4th of December, 1858, she brought forth her eighth son, and twelfth and last child. One word I cannot omit giving here relating to myself. I was one day fretting over the trouble that was coming upon us, when these words came with some sweetness and power, "Take this *Boy* and nurse him for me." Observe, it was boy; not as in the text, child; but boy! and

these words she continued to speak till the birth took place. But some days before the confinement I was taken seriously ill, and seriously felt that my end was come; through it all the words would speak, "Take this boy and nurse him for me." Unbelief said, I cannot nurse him if I die; and I am dying. Again faith would have a word, and say, if I am to nurse him I must live. Who can tell? But if it is not a boy? Who knows? While I was thus tossed in mind in one room, the pangs of childbirth were being endured, for some two or three days and nights in another; and thus wearisome and suffering nights and days passed away, and the last night prior to the delivery was a terrible one indeed. But the long dark hours wore away, and at about nine a.m. tidings were brought that a *boy* was born. Overwhelmed with a sense of the Lord's goodness, I said, We will call him "Ebenezer." In an hour or two after that a deacon's wife brought a purse to show me; it contained about £11 contributed by lady friends, to present to the mother as soon as safe through her trouble. How that day and following night were got through I don't know, my sufferings were so great.

The next day was Lord's-day, and in the afternoon of that day a special prayer meeting was held for my recovery, and while the friends were yet praying, a change took place and I began to amend, and in a few days I was well enough to creep to my wife's room, and after a separation of nine days we again unitedly blessed God for His unspeakable goodness, and at the end of about five weeks we appeared again together in the courts of the Lord's house to join with His people in prayer and praise, and again to exclaim with Micah, "Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity, and passeth by the transgression of the remnant of His heritage? He retaineth not his anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy."

(To be continued.)

MR. JOHN HAZELTON'S ADDRESS TO THE PASTOR
AND MR. J. CLARKE'S ADDRESS TO THE CHURCH,
AT THE RECOGNITION OF MR. W. WAITE AT
JIREH.

[We give prominence to these notes of essays so valuable to all pastors and people.—C. W. B.]

IN the evening Mr. Hazelton proceeded to address the minister, and wished it to be particularly understood that he preferred the word "address" to "charge," taking for his text, "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" (Eph. iii. 8). My dear brother Waite, I congratulate you that you are a brother, a Christian and a minister; and I congratulate you on the fact that your steps have been directed here. The people at Jireh are noted for their contention for the truth; you, therefore, occupy no uncommon position. May you shine as a light in the Church and in the world; then, when you have done with all things here below, hear your Master say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord." Aim to be a faithful servant, aim to be a useful servant; and you will, I hope, at times enter into that heavenly joy on earth.

“Unto me, who am less than the least.” Grammarians would smile at this sentence, “less than the least,” but Paul was educated in the school of Christ, and that is the best school for His servants. “Is this grace given;” he obtained it, not by merit, it was the free gift of God, given him to preach the Word. Learn from this what you are to preach, if you desire to be useful, learn that you are to preach the “unsearchable riches of Christ.” You must preach the essential riches of Christ; you must not preach abstract Deity; preach God in Christ, never lose sight of His person, never lose sight of Him as your Master, Saviour, and God. These riches are not communicable; He is Omnipotent, rich in power; He is Omnipresent, no one else is so. These are native riches, all these are riches which belong to Him as Heir of all things, all creatures, good and bad; do not lose sight of His native riches. These are communicated, or delegated riches. Here you must dwell. It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell: all dwells in Him, and you must with pleasure dwell on this. If your people want a physician, leader, and guide, you will, by the Gospel, commend these riches, and bring them before your hearers. Preach the righteousness of our Saviour; preach His pardon and justification. Never lose sight of the fact that as God-man He is rich. He is rich in wisdom, sanctification, and redemption. Sinners are enriched by them; how they are communicated you never can tell. The work of salvation requires the power of God. Preach these riches as unsearchable in the heart; this is a divine mystery. Religion in the heart is not a self-sown thing, it is a progressive work; a hallowed influence fills the heart. In setting forth these mysteries let your words be simple, clear and distinct. Preach the riches of His person and His loving heart; preach the dignity of His manhood, there is nothing poor about Him. Preach His riches in a doctrinal sense; do not be carried away against doctrinal preaching, never say they are dry, drought is in the creature, not in the Creator; no doctrine can ever be dry. Without doctrine there will be nothing to preach about; there is a beautiful harmony in the doctrines of the Gospel. Preach His riches in the promises. Bring out the doctrines, bring out the promises, and lay them on the doctrines; bring out the precepts and lay them on the promises.

The unsearchable riches of Christ. How do they flow out of Him? what are the outlets of these riches? One thing is certain, the riches that are in Him come to us through His prophetic, priestly and kingly character. Names and titles flow out of the riches of Christ. Christ is a river, and the waters we are to drink flow from Him. Set forth the wounds, sufferings and sorrows of our Lord. With regard to these unsearchable riches, you never can exhaust the subject. Our millionaires never saw their own wealth, never can see it all in one place: Christ saw all His in the covenant, and will see them in glory. How are these riches to be preached? They are not to be offered, all of them are to be preached. Preaching is bearing witness, delivering the whole counsel of God, carrying messages from God to the sinner. The work of the minister is nowhere spoken of as an offering. Preach faithfully. I trust you will be found loyal to God; you cannot afford to lose tokens of His approbation. Take care you do not go beyond your depth; consult your own capabilities and powers. Do not forget your people

will come hungry and thirsty, waiting to be fed. Do not dig a hole where there is no water, take a text and draw water from it; this will require labour. Be affectionate as well as faithful. Preach discriminately, you will have lambs as well as sturdy old sheep; some will require a cup of milk, others strong meat. Discriminate, not legalise, between flesh and spirit, law and Gospel. A needle makes a way for the thread; the law goes to a sinner's heart and makes way for the Gospel.

Mr. Hazelton's address, a very brief outline of which is here given, was delivered with much feeling, and listened to with breathless attention,

After Mr. Osmond had given out a hymn, Mr. James Clarke proceeded to address the Church, founding his remarks on "Encourage him" (Deut. i. 38). Joshua is here recognised and spoken of as the successor of Moses; whenever the Lord takes away one servant He sends another, hence the appointment of Joshua to succeed Moses as leader of the people of Israel. We always delight to listen to a brother while he tells us how he was called to preach the Gospel. Joshua was a very noble character, God honoured him and crowned his labours with triumph. We will leave Joshua and apply the words to you as a Church. We solemnly and kindly charge you to encourage him (your pastor) because it is the command of God, "Know them that are over you in the Lord, and esteem them highly," that command is spoken to you and every spiritual Church. God does nothing unnecessary, therefore do not lose sight of this. He is God's spiritual gift to you, therefore is valuable to you and God. Did He not say, "Touch not Mine anointed," and "He that toucheth him, toucheth the apple of Mine eye"? Let every member think of this. Manifest this by your conduct to him. There are many gifts in the Church of God that are valuable, but none so great as this. Encourage him. He is not an angel, he is sent to do what an angel could not do; he is a sinful man, as he told us this afternoon; a perfect man would be useless in the Church of God; lovingly bear him up whenever you are at the throne of grace. He will sometimes come up with a very heavy heart; you may, perhaps, notice it, then will be the time for manifestations of your sympathy and encouragement. Need I remind you he will have to draw his resources from above; the sublimity and magnitude of the work brings him into a place little understood by many, and if he is at any time bound up, don't go away and grumble, but, what would be far better, encourage him. We, as Strict Baptists, should be the last to find fault with a man when he is in bonds; our best services are mixed with folly and shortcomings, therefore speak words of comfort.

How are you to encourage him? Always be kind and faithful to him, in winter as well as summer. Be a friend to him, true friendship is a faithful thing. Hope my brother Waite will have a kindly word as he leaves the vestry for the pulpit, with the influence of God the Holy Ghost it will go to his heart and encourage him; as the north wind drives away rain, so may your kind words cheer him. Never betray his confidence, it will wound his spirit and throw a cloud across his path; you all know none are perfect, therefore, do not look for perfection in him. Never listen to a find-faulter—that is a most contagious disease, and will militate against your own, as well as his, peace and comfort.

Show your regard for him and the cause by attendance at the prayer-meeting. Mr. Clarke closed his warm-hearted address to the Church expressing a hope that they would adopt, by God's help, the advice given, and it would be productive of harmony in their midst.

Mr. W. Webb gave out, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and Mr. Waite dismissed the meeting.

One can scarce cross the threshold of Jireh without associating with it the names of the late J. A. Jones and James Wells. It was only when the late highly honoured pastor of the Surrey Tabernacle and a host of his friends crossed the water in past years, that Jireh presented that animated appearance which was witnessed on this occasion. The author of "Bunhill Memorials," and the Church here, never had a better and more staunch earthly friend than James Wells, and one was cheered to see so many Surrey Tabernacle people present at these interesting services.

J. W. B.

THE GOOD CHRISTIAN'S SOURCE OF PEACE AND PLEASURE.

BY J. COPELAND.

[The following is the substance of a discourse delivered at Eltham, Sunday morning, March 30, 1884.]

"Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments, for therein do I delight."
—Psalm cxix. 35.

THIS very interesting Psalm is full of sentences expressive of the Psalmist's affection to the law and desire to keep it. Feeling his inability to keep the law he so loves, he draws near to God—the God of all grace—urging Him, and pleading with Him to make Him go in the path of His commandments. Does not David put words in our mouths to express the thoughts of our hearts when he says, "Thou hast commanded us to keep Thy precepts diligently. Oh, that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes?" The Lord has not only given precepts, but He has also enjoined their observance; and the love we bear to the Most High constrains us to pray, "O that my ways were directed to keep Thy statutes!" Perhaps some of us rebellious ones have had to pray, "Make me to go in the path of Thy commandments." And our plea has been, "for I delight therein." There is a something within prompting to holiness, but there is also an "opposition party" within restraining therefrom. The flesh lusteth against the spirit, and the spirit against the flesh, which is implied in my text; with respect to which I should like to consider the Christian's delight in keeping the law, and his indisposition notwithstanding.

First, we have to consider the Christian's delight in keeping the loyal law—"For therein do I delight." It was not a little pleasure the Psalmist had therein, but delight, extreme pleasure. So does every newborn soul. Who among you can tell out the pleasure enjoyed when walking in the way of His commandments? From whence this delight? The answer is plain—from love. From love to the Lawgiver. There may be some here who fear to say they love God, who do say they love His law. Now, if you love His law you love Him; for the law is the transcript of Deity. It rises out of the holiness and righteousness of

God. So much is it like God, that I fail to see how it can be possible to love one and not the other. Moreover, Jesus says, "If ye love Me keep My commandments." So then the keeping of God's precepts is the best and certain evidence of our love to the Lawgiver. Therefore, when the Christian says, "I delight in the law of God," he says as much as this, "I love the Lord."

Then loving the Lord, he loves to please Him. "Thou (my God, Father, and Redeemer) hast commanded us (me) to keep Thy precepts. Oh, that my ways were directed to keep them." Is it not our greatest pleasure to please Him who has been so gracious as to call us out of darkness into His most marvellous light? It also springs from a love to the law itself. Though we loved the Lawgiver so as to delight, to please Him, by keeping the laws given, and yet did not love those laws, our pleasure would be lessened just that much, therefore would not be that extreme pleasure spoken of in our text. We love the law because it is holy, just, and good, because the keeping of it promotes God's glory, our happiness and good, and because all her paths are pleasantness and peace. What peace and quiet we then enjoy! What holy communion with God! What nearness we have to our Father's heart! We are not ashamed when we have respect unto His precepts, but praise Him with uprightness of heart (ver. 6, 7). In keeping them there is great reward. Well sang David, "Blessed are they that keep His testimonies." If it is true that all are carnally-minded, and that "The carnal mind is enmity against God, for it is not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be," then before one can have such sympathy with God and His law as our text expresses, there must be a radical change in that one. The natural mind is so depraved that it cannot love God, and find its highest joys in keeping His holy law. "That which is born of the flesh is flesh;" therefore it is evident, if we are to delight in keeping the law, a new nature must be given us. "Ye must be born again." Where the new birth is, there this love is; where this love is not, there the new birth is not. Be what you may, do what you may, or profess what you may, if you do not love God's law to try to keep it, and long to keep it, you are yet in your sins. But if your delight is found herein, trembling hope, you have been born again, you have a holy principle within which is in thorough union with the holy God and the holy law.

Secondly. The Christian's indisposition in himself to keep the law he loves—"Make me to go," &c. It may seem strange to the natural man that we should love the law, and delight in keeping it, yet need to be made to keep it. To some of the new born it is a troublesome mystery. If they understood that sin remains in us and strives for the mastery over the new man of the heart, it would not seem strange to those nor be a mystery to these. Infinite Wisdom has not seen fit to eradicate sin entirely from our hearts. He could have done had it seemed good to His Majesty. The sin remains, affording Him an opportunity to display His rich, free, and sovereign grace; spotless purity awaits us in the better world. This law of sin wars against the law of our regenerated minds, so that we cannot do the things we would. We delight in the law of God after the inward man; but, alas! we walk in the path of sin. We will to do good, but we find not how to perform it; for that we hate we do, while

that we love we do not. This is the secret of our indisposition. We are not to give up in despair, however, nor cut ourselves off, but rather do as David did, draw near to God. Bring your weakness, your inability to keep His law, and your strength, your delight therein to the God of all grace; and if of all grace then of reigning grace, and say, "Lord, by Thy power over sin, make me do that which will please Thee and please me." Or, as Horne, "Conduct me." "Take hold of my hand by Thy hand of grace; lead me in the path, govern my sinful nature, and prevent it being an hindrance to me in Thy ways." Then follow it up with the plea, "For therein do I delight." If He has given you a heart to delight in His law, it is only consistent to expect He will give you grace to keep that law. If you delight in, and long to do that which will please Him to see you do, think you He will not need your suit, and withhold the needed grace? Never! The love He bears to holiness would constrain Him, as the God of grace, to help you, and that right early. Amen.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES CHAPEL
DAVIS, OF LARKHALL, BATH.

BY HIS GRANDSON, W. J. WILLWAY.

(Continued from page 175).

I WAS soon restored to health and a new life. My call by grace could not be hidden, nor did I wish it, for I felt I could 'tell the world around what a dear Saviour I had found.' Thus the sword of separation parted me from my ungodly companions for ever, nearly all of whom went down to a premature grave, dug by their own dissipation. Looking at the many advantages I had, as compared with most of them, I consider that in my case grace selected the worst. I now attended the Baptist Chapel at Somerset-street, under Mr. Porter. I read the Bible to know on what tenure I held the blessings of grace and salvation, whether it was my faithfulness and perseverance or on God's faithfulness and sovereign grace, and whether Unconditional Election were true. I commenced with the New Testament and got to the end of the Acts without anything particularly striking me, but the Romans seemed clear on the subject and furnished me with a very clear view of the 'glorious Gospel of the blessed God,' and the other Epistles supported the same truths; but when I came to Galatians, where Paul says that Abraham's two sons, one by a bondmaid, the other by a free-woman, were an allegory and represented the two covenants, the one Sinai, which gendereth to bondage, the other Jerusalem, which is above, and is free, and the mother of us all; this so settled it in my mind that 'Salvation was of the Lord,' and of grace from first to last, that I said, 'To believe otherwise I must have another Bible.' O with what delight did I drink in the precious truths of the Gospel, and with what pleasure did I listen to the preached Word! I truly fed and feasted upon the 'feast of fat things.'

Mr. Davis now searched the Scriptures to see the mode of baptism and its proper subject. "I clearly discovered," he says, "that it was Christ's command to His believing disciples, and the mode was to go

down into, be immersed, and to *come up out of* the water. The subject was so clear as to leave no doubt on my mind. Now I felt anxious to obey my God and Saviour." Having applied for baptism, his experience was heard and accepted by the Church at Somerset-street Chapel, and he was baptized on the 6th July, 1823, in the twentieth year of his age. Receiving an invitation to become a Sunday-school teacher he engaged heartily in the work, as he felt it would be a shame to be idle, having been till now so active in the service of the devil. In this important work he continued for ten years. During this time he rose on the Lord's-day very early for private prayer and reading the Word of God. After this he would meet at the Sunday-school at six o'clock for a teachers' prayer-meeting; this would be followed by a prayer-meeting at the Chapel at seven. School then commenced at nine o'clock. These early hours required considerable self-denial, especially when on a dark winter's morning one had to brush away the snow before opening the school-room door.

At about twenty-three Mr. Davis married one who for meekness and humility and a peace-loving spirit never was surpassed in the estimation of those who knew her. For thirty-five years he had her companionship. He says of her, writing on her death,—

"Few could boast of such a wife,
Few of mothers speak so well.
Meek and gentle, free from strife,
May thy fair example tell."

She was indeed "an helpmeet" to him, seconding him in all his efforts for the glory of God and the good of man.

When he was in his thirtieth year he received a call to preach the Gospel, and after much prayerful consideration he obeyed, and preached his first sermon at Dunkerton on the 23rd of December, 1832. "I had," he says, "the blessing of Asher—that is, was acceptable to my brethren." From this time onwards, till within a year-and-a-half of his death, Mr. Davis preached almost constantly. He was now in business for himself, and he had to work hard all the week. The labour, therefore, of walking so many miles, and preaching two, and often three times, was all the more. May our brethren in the country ever be mindful of the heroic labours of the local preachers, who, for the love of Christ, spend their strength for them. Did Mr. Davis, however, at all regret having undertaken the work of a "supply"? Far otherwise. Though he had to bear the scorching heat of summer, and the snows and rains of winter, his testimony was this, "Were there no reward beyond the joy of serving the Lord in this life, I should be amply repaid." Thus he proved that the "joy of the Lord" is our strength. May those who are gifted in our Churches go out to the famishing country districts and point men to Christ.

During Mr. Davis's long ministry he had the joy of knowing that many were converted through his preaching, and he had the great joy of hearing that his children walked in truth. Christians, too, were edified by his teaching, which was experimental and practical; while he held strongly that the believer is not under the law, but under grace, he exhorted men to live holy lives. Thus he has been called by some an Antinomian, and by others an Arminian. For years he would rise on the Lord's-day at four o'clock, and spend about two hours in reading

the Word, meditation and prayer. If he were going to Acton Turville—his longest journey—he would start at about half-past six, preach there morning and evening, and in the afternoon at Luckington, about three miles distant. After such a day's labour—walking about thirty-two miles and preaching three times (at Luckington in the open-air)—he would return home about midnight, and often so weary that for miles he would walk half asleep. He regularly supplied Acton Turville for twenty-six years, once a month. He has left a list of ninety-four places where he has preached, principally in the towns and villages around Bath, also Artillery-row and Rehoboth, London. He would accept invitations to preach in Independent and Methodist chapels; but he never flinched from declaring the whole counsel of God from fear of man, and he would never keep back anything that was profitable to his hearers from a desire to please them. Conscientious in all things, he was in the pulpit God's messenger, and all that was within the covers of the Bible he felt at liberty to teach. Where other men weakly yield he was as firm as the rock of Gibraltar. He knew what he believed, he could give a reason for the hope that was in him, and he held his belief with an iron grip. The Bible was to him the inspired Word of God, which he received with meekness. It was to him the rock upon which he built. He loved it and revered it. From it, and not from men's writings, he drew his creed. What God said was to him final. His profound reverence for the Almighty God was one of the most marked features in his character. In His holy presence he humbled himself in the dust, and often when speaking of God's mercy to him tears would flow down his cheeks, and he would feel such emotion as to be scarcely able to speak. He was a man of the highest rectitude and integrity; his guiding principle was the fear of God; he acted as in His sight, and sought to obey the command of Christ, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them" (Matt. vii. 12).

Thus he earned the respect of his fellow-citizens, and, what is more, the confidence and respect of his workmen. He was open to receive new ideas; so that when teetotal principles were proclaimed about forty-eight years ago, he tried their worth, and having proved them to his own satisfaction, he signed the pledge, and *kept it till his death*. He laboured hard in the temperance cause, debating the question with great warmth and earnestness. His services were often required by the local temperance societies, as he was so effective in meeting the arguments of objectors. In connection with this, I may say that upon his conversion he gave up smoking—considering, no doubt, it was unbecoming in a Christian—and ever afterwards he set his face against this bad practice.

(To be concluded.)

"WHEN I cannot plead as I would for myself, Jesus pleads for me. When my petitions hang dead upon the lip, His petitions bring life to my soul from heaven. When at the throne of grace I wrestle, weep, and pray—He at the throne of glory notes my earnestness, counts my tears, and regards each broken utterance as the lisps of His own dear child, and will present my feeble offering in the incense of His offering, and make it acceptable to God."

THE SOUL'S WARFARE AND ITS VICTORY.

(Continued from page 140.)

MR. ISAIAH SMITH'S LETTER TO HIS DAUGHTER.

MY DEAR MIRIAM,—We are alike in looking for a letter by return; the reason is, there is that state of things existing now there was not at one time. Grace works a *wonderful change*; it not only effects a change in those who are the recipients of it, but love springs up in others towards those who are saved, although before that time there might not be so much as a little respect towards them, and might even be at variance with them; but the grace of God has the effect of levelling all mountains of separation. No wonder then that those who have loved, love more than ever, and seek for their company and conversation. I am like you, I do not like to say, Stay where you are, because I feel I should like you here; and I do not like to say, Come, on account of the place being so cold when it is windy. If I felt sure it would not set in cold and wintry, I should say, Come: but I think we had better wait a few days before deciding the matter. I had thought of coming to see you, and if not prevented shall do so before a week has passed.

I am thankful that you are enabled to bear up in your affliction, and kept from murmuring on account of the trials of the way. I wish I could say the same at all times, but cannot; then it makes matters worse. You know the poet says,—

“Trials must, and will befall,
But with humble faith to see,
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.”

You are favoured to see love inscribed: hence you can say to Him who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind, “Thy will be done,” for you can see that will is love. It comes in disguise at the first; and like good old Jacob we cry out, “All these things are against me”: but he afterwards found they were all for him. The winter was past and gone: in your case the winter is past, the Son of Righteousness shineth forth into your soul, your mourning has given place to singing, and the Holy Spirit speaking within makes you rejoice. O what an honour, what a mercy that the Lord condescends to speak to us, and tells us to call upon Him (Solomon's Song ii. 14). And although we may some days feel dull, when the cloud clears off we see and feel the blessed sun again; and again we rejoice in the Lord. Praying that every new covenant blessing may be yours in time and eternity,

With love I remain,
Your affectionate father,
ISAIAH SMITH.

January 12, 1882.

[We come to her joining the Church in our next.—ED.]

“THE APOSTOLIC BAPTIST UNION OF ITALY.”—Such is the comprehensive title of the Italian Baptists. It is a hopeful enterprise. We need an “Apostolic Baptist Union of Great Britain.” No such Union does exist, “*Apostolic*” in every sense of the word.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

"*The Answer to the Eastern Question, With Some Facts Concerning the Identity of the British with Israel.*" By the author of "The New Old Story." Fourth edition. London: Robt. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street, E. C. Price 3d.—We English people and our Governments, our political leaders, and their opposers, are in a labyrinth. This author is no dreamer, no wild enthusiast, no shallow-pate; he is a wide-awake, thinking, sober, sedate fellow. He says: "This glance at the aspect of the world's present affairs is dedicated to the men and women of the Anglo-Saxon race, to whom busy life affords little leisure for study." That is exactly what is wanted. In the multitude of our correspondence we receive questions on the Identity theory. We refer A. Harrison and others to this easily understandable pamphlet.

The Last Time Paul Stood Before Nero.—The Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, have issued a *Life of St. Paul*. It is critical in some sense; but the following is awful in every sense: "In all history there is not a more startling illustration of the irony of human life than this scene of Paul at the bar of Nero. On the judgment-seat, clad in the imperial purple, sat a man who in a bad world had attained the eminence of being the very worst and meanest being in it—a man stained with every crime, the murderer of his own mother, of his wives, and of his best benefactors; a man whose whole being was so steeped in every nameable and unnameable vice that body and soul of him were, as some one said at the time, nothing but a compound of mud and blood; and in the prisoner's dock stood the best man the world possessed, his hair whitened with labours for the good of men and the glory of God. Such was the occupant of the seat of Justice, and such the man who stood in the place of the criminal. The trial ended, Paul was condemned and delivered over to the executioner. He was led out of the city with a crowd of the lowest rabble at his heels. The fatal spot was reached; he knelt beside the block; the headsman's axe gleamed in the sun, and fell; and the head of the apostle of the world rolled down in the dust." Think of Abel, of Micaiah, of John the Baptist, of James, and of many thousands of the best of men, whose blood was shed for their faith in Christ, and then consider how great the mystery!

"NEVER DESPAIR!"—Opposite to me there dwells a poetess. I have never

seen or spoken to her, I do not know her; but her beautiful little volume, "*Affection's Offering*," plainly and pleasantly assures me she is a woman with a springing poetical well within her, and her delight has been to draw out the various elements of humanity, of society, of morality—yea, of a divine spirituality, in chaste, choice, and intellectual lines of poetry, which render the book agreeable, edifying, and cheerful to those who can appreciate its contents. Oh, there are many Shakespears, and Miltons, and Cowpers, "born to blush unseen." We know some springs of poetical genius, and many theological mines, shut up in obscurity because God's Providence has never called them to the front—yea, because the world is too busy in its commerce, its politics, its shares and stockbroking, its money-hunting, too busy in the dying externals to attend to the mental and spiritual, the internal and eternal realities of a higher life. Here is one verse from Isabella Hanley's poem, headed, "Never Despair":—

"Never despair! though every day
Doubts and fears oppress thee.
Dost thou daily, hourly, ask
Aid to make thee stronger?
Courage, patience, persevere,
Thou shalt surely conquer!
Courage, patience, faith and hope
All combined together.
These shall bear thee safely o'er
Life's tempestuous river!"

No doubt Mrs. Hanley has rolls of her composition waiting for the season when in daylight they shall appear.

"*A Safe Dwelling-Place*," "*The King in His Beauty*."—Two sermons by Chas. Hill, of Stoke Ash, who is so well known and so universally appreciated that to announce the issue is sufficient. When a man has been drinking in, and pouring out, God's truth, in one place, and to one Church, for thirty years, every fair thinker will conclude he can be no ordinary preacher. Mr. Charles Hill has lines of his own. They are New Covenant lines in every sense. He is never off them.

"*Jackson Wray's Quincentenary Tribute to John Wycliffe*." London: Jas. Nisbet & Co.—We have waves after waves coming up from the sea of literature, almost all of them shouting out, "*Wycliffe!*" and his work in giving us "*AN ENGLISH BIBLE*." We can but love the messenger who brings to us such heavenly messages: and if the living, the life-giving, Christ-revealing SPIRIT OF GOD has made the BOOK the power of Himself to our salva-

tion, we shall feelingly praise the Lord for such a laborious and gifted workman. But at the close of the volume Jackson Wray warns us of the "serious advances Rome is again making towards power and position on English soil; her feet are shod with the wool of silence, and her ultimate purpose being veiled under a policy of peace." Oh, ye worldly English people, ye are asleep in your cradles of formalism and carnalism, while the wolf in sheep's clothing is at your doors. See what mighty mobs, what multitudes assemble to oppose any worldly policy; but Arianism, Arminianism, Armyism, and Universalism—with their gaudy temples and shrines—are walking arm-in-arm together to open the gates of your Old England to welcome the horrible harlot in! O God! awaken the nation, if it be by a stroke ever so terrible!

The Story of Our English Bible, and What It Cost. By Mrs. Bayley. London: Nisbet. We love to look at this volume; its title, its theme, its every chapter, is so pure, so instructive, so bracing to our oft-assaulted faith. "The Evenings with Wycliffe" are precious developments of that godly man's heart. When, under Henry IV., the Romanists became more and more hostile to the Protestant efforts, then Wycliffe began to busy himself more about the kingdom of Christ than he did about the kingdom of England. He said: "If begging friars stroll over the country preaching the legends of saints, we must do

'FOR GOD'S GLORY'

What they do to fill their wallets." What an astonishing history is the birth, the growth, the goodness, the blessedness, of the Bible! How the Almighty hath covered it with His wings, or it would have been annihilated long since. One part of heaven's joy will be (perhaps) to hear such men as Wycliffe declare how the Lord moved him to, and helped him in, this sacred work.

"*New Measures of the Great Pyramid.*" By a New Measurer. Described and tested by C. Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer-Royal for Scotland. London: R. Banks, Racquet-court, Fleet-street.—A small, respectable volume by a gifted author, who has gone down deep into the subject now so extensively discussed. To say the least, new fields of thought are laid open, and the fields are found in the Bible; therefore a few walks therein may be taken without endangering the soul's welfare.

"*Christ All and in All;*" "*Joy and Peace in Believing;*" "*How We Are Saved.*"—Three little penny books, of which the Churches are full. Published

by Partridge & Co. They have much of Scripture: but what it is to believe, savingly to believe, is the great question only those who are born of God, and born for glory, can ever know. It is the TRUE believer who deeply desires to be a CHRIST-receiver, a CHRIST-lover, a CHRIST-follower, and a GOD-IN-CHRIST worshipper. To be one with Christ now by faith, and at last to see Him, and be like Him.

DAVID SWING.—Such is the name of a preacher in Chicago. His sermons are published by Mr. Dickenson. They are high in style, original, but not so plain as the Sermon on the Mount, nor as Peter's on the Day of Pentecost. Plain Gospel preaching is not everywhere to be heard.

"*Evolution Explained and Compared with the Bible.*" By William Woods Smyth, L.R.C.P., Fell. Med. Soc. Lond.; Author of "The Government of God," &c. London: Elliot Stock, 62, Paternoster-row.—No elastic mind capable of receiving instruction can weigh the sentences, the arguments, the evidences, herein contained, without much reward for its labour.

The A B C Church and Chapel Directory for any year. "Where is Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle?" asked Josiah Witcot, when he was outside the Great Western station at Paddington. The porter did not know. So onward Josiah travelled, asking the same question. Someone pushed him into Gower-street, where the Jew was preaching. Now, if Josiah had obtained, at 5, Racquet-court, this "A B C Directory," he might have found any Church, any Chapel, any person, or any Tabernacle, in or near London, without asking anyone. From the Church of England, through the various denominations, even to "the meeting places of no denomination," all are described here, the exact locality of each so minutely marked that no mistake need occur. This Directory is correct, well printed, and can be obtained for twopence.

The Sydney Illustrated News has reached us, with its grand coloured supplementary sheet, giving a large, life-like portrait of Dr. Barry, the new Bishop of Sydney, the Primate of Australia, who, with his family and suite, are at this time over the deep seas in the land underneath us. What noble specimens of humanity Nature doth make for bishops! And with college culture, and strong, industrious minds, a class of men are produced who, when robed and arrayed in gorgeous attire, command and attract the attention, the admiration, and reverent affection of thousands of those people who would not

look upon, nor listen to, little ordinary creatures, as some of us are found to be. How the Lord looks upon these elegant and eloquent archdeacons, deans, bishops, and archbishops, we have no right to judge. We have read this Dr. Barry's sermons; in their sphere they are instructive and truthful. We have no desire but that this Australian Primate may prove to be one of God's anointed messengers to publish a free-grace salvation in the eternal Son of God. In South Hackney the clergy, the Catholic priests, the Congregational doctors, the Arminian disciples, all look upon us with an apparent aspect of contempt. We are content it should be so. God knoweth our heart. He knoweth we have neither jealousy nor ambition. We never covet their patronage nor their pay. We take part in no Liberation Society, nor association of any kind. We know we are

"Among the great unfit to shine."

We shrink from the public gaze. We have our work; we have stuck to it over fifty years, and if at last the Lord will "own our worthless name," we hope we shall sing,—

"Grace all the work hath crown'd."

Mahomet's Successor.—You can never find a real successor to any *leading* spirit. Whether CHRIST sets up a Paul, or some false spirit sets up a reigning false prophet; when such a monarch falls in death, be he either from above or beneath, you will never find a *second*. When the original Mahomet fell in death there was a scene, a struggle, a stormy sea of self-made stalwarts. Sir William Muir speaks of one "OMAR." Have we not some such "Omars" now? Nay, we may find a "*Hobab*." There was Abu Bekr, the chosen successor to Mahomet but there were rivals. See now if these rivals are not with us? O, man's ambitious man's pride! if the fleshly ambition and vain glory of men could be destroyed, you would not find half the preachers you have. Listen to Hobab:—"Omar, with his native vehemence, was about to speak, when Abu Bekr held him to be silent. 'Every word,' said Abu Bekr, calmly and firmly, 'which the citizens had uttered in their own praise was true, but in noble birth and influence the Coreish were paramount, and to none but them would Arabia yield obedience.' 'Then,' cried the men of Medina, 'let there be one chief from amongst you and one from amongst us.' 'Away with you!' exclaimed Omar; 'two cannot stand together.' High words ensued. Hobab cried out, 'Hear him not! Attend to me, for I am the *well-rubbed Palm-stem*. If they refuse, expel them from the city. I

am the Roaring Lion of the desert, and will devour them up.' 'The Lord destroy thee!' cried Omar; and Hobab returned the words." Ah, it is this rivalry for place and power, this man-climbing, not God up-lifting, that works so much division, destruction, and death! Oh, to be nothing in religion but what God makes us; this is the safe, the only safe, path.

The Great Depths of the Soul.—Skimming over the surface of the mind; or, touching the natural feelings; telling the people what bad, black, barren, brute-like creatures they are; these lines of what are termed "*experience*," may deceive, delude, destroy—not sanctify, much less save the soul. Let us hear that Welshman, who is silent in death, on religious reality. He is true when he says:—"Reverence, wonder, and awe are not growing stronger in the heart of the nation, but rather becoming more faint. Even in the Church the idea of worship does not occupy the place it did in other times. The leading conception in connection with public worship appears to be *preaching*, not PRAYER or PRAISE, and people too often congregate to hear this or that man speak of divine things rather than to offer praise to their God and Saviour. Men who feel that this is so are anxious to bring about a change; and they endeavour by means of architecture, music, art, vestments, and religious rites to restore the spirit of reverence and worship. Sincere and earnest no doubt they are, but they are also most assuredly mistaken. To produce the desired state there must be a revelation to the '*new man*' of the great realities of religion—God, the Redemption of Christ, the Judgment to come, Heaven, and Eternity; for it is these alone that can call forth the best and deepest feelings of the human heart. You may create ripples on the surface by other means, but to move the great depths of the soul until deep calls upon deep, and the whole spirit is in motion, you must bring men face to face with the most solemn truths; and 'the powers of the world to come,' so far as they may be unveiled, must be brought near me."

The Sentiment and Petition of the Righteous.—This sermon is quite an experimental tracing out of the fruits of spiritual life in that soul where the Holy Spirit has implanted the fear of God, by John Turner, pastor of the Particular Baptist Church, Lonsdale-street East, in Melbourne, Australia. From the long list of Mr. Turner's works announced on the cover of the sermons, it is evident he has not been idle. We hear but little of the "travels of truth" in Melbourne.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MR. CHARLES HILL AT GREENWOOD.

"The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus *shows His heart is mine,*
And whispers, '*I am His.*'"

It was such a pretty sight in Greenwood-park on Wednesday, July 2, 1884, as seldom falleth to my lot to witness. "Where is Greenwood?" It is one of those grand estates, with their mansions and parks, surrounding Barnet, the famous Horse-market and cattle show, whither the buyers and sellers, of all sizes, flock about twice in every year. Barnet was the birth-place of the late Dr. Leifchild, who first began screaming in 1780, and left off all his crying and preaching in 1862.

When I came to London, near 50 years ago, there was a rare cluster of "D.D.s"—Dr. Morrison, Dr. Burder, Dr. Pve-Smith, Dr. Cox, and many more, who in those days gathered the London aristocratic Nonconformists together once a year to listen to John Angel James, to James Parsons (of York), to Jay (of Bath), and other eminent ministers, all of whom are called to their account before the great tribunal of the Almighty. No man had a more extensive popularity than did Dr. Leifchild. At Kensington, at Bristol, and for many years at Craven-street, London, he was looked at, listened to, and followed by some 2,000 hearers. He died at Brighton on June 29, 1862, in his 83rd year. He was a Barnet boy once. He became the means of the conversion of some 2,000 souls, all of whom put on Christ by a public avowal.

Barnet was stirred up largely when (in 1852) a young Irish clergyman came there, and the question everywhere was, "Have you heard Wm. Pennefather in the Church? Oh, such an earnest, loving soul!" The people flocked to hear the bold young Irishman, and Barnet then became quite a rallying-point for evangelical workers. Eleven years later, William Pennefather was settled at St. Jude's, Mildmay-park. He built that hall wherein so much moral, physical, and, we hope, spiritual blessedness has been found by multitudes.

Greenwood! I like the name. *Greenwood* is the title affixed to an estate, to a mansion, to a park, and to some long, shady, splendid walks, from whence the intervening valleys and high rising hills throw their strong arms around our huge metropolis, and help to defend it from many a storm which otherwise might alarm the busy plodders who throng the thoroughfares of this enormously overgrown city during the six working days of the week.

Some years since, a merchant near the Minories—a plain, a pious, a careful merchant—called Mr. Harris, a *believer* in, and a disciple of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, when I was accustomed to go and hear the

spiritual Gospel at Alie-street, Mr. Harris, and his much-beloved wife and family, were worshippers in what people now call "Old Zoar." Mr. Harris, in union with the late Mr. Wm. Crowther, subsequently removed to Artillery-lane, where, by some of the best men of our day, the Gospel is still preached. Greenwood, then, was the country home of the late Mr. Harris, of his saintly widow, and his tenderly-cherished daughter, Miss Elizabeth Harris, and their various attendants. It was in the heart of Mrs. Harris and her family to give

MR. CHARLES HILL

an open and a hearty welcome to the London Churches, by inviting his friends to meet him at a garden-party, on the said second of July, 1884. I was favoured to receive a kind invite to the same, and so, accompanied by my affectionate wife, we steamed and travelled on to Greenwood, whither a numerous company also gathered together. A very appropriate occasion it proved to be. In the extensive grounds marquee for rest, refreshments, and fellowship, had been erected. Thither all most naturally betook themselves, and in the course of the afternoon a fine circle of friends was formed, while under a full-grown, far-spreading oak, a kind of preaching place was erected, and a sober, sacred, godly service commenced by Mr. W. J. Styles announcing the hymn, "Not all the blood of beasts," &c. The Scriptures were read, prayer was offered, and Mr. Charles Hill came to the front, reading for his text, "Thou shalt be like a well-watered garden," which, as one said, proved a discourse full of instruction and of unusual interest. Throughout the whole county of Suffolk we have heard Mr. Hill spoken of as a profound thinker, a devout, a decided, a consistent Gospel advocate. As such he is highly esteemed, and is held in the affectionate confidence of some thousands. He is above the commendation of his fellows. God has raised him, qualified him, employed and honoured him as the pastor of Stoke Ash Church for over thirty years; and as the leading spirit in the Gospel ministry of the Eastern counties, he is a real man, a thorough theologian, a choice preacher, a servant of God.

Squire Wilkinson obtained a seat near the preacher, and with a serious fixedness of attention, appeared not only to hear, but to weigh well the discourse. John Wild, Esq., and his faithful wife; Charles Wilson, Esq., and his family; Master Mills (the vestryman and archdeacon of Artillery-street) and his cheerful spouse; some clergymen; pastor John Mead and his better-half; yea, a godly army of the feminine martyrs, and representatives of our different Churches, formed the congregation. All was pleasant, peaceable, and refreshing. A grateful feeling to Mrs. Harris, her daughters, her son-in-law (Walter How, Esq.), and all who ministered

to our comfort, was realised and expressed, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." Mr. Charles Hill's discourse is to be published shortly.

STRATFORD.—This Eastern wing of the Metropolis has spread extensively and rapidly. Its long, wide, handsome, ruralised roads of mansions, villas, cottages, and modern residences, plainly tell us that the tradesmen, the merchants, and business men of London have successfully conducted their affairs, and now, in comparative ease and luxury, they retire to their own nests. The Strict Baptists are not, as yet, very numerous in this immense suburb. They are labouring to come to the front, so that they may take knowledge of them, of their New Testament principles, and that their order of worship may be seen to be of divine origin and of Scriptural authority. The most powerful weekly the High Church clergy patronise comes out plainly and says, "The Church declares that the youngest human soul is, THROUGH THIS SACRAMENT (of water sprinkled on the face), made

"A CHILD OF GOD!"

If this Church doctrine is not true, let Canon Wilberforce say so, and publicly renounce it. The *Guardian* is quite angry to think that Canon Wilberforce should sanction, meet with, and praise Mr. Spurgeon, a Baptist, whose dangerous errors and religious teaching the *Guardian*, the clergy of the Church, and all its followers, cannot tolerate in any measure. We can well understand their condition. Being in the Church of England for fourteen years, being told if we were not christened we should be lost; being in an agony of soul, crying to be christened; and being christened and confirmed, we can only now look upon all who thus preach, and who thus believe in infant-sprinkling, that it is nothing more nor less than the blind leading the blind in this matter; and since by grace we were led into the mysteries of the New Testament, how spiritually enlightened men can maintain this Popish dogma we cannot conceive. It is one of those difficulties which stagger us amazingly. On Tuesday, July 8, 1884, the memorial-stones of the new Baptist chapel in the Gurney-road, Stratford, were duly placed in order by Mrs. James Morter and Isaac Charles Johnson, Esq., J. P. Mr. John Hunt Lynn, the pastor of the Church, opened the service by reading a hymn and Psalms. Mr. Thomas Austen, of Hackney, related the circumstances of the birth of the Church. C. W. Banks offered the dedication prayer, the stones were laid, the money was gathered, and the respectable, the numerous, and the joyful company retired to the Cann-hall chapel, where tea was served, and a public meeting holden, under the presidency of William Beach, Esq. (of Chelmsford). For some years we have heard of "Mr. Morter's chapel at Stratford," and Mr. James Morter, the large builder, certainly is the father of the Forest-lane Strict Baptist Church, and we sincerely thank God for putting it into Mr. Morter's heart to build the first chapel there. The

Lord has smiled upon the cause. The chapel has long enough been too small. A larger place will soon be filled, and for many, many years, may John Hunt Lynn and the faithful followers of Christ therein worship the Lord God, be ripened for glory themselves, and see a large increase of those who shall be eternally saved. Amen.—C. W. BANKS.

WILTSHIRE.—MINETY.—DEAR C. W. B.—Though it is now many years since you were wont to visit these parts, your name is still cherished by the living in Jerusalem. You will be pleased to learn that though all the good old soldiers once known to you are gone home, the Lord has not left Himself without witnesses. Some 36 years ago an uneducated boy, John Bolton, left Minety to become, for a number of years, a coal-miner in Wales, no one ever dreaming that in so strange a school he was to become a poet and a minister of the Gospel. Such, however, has been the case, and he has on several occasions visited and preached in Minety, his visits being always highly appreciated. He has been preaching at Chippenham, at Bradford-on-Avon, at Great Gidding, &c. If spared, he has many engagements in this neighbourhood.—M. A. WELLS. [This is the good man—we went to Bargoed and had two days' services. Our Lord is, in this sense, no respecter of persons. But it is a rare thing to behold a poet and a faithful preacher raised up out of a coal-mine. Surely John Bolton is not a saved sinner only, but a man favoured above many.—C. W. B.]

TOTTENHAM.—MELBOURNE HALL, HIGH-CROSS.—The Strict Baptist Committee have taken this hall as a place for public worship. Mr. J. House, the secretary, says: "We are anxious to make the cause well and widely known, by holding a good public meeting on Monday evening, August 4, 1884, so that the friends and lovers of the truth in this neighbourhood may (D.V.) be brought together, and eventually formed into a Church. As there is no other cause of the same faith and order in the parish, the committee hope that the ministers, members, and friends of the Strict Baptist denomination will give their patronage and support to the cause, so that it may soon, under the blessing of our divine and covenant-keeping Head, become a branch of the one living Church of Christ. Mr. W. Flack, Wilton-square; Mr. P. W. Williamson, Fleet-street; and Mr. Myerson, have kindly promised to assist the committee by receiving contributions towards the funds," &c., &c.

READING.—Mr. Thomsett, the pastor of Providence, Oxford-road, has been in affliction. Mr. H. E. Sadler, of Egham, has supplied the pulpit several times. The Gospel of the grace of God has been preached, the cause has been sustained. We anticipate showers of blessings are in store for this long-tried Church.

STRATFORD.—On Tuesday the 8th July, a very successful day was enjoyed in forwarding the work of the Church now worshipping in Forest Lane. As readers of the VESSEL were aware from notice kindly inserted by the venerable editor, and from advertisements on the wrapper, the memorial stones of the new chapel and schools were to be laid. Friends assembled numerously on the site at 3.30 p.m. Mr. Austin, formerly Secretary of the Baptist Ministers Itinerant Society, narrated the history of the birth and cradling of the church and of the building of present chapel, expressing his great joy that the labours, the initiation of which he had been so intimately connected with, had yielded such ample results under God. C. W. Banks commended the new undertaking and the future work of the Church to the Lord in the dedication prayer. The pastor then reminding the friends that Mr. and Mrs. James Morter are the only members remaining of those who originally constituted the Forest-lane Church, called upon our esteemed brother (who is our contractor) to introduce Mrs. Morter to her pleasant task of laying the first memorial stone, which is designed to connect the grateful memory of the church with their past blessing, and is thus inscribed: "This stone was laid as a memento of the past history of the Church by Mrs. James Morter, July 8th, 1884. Ebenezer." I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., laid the second stone, which is thus inscribed:—"This stone was laid to the glory of God by I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., July 8th, 1884. Salvation is of the Lord," depositing within it a copy of the Trust Deed, Church Rules, EARTHEN VESSEL, *Gospel Herald*, programme of the day's proceedings, and the maundy coins, and supplementing his work with a very encouraging and instructive address and a gift of £10. W. Hazelton followed with an excellent speech on "praise." After a bountiful tea in Cann Hall Chapel (kindly lent for the occasion), to which nearly 200 sat down, a full public meeting was held, under the chairmanship of our beloved brother, William Beach, of Chelmsford. The opening prayer was by J. J. Clinch, and addresses were given by pastors F. C. Holden, J. Harris, T. Hull, of Hastings, and R. E. Sears. The pastor then moved a cordial vote of thanks to the minister, deacons and members at Cann Hall for their kind loan of Chapel, and for co-operation in the meetings. This was seconded in an affectionate speech by W. K. Squirrel, and replied to by Mr. Thomson, the father of the Cann Hall minister, on behalf of his son, who was unavoidably absent. W. B. Stringer, of Lee, concluded with prayer. The proceeds of the day were £147 7s. 10d. in actual money, besides promises. During the week £53 more was paid to the Treasurer. Beyond this there is £60 promised, including which the Treasurer is able, after paying the preliminary £300 to the contractor, to enter about £150 towards the further cost of building. Land (which is freehold) and law are paid for. The chief feature of the speeches and meetings was their fully spiritual tone.

All the addresses were truly to edification, and that of Mr. Hull especially will be gratefully remembered. Another very refreshing and encouraging token was the marked affection of ministers who visited us and of many others who were unable to do so. Thus encouraged, we entreat the continued and increasing kindness of the Churches. Should any be willing to give public collections—as the friends at Triag, and at Enon, Woolwich, have done, and those at Willingham, and at Speldhurst-road have offered to do—the pastor will gladly avail himself of their kindness, and by exchange of pulpits, or by filling up gaps, will rejoice to plead for this work. Beyond, or apart from, this the private and public petitions of saints are entreated, as being of more real help and more fully a fellowship with us, that our gracious God may, before all things, grant us the renewing of might by His Spirit, the fullest faithfulness of ministry and real covenant union of soul in our precious Christ. Our Treasurer's address is,—Mr. Cannings, 22, Chatsworth-road, Stratford, London, E.—J. H. LYNN.

BURYING AND BAPTIZING.

At Zion chapel, New-cross, the pastor, John Slate Anderson, must be considered a fruitful and faithful labourer. On the one hand he is called to witness the happy departure of many of the Lord's ripe ones to glory; on the other hand, he has the pleasure of beholding the springing up of many newborn babes whom the Church, as a tender, nursing mother, receives, that they may "grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." The following paragraph is from the *Silent Messenger* for July, of which Mr. Anderson is the editor:—

"The law of reproduction in the vegetable kingdom is a marvel in Nature, and a proof of the wisdom and goodness of the Creator. Every year the world is within six or eight weeks of starvation; and should the earth refuse to send forth a fresh supply for one season only, there would be universal death. Partial failure of the crops has often been the cause of untold misery, but in such cases one part of the world has come to the rescue of another, and the promise of God has been fulfilled, 'While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and Summer and Winter, and day and night shall not cease.' The same principle obtains in the Church: 'One generation passeth away, and another cometh.' Men die, but God lives. When Moses is gathered to his people, Joshua is ready to step into his place; when David steps down from his throne, Solomon steps up; and thus the tide of human affairs flows on, and shall continue till all the divine purposes are fulfilled, and the Saviour has gathered around Him in glory the numberless host of the eternally beloved and redeemed sons of God. We have had the painful duty frequently forced upon us of late to record the departure of many of our friends; but pleasures are mingled with

the pains. 'Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children,' is a sweet promise given to Zion, and it has been most graciously fulfilled in our case. On Lord's-day evening, June 22, twenty-two converts were 'planted together in the likeness of Christ's death,' being hurried with Him by baptism into death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so they should walk in newness of life. These, with several others who had previously 'put on the uniform of the King,' we hope to receive into the fellowship of the Church on July 6. This is the most interesting group we ever had the pleasure of leading through the baptismal waters. There are amongst them two pairs of sisters, a brother and sister, a father and son, a father and daughter, and no fewer than seventeen are connected with the Sunday-school, either as scholars or teachers. We had a special and delightful prayer-meeting on behalf of these dear young people on the evening after their baptism, to ask the Lord to keep them 'steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' We look upon this ingathering as the Lord's answer to earnest prayer: for months past, pastor, deacons, teachers, and people, have been pleading for a revival; this is the result. We record the pleasing facts, that others may rejoice with us, and that the dear labourers in our school may be cheered and encouraged in their work. Reader, are you saved? 'What think ye of Christ?' What will you do at last, if you know not Him? Think of it."

SEA-SIDE RESTING-PLACE WHERE TRUTH CAN BE HEARD.—

DEAR MR. BANKS,—The Baptist cause in Manor-road, Hastings, came to grief, and is shut up. Hastings is a fine town of 48,000 inhabitants, and there are numbers of Churches and chapels, and places of profession; but there are now only two places where the truth is preached. One is called the Tabernacle, in the centre of the town, where the late Mr. Page was pastor; now supplies. The order of worship is the same as Mr. Bradbury's, at the Grove, Camberwell. The other is a Particular Baptist on the East-hill (*Standard* people), where I and my family attend. There is a large congregation. Mr. Hull is the minister, who is a very faithful and truthful man. People flock there from all parts of the country. Some come from miles away; some by train, others by road. Last year they enlarged the chapel and built a Sunday-school, which cost a considerable sum, and am pleased to say all is paid for.

DUNMOW.—Many know well what a trial "TRUTH" has passed through here for many years. Lately Mr. H. G. Maycock has been sent, we hope, by God's good hand, to revive, to confirm, to comfort us in the Gospel of the grace of God. We shall send further tidings before long, if the sun continues to shine upon us.—A. P. P.

THE LATE MR. W. FULLER.

The Lord in His all-wise wisdom has visited us by taking from our midst our dear brother, William Fuller, at the early age of 31, in the midst of his usefulness in the Lord's cause, leaving behind a sorrowful widow, who is a member with us, and three young children, to mourn his loss. Our dear departed brother was in early life called by divine grace, and at the age of seventeen followed the Lord by baptism; became a member of the Church at Zion. He then began to show signs of much usefulness by becoming a Sabbath-school teacher, and also by using the gift the Lord gave him in public prayer.

Providence called him to Huddersfield to work at his business. He joined the Church where the late excellent man of God, Mr. W. Crowther, was pastor, and he became superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and under the ministry of Mr. Crowther his soul became much established in the workings of grace, and in every good work and way. The Lord who took him to Huddersfield brought him back again to his native town, for his health failed him. He had not many months settled down here before the same all-wise God brought me this way, and from the first I felt a blessed union to him, being somewhat of the same age, and somewhat of the same line of experience. We took sweet counsel together, and compared notes of the Lord's dealings, and the preciousness of the Lord Jesus. I found him a willing helper in my ideas of using the means in extending the Redeemer's kingdom; and so, in dependence upon God, I began to speak in the Lord's name at two mission-stations in the Fens in the week evenings. My dear brother Fuller not only sympathised with this movement; but in all weathers has he gone forth to speak the word of life at one of the mission stations. He did fair to be very useful among us, for he had also occupied the pulpit for me on Lord's-day afternoons, and had supplied the pulpit at Benwick; but God's ways are not our ways, and so it proved in his case.

In April, 1883, he was laid aside. For over a year was he thus brought low, the greater part of the time unable to leave his bed; but God was with him in his illness. He never complained, he never murmured. He was not without feeling; for several times, with tears in his eyes, did he mention to me about leaving his wife and young children to struggle on in the world, for his business, to a considerable extent, left him in his illness. But the Lord gave him a blessed calmness, and a resting upon Him as his everlasting all. During his long illness I had many blessed conversations with him upon the things of God. He loved the Epistles, and he loved to trace out God's eternal choice of His people, and "Christ in you the hope of glory." In his illness he was not too much lifted up, nor was he too much cast down. The Lord was with him. On May 20, in a quiet and comfortable manner, the Lord called him home. "Absent from the body, present with the Lord."

A very large company of mourners and dear friends followed him to the grave. As far as the Lord enabled me I officiated. My heart was heavy, for he was a brother beloved by me. On the following Sabbath evening I founded my remarks to the large congregation present on the Apostle's words, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Our dear brother was a constant reader of the *VESSEL*, and was accustomed to speak of it in the highest terms. I trust the Lord will provide for his widow and children, and that we may be followers of them who through faith and patience now inherit the promise.

A. B. HALL,
Pastor of Zion, Chatteris, Cambs.

RECOGNITION OF A. K. DAVIDSON, AT EARL SOHAM, SUFFOLK.

Services of an unusually interesting character were held here July 2nd, in connection with the anniversary of the Church and recognition of Mr. A. K. Davidson as pastor. In the afternoon Mr. B. J. Northfield delivered a Christ-exalting discourse from Sol. Song, v. 16. It was listened to with devout interest, and much spiritual comfort. In the evening the recognition service was held, presided over by Mr. W. Brown, of Friston, the oldest Baptist minister in Suffolk. A hymn having been sung, Mr. A. Knell, of Kingshall, read 2 Tim. ii., and earnestly implored the divine blessing. The venerable chairman gave an address on the nature of a Christian Church, as described in the sacred Scriptures. Mr. E. Roe, deacon, narrated the circumstances which led to the choice of Mr. Davidson as their pastor, and stated he was the first minister who preached to them after their former pastor left, and although several other brethren supplied with a view to the pastorate, they were fully convinced that the Lord intended Mr. Davidson to become their pastor; hence the gratifying unanimity with which the invitation had been given to him. This decision was then publicly confirmed in the usual way by the Church, and by the joining of hands of the pastor and deacon.

Mr. A. K. Davidson then related some incidents of his early life whilst he was a scholar in the Little Alle-street Sunday-school, of the deep impressions produced on his mind while listening to the plain and impressive ministry of the late Mr. P. Dickerson, of his subsequent call by grace, and the text, Isa. liii. 5, 6, which sacred portion was applied by the Holy Spirit to his heart, and which afforded to him peace. He then related the exercises of his mind with reference to the ministry, and to the encouraging manner in which the Lord revealed His will to him in the important matter; that the Lord had very precious blessed his labours, especially in his last pastorate, where he had been ten years. He then gave his reason for accepting the invitation to the cause here, and related very clearly and fully his confession of faith. Mr. P. B. Woodgate, of Olley, delivered the charge to the pastor, and urged the need for cultivating thorough and spiritual knowledge of the Scriptures,

and the abiding connection that the Holy Ghost will assuredly bless the faithful proclamations of the Sacred Word. Mr. J. Bedingfield, of Halesworth, then offered the recognition prayer, very fervently commending the pastor and people to the God of all grace. The chairman then addressed the Church, and dwelt upon the spiritual union of the regenerated family of God, and the more manifested union that is seen and felt in Church fellowship. Mr. B. J. Northfield spoke of the special need the pastor has for the prayers and help of those under his pastoral care, and expressed the conviction that Mr. H. Davidson would be thus encouraged by the people amongst whom he would labour. The proceedings awakened considerable interest; the services were largely attended, the neighbouring Churches of truth being well represented.

SURREY.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—As a worshipper at Zion Baptist Chapel, London-street, Norbiton, and taking a deep interest in the prosperity of the same, I feel it my duty to give you some account of that part of the Lord's vineyard. The chapel is situated in the main road leading from Norbiton Church to Kingston Bridge, and about half a-mile from the Market-place; a better position could not have been chosen. [We were at stone-laying.] On Whit-Monday, June 2, 1884, our anniversary was held. Sermons were preached afternoon and evening by Mr. James Clarke; the first from Rev. vii. 14, 15. He was ably led out in endeavouring to express the blessedness of the believer in heaven, the certainty of arriving there, and, as much as it was possible, his employment there. So blessedly was our brother Clark helped, that some were heard to say they had been taken there by faith, and longed to go home. The evening text was 1 Tim. i. 11. We had another soul-cheering discourse on the unfolding of the glorious Gospel of the blessed God committed to Paul's trust. The divisions of the text were: (1) It was God's Gospel, not man's, and it was the same Gospel that had been revealed in the Word of God from the beginning of time, and will be to the end; (2) Its glory consisted in its antiquity, in its immutability, its suitability to poor sinners, its never-failing efficacy, the everlasting honour it brings to the Author of it, and the final salvation of a number that no man can number out of every kindred, tongue, people and nation. The attendance was very good. Tea was provided. The pastor of Zion Chapel, Norbiton, is Mr. Preston Davies, who has laboured there for seven years, six years as a supply, and more than a year as pastor. He is well known in the ministry to most of the Churches in Cambridgeshire, in Leicestershire, Staffordshire, and Shropshire. He is worthy of hearing by those who appreciate an intellectual, truthful, and instructive ministry. I have heard him now for some time with profit, and have reason to believe that his ministerial prospects at Zion are most encouraging.—Yours in Gospel bonds, JAMES PAGE, Kingston-on-Thames.

MR. BOWTELL'S EXPERIENCE.

RECOGNITION SERVICES,
LONDON-ROAD, SAPFRON WALDEN.

Mr. J. D. Bowtell commenced his labours as pastor in June, 1883, after a unanimous invite from the Church, he having preached on many occasions from October, 1879. June 10, 1884, the Church and congregation met to publicly recognise him as their pastor. Service in the afternoon commenced by Mr. J. Simpkin giving out the hymn, "Kindred in Christ, for His dear sake," after which Mr. Smith read 1 Tim. iii., and implored the Lord's blessing. W. Beach, Esq., stated the nature of a Gospel Church. Brother Bowtell gave a résumé of his call by grace, stated he received his first impressions at the early age of eleven, from hearing Mr. Howell read and expound the fifty-first Psalm. This wore off until he was prostrated by a serious illness; when his mother asked him concerning his hope of heaven, leading him to self-examination and to the conclusion he was destitute of "a good hope through grace." About this time, being exercised in his mind, he was induced to sow under the eaves of a thatched building (a very unsuitable place) three walnuts, saying at the time, if one of these grow, it shall be an evidence that I am a child of God. The circumstance was forgotten for some time, when it was discovered one of them had grown, causing joy for a season, and giving hope that in God's time He would make it manifest he had an interest in His everlasting love. For twenty-eight years the tree bore no fruit, causing many anxious fears that such would be the case with him; no fruit, but only leaves of profession. These fears were removed by the tree bearing fruit, but this alone was found insufficient ground to rest upon. In 1863, being again afflicted, these words, "This sickness is unto death," were powerfully applied, when thoughts of death, the judgment, and eternity were laid upon the mind. Soon after the Lord in a powerful manner applied the words, "Christ in you the hope of glory," giving joy and consolation, but associating with some who were for salvation by works this joy declined, and darkness of mind followed.

At this time "Godwin's child of light walking in darkness" was very helpful, and Tobia Crisp on Isa. liii. 6 was the means of leading him into clearer views of the truth. When at Harwich for his health, heard Mr. Dyer from Hag. i. 13 to his soul's comfort, and realized his relation to the elder brother who was born for adversity. Accepting an invite to accompany a friend to Ipswich, then mixing in worldly company, he had these comforts removed for some months, causing many groans, tears, and prayers, which were at length regarded by Jacob's God. Visiting a female in affliction who had received a remarkable manifestation of God's love to her, he became more importunate in prayer, and asked for a special revelation like her's. When the words of Jer. xxxi. 3 were applied, "I have loved thee with an everlasting love." These were thought too great for such a sinner, and he refused to be comforted, asking if they were true to receive the application of

them again, which he did with the addition, "And with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." Soon after his own evil heart questioned the reality of them, seeing his prayer for a special manifestation was not answered. When wrestling in prayer, a faith's vision was given of his suffering Lord on the cross, whose agony was awful to behold, causing him to cry out, "My sins, my cruel sins that pierced my Jesus so," which was followed by a long season of enjoyment and sweet communion until Burrell's work was presented to him, which greatly tried him; but the bands were broken, and release again given. He heard Mr. Beach preach from Judges xiii. 23; and read Francis Spira's solemn end, which caused him to fear such would be his case; but the Lord again broke in upon the mind with, "I am the Lord thy God which brought thee up out of the land of Egypt, thou shalt have no other gods before Me." A fresh trial awaited him by the remembrance of the past sin of blasphemy, which was suggested as unpardonable. Again the Lord rebuked the accuser with, "My grace is sufficient for thee, for My strength is made perfect in weakness."

(To be continued.)

STONEHOUSE, DEVON.—MR. EDITOR,—I was looking at "Trinity," and I thought of Rudman, of Corbitt, of B. B. Wale, of John Hunt Lynn, and of your funeral sermon for John Corbitt, when eleven hundred people were counted out of that spacious place, which my father saw erected for Arthur Triggs. Oh, Banks! I have many times seen it crowded, and I remember your sermon on "Christ's Passion," and many more. Now, I cannot stop in Plymouth. All the way down here is awful. After I leave Bath I can find no one, even to Land's-end. In Bath there are, you know, Isaac Spencer, George Cudlipp, and the sterling John Huntley. I manage to get a Sunday in Bath. Then I plunge into the large "Valley of Hungering for the Gospel Bread." But, dear soul, the pulpit bakers nearly all the country over only give us stale bread. So I wrap myself up in my ever-glorious Lord, and one word from Him, with a smile, an unction, and a promise, make me as happy as ever I expect to be this side of the river. To do business, to get money, to satisfy the governors of the firm seems impossible. But I was here when William Trotman's anniversary was. They collected a large sum, and he was helped. Lamentation and woe are in all the churches here; so I feel.—[We have a note from Wm. Trotman. He writes cheerfully of his anniversary. But death is down there. He says: "Several dark clouds hang over us, causing trouble and sorrow. Four of our brethren, including our brother Northcott and brother Harvey have been laid aside by severe illness. Our brother Symonds was taken on Whit-Sunday, and on our anniversary-day was drawing very near his end; on the following Monday he died and left nine children. I suppose you are thinking of getting across the river. It will be a joyful

rest for you and for all labourers and warriors. The flesh shrinks and starts; yes, 'the man lingered,' though it was Sodom he was leaving; and the angel who was leading him forth, and Jehovah who was merciful to him, yet the man—Oh, yes, it was the man that lingered, and still it does so. The mighty one of Jacob fainteth not, neither is weary. The Christ lingered not in His journey; He failed not; it is the sinful flesh that still cleaves to the earth.—Yours in Him, W. M. TROTMAN."

NOTES BY MR. W. WINTERS.

TWO WATERS.—This ancient cause of truth has been favoured with some of the most able men of God that ever preached the Gospel, but most of them have gone to their rest. I heard special and honourable mention made of James Wells, C. W. Banks, John Foreman, Samuel Milner, John Hazelton, and a few of the *Standard* order who had preached there. Friday, June 27, W. Winters preached afternoon and evening. It is hoped by God's blessing some will soon be baptized. Mr. F. D. Beauchamp, friend Picton, and others help on the work. A faithful ministry is maintained, God is honoured, unity and love abound.

SNODLAND, KENT.—Never did the cause appear so encouragingly strong as on the day of its anniversary, June 19. W. Winters preached afternoon and evening. There was a full house to tea. Mr. Wood continues to preach with much acceptance. I was glad to meet him and his energetic friends, Mr. T. Hollands and Mr. Sedgwick. It was also very refreshing to meet Mr. George Webb, of Maidstone, Mr. Adam Dalton, of Sutton-at-Hone, Mr. Combs and Mr. Crowhurst, of Meopham, Mr. Paterson and family, of Larkfield, Mr. Worsell, of Halling, and other friends. The God of all grace favour this cause and other causes with abundant peace and prosperity.

WATFORD.—In this fast growing neighbourhood has recently been erected, through special providence, a new chapel, called "Mount Zion," a beautiful sanctuary. Its position is excellent; its style is unique for simplicity and comfort. The gable front is of red brick, with stone facings, and the interior is well benched with rostrum to match of pitch pine; the roof is open and match-boarded unstained, which causes it to be light, airy, and pleasant to the beholder. The vestries are all that could be desired. The friends have partially secured a plot of land at the rear of the chapel, with the hope of eventually building a schoolroom upon it. The ground on which the chapel stands cost £168, and the entire estimate for the erection of the chapel amounted to £700. I am sure the builder has done his work nobly well and remarkably cheap. The chapel has been erected for Mr. George Burrell, many years pastor of the old cause in the same town. This new chapel was opened July 3. W. Winters preached morning and afternoon; Mr. George Burrell, the pastor, preached in the evening. The chapel was thronged with attentive hearers.

BEXLEY HEATH.—Anniversary of Old Baptist Chapel occurred June 18. Two sermons were preached: afternoon by W. Winters, the evening by Mr. Belcher. The latter brother has been supplying here for some months with acceptance. The cause has seen many changes during the past half-century; it is still supported; the plain Gospel of Christ is proclaimed. The chapel stands well in the High-street; the locality is a growing one. God send them a valiant man of truth, and favour them with powers of appreciation to support him and to encourage him.

ENGLAND'S GRADUAL PROCESSION ROMEWARD.

DEAR C. W. BANKS.—In reading the E. V. this month I was quite refreshed to find that brother Benjamin Woodrow enters a protest against the use of instrumental music in truthful places of worship; and in your acknowledgment of his communication was very pleased to see you add that you had not used it for fifty years, and you would not now. I was rather struck last week with a remark in the *Church Times* in an article upon Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, where the writer said that he (C. H. S.) now stood alone among his own men in his "Calvinism," and went on to say that the Catholic "revival" in the Church of England had stamped out the "*miserable Swiss heresy*" that so long troubled her, and that English Dissent was so wanting in backbone, that it could not receive for doctrine what the Church of England had rejected. While I am firmly persuaded that what the writer calls a "*miserable Swiss heresy*" is God's truth, however unpalatable and unreceivable it may be to the carnal mind, I could not help thinking how English Dissent was posting after Low Church, which is posting after High Church, which is posting after Rome. I fear that the old-fashioned truth (called, for sake of distinction, "Calvinism") is becoming unpopular in our day, and that in many of our Strict Baptist Churches, if a man shuns not to declare the whole counsel of God, he often thins his congregation. But I was going to remark how Dissent is posting after the Church, among other things, in the matter of instrumental music. I have been told, and on good authority, that this was never known from New Testament days till it was hatched in Rome; and we have it on Scriptural authority that the false Church is decked with an outward splendour (Rev. xvii. 4). Surely, sir, this introduction of instrumental music is opposed to the spiritual New Testament worship of simplicity and truth, and from my own observation I should think it is always introduced from pride, or as a means of keeping people together; in other words, a little turning aside to what is wrong, that good may come. I would ask our brethren who clamour for harmoniums, organs, &c., to look round on any place of worship where they are just starting one, and observe which way the established Christians and most spiritually-minded members are in the matter. For

many years I have attended public worship at different parts where the singing is entirely congregational, and where the congregations have varied from 6 to 6,000, and never yet heard a breakdown, or anything approaching it.—I am, sir, yours respectfully,
THEOPHILUS.

OUR DESPISED BADGE.

JOSEPH IRONS wrote against us, the National Church, all the other Churches laugh us to scorn, yet we are not extinct; we grow. What the Lord will say to them who despise the commission is not for us to say. We were not made Particular Baptists by men, but by the Saviour's own word. For more than half a century we have conscientiously been quietly held to it. We have only the poor of the world in our companionship. It has never moved us; we rather glory in the fact that we follow Christ. Let others pour contempt, we can bear that, and worse, by grace divine, rather than bow to the mammon of the world. We condemn no man, we judge none; we have enough to do to condemn and judge ourselves. Nevertheless, in preaching, in experience, in ordinances, we have no rule but Christ's own commission. He called us. We have loved Him in all His ways, although we have never served Him as we ought. The stream on whose banks Paul preached and Lydia was converted gave its name to the old city. Crenides, the "City of Springs," was its name before its conquest by Philip of Macedon. So soon as Lydia believed, with all her house, she was baptized. The stream was hallowed, or at least made memorable, by the first baptism in Greece and in Europe. Paul had preached Christ to her and her household, whoever they were. She believed, and so did her household—believed in Christ's death and resurrection. Then came the imperative duty and privilege of picturing the truth, of "obeying from her heart the form of doctrine." She "was buried with Christ in baptism," planted in the likeness of His death, and raised in the likeness of His resurrection. It was a living tableau—the embodiment in living form of the truth and the fact of Christ's atonement, and her union with Christ by faith. Her baptism might well be described by Mrs. Sigourney's lines—

"Then with a firm and fearless step
The watery path she trod,
And gave with wondrous, deathless trust,
Her being to her God.
And when all drooping from the stream
She rose like lily's stem,
Mothought that spotless brow might wear
An angel's diadem."

We do not know how Mr. Cole preaches, but his poetry is often excellent. He says—

"O, precious Christ! baptize me with Thy fire,
And thus consume my sin. Let sacred flame
Burn up each evil thought and base desire,
And so may I bear worthily Thy name.
Baptize me with Thy love—Thy warmth in part,
And cause the springs of gratitude to flow;
Take Thou possession of my frozen heart,
And, with Thy heat, set my sad soul aglow.

Baptize me, gentle Jesus, with Thy peace,
Then turmoils of the world will not annoy;
Within my breast will passion's warfare cease,
And quietness exist without alloy.

Baptize me with Thy joy, then earthly care,
Upheaved by heavenly winds, will float away.
As thistle-down is borne upon the air
By the brisk breezes of an autumn day.

Baptize me with Thy light, so shall I see
My pathway, though the mists of doubt
May lower;
Then shall I run my radiant race with glee,
Strong in Thy strength, rejoicing in Thy power."

Amen! My inmost, new-born soul doth,
before God, say Amen!

C. W. BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.

MUTUAL LOVE.

MY DEAR BROTHER in "the King of glory,"—Many years have run their round and millions of our fellow mortals have exchanged worlds (some near and dear to us) since you and I have known each other both as sinners and as saints. Let us raise the old Ebenezer, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us." Our path has not been strewn with flowers, yet sweet mercies have counteracted sorrowful miseries, "He hath not dealt with us after our sins," &c. I do hope yourself, dear wife and family are all in the sweet enjoyment of the best of all earthly blessings, health and strength of body, associated with spiritual health and happiness of soul. I admire your article on "A Feeling Religion." 'Tis solemn to feel we are sinners, and sweet to feel we are saints, neither of which are felt, known, and confessed, without life in the soul. "Perilous times" now, brother, Satan the band master, with his frantic street musicians, called the Salvation Army—rather the Seditious Army—are driving the masses into an hysterical, sensational form of godliness, filled with hatred to the power thereof. Bless God we can say, "No confederacy" with such a system.

I have been laid aside sixteen months with severe affliction, four months confined to my bed, have been to the gates of death, but now through abounding mercy my general health is much improved, head still is weak. At the commencement of my illness the whole of Isa. liii. was made precious to my soul, and more or less remains so till now. Sweet views by precious faith of the substitution, sufferings, sacrifice, salvation, and satisfaction of our most glorious Christ. O my brother, what is to compare with "the glorious Gospel of Christ?" Hope you feel happy in the proclamation of it at Zoar. Long, long, may you be spared to blow "the great trumpet" with a certain sound. I long to be at it again by the will of God, and sometimes think I shall—nothing is too hard for the Lord—I want to live nearer to the dear Saviour, to "Rest in the Lord, and to wait patiently for Him." You and I, my brother, are nearing our journey's end, our time will soon be up. How sweet to feel at times an inseparable union to, and imperishable oneness with the Christ of God, so as to "Rejoice in hope of the glory of God." O

for more faith in love to, and knowledge of, the Lord Jesus. Sometimes in the dark, "mourning without the sun," corruptions rising and Satan roaring, one wonders how the scene will end. Bless God for divine and covenant immutability, "I change not," therein centres our eternal security.

I do feel truly grateful to "the Father of mercies" for His providential kindness through kind friends, in supplying my needs for some time if spared. But these are not my God. If spared to the 11th of July, I reach my seventy-fifth year, I expect you are near the same. 'Tis some time since we knew each other at Bexley Heath. O what have we passed through since that time! Bless the Lord, He hath been mindful of us, and merciful to us. I hope you feel happy and comfortable in your work at Zoar, I have had many sweet seasons there in Mr. Felton's time. I often get some sweet morsels from your thought-book. My wife's mother, "an old disciple," ninety, has one, and much admires it. We still have in use the fire-guard you gave us when you left Lincoln-street, for Australia, it often affords us thought and conversation about you and old times. May "showers of blessing" fall upon thee, thy dear wife and family; the Lord be with you all. My dear wife unites in best love to all.

Yours, as ever in the truth,
T. STRINGER.

17, Grosvenor-street,
Camberwell-road, S.E.

MY DEAR BROTHER STRINGER.—I was glad to hear from you, glad to hear that you are better in health, glad to hear there is some hope of your again standing as a valiant man in Israel, on the walls of Zion; glad to hear of the Lord's merciful goodness to you. "The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble." You speak of Bexley, and conjure up the distant past, the Kelseys, the Bouldens, the Dagnells, the Gumbrells, &c., nearly all of whom are gone. It is forty-one years ago since you first dined with us at Bexley Heath, you were then a big, bony, bold Bonerges; and the thunder you fulminated against the Arminians in Bexley Chapel, went rumbling up the valley to Bexley Heath and greatly disturbed the Arminian camp there. I met one of the most pretentious of those Pharisees, and he said to me, "I read nothing of predestination in the Bible." Then I said, "You have not read the Bible carefully." "Yes, I have," was his tart reply. "No," I replied, "you have not, or you would have read these words, 'Whom He predestinated, them He also called,' &c. Thereupon he impiously drew himself up to his fullest stature, and folding his coat over his breast, said in deepest tones of enmity, "I would rather be damned than believe it." I felt awe-struck at the man's impenitency, and left him after saying, "And you will be damned if you are not predestinated to salvation."

Many days have passed since then, many changes we have seen. We have had and pass through the furnace since we first passed

through the fountain (Zech. 13, first and last verses). When I was first convinced, I was convinced of actual sin, and when that sin was drowned in blood I had such a sense of purity that sin seemed utterly dead and gone. But, ah, me! I knew nothing then of the dross that the fiery furnace has since revealed. And the more we are made to feel the hidden evils of our nature the more we thank God that the fountain is open still.

Oh, brother, how smoothly some professors pass through life! I sometimes think that they have not religion enough for the devil to tempt. Not long ago I heard one of your London ministers in prayer thanking God for his respectability. How my soul trembled for that man. He was thanking himself like the Pharisee in the parable. We have a vast amount of sleeky sentimentalism in our Churches, some may learn the doctrine of Luther as easily as others learn the doctrine of Loyola. Wesley's choice hung upon the toss of a halfpenny.

Let me say in conclusion that I have always esteemed you for your fidelity to the grand old doctrines of the Particular Baptists. As to the "Salvation Army," their conduct in the streets convinces me that the "gentle Jesus" is not their Captain, nor the "meek and lowly dove" the Spirit of their cause.

With our united love to you and yours,
I am, dear Thomas,
Your affectionate brother,
B. COZENS.

ST. NEOT'S.—MR. EDITOR.—We are favoured, as some think, with the witnessing of many of the bright stars in our pulpit, where my patriarchal father in Christ preached so many years; and though he has gone from us, he yet speaketh to some of us grey-heads. Some of us pray for another of the Lord's made, the Spirit's sanctifying and sending pastors. Will you give us an exposition of Gideon's pitchers?

"Oh, who shall lightly say that fame
Is nothing but an empty name?
When memories of the mighty dead,
To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye,
The brightest rays of cheering shed,
That point to immortality."

Forget Christ speaking in them? Nay, we cannot.

A BISHOP IN A FOG.

BELOVED BROTHER IN JESUS.—The old Pulham bishop in a dense fog! Storks sometimes stand upon one leg, to keep them awake, watching against their enemies; but yesterday my poor, weak head, seemed sowed up in a bag. I felt all confusion and wretchedness, and not a leg apparently to stand upon. I read of the poor publican standing afar off. I suppose he did not wish to disturb the pharisee, and so got as far off from him as he possibly could, determining that God only should hear what little he had got to say. Poor thing! while he was got far off from the pharisee he felt he was himself on account of his sins, far off from God, and far off in himself from all that was good. Such a feeling might well make him cry so

earnestly for mercy. He looked down and smote himself, being killed to looking at and finding fault with others. Yes, his smiting was all with himself, which left him neither time nor room to smite his neighbours.

I felt yesterday something like the Psalmist, who says, "I sink in deep mire where there is no standing." Alas! my brother, I sunk down into the deep mire of sinful and abominable self, and of course could find no standing there; and all I could do was to sigh and cry, "Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise Thy name." I found the truth of our Lord's words, "Without Me ye can do nothing," and I also could see the force and weight of Paul's words, "He that planneth is nothing, and he that watereth is nothing; it is God that giveth the increase." But, perhaps, my brother will say, "What can all this mean?" I will tell you somewhat of the cause, the wind now being fixed in the East is contrary to me, affecting my head and nerves, putting my old man quite out of order. My poor mind was all confusion and darkness, my ideas all beloudered, and my heart like a cold stone on the hard road. While I seemed like a stammerer and a chattering swallow, that passage came into my mind, "He stayeth his rough wind in the day of His East wind." I was hard to believe it, when some of my friends told me they had heard the Word to profit, and some said, "Why did you leave off so soon?" I replied, "Because I had nothing more to say." Indeed, I was miserable beyond expression.

In the evening, however, let me say, to the praise and glory of God, there was such an outpouring of the Spirit upon our dear friends at the prayer-meeting in the vestry, that I felt my spirit within me to be greatly cheered and refreshed. and so the sun did not quite go down upon me, as I expected it would do. I told my brothers and sisters at the close of meeting, I was sure the dew fell according to God's appointment, sometimes on the fleece and sometimes on the ground; and I felt as though I loved them more than ever. If I am sometimes instrumental in giving them a lift by the way, God certainly made them instrumental last evening in giving me a lift by the way. Oh, how they pleaded for me, and told the Lord all about the bitter complaint I had made! Thus ended another Lord's-day, and thus ends my short epistle to you, Your affectionate brother in Jesus,

B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, March 13, 1884.

BAPTIZINGS.—At Carlton, Beds, on June 29, two believers were baptized by Mr. King, after a sermon from Acts x. 47. On the following Sabbath they were received into the communion of the Church, the pastor addressing to them words of encouragement and counsel from Psa. ii. and Ruth ii. 8.—F. KING.—In Avenue chapel, Camden-town, Mr. Burbridge recently baptized six who confessed their faith in the Lord, their hope in His Word, and the grace of repentance as given to them.

HORSELL.—"Quick-eye" wants reflection glasses. James Page was pastor after George Comb in 1825; but good, clear, full-type James Page went to Richmond, and finally to Tring. He was a faithful contender for truth without mixing. He was a long time getting over Jordan, but on Jan. 22, 1851, when only 60, he departed. Oh, Horsell Common, how many pulpit men you have had since G. Comb and James Page left you! cannot you find another "JOY"?

BAPTIZING SUNDAY AT CUBBERLEY.—July 6, 1884, will not be erased from our memory for many years to come, should we be spared. The preceding week had been an unusually hard one; great conflicts, temptations, and trials we had experienced. Our time had been fully taken up with the business in which we are engaged. And, oh, my reader, bear with me one moment, and I will tell you what goes on behind the scenes. It was almost twelve o'clock when I retired to rest on Saturday, July 5. About half-past three I awoke, and was soon downstairs. In my room where my books are, there you may have seen me; there I had to wrestle and wait. Cry to Him who hath said, "I will hear"; and verily it was true in our case. A passage, a text, came—viz., "Can any man forbid water?" &c. Yes, that is it; to work we went, thinking, I mean. And then the whole plan of the ordinance came before our mind, from John the Baptist down to Paul at Ephesus; when the time arrived for starting our journey to Cubberley, we went with much trembling; yet we seemed to have a deep conscious feeling in our soul that God was with us. We arrived at the time, a quarter to eleven. The service commenced with singing; then we read Matt. iii. Then, with a deep feeling of our unworthiness, we sought the help, blessing, teaching, and presence of our Father above. Then, in the name of our God, in the strength of the grace God bestows, we announced the above text. We sought to show that the ordinance of believers' baptism was ordained by the Lord; then that Christ Himself suffered John to baptize Him as positive proof that it was consistent to the Father's will. Then we tried to describe the character of those who were the proper subjects of baptism. Lastly, we asked this important question, Why are we Baptists? 1. Because it is in harmony with the teaching of the New Testament; 2. From our conviction of the truth of Christ and His apostles' teachings; 3. Because it is obeying the loving command of Jesus our Redeemer; 4. Because no other way into the Church is right, according to the Book of God; 5. We look upon it as a holy privilege bestowed by our adorable Lord upon all His children. Then we were privileged to immerse five in the name of the Trinity, as seals of Christ's Gospel through a poor trembling creature like me. It is the Lord's work, and who can hinder it? who can be against us? who condemn? Our only hope is in the everlasting righteousness of Christ; our only plea is, "Christ died;" our only answer to all is, "Christ is risen;" our only hope is in "It is finished;" our only expectation is in "It is done."

"Nothing in our hands we bring;
Simply to Thy cross we cling."

All other ground is sinking sand. May the precious name of Christ be glorified in all we attended to. His Gospel still prove the power of God unto salvation in very many precious souls around us, and prosperity attend the whole Church of the living God throughout the whole world until the whole family is safely gathered in to sit beneath the banner of divine love. So hopes yours sincerely,—THOS. JONES.

POULNER, NEAR RINGWOOD.—The 44th anniversary of Sunday-school was celebrated Sunday, July 13, 1884. The pastor preached in the morning; at 3 usual service for the young was held; pastor gave the address, and Mr. Marchant was heard well; also Mr. G. Webb, of Crowe, said he often thought when teaching the young the way of life, how great was the responsibility resting upon him, and of those words in the Psalms, "Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way," &c. Hymns were sung by the scholars. In the evening interesting service was given, and great attention paid by a large congregation. The annual tea to the children was on Thursday, July 17; a public tea afterwards, and a meeting, at which Mr. E. Colman, of Bournemouth, presided. After the hymn,—

"Through another year of blessing,
By our Father's love we're spared,"

Pastor W. H. Payne, of Lyndhurst, implored the divine blessing. "Jesus all the way" followed by the choir. The chairman expressed pleasure at being present, and, after an earnest address, the pastor gave reports for the year, which he did by comparing the state of the cause and also the neighbourhood of Poulner now and 10 years ago. When he first commenced his ministry there, in 1874, the number of members was 18. Since that time more than that number had been dismissed to other Churches. The Sunday-school numbers were 20 in 1874; now there were 50 on the books. The congregations were also better, and the morals of the neighbourhood were in a better state, owing to the beacon-light of the little cause of Baptists in Poulner, which was like a city set on a hill, which could not be hid. This was a cause for thankfulness, encouraging them to hope to the end. He believed that several present knew Jesus as their Saviour, but had not openly confessed Him by baptism. He trusted during the coming year these would come out boldly on the Lord's side. W. H. Payne said at a recent Association meeting of Baptist Churches the report from Poulner was encouraging in the fact that the Church was sending out ministers and Sunday-school teachers in all parts of the country, and the latter part of the report stated that the Word of God is still sounding out from Poulner. Let pastor and congregation take courage, and let the parents pray earnestly for the salvation of their families, and train them up in the admonition and nurture of the Lord. Mr. J. J. Diffey, the pastor's son, from Christchurch, gave his experience and views of Sunday-school work. Before being teachers of the young they should be taught themselves, and know the way of salvation. If the teachers did not know the way themselves, how could they teach it to others? Let them think of this, and to those who were Christians he would say, Ask a blessing on the work from God, and expect to have it; then they would get it, for they were told to ask, and the promise is that those who ask in faith should receive whatsoever they asked for. Addresses were also given by Mr. Castle, of Ringwood, and Mr. E. Marchant, of Burley, who was introduced to the meeting as an old Sunday-school worker. The meeting was then closed by singing, "Come, Christian brethren, ere we part," &c., and prayer from the pastor.—EDWARD DIFFEY, Ringwood.

KNOWL-HILL.—That once much-favoured chapel, standing on the grand old aristocratic road between Maidenhead and Twyford, was the scene of chequiness and a little life on its anniversary, July 15, 1884. Mr. Varney, of Reading; Mr. Brown and his son; Mr. Vize, Mr. Clinch, and others, helped to render the services interesting, edifying, and pleasant. Two sermons were given by C. W. Banks, and the widows Hearn and Shepherd, assisted by a band of

Christian ladies, furnished a refreshing meal between the meetings for worship. We were grateful to see our good brother and his blessed "help-meet" from Maidenhead, and the gigantic chairman from Reading, all like Christians united in the one faith of the ancient and enduring Gospel of the grace of God. Brethren Varney and Brown are the officiating curates on Sundays, and they are God's voice to publish the truth, and to keep the cause alive. This Knowl-hill chapel was erected in 1829, and Wm. Savory (who died at Brighton) gathered a congregation, formed a Church, and preached to the people for some time. The venerable B. Mason and his curate, James Webb, were the last settled ministers here; their remains rest in the homely little cemetery in front of the house of God. Mr. Thomsett, the Reading pastor, is still unwell; but Hope says he will speedily be restored. As years roll on, the valiant men of Israel are removed hence. In some cases the children and the strangers fill up their places; but call us bigotted, conceited, narrow-minded, or what you please, it is no use denying the fact that the soul-piercing, the heart-melting, the Christ-adoring, the truth-exponing power of God is scarce, hard to realise in these days of culture, of change, and of scientific racing.—O. W. B.

DALSTON.—Our nineteenth anniversary at Forest-road chapel commenced on Sunday, June 29. Mr. Jonathan Ezra Eley preached the sermons. On Tuesday, July 1, R. E. Sears delivered a discourse on praise and thanksgiving, God's wonderful condescension, His power, and the wonderful riches of His grace in raising the poor out of the dust, that He may set them with princes, was very graciously set forth. In the evening Mr. Dearsly gave an account of the origin of the cause here. He said he was desirous to see God's causes of truth prosperous, and it was a pleasure to take part in any enterprise to this end. This cause was started because there was no cause of truth in Dalston. They first met in a room close by, after a while took this place, and the truth has been preached here ever since. Some good has been done, and though faint, yet pursuing. I desire to look upon the place as a memorial of God's goodness. Some have thought I ought to have stopped here. It was the desertion of some that made me come to the conclusion to leave. I shall always take a lively interest in the cause, and hope I may live to see it prosper. Brethren Osmond, Eley, Broadbent, and James, under the presidency of R. E. Sears, gave addresses.—J. W. B.

WATFORD.—On Wednesday evening, July 16, after a social tea, a Church, consisting of 42 persons, was publicly and solemnly formed at Mount Zion Chapel, Queen's-road, based on the Articles of Faith which have been in use for many years in many of our old-established Strict Baptist Churches, which solid and precious truth has been by us embraced and lived upon. We trust, for many years, and which, with united prayer and hands lifted up to Zion's only rightful Lord, Law-giver, and King, we solemnly pledged ourselves, in His communicated strength, to maintain and defend in this Christ-despising, and truth-hating age. The solemn ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered to the newly-formed Church, and the solemnising, sanctifying presence of Zion's great Head realised and felt.—GEO. BURRELL, Pastor.

LISLE-STREET, NEAR TRAFALGAR-SQUARE.—On Friday, July 4, Mr. Bolton delivered a Gospel discourse. He is suited to a large sphere. He feels and means what he speaks, and speaks from and for Christ.

CLAPHAM.—The twenty-third anniversary of the opening of Ebenezer chapel, Wirremberg-street, was celebrated on July 8. For some years previous to the opening of this place, and up to the present time, Mr. Henry Hall has ministered to the people. There have been many changing scenes and vicissitudes: but, as Mr. Hall said, "Hitherto the Lord hath helped," and although he (Mr. H.) is toiling in business all the week, yet the Lord has sustained him, and with proofs it has not been in vain; and to Him be all the praise. In the afternoon of June 8 Mr. Hazelton gave a searching discourse from Rom. ix. 25. Mr. Hill followed in the evening with a sermon from the words, "The hope of eternal life," in which the believer's hope, which buoyed up his anticipations of life eternal, were logically, feelingly, and plainly set forth, to the joy and rejoicing of many. The brethren Higham, Noyes, and Waite, assisted in the services.—J. W. B.

CITY-ROAD.—At Jireh the prospects are cheering. Mr. Waite, we hope, has been sent of the Lord instrumentally to revive the cause there. Anniversary services were on June 22 and 24. Mr. William Waite preached three sermons on the Sunday. On Tuesday Mr. R. E. Sears delivered a sound Gospel sermon from the words, "I have given thee on the palms of My hands." At public meeting, brethren W. Winters, R. E. Sears, G. Pocock, J. S. Linsell, W. Fellows, and others, directed the people's attention to the works and wonders of free and sovereign grace. Mr. P. Reynolds was to have taken part, but was prevented through very severe indisposition.—J. W. B.

BURY-ST.-EDMUNDS.—That long-standing pillar in Rehoboth Church died early in July. Mr. W. Tooke conducted the funeral service, preached the funeral sermon, &c. A record of this sad event for Rehoboth may be given.

Marriage.

On June 18, 1864, at St. Giles, Camberwell, George Isaiah, eldest son of the late Isaiah Beach, of Chelmsford, to Minnie Spindler, eldest daughter of Samuel Wadsworth, of The Gardens, East Dulwich, S.E.

Deaths.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. EDWIN STACEY.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR SIR,—It is with the deepest regret that I have to inform you of the death of Mr. Edwin Stacey, which took place at New Cross-road, S.E., on Friday, July 4. Understanding that a brief sketch of his life would be of interest to many readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL, I forward these few particulars for publication:—

In December, 1831, at the age of fourteen, he left school, and entered the offices of the London Missionary Society, where he laboured most earnestly for forty-seven years. During this period he wove around him a large circle of friends in consequence of the great interest he took in those who were sent abroad to make known the glad tidings of the Gospel. Not only did he do that which was required of him so far as their connection with the Society was concerned, but in many instances rendered kind services to their families, making his name a household word, both at home and in distant lands.

In 1861 he had the honour of being presented with a substantial recognition of their gratitude in the shape of a handsome marble clock; a

purse containing 150 guineas, subscribed for by over 130 missionaries in India, China, Africa, West Indies, Madagascar, and South Pacific Islands; together with an illuminated address, signed on their behalf by Robert Moffatt, D.D., James Sewell, Edward Storrow, John T. Wardlaw, D.D., and William Gill.

It was his desire to be granted health and strength to complete his jubilee of service; but this, however, he was not permitted to do, for in May, 1861, he was suddenly seized with a stroke of paralysis which deprived him of the use of his left limbs, and partially affected his speech; and so severe was the shock that all hopes for his recovery were lost. In the following year his missionary friends were anxious to renew their assurances of the interest they still retained for his welfare, that although smitten down by affliction he was not forgotten, and presented him with another purse of 150 guineas. For more than three years he bore his sufferings with the most patient submission, and for a time cherished the hope of being so far restored as to be able to enter upon his duties again.

His complete helplessness was a severe strain upon his dear wife, who attended him both day and night during the whole of his illness, which often concerned him more than his own troubles. If ever the promise that "as thy days so shall thy strength be" was fulfilled, it was in her case, whose ill-health for years previously had caused much anxiety; for although she had not one complete night's rest from the time of his seizure to that of his death, yet she was graciously sustained to nurse him throughout. He had been a member of the Surrey Tabernacle for about 39 years, and was consequently well known by many attending there, and highly appreciated the visits of those kind friends who called to see him. He was not a "noisy Christian," but rather impressed one with the truth of the proverb, that "example is better than precept."

He had naturally a warm heart, especially towards the poor of God's family, which kindly feelings enlarged rather than diminished during his illness. You may remember that he started the fund for Mr. Thomas Stringer, which you so kindly took up; but you may not be aware of the circumstances which led to the suggestion. He had been passing one of those painful and weary nights which he so often had to endure, and awoke suddenly from a short doze and said to his wife, "I have had it impressed upon my mind in a forcible manner to send friend Stringer a trifle," and anxiously awaited the morning, when he could send a letter with a small donation. It pleased him very much to see the hearty manner in which your appeal was responded to.

For about a year preceding his death, he was unable to lie in bed, and during the two last months was confined entirely to his bed-room. His sufferings were most painful to witness, yet I never heard him complain. At times his wife would converse with him upon the hope he had for eternity, and he would say that while he doubted not his interest in the finished work of Christ, still he could not realise that enjoyment of assurance that he wished. Latterly he seemed quite comfortable in his mind, and longed for his end to come when he could quit this world for his home above. He evidently knew that he was sinking, and one evening when his daughter bade him good-bye, he said, "Now do not say you wish me better."

Two nights preceding his death he had been dreaming, and awoke much disappointed. Upon being interrogated by his wife he replied that he had been having such a glorious ride in his chariot over those beautiful mountains, and there was room for one more, and that place was for her; and oh, to think that it was only a

dream! He then asked her to read the 739th hymn in "Denham's Selection," in which the following verse occurs:—

"Oh, think with what rapturous shouts we shall rise,

To join with the glorified choirs! [skies,
When Jesus' bright chariot appears in the
And death at His coming expires."

The next day a decided change for the worse set in: his sufferings were great, and he laboured heavily with his breath. At three a.m. on Friday he lost consciousness, and remained so for seven hours, and just as he appeared to leave his last breath, another fit seized him, and with a slight flutter, or convulsion, his spirit passed away.

The interment took place at Nunhead Cemetery on the following Tuesday. Mr. Wilkins, pastor of Heaton-road chapel, conducted the service, and one of Mr. Stacey's colleagues offered prayer at the grave on behalf of the sorrowing relatives and friends.

I remain, my dear sir, yours faithfully,
THOMAS J. ANDERSON.

IN MEMORIAM OF THE LATE THOMAS HAMMOND.

Thomas Hammond was born in the year 1848, the son of a godly mother; he grew in the knowledge and fear of the Lord. From a scholar in the Sabbath-school at Soho chapel, Oxford-street, he became a member of the Church, worshipping at that place, and was baptized by the pastor, Mr. John Box, in the year 1874. School and Church associations lasted with him to the end; and although compelled by various reasons to vacate his seat as a teacher in the school, his life proved to be one of unspeakable usefulness, the influence of his Christian character not having lost its effect upon those around him, and he was privileged to see some of those who had been scholars in his own class themselves engaged in Sabbath-school teaching and other Christian labour.

Having a good ear for music, he entered enthusiastically into the service of song in the sanctuary; and after the death of Mr. John Freeman, the precentor, was appointed to fill his place, and continued so to do until attacked by the illness which resulted in his death, which took place on Wednesday, June 18, 1884. He was thirty-six years of age, and left behind him an aged mother and a sorrowing widow. He, by the grace of God, sustained a true Christian character, and exemplified by his humility whose he was and whom he served.

His mortal remains were interred on Saturday, June 21, at Paddington Cemetery. An impressive service was conducted at the grave by his pastor, and the large number who were present to pay their last respects to his memory, testified to the regard and esteem in which he was held by those around him.

On Sunday evening, June 22, special reference was made to his demise. The words chosen for a text were taken from I Sam. xx. 18: "Thou shalt be missed, because thy seat will be empty." The service was a very solemn one, and the hymn, "For ever with the Lord," was sung by the choir after the Benediction had been pronounced.

Soho, July, 1884.

E. J. W. W.

IN LOVING MEMORY OF MR. THOS. HAMMOND.

By Mrs. Eleanor White.

Dear friend, thou hast gone; but why should we mourn thee?

Thou art far from all sorrow, and free from all care;

Thou hast cast off thy garments, by sin all polluted,

And art clad in the robes which the glorified wear.

We knew thee in childhood, in life's early morning;

Thy friendship was constant, thy words they were truth;

And memory blinds us with fondest affection

To the friends we have loved in the days of our youth.

Thy walk was consistent, we could but admire it,
Thy meekness of wisdom, and spirit of love;

We know thou wert ready and waiting to enter

The home that thy Father prepared thee above.

We shall miss thee in Zion, thy seat will be empty.

We shall ne'er hear thy voice in the service again;

But we know though with grief we are call'd to resign thee,
Our loss is to thee an unspeakable gain.

We shall miss thee, dear Thomas, thy warm loving greeting

So true and sincere, is a loss we must feel;

But our Saviour who wept at the grave of a lov'd one,

Can bind up our wounds, and our broken hearts heal.

Dear Lord, we would bow with child-like submission,

For canst Thou not do what Thou wilt with Thine own?

Thou hast gathered Thy child to Thine own loving bosom,

And hast taken him far from the evil to come.

Then, Lord, give us grace to follow the footsteps
Of the dear one we loved, who has gone to his rest,

That we too, like him, may be ready to meet
And join him at last in the home of the blest.

Mr. Ophir Clark (late of Wormingford, Suffolk), died at Barking, Essex, on July 2, after a protracted illness of great suffering, consequent upon the loss of his right arm by amputation, through disease. Our departed friend leaves a widow and four small children unprovided for, and your readers will doubtless remember the appeal made in the June number of the EARTHEN VESSEL, by brother Winters, for pecuniary aid for our brother, and the following friends are hereby thanked for their kind response thereto:—Mr. Whitlock (per Mr. Winters), £1 1s.; Friends at Blakenham chapel, £1 12s. 6d.; Mr. E. Furlong (Woolwich), £1 1s.; Mr. J. Willison (Aylesbury), 10s. These donations have been gratefully received by Mrs. Clark, who thanks friends for their practical sympathy in her hour of need, and should other friends feel inclined to help, the writer will have great pleasure in forwarding the same to the bereaved widow and family.—Yours, &c.—R. J. NORTFIELD, George-street, Huddleigh, Suffolk.

Mr. John Christopher Woolcott, of New Malden, fell asleep on June 18, 1884, in his 72nd year. His remains rest in Norbiton Cemetery.

The memorial addresses on the death of the late Mr. John Banham (whose funeral sermon we should have preached on July 13) will be found shortly. He was one of "the old school," and there are here and there one remaining yet.

Baldwin Brown, of Brixton, and Dr. Aveling, of Kingsland, have been called from their offices and work here. For many years we have known them—by report—known them as intellectual thinkers and speakers on the lines of benevolence, culture, science, and human responsibility. We trust their spirits are happier now than ever. Dr. Aveling has come out of much tribulation.

Our very long known, and in Christ the beloved, Mr. Richard Eve, of Ballham, breathed his last here, July 6, 1884. We have his own narrative, in his own handwriting, which we hope to publish in a future number.

“And Take Away my Sins!”

A SOFT solemnity, a genuine and holy harmony, an unctuous rolling into the soul, emotions indescribable, were realised by me as I sat in the Woodford Baptist Chapel pulpit on Sunday evening, August 10, 1884, it being the anniversary of their Sunday-school, and which is no mean institution. Nearly 200 well-looking, well-clothed, well-behaved lads and lasses filled the long front seats of the side galleries; a good choir filled the extreme end gallery; and a congregation of from three to four hundred persons filled up the bottom rows of seats. We had gone through the morning and afternoon services comfortably. At the evening service the whole of the newly-erected sanctuary looked well filled up. Two venerable gentlemen, Christian brethren, each read a hymn, which the young people sang in such a soul-stirring spirit, with such heart-melting power, that caused me silently to weep from true gratitude that I was permitted to mingle in solemnities so sacred. Each of the brethren before mentioned read a portion of the Word, and each offered fervent prayer to the God of all our mercies. Then, with my soul much exercised, I read the text—

“BEHOLD THE MAN!”

Not the *Enoch* called “man” in Job and other Scriptures, which is but a sickly, dying creature, but the “*El-Geber*,” the strong, the mighty Conqueror, the GOD-MAN, the “IMMANUEL”—“*God with us*.” The Man CHRIST JESUS, “the only one Man that ever came out of the bosom of the FATHER, the heavenly Man, though now crowned with thorns, clothed in a purple robe, mocked, scourged, reviled, and falsely accused, now introduced by that shallow, unprincipled Pilate with—

“BEHOLD THE MAN!”

In that scene there was a representation, first, of the powers of darkness; all hell was let loose to assail, to torture, to ridicule, to destroy “the Man of sorrows.” Nothing Pilate could say to them of Jesus’ innocence could pacify them. “Crucify Him!” “Away with Him!”

“WE WILL NOT HAVE THIS MAN TO REIGN OVER US!”

No warning Pilate’s wife could send to her husband, which a dream had produced; no straightforward answers Jesus deigns to give Pilate, no smiting of Him was enough for them. No! Satan ever remembers where he once was, an angelic spirit of great beauty and power. Satan ever remembers what first produced enmity and jealousy in his spirit. It was when the Almighty *brought in*, in the council chambers of eternity, His First-begotten, and made the proclamation—

“LET ALL THE ANGELS OF GOD WORSHIP HIM!”

Then the enmity, the jealousy, the madness, the mortification, the malice, the revenge, and the hatred of Beelzebub sprung into existence; and as the Holy Ghost saith by John in the Revelation—

"There fell a great star from heaven," and "the name of that star is called Wormwood."

Bitterness against Christ's eternal sonship; bitterness against Christ's supremacy and sovereignty; bitterness against the undying union of Christ to His Church; bitterness against the everlasting relationship between Christ and the children the Father gave to Him; bitterness against the heaven-revealed truth that all the Saviour did as a Saviour He did for His people, fulfilling that divine proclamation in that *positive*, that absolutely certain decree of heaven, "THOU SHALT call His name JESUS, for HE shall SAVE HIS PEOPLE FROM THEIR SINS."

This great *wormwood star* fell from heaven, originally from the high heavens; but he was and is an angel still, though a bitter, a sour, an envious, a crafty, a cruel, a soul-deceiving spirit, a semi-religious spirit; and, as the late beloved James Wells sets forth in his "Lectures on the Revelations," this bitter wormwood, this fallen angel, has come down, having great power and great wrath, and nothing is so awfully dreadful to this mighty fallen spirit as that JESUS should be exalted above all, and that His Church should be exalted with and through HIM. The great wrath of the Jews, of the Pharisees, and of the Scribes, of the "vagabonds" in the days of Christ's sorrows and sufferings, was only a sample of the great wrath Satan ever manifesteth against the Person of Christ and the people the Father has put into His heart and hands. Not only in the unexampled persecution, the bloody slaughters of the saints, but in the temporary overthrow of many of the faithful messengers of Christ in all ages, of whom Peter's downfall was so striking an example. "Satan desired to have Peter that he might sift him as wheat."

But Christ had His eye upon Satan's movements, and Christ had His eye upon Peter's self-confidence, and Christ knew the work Peter had yet to do in the Gospel kingdom, and therefore Christ did not say, "Satan shall *not* have you;" but Christ did say, "I have prayed for thee that thy faith fail not." Nor did Peter's faith in Christ ever fail him, for it originated in the revelation God gave to Peter of the eternal Sonship of the Messiah, and that faith never did leave Peter, nor will it ever leave any soul in whom a divine revelation of the CHRIST OF GOD is made. It is of GOD, and GOD will maintain it. I proved this when the late John A. Jones, the late blessed James Wells, the late esteemed William Crowther, and others were all against me, when they rather ridiculed me, but it never moved my faith in the co-eternity, in the co-equality of the Son of God for one moment. Whatever has failed me—and almost every earthly thing has failed me—yet my faith, my deep affection, my fast hold of Christ as the eternal gift of God to His elect, has never been shaken. Although many are civil to me, yet almost I stand alone, and I seek no communion with any who hold not firmly, lovingly, confidently, the everlasting covenant oneness of the Son of God with His Father.

I have referred to old John Knox's war with Osorius, who wrote against Christ's righteousness being alone the righteousness of the saved ones; and the whole scheme of Popery stands on this *time-bank of sand*—the good doings, the free-will repentings, the givings and workings of the creature. And I do not know how to distinguish between Osorius and the Wesleyan creed. WHAT DID Osorius say? He believed, he

wrote, he said: "*The whole magazine of our salvation is placed in this—that by our pious labour and industry we should purchase the kingdom of God for ourselves.*" Osorius further said "*that they who affirmed faith only is sufficient for salvation are mad, and they are singularly serviceable to the old serpent, and every action we undertake is wholly unprofitable if faith only is sufficient.*"

THAT DOCTRINE OF Osorius IS TRUE when applied to that faith of the creature which the American orator and nearly all the regiments of Arminians (from the Pope of Rome to the New Pretender) preach. But THE FAITH which justifies, the faith which the Saviour preached, the faith which the apostles have defined, is most expressly, emphatically with immense meaning therein involved, called—

"THE FAITH OF GOD'S ELECT."

"The faith which worketh by love;" "the faith which purifieth the heart;" "the faith which overcometh the world"—this faith is a compound of divine knowledge, of heavenly desires to embrace Christ as the All-and-in-all; of a hope of which the possessor shall never be ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the HOLY GHOST, which is given unto us."

To prove that that bitterness is still poured out by the great fallen star, *Wormwood*, I must notice the recent issue of a volume on Christianity, in which the author declares "the fourth Gospel is a deliberate fabrication." John's very blessed Gospel of Christ, with His prayer to His Father, and all the precious distinctions and promises therein contained—"a deliberate fabrication!" O man of God! Has God Himself made *the truth* known to thee, to thy soul? Then praise Him, cling to Him, contend for Him who is "all thy salvation, and all thy desire!"

Secondly.—In the scene wherein Christ is introduced by, "BEHOLD THE MAN!" not only are the powers of darkness represented, but the fallen world—yea, the whole race of worldlings—are pictured forth by the man Pilate himself. Pilate cannot find any fault in Christ, but he will crucify Him. The devil can find no fault in Christ, but he will forge lies against the Son of God. The fair class of worldlings can find no fault in Jesus Christ, but they will not stand *up, out, with, and for* CHRIST. No! No! And I fear that many of those well-paid pulpit-orators preach—if not a false, they do preach a mixed Gospel; part of it true, part of it not true. But the Scriptures said it would be so, and I must leave it.

Thirdly.—In "THE MAN" all heaven was represented. Oh, how I would rejoice to trace out all the attributes, the perfections, the doings, the unfoldings of God's great salvation which this "MAN" possessed, accomplished, and revealed. This "MAN" was not only His FATHER'S SON, but He was His FATHER'S Servant. He was in all the secret councils of His FATHER'S will. He was His FATHER'S faithful Ambassador. He came not of Himself! He came not to do His own will, but the will of Him that sent Him! He came not to speak His own words, but the words His Father had given Him. There was such a perfect agreement between the Eternal God and the GOD-MAN which He sent, that Jesus could say, "I and MY FATHER are ONE!"

This "MAN" came to set up and establish a *religion* superior to

any system of religion that had ever been perfectly seen before in the world. The Word of God says but very little about religion, and what it does say is not expressive of very much value in the vital salvation of the soul. That is GOD'S WORK from the election to the presentation of the same, without spot or wrinkle, by CHRIST before His FATHER'S throne.

Religion stands between the two creations—the creation of the natural and the creation of the spiritual. The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork. Whatever is created by God—and God only can create—whatever comes out of His heart and hand will proclaim His glory. What preachers of God's glory are the different parts of the nature system! No man, that I ever yet heard of, has dared to say, "I helped to make that sun to shine," or, "I helped to place those stars where they are!" Nay, will any school-man, or culture-man, any philosopher or professor, come and tell us that he helped God in the flowing of the seas, or in the blowing of the wind? We had a terrific thunderstorm last night, and while the heavens were rolling over their awfully deep anthems, I lay and sung to myself—

"The God that rules 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 heav'nly powers
To carry us above.

There shall we see His face
And never, never sin,
There, from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasure in."

George Horne, that once pretty-looking Bishop of Norwich, says, The natural heavens, by their influence and productions, point us to God, the God of glory, as alone their Author. In the creation of the soul, by the Holy Ghost, in the pardon of sin, in the justification of the sinner, is there any partnership, any participation of the creature? No! It is by free, sovereign, rich, perfect, perpetual, eternal, and entire grace of God alone.

Religions!—There are many in the world. The one called by James "the pure and undefiled before God and the Father" is but the outcome of saving grace in the soul. This grace brings into the soul the SPIRIT OF CHRIST, and as He went about *doing good*, as the pure flowing forth of the love of God that was in Him—so, whosoever is "created in Christ Jesus" will prove it by "those *good works*" which spontaneously flow from the fountain of eternal Life, which the saving grace of God opens up: and every act of grace in the saved soul points directly to God alone as its Author. Whoever the man may be who will dare to put *man* as a co-worker with GOD, with the Father, with the Son, and with the Spirit, in the matter of salvation, proves thereby the delusion which carries his soul from, not unto, the God of grace and glory.

Oh, people! parsons, deacons, members of Churches, teachers of children, do consider that Satan can transform himself into an angel of

light. He can fill a man with a heart and head full of *pious pride*. Satan can dress a man up in the garment of apparent sanctity! Satan can make some sacrament, some ordinance, some doctrinal system, some creed, to be the idol of a man's heart; and to that idol the man falls down to worship it: or, the apparent purity of his character, the success of his enterprise, the homage paid him by his sycophants; yea, a thousand things may make up a religion of delusion, in which a man lives, glories, and is glorified; in which he dies and knows not he is lost, until he comes up to the foot of the throne, with, "Lord, Lord, in Thy name we have done many wonderful works!" who, for the first time will hear the sound, "*Depart from Me! I never knew you!*"

Who has not read of that Montanus, who called himself "The Comforter?" Munster asserted that all of his opinion were God's elect, and that all the children of their religion were to be called, the children of God, and that all others were to be condemned, for they were appointed unto destruction.

Religious delusions have been rife, ruinous, and sadly deceiving; but I must close by a brief reference to that which indicates safety and salvation for every soul who hath it.

On the Sunday evening to which reference has here been made, at the close of the service, the hymn they sung made a deep impression on my spirit, and from the expressions of the congregation, I felt they were truly singing and praying from the sanctified feelings and desires of their hearts. I am sure the hymn took fast hold of my spirit, and it carried me up to the mercy-seat in earnest prayer. Where Mr. French, superintendent of the school, found the hymn I know not, but the the following are the words,—

"A few more years shall roll,
A few more seasons wane,
And we shall be with those at rest
Till Christ shall come again:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where God Himself
Lights all the glorious clime:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that bright day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that blest day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while
And He shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with Him may reign:
Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that glad day;
Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

The words of that hymn are conclusively the breathings of a seeking soul. God's quickened children are often most jealous of their state; and that, I know I am; and the refrain of the hymn exactly expresses the prayer of my soul night and day—

"Oh! wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away."

But the heavenly kind of tune they had, the alto, the soprano, the gradually rising chorus; yea, the whole piece altogether was, to me, a spiritually crowning of the whole day's service. I felt I would carry the feeling, the silent cries of my soul, to my latest moment; and have

this witness in my conscience, that He has "washed me in His precious blood, and taken all my sins away." Of the Woodford Baptists and the Churches all around, I have notes to give. The length of this notice far exceeds what was intended by—

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, Aug. 11, 1884.

"HE MUST INCREASE."

BY JOSIAH MORLING.

[A friend at St. Neots sends us the following letter for insertion. We only care to send forth savoury testimonies to the excellency, the glory, the value, the eternal beauty and blessedness of our LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST. Josiah Morling is of the same mind, therefore we believe the following will be acceptable.]

DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—May grace, mercy, and peace be richly and abundantly accorded to you, from the great fountain fulness, from which is supplied all the needs of the spiritually necessitous who are in this lower world, and from which all the glorified ones receive, and ever will receive, all their bliss and glory. Of that fountain prophets have written, and poets sang,

"And shall not we take up the strain,
And send the echo back again?"

Yesterday morning (Feb. 6th), as I was walking in an Easterly direction, I could not but admire the brilliancy of one of the stars, or rather planets (the Scriptures do not make a distinction between a star and a planet. A *planet* is a celestial body revolving about the sun, but a star is a self-luminous sun). After walking some distance, I perceived a gradual fading of the brilliancy of that star, which we will call the *morning star*. The cause of its fading was to be attributed to the gradual rising of the sun, the great luminary of the day. Just then the following words came with some weight to my mind, "HE MUST INCREASE, BUT I *must* DECREASE." So spake John the Baptist, and his testimony was true. The thought occurred, John was like that star, Christ was like the sun. Christ is called a *Sun* (see Psa. lxxxiv. 11; Mal. iv. 2). The servants of Christ are sometimes called stars (Rev. i. 16, 20). This gave rise to a few other thoughts, some of which are as follows:—

Reverse the order of the passage, then you have *John decreasing, Christ increasing*. *The morning star had a positive glory*. John was a star which had a positive glory. The testimony of Christ Himself was that, "He was a burning and shining light" (chap. v. 35). And indeed he was. He shone brilliantly as the Lord's prophet, while his utterances fell like coals of fire upon the hearts of the people, who went into the wilderness to hear him. Matthew introduces him as though every one knew there was such a person. "In those days came John the Baptist, preaching in the wilderness of Judea, and saying, Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand," which shows to us that John was a Reformer. And truly he was, and as such none ever occupied a more important position. A position which he ultimately sealed with his

blood. Strictly speaking, he belonged to neither the *old* dispensation, nor to the *new*, but was a kind of *connecting link*. He was the last on the list of the prophets, and the first to point to Christ as the "Lamb of God." He seemed to close the door of the prophetic dispensation, and put his hand upon the latch, and just open the door of the Gospel dispensation, and take a peep upon its super excellencies, and call the attention of those around him to those glories, but was not permitted himself to enter in (Matt. xi. 11). His name is mentioned no less than ninety times in the New Testament, besides being referred to in the Old Testament.

The light and glory of the morning star was borrowed, or derived. John's light and glory was derived—indeed this was true of all the Lord's prophets. We sometimes speak of the *greater* and *lesser* prophets, for, "One star differeth from another star in glory" (1 Cor. xv. 41). None of them shone with a brightness exceeding that conferred upon them, but all to the extent of the glory conferred, all answered the great end designed, but none received the glory and splendour of John, for he told of His coming, pointed to Him, and baptized the Incarnate Deity. It ought to be remembered that God's servants still shine in the spheres in which He places them, and to the extent He gives them ability. Hence the folly of complaining that Mars is not so large as Jupiter, or because all the planets have not the bright rings around them, as Saturn has, or because they are not all as *far from the sun* as Uranus—I would rather be like Mercury, very much nearer the sun. *The morning star seemed to be a kind of forerunner of the sun.* So John was the forerunner of Christ, in his birth, ministry, and death (see Luke i. 36; John i. 23; Matt. xiv. 10, &c.). He was a voice which soon died away, although the echo seemed to linger a little.

There was an apparent consciousness on the part of the morning star of the approach of the sun. So with John, "There cometh one mightier than I, whose shoe lachet I am not worthy to stoop to unloose." What a blessed, enviable humbleness of mind did this display! How willingly and gladly would he sink into the unseen that Christ alone might be seen and be all in all. Aye, and is not this the feeling of every godly minister of the Gospel? "I was determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ and Him crucified." It is said the late Mr. Gadsby visited Dr. Hawker, and when He returned said he had not seen Dr. Hawker, for it was all Jesus Christ, from going in to coming out.

The morning star was plainly visible to the naked eye till after the sun appeared above the horizon. John was seen till after Christ entered upon His public life. No doubt he continued to preach and to baptize till he was taken prisoner by the order of the incestuous Herod, see John iii. 23, 24. John saw no need to desist as long as life and liberty were accorded to Him by His great Lord.

The star quickly diminished in manifestive glory and was lost sight of after the sun had actually risen. So of John. This is his last recorded sermon, and a very good one it is. He even sent some of his disciples to ask Christ if He was the One or if they looked for another? To which a kind and convincing reply was returned. Soon, very soon after this, the Headsman entered the prison and brought away the head of the honoured man, to gratify the diabolical wishes of a lewd wench,

and her adulterous, bloodthirsty mother. Aye, and to fulfil heaven's wondrous decree. How mysterious are God's ways! How infinitely wise and unerring!

There was no need for the light and glory of the star after the sun shone in his splendour. John was only a voice to prepare the way of the Lord. Now, the great Master, the Sun of Righteousness, was shining on the hitherto darkened minds of men; John could be dispensed with, to shine in a purer region, where he should have no reason to say, "Repent," but, "Rejoice." Thus, as a star he decreased in glory, that he might shine as the sun in the kingdom of his and our Father for ever.

But if John decreased, Christ increased. Not in the perfection of His natures! Perfect Godhead, perfect humanity. We repudiate, we scorn, we hurl back in the teeth of the great liar, and of all his wicked emissaries, the blasphemous assertion that, "Christ had tendencies to sin." His humanity, by virtue of union with the Godhead, was rendered as impeccable as the Deity itself, otherwise the complexity of Christ could have been of no value whatever in the great matter of salvation. Precious Jesus! He is "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners, and made higher than the heavens."

Not in the fulness of light, grace and glory there is in Him. "In Him dwelt all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." "It pleased the Father that in Him should all fulness dwell." What stronger declarations can we have? What better do we need? *Not in His personal and mediatorial work.* That were utterly impossible! Christ is of more worth than all the creatures in the whole universe. There is value enough in His obedience to secure the everlasting righteousness; in His blood to pay all the debts, and cleanse the souls, as also to give access to the Father; in His grace to sanctify and make meet for "the inheritance of the saints in light" for all the teeming millions, who were chosen before time, and that shall surely ever be before the throne of glory after time. "Increase" in His manifestive glory, excellency, worth, as does the sun when he rises towards the meridian.

In manifestive proofs of His Messiahship. "We have found the Messiah."

In evidential, indisputable power to save. "He saved others," "Mighty to save," are mottoes still emblazoned on the grand old banner of the cross in letters of love and blood.

In experimental worth. As the sun does to a child, as it grows into years, in causing vegetation to flourish, as also in giving light and heat.

Was Christ precious to the believers twenty years ago? How much more so now he is so much nearer to the grave, and to heaven! After all the deliverances wrought, and kindness shown, He increases in value to us.

In His fame, which has gone on increasing from the time of His coming into the world.

In the affections of His people. In proportion to our experimental knowledge of Him, so will be our love to Him.

"Jesus, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music to my ear,
Fain would I sound it out so loud
That heaven and earth might bear.

And when this lisping stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save."

In His *manifestive dignity*. At first He was laid in a manger, but He died a crowned king, although with *thorns*. But He rose again from the dead, and ascended up on high, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high, where all the holy angels bow before Him and worship, as also all the glorified saints. The time is approaching when He will come again in royalty and grandeur to receive His own to Himself. O that you and I may be amongst them to swell the song of praise! The glorious army and the song is ever increasing. Heaven's gates are ever open to receive fresh accessions of redeemed spirits, who gladly and joyfully join to increase the heavenly song, "Worthy is the Lamb to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing." Craving an interest in your prayers,
I am, yours in hope of eternal life, JOSIAH MORLING.

Over, St. Ives. Hunts.

THE LENGTH, STRENGTH, AND DECLINE OF THE PAPACY.

"THE origin of the Papacy corresponded with every indication furnished by prophecies. Its character answers exactly to the singularly wicked and evil character assigned by the inspiring Spirit to the predicted power. Self-exalting utterances, great words against God and man have been one of its most distinguishing features; idolatries and false doctrines have been inculcated and promulgated throughout Christendom by its instrumentality; it has made war with the saints and overcome them, fifty millions of evangelicals having been slain by its authority; it has ruled over all the kindreds and nations of Catholic Christendom, and that for more than twelve centuries; and it has for the last three hundred years been wasting to decay, undermined and exposed by the Reformation movement, which itself was the direct result of the revival of scriptural teachings and the dissemination of Bible truth. *The Papacy was never so low* in power, in resources, in prestige, as it is at this moment. According to the Divine programme afforded by these sacred, once mysterious but now clear predictions, the Papal drama is played out. The final scene alone remains,—the DESTRUCTION OF THE PAPACY BY THE BRIGHTNESS OF CHRIST'S COMING.

"In the face of such a fulfilment as this—a fulfilment on so grand a scale, as to the area involved, the events comprised, and the time occupied—a fulfilment affecting countless myriads of human beings during its course of more than twelve hundred years—a fulfilment of immense spiritual importance to thirty or forty generations of professing Christians throughout the world—a fulfilment so little to have been expected, and therefore so peculiarly worthy of being made the subject of prophetic forewarning—in the face of *such* a fulfilment, surely candour would admit, this is that which was spoken by the prophet; *this* is that system of supernatural and soul-destroying error, that dire and dreadful apostasy, revealed by the inspiring Spirit, as the principal power of evil, to arise between the first and second advents of the Lord Jesus Christ."

MR. GUINNESS.

THE LATE MRS. FRANCES HERSILIA FLACK.

BY HER BEREAVED HUSBAND,

*Salem Parsonage, Wilton Square, N.**(Continued from page 236).*

"**B**E ye also ready; for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." Solemn truth, but how little regarded. How we rush on with the rapid whirl of time, as though every one was mortal but ourselves! till some unlooked-for catastrophe overtakes us, or death enters into our more immediate ranks. Then we pause; we stop to think; we ask ourselves a few questions—"Whose turn will it be next?" But how soon is all this forgotten; and again *time* and *time* things seem to absorb all thought. Nevertheless, the end will come, and come to every one of us in particular, to every one separately; and so the Scripture speaks to each and all, "Be ye also ready, for at such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh."

In the month of August, 1881, the dear departed spent a fortnight with a daughter and two little granddaughters at Harwich. On her way home she stopped and spent a week at her native place with her only sister. While on this visit she first felt a pain in the great toe of her left foot. On her reaching home the pain increased, and spread through the foot and up the leg. We, supposing it to be something like gout, asked the doctor to look in and see her, hoping that a little attention and rest would soon set her right. But not so; he immediately pronounced it a plugged artery; and, looking very grave, said it would be a long job, and intimated that it might prove fatal. How sudden and how painful were these tidings to me! How little did I think when she returned home from her country visit that she was crossing the threshold for the last time; but so it was, though two years and a-half of most painful suffering lay before her. On September 21, 1881, she stood on her feet for the last time, but she was most blessedly prepared for it by the words, "As thy day so shall thy strength be," and "My grace is sufficient for thee." These two promises continued most precious to her to the very end; also those sweet lines of Watts'—

"The Gospel bears my spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging God
Lays the foundation of my hope
In oaths, and promises, and blood."

At this time our only single daughter was taken seriously ill, and lay apparently dying for weeks; the mother entirely confined to one room and the daughter to another. The affliction was indeed great. Faith was sharply tried. But strength was proportioned to the day. Grace was sufficient, and the Gospel did bear the spirit up. Oh, what an unmistakable reality the Gospel is! What stern, what glorious facts it is made up of! In the midst of these things she one day said to me, "These words have been very much on my mind, 'Be content with such things as ye have;' and I have been thinking we had better try and be contented with these afflictions, for if these were taken away, something worse might come in the place." I began to look about and wonder what worse thing could come. A wife and daughter both apparently dying, and myself exercised with divers other trials. While

I stood and wondered where the scene was to end, I could but admire the grace that shone so conspicuously in the dear sufferer. During the first three months of her illness, when helped out of bed she could sit in an easy chair for two or three hours a day and do a little needlework or a little reading. At that time she would read aloud to me, and that was a great help. But that did not last long. I soon observed a failure. After a page or two she seemed to become confused, and could not express herself distinctly.

In the last week of 1881, she one day made an effort to hop across the room, hanging on the foot-rail of the bedstead, but suddenly falling, she came down with all her weight on the bad foot. This caused her greatly increased suffering and exhaustion; for some little time her life seemed ebbing away, during which she was very calm and quiet, her mind being stayed upon her God, the Gospel bearing her spirit up. But she rallied again, and for a time, on being lifted out of bed, would sit in an easy chair, or recline on a couch, to do a little of her favourite needlework. One day when so engaged making a little garment for one of her grandchildren, she said, "I can't feel my needle." The following week she discovered that the foot and leg on the same (right) side were powerless, she could not move them. The entire right side was paralysed; the pain in the left foot was gone, and never returned. The plugging had given way, and the rush of blood to the brain had caused paralysis. She lingered for two years after this, but was never able to turn herself in bed, or to feed herself, through the whole two years. At that time the doctor pronounced her case as hopeless. He said she might last a while, or she might go at any moment.

On April 3, 1882, at about six in the morning, she sank into a state of unconsciousness, her chin dropped, and she lay the whole day breathing as though her last breath had come. The family was telegraphed for, and from eight a.m. till about the same hour p.m. we all sat watching, expecting the end with every breath. But to our utter astonishment, in the evening her mouth closed, her breathing became more natural, and in a short time she opened her eyes. During the following three days she was able to talk a little, and her mind was sweetly composed. Her conversation was, as it were, in heaven. Oh, what a verification of the promises before given! Her mind was stayed upon her God, and she might be said to be kept in perfect peace.

On the following Friday (being Good Friday) she sank into the same state of collapse again; and again we watched through the whole day for the last. And oh, what solemn hours were they! Services were being carried on in the chapel; we could hear the singing, which, with the very solemn scene before us, made it appear as though we were watching at the very gate of heaven. Here we seemed brought into the inner sanctuary, into the holy of holies, to be more than ever confirmed in the grand realities of the glorious Gospel. What mingled feelings, what varied thoughts, kept rushing through the mind!

Now thanksgiving for the grace given for such scenes, and for such suffering; then bursts of sorrow at the prospect of so soon losing one so dear; and so this strange, this mysterious day, passed away. How suited the poet's words:—

"My hopes and fears alternate rise,
And comforts mingle with my sighs."

Aye, they were more than sighs that day, they were sobs, as we watched hour after hour and heard nothing but that monotonous hard breathing. But at night the mouth again closed, the eyes again opened, and again, with astonishment, we had to exclaim, "She is yet alive! *Who can tell?*"

(To be concluded next month.)

HOW CAN SINFUL MAN MEET HIS MAKER?

SERMON BY MR. MOXHAM, AT PROVIDENCE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

[Mr. Moxham is one of the young men now coming forth to fill the places, either of the fathers who are gone to glory, or of those who are worn-up, or of those who, although still capable of ministering the Word, yet their services are not required. We intensely pity those good men who have laboured for years with some success, but have now neither means nor ministerial employment. We strive our utmost to keep such honoured brethren, who deserve the support so difficult to be obtained.—C. W. B.]

"Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."—Psa. lxxxv. 10.

THE Psalms—most of them, and this one in particular—describe to us some of the scenes through which God is pleased to bring His people. With those who believe in God the very accidents of life are not accidents, but occasions. They give us matter for prayer, and send us to God; and the benefits of our life—they, too, are sent as occasions for gratitude. The favours and mercies which we receive from our God, therefore, they cause us to sing. They afford an instructive theme for the day, and put in our mouths a song for the night: "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." And the benefits which we are continually *expecting* from our God, they, so to speak, belong to those better things which God has provided for us; for it is only as we are continually expecting some better things from God, some greater things than we have seen as yet, that we can recognise His hand in all things; and God will keep His people in expectation from Him and constant waiting upon Him, that even the ordinary providences of life may be to them good things, cheering benefits, which come down from the Father of all their mercies. We recognise His hand when we are blessed in answer to our prayers. When He visits us in a way that we did not expect, it is a token that we are favoured of God. But God keeps His people continually expecting, that they may trace *all* their good things to Him. When He shall come to us at last, those who are expecting Him shall say, "This is our God; we have waited for Him." "I have waited," said Jacob, "for Thy salvation, O Lord."

All our knowledge of God is but introductory. We are only learning first rudiments of the things concerning our God; we are only acquainting ourselves with rules by which right knowledge of Him can be obtained. All that we can learn is how to exercise them, and to place our hope and trust in God; and these things are methods by which we appropriate the good things of God. We have learned to have faith if we have learned of Him at all, and faith, and hope, and trust, are but methods of appropriating God's gifts and mercies. All our lifetime we are learning how to take from His hands those things

which He freely gives. We have continually (in the Psalms) such expressions as that in verse 6: "Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee." Reviving is desired by the soul that is already alive. A prayerful spirit looks for the things that feed the spirit of prayer. Our faculties are revived in Nature's way: when we are weary we obtain rest in sleep. The flowers, and the trees, and the buds, and the tender grass, they, too, are refreshed in Nature's way by the showers which the heavens drop down. The rain makes them revive and lift up their heads toward the God who quickeneth all things. When the mariner is becalmed at sea, without a breath of wind, he is refreshed when the gale comes. So we look for the refreshings of the Spirit. The influence of the Spirit is like rain on the mown grass; the auspicious gale is the breath of the Holy Spirit (laden with the things of the Spirit). "Wilt Thou not revive us again, that Thy people may rejoice in Thee?"

To come to our Psalm. We find the Psalmist, in his experience, acknowledges God's favour: "Lord, Thou hast been favourable unto Thy land"; and a little further on, "Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy people, Thou hast covered all their sin." We are obliged to remember our sinfulness and our readiness to sin; let us oblige ourselves to remember also God's readiness to forgive. Our progressive experience and knowledge of God do but teach us how much we stand in need of His help, and we find the Psalmist uses these words: "Wilt Thou be angry with us for ever? wilt Thou draw out Thine anger to all generations? Show us Thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us Thy salvation." This is the prayer of one who has already seen that the Lord is good. Salvation comes as a free gift from our God; He bestows it out of His own sovereign bounty and grace. The grace of God brings us salvation, and the God of grace brings us to salvation; and we say, as the Psalmist, "I will hear what God the Lord shall speak." What does He say to us? "Eat, O friend, and drink abundantly, O beloved." And why? Because "mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other"; and truth shall spring out of the earth, and righteousness shall look down from heaven.

Now in the text we have,—

1. Divine excellencies, and their relations to each other.
2. The opposing interests concerning which they met together, as described in the text.
3. Their mutual agreement.
4. The happy termination of that which they have taken in hand.

First. Divine excellencies, and their relations to each other. "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other." "Mercy," "truth," "righteousness," and "peace," are excellencies, because they belong to the excellent Jehovah in whom we have our being—God, whom we call "Our Father which art in heaven." They are what we may call God's own offspring. And when we speak of mercy, disassociating it for a moment from God, we can say:—

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed.
It blesses him that gives and him that takes,

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest, it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
It is the attribute of God Himself."

Mercy is the offspring of God Himself. It results from His being what He is. And when I speak thus of mercy, I think I may include all the evidences of it that we, and angels, and the lower creatures have in them. All the natural affection of fathers and mothers, and the natural care of the animal creation for their offspring, come as His gift in whom mercy has a habitation: it is the offspring of God. All the mercy, love, and tenderness we have in our hearts we have as the effect of the mercy and goodness which belong to the being of our God. "It droppeth from the heavens upon the earth beneath."

"Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness. Let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together." Immanuel Himself has been pleased to descend and drop His love and mercy in drops of blood, and the doctrine of God drops as the rain on the hearts of men. "Let not mercy and truth forsake thee; bind them upon thy neck, write them upon the table of thine heart." Mercy is God's offspring, even natural mercy. It is because of the Lord's mercies we are not consumed. Mercy is so dear to Him, that in foretelling what His dear Son should be, He said, "My mercy will I keep for Him for evermore, and My covenant shall stand fast by Him." Nothing is so dear to God as that which belongs to Himself, and so, when He would endow His own Son for His great work, He said, "My mercy will I keep for Him." "To thee belongeth mercy;" but vengeance also belongeth to God. You and I have given God a right to take vengeance; but vengeance does not belong to Him in the same sense that mercy does. He has taken the character of an avenging God, but mercy is proper to His nature. Vengeance belongs to God because sin belongs to us. But He retaineth not His anger for ever because He delighteth in mercy. "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

We have next to consider *truth* as a divine excellency. It belongs to the very being of God. He describes Himself as a God of truth; just and right is He. We have the constant evidence before us that all His way is truth. Truth is so dear to us in natural things that, not content with approximate truth, we pursue our investigations up to accurate, definite, perfect truth, whereon we can build; and in spiritual things we try the spirits, know the doctrine, "prove all things, and hold fast that which is good." God is the great foundation of all truth; and when we can trace any teaching, doctrine, or word, until we find our God at the bottom of it, as the author of it, and His glory as the end of it, we may be satisfied, and build our hope upon it. Truth is so dear to God that He has chosen very especially to embody it. There are more excellencies in God's beloved Son than you and I ever discovered, just as there are stars in the firmament as yet undiscovered by astronomers. There are depths in the sea unfathomed, secrets in Nature which men have not wrested from her, wonders which we have not yet entered into; and when we come to God's own Son, an ocean is before us, and we only know Him in parts of His ways. There are many excellencies embodied in Him that have not been discovered to

us as yet. All God's ways are equal in Christ, but there are some attributes and excellencies which, because of our weak sight, seem to be embodied more eminently than others. Think of the *glory* of God. "We beheld His glory, the glory as of the only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth." It shines out above everything else. All God's ways are equal in Him. Think of *His love* embodied in the person of His Son. "Hereby perceive we the love of God, because He laid down His life for us." Think of the eternal *life* which is embodied in the life of God's dear Son, "God manifest in the flesh." He has given to us eternal life, and this life is in His Son. All divine excellencies are hidden in Him. "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." He is the Lord our Righteousness, and God has appointed Him to be a mercy-seat. Christ is described as being the truth. It lives in Him, and He is the very fountain of truth itself. "Mercy and truth are met together."

Next we have righteousness, or justice. God's being is the very fountain of righteousness. The name and title of "Saviour" to Him is very dear; it is a glory that He will share with none. "Hearken unto Me—besides Me there is no Saviour." The throne of a Saviour shall be occupied by none save Him who has earned the right to be a Saviour. Now, so dear is God's justice to Him that He has connected His justice with the fact of His being a Saviour. When He speaks of Himself He says, "A just God and a Saviour." "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Justice is put before us in God's Word before any other of His attributes: "In the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die." It runs all through to the last chapter of Revelation, where we read, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth," and, "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still." The law was given that God might be just. The Gospel and all the Word of God are set before men that they may learn of Him as a God of justice; and Jesus came, and died, and delivered up His soul unto death that God might be "just, and the Justifier of him that believeth in Jesus." "Righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

Peace. God is described as "the very God of peace," and it is so dear to our God that, in the person of His Son, He has reconciled the sinner to the God he has sinned against, He has taken our enmity into His own hands, and the power of salvation, too, and in Christ we have "God reconciling the world unto Himself, not imputing their trespasses unto them. We have God making of opposing elements one new man, so making peace. God is a God of peace, and it is the eternal calm, the undisturbed repose of the mind of God. We have thus divine excellencies, and their relation to each other. "Mercy and truth are met together; righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

(To be continued.)

ROCHESTER'S CONFESSION.—The celebrated Lord Rochester had lived a long while in infidelity, but there was one argument in favour of Christianity which he declared he could never set aside—namely, the existing state and circumstances of the Jews.

MEMOIR OF THE LATE MR. CHARLES CHAPEL
DAVIS, OF LARKHALL, BATH.

BY HIS GRANDSON, W. J. WILLWAY.

(Continued from page 243.)

MR. DAVIS was deeply interested in all political measures which were for the well-being of the people. A decided Liberal, he heartily supported the reforming policy of his party for the last fifty years. He had an intense love of liberty and a perfect horror of slavery, so much so that this alone would have prevented his making the United States his home while it existed there. As a platform speaker he excelled, and not only was he constantly in request as a temperance advocate, but when some Mormon elders came to Bath, some years ago, to propagate their religion, he accepted a challenge to a public discussion with them, in which he ably showed the true character of this false religion, and especially did he point out the iniquity of its leading feature, polygamy. He was a man of no compromise, and as he could not conscientiously support the Established Church he chose rather to allow his goods to be seized and sold, than pay Church Rates. During the agitation for opening the Crystal Palace and British Museum on the Lord's-day, a large public meeting was held in Bath, under the presidency of Dr. (now Bishop) Magee, at which Mr. Davis spoke strongly in favour of keeping the Lord's-day as a day of rest, from the tradesmen's point of view, for whom he was appointed spokesman.

One incident I should like to mention as showing his kindness of heart. On one occasion, having to go to London on business, he took my eldest sister and myself, that we might see the sights of London. I suppose he felt rather a pity for us as we had not long lost our father, but when I say that I was only eight and my sister ten years old, it will be seen that it was not giving us a pleasure that cost him nothing, for it must have been no light thing to take two such young children to the crowded Metropolis. As for the pleasure it gave me, I am sure I hardly knew how to contain my joy; and I shall always feel grateful to my Grandfather for his kindness on this occasion. Towards the close of his life, Mr. Davis withdrew from public work, except that he continued to supply pulpits in and around the city. This, however, he was obliged to give up about the end of 1882. He greatly desired to preach for one month longer in order to complete fifty years of public preaching of the Gospel, but this, for some wise purpose, no doubt, was not permitted him.

Day by day he waited for the angel messenger, wondering, as I have heard him say, that others so much more useful than himself should be taken and he left. But at last his desire was granted. In February last, he was suddenly taken ill with paralysis, and lingered in great pain for about three weeks. During this time it was very difficult for him to speak at all so as to be understood. One thing was clear—namely, that he was resting on the Rock Christ Jesus. He repeated as well as he could two texts, "Thy will be done," and "For ye are not under the law but under grace," and he seemed very interested in a hymn, "A debtor to mercy alone," which was repeated to him. But his mind seemed scarcely able to follow the reading of the Scriptures for very long together. And here I would earnestly beseech the unconverted reader to "Seek the Lord while He may be found," to "call

upon Him while He is near," for had Mr. Davis delayed turning to the Lord till now he would have been utterly unable to concentrate his thoughts sufficiently to lay hold of the plan of salvation, so great was the weariness caused by disease. On Sunday evening, March 2, he fell asleep so very peacefully that it was difficult to know the precise moment that his spirit took its flight. The interment took place at the old Baptist Burial Ground, the service was conducted by Pastor Thomas Robins, Mr. Davis's esteemed and valued friend, who spoke from the words, "A great man fallen this day in Israel;" and in the course of an excellent address spoke of the useful life of the deceased and of his many sterling qualities, and above all his thorough consistency and godliness, which enabled him to say with confidence that he committed him to the grave "in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection."

The following hymn composed by Mr. Davis will shew his deep piety and fervent love to the Lord Jesus Christ:—

At the supper near the Cross,
 Jesus His disciples fed,
 Warned them of their grief and loss,
 Taught them in His steps to tread.
 Favoured John above the rest,
 Leaned upon His loving breast.
 Let this blessedness be mine,
 Nought compared with this I crave;
 Let me live with Thee and Thine.
 Thou alone hast power to save.
 When with guilt and fear oppressed
 Let me lean upon Thy breast.

Tribulation's path I tread,
 Thou in love wilt have it so;
 With Thy presence nought I dread,
 All must work my good I know.
 When with sorrow sore distressed,
 Let me lean upon Thy breast.
 Soon the toils of life will end,
 Soon the grave will open wide.
 Then appear my faithful Friend.
 Clasp me to Thy wounded side.
 While by death's kind hand undressed,
 Let me lean upon Thy breast."

WHO? WHAT? WHERE ARE THE TRUE DISCIPLES OF THE SAVIOUR?

[While that useful man and minister of God, Mr. Henry Hall, of Clapham, was speaking to the congregation who crowded Welbourn Hall, on Monday, Aug. 4, 1884 (at the inauguration of the Tottenham Strict Baptist community), I thought much, of which the following is an outline.]

You make me think it must be true that "History doth repeat itself!" Or, that "the Queen of Heaven," which is "*God's revelation of ETERNAL TRUTH*," is called to pass through the same fires and floods again and again. When Nehemiah went to build up the wall in Jerusalem the enemies, he said, "Laughed us to scorn—they despised us, and said, 'WHAT IS THIS THING THAT YE DO?'" Nehemiah's faith answered, "*The God of heaven, He will prosper us: therefore, we, His servants, will arise and build.*"

The services of yesterday and to-day are designed to set forth

NEW TESTAMENT TRUTH

in its doctrines, and ordinances, as believed in and observed by THE BAPTISTS, of which our LORD Himself, with His apostles, were the founders, the examplers, and commanders. Dr. Clifford has written, that "it is no use to tell this age of our origin, but, by holy living, and good doing, we must prove our right to exist." I wish, by the grace of God, we all could live good, holy, useful lives. It is, however, a mercy, beyond all telling, that some of us may hopefully say, with Hart, when viewing the Son of God in Gethsemane,—

"Here's my claim, and here alone—
 None a Saviour more can need;
 Deeds of righteousness I've none;
 Not NOT ONE GOOD WORK to plead—
 Not one glimpse of hope for me,
 Only in Gethsemane!"

Still, I think, as Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever, even so, His great commission is the same to the end of time; and His parting counsel was, to us all who believe in Him with

A LONG AS WELL AS A LIVING FAITH,

who said, "Go ye into all the world; preach the Gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized shall be saved," &c. This commission has always been carried out by some, although it has appeared to be in the flames of persecution and in the floods of tribulation, so as to be almost extinct, yet it has never died out.

"The Church of Pentecost was a community of Baptists." But since then it is apparent that the HOLY GHOST has made the SON of GOD savingly precious to many who were not what are called "STRICT BAPTISTS." What do such Baptists contend for? First, that there should be a full, a fair, a faithful preaching of Christ's Gospel, not Calvin's, nor Luther's, but the Gospel of the grace of God. Secondly, that all who believe in their very souls that Jesus is the only and all-sufficient Saviour should be baptized by immersion. Thirdly, such, and only such persons, should be found in the Church, or at the table of the Lord. These are in the Book of God's will, and we feel bound to keep to them.

Fifteen hundred years ago, infant sprinkling was introduced; it had no divine authority, it has none now, but it is almost everywhere acceptable. Just around where I stand in South Hackney there are ten or a dozen Churches, so-called, where infant sprinkling is practised, while I am the only one who abides by the Pentecostal pattern. I take no merit to myself. I cannot be a sprinkler, nor a half-way Baptist: I can only be a close communionist, whatever others may do. And that there are thousands of Strict Baptists in this, and other countries, proves to me God will maintain the commission of His Son to the end of time. The Strict Baptists in London, made an open confession of their faith and order, September 12, 1663, two hundred and fifty years ago. Of their way and work I may say more, if life and health be given to—

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

Scenes Beyond the Grave and The Pilgrim of Ether Castle. There is a cry for suitable, readable, reliable, truth-telling, truth-smiling books for the crowded hospitals, unions, and mission-halls. Mr. Stanford's two volumes named above are, we think, quite the desirable. We will send them, or give them, to any address sent us. Cardinal Manning claps his wings and laughs most heartily at the rapid increase of Romanism in England. English Protestants! honest Christians! true believers! can we sit still and fold our arms? Oh, will ye not hear the sound, "*Curse ye Merozi!*" We have from pulpit, press, and platform, contended for God's grand old Gospel for more than fifty years. Every injurious falsehood that could be invented has gone forth on the wings of the wind against us. Nevertheless, we have been preserved, and though slapped, slighted, and slurred (all which we have, do doubt, deserved) we continue until this day, and we almost rise up to the persuasion that the call to pay off the mortgage on Speldhurst-road Chapel is designed to wake us up to more

diligent labour. *We may sink under it.* Our domestic afflictions have much increased our trial; but millions of praises we would give to Him who hath delivered us from so great a death, in whom, we trust, **HE WILL YET DELIVER US.** We must get brother Stanford's books out: they are literary revolvers to shoot down the enemies of men's souls.

The Second Annual Report of the Pure Truth Mission. To be had of Mr. G. Stephenson, 12, Crown-terrace, Anlaby-road, Hull. We know these tracts tell the truth very Scripturally. We could never see any common sense, much less truth, in the Arminian scheme and system. The history of the whole world is against it; the prophecies of the prophets are opposed to it; the ministry of Christ is enough to shatter it to atoms. The letters and preaching of the apostles were heaven's truthful inspirations; but nature loves an Arminian ministry; and hence crowds embrace and support it. We know these tracts are freely circulated. Mr. Stephenson has sent us bundles which we have winged away into numerous parts of this country and

her colonies. The tracts can be obtained of Mr. Wileman, in Bouverie-street. Every one who has proved the power and preciousness of heaven's revelation of mercy should scatter these "seeds of kindness" wherever they go.

Salvation: The Way Made Plain. By Rev. J. H. Brookes, D.D. London: Hodder and Stoughton, 27, Paternoster-row. Printed well, bound in cloth for 1s. 6d. No word (after the Saviour's name) is of more weight, worth, or significance than is "SALVATION!" It carries us up to the source, GOD, the eternal God, as the *Author*. The ETERNAL SON of God is the *Procurer*. God the blessed and eternal SPIRIT is the *Revealer*. "Salvation is of the Lord." But who are the actually saved? Where is the individual who, from the work and witness of the SPIRIT within can say,

"I AM SAVED?"

With the life of God in the soul, with the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost, with a conscience purged from dead works by the precious blood of the Lamb of God, with a faith which worketh by love, which worketh peace with God, prayer to God, rendering a willing service for God; such a saved soul will at times rejoice in hope of the glory of God; of such hope, nor of the Object of his hope shall they ever be ashamed. Dr. Brookes, in this portable and chaste volume, puts the whole of an experimental salvation before us in unmistakable terms. Let the tales of fiction be laid aside; but if your soul's value is truly estimated; if you are earnestly anxious to attain unto the assurance of your interest, with the Bible by your side, read "Salvation: the Way Made Plain," and try to get others who may be building on the sand, or not building at all, to read it for themselves.

Wayside Warblings. By J. W. Cole. Woolwich: Pryce and Son. Poetry, like pastry, is not everyone's want. Poetry is too much of a plaything. If any of our readers take pleasure in pleasant rhymery Mr. Cole's "*Wayside Warblings*" will furnish a nice variety.

Home Missions; a Paper read at the Annual Meeting of the Supporters of the Suffolk and Norfolk Baptist Home Missionary Society. By Mr. John E. Hazelton, &c. (Eye: W. S. Nurse, printer). The annual meeting this year at Heaton-road, Peckham, was distinguished, first, for the genuine "*Good News Commission*" opened up with such a steady, sacred, and profound spirit by Mr. Charles Hill; secondly, for the honest speech of the President of the evening meeting, Isaac

Charles Johnson, Esq., J. P., who endorsed that grand piece of truth enunciated by the afternoon preacher, showing it is not the Gospel that really saves men, but the Gospel is sent home to those men's hearts who are saved. We must not take the glory due to our LORD JESUS CHRIST, and put that glory upon the Gospel. The Gospel is a messenger with good news from the high throne of God sent to tell men they are chosen in Christ, they are redeemed by Christ, they are one with Christ, they are predestinated by the Lord God Almighty to form a part of that heavenly choir, which will laud the Lamb with a new and endless song in the bright worlds of clear light, of unmixed love, of perfect liberty, away from all the clouds and commotions of a fallen world. Oh, what glorious news is this! Thirdly, this year's annual meeting will be remembered for the "Paper read by Mr. J. E. Hazelton," which, for its historical and practical genius, is worth perusing by all who are in the faith. The brethren Chas. Hill and W. J. Styles, have persevered with one of those missions which accord most harmoniously with the spirit and work of the great Master Himself. To be thus by Him employed is an honour, a happy privilege, with the prospect of a high reward far beyond man's estimate here. May the Suffolk and Norfolk Home Mission be honoured of God to gather in many precious souls.—C. W. B.

LET US BE CAREFUL NOT TO REST IN DREAMS OR DELUSIONS.—Many, very many, yea, multitudes of storm-tossed souls find a rest in Rome's delusions. At Santiago, in Spain, an Archbishop found—as he says, as the Pope confirms, as thousands believed—the bones of the great apostle James. They have become an object of worship. The most execrable of all persons are those "who love and make a lie." They may dream here of rest; but for such no mansion in heaven is prepared. One of our English Cardinals (a highly-cultured old man) declares the worship of relics to be innocent and conducive to piety. Where, in England, religious delusion commences and culminates is a mystery no mere man can open. The Arian, the Arminian, the Antinomian heresies are false rests; but millions therein do slumber. Soul, beware! lest the angel of light allure thee down to his dark abode. *No holy rest is there.* The *Freeman* honestly affirms: "It is impossible to study the character of Jesus Christ without perceiving that truth is a prominent feature. His whole teaching and career and influence was as far removed as possible

from falsehood, delusion, and pious fraud of every kind. To suppose that a religion which buttresses its claims by the most transparent delusions and the most unblushing mendacity is the religion of Him who was the Truth as well as the Life, is an imagination which only reveals the marvellous deceptive powers of the depraved human heart. The Church of Rome is detected in a fraud. She has been guilty of calmly, deliberately, and authoritatively sanctioning a delusion for the sake of gain. If a tradesman is caught in a falsehood uttered for the advancement of his business, we cease to trust him. When a Church has recourse to a lie to support its position, we ought to hear a voice crying, 'Come out of her, My people,' and certainly go not into her, 'lest ye be partakers of her sins.'

Digging for Gold.—By one who feared God, and was not a quack, but a real doctress; nursing, healing, helping, and comforting the dying and the troubled. Oh, ye lazy mendicants! see in this continental looking-glass what sufferings men and women can endure. We reserve it for *Cheering Words*. No room in EARTHEN VESSEL.

"THE CHURCHYARD PIONEER" is narrating his pilgrimage in the pages of *Cheering Words*, and if we live, if health and strength be given, the whole history of Speldhurst-road chapel, and a full list of all who help us to redeem it, will be given in our little *Cheering Words*.

A Strange Life; or, How a Fortune was Made by One Penny Postage Stamp.—By J. W. Palmer. A remarkable little biography of a man who has made for himself a name among stamp collectors, and after many struggles, seems now to have established a large business devoted to the sale and purchase of postage stamps of all nations. Mr. Palmer is evidently an authority on genuineness of foreign stamps. His address is 281, Strand, and our young friends who are stamp collectors will find at his office what is believed to be the largest collection of foreign stamps in the world.

"Left out on Lone Star Mountain."—Ah, fit name! There three years! Oh, the awful condition of sinning against light, love, and every blessing! Who would tell the tale? Must it be buried until the great day reveals it? No! sins pardoned by God's rich mercy, are drowned in the "fountain open for sin and uncleanness;" and He that cannot lie has declared, "Though sought for, they shall never be found." This is salvation indeed.

PAUL'S OLD PLACES.—In the volume just published of General Gordon's letters when he was young, we get a frank and free description of Athens, and other places, *where* once, long ago, Paul planted the Gospel standard; but now it is not there at all. *The Gospel* is sent by the blessed Spirit where any of the chosen, the redeemed, are to be called out of darkness. Then the *good tidings* pass away. We are anxious to get a fair view of this Gordon, but not yet. One thing pleases us; that when God intends to use men in some parts of His service, He begins with them early in life; yea, their *whole life* is one continued enterprise in God's employment, and until their mission is completed, all the friends and foes in the clouds cannot destroy them. Hallelujah! Jesus Christ is yet alive, and we live in and for Him.

Australian Particular Baptist Magazine.—We have received the first number of this monthly. We are glad to see it looking so sober, dressed so neatly, and expressing itself in a spirit so manly, so full of intelligence, so prepared for opposition, persecution, reproach and contempt. The reports of the state of the Churches gives us an idea of the steady progress Truth is making in the colonies. We only note now that we shall be pleased to promote the circulation of this young Australian representative in Great Britain. It will require all the support which the Church in those far-off climes can render. Every pastor, deacon, and member of the Churches must individually, and with much perseverance, canvas for subscribers, and see each subscriber regularly supplied with the *Magazine* in good time; also for obtaining for its covers all the really good advertisements they possibly can. If our ministers, deacons, and members did this, our circulation would be tenfold what it is. Forty years of our life has been spent in serving the Churches in the country, and we have stood alone in the labour. We know God has helped and blessed us. May the Australian child grow strong in holy love, and may its branches spread far and wide. Amen.

"Temptation." This terrible theme has been most tenderly, yet truly, opened in measure by Mr. S. K. Bland in the report of the annual meeting of Suffolk and Norfolk Churches. A further notice of "Temptation" is in reserve. Mr. Creswick Nichols's new issue, "*The Slighted Ordinance*," will excite criticism. It can be had of him from Nottingham. It must have a fair review.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

THE PASTOR AND PEOPLE AT WEST-HILL, WANDSWORTH.

In 1566, for denying the dogma of Rome, called "transubstantiation," John Clark was burnt in Canterbury. There were fifteen others; but the Noncon. parsons Clarks have generally been bold fellows. At Market-Harborough parson Clark was obliged to stand, with his flock, under water under the chain-bridge. The Clarks in those days were not afraid of water, nor fire either, when the honour of Christ was at stake. Then who has not heard of John and Joan Clark, at Amersham? I must give their unwavering faith in the fires of persecution some day.

James Clark, the pastor of that firm, old (once the waterside) Church, now meeting in her new, nice, neat, commodious chapel on the West-hill, just off that splendid walk called Putney-road, James Clark, the President of the Metropolitan Strict Baptist Association, held the anniversary of his pastorate at Wandsworth, July 29, 1884. I was invited, and met many of the London pastors there. Mr. James Lee conducted the evening meeting, and he sent Preston Davies to the mercy-seat, to seek for special blessings on the pastor and people at West-hill; and from the additions made to the Church, from the souls born of God, from the number baptized since

BROTHER JAMES CLARK HAS BEEN THE MINISTER,

I think it is quite evident the Lord has honoured him. He is placed in one of the most aristocratic suburbs in the South-Western wing of this huge metropolis; and a more courteous, conscientious, careful, thoughtful minister is not found in every street in these days.

Although James Clark is only a young man, yet he has nearly thought all the hair off his head, and literary wrinkles may be seen sometimes on his broad, intellectual forehead. And still he must work to keep abreast of the days in which he is called to minister. He must—that is if he would prosper and be popular in his district; and it is no use *pretending* that ministers, who are worthy of the name, do not desire to be popular in the best Gospel sense of the term. Who will say they would not thank God and take courage if they saw as great a crowd outside their chapels as there was inside? If John Hazelton or John Mead (two of the most modest men in the ministry now), if they both declared they had no desire to be popular—popular by the power of the Holy Ghost in them; popular by instrumentally bringing souls savingly to Christ; popular in gathering crowds to hear the Gospel; if the most saintly of the sacred cloth solemnly eschewed all desires to be popular, we should put our head inside our hat, as people do at Church, and walk away.

Well, we mean our Englishman-like brother, James Clark, must study that Old

Testament lesson which says, "The children of Issachar had understanding of the times, and

"Knew what Israel ought to do."

Christ-glorifying popularity begins in the heart being inflamed with love to souls; a burning, internal, unquenchable flame of holy passion to be instrumental in plucking sinners as brands from the burning. It is a saying, full of faith (as I read it, a saying inspired by the Holy Ghost, and by Him inspiring dead souls with a spark of divine life), that

"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."

The grand mission of the Gospel is to save sinners. Not simply to bring them into the militant body on earth. All denominational statistics are fables, if not false. This has been declared by all honest Church financiers. We want the love of Christ constraining us, and that will constrain others. That power which was in Christ, in Peter on the Pentecostal day, in Paul (who could wish himself accused for his brethren's sake), in John Knox, in George Whitefield, and in others; we want that heavenly passion, that sacred fire, that irresistible power, that spiritual dynamite, which as it is flung into the soul explodes the deadly enmity, and makes men alive unto God.

Oh, James Clark, I was witness on the day of your ordination at Buckland-common, to the existence in you of the union of the Holy One. My brother, this fire has been burning in me, under the ashes of very mysterious events, for many years; so that I am but a bruised reed, and like smoking flax. You may see me in Psal. lxxxviii. Poor Heman and myself have travelled together for sixty years. But you are unbroken, you are unbruised, you are the man to catch Isaiah's spirit, to break forth on the right hand and on the left, for thou shalt not be ashamed.

At the anniversary referred to, that fine cedar-tree, John Box, and that strong oak, John Slate Anderson, preached the sermons. The ministers Corawell, W. Hazelton, F. C. Holden, J. Parnell, and myself, spoke as well as we could. The people gave the pastor nearly £16, and no one prays more sincerely for James Clark than his old friend,

C. W. BANKS.

WELLINGBOROUGH.—It was Mr. Dullely the chemist who corresponded. "Who built the Chapel," is not for us to say. There are some Chapels had better never been built. Our friend refers us to a very good clergyman, whose name was "Thomas Badland;" he was ejected for Nonconformity. He settled in the city of Worcester, and ministered to a congregation for thirty-eight years. Our colonial correspondent will hear more of Northamptonshire Churches if we live. Mr. Bull, and Mr. Arthur Baker are the Strict Ministers in Wellingborough.

AN HONEST OUT-BURST OF LOVE.

"When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,
That I shall mount to dwell above?
And stand, and bow amongst them there,
And view Thy face, and sing Thy love?"

[To enquirers all I give the following: I feel I am learning that central lesson Paul gives us in Rom. v. "Not only so, but we glory in tribulations also." It was in Speldhurst-road, on Thursday evening, July 24, 1884, that my soul was spoken to with the words of the text in Psa. xci. No description of my feelings on the occasion can I give. The text, the subject, was perhaps, only for myself. But in the large circle of readers of EARTHEN VESSEL there may be many to whose fearful spirits the Lord may bless the following testimony.—C. W. B.]

"IT SHALL NOT COME NIGH THEE."

The chemists tell us there are lights we cannot see, and there are voices men cannot hear. There is the "still small voice," God's voice in the soul, none can hear, but the soul wherein it is spoken. The text came so softly to me, "It shall not come nigh THEE." What is in the word, "IT?" Who is such a promise spoken to? I would not presume, but, I have thought a little of some dangers of late, say—the small pox in London; the cholera in France; the railway hurling many unto death; the sickness of my wife; the terrible consequences of our Chapel. All these things have troubled me, and it might be, they are all put together, as though the Voice said, Neither one, nor all, shall come nigh thee. Now, if the voice was of the Spirit to me, or, of an authorised angel to me, how great a mercy, how rich a grace! It seems too good to be true, especially if I rise to a higher note. I was startled by the thought. I read of one whose conscience awoke, and he found he had been dreaming. When his conscience woke up, and all his sin stood before him, he gave himself up to justice. He was hanged. There is a man in prison now, who was once a flourishing tradesman, and a preacher; he went wrong, did wrong, fled away, but conscience would not let him have any peace; he was obliged to give himself up, and endure the punishment of the law. The thought flashed across my mind, "Have you been dreaming? Has your conscience been sleeping? Will it awake some day? and you find yourself unrepentant and guilty before God?" Now, if this still small voice in me was from the Lord, if He said, "It shall not come nigh thee," no eternal harm shall come to thee! If this was of God, it was, and is a mercy, most wonderful, most amazing! beyond all man's expression, or grateful acknowledgment.

But, leaving all these things, let us take a brief three-fold thought here. One of the ancient versions calls this Psalm,

"The victory of the Messiah! and of all who trust in Him."

First, then, the Psalm belongs to the manhood of Christ, to the Incarnation state of the Messiah. All the days of His dwelling here these promises were true in Him. No pain,

no disease, no accident, no Satanic spirit could touch Him. Nothing could hinder His progress, or His work, until

HIS HOUR CAME!

The fifty-third of Isaiah shows the gradual progress of Christ's sympathy and suffering, but all through His life here, nothing like disease or destruction came upon Him; although no one ever walked or lived in the midst of enemies more fierce than He did. See Isa. liii., where the prophet so minutely describes every part of His life here, until He comes up to HIS HOUR.

The second thought here, is the dwelling-place of the godly believers. There is great significance in the first verse, as expressive of the two-fold condition of the people of God. First, it is said, the godly man, in Christ, dwells—he dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, in the bosom of God, in the love of God, in the purpose, and in the power of God; but he lodgeth (margin) in his time-state, "under the shadow of the Almighty." All the work of grace, all the work of the eternal Spirit is in the shadow of the Almighty. The blessed Spirit not only creates the soul anew but over-shadows the heaven-born soul and keeps it in Christ, in God, all its journey through the world. Hence, whatever danger, or diseases, afflictions, or calamities, may overtake the heir of glory here, he cannot be taken out of his dwelling-place in God. The promises imply danger, but, it is said, He shall deliver thee! He shall cover thee! He shall shield thee. He shall give His angels charge over thee. Out of God's secret place he cannot be taken.

The third thought here, then, is the eternal safety of the true believer in God's covenant, which in all things is ordered and sure. The work of grace in the redeemed and regenerated is beautifully set out. It is as though Christ speaks to the believer. "Because Thou hast made the Lord, who is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling. Many evils come into the earthly dwelling of real Christians, but they cannot touch the soul in Christ. See grace again, "Because he has set his love upon Me therefore will I deliver Him." The heaven-born soul's love is steadily fixed upon Christ in God. You cannot take the true believer's deep affection off from Christ; and, in a thousand ways, from all fatal dangers He is, and will be, delivered; not from outward persecutions and tribulations here, but from all soul-deceiving and soul-destroying evils, Christ will deliver His own.

In speaking from these words there was a spontaneous outburst of my soul. I said, There are three things I want: (1) to know God knows me in Christ, with a loving, pardoning, restoring, forgiving, preserving love. (2) To know myself, in my every faculty, that I am indeed a child of God. (3) I want to be known and read of good, godly people, as being a grace-made, a grace-taught child of God. Yes, indeed, these are the deep desires of—C. W. BANKS.

A NEW PLANTATION.

From Stamford-hill to Enfield is a long stretch, and embracing the population of the fine country on the left of the main road, with its beautiful views of Muswell-hill in the distance, and the lower district on the right stretching down to the Lea river, there are many thousand souls, and with the exception of one very small cause at Edmonton, attached to the *Standard* brethren, not one Church of what we Strict Baptists call and believe to be "truth."

This sad fact has exercised the minds of several, and two or three especially, one a member of the editor's, a well-accepted itinerant minister, T. House, resident at Tottenham; another a venerable, universally beloved Baptist pastor who has strong family interests in the neighbourhood; and in conjunction with the Drew family, resident and influential in the neighbourhood, we believe that in answer to many prayers a Strict Baptist cause has been successfully launched.

Midway between Seven Sisters'-road station and Bruce-grove, premises have been taken—Welbourne-hall, High-cross—which can be developed into a large and commodious place of worship, and was opened about a month since for public worship. Good supplies have served, and the attendance has been constantly progressive.

Special inaugural services commenced on Lord's-day, August 3, when brethren Flack, Dearsly, and Jonathan Eisey, preached the sermons. On Bank Holiday, August 4, a sermon was preached in the afternoon by J. Clark. Subject, "The Walls of Jerusalem." After tea a very encouraging and successful evening meeting followed, under the able presidency of Mr. Hall (of Clapham), whose clear exposition of the fundamental truths dear to Strict Baptists was cordially received. T. House, who opened with prayer, gave an interesting account of the origin and progress of the undertaking. Mr. Drew, sen., rendered a statement of the financial position, and pastors C. W. Banks, Dearsly, Flack, Osmond, and Baker, gave encouraging addresses. Brother Thomas Austin also supported the meeting. Circumstances compelled us to leave before the close of this interesting meeting; but we felt confident that the amount applied for to defray expenses of fitting up the place, which has been metamorphosed from a dilapidated barn into a comfortable meeting-hall by the personal exertions of the working responsible committee of six, would be forthcoming. The cost of Timber, paint, chairs, &c., leaves a balance of about £20.

To prevent any possible disappointment in a pecuniary view, every reader who loves the truth, and has a desire for the salvation of immortal souls, may send a little, according to their ability, to nourish this little seed which we believe has been sown with tears, and watered with many prayers; and our desire is that it may become a noble tree, under whose shade many may be called, and find rest for their souls. Subscriptions may

be sent to the editor, or to T. HOUSE, 1, Wilton-cottages, Chesnut-road, Tottenham.

Constrained by love, in faith they sought a place,
To magnify the riches of God's grace,
To show how God is holy, and yet can
Be just, when reconciled to fallen man.
If, then, to you the cause of God is dear,
If you, o'er pardon'd sin, have shed a tear;
If you have near ones, bound by ties of blood,
For whom you seek the only lasting good;
Or bosom friend, for whom thy spirits yearn
That they the Saviour's dying love may learn,
Be thine the happy privilege to-day
With willing hearts to help them on their way.

A LONDON SPARROW.

NORWICH, (ORFORD HILL).—RECOGNITION SERVICES. Mr. George Pung having served the Church at Orford-hill, Norwich, with acceptance, was duly recognised as pastor at a public meeting, on July 14. On the previous day Mr. C. Cock preached morning and evening, and Mr. G. Pung in the afternoon. The services on Monday, July 14, were not so joyous as could be wished, on account of Mr. Pung's sudden illness, which prevented his attending the meeting. In the afternoon W. Winters preached; a large number took tea. In the evening, the chair was occupied by Mr. Councillor Dakin. Mr. Easter, of Bildeston prayed. Mr. Dakin expressed his pleasure in being present, as Orford-hill chapel was the only place of worship in Norwich that he had not before attended. After the chairman's address, Mr. Hovell, one of the deacons, stated the circumstances which led to the choice of Mr. Pung as their pastor. Mr. Deacon Howard stated that all things had hitherto worked together for good. As Mr. Pung was unable to be present, W. Winters was requested to read a paper prepared by Mr. Pung on *Church Polity*. Rev. W. T. Wheeler, the senior nonconformist minister in the city of Norwich, addressed the Church on its relation to itself, to its minister, and to those that were without. Mr. Muskett, pastor of York-street church, Yarmouth, made an excellent speech on the relation between the Diaconate and the pastor, which relationship should be mutual as that of a family, the pastor being the head and the deacons the elder brethren, for the one could not work well without the other. There should be a relationship of confidence, of faithfulness, and of love. The testimony of Mr. Muskett was clear, and faithfully advanced. Mr. Bullimore stated in a well-ordered speech the relationship between pastor and teachers. Mr. C. Cock, in a sound and solid manner, showed the importance of prayer as a means to the success of the church (Mr. Cock has been a preacher 46 years, and a follower of Christ 54 years). Mr. Harseat, of Claxton, dwelt faithfully on the necessity of home Christianity which, he said, was not a mere empty profession but was vital and Christ-like. The usual votes of thanks being accorded, the meeting terminated. — W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

**A HAPPY SAINT PASSING HOME
AT MORE THAN ONE HUNDRED
YEARS OF AGE.**

Mrs. Rockett, widow of the late Mr. T. Rockett, of Clare, fell asleep in Jesus on May 28, 1884, at the advanced age of 100 years and 29 days, retaining her faculties almost to the last. She was born of respectable parents in Hunden, and grew up in a state of ignorance and sin. At the age of 12 years, some serious impressions were made upon her mind by hearing the text, "Fear not, little flock," &c. She went home, wept, and wished she could be a good girl; but these feelings soon wore off. She pursued the pleasures and follies of the world till her 29th year, when on reading the text, "Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment," the Holy Spirit convinced her of sin, and she felt herself to be a poor, guilty sinner in the sight of God, which caused a great change in her conduct, so that those who saw it wondered what was the matter, and thought her brain must be turned. They were worldly persons, and did not understand the matter. About this time she went to reside in Hertfordshire, and one day, whilst engaged in domestic work, she took up a hymn-book and read these lines,—

"Jesus, my soul looks up to Thee,
For Thou can'st make me whole."

She was enabled by faith to realise the forgiveness of sins through the blood of Jesus, and felt that He had made her whole. She joined the Wesleyan body, and for some years enjoyed much Christian fellowship with them; but being led further into the knowledge of the truth as it is in Jesus, she left that body of Christians and attended with the Baptists. She always expressed a high regard for the Wesleyans, having been much blessed whilst connected with them. Although she loved the doctrines held by Particular Baptists, and believed in the ordinance of baptism by immersion, yet, on account of certain hindrances, she was not baptized, which caused her much grief at times, especially in her latter years.

She married in the year 1813, and in 1841 she, with her husband, returned to Suffolk, and after residing some time at Hunden, came and lived at Clare, where Mr. Rockett died in December, 1867, after a union of more than fifty years. Our aged sister was mercifully freed from anxious cares respecting temporal supplies, having a sufficient income to meet all her wants; and though very infirm for many years, and almost blind, yet she was favoured with the attendance of a kind, faithful, young Christian woman, who had been with her twenty-five years, and was her greatest earthly comfort.

The experience of our dear old friend, like that of all Christians, was varied. Sometimes she was very low and depressed in spirits, owing partly perhaps to bodily infirmities. In her later years she would say, "Satan brings my sins before me, and God seems so far off." Then she would wish the hymn beginning,—

"Oh, for a closer walk with God,"

to be sung, if the writer or someone else was present who could sing; or the one commencing,—

"Oh, my soul, what means this sadness?"

At other times, indeed, more generally, she was happy in the Lord, longing to depart and be with Christ, which is far better. Singing was often a means of grace to her soul, and she said sometimes it made her heart leap for joy. "'Midst scenes of confusion;" "Jerusalem, my happy home;" "Too long, alas! I vainly sought," &c., were some of her favourite hymns. She was very fond also of Mason's morning and evening portions. God's blessed Word too was often very comforting to her soul, and frequently she would refer to texts and sermons she had heard when able to attend the house of God. One she heard Mr. Hazelton preach a long time ago was greatly blessed to her soul. She felt that was a sealing time which she could not forget. Although not a member of the Baptist Church at Clare, she was a sincere friend and a liberal supporter of it. She was likewise kind to the poor, so far as her means would allow. She was confined to her bed nearly four years, was taken worse only a few days before her death. Not long before her departure she said to her nephew, "Oh, my dear nephew, how happy I am! I shall soon see my dear Saviour face to face! How gracious He has been to me! I was running fast in the road to hell; but He snatched me as a brand from the burning. Two nights before her departure she suffered great bodily pain; still very happy, and exclaimed, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. I am on the Rock, and nothing can move me off."

Referring to her pains, she said, "Did Christ, my Lord, suffer, and shall I repine?" The next morning a friend reminded her of the promise, "He hath said, I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." She added, "So that we may boldly say, The Lord is my helper."

After this she said but little, and gently passed away to glory on Wednesday evening, May 28, 1884. Her remains were buried in Hunden Churchyard, in the same grave with her husband, followed by a number of relatives and friends, on June 3.

On the following Lord's-day the solemn event in connection with the death of another sister in Christ, improved by a sermon in the Baptist chapel from 1 Chron. xxix. 15, a text chosen by her for the occasion. May God sanctify this bereavement to the aged brother, for whom she had earnestly prayed, and to all the relatives, and prepare them to follow her to the home above. T. H.

REDBURN.—Sunday-school anniversary and treat, on Monday, August 4. The cause here is progressing. The word, as preached by Mr. Newman, the pastor, is blessed. Several were recently baptized and added to the Church.

**MR. BOWTELL'S EXPERIENCE.
RECOGNITION SERVICES.**

LONDON - ROAD, SAFFRON WALDEN.
(Concluded from page 253).

HIS CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

In the month of October or November, 1867, he said, for three successive nights I was awake with the words, "Study to prophesy." Thinking that the age of prophecy was passed, he thought this was a temptation from the enemy; but as they continually passed through his mind, he asked for wisdom from above to reveal the meaning; when he found a leaf of a sermon upon the words, "Covet to prophesy." The word prophecy was said to signify to teach or preach. This induced him to believe the Lord intended him to work in the ministry; but on one occasion, dreaming he was sitting at the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, he called the attendance of a friend to that which was beneath his feet appearing as clear as crystal, who answered, "This is where God views us in Jesus Christ." In the morning the words were applied, "Go ye into all nations teaching and baptizing in the name of the Lord." "And they all stood on a sea of glass." He now thought the time was come for him to work in the ministry, consequently read and expounded the Word at the prayer-meetings. He was one out of five nominated for the office of deacon. He said, as deacons, according to Scripture, are entitled to preach, if I am elected it shall be an evidence I am called to the work. He was chosen to the office of deacon to the Church at Sible Hedingham, and the day after received a letter from Brother Dennison to say he could not supply the next Lord's-day. He tried in vain to obtain another supply, asking Mr. Smith, who said, "I will take the morning service," and he was asked by the deacons to preach in the afternoon, which he did from Prov. xv. 4.

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

Mr. Bowtell, in answer to the question what he intended to preach, then gave, in 18 articles, a clear Scriptural summary of the doctrines of grace which he by grace had been taught and embraced, and which he intended to unfold as the Lord the Spirit should aid him.

**THE LEADINGS OF PROVIDENCE TO
WALDEN.**

The senior deacon, Mr. Charles Bunting, then gave a statement to the effect that the late esteemed sister, Mrs. Bacon, having heard Mr. Bowtell at Haverhill to her profit, recommended we should invite him to supply for one Lord's-day, which he did. The Word was blessed, and after hearing him several times we invited him for three months. In 1881 he removed to London, when we concluded it was the will of the Lord he should not come amongst us; but he supplied again the November following, a sister being blessed from the words, "Jesus only," was led to cast in her lot with us. Brother B. having the pleasure of baptizing her soon after. He continued supplying at various

times in 1882-3. A kind friend (not connected with the cause) offering £10 a-year towards his support if he came amongst us, we were led to give him a unanimous invite to the pastorate, which he accepted. All through this period there had been much prayer for divine guidance, and in the step which has been taken we trust we have the divine approbation—eight having been added to the Church.

Mr. W. Kern then joined the hands of the senior deacon with the pastor, offered a solemn prayer, asking the Lord's blessing upon the union, and then gave the charge from 1 Tim. iv. 16, advising the pastor to take heed to his health: his soul before God; his conduct; his home, before wife, children, world, and the Church; to the doctrine; preach election, adoption, predestination, justification, the banner of love, and be careful to maintain the grace of the doctrine in the heart, vital experience, and the fruits, &c.

**OUTLINES OF SERMON TO THE CHURCH
BY MR. KERN.**

Introduction. This afternoon we asked our brother to tell us the reason for the hope that is in him. We were fully satisfied that it was given him by God. Now this evening I am going to say a few words to the Church. You will find our text in Deut. i., part of ver. 38. The whole verse reads thus: "But Joshua, the son of Nun, which standeth before you, he shall go in thither; encourage him, for he shall cause Israel to inherit it." Our motto is, "Encourage him." We may substitute the words, "J. Bowtell standeth before you," for "Joshua, the son of Nun, standeth before you." Your pastor stands before you as your own choice. Now it is the duty of the Church to encourage him. Ways by which the Church may encourage him. 1. Prayers. 2. Presence. 3. Purses. 4. Protection.

(1) Prayers. There is nothing so encouraging to a minister than to know his members are a praying people; so encourage your pastor by your prayers, both publicly and privately. I have heard some people say, "Oh, it is only a prayer-meeting; I needn't go." I would say to all such people, Try to be there. Never let your pastor hear you make the remark.

(2) Encourage him by your presence at all the services as time and circumstances admit. Let no trivial excuse keep you away at any time. Remember it is for your good, and you may miss the blessing. He is the means of feeding your souls. When the table is spread be sure and come and partake. Remember the Table of old, when Christ presided, but Thomas was absent. Call to mind what a nice season was spent. Cooperate with your pastor when he visits the sick.

(3) Purses. Of course I mean according to your several abilities. Ananias was not punished on account of what he gave away; but because of that which he kept back.

(4) Protection. I would like to remind you to stand round your pastor, and like a

mother takes care of her child, protect him. He is a man the same as you and I are, sinful, frail, dying; he has man's feelings. Be very careful not to hurt those feelings. He has man's sympathies; be careful not to crush them. Act like men to him. Some people say there is nothing like Christianity to take the man out of us. Why, I think there is nothing like Christianity to put the man in us. Should your pastor fall into error, and you should find it necessary to acquaint him with it, remember to treat and deal with him as a man; but be sure and see you are not guilty of the same before you throw any stones at him. Think of the case first of the woman who was brought to Jesus by the Pharisees. I remind you to think of your pastor as a friend; your actions will speak louder than words. In choosing him for your pastor you choose him for your friend; shew yourself friendly; deal with him friendly, as you would have him do to you. Encourage him by kind treatment. I have heard of people being killed by kindness. If he is to be killed let it be effected by kindness. Fellow pilgrim, try and throw flowers in his path, not stones. He is your husband, this is your wedding-day.

GRAYS.—Fifth anniversary of Grove Baptist Chapel was July 22. Our faithful brother, James Clark, preached a sermon, which was highly appreciated. The evening service was presided over by Mr. F. Shaw and W. Winters. Mr. Shaw made a capital introductory speech on sowing and reaping, and the holding forth and holding fast of the word of life. Mr. William Heymer, jun., read a concise report. It is pleasing to note that the current accounts have been fairly met and paid. There is a heavy debt on the chapel I should be glad to see removed, especially as "Ebenezer" is the only place in the immediate locality where the truth of God is fully preached and the New Testament order practised. I hear that Mr. Spurgeon is about to erect a place of worship in Grays; that appears to be needless, seeing Grays is overrun and overdone with Arminianism and Anythingarianism. The Lord preserve Ebenezer from the popular isms of the day. Mr. W. Burbridge spoke faithfully on the atonement of Christ. Mr. R. E. Sears dwelt encouragingly on the unity of the apostles in the great work of preaching and of the new birth as the initiatory rite into the Church. Mr. Henry Welsh showed some of the blessings consequent upon being partakers of the benefits of Christ, and of the right order between masters and servants. Mr. J. Kingston gave some particulars on the Friend of sinners.

"One there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of friend."

Grays has suffered lately, with other surrounding places, owing to the sudden stoppage of the new Tilbury Docks. I hope that Ebenezer will flourish so as to show the agitators of a new Open Baptist Chapel that their efforts are needless.—W. WINTERS.

BRIXTON TABERNACLE.—The annual services to commemorate the opening of North Brixton Tabernacle thirteen years ago, were held in the new chapel which the friends have lately erected in the Stockwell-road, on Sunday, July 27, when two sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. Cornwell, who, under the blessing and mercy of our God, is partially restored to health, and we pray that he may soon be restored to his usual health, strength, and vigour; that he may, as of old, be about his Master's business. On Bank Holiday a sermon was preached in the afternoon by Mr. F. C. Holden (of Limehouse), who discoursed very sweetly from the words of the apostle Paul, "We have the mind of Christ" (1 Cor. ii. 16). The testimony of our brother was greatly enjoyed, and the dear saints of God were much encouraged. In the evening a public meeting was held, presided over by that good, earnest, and practical friend and brother, Jas. Lee, Esq., and after a very blessed prayer by brother W. Stringer (of Lynton-road), was addressed by the brethren J. Bennett, Hand, W. H. Lee, E. Griffiths, Thomas Stringer, and the pastor, all of whom had good words and good counsel, and spoke well, nobly, and faithfully in their Master's name, whose presence was sweetly and preciously felt and realised. The friends were thankful to our gracious and loving God in permitting His aged and faithful servant, T. Stringer, to be present and on the platform; but when he rose to speak the pleasure felt was visible in every face. The good man was true to the grand old doctrines, and his voice as powerful and his utterances as bold as ever; and he showed that the dear Lord giving him strength, he was as ready as ever to do battle in his divine Master's cause, and in compliance with the divine command conveyed in those beautiful words in Isa. xl.: "Comfort ye, comfort ye, My people, saith your God," &c. To comfort and edify, build up and bind up the dear, tried, afflicted, wounded, and oppressed saints; may he be long spared to do so was and is the prayer of the friends at Brixton, and those that assembled with them to keep holy-day on Bank Holiday. The tea was the gift of the ladies, and the results of the day, with the collections on July 27, including £10 from the chairman, amounted to £40 9s. 2d., a noble sum, and for which the friends desire to be very grateful, and do heartily sing, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."

LUTON, BEDS.—The Gospel is faithfully preached at Bethel, in Chapel-street. Mr. Fredk. Fountain, of Sharnbrook, supplies once a month with acceptance. Mr. Newman preaches on Wednesday evenings. At "Ebenezer" Mr. Cook has been for many years the pastor, he has grown grey in his Master's service, with his faculties and strength preserved unto him. We heard him give a most encouraging discourse from the words, "Casting all your care on Him who careth for you." The loving way which he spoke of the kindness of JESUS, left an impression on others as well as—J. W. B.

"OLD WHEELS."

DEAR MR. BANKS, — Seeing in your *Cheering Words* you are anxious to clear the debt of £600 remaining upon the Chapel, I have much pleasure in forwarding 15s., the proceeds of the sale of three pairs of old wheels, towards it. It is astonishing what old wheels have done: may the sale of mine incite other friends to help roll off the (now to you) ponderous debt and ease your troubled mind. I was once asked what I would contribute towards clearing a debt on our Chapel? which appeared a very weighty affair—£300. I replied, I could not then afford much, but, I said, I tell you what I will do, the Lord helping me; the old wheel money of our works is mine and I will devote the whole of the money I receive for all sold until the debt is cleared, and it is wonderful how the old wheels were applied for and sold, the trade was quite brisk; it was for the Lord's treasury, and customers must come if the Lord wills it so. And when the first sum was called in I had £5 to hand over to the Treasurer, and the second call I had £10, and when at last the debt was cleared I found I had handed in upwards of £50 "old wheel money." Don't despise old wheels! As soon as that debt was cleared there was not such a demand for them, until one day I saw one of the Lord's poor in need, and I again determined to devote the old wheel money to the Lord's cause, either for His poor or otherwise, and very soon I was able, just at a most opportune moment, to render help to a minister of the Gospel when he was silently pleading to the Lord for help (a crying Jacob); and I was glad at heart to render, ye to be the instrument in the dear Lord's hands to gladden his heart.

"Tis good to help a brother,
When he is in distress;
To pray for one another,
And sympathy express."

We read of many wheels in the Book of Holy Writ, such as a wheel in the middle of a wheel, &c. (see Ezek. i. 15, 16—21). Also wheel is mentioned in several other places—see Psa. lxxxiii. 13; Eccl. xii. 6; Ezek. x. 9, and following verses; Jer. xviii. 3, xvii. 3, &c., all typical. My three pairs were only old wheels, but I trust will help a little, and may He who valued the widow's mite enable me to cast into the treasury often; it is my earnest prayer and desire to be permitted to do so, knowing full well the joy of giving, for the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and with all my heart I send to you, and trust soon you will be able to say, I am out of debt. It may take many old wheels to do it (or the value of them), but if many put their shoulder to the wheel the burden of it may be helped off. The silver, and the gold, and the cattle upon a thousand hills are the Lord's, and the hearts of all men are in His hands. May He incline them to do what they can, is the earnest wish of yours, very truly,
"ONE WHEEL."

[This letter, and its "wheel" for 15s., set fire to our faith, which, as the beloved Mr.

John Carr would say, "Laughs at (man's) impossibilities;" and says, "It shall be done."—C. W. B.]

MUTUAL BROTHERLY LOVE.

O what streams of pardoning, justifying, and sanctifying comfort of love and joy flowed into my soul this morning, while reading the *EARTHEN VESSEL* and *Cheering Words*, especially when I read the two letters from the two of our aged valiant men in Israel, beloved brethren Thomas Stringer, and Samuel Cozens. Oh, my soul said, "How good, and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity, truth, and love!" Oh, may showers of new covenant blessings stream down upon the dear men of God. They, with yourself, have stood on the walls of Zion for a great number of years, and oh, what an unspeakable mercy, you have, by power and grace divine, been able to blow the great Gospel trumpet with a certain sound, telling to sinners around of the well ordered covenant of eternal love of God in choosing out from Adam's race a great number of sinners that no man can number, to save them by free, sovereign grace. O marvellous grace, that you dear men of God should have power and strength given to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ for now upwards of fifty years. Brother! what shall we say to these things? You are to this day God's living witnesses, testifying to the truth as it is in Jesus, and I would say to you, with the words of the Apostle, "Thou seest, brother, how many thousands God hath comforted, built up, and established in the faith by your ministry;" not only so, but I myself am. God knoweth my heart. I can witness of God the eternal Spirit blessing your preaching, your writings, your words of faith, and labour of love, so many years to His dear people; God hath from all eternity made choice of you as God's mouth to His Church. All three of you have been made a great blessing to my soul, both from the pulpit and the press, and when my soul is blessed by whomsoever God may use, I would declare it on the house top, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul, bless His dear mercy, He hath done wonders for me; oh, let us praise Him together, for He would not say unto us, but unto thy name," &c. Now a word or two more, and I must conclude. Speldhurst-road Chapel must be paid for. I am much afraid that the Church and people of truth are too much asleep in this matter, we must now awake, and set to work in good earnest. I enclose order for *Cheering Words*, and if I cannot sell them I can give them away to poor sinners, and I do hope that other Christians will do likewise, for it's no good to look to any one but Christians to help in this good work. I pray God that you may very soon have the needful amount required to pay off the debt. With our united love to you and yours, hoping dear Mrs. B. and your dear son Robert are better,

B. WOODROW.

32, Jervis-road, West Kensington, S.W.

LOOKING UPWARD.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND, C. W. BANKS. — I hope a few lines will find you well. I am pleased when reading the VESSEL to find you are still able to meet with the dear people of God at different parts, where the grand and glorious truths of the ever blessed Gospel of God are proclaimed, and where you join in that blessed employment, telling out the free, rich, and distinguishing grace of God, which has been your theme so many years. I believe you can join in that song,

"Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die."

And you will not cease at death; your employment will be continual praise and adoration for ever and ever. I often think, what must it be to be there, to be freed from all sin and sorrow; no more aching hearts; no more sin-burdened consciences; no more poor old worn-out, aching bodies to contend with. I awoke the other morning with these words on my mind, "Who shall change our vile bodies, that they may be fashioned like unto His glorious body." Oh, how sweet that thought was to me. If this vile, sinful body, after its being laid in the silent tomb for many years, shall then be raised again. Sown in dishonour, it will be raised in glory; sown in weakness, raised in power; sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body. Well then, it will be capable of enjoying heavenly realities. I once heard a minister preach at Notting-hill, Bethesda Chapel, from the words, "It doth not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." In that sermon the minister was led to speak so beautifully on the glories of heaven, and of meeting with that glorified throng, and then of the great white throne, where the dear Redeemer would be surrounded with all the glorified millions of those who had been redeemed by His most precious blood, called by His grace, and brought out of nature's darkness into God's most marvellous light, and, by divine and sovereign grace made new creatures in Christ Jesus; at death their happy spirits brought home to glory to live for ever in that bright and happy home. That minister soon left this world of sin and sorrow to join that everlasting song and crown Him Lord of all for ever and ever, I have no doubt. But while listening to that sermon my mind was led to look into heaven, and I had such a grand sight as I never shall forget. I have a good hope I shall be allowed to join in that new song. I hope to receive a few lines from my dear brother Thomas. He has belonged to Prestwood cause for many years. I must say farewell, wishing you may enjoy much of your Master's presence.

I remain, yours in the best of bonds,
WILLIAM MASON.

May 19, 1884.

SPELDHURST-ROAD.—On Tuesday, July 22, the annual excursion of the Sunday-school took place. Besides the children, a number of aged pilgrims of the household of

faith were conveyed by road to Rigg's Retreat, Victoria Woods, High Beech. Nothing could have been more cheering than to see how all enjoyed the ride by road, and the rural scenery of this delightful part of the country. Through the blessing of the Lord, not a single mishap, not a wry face; singing praises to God, and beholding His wonders in creation, with a bountiful supply of the necessaries of life in connection with "the cup that cheers but not inebriates," made up the day. We beg to tender our best thanks to all those kind friends who so nobly and cheerfully assisted us in this pleasing duty, and we wish they could have been present and witnessed the pleasurable enjoyment of the excursionists.—Thomas Cadel, Treasurer, 31, Thomas-sq., Hackney-road; John W. Banks, 23, Canonbury-street, N.

MR. W. GADSBY'S FIRST CHAPEL.

On Wednesday, July 3, 1884, eightv-third anniversary of Desford Particular Baptist chapel was celebrated. The friends, never being accustomed to anything of the kind, seemed very shy when the matter of an anniversary was first mooted, and all through the minister of the place had the burden of responsibility resting on him, therefore much anxiety was felt by the friends of the cause. However, by the assistance of loving hearts and hands the sermons, tea, and collections all proved successful.

Mr. E. Carr, pastor of Trinity chapel, Leicester, preached in the afternoon from Psalm lxxxv., dwelling on (1) The revelation recognised—"Shew." (2) The persons seeking a revelation.—Those to whom God has been favourable. (3) The nature of the desired revelation—"Mercy." (4) The glorious person appealed to for a revelation—"Oh, LORD."

About 70 sat down to a nice tea. Trays being presided over by Mrs. Palmer, Mrs. Gregory, Mrs. Archer, Mrs. Cowles, &c. Mr. Alfred Dye, of Maldon, came up in the evening with some liberty and sweetness on Psalm cvii. 23, 24, taking us down (properly speaking, down) by the (1) Sea of trouble. (2) Showing us some of the wonderful things seen and learnt there. He was one hour and a half on the subject, to the comfort and satisfaction of some poor tempest-tossed mariners. Many said and felt it was good to be at both services.

Friends came from Barwell, Earl's Shilton, Leicester, Thornton, and Kirby Musclog. Mr. Wardle, Baptist minister of Leicester, came over with Mr. Carr. Mr. Geo. Sharp, late choir-master at Newark, in Mr. W. Garrard's time, drove over from Leicester. Miss Adams, daughter of vicar of Thornton, Mr. Adams, man of truth but done preaching—he is 83 years of age, he knows C. W. Banks, T. Bradbury, Geo. Davis, &c. The minister of Desford felt truly humbled at the goodness and mercy of God for all His kindness in giving so much success on the occasion. We sang, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," and concluded a happy day.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.

WANDSWORTH.—It would be pleasure if we could record of every cause of truth in the great metropolis what can be said of West-hill, Wandsworth; there exists a spirit of peace, unity, and steady progression. Brother James Clark's ministry is owned and blessed, some have been added and are looking for others to follow. On Tuesday, July 28, second anniversary of pastorate was held. Mr. J. S. Anderson gave the sermon. At the public meeting Mr. James Lee presided, who, in the course of some very salutary remarks said that, as years rolled on we are reminded that the last year, the last month, the last day, the last moment will come, then may our brother Clark and all his dear servants hear the voice of our Master saying, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Mr. Cornwell told us there was a depth in the Word of God which no human skill could fathom; he would like to unfold the mystery there is wrapped up in the words, "He bare our sins," but time failing he spoke from the words, "In the beginning was the word." C. W. Banks followed with earnest and telling words on, "Ye are all one in Christ Jesus." The editor of the **EARTHEN VESSEL** told us he was called in '28, and by the word of God he was convinced of the truth of the New Testament baptism; he had been a Baptist ever since and could never alter; was glad his brother Clark was a New Testament man, and prayed the Lord would prosper him here and make him and the Church instrumental in doing much good to the neighbourhood. Brethren W. Hazelton, Holden, Clark, Preston Davis, and others.—**J. W. B.**

NORBITON.—According to announcement, we held the first anniversary of my pastorate at Zion Baptist Chapel, London-street, Norbiton, on Monday, August 18, when our esteemed brother Winters, of Waltham-abbey, preached afternoon and evening. The text in the afternoon was, "In Him was life, and the life was the light of men" (John i. 4). The text in the evening was, "Neither can they die any more, for they are equal unto the angels and are the children of God, being the children of the resurrection" (Luke xx. 36). Speaking on behalf of myself and others (many of whom had come from a great distance), I venture to say that our brother was heard well, and both sermons were full of instructive, weighty, and comforting matter. An excellent tea was provided, to which a good number of friends sat down. The services were certainly times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, and many were refreshed, thanked God, and took courage.—**PRESTON DAVIES.**

MOUNT BURES.—A correspondent passing the chapel where brother Rayner preaches, went in and heard the Gospel preached to a chapel crammed full of anxious hearers, where a good work is going on. Mount Bures is an out-lying village in Essex, a favoured spot.

GRACE SPEAKING.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHER,—Your excellent article on the "Mystery of Prayer," I think, must be read with deep emotion by all the living family of grace. Strange as it appears to the natural mind it is not so to the spirit-taught soul, who by precious faith can see the Invisible. I hope to speak at Eltham, from Acts i. 24. (1) They prayed; (2) God knoweth all the hearts of men; (3) The choice of God in answer to the prayer. I shall endeavour to point out that if the Churches were to follow the example of the Primitives there would not be so many without pastors; for most certainly there cannot be such comfort derived from so many casual preachers as there is in the unity of pastors and members. I hope to go to Ipswich and stay there out of the London fogs, bustle, strife, and many other things. I do, with all my heart and soul, pray and believe the Lord will appear for you. Dear friend, we are on our way to eternal life through the all-sufficient, precious, atoning blood of Christ.

Yours sincerely,

S. R. LEWIS.

ST. NEOT'S.—**DEAR SIR,**—Mr. Winters preached Lord's-day. I think he was much helped. He seemed quite happy in exalting his blessed Lord and Master. I must tell you it was reported here that £700 was collected for your chapel before, which had not been paid for that object. I did, I assure you, entirely disbelieve it; and as I was wished by a few of your friends here to ask Mr. Winters, I did so. He at once explained it. I am very glad he came this week, just at the time he was wanted.—[So many falsehoods have been published to injure me, that I have let the framers and publishers of them do as they think best, while I have been quiet. But for the chapel no collection ever was made. My son, John, started one, but Mr. John Bonney and the committee found all friends were opposed to it. So it was announced the testimonial would be for myself and wife. £700 was a very great mistake. The sum I received was invested for my wife in Bank of England and the National Land Society. There it remains. Mr. Winters advised me to state this, or I would leave the flood of falsehoods to float down the stream of time until they were drowned. It was acting upon the advice of friends which led me to Speldhurst-road Chapel. The day may declare I did not do wrong, but in *Cheering Words* I may say more.—**C. W. B.**]

CARLETON-RODE, NORFOLK, was the birth-place of John Jeffries; he was pastor of the Church at Downham Market more than 44 years. He was ordained in 1802, and finished his course in 1844 with these words, "I am not afraid to die." William Gadsby and John Jeffries entered the kingdom of Christ's paradise nearly at the same time.

SUDBURY.—In this famous and antique town there is one bright spot enclosed by grace, namely, "Ebenezer Chapel," Prince-street, in which many worship who have not yet lost the sweetness of the hymns of their own blest poet, Daniel Herbert, who, though dead, yet speaketh. Lord's-day, July 27, the anniversary of the Sunday-school was celebrated. Sermons were preached by W. Winters; many friends were present from surroundings. In the evening the ex-mayor, G. G. Whorlow, Esq., was in the congregation. The school is self-supported to a great extent, and has much to battle against from the more enchanting schools without. The Church is at peace, and the pulpit is supplied by faithful brethren. Mr. W. Hudson, of Haverhill, bids fair to be a useful preacher; he frequently supplies here. The deacons, Mr. T. Scott and Mr. Alston, are loving and united, doing their best to promote the interest of the cause at some personal sacrifice. There is still a debt on the chapel, which is likely to be cleared off soon if all will help a little. On Monday the children were conveyed, in Mr. Whorlow's waggons, to Mr. Clover's field, where they were, with several friends, well entertained.—

W. WINTERS.

HARWICH.—Anniversary services of Baptist Chapel Sunday-school were held Sunday, July 29. Mr. C. Suggate, pastor of Halesworth Baptist Church, and who is also "moderator" of the Suffolk and Norfolk Baptist Association, preached two excellent sermons to a full chapel of attentive hearers, the school children occupying the whole of the three galleries. In the afternoon the service was more especially devoted to them and their parents, and here it was that the dear children shone! their neat and clean appearance, quiet yet cheerful demeanour, and orderly behaviour, reflecting great credit on the superintendent and her earnest and devoted staff of teachers. This proof of proper discipline was also accompanied by the testimony they gave of wise and commendable teaching; which was manifest by forty of the scholars repeating portions of Scripture, or selected poems and hymns; and the correct and ready manner in which they were rendered was not only appreciated but admired by all who heard them. Mr. Suggate in a brief address gave some good, practical advice to teachers, children, and their parents on the word "Think," and this profitable service was enlivened by some pleasant singing. On the following Wednesday, the children had their annual outing and tea in Michaelstowe-park. The day opened with a reviving and inspiring brightness, the flying clouds shedding but a few though big tears at departing, which the sun's silken kerchief soon dried up. The children filled four waggons kindly lent for the occasion, and were conveyed to the park, under the watchful supervision of their indefatigable superintendent, Mrs. Cowell, and there, to the number of 130 took tea on the grass, whilst the friends

(also limited to that number this year) were entertained in a large marquee, the infants being reserved for our kind and esteemed friends, Mr. and Mrs. Saunders. After spending a very happy day, all returned in safety about 9 o'clock; and at the chapel, where the children were re-assembled, their parents and friends completely filled the place, and all most heartily sang, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow." The proceeds of the occasion amounted to £14 2s. 6d. Thus as a whole this has been the most pleasant and successful anniversary that has yet been held in connection with the Harwich Baptist Chapel Sunday-school.—J. C.

KEDDINGTON.—On a promontory overlooking the winding river Stour, which divides the counties of Suffolk and Essex, stands the neatest of sanctuaries, shaded by trees and surrounded at a respectful distance by a few thatched cottages. Never did I see a chapel much more solitary, if not more beautiful for situation; far, very far, from the din of commercial life and the strife of tongues. This chapel was erected in 1865, on the site of a previous one, built fifteen years before. Mr. Crown is the beloved pastor, who has been of great use to many precious souls during the past four or five years. Mr. W. Hudson, of Haverhill, is one of his excellent deacons, and who is a sound and growing preacher of the Gospel. One of the old pastors of Keddington was Thomas Murkin, who died June 8, 1870, aged 65. On July 29 the anniversary of the cause was held. Mr. Page, pastor of Glensford, read and offered prayer. W. Winters preached afternoon and evening; the latter service was opened by Mr. Woolard, pastor of Wood-Ditton. May the blessings of heaven rest upon the pastor, deacons, members, and friends of rural Keddington, prays W. WINTERS. [It was our joyful honour to preach the opening sermons of the first and also of the present Keddington chapels. Robert Powell was God's agent to inaugurate this cause by preaching in the open air, because the clergyman would not allow any building in the parish to be used as a place of worship. The little plot of ground on which the chapel stands belonged to a farmer, and he gave it to the friends, R. Powell, John Dillostone, and others. We went for sixteen successive anniversaries. We believe only seven years intervened between the building of the first and second Keddington Baptist Chapels. The late Miss Wallace, of very happy memory, was of great use in collecting monies to pay off the debt of the original house of God. The late Henry Hanks and C. W. B. opened the first; the late D. Wilson and C. W. B. the second. John Pells helped us in the waggon on the green when the chapel would not half hold the people. Oh, they were happy days, and our heart doth leap for joy to know brother Crown and the Gospel still flourish there.—C. W. B.]

HORHAM.—In one of the most pleasant parts of Suffolk stands the commodious Horham Baptist Chapel, with its recently enlarged graveyard, etc. On Lord's-day, July 13th, the Sunday-school anniversary was celebrated. The children and teachers, with their beloved pastor and superintendent, occupied the upper school-room, which opens into the chapel at the rear of the pulpit, and the congregation filled every niche of the body and galleries of the chapel. The sight was truly charming, yet very soul-humbling, as they had (at least many of them) come to hear what God should speak to them in His love and mercy. The beloved pastor, Mr. J. R. Debnam, gave out the hymns. W. Winters preached three sermons. The deacons were active in their respective spheres of labour. On Wednesday, July 16th, the attendance at the sanctuary was larger than ever. The pastor presided in the afternoon; Mr. Marsh, of Laxfield, opened the service by reading and prayer; several of the scholars recited select pieces, after which, the children and parents were addressed by W. Winters and they then retired to the burial-ground, where the scholars were regaled with a plentiful supply of tea and cake. Between five and six hundred friends sat down to tea in the chapel, and everything was carried out in the most perfect order. In the evening Mr. Elsey, sen., read and offered fervent prayer; W. Winters preached; Mr. Dennee offered the closing prayer; Mr. Brown, of Fressingfield, was present; Mr. Howard, of London, and a host more. The pastor thanked all the friends who had so heartily co-operated in the great work of love on the anniversary, and specially mentioned Messrs. Plant, of Horham, and F. Goldspink, of Redlingfield, who had so nobly entertained the preacher of the occasion. I also personally thanked them for their unflinching kindness in supplying my every temporal want. May the Great Jehovah long spare the pastor, deacons, members, and friends in loving unity, and add to their numbers frequently such as shall be everlastingly saved. So prays—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

THEN! NOW!! ONWARD!!!

In this month's EARTHEN VESSEL a correspondent asks:—"Mr. Editor,—Is there not a cause for the present lamentable state of the Churches?" Certainly there is. The love of money and pleasure has produced a worldly state of mind in the Churches, and has led many into the snare of the devil; money, and numbers, are now regarded as a "success," and by that success "the god of this world blinds the eyes," so that, instead of our teachers converting the masses to the Churches, they are converting the Churches to the world; and on all hands we have the form of godliness, with a decided opposition to the power of it, in the daily walk and conversation; and can it be a matter of surprise if the Holy Spirit's influence is withheld, and many, as of old, complain, "We see not our signs"?

You have heard I have removed to Hornsey, and I find it is here as in all parts of the country. The grand idea is more concerts, entertainments, amusements, and money. "More money," says the preacher, "and you will have better supplies, and better sermons, and great

results will follow." Stop, sir, your complaints show a reaction has set in, and you begin to reap of that which you have sown, and, instead of "more money for the preacher," there will be more scepticism and practical atheism with desertion, for that is the direct tendency of the course pursued by the Churches. We want another reformation of the Churches after the primitive model, and a few such workmen as the Lord then sent into His vineyard.

I am sorry to find there is no Strict Baptist cause near here. As I cannot, through infirmities of age, walk miles, I have to remain at home on the Lord's-day, and read the Word of the Lord for myself, which I find more instructive and comforting than men's misrepresentation of the Gospel of the grace of God.

P. J.

[As we knew the Churches forty and fifty years ago. As we know them now. As "the Book" tells us they will be in the future, are reserved. But will our Timothies, our Tituses, and Philimons read the Epistles of Paul?]

A GOOD DAY IN GREAT YARMOUTH.

YORK ROAD BAPTIST CHAPEL.

The tenth anniversary of our opening, Lord's-day, Aug. 10th, two sermons by Mr. Burgess were given from Jer. vi. 15, 16. The services were seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. On following day, at public tea, many visiting friends joined us. At public meeting, W. Beach, Esq., was chairman, who after reading and prayer by Mr. E. Marsh, said this was the seventeenth year he had met in this part of the Lord's vineyard; and, while rejoicing with them in the mercies of a covenant God, he rejoiced afresh that, while our changes cause us to observe His mercies, our greatest mercy was "He cangeth not." His truth changed not; for, while the world was seeking for novelty on every side, after 55 years' of walking in the truth, he found a living freshness in the grand old Gospel of the grace of God. Mr. Squirrel, of Woolwich, spoke from the words "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." The mercy of our natural eyesight, and the gratitude which should fill our hearts who possess this blessing, was noticed; also, "The Word of God" as a wonderful book for its preservative, antiquity, and harmony. Very beautiful was Mr. Squirrel on the spiritual vision which discerns the hidden worth of the Word, and makes it of more value than all earth's treasures. Brother John Bonny gave a soul-stirring speech on "Faith in CHRIST the Believer's Capital." Whatever the believer's position, either in the Church or world, he could never become bankrupt, since Christ and they are one; He lives to supply all their needs. Mr. Burgess gave a clear exposition of the words, "The entrance of Thy Word giveth light." The financial statement was read by the chairman, showing the remaining debt to be reduced last year to £641s. 11d. Notwithstanding the great liberality of the chairman and his beloved companion in the past, a further gift of £5 was made by Mrs. Beach. £13 10s. had been collected by that earnest worker of the cause, Miss Pain, who, year after year, never fails to show her living interest by her untiring labours. With the collections, the amount of £33 17s. 6d. had been collected. We trust united personal efforts by each member of the Church in the coming year will be made, and we may have the happiness to hear it declared—the chapel free from debt. Mr. Beddingfield came forth in a forcible manner on "Christ's Personal Voice to His People." The worthy pastor of the Church, Mr. Jas. Muskett, on "Christian Fellowship and the Gospel the Bond of Union," showed it was the living joy of the Church of God. The happy meeting closed by a

vote of thanks to the chairman. That the gratitude may be practically seen in increased efforts of usefulness in each feature of the Lord's work, and great grace rest upon this portion of the Lord's flock, is the prayer of

A WATCHER.

THE BARK.

How oft I'm like a rolling bark
Upon the stormy billows toss'd;
Waves roll around, and night is dark,
I tremble lest I should be lost.
I feel alone! the storm is high,
Alas! my bark, how frail!
I cannot trace my GUARDIAN nigh,
My faith is weak, doubts me assail.
But am I surely now alone?
Oh, no, my God is near;
He's near my bark, "the Holy One,"
And aids me, tho' I fear.
He smoothes each rising wave,
He hears the keenest blast;
He will direct, He will me save,
Yes, even to the last.
Oh! could I trust Him more,
Leave all my cares on Him;
Oh! could I, as it were, now soar
From self, the world, and sin.
North London.

J. S. J.

Marriages.

On August 2nd, 1884, at the Surrey Tabernacle, by his father, assisted by C. Cornwell, David John Stringer, of 17, Grosvenor-street, Camberwell, to Rosa Hucker, of Southampton.

On Wednesday, August 20, at Heaton-road Baptist Chapel, Peckham-rye, Miss Louisa Wilkins, to Edward King, son of L. C. King, Esq., of Shotley, Ipswich. The service was conducted by the pastor, Mr. J. Wilkins, father of the bride.

Deaths.

DEATH OF MR. JOHN BEACH, OF THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

We deeply regret to announce the death of Mr. John Beach; the following is from his son:—"MY DEAR MR. BANKS,—I write to announce the death of my dear father, Mr. John Beach, who fell asleep, August 21st (about 11 a.m.), in the 70th year of his age. He was conscious to the last, and his last words were, 'I am going home.' It is not for me to speak in his praise, he having been well known among the Churches, a member of the Surrey Tabernacle since about the year 1850, and a deacon since about 1863. Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.' We can truly testify to the truth of these words in the case of my dear father, whose end was indeed peace.

"I remain, yours faithfully,

"JOSEPH BEACH.

"Willow-walk, Aug. 22, 1884."

DEAR MR. BANKS,—Knowing your great sympathy for the poor and afflicted of the household of faith, I send note of the death of poor James Hunt, of Norbiton, Surrey. He died of dropsy on Sunday morning, August 10, 1884, in the 53rd year of his age. He was greatly afflicted from his youth up; but the last few months prior to his death he has been passing through the furnace; now he is passed out on the other side, out of great tribulation, to join the ransomed throng. I am asked by Churches to whom he formerly ministered if I know anything of him. I visited him three times in his last illness, and found his spirit sweetly mel- lowed by that grace he so loved to proclaim. He particularly wished me to officiate at his

funeral, which was at the cemetery near his residence, on Wednesday, Aug. 12. Sorrowing with the bereaved, I am, with best wishes, yours in covenant bonds,—MATTHEW BRANCH.

THE LATE MR. R. EVE, OF BALHAM.

"This God is our God, for ever and ever; he shall be our Guide, even unto death." It was this God who graciously guided me to the bedside of His dear servant, and granted me the privilege of communion with him in his last hour upon earth. Startled by his hard breathing, I said, "My dear friend, how are you?" He quietly answered, "Dying." "Oh, is it really so?" I asked his daughter who was present. She told me, with tears, the doctor said he could not recover this time; but might live on two or three days. Then turning to my friend, I said, "You know me, dear Mr. Eve, do you not?" He replied, "Yes, dear Sister Horley." "Shall I give your love to all your Christian friends?" "Oh, do." His powers were fast falling, yet he refused to take the refreshment offered by his daughter, saying, "No, let me die; I want to die." "And your hope," said I, "is where it ever has been, on the finished work of the Lord Jesus Christ?" "It is," he said, "He is all my comfort. I have no other comfort. I want to go home."

I quoted Psa. xxliii, but the Spirit did not seem to lead that way; there was no response. After a pause, I said, "Dear Mr. Eve, is there any Word particularly sweet to you at this time?" He answered, "Yes." I anxiously asked, "Can you tell me what it is?" when he slowly and sweetly repeated the words, "Fear not, for I have redeemed thee; I have called thee by thy name; thou art Mine." This was delightful; but he continued, "When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers (I finished for him the sentence), they shall not overflow thee." He emphatically added, "And they don't."

This was the cream of all. Such a touching declaration in dying moments. In a little while I asked, "Shall I pray with you?" He replied, "Yes, do." I gave thanks, and felt such prayer as only the Spirit could give for him and his; that patience might be granted, every pain softened, and that the Lord would give his dear child an easy passage, then take him to His own bosom, whither his beloved wife had gone before. To all the dying saint added an emphatic amen. Then an affectionate good-bye, and I left him, uttering last words of comfort. The Lord graciously performed all our petitions, for his sorrowful daughter informed me that from this time her dear father remained perfectly quiet, and in less than half an hour most calmly expired.

In life he had been unflinchingly valiant for the truth, and his decision of character was apparent as long as he had power to speak. In his death there was nothing visionary or ecstatic; but truly his end was perfect peace. "Blessed be the Lord who hath not left off His kindness to the living and to the dead, for they that sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him."

E. H.

3, Balham-place, July 25, 1884.

On August 17, at Greenwich, after being five years bed-ridden, Louisa Ann Strickett, in her 77th year. Many of our readers know her son, the late Henry Strickett, and she in her early life was matron to the G. C. Smith's (commonly called Bos'n Smith) Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Boys; but she rests from her labours. Her last words were, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

At Yeovil, on August 8, Mrs. Ann Rake, aged 74, peacefully, after short illness.—Mrs. Millborno, the widow of that excellent friend to the cause of truth, is waiting for her Lord to call her home.

Discipleship.

THE SUBSTANCE OF A SERMON

PREACHED BY MR. DOLBY, AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE, SUNDAY MORNING, AUGUST 17, 1884.

“Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on Him, If ye continue in My Word, then are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free” (John viii. 31, 32).

JESUS had been teaching in the temple, and whilst there the Scribes and Pharisees bring unto Him a woman taken in adultery; and they say unto Him, “Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses, in the law, commanded us that such should be stoned; but what sayest Thou?” To this inquiry the Saviour seems to pay no attention; but, being further pressed, He at length speaks, and by a single sentence stops the mouths of His adversaries; so that they, being self-convicted, leave Him and the woman standing alone. “When Jesus had lifted up Himself, and saw none but the woman, He said unto her, Woman, where are those thine accusers? Hath no man condemned thee? She said, No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her, Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more.” Thus, instead of pronouncing judgment upon her, according to law, He spoke graciously, according to the Gospel.

He then continues His discourse, in which He speaks of Himself as the Light of the world. To this the Pharisees object; Jesus therefore takes occasion from their objections to speak of Himself as sent of the Father, and so identifies Himself with the Father that He said, “If ye had known Me, ye should have known My Father also.” This led to something like a prophetic forecast of the destiny of those whom the Saviour was immediately addressing. And after a few more words it is recorded that “Many believed on Him.” “Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on Him, If ye continue in My word then are ye My disciples indeed; and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”

We have in our text three things:—

I.—*Discipleship declared*: “Then said Jesus to those Jews which believed on Him.”

II.—*Discipleship proved*: “If ye continue in My words, then are ye My disciples indeed.”

III.—*Discipleship encouraged* by a two-fold promise: “Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”

I.—**DISCIPLESHIP DECLARED.** What is it to be a disciple? A disciple is one who receives instruction from another—a scholar, a believer in the various theories which men propound, one that embraces the doctrines, precepts and practices of those who go forth to give instruction, whether it be in politics, social science, or religion. There are very few public teachers that have no disciples, let their doctrines be what they may, and their principles never so inconsistent, there are

some men to be found ever ready to embrace and follow them. Is it any wonder, then, that one so wonderful, so well gifted, so influential as was Christ, should have disciples? No; it is no wonder at all. He had then, He has now, He ever will have disciples, or followers, such as profess to receive His doctrine, love His person, and espouse His cause. They were Jews to whom Jesus was speaking: "He came unto His own"—His own countrymen, His kindred according to the flesh; and though the majority of them received Him not, still there were some who did receive Him. Some received Him in reality, some professed to believe on Him, and they followed Him for a season, and then afterward they left Him, and walked no more with Him (John vi. 66). It is rather astonishing that those who had not "the root of the matter" in them should spend so much of their time in the presence and company of Jesus; but perhaps the novelty of the occasion, and the miracles which He wrought, oftentimes drew them together. Then the power with which He spoke sometimes wrought natural convictions in the mind, so that they assented to the truth of His doctrine: "they believed." We may inquire whether this faith was the faith of the heart ("for with the heart man believeth unto righteousness"), or whether it was with the head—a mere intellectual assent. That they believed in some sort the text clearly testifies; but it is from the context that we must gather the nature of their faith. To my mind, that which follows the text leads us to the conclusion that their faith was but notional and temporary; so that when put to the test (and the Saviour knew how to do this) it was soon manifest that they were but disciples in *word*, not in *deed*; for the Lord says of them, "My word hath no place in you" (that is, no abiding-place). And again: "Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do." He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth (so these Jews bore most strikingly the features of their sire) because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own; for he is a liar, and the father of it. And again He says of them: "Ye believe Me not;" and, "He that is of God heareth God's words; ye, therefore, hear them not, because ye are not of God." The words of the text seem to breathe suspicion—"If ye continue." Jesus knew the heart, and He knew who they were that believed to the saving of the soul, and who would go back and walk no more with Him. But though things were so, still the words of the text may be applied to the possessors of true faith.

1. "They believed." We are informed that faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God. It is an unspeakable mercy that God has appointed means by which His Word shall reach the objects of His everlasting love, and that that word shall not return unto Him void, but it shall accomplish that which He pleases, and prosper in the thing whereunto He hath sent it. Thus the word comes, and it comes not in word only, but in power—in the power of the Spirit, and so, by the operations of the Spirit, faith is produced by means of the word. "They believed."

2. But who were they that believed? They were Jews. This is very suggestive; and will serve to bring out the spiritual character of God's children. The apostle, writing to the Romans (ii. 28, 29), says: "He is not a Jew which is one outwardly, neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh, but he is a Jew which is one inwardly;

and circumcision is that of the heart, in the Spirit, and not in the letter; whose praise is not of men, but of God." Those therefore who believe in Jesus to the saving of the soul, are spiritual Jews: they are circumcised, cut off all round, cut off from all creature-works, creature-trust, dependencies, help, and wisdom. The work is not of man, but it is of God; it is God's mark upon His own children; so that we have Jews amongst us, and Christ is King of such Jews: He reigns in them, and over them, and they reign in life by and through Him. These, then, are the subjects of faith, of saving faith—a faith that lays hold of eternal life, the end of which is salvation of the soul.

3. The object of their faith. "They believed on Him"—on Jesus, the Person who had been instructing them. He had said He was the Light of the world, the sent of God, and the record which He bare of Himself was true, that He was not alone, the Father was with Him, and He did always the thing that pleased Him. "They believed on Him." And so it can be said of every true disciple: they believed on Him as the Messiah, the Christ, the Son of God, the Son of man, the Seed of the woman, the Redeemer of Israel, the Saviour of His body, the Church. They believe on Him in all His covenant relationships, offices, and characters, and that there is salvation in no other. If, therefore, there be a grain of faith in our souls, which is the gift of God, we shall be desirous of laying hold of Christ as our Surety, our Sacrifice for sin, our Redeemer, our All. "I believed, therefore have I spoken." Belief with the heart unto righteousness leads unto confession with the mouth unto salvation. Thus we are not only disciples in heart, in secret, but by our own confession and profession. But all things are to be proved, that we may hold fast that which is good.

This brings us to our second point:—

II.—DISCIPLESHIP PROVED. "If ye *continue* in My Word, then are ye My disciples indeed." Observe, then, that continuance in Christ's Word is not the condition of true discipleship, but the evidence thereof. By this it was to be known that they were disciples indeed, and not in word only; that they were not like the stony-ground hearers, having no root, which for a while believe, and in time of temptation fall away (Luke viii. 13). Many professed discipleship then, as now, that never continued to the end; they endure for a while, a little religious fervour is manifested by them, they seem moved; they therefore follow for a time, but in the end their light goes out, and it is seen that they are but foolish virgins after all. They continue not. Continuance implies reception: we can never continue in Christ's Word unless we are brought to receive it. Faith is the Receiver-General of the soul. There is such a thing as historical faith, assenting to things read or related; this is natural to us; this we have apart from the grace of God in regeneration. Yes; and not only we, but devils themselves, thus believe and tremble. True faith goes farther than this; it not only assents to the word of truth, but it also receives it, and trustfully relies upon it. In this there is:—

1. An experience of the power of the Word in the heart. It is like a hammer—it breaks the rock in pieces. Some of you have felt this powerful Word coming home to your consciences, working convictions of sin. You have felt that the voice of the Son of God can raise the dead; that He can still say, "Live," and men do live: live to feel your need

of a Saviour, live to venture upon His faithful Word, and to know that him that cometh unto Him He will in no wise cast out. Some of you can look back to a time when you were dissatisfied with what you heard from men touching matters of salvation, and you can now see how mysteriously you were led by the Providence of God to where the truths of God's Word were faithfully preached. No sooner did you hear the joyful sound than your soul exclaimed, "Now I have heard words by which I can understand how a sinner can be saved." A power at once God-like and divine seizes the soul, and will not let it go. Yes, brethren, we feel and handle God's Word, and we know that in the hand of the blessed Spirit it is a powerful Word; and, blessed be God, there is in this a continuance.

2.—The Word we receive is not only powerful, but it is sweet to our taste, yea, sweeter than honey or the honeycomb. Never is bread so sweet to our taste as when we are hungry, and we know what it is to hunger for the bread of life, and when the crumbs fall from the Master's table we have by faith picked them up, exclaiming, "I have found Thy Word, and did eat it, and it was to me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." Do we not continue to prove the sweetness of God's Word to our soul?

3. We continue in an approval of the Word of Christ. It is no small mercy to be brought to an approval of God's Word. Brethren, when we can get no further we can oft say, "My soul approves of all the minister has said, and I know what he has said is true; it is according to the divine oracles:" and then, going a little further, you can say, "I not only approved of it, but it came with power and sweetness, and I felt it was a word of distinguishing grace: a word which came from the King." Who, with such an experience of the Word of Christ, can help approving it? It moves the eyes to tears; yea, I have sometimes seen it moving the hands, the feet, the mouth, the whole body, in short, the whole person—body, soul, and spirit. Under this Word the soul rises up to its God; and, blessed be His name, we do not then want the whip of Pharaoh's taskmasters, for the Word and Spirit moves our soul into fellowship with Jesus, and it is there we find our heaven.

4. There is also a *love* to the Word, and the true disciple hath this love, and continues in it. Why do we love this Word? We love it because it has found us; it has described our character and condition; and by it God has "raised the poor out of the dust, and lifted the beggar from the dunghill, that He may set him with princes, even the princes of His people." With such words as these we cannot part, but we can live upon them, we can die upon them; we cannot give them up, they are the stay of our souls, nor can they ever give way.

5. Then there is a continuance in the light which God's Word supplies. The Word of Christ is a light to us, is it not? You have sometimes been in the dark, and have not been able at such times to read a single line of your experience; you could not see your signs, your evidences have been hidden, and you have said, "I wonder if my religion is all a delusion?" And well you may at such times. But this darkness is not the darkness of death; it is not absolute, not total, it is comparative; and those who are the subjects of it are not strangers to God, nor to themselves; they can see their need of the Saviour, they can see their sins, and their unworthiness, but they cannot see their interest in

atonement blood and righteousness, therefore they cry, "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." While in this state, neither the written Word nor the spoken Word of God can be read or heard with profit. But God, who commands the light to shine out of darkness, speaks to them. He says, "Let there be light," and there is light. He brings home the word with an enlightening power; it enters in like a sunbeam; and then,—

"A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic, like the sun."

The entrance of His Word giveth light, it giveth understanding to the simple; and in the light which it supplies the true disciples ever desire to walk.

6. There is also a continuance in contending for the Word of God. But perhaps you will be ready to say, "Surely no one wants to take the Word of God from us! How can people be so wicked as to want to rob us of God's Word?" Though it may appear strange, it is nevertheless true. God's Word has been attacked by His enemies; they have attempted to explain it away; they have said it is a cunningly-devised fable, and when the Romish Church had the power the blessed Book of God was cast into the flames. We must contend for the truths of this Word, and when men of corrupt minds, who are reprobate concerning the faith, seek to divert our minds from the truth, let us say, with the apostle, "To whom gave we place by subjection; no, not for an hour, that the truth of the Gospel might continue among us." If we have once felt the application of God's Word to our souls, and the Holy Spirit has fastened it like a nail in a sure place, you may depend upon it that the devil himself cannot take it out again. He may try, and perhaps will, but the soul that is satisfied of the truth, and with the truth will contend for the truth, and continue contending.

7. This continuance will be unto the end of their days. There is no uncertainty about this so far as the children of God are concerned. Their continuance is secured—it is promised, it is prayed for; and God is more concerned about this matter than they can possibly be. He has said that He will put His fear in their hearts, that they shall not depart from Him. If, therefore, we continue in His word, we make it manifest that we are His disciples indeed.

III.—Let us notice how DISCIPLESHIP IS ENCOURAGED by a twofold promise: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

1. By knowledge of the truth. Ye shall know the truth Himself—that is, Christ, who is the truth: truth essential, truth incarnate. It was for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus the Lord that Paul said he had suffered the loss of all things. Paul was no fool; he had a liberal education, and therefore was in a position to judge in matters of importance, and he knew that to know Christ was no small mercy, hence the one burning desire of his soul was to know Him. This, then, is one branch of the promise: "Ye shall know the Truth"—know Him personally as the God-man, know the fulness of His grace, the suitability of His work, and the steadfastness of His covenant.

2. "Ye shall know the truth itself"—that is, the doctrines, promises, precepts, and invitations of the Word of Truth. The doctrines of truth have been said to be dry; but to whom are they dry?

Not to the soul that is born again and feels he wants something more substantial for his faith to rest upon than the vain conceits of deluded mortals. Nothing short of God's everlasting love manifested in His eternal election, with the grace given him in Christ before the world began, his adoption into the family of God, and interest in the obedience and blood of Christ, his regeneration by the Holy Spirit, his certainty of endurance unto the end in faith and obedience, and his everlasting felicity in the presence of God and the Lamb. I say, friends, to such an one the doctrines of the Gospel are not dry; they are breasts of consolation to converted sons of grace; they are faith-inspiring; they draw forth adoring gratitude to the eternal Trinity in unity, and tend to much enlargement of heart, tenderness of spirit, and godly humility.

3. The promises of truth. And there are many exceeding great and precious promises left upon record, and faith delights to take her walks in this field of Boaz, for they are so sweet, so certain, all yea and amen in Christ, all suitable to the circumstances into which the believer is brought, that to know them is to know the heart, the mind, the will of our God. When the waters of affliction and the cold waves of death shall dash upon our brow, "I will be with thee," "I will never forsake thee," shall prove like everlasting arms to keep our soul from sinking; "For hath He said it, and shall He not do it? or hath He promised, and shall He not make it good?" Ye shall know the truth of the promises.

4. Ye shall know the use of the precepts. These precepts are not grievous to the heaven-born soul; they are in strict accordance with the desires and aspirations of the new man of the heart, and the nature, principles, and end of the covenant of grace. They are lights on the road, and teach us how to walk before God and our fellow-men. They are binding upon our consciences, and in the keeping of them there is great reward. Ye shall know them, brethren; the Spirit shall bring them forth as part of Zion's law, and give you an understanding of them. Although your heaven does not depend upon your obedience, but upon the finished work of Christ, and the fulfilment of every covenant engagement by Him, still you shall find in a consistent walk according to the precepts of the Gospel, much peace of mind, together with the approbation of God in your conscience.

5. Ye shall know the invitations of the Word of Truth. Know unto whom they are addressed, know how that in those invitations there is generally a character described, and if not particularly described, there is one implied. Do you not know by gracious experience the precious word by the prophet Isaiah lv. 1, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money; come ye, buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price." Ah, brethren, we do know the voice of our Beloved speaking to our thirsty souls; we know the nature of that thirst. It is not natural, but spiritual; therefore if all the waters of the ocean were to be poured into us they could not assuage our thirst. We want the waters of the sanctuary, the stream that flows from the smitten rock, the gushings forth of divine blessing. Know the invitations? Yes, we do; they have drawn us into the sweet embraces of the Saviour, and upon His bosom our weary souls have found rest. Time would fail me to run through

the words of truth, but I may just echo in your hearing, in the hearing of every faithful follower of Christ, every disciple indeed, "Ye shall know the truth, the reality, the blessedness, the soul-stirring power of the invitations of the Word of God. Thus ye shall know the truth, Himself, itself; the truth of deity, of humanity, of complexity, of purpose, of revelation, of promise, of precept, of invitation. Thanks be to God for this blest assurance. Let us now look at the second promise: "And the truth shall make you free."

6. Freedom by the truth. Man by nature is not free; true, he talks much of liberty, he boasts of freedom, and patriotic souls may sing, "Britons never shall be slaves;" but they are slaves, slaves to their lusts and pleasures, slaves to sin and Satan, slaves to the world. We are all, to a man, in bondage by nature, and there is no liberty but by the truth, and through the truth. I have said, friends, that Christ is the truth, and so He is, He is the truth of all gracious purposes, promises, and declarations; the truth of every type and shadow. By Him alone is there freedom from the bondage and curse of the moral law. This law binds over to destruction all who break its precepts. It pronounces a curse upon all who transgress, and where is the man or woman that has not sinned? God has concluded us all under sin; and the soul that sins must die, so says the law, and there is no escape but by the truth. Now, how does the truth make His people free? I answer, by His coming into the world, and placing Himself under the law, so that He may meet all its claims of purity of life and sinless obedience, and at last suffer its penalty. And this He does not as a private person, but as a public head, as the divinely appointed representative of His body the Church; and by identification of Himself with that body, He makes Himself responsible to God for all that it has done amiss. His engagements are approved of, His work is accepted; justice, by the blood of His (Christ's) covenant, sends forth his prisoners out of the pit where there is no water, no life, no blessings. Thus the truth makes His people free. They are free in the judgment of God, they are free even now in the eye of the law, the price of redemption is paid, and whether this be realised or not it is an undeniable truth. But there is such a thing as experimental freedom. After a sense of sin has been wrought in the soul by the work of the Holy Spirit, and a consciousness of having broken the law in all its precepts is deeply felt, sometimes the individual tries to make matters straight, and goes about to establish a righteousness of his own, but the more such work, the more they get into bondage, and they feel that do what they will they never can do enough. They cannot come up to this divine standard, and thus they learn to see an end of all perfection in the flesh, because God's commandment is exceeding broad. The law is no way to liberty, by its works no flesh living can be justified. What is to be done? is the soul to be everlastingly in this state of bondage? No, for the Spirit shall take of the things of Christ and reveal them to His people. Christ therefore is revealed as the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. The Holy Ghost works faith in the heart, this faith apprehends the Saviour, and by the testimony of the incarnate word, as well as the written Word, a sweet freedom is proclaimed to the soul; and the truth thus brought home makes the believer free from the bondage and curse of the moral law.

And not only does it make them free from the moral law, but it makes them free from all the trammels of the ceremonial law too. This is called a yoke which neither the Apostles nor their fathers were able to bear. Nevertheless it made a part of that legal dispensation, and it was imposed upon them until the time of the Reformation. This was that middle wall of partition which stood between Jew and Gentile, and Christ has broken it down, and now through Him we both have access by one Spirit to the Father. The Apostle Paul treats largely of this subject in his Epistle to the Galatians, where he exhorts the believers to stand fast in the liberty wherewith Christ had made them free, and not to be entangled again in the yoke of bondage. The Truth makes the *disciple indeed* free from sin. Free from all its penal consequences; He bears the judgment of His people, He suffers in their stead, He dies for them, and all the punishment due to their vile transgressions He receives in His own person and by His stripes they are healed. He frees them from the reigning power of sin, by bringing them under the influence of His grace, Spirit and word; being born again they, according to the new man, seek the paths of holiness and truth, and delight in the law of the Lord. He also has determined to free them from the very inbeing of sin. To perfection they are predestinated, and to perfection they shall ultimately come. True, in this tabernacle we groan, being burdened, but by and by it shall be dissolved, it shall be sown in the earth, and then at the great rising day it shall come forth divested of all its weaknesses and corruption, no leprosy in its walls, no seeds of mortality in its vitals; free, everlastingly free from the effects of the fall, it shall be reunited to the bloodwashed soul, and then, and not till then shall we know the fulness, the sweetness, the blessedness, and the deep meaning of the Saviour's words, "And the truth shall make you free."

May it be ours, dear brethren, to prove the truth of these sweet promises, for they are "yea and amen," and never were forfeited yet; and although we may have to pass through the waters, or through the fires He will be with us whose word cannot fail, and we shall prove the emancipating power of love, blood, and righteousness for ever, and ever. God grant it for His name's sake. Amen.

A SPIRITED AND NOBLE LETTER FROM MR. DANIEL ALLEN.

MY DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Love, mercy, and peace be unto you, and to the Lord's people with whom you are in divine fellowship, from the Lord of all goodness and power. Yours of February is to hand, for which I thank you very much; so do my friends also. The information you have given us in relation to the Lord's poor and afflicted people is very interesting to us all. We pray the merciful Lord of the rich and poor to bless your receiving from the one and distribution to the other, so that he who gives, and he who receives, and you who hand over, may be much blessed together, and God be greatly glorified.

We were greatly pleased with your good meeting for dear brother Stringer. We praised the ever-gracious Lord Jesus for His very great kindness to you all in giving you such a meeting of *unity*, and *love*, and

service, unto the honour and glory of His great grace, in the relief of one of His own children. *Calvinistic Baptists die out! Ah! yes, indeed, when the Lord Jesus dies; not before.* For as the Lord liveth, it is written:—

“Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.”

These bastards of Ashdad, these Ishmaelites of the flesh, these mockers of the promised seed, these sons of the bond-woman (Gal. iv. 27), know not the fountain of our life; they know not our secret spring of which we have this sweet assurance—“Because I live, ye shall live also,” saith the Lord. The fleshly offspring of the Egyptian maid always wished Isaac dead. They seek to mock him to death, when they cannot burn him to death. What is that mocker of dear Calvin and his house but a mocking child of the flesh? Calvin’s name will be held as sweet balm in the memories of God’s saints; yea, in the remembrance-book of the Lord, when his shall rot in the overturn of Rome; for with Rome he is in perfect theological agreement. He is practically like her also. These Roman Ishmaelitish mockers so hated this theology held and constantly preached by the Waldenses for ages before Calvin was born that they burned them, slew them, and hunted them to death in various ways, for no other reason, as this modern mocker seeks in desire our death now. They sent messengers into the valleys and other places then, to see if any were left of our sort. When these messengers returned, and reported to the mockers of our holy religion in Rome that our people were extirpated, entirely annihilated, they rejoiced aloud, and sent messages to all the courts of kings and archbishops, that *we were all dead*. The kings and nobles, priests and bishops, gave one Ishmaelitish shout of joy that the tormentors of their holy Church were for ever exterminated. In their joyous jubilation they sent presents one to another, in their glee that our dear Fathers in this truth *were no more*. As this modern mocker is like Rome in theology, so he is like her in his joy at the fallacious idea that the Calvinists are very nearly all dead. His wish gives birth to the thought; therefore, like Rome, he is a murderer in *wish* and *thought*. Should unread, silly people think I assert what cannot be proved, I will make this offer publicly to the mocker of Calvin referred to by you in the March number of the *VESSEL*. I will meet him upon any platform in London that shall be agreed upon by him and you, to discuss these questions—viz., on my part to affirm, on his part to deny:—

1. That his theology is the same as the Church of Rome’s theology was when she persecuted the Waldenses.
2. That our theology is the same as the Waldenses’ theology was when Rome persecuted them.
3. That Rome persecuted them for their belief in, and proclamation of that theology now called Calvinism.
4. That the same facts apply to the persecution of the Reformers for two hundred years after the Reformation commenced.
5. That there is no evidence that any of the martyrs held his Romish theology.

These writers and speakers in mockery of Calvin prove themselves to be ignorant of the whole field of the Reformation, inasmuch as it is a fact indisputable that *all the Reformers in all Europe* were as Calvin-

istic as Calvin. I am prepared to meet any man anywhere in proof of this fact. *Our doctrine was the doctrine of the whole Reformation*; his doctrine *was and is* the doctrine of Rome. When the Reformation shall die out, then what our mockers call Calvinism will die out; so that our lives being hid with Christ in God, and our doctrine being the doctrine of God, and Christ, and the Reformation, God, Christ, and the Reformation will have to die out before we can die. I am, therefore, very glad that you had a good and so largely attended meeting, with so satisfactory and liberal results, on the behalf of our dear, aged, and much-afflicted brother Stringer. This will show our enemies who wish us dead that we still live; yea, that we are lively stones, and not unsympathetic, as they falsely accuse us of being. We all thank you for the outlines of our brother's ministerial life, which you were so kind to address to me in your over-estimation of me, a poor, sinful, unworthy servant of the Lord Jesus, who am not worthy of the least notice of His most honourable nobles, who are of themselves, and will not say a confederacy with the bond-children, and from whom the great Governor comes forth to Jehovah to intercede for them (Jer. xxx. 21). Soon after your meetings in London I went 500 or 600 miles to visit the Churches in Victoria, Melbourne, Preston, Hawthorne, Geelong, Shilwall, Ballarat, and Castlemain. I held about thirty services in these seven places in March.

We have six Churches, and six or seven men of God who proclaim the unsearchable riches of sovereign grace in that colony. Of these we shall give you full information in a printed form, in a few weeks, D.V. Eight of the Lord's people came with me from Victoria on my return to Sydney, New South Wales, to hold our Association meetings at our Chapel this year, which were pleasant and profitable seasons to us, in the first week of April. In New South Wales we have three Churches, and five good men of truth who proclaim the doctrine despised by the bond-children, but loved by the children of the free woman, the mothers of all such. Of these meetings you will receive the full report in due order, D.V. The brethren and our people then assembled, resolved, God-willing, that we should have a small periodical of our own for our Churches in the colonies, to be called "*The Particular Baptist Magazine*;" for the advocacy of our principles *distinctively*, to give our people in England information *who we are, where we are, and what we are*. So they may know where to find us when the Lord is pleased to lead them to come to these colonies.

This is not to supercede home periodicals in any wise, but to locally *defend, advertise, and aid them in their circulation*. We hope to begin with a thousand copies per month, half-penny each, sixteen pages internally and four pages of cover. Our printer proposes to do it for £7 per month. We can post them to England for three shillings per year, for such friends as desire to have them. We hope to begin on the first of July. We shall send you one monthly and give you free use of it for publication if you wish. We doubt not but you will reciprocate this liberty, relative to VESSEL, etc.

By these things it will still be evident that what they mockingly call *Calvinism* is not yet dead, nor likely to die, while the Lord Jesus lives to maintain His truth. These are the leading features of our part of Zion's holy hill in these countries to which the Lord has brought us,

we hope, for His own glory and praise, with which we trust He has united our present real and everlasting good.

It is cheering to our hearts to see that yourself and other dear brethren in England, take a prayerful and loving interest in our spiritual and Gospel welfare. Permit me to assure you again, my dear brother, and also the brethren who love us, and pray for us, for Christ and His truth's sake, that we fully reciprocate your, and their love; and ever remember you and them in our supplications at the mercy seat of your, their, and our God. We shall ever be gladdened by your and their aid and sympathy, in our striving earnestly together for the faith once delivered to the saints. We hope ever to be ready and willing to love you, pray for you, aid you, and deeply sympathise with you and them, in your and their endeavours to maintain the honour of His name, who is more precious than heaven itself, and dearer than life. With fervent, and inextinguishable love to them, and to you, *in Him*,
I remain, yours very truly,

DANIEL ALLEN, *Pastor*.

Sydney, May 5th, 1884.

[We shall heartily welcome *The Particular Baptist Magazine* from Sydney. The Colonial literary child shall be introduced to our friends, and, as many have a pure Gospel affection for its father, they will aim to give it a wide circulation. May we announce its speedy appearance?—Ed.]

THE POWER AND BLESSING OF THE LORD.

BY ISAIAH SMITH.

Pastor of the Baptist Church, Great Yeldham.

[Having given the correspondence passing between the father and daughter, we now give the Baptizing, and some things connected therewith. Our Christian brother, Mr. Isaiah Smith, says:—]

ON January 16, 1882, we fetched her home. She was very weary, but after a short time she seemed a little better. Having proposed her as a member, messengers were appointed, and the Church unanimously approved of her becoming a member after being baptized. It becoming known about respecting her being baptized, some said it would be unwise to do so; but her faith was strong in the Lord, and she feared no evil. On the Lord's-day morning, the chapel was filled, and after the sermon, she was led from the house into the vestry, and awaited the singing of the hymn. She was then led into the chapel, and witnessed the baptizing of two. I then took her hand and led her to the steps of the baptistry, supporting her with my arm round her waist, while I addressed a few words to her and the congregation, when I felt her heart beating very much. I began to lose courage, and stooping down, I whispered in her ear, "How do you feel, my dear?" She replied, "All right, father." I then took courage, and lifted her up in my arms, and carried her down into the water. There was a solemn stillness, only broken by suppressed emotions, for many wept at the sight; one friend fainted; we exclaimed, "Witness, O Heaven, and be astonished, O earth: see what God's grace can do!" I then said, "Upon the profession of your faith in God, and your love to Jesus Christ, I baptize you at your request, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." While in the act, one overcome with feeling said, "Oh, pray,

sir, do not put her dear face under the water!" but it was done: I brought her up out of the water, carried her into the vestry, and asked her, "How is it with you?" She answered, "Well; God be praised." I then went into the chapel, and baptized those in waiting. Having concluded the service I went into my vestry and called out to her, "Miriam, dear, how do you feel now?" she replied, "I feel as though I were well;" and she remained so, full of joy all day. On my return into the chapel, I found a great many friends there still, and said, "I suppose you are waiting to hear the result; if so, I am pleased to say she says she feels as though she were well." Some smiled, while tears of joy came into the eyes of others. One said, "After what I have seen, and heard, I feel I must follow the Lord." An "Independent" deacon who came to hear, and witness, made his way up to me; shook hands, and said, "Ah, I can see we Independents are nowhere but in the wrong! You Baptists have the Bible on your side, I never saw baptizing before, or hardly thought about it." Since that day he has continued to worship with us. God's word is His bond, "They that honour Me I will honour."

Dear fearing one, if you have never proved it, and desire to do so, may the Holy Spirit constrain you to march forward, and then right sure I am all obstacles will flee away; it was so at the Red Sea, and at the Jordan too; nought could withstand or stay, what God had willed to be. Let that in-rising desire of your inmost soul, have its own way; it is the Spirit's work, obedience. Yield, and the blessing of knowing that you have honoured a Triune God will be yours at once. But pardon my digression, as I felt bound to do so: for what purpose, the day shall declare it.

HOW CAN SINFUL MAN MEET HIS MAKER?

SERMON BY MR. MOXHAM AT PROVIDENCE, CLAPHAM JUNCTION.

(Concluded from page 275.)

OUR next point is the opposite interests concerning which they are met. We must note that they are not opposed to each other. We are not, so to speak, to think of God as being at war in His own breast, being swayed one way and then another, inclined and disinclined to the same thing. There is no variableness or shadow of turning in Him. We take first one and then another of His characters in order that we may be able to comprehend Him. Taking in as by fragments the perfections of His character, we are able to discern the manifold wisdom and excellence of God. These divine excellences met in the breast of God that they might establish and make known the counsel of God. They met that they might take up with the opposing elements of man's sin and God's goodness, that they might reconcile those who were actually opposite the one to the other. "I will have mercy." Would you know where the Gospel begins? and would you know where all salvation begins? It begins in the will of God. "I will have mercy," is the beginning of the Gospel. These divine attributes met in the bosom of God that they might give effect to His counsel and that we might have strong consolation. Christ came in the fulness of time that the goodness of God towards man might appear. Would you trace all genuine hope to its source? To the same will of God must you trace

it. "Of His own will He begat us;" and He has begotten us to a lively hope through the resurrection from the dead. However timid, wavering and unsettled you may be, if your hope is "built on Jesus' blood and righteousness," that hope is born not of the flesh nor of the will of man, but of God. All things that are excellent can be traced to the will of God, and they harmonise the intent that now might be known by the Church the manifold wisdom of God. If it were possible for us to know all things concerning ourselves, past and future, yet if we could not know that God would have mercy and would save us, where should we be? unless we can know that He will have mercy on us and save us from the wrath to come, all our knowledge will avail us nothing; and so we ask:—

"Will He prove a friend indeed?
He will, the very Friend you need.
O matchless kindness, and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes."

But we are to speak of the opposing elements, and we observe that those divine excellences met to undo all that man had done. God made all things beautiful. He is the great Author and has done all things well; and the end of all created intelligences, whether angels or men, is that they might do His will. God's counsel is settled and steadfast, and the highest object for which creatures are created is that they might do the will of God. If you think of the first-born of every creature, the Son of God, it was written of Him, "I delight to do Thy will, O my God." And the highest angels, or any angel, or human, or other being who is outside that sphere, outside the will of God, is at variance with the order of his nature, outside the very law of his own being. Man by doing his own will undone himself. Angels fell in exactly the same way. God's Son is the only one who can do His will. If we think of this in the matters of salvation, "What must I do to be saved?" he only is wise and is doing that which is well pleasing to God who ceases to do. Seek in all things to know His will, for this is the end of salvation, that God's will might be done, and that by way of saving sinners He might bring Himself the glory which has been interrupted by the fall. He glorified himself in creation and now He will do it in salvation; therefore these divine excellences met in the council chamber in Jehovah's breast, that they might undo what man had done.

"Cast your deadly doing down,
Down at Jesu's feet;
Stand in Him, in Him alone,
Gloriously complete."

"Ye have made a covenant with death, and with hell are ye at agreement," but God hath said, "Your covenants with death shall be disannulled and your agreements with hell shall not stand. By doing our own wills we had destroyed ourselves by introducing the destroying elements into our breasts. Small quantities of some poisons can be taken without danger, while of other poisons if you take one grain death is almost instantaneous. Sin is a poison. If we have the least taint of it in our natures it is the same as if we had taken shoals, for the taint of sin will for ever put us outside the order for which God created us; God, therefore, works that the enmity which we had introduced might be destroyed, that He might bring light to us in our darkness. To those who know God's Word simply as a book, it is as a mass of contradictions;

"I will have mercy," at the same time "I will by no means clear the guilty;" "All that the Father giveth to Me shall come to Me," and yet "Him that is athirst let him take of the water of life freely." To the man who does not believe in the *Author of the Book* and does not know the *loving Person* it reveals, these things are an enigma; but remember sin is the element which has thrown all things into confusion; it is because God's ways are light and yours are darkness that you see confusion there:—

"If aught there dark appear,
Bewail thy want of sight;
No imperfection can be here,
For all God's ways are right."

Well will it be for us if the veil be removed that we may say, "Whereas I was blind now I see." These divine excellences met to establish God's counsel to undo what man had done, to bring light out of darkness, and manifest God to sinful man.

In the next place we must look at their joint agreement which binds them together, "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." This meeting does not refer to *locality* but to the point of agreement. They have found a ground on which they might embrace each other: God manifest in the flesh is glorified there. When princes meet together they do all the important matters of the things which concern their kingdoms, and leave minor details and arrangements to subordinates. God in making known to us His infinite counsel has spoken to us of the law, He has told us of the covenant made with His chosen, and of the representative which He has provided for His church, and of the Saviour set forth for sinners. He has told us these things, and with reference to everything which follows, "There is a time for everything under the sun." He has put before us the foundations, "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." Principles, like persons, go together: falsehood and dishonesty, idleness and intemperance; we cannot be wicked in a small degree, but principles, unlike persons, cannot meet in a place but in persons; attributes can only meet in one who lives. So we find that these divine excellences met in Him whom God sent forth, the Saviour of sinners, the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world. There was a vein of gracious truth concerning the harmony of these attributes running throughout the Old Testament dispensation. We can see that the Son of God was even there anointed that He might, so to speak, take care of the interests of God and yet of the sinner at the same time. We do not find that our Lord Jesus Christ in His attitude towards His Father ever sought mercy and asked forgiveness for Himself. No! between God and the Saviour on earth there was truth, but between the Saviour and sinner there is sin and mercy. There was between Him and God truth, righteousness and peace, between Him and sinners mercy on His part and sin on ours. Jesus Christ is a Sun of righteousness, and these excellences are glorious stars, and around Him they burn and constellate as their Centre and Sun. They live and move and have their being in Him; "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other." In the fulness of time the message was, "Peace on earth and goodwill toward men!" These divine excellences are not only pointed out in the services of the old dispensation and declared in God's own Son, but *are revealed*

in the hearts of men when Christ is revealed there. When there is faith in Him, when the soul casts itself on Christ, Jesus is revealed, and the divine attributes are reconciled, when he is reconciled to God they jointly agree because they meet in the divine Person, Jesus Christ. All things point up to Him when He thus appears.

Jesus is said to be "the brightness of the Father's glory." Every ray of light is the combination of every colour; all colours blended and mixed together produce the ray of beautiful white light; and the attributes and glorious perfections of Deity all meet and shine in one ray as the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ. Seeing them there we have the glory of God revealed and we see Him as the brightness of the Father's glory. All the separate rays of mercy, truth, love, justice and peace blend together and produce the express image of Jehovah's person. And God has not only reconciled His mind and excellences in the Person of His Son, but in everything that concerns our salvation. God is well pleased with the Sacrifice; it pleased the Lord to bruise Him, God is well pleased with His work, and for His righteousness sake. Look where you may about the matchless life, or the glorious death, or the power which is vested in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Father's testimony is: "This is My beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." They are jointly agreed and by their agreement they are bound together. "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

The happy termination of this wonderful counsel: mercy and truth are for ever united, and God has for ever glorified justice and peace. Righteousness and peace have embraced and kissed each other, and this is the effect, the consequence of mercy and truth meeting together. When the Son of God is revealed in the heart by faith, righteousness and peace, formerly opposed to each other, take the prodigal by the hand and bring him to the Father's house. Mercy clasps her arms round him and bestows the kiss of peace; truth comes with the ring, the seal of God's own Spirit witnessing with our spirits, that she may put it on the returning prodigal's finger; Righteousness or Justice brings her best robe and puts it upon the shoulders of the poor naked one; while peace spreads the banquet for him and makes him sit down and eat abundantly in the presence of God. And they bring forth the harp, sackbut and the pipe, and the great Father of mercies, a just God, a God of peace, says: "Let us be glad, for this My son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found." This is the happy termination when the reconciliation is effected between God and man, between the offended and the offender, the sinner and the Saviour, the creature and the Creator, effected for ever in the counsel of God. You may say, "I long to believe and know that God is reconciled in my experience, I am afraid that I am not reconciled to God." Well, it is God reconciling you to Himself, not you reconciling yourself to God. We may ask ourselves: Do we know anything about the enmity? Are we ashamed of sin? Are we glad to take it to our God?

Lastly, as God has been pleased to unite these things and bring them together in Christ, what do we think about the glory of God? The end of all that He does is that Jesus may be glorified.

Let the angels worship Him; let the Holy Spirit glorify Him; let the earth with her thousand voices praise Him and the echo go back

again—"Glory to God in the highest." Do you love to think of Him as the glorified Saviour? As Jesus is glorified in your heart, so it is evident that you are living in God's way, and living and dying in God's way, God has surely reconciled you to Himself, and it shall be proved in your experience: "Mercy and truth are met together, righteousness and peace have kissed each other."

ABOUT GOD'S MINISTERS.

LETTER I.

"The work of the ministry" (Eph. iv. 12).

MY BELOVED ENOCH,—The Church elect in Christ Jesus is a great house, "a spiritual house," Jehovah is the owner and inhabitant thereof: "for the Lord dwelleth in Zion" (Joel iii. 21). 'Tis beautiful for situation, in the covenant counsels and constant care of its glorious Proprietor, it is "the house of Jehovah's glory" (Isa. lx. 7), and He "makes the place of His feet glorious," His glorious name is known there, His glorious voice is heard there, His glorious power is felt there, His glorious Gospel is preached there, His glorious presence is enjoyed there, His glorious grace reigns there, and His glorious Majesty is loved, worshipped, honoured, exalted and glorified there by all the spiritual inmates of the house; and so "the glory of the Lord fills the house" and constitutes it "a glorious Church." Happy are those, and everlasting will be all who through abounding grace are vitally members thereof. The house is well stored with good, sound, solid, substantial, soul-supporting, strengthening, satisfying provision, there is no lack, but a perpetual rich supply of pure Gospel commodities, "without money and without price," for all the spiritually hungry and thirsty, the poor and needy, and as they partake of the sweet repast they at times shout out melodiously:—

"Blest Jesus, what delicious fare,
How sweet Thine entertainments are,
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace and dying love.

The order of the house called "the household of faith," as established by its ever blessed proprietor is matchless and unequalled in every part; and although some violate that order, yet that by no means alters its authoritative appointment by "the Master of the house." What is any house without order established but a scene of confusion, of which God is not the author, who says, "Let all things be done decently and in order." Baptism by immersion, and the Lord's Supper, is His own instituted and commanded order, and to all His regenerated people He says, "If ye love Me keep My commandments." I must refer you to a careful perusal of the 1 Cor. xii., and Eph. iv. 1—16, for your edification on this point; and what an infinite mercy it is that God has been pleased to appoint, make, and qualify men as ministers for usefulness in His House in various ways. They are described by different Scriptural appellations, with which, no doubt, you are very familiar, such as "servants of the Most High God," "ministers of Christ," "stewards of the mysteries of God," "ambassadors," "standard bearers," "watchmen," "witnesses," "living creatures," "angels," "messengers," "valiant men," "oxen." In Ezekiel's and John's vision of them they

are represented with four faces, "lion" for strength and intrepidity, "calf or ox" for labour and toil, "man" for sympathy and kindness, "eagle" for clear sight and ascent, with many other meanings "of which we cannot now speak particularly." A double or two-faced man I am afraid of, for he, as James says, is "double minded and unstable in all his ways." Beware of such for your own comfort. I have been pierced and pained with many such sleek, sly, sham religious beings, but a four-faced man, as a minister of God, I dearly love and am not the least intimidated in his company. Well, now these various ministers of Christ are all useful in the house, and every one has his appointed place to fill and his work to do, and if you feel an internal spiritual desire bubbling up in your soul for the ministry of the Gospel a few remarks in my next relative to necessary qualifications may be useful to you, if not above teaching. Yours in the truth,

T. STRINGER.

IN MEMORIAM.

A FEW PARTICULARS RELATIVE TO THE DEATH OF MRS. ELLISTON, THE DAUGHTER OF MR. PARSONS, BAPTIST MINISTER, BRENTFORD.

How divinely comforting is it to the believer's mind that all power in heaven and earth is given to Jesus! There are many mighty influences constantly moving before His eyes, but all are under the control of His arm. Death is not His creature: the Lord of life was never the maker of death, it is the offspring of sin; yet, even this mighty monster is subject to the reigning power of our Lord. Moving in solemn, irresistible power on this sin-stricken earth, it performs its Master's bidding, frail mortals everywhere feeling and falling before its force, proving "All flesh to be as grass, which in the morning flourisheth and groweth up, and in the evening is cut down and withereth:" eternally separating the wheat from tares, and thus instrumentally gathering the ransomed Church to the full unfading glory and eternal joy of her Lord on high. Somewhat suddenly it has visited the little garden at Lewisham, and removed one of its lilies. The sorrowing relatives of whom have requested me to send a brief account for insertion in the October EARTHEN VESSEL.

Our sister, Sarah Elliston, was called by grace early in life, and I believe was first convinced of sin whilst listening to her father's prayer. She was then living at home, and appears to have been a long time in great bondage, not being able to realize her interest in the Lord. At length, in the order of providence, she removed near to Bermondsey, and attended the ministry of Mr. Laurence, at Lynton-road Chapel. God blessing the word and leading her to rejoice in Himself as her only Saviour, she was baptized and became a member of that Church. About thirteen months since she was married to her now bereaved and sorrowing husband, and came to reside in Lewisham, both of them joining the Church here; her quiet consistent life and conversation winning the esteem and affection of all who knew her. She had of late frequently complained of feeling unwell, but hoped as the summer months passed to regain strength.

On Bank Holiday, August 4, she, in company with her husband, went to her father's home at Brentford, returning the same night: after which it appears she was never quite well. I visited her the following day and found her very poorly, but hoping soon to regain health and strength; this, however, was not to be. Hearing on Lord's-day, August 10, she was not so well, I called on the following Monday, when she was much worse. Visiting her again on Wednesday found her ill and in bed, suffering great pain. I read the 23rd Psalm, and prayed with her, when she spoke of the uncertainty of time, the great mercy of having a good hope, and said: How do those poor creatures do who cannot call upon the Lord when in trouble? Her mind was calm, quietly resting in the Lord. Saw her again on Friday, 15th; she was much weaker and suffering intensely, yet patiently bearing it, her mind stayed on God. She asked to hear a few verses read; the portion chosen was the first part of the fourteenth chapter of Gospel by John, and again we commended her to the loving care of her Lord. She said, "The Lord is with me," and appeared

to be trying to quote *Psa. xxiii. iv.* On it being repeated to her she smiled and said, "Yes," and then told us how much of late she had enjoyed the services of God's house, and repeated several portions from which I had recently spoken, and of the comfort she had derived from *Gen. xxii. 14.* The next day, Saturday, her father came to see her, when she seemed fully resigned, and asked him to pray with her that patience might be given, and quoted *Isa. xliii. 1, 2,* as affording great consolation. One can hardly imagine the feelings with which our aged and afflicted brother, persuaded he would not again meet her on earth, bade farewell to his only daughter, and indeed, the only child in England.

On Lord's-day, 17th, she was much weaker, and on Monday morning asked to see me. She was evidently sinking, and unable to speak but in a whisper. Speaking of death, she said, "I am safe." I said to her, "My sister, you are brought into a very solemn position, is the Lord as precious to you *now* as ever?" With all the emphasis she could command, she replied, "Yes, *more so.*" On hearing several portions of the Word quoted she readily assented and smiled, evidently realizing their sweetness and meaning. By her request, once more with mingled feelings of pleasure and pain, we sought by prayer to commit her to the Lord. Shortly before midnight she requested her husband once more to call for me: I at once accompanied him to her bedside. On being told I was in the room she asked to be raised in the bed, and then mustering all the strength she had, slowly whispering word by word, said, I have sent for you to tell you the state of my mind, I could not say much this morning and cannot say much now, but felt before crossing the river I must tell you how precious the Word of God has been to me. Whilst pausing for breath I said, "Precious Bible, what a treasure." She replied, "Yes, it is precious." We then lost a few words, after which we heard her say, "What a mercy to be kept—kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation; and faith, not of ourselves, it is the gift of God, given to all His sheep, and we are the sheep of His pastures." She was too exhausted to say more, and soon became unconscious, from which she does not seem to have recovered; but after about two hours, without a cry or struggle, went to be "for ever with the Lord." We committed the mortal remains to the grave in the presence of a goodly number of sympathising friends on Friday, August 22, and on the following Lord's-day evening, endeavouring to improve the occasion, preached from *Acts xvi. 22.* May the God of all grace sustain our bereaved brother, who after so short a union is called to bear this heavy loss. And may the dear parent be enabled to bow in submission to the will, and be mercifully supported by the great and good Lord whose name he so long has known and preached.

So prays yours very truly,
WM. HAZELTON.

THE TRUTH AND TEACHING OF A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.—"Specially those that believe" (1 Tim. iv. 10). The denial of a Special Providence is not common in our denomination, but fearing there are some who are unsound in this respect, I would like to draw attention to this particular passage. It would be interesting, as well as sad, to know in what manner such interpret this. You would do good service by opening your pages to the consideration of this subject. Any convinced of their error by the indisputable instances that might be adduced would repay the space occupied, and by God's blessing be a means of doing good. To remove any stone of stumbling out of the way when so many delusions are fastening themselves on the mind would be a practical form of usefulness that should not be overlooked.—W. C. B., Notting-hill-gate, W.—[With Mr. Boddington, we believe much comfort and an increase of pleading, and of confidence in the promises of our heavenly Father might result from a consideration of the government of God, manifested toward His children. Could we not prove the truth of this great blessing, each from his own experience? We have known those in the ministry who deny God's special care over His people in this world. We marvel not that they can do as they have done; but with them we have nothing to do.—ED.]

The Church under the care of Mr. James Clark, West Hill, Wandsworth, has sustained a painful loss in the death of Mr. EDGAR MULLINER. His memoir, so affectionately written by his sorrowing friend, Benjamin Drane, is in type, but the printers cannot insert it until November. We regret, but cannot avoid this. The same may be said of the closing scenes of Mrs. Flack's life here; also of that singular, steady, old disciple, John Banham, of Stowupland; Mr. Winters on "The Immutability of Jesus;" Mr. Gordelier's record of that true saint, Mrs. Jacobs; our own paper on "The Law of Love," &c., all in next month.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

William Huntington's Letters to J. Jenkins, entitled, Contemplations on the God of Israel, are re-produced, and cased in a neatly bound volume, by W. P. Dolby, of Stamford, and can be had of J. Gadsby, Bouverie-street, London, of whom may also be had a new edition of *The Experience of George Whitefield*, written by himself, &c. Price 4d. These works are too well known to require any commendation of us. George Whitefield, with his large net, gathered fish of every kind. God raised up the coal-heaver to sift, to separate, to show the difference between the clean and the unclean. George Whitefield and Wm. Huntington were ambassadors for Christ.

The Age to Come; or, the Millennium. By William Frith, Minister of Trinity Memorial Church, Gunnersbury; author of "General Gordon," &c., &c.—Before Mr. Frith was known as a minister, about fifty years ago, we read the works of the late John Cox, Dr. John Cumming, and others, on the second coming of our Lord, and the foretold and anticipated event was then a theme of peculiar interest to us. Subsequently some heavy clouds poured down such floods of grief upon our soul that, although we never lost a deep-rooted love for it, yet the freshness, the joy, the expectation which the Second Advent of Jesus had raised was almost drowned in the euroclydon which threatened us with anguish so intense that, for a period, we had no power to meditate upon scenes so grand, so solemn, and so full of the richest anticipations for the peaceful and happy Christian, whose mind is steadily fixed upon his God and the eternal glory on which he expects shortly to enter. This volume of Mr. Frith's (so beautifully printed and so neatly bound by Mr. Robert Banks, and published by S. W. Partridge & Co., lays the Millennium out in its various departments in an easy, scriptural, and edifying style. Dogmatic minds, who have laid down a line running simply to and fro upon the *five points*, may refuse to hear or read anyone on *The Age to Come*; but all who are thirsting to know more and more of the Person, of the grace, and of the glory of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, may so study a work of this description as to open up in their understandings some of those yet unfulfilled Scriptures, and thereby their faith, their hopes, their experiences, may be raised above the gloomy valleys into which so many of us sink, and find sorrows most terribly

distressing. There are three comings of Christ essential to our salvation. 1. God the Father sends His well-beloved Son to redeem us. 2. God the Holy Ghost brings Christ and His works into the regenerated, the believing, and the Saviour-embracing soul. 3. Christ will come in His own glory, and "all His holy angels with Him," to separate the sheep from the goats, and to present the whole of His given, redeemed, and called family unto His Father, saying, "Here am I, and the children Thou hast given Me." These three comings of Christ are of the utmost value in our contemplations upon Him, and if the Holy Ghost hath truly made the Saviour precious to our souls, we shall (in certain seasons at least), look upward and forward to His final Advent with supreme delight.

Billy Bray; or, Who and What are the Bible Christians?—This question has been frequently put by readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL. It has more frequently been repeated in consequence of some attracting places having recently been erected in the S.E. suburbs of London. A brief answer will suffice. They originated in Cornwall in 1815. One William O'Bryan, finding there were many villages adjacent to Shebbear without any religious instruction, whose inhabitants were living in a wild state, began with great zeal to preach to them, introducing among them the Bible. Eventually a number of places were opened for reading the Word and for prayer. On October 9, 1815, the first Church was formed. As a by-word they were called "Bible Christians" by the uneducated because they did not use the Prayer-book. When the promoters met (having no wish to be called after the name of any man) they fixed upon the title, *Bible Christians*. One of their most powerful pleaders was the celebrated *Billy Bray*, whose life and history has been favourably reviewed by most magazines, and read with no small amount of interest by almost every minister of the Gospel. His life was full of humour, reality, earnestness, and flaming zeal; he was the means of erecting many little places for worship in the West of England. These people are now growing popular. They have erected this year two noble-looking Churches—one at Lee-green, and another at Forest-hill, which was opened on Friday, Aug. 1, by Mr. C. H. Spurgeon, when the attendance was very large; Mr. Heywood, of Brockley-park, a most

liberal gentleman, subscribing handsomely towards the cost of £6,000. These Bible Christians have taken two Baptist chapels from us in London—i.e., "Garnes," Clapham, and Waterloo-road.—J. W. B.

ORIGINAL FREE-GRACE TRACTS.—By F. P. Patterson, jun., Lawson-house, Larkfield, Kent. Fifty-four thousand of No. 5 have been issued. Its subject is, *We Must all Appear Before the Judgment Seat of Christ*. This is a very difficult Scripture to expound; but Mr. Patterson's aim has been to use it as an instrument with which to arrest the ungodly. The soul delivered from the powers of darkness will surely be anxious to show to others the dangers to which they are exposed. We are thankful to find these tracts are so extensively circulated.

The Fireside.—London office: 7, Paternoster-row. There are some rich literary gems in this *Fireside*, edited by the Rev. Charles Bullock. In the production and successful issue of weekly papers and elegant monthlies, this energetic editor excels all we know. He is the captain of a number of spiritual, mental, and evangelical vessels. We know a little of pen-driving; but this clergyman beats us outright. He always introduces us to the company of men who fear God, who have a Gospel faith in Christ, and who are workmen not to be ashamed. In September *Fireside* we have the early life of Augustus Montague Toplady. The diary which the author of "Rock of Ages" kept of his convictions, of his conversations with himself, of his prayers for himself, and of his desires to be kept from evil, do most clearly demonstrate the genuine grace of God in its tenderness, purity, yea, in its exceeding preciousness to his own soul. We wish our young friends to read the effusions of Toplady's little heart when only a lad. His father was slain in battle when Master Augustus was only one year old; but between the mother and the son the sweetest, the strongest love existed. We must have Toplady's life in these pages, for he was a saint indeed. One *Fireside* verse we here give, because it tells the tale of our heart:—

"Dark the night, and wild the wave,
Christ the boat is keeping;
Trust in Him and have no fear,
Though He seemeth sleeping."

"MONEY, MANHOOD, AND MERIT," the three prevailing powers in the Churches. True! proofs are abundant. There have been three greater powers: God's life in the soul, God's love in the heart, God's image in the character. The human nature of professors is caught

by the three first; but gracious spirits can only praise the Lord for the three last. They are fruitful, *they never fail*. The machine-like drill of school or college turns out many well-polished semi-scholars; polite, but poor mentally, poor financially; in some cases, rich matrimonially. These may secure a pastoral position; but the hungry, thirsty, salvation-longing soul becomes stunted, and might be starved; but the well of water within keeps it alive in famine, and gives it the privilege of becoming wiser than its teachers. We cannot describe the "banker's son" now. He goes about doing good. Let that suffice.

THE ALPHABET OF DIVINE LOVE.—In vol. vi. of the *Treasury of David*, by C. H. Spurgeon, an ancient author gives this pretty, this elegant, this inviting title to Psa. cxix. Very few, we fear, learn *this* alphabet; or, if they do, they keep their knowledge of it to themselves; for rarely indeed do we meet with any sermon or essay of our own times, taken out of the long, large, deep, rich, royal, blessed river of a soul's meditation of that love which is from everlasting to everlasting. Oh, if we could swim we would often gently glide down this living stream; and if we understood the science of fishing, and had a rod suitable, and baits congenial, we would try and catch a few of the golden fish which so abundantly luxuriate and enjoy themselves here. But we have been so much the slave of the poorest of the poor that we could never do more than look on. C. H. Spurgeon has called into his study about five hundred of the students of Christ's school, all of whom have brought him some gems from this Mediterranean of holy mystery. Get vol. vi. of the *Treasury of David*, and you will get the sweetbread of the thoughts of those happy souls who have been led by the Spirit of God into the divinely-inspired alphabet of love.

"AGONISING TO BE SAVED."—Such a sentence is rarely to be seen in any of the millions of books and papers now flooding the nation. Such a sentence expresseth waves of soul-travail of the work of that faith which looketh out of obscurity for acceptance in the Beloved. It is the key-note to a volume issued by E. Wilmshurst, Warwick-buildings, Paternoster-row. A shilling volume, on the cover of which is engraven, *Our Young People's Treasure*.

THE CHURCHYARD PIONEER.—A narrative is now given, monthly, in *Cheering Words*. Get it direct from our office, if booksellers refuse. We think it worth one halfpenny.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

"THEY ALL FORSOOK HIM AND FLED!"

A NOTE TO CHARLES GRAHAM, ESQ.,
NEW YORK.

VALUED AND ESTEEMED BROTHER IN THE FAITH OF THE GOSPEL,—I must tell you you are one of the very best friends I have had in this effort to remove the debt off the Speldhurst-road chapel. Very many have sent kind letters and donations; but your efforts and your contributions, gathered up from many benevolent helpers, have astonished me beyond all telling, and I can find no words to express that deep-felt gratitude in my heart toward you for your gift of £5, and for the collected sums of near £12, already forwarded by you. I was obliged to preach yesterday from "Issachar," the *strong ass*, and I said, If I was not a strong donkey I must have broken down under the heavy domestic afflictions, the long bronchial fits I have personally experienced, the chapel burden, and the incessant appeals for help from hosts of very needy, most deserving, yea, some extremely lamentable cases. Every day I am engaged in dispensing all the help I can.

Yesterday, Sunday, August 24, 1884, was, on the whole, a very blessed day with me. I said I was advised by one very near to me, and one seriously afflicted, to leave the chapel, and to cease from preaching; and if ever any man should accept and adopt that advice, surely it should be myself; for those who once composed my congregation are, comparatively, dead. Some are in their graves, some are in Australia, others scattered in different parts of the world. A few have become married, and they cannot attend through illnesses, and other hindrances. I have baptized many here; but circumstances have arisen to take them away. No less than six of our members were off yesterday preaching, and a wonderful preacher was in the neighbourhood; to hear him a multitude had flowed together. Still, we had two congregations, good singing, and I was more happy in the work than perhaps anybody beside. How the people got on I cannot say. I never see a sleeping audience. I know, good brother Charles Graham, I do well know, the Word of the Lord comes into my soul. I know it always leads me to a contemplation on the Person and work of Christ. He is my theme; He is my study; He is my soul's desire; He ONLY is my happiness; He is my real friend. The large flocks of old friends to whom I used to preach, whose souls God did feed by my ministry, these are all dead; I should say, all are gone home. The two cholera seasons began to sweep my decks, and waft the souls of many dear friends across the river. The new generation coming up all around me are more modern than this old-fashioned "hyper." They are taller than I am; they are bolder than I can be; they are more eloquent,

more full of words than I ever was. They can float along on the surface of what is called "Calvinism" with a natural and beaming ease, and they look with contempt upon an antique, worn-up, old near fourscore like myself. If a deacon proposes to ask me to preach at any place, the proud parson says, "Ah, poor old soul! Let, *LET HIM COME.*" But, kind Charles Graham, you may most certainly be assured I never go on such terms. I am no lover of public meetings, because Nature never gave me a stock of talk which a man can use whenever an opportunity offers.

I can appeal to the great Searcher of hearts to confirm what I now tell you, that unless Providence opens a door, and says "Go in!" unless the Word of the Lord comes into my soul, unless the Spirit opens it up in my heart, and then unless an unction of liberty and power be given me to

OPEN MY MOUTH BOLDLY,

I cannot either preach or speak. Yesterday, for example, after I had done with Issachar in the morning, I felt as dark, as dry, as empty, as void of all thought, as though I had never preached; so I laid me down and went to sleep, arose up as much a blank as I laid down. All that ran through me was this—

"Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?" But I could not think of that as a text. I did not wish to be talking about the devil; yet it would cling to me. I took down that volume, "The Gospel According to Satan," but there was nothing there. I looked in the Bible. To me there was nothing there. I laid hold upon Thomas Brooks's "Signal Presence of God with His People in their Greatest Troubles." Sure enough, you might think, in such a sea of divinity I might swim along. No! not a word, not a sentence, not a line: nothing but "Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?"

I SURRENDERED.

"What can I say from you?" said I to myself. When I quite gave myself up then the spring began to flow. Ah, you may laugh, Master Graham, and others may sneer; but this is the way the evening sermon came to me. Inside, something said there were four powers, emanating from Christ, which always drew people unto Him.

1. The power of His Person.
2. The power of His speaking.
3. The power of His miracles.
4. The power of His sufferings.

Each of these powers opened up fields of TRUTH, which overflowed my little mind, and flooded me mentally.

Do you call this eulogising myself? Well, I know every man now sits in judgment on his fellow man, but I only write the truth. My thoughts upon the power that went forth from the Person of Christ were to me delightful, of which here I can give no conception.

Then I was led to the text in John x. 21 : "Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?" I wondered however I could speak from these words ; and while wondering, a whisper, a mental expounder, said, "Here are four powers, too."

1. The power of *Nature*. All are born spiritually blind ; and when the disciples so simply asked Christ, saying,

"MASTER, WHO DID SIN?"

"This man or his parents, that he was born blind?" Jesus then preached

THE DOCTRINE OF PRE-ORDINATION.

He said most distinctly, "Neither hath the man sinned, nor his parents, but that the works of God should be made manifest in Him."

"This man," says John Gill, was a type of all God's elect in their natural condition." All are born blind to the glories of God in Christ. So, first of all, my text led me to the contemplation of *NATURE*, and of all God's people in their state of nature—blind to all things spiritual, to themselves as needing a Saviour; blind to God's order of providing salvation; blind to all the beauties and blessings of a new and an everlasting covenant.

Oh, what territories belong to Nature! all the material and planetary heavens above us! all the earth and nations of the earth around us! all the colleges, and universities, and galleries of art and science! politicians, philosophers, poets, and painters! comedians and tragedians! pen-men, pulpit-men, platform orators, doctors (medical and theological)! all kinds of religion and religious institutions! the Church of Rome, the Church of England, the Arminian and Unitarian Churches! Aye, Nature's domains and her possessions are gigantic and immense. She is God's great and varied field wherein are hidden His blind children until *JESUS* passeth by. He seeth every one, although in the fall, and in the appointed hour He "openeth the eyes of the blind"; He raiseth the dead, and calleth to Himself the *GIVEN ONES* of HIS FATHER'S heart and hand.

"*NATURE*," then, sir, was the first field I had to traverse; but only a hint or two could I give. Nature's books are huge folios, with maps on rollers too immense to be scanned by a puny worm like myself; yet it is true that—

"Nature with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labour of His hands
Shews something worthy of a God."

Yes! Nature hath her hidden mysteries as well as her open volumes; and never yet have her varied treasures been fully discovered. With Montgomery I sigh out—

"If God hath made the world so fair,
Where sin and death abound,
How beautiful beyond compare
Will God's own house be found!"

The second power in the text was "*GRACE*!" *CHRIST* had opened the eyes of a man that was born blind. Did He open every blind man's eyes? No! Here was an

instance of the cause of the sovereignty, of the efficiency of divine grace!

But because the man contended earnestly for the Lord they cast him out of the synagogue. Now look on the compassion, the love, the care the continued mercy of the God-man towards this "vessel afore prepared unto glory." Read this:—

"Jesus heard that they had cast him out, and when Jesus had (sought for and) found him, He said unto him,

"DOST THOU BELIEVE ON THE SON OF GOD?"

Oh, what a mighty question! Full to the brim of holy truth is this. The grand essential of all essentials in the matter of a soul's salvation.

And how honest the question of the man in return—"Who is He, Lord, that I might believe on Him?"

"Jesus said unto him, Thou hast both seen Him and it is He that talketh with thee."

Life, faith, knowledge, decision, and love were spoken into the once blind man's soul. He now saw, not naturally only, but spiritually also, for he cried out, "*LORD, I believe.*" And he worshipped Him.

Here was grace, the second power in my text.

The third was *TEMPTATION*. "Can a devil open the eyes of the blind?" The temptation comes sooner or later to every living and Christ-loving soul. "Ah, Satan hath deluded you!"

I must not dwell now on the last power, which is *TRUTH*. Satan cannot give spiritual life or light to any poor dead, blind soul. Salvation, conversion, illumination into saving mercies, all fitness for the kingdom of God cometh entirely, freely, savingly, and sovereignly from the Lord alone.

Thus, good brother Charles Graham, my mind that was so empty, became filled; and very briefly I told out these solemn things to the friends who were last evening in Speldhurst-road Chapel. But the conduct of many towards me has astonished me a little. The feeling secretly expressed by some is, "We want a new minister, a young man, some new blood, something more attracting and modern." Well, but not a soul will take my responsibility, nor any share in it. If I could find the young man they wish for! I alone am bound to pay all current expenses, which amounts to quite £6 per month or more, and sometimes I do not receive half of it. This the treasurer's book will show. I alone am responsible for the £600 mortgage. When I can pay that, if God will find for me a sound Gospel preacher, I will make way for him.

Dear brother Charles Graham, I have thus briefly replied to your last kind note. When I come to a fuller explanation of how I was brought into this difficulty, you will, I trust, see more clearly there has been a mysterious providence over

Yours gratefully,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney.
August, 1884.

THE BISHOP AND HIS PALACE RESTORED.

[We believe all the friends of that honoured servant of our Lord, Mr. Benjamin Taylor, will read the following epistle with much pleasure.—ED.]

BELoved SISTER IN JESUS,—Having a little spare time, it came into my mind to write you a line, feeling in my heart a love to you in our Jesus, which many waters cannot quench, nor floods drown. Let God our heavenly Father be praised for the bestowment of this love, which His servant John stands amazed at, and says, "Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God." Sometimes you and I sink so low in ourselves, and feel so faint and languid, and so lifeless and indifferent concerning our best interests, that we become alarmed, and cry out, "Can ever God dwell here?"

"If I love, why am I thus?
Why this dull and lifeless frame?
Hardly sure can they be worse
Who have never heard His name."

Do not let me forget, however, that of late I have been favoured to walk into the green pastures of God's Holy Word, which are fat and full, and living streams are there. The blessed Lord told me to eat the fat and drink the sweet with those who have portions prepared for them when they seemed to have nothing. One of the chief golden links in the chain of our salvation was shown me as a text—namely, "*God is love*," and in this text, before I was aware of it, my soul made me like the chariots of Amminadab. I was enabled to preach five sermons upon this text, dwelling on the nature of God's love, in what respects it is manifested unto us; the dimensions of it in its breadth, length, depth, and height; and, lastly, in its blessed effects as exemplified in all those who are the subjects of it. Indeed, I found myself suddenly led into a wide field, and earnestly wished to abide there as long as I live. But it pleased the Lord to lead me from this into another sweet field of living green, and I was enabled to preach with life and savour upon this text, "*Be not afraid, only believe*." I find the storehouses in Egypt still rich and full of corn. Yea, I find the river of God as full as ever, even after a long drought in my own soul. O yes, there is a river the streams of which make glad every thirsty soul, for the Spirit says to such, and to such only, "Drink, O friends, yea, drink abundantly, O My beloved." I have again and again thought the brook would dry up, and that bread and water would utterly fail; but I have proved that God can send down angels' food from heaven and bring up flesh from the sea, and cause rocks and mountains to send forth rivers of water to satisfy His chosen ones. I have grateful pleasure in saying, to the praise and glory of God, I feel much better than when I last wrote to you; but my dear wife is sorely tried with bronchitis, which, in addition to her long and painful affliction, is most trying. At the same time, we must not forget that the honey is mixed with the gall, and that Fatherly smiles are behind a

Fatherly rod. My dear friends here continue to pray that my life may be spared for many days to come, while unbelief has often said, "Ah, they may pray thus, but you won't live long; you know you are worn up, and the doctors tell you so; and therefore their prayers will not, cannot be answered." However, feeling myself just now so much better, these words have been in my mind, "They shall renew their strength." I have even been thinking about resuming my village preaching again, and have pleased myself with the reviving thought, that possibly I may again perambulate the old beaten paths through which I have carried the glad tidings of salvation to poor sinners this forty years, and more, "who can tell?" I know God's promise cannot fail, let unbelief protest ever so much to the contrary. Oh, how often have I to say, "Lord, I believe, help Thou mine unbelief!" You cannot imagine how I was worried, tempted, and tried last Thursday morning, finding it to rain much, and a prospect of a thorough rainy day. Be it spoken to my shame, I murmured and became fretful, and said, "The Lord hides His face, and will no more be favourable to us. We have painted the house of God inside and outside, and have done a good and much needed work, and have incurred some considerable expense, and dwelt upon this day, hoping to obtain a little towards paying the money due; but now the Lord has sent us such a day as must frustrate our expectations, and we shall find it to turn out a complete failure." I thought, "Surely our good brother Marsh will never come all the way from Laxfield to preach to us such a morning as this; and should he come, there will be no people to hear him; our friends nearly all living so far from the chapel." Thus spoke that old foe to Zion, unbelief. After all we can say there came a portion of God's Word to counteract the work of unbelief—namely, "All things work together for good to them that love God," &c. Although it was a thorough wet day, Mr. Marsh came and preached two good Gospel sermons; there was a very good congregation to hear him; sixty stayed at tea, and we never had a better anniversary at Pulham. We indeed found the money to turn up rather slowly; but we are not without hope that soon our beautiful place of worship will again be clear of debt. Money and other things may not come in the way that we expect. I dare say Elijah's ravens did not always come to him from the same quarter; but anyhow, God always more than meets the wishes and desires of His people; and we are bound to say with Nahum, "The Lord is good: a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Fearing this letter may be too long and tedious for you at your extreme age, I will only add, may the Lord fill you with all joy and peace in believing, and may you yet have many more foretastes of heaven before your ransomed spirit come into the regions of eternal joy and felicity. So prays

Your grateful and affectionate brother,
B. TAYLOR.

Pulham-St.-Mary, September 9, 1884.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—September 15, the usual quiet condition of the village of Bythorne became somewhat disturbed by visitors streaming in from Oundel, Polebrook, Raunds, St. Ives, and other parts, to attend harvest thanksgiving services held in our Baptist chapel. C. W. Banks was announced to preach a sermon in the afternoon, who put in his appearance all in time for the service, and looking much better than we anticipated, considering the heavy trial under which he is suffering, fearing that the partner of his joys and sorrows may soon be called away. The hymn,—

“How sweet the name of Jesus sounds,”

being sung, Mr. Debnam, sen., read the Scripture and asked the Divine blessing, after which a very appropriate discourse was delivered, founded upon the words, “Bringing His sheaves with Him,” by C. W. Banks. Then the school children had a free tea in the vestry; while about seventy friends enjoyed the cup that cheers in the chapel. At 6.30 we had a grand (because good) public meeting, presided over by Mr. Milligan, a wealthy farmer (of Keston), who in his opening address struck the key-note, which set the souls of both hearer and speaker on fire. Mr. Debnam was heard with attention and with soul profit. C. W. Banks came up with an address, all his own; some said we should like to have heard more from him. Mr. Russell (of Spaldwick) showed himself able to hold the interest of the meeting by a pointed and timely discourse unto the end. The chairman explained that certain improvements had been made to the pulpit, new lamps for the chapel had been provided, and all must be paid for; hence the collection. I must not omit saying that many thanks are due to the ladies for their kindness in preparing tea; for the floral decorations, which gave to the chapel such a pleasing appearance; and to Mr. C. W. Banks, who came and preached to us. But while our thanks are due to friends, the praise and glory shall be given to God alone.—**HARRIS NUNLEY**, Baptist minister, Bythorne, Thrapstone. [I never saw a kinder or happier family than Harris Nunley is blessed with. His industrious and devoted wife, his sons and daughters, his neighbours, all zealously uniting to help on the cause. Of other parts of Northamptonshire which I visited, notes were taken; some day they may appear.—C. W. B.]

YATELY.—**ZOAR CHAPEL.**—September 2 Mr. Burgess preached sermons from Matt. xiii. 30, and 1 Tim. i. 11. He preached the glorious Gospel with divine power. Tea was provided by the lady friends in their usual kind way. After evening service, the Sunday-school children, under the careful teaching of Sister Ives, sang a hymn upon “Home.” The Lord bless her in her work and labour of love. Brother Stevens is sustained in the Gospel ministry. The Lord still pours down His Spirit from on high on minister, deacons, and people. Friends from Aldershot, Reading, and other places returned home with thankful hearts.—**J. V.**

A KIND NOTE FOR AMICUS.

DRAR AMICUS,—In reading your piece in the **EARTHEN VESSEL** this morning, entitled, “Men that I have known,” has touched my very vitals; my heart’s deepest sympathy has gone with every word. Oh, that I had language to express my feelings! Your concise and faithful relation of that honoured veteran makes my heart to bound with a love and union to you, though unknown in the flesh, confirming as it does my own heart’s experience and spiritual judgment of His dear servant. How true it is, wherever we see a man of God who works and acts in singleness of eye for the glory of God and the good of His Church, these are they who the devil throws down, and if he were permitted, would altogether exterminate them. But men-pleasers and self-pleasers, and those who have more knowledge than wisdom, escape the cross which the dear Saviour said, “Except ye hear it ye cannot be My disciple;” and what, pray, is a greater cross (next to hidings of the Saviour’s countenance) than to have one’s pure desires and motives evil spoken of by the election of grace; and where one looks for encouragement and help, to experience Solomon’s words, “A wounded spirit who can bear?” Yet with all we can rejoice that our dear brother has weathered the storm thus far, proving the words, “Though an host should encamp against him, in this we are confident, the Lord is with him;” and His work, and a great work, has he through mercy accomplished in his day and generation, as thousands in glory, as well as thousands in the Church militant can testify, giving all the glory to a Triune Jehovah. We know the time will soon come when he will be called to lay down his armour; then will it be said, “A prophet hath indeed fallen.”—**Birmingham.**

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.—**SUCCOOTH BAPTIST CHAPEL.**—On Monday, the 8th ult, a special harvest thanksgiving service was held. A tea was provided to a good company. Mr. S. T. Belcher, who is supplying here with a view to the pastorate, preached an excellent discourse to a good congregation from: “Behold, a sower went forth to sow.” Judging from the appearance of those assembled, and of the preacher, it was a happy time; a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. The discriminating nature of the parable of the sower was dwelt upon. The work of the Holy Spirit in producing the good heart was declared; the total depravity of man by nature, and his inability to receive spiritual things in his natural heart, was insisted upon very clearly and forcibly, while the difference between natural religion and spiritual was pointed out in such a way as to produce great searchings of heart, and the one glorious theme of “Salvation is of the Lord,” was shown by the preacher to be in this Scripture parable clearly demonstrated. Truly the Lord was present to bless the Gospel of His grace.

SOHO, 75, OXFORD-STREET.—A very enjoyable meeting was held here on Sept. 9, to commemorate the ninth anniversary of the pastorate of Mr. John Box. From four until five o'clock the service was of a purely devotional character, I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., presiding: he gave a few spiritual and savoury remarks, and brethren Flack, Buckboke, Tooke, Winters, Cooper, and Johnson, offered prayer. The pastor, Mr. J. Box, at the close of the devotional service, much surprised many of the friends present by publicly expressing that under the mysterious providence of God the Church and congregation would very speedily have to remove from the renowned place where they had so long worshipped, as the entire site was wanted for other purposes. This I personally rejoice in, as the school accommodation is not conducive to health, being so cramped and insufficiently ventilated. I gathered from Mr. Box that the Church, on leaving the premises, would be in receipt of £4,000 as compensation money for the remainder of the lease (thirty years, I believe), that it would be necessary to raise £1,000 more during the next twelve months, making £5,000, being half the sum contemplated to be expended in the erection of a new chapel, with school-rooms attached. This extraordinary effort will incur considerable responsibility, energy, and perseverance on the part of all interested in the cause. I hope the pastor's health will not suffer. I am pleased also to state that Mr. Box and his friends have secured a temporary place to worship in after finally leaving the old chapel. At the evening meeting addresses were delivered by brethren J. S. Anderson, W. Carpenter, J. Clark, R. E. Sears, F. Shaw, W. K. Squirrel, P. W. Williamson, and the pastor. Brethren P. Reynolds, J. Parnell, W. Tooke, and other ministers, were present. God bless the new movement with satisfactory success, prays—W. WINTERS.

AGED PILGRIMS' FRIEND SOCIETY.

To the Editor of THE EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you kindly permit me to draw the attention of your readers to the special and interesting service, an advertisement of which appears in this magazine. Our esteemed friend, Dr. Doudney, will (D. V.) preach for this society on Wednesday evening, October 22, in the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, Lombard-street, at 7 o'clock.

This Church is well-known as the scene of the labours of John Newton, whose hymns and other writings will ever be dear to the Lord's people, and it has been chiefly for this reason, the earnest desire of Dr. Doudney for many years to have an opportunity of preaching the Gospel in this sanctuary.

By kind permission of the present rector this service has been arranged, and we heartily invite the attendance of Christian friends. Contributions towards the collection will be thankfully received from those unable to attend.

I am, yours sincerely,
J. E. HAZELTON, Secretary.

ARTILLERY-STREET.—The twenty-third anniversary was celebrated on Sept. 9. Mr. John Hazelton preached. The chairman of the evening remarked the age of miracles had not ceased from the fact of Mr. Thomas Stringer and Mr. J. L. Meeres (both of whom had been seriously ill), were in the company, for which God be thanked. In the evening I. C. Johnson, Esq., presided. Mr. Thomas Stringer solemnly addressed the throne of grace, which prayer found an echo in the breasts of many precious souls. May God spare both of these worthy brethren many years for active service. Mr. J. S. Anderson spoke on the unexplained doctrine of foreknowledge, which subject was exceedingly well handled. I. C. Johnson, Esq., supplemented the remarks just advanced by a capital speech on the ability and suitability of Christ to save sinners. Mr. C. Cornwell dwelt beautifully on the theme of predestination alone, and defined the word "chance," as found in Scripture, as the evidence of an unseen cause, and that cause being in God. Mr. J. W. Styles treated in an experimental manner of godly conformity, as seen in prayer and in Christian love. W. Winters made a few remarks on the justified of God. Mr. E. Beazley enlarged very faithfully on the subject of glorification. The whole chain of truth found in Rom. viii. 29, 30, was taken up in an instructive and competent manner. This honoured cause is well known for its firm adherence to the grand old truths of God's blessed Word, and the chapel itself is clean, commodious, and comfortable. The Lord graciously bless the office-bearers of the Church, and all in friendly association with them, prays—W. WINTERS.

HASELMERE, NEAR GODALMING.

—Mr. Reuben Harding has been for very many years the pastor of the Baptist Church in this town, and still he looks a young, a healthy, a happy servant of the Lord. By his instrumentality the chapel was erected; now it is gas-lighted and improved, and the Church and congregation abide steadfast to the commandments of their Lord. For the benefit of the County Hospital, the usual harvest thanksgiving services were held on September 3. C. W. Banks preached two sermons, and a bountiful tea, and rich displays of the flowers of the season, gave to the congregations a cheerful and sustaining enjoyment. The mansions and carriages of the nobility give an aristocratic appearance to Haselmere, from whence sprang the late Mr. Joy.

NOTTING-HILL-GATE.—BETHESDA.

—This cause, where the Lord in His mercy has gathered a people for His worship, is now in a widowhood state, owing to the late pastor (Mr. Henry Brown) having sent in his resignation, and the Church having accepted the same. The Master of Assemblies, however, has graciously sent most acceptable supplies, and the names of preachers on the list promise well for the future. We are praying that an under-shepherd may soon be sent among us.—W. C. B.

NORFOLK.—GOSPEL BARN, CARLETON ROBE.—It is our happy privilege to record some blessed and hallowed services held here. Since the death of that honoured servant of God, Richard Snaith, the Strict Baptist cause of God in this village has nearly suffered shipwreck. We remember the time when four or five hundred people met on a Sabbath afternoon to hear the grand old Gospel in its fulness proclaimed by brother Snaith, whose origin we may give some day. But what a change! The majority of those who once formed the Church, and loved, and still love the glorious truths of sovereign grace, had to seek another spot, not being able to sanction actions of an untruthful character. A temporal home was soon at hand for these despised lovers of the Gospel; and the barn, opened by the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL* about four years ago, has since then echoed with the melodious and joyful sound of Gospel truth. On Sunday, August 31, special sermons were preached by that original and loving pastor of the Claxton Church, Mr. F. Harsant. The three services were well attended, the sermons were full of thought; better than all, full of Christ. Harvest thanksgiving services were held on Tuesday. The sermon by Mr. Harsant riveted the excellent congregation as he preached. [Tell Mr. Ashworth it was *spiritual*]. At tea a good number partook. A public meeting was held, Mr. James Locke in the chair. Mr. George Potter, that unflinching friend of truth, approached the throne of grace in a humble and fervent manner. Mr. Locke gave an address; L. H. Colls spoke of the Church of God under the similitude of a sheaf of corn; Mr. Harsant gave a speech upon "Union;" and after affectionate allusion to the late greatly-beloved R. Snaith, these most refreshing services closed with "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—L. H. COLLS.

ORPINGTON.—“Pastor White has gone to Clare. Is Clare Church like the Church at Guildford, become ‘open?’” We know not. We preached at Clare in the old chapel in sweet John Pell’s time; and in the new chapel in David Wilson’s time. It was a real New Testament Church then we believe. It may be so still. The late pastor, Mr. T. Hoddy, has been a much honoured and beloved minister for years, but has retired from that office. The old Orpington chapel was one of Mr. Joseph Irons’s order, and there our brother Thomas Stringer spent his honey-moon in the Gospel. The second Joseph Cartwright, son of the Lantstreet pastor, was the minister of Orpington chapel for some time. We saw him before he died. A good man, with a good hope and a home to the end of his days by the tender care of his children. He died in 1861. Under the head of “Grandfather Cartwright, his Son and Grandson,” we give in *Cheering Words* a tale of truth worth reading. Orpington old chapel, like other old things here, has passed away. A new one has been built. We say no more.

PRESENTATION TO MR. WINTERS.

At the conclusion of the service at Ebenezer, Waltham-abbey, on Sunday evening, August 31, Mr. Savil ascended the rostrum and asked the congregation to stay for a little while, and, in a brief address, spoke of the great blessing Mr. Winters had been made to him as God’s servant, and to the Church and congregation, and they wished to give a practical expression of their love to him and appreciation of his services. Mr. G. Wild rose, and, addressing himself to Mr. Winters in a few well-chosen sentences, presented him with a valuable gold watch, bearing the following inscription:—

“Presented to

“W. WINTERS, F.R.H.S.,

“as a token of love from the friends at

“Ebenezer, Waltham-abbey,

“August 31, 1884.”

Mr. Winters was entirely taken by surprise, and delivered a warm-hearted reply, but a curious sort of feeling in the throat and a sparkling drop in the eye necessitated his words of gratitude to be few, though none the less sincere. A native of Waltham, was taken to chapel in early life; God met with him there while young, was soon baptized, stood as the youngest male member for some years, filled office of deacon, then called to the pastorate. Since Mr. Winters has been there Sunday-school has been established, chapel enlarged, and school-room erected. Truly he can say, “The Lord hath done great things for me.” The token of esteem for Mr. W. manifested on this occasion must have been doubly gratifying to him, as he does so frequently run away from his people.—J. W. B.

NOTTING-HILL.—MR. EDITOR,—Afore I went over the water I heard you at Johnson-street preach from Paul’s words, “I say the truth in Christ, I lie not; my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost.” When I return, I go to the same place. Alas! what does it mean? I was directed round the corner to Silverstreet. My brother told me R. G. Edwards was the preacher. They told me he was gone to Kensington-hall. Well, who preaches here now? Mr. Henry Brown did; but he is gone. Why is he gone? Who is that venerable gentleman in the pulpit? Thomas Austin. Mr. Editor, here is an immense piece of land to be occupied here. Before I settle down with my family, tell me, is it likely a strong son of thunder will come? [Ask Mr. Boddington].

LITTLE ILFORD.—DEAR MR. BANKS,—We feared truth would cease in Little Ilford; yet how often has it been in the experience of the godly that when darkest night has passed, how clear has been the morn! Will it not be so at the close of life’s little day? We not only continue at Ebenezer, but are putting on a far different appearance; the house is renovated completely. On Monday, September 14, we had special services and tea at 5.30. Brother J. J. Fowler, J. Elsey, and others, came to us.

THE VEN. JOHN KERSHAW, JOHN STENSON, AND OTHERS, AT CARMEL, PIMLICO.

In this neat and commodious sanctuary was special meetings on September 2, to thank God for His gracious goodness in enabling the friends to pay off the debt incurred in the recent alteration and renovation of the chapel. As I approached the chapel, coming down Westbourne-street, I rejoiced secretly to see so noble a house of God with the words in bold relief on the outside vestibule, "BAPTIST CHAPEL," and said, "Well done, brother J. Parnell and the friends worshipping therein; give God the glory." Mr. J. S. Anderson preached, friends enjoyed the tea.

In the evening, Josiah Crutcher, Esq., a beloved deacon of Mr. Thomas Bradbury's Church, presided. The opening hymn was soul-stirring,—

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise."

Mr. J. Parnell (the pastor) offered prayer; Mr. Crutcher made a good full speech, testifying of the Lord's goodness to him in Providence and grace during the time he had known Him—namely, forty years. Mr. Crutcher testified of sovereign grace, of his personal experience of its value, and threw out several timely hints regarding long prayers, long sermons, long speeches, and of their consequences.

Mr. Crutcher then called upon his friend and brother, Mr. Charles Waters Banks, whom all were pleased to see once more in company with his kind and loving son, Mr. John Waters Banks. Mr. C. W. Banks spoke with full voice and heart on thanksgiving, the topic of the evening. Mr. Banks spoke of his loving remembrance of good John Kershaw, who preached in Carmel chapel forty-two years ago last Good Friday, and of the old and faithful pastor, Mr. John Stenson, whose soul had long gone to glory. Mr. Banks spoke of a personal acquaintance of Christ in the heart as being the best revelation of the Holy Ghost to man, and of Jesus Christ as the central subject of all vital religion. An interesting statement was made by Mr. Banks regarding preachers using ready-made sermons, and which he illustrated from a passage in the life of Augustus M. Toplady, of blessed memory. Just before Toplady entered orders he went to the shop of Mr. Osborne, a bookseller, who addressed him (Toplady), taking him to the far end of his shop, and speaking in a whisper, said, "Sir, you will soon be ordained. I suppose you have not laid in a very great stock of sermons. I can supply you with as many sets as you please. *All originals*; very excellent ones, and they will come for a trifle." Toplady answered, "I certainly shall never be a customer to you in that way, for I am of opinion that the man who cannot or will not make his own sermons, is quite unfit to wear the gown. How could you think of my buying ready-made sermons? I would much sooner, if I must do one or the other, buy ready-made clothes." His

answer shocked me. "Nay, young gentleman, do not be surprised at my offering you ready-made sermons, for I assure you I have sold ready-made sermons to many a bishop in my time." Toplady replied, "Good Mr. Osborne, if you have any concern for the credit of the Church of England, never tell that news to anybody else from henceforward for ever." Mr. Banks's interesting speech was followed by speeches of right noble order from Messrs. W. K. Squirrel; R. E. Sears, J. Parnell, W. Tooke, Wright (deacon), and a few words from the writer.

The chapel is now free of debt, and the pastor (Mr. Parnell) will, by God's blessing, go to his work without a pecuniary burden. The Lord has added to the Church by his ministry, and the smiles of heaven are upon him and the people. May they be continued. The offerings made were banded over to the pastor, which were considerably in excess of what was anticipated. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," so says many more besides

W. WINTERS.

Waltham Abbey.

MEN THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

JOSEPH WILKINS.

No doubt the knowledge of mechanics and the practical adjustment, or putting together of the various parts of a machine, would give to the mind the habit of constructiveness in all things, even to forms of thought and modes of speech. Joseph Wilkins was, I believe, a mechanic, and we see the mechanic in his discourses. They are really mechanical. I mean there is a good style of order in placing the divisions of his subject before you, which the slovenly, go-ahead, slap-dash Amicus greatly envies.

Joseph possesses other advantages that are enviable, and which should provoke our godly young ministers to emulation. The knowledge of nature, of botany, and of flowers, how they grow, how they open their beauties, and lift up their face to the sun, how they droop in the darkness, how they revive in the light, is a great help in the handling and illustrating of many of the figures of God's Word, which are drawn from nature.

Joseph Wilkins is not only an orderly and methodical preacher, but he is also a flowing preacher. I do not mean that he uses the flowers of eloquence. He has a greater gift than that—namely, the gift to make himself understood. Some are so grandiloquent and verbose that their ideas (if they have any) are smothered in the redundancy of fine words. Indeed, their sermons have more of Johnson than of Christ in them, and drive their hearers from the Bible to the dictionary. Now, when I say Joseph Wilkins is a flowery preacher, I mean that he makes the flowers preach, as Solomon did the unsullied purity and matchless beauty of Him who was to His poetic mind "the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley."

There is a good deal of the old school in Joseph. He is remarkably sober-minded and steadfast in the faith of the Gospel. He is as nice on the "points" as a lawyer, as forcible in his advocacy of the truth as a pleader

for the Crown, as sedate and deliberative as a judge, as self-possessed as a barrister with a good brief. Self-possession is a great and enviable virtue; a virtue that poor nervous Amicus knows but little of till he gets right into the heart of his subject, and clean away from the people; and then he feels—

"Fearless himself, a dying man,
Of dying men's esteem."

Amicus has met Mr. Joseph Wilkins many times at public meetings in London and in the provinces; but never heard him preach till last Good Friday, and it was a time of blessing. Amicus writes only of those whose ministry has been a blessing to him; and although he has known Mr. Wilkins for many years in the flesh, he never knew him in the Spirit by public testimony till a few days ago; and I am glad, in these last labours of my pen, to say that it was a season of refreshing to my weary soul, and which gave me more patience than I had felt for many days to bear with meekness the almost incessant pains of body which I have so long suffered. It will soon be over—

"And then, oh, how pleasant
The conqueror's song!"

The text Mr. Wilkins preached from was 1 Peter ii. 24, "Who His own self bare our sins in His own body on the tree, that we being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes ye were healed." It was a grand subject, and it was very solemnly handled. I could have wished that the preacher had taken the next verse also, because it seems so beautifully connected with the atoning work of Christ. Having as the *spotless* Lamb (ver. 22) died a sacrifice for our sins (ver. 24), He becomes the Shepherd and Doctor of our souls. He doctors the wounds that sin hath made, and shepherds the soul in pastures fresh and green, "He did no sin." The sacrifice must be perfect to be accepted. He was accepted for He was perfect; and in that perfect body of His He bore away all our imperfections to the tree. Our imperfections came from a tree—the tree of knowledge of good and evil, at which we sacrificed good for evil. He made a sacrifice for evil, and is now our good Shepherd.

AMICUS.

DOVER.—Special services were held at Pentecost on Lord's-day, September 14, and following Tuesday, to celebrate pastor E. Langford's first anniversary. An exchange of pulpits was made with Mr. G. Webb, of Maidstone, whose sermons at Pentecost were much appreciated. On the 16th, tea was provided. A goodly number of friends sat down. A public meeting was afterwards held in the chapel. The deputy-mayor of Dover, J. L. Bradley, Esq., J. P., presided. Pastor Thorn (of the Tabernacle) opened the meeting with prayer. The chairman, in the course of his address, alluded to the special object of the meeting, and concluded by handing to the pastor, in behalf of the Church and congregation, a purse containing £25, which sum, he said, was further increased by a cheque

for £1 ls., received through the post from William Pett, Esq., one of Mr. Langford's London friends. The presentation being made, a hymn was sung and addresses were given by the brethren Webb, James, and Langford. A vote of thanks was heartily given to the chairman, and the enjoyable meeting concluded with the well-known and oft sung hymn, "All hail the power of Jesus' name," and prayer by the pastor.—L. E.

WEST HAM, STRATFORD.—Mr. Jas. Clinch is highly favoured of God here. Since he has been ministering the Word to the Lord's people at West Ham between 40 and 50 have been added (32 by baptism). The chapel is too strait for the congregation. They will soon have to pull down and rebuild, as the present structure cannot be profitably enlarged. Sunday-school has 250. Prayer-meeting well attended. Under these circumstances (as Mr. Sears said) we must not be surprised at success. Tuesday, September 16, was the second anniversary of Mr. Clinch's pastorate. Mr. John Box was to have preached; but was prevented through indisposition of body. Mr. Sears, of Little Alie-street, kindly consented, at a very short notice, to preach in his stead, who delivered two sound Gospel sermons, which were doctrinal, experimental, and practical; afternoon from Rom. vii. 8; evening, Eph. v. 8. Both law and Gospel were very ably set forth. The chapel was full afternoon and evening, the people were edified and comforted, and all united in praising God for another good day with His people. Mr. Clinch, Mr. and Mrs. Wire, all work harmoniously together for the furtherance of the cause.—J. W. B.

HOXTON.—Special services were held on Lord's-day, August 24, and on the following Tuesday, when sermons were preached by the pastor, Mr. Frederick Green, Messrs. W. H. Lee, J. Parnell, and W. Winters. At Tuesday's tea and public meeting, Mr. F. Green presided, offered fervent prayer, and spoke of the foundation of the believer's hope, and of the precious theme of union with Christ. Mr. Parnell spoke on fellowship with God; W. Winters on the water of life; Mr. James Griffiths treated of the greatness, holiness, and presence of Christ; Mr. W. Archer dwelt on the chief traits in the early career of Moses; Mr. E. Beazley of the value of the love-letters of the Apostle Paul, as inspired of God; and a few appropriate words from Mr. G. Herring brought the happy meeting to a close. Never was the true spirit of Christ more realised than on that blessed occasion. To God be all the praise.—W. WINTERS.

WOOLWICH.—CAMEL.—On Sunday, September 7, anniversary sermons were preached by Mr. Margerum. On Tuesday a number sat down to a well managed, amply provided tea (the trays being all given by the ladies). At public meeting Mr. H. Hall presided. Mr. W. Hazelton offered prayer. The chairman read the Word of God, and

delivered opening address. Messrs. Griffiths, Noyes, Margerum, and Whatmough, gave kind words. A vote of thanks to the ladies by Mr. Over, seconded by Mr. W. Hazelton, with the Doxology and Benediction, brought to its close a profitable meeting.

OLD ZOAR, AND HOPE CHAPEL, ROCHDALE, FIFTY YEARS AGO!

[The first time I was in Rochdale, many years since, I sought for, and found, "Hope Chapel;" the sanctuary built for that safe, sacred, and useful man of God, the late Mr. John Kershaw. I must confess I quite revered the man. His ministry, in the time of my bitter, black, and desponding captivity, was much commended to my soul. I never had but one feeling toward him, and that was, a deep and holy union of soul to him, and to his preaching. The time to which I refer was when—what people call—"The Standard men" were in their prime. Messrs. Wm. Gadsby, Warburton, Kershaw, Tiptaft, Daniel Smart, and one or two more, were men of spiritual power. Preaching the Gospel, and hearing the Gospel, were altogether a different thing to what it is now. There was a weight, a strength, a supernatural fulness, a heart-piercing, heart-melting, heart-searching vigour, which I realized once under the late Mr. George Abrahams, and sometimes very specially under Mr. James Wells. Those days, those men, those seasons, those crowded gatherings of seekers, those anxious hearers, are all gone, but JESUS CHRIST, the eternal Son of God, is still in Himself, and in my soul, the "ALL AND IN ALL." I quite long to raise up a memorial in remembrance of those blessed men. The solemn letter speaks for itself.]

To the Editor of the "Earthen Vessel."

DEAR SIR,—I herewith send you a valuable extract from the memoirs of the late John Kershaw, in reference to an attempt to induce him to leave his Church, over which his Lord had placed him in Rochdale, to accept the pastorate of the Church at Zoar Chapel, London. I thought if you could make room for it in your VESSEL it may be useful to our Churches in the present day.

I am yours, in Christ Jesus,
BENJAMIN BRAIN.

The Church of Jesus Christ, meeting for divine worship at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie-street, London.

To the Church of Christ, under the pastorate of Mr. John Kershaw, Hope Chapel, Rochdale, Lancashire, sendeth Christian salutation.

DEARLY BELOVED BROTHERS AND SISTERS,—The ways of our covenant God and Father are truly mysterious, not only in the dispensations of His grace, but also in His providence; and it is a source of consolation to every sincere mind that all things are under the immediate control of the Great Head of the Church, and that nothing can transpire but what shall, in the develop-

ment of His purposes shadow forth the glory of Him in the salvation and security of His Church and people. It is also equally clear that the very boundaries of the habitations of His dear family, while tabernacling in this vale of tears, are fixed by His immutable decree; and however united and connected together we may be, yet if He designs a separation of the dearest ties, he will make it plain and evident in His allwise dispensations. The above Church at Zoar, as you doubtless know, have long been without an under-shepherd to take the oversight and care of them in the Lord, and they have not only importuned, but been urgent and wrestled hard at a throne of grace that the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls would in His own due time and way send them a pastor agreeable to His promise, after His own heart, who should feed them with knowledge and understanding; and they also trust they have been led to watch unto prayer, earnestly desirous not to take one step without the guidance of the cloudy pillar by day, and the fiery pillar by night. And it does appear most remarkable to them that since October last their minds have in a greater or lesser degree been particularly fixed upon your revered and respected pastor, Mr. John Kershaw, from nearly the first time of hearing him, in August, 1832, a powerful impression was made on their minds that the Lord Jesus had designed to remove Him to London, in order to make him more extensively useful in feeding the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own most precious blood; nor can they be persuaded but that He will in answer to prayer make it manifest that he lives not only in the affections of the people at Zoar but many others also of the great Metropolis; and as a convincing proof thereof, wherever he has stood up to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ Jesus the Lord, the numbers that have attended, the meltings of heart that have been felt, the blessings that have followed his ministry have been abundantly owned by the Lord the Spirit. They know that he has been instrumental in awakening many to the knowledge of themselves as poor, lost, guilty sinners, of imparting spiritual comfort and consolation to the wounded soul, and also of feeding and building up others in their most holy faith. During his last visit to London many can testify to the above facts, and set to their seals the happiness and joy they felt under the word he was helped to preach; and at the ordinance of believers' baptism he had the unspeakable pleasure of knowing that God had given him seals to his ministry and souls for his hire. All these circumstances combining together, with the affection and zeal manifested by him on every occasion, embolden the Church to believe that in his removal to London a great and effectual door will be opened for the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ, and for the outpouring of the Spirit more abundantly.

And dear brethren and sisters, you know that the anxious desire and prayer if you all is, the glorious spread of divine truth in the

present day, especially in London, we may indeed take up the lamentation and say, How is the fine gold become dim, and how awfully has truth fallen in the streets; how few indeed are to be found that contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints, we are perfectly aware, dear brethren and sisters, that our brother Kershaw is in your affections to live and die with you. We also believe that a sweet union subsists between you; yet if his dear Lord and Master, whose he is and whom he serves, has designed him to leave his dearest friends for His glory and honour, and to make him a blessed mouth and witness for Him in London, we feel quite assured that our covenant God and Father will make up the breach by another of His witnesses being sent or raised up among you; though there may and will be a sorrowing after him, as was the case with the Ephesian elders at the parting season with our beloved brother Paul, yet we hope and trust you will see the importance and needs-be to comply with the earnest entreaties of the Church at Zoar, that you may be enabled to give him up to the Lord, that he may be a light to God's dear people in London, but especially at Zoar. Whilst we cordially feel for you as a Church, we pray that the Lord would lay this epistle on your hearts, after asking counsel from Him, if His will should be to give up our dear brother Kershaw to us provided he should feel himself disposed to join in our request. And should it indeed appear to be the will of God that a mutual separation take place between you it shall be our earnest entreaty at a throne of grace that you may be supplied with another brother from among you, or elsewhere, that may be a blessing to you, and you as a Church a blessing to him. Earnestly requesting an answer from you as a Church as soon as your minds are made up, commending you and our dear brother Kershaw into the hands of a faithful and covenant-keeping God whose ways are in the great deep, we beg to subscribe ourselves—Yours in affection and love,

Signed on behalf of the Church at Zoar,

JOSHUA PEDLEY,
WILLIAM HEDDEN, } Deacons.
EDWARD JUSTINS, }

July 19, 1833.

The following letter is the answer from the Church at Rochdale:—

The Church of Christ Jesus, meeting for divine worship in Hope Chapel, Rochdale, under the pastoral care of Mr. John Kershaw.

To the Church of Jesus Christ, assembling for divine worship at Zoar Chapel, London.

DEAR BRETHREN AND SISTERS,—Your letter dated July 19, requesting us to give up to you our esteemed pastor was read at our Church meeting, and it occasioned, we assure you, unspeakable surprise and regret, whilst we are not unmindful of the Christian kindness which our London brethren have manifested to us, both as a Church and to our beloved pastor personally,

we regret exceedingly that any Church of Christ should so far lose sight of the precepts of God our Saviour as to act in the manner you have done. You must be aware that the Great Head of the Church hath graciously given us our esteemed pastor in answer to prayer, and in faithfulness to His promises by Jeremiah (iii. 15), how then could you think for a moment to oppose the gracious dispensations of His providence by attempting his removal from us? You acknowledge in your letter that a sweet union subsists between us and him: with what propriety, then, can you endeavour to dissolve that union, and take from us a pastor God hath graciously given to us. Truly, brethren, we cannot view your conduct otherwise than unkind toward us and distrustful to God. If you are waiting upon God, as you say you are, to give you a pastor after His own heart do allow us in love to you, to entreat you to expect one from Him, in a manner consistent with His own Word, and not in such a way as is opposed not only to the law of love but the expressed precepts of the New Testament.

We have only to add that we all with one consent, in union with our beloved pastor, send you a decided negative to your request; and whilst we desire to express our love to you as fellow-members of the body of Christ, we are nevertheless constrained to say that our love to you would be greatly confirmed and increased if our letter to you be the means of convincing you that you have erred in this matter, producing a corresponding acknowledgment from you.

We remain, dear brethren,
Yours in the Lord,

Signed on behalf of the Church,

JOHN KERSHAW, Minister.
JACOB WOLFENDEN,
JOHN BUTTERWORTH,
HENRY PARKINSON,
THOMAS FIELDING,
ROBERT WHITAKER, } Deacons.

RESTING PLACE.

Going through this great city of London, which, on account of its size and many other features of resemblance, has not inaptly been termed "the modern Babylon," one sees certain places where the wearied porter or other burden-bearer may rest his load. These have been benevolently erected, and on one of these we have seen inscribed the injunction, "Rest, but do not loiter." While there is much which the enlightened mind may justly condemn, there are many institutions in this vast metropolis which loudly call for our just admiration. The hospitals, for instance, and other buildings for the amelioration of human woe abound on every hand. Let us be thankful this is the case, for to how many have these afforded an asylum where, in the great battle of life going on around, some have fallen to the rear and needed such assistance. They are so many redeeming traits in a city's character, for cities have characters as men have. They indicate that the whole mass, whatever may be said of it, have not altogether, in the

general greed for gain, been unmindful of the vicissitudes and distresses of their fellow-men.

Spiritualising our subject then, as we pass along, the mind may not unprofitably recur to the great Resting-place, which is CHRIST. With the poet, God's people can sing—

"I've found in Him a resting-place,
And He has made me glad."

How precious this testimony. Under such an experience they can look upward amid all the trials of the way and feel

"A few more rolling suns at most
Will land me safe on Canaan's coast."

Here, after the worries of a day of anxious care, how sweet the evening rest, and so the Christian, after his little day is over, finds it sweet to meditate and realise the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." Another aspect of the subject of rest is that it also signifies a respite or cessation from hostilities. Thus this implies a conflict, and our great adversary, the devil, engages us in constant warfare while in the flesh.

"Tempted souls, arise and sing,
Conquests soon your head shall crown;
Jesus, our victorious King,
Soon shall tread the tempter down.

Soon before your joyful eyes
Satan shall in chains appear,
Sentenced never more to rise,
Never more to make us fear."

Thus the Captain of our salvation will make it clear to us that the battle is not ours, but the Lord's, and that, leaving our cause in His most glorious hands, we shall not need to fight in this battle. W. C. B.

Notting-hill Gate, W.

SUDBURY, SUFFOLK. — Special services were held at Ebenezer Baptist Chapel, New-street, on Lord's-day, September 14, 1894, when three able and soul-riveting sermons were preached by Mr. B. A. Huxham, of Battlesden. On the following Monday the harvest thanksgiving services took place. In the afternoon Mr. Burgess, of Chelmsford, preached a sound experimental, and heart-searching sermon to a large company of the Lord's dear family. In the congregation were the following ministers: Messrs. Beach, Whorlow, Huxham, Rayner, Smith, Ellison, Perry, and Hudson. Tea was provided. In the evening a public meeting was held in the chapel, presided over by W. Beach, Esq. The meeting was opened by singing the hymn commencing,—

"Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,"

after which W. Hudson engaged in prayer. The chairman, in his opening speech, made some very solemn and encouraging remarks respecting the bereavement of his beloved brother, and how the Lord began to work with them both; also his connection with the Sudbury cause for so many years, and now called together to thank God for His providential mercies, taking for the subject of the evening the faithfulness of God in His promise, "There shall be seed-time and harvest," and the Lord has always given a harvest, great or small—in His year a good and great one. He referred also to the rainbow the Lord gave for His people to look at and remember His promise. The chairman called upon his Christian brother, Mr. G. G. Whorlow, who spoke to the comfort of old and young on the faithfulness of God in His Christian experience. Mr. Huxham spoke very ably upon the

rainbow and faithfulness of God, the calling of His servants to go into the harvest-field, gave the Church sound and good advice. Mr. Beach expressed himself pleased to be able to say a few poor people had done well to pay £50 off the chapel debt, with the interest, in five years, reducing the debt to £89 15s. Mr. Burgess, in his usual warm and earnest way, spoke upon the harvest, referring to the wheat and tares, setting forth the Gospel kingdom and the seed-basket. The collections, with donations, amounted to £7 9s. 2d. W. Hudson, in a few remarks, expressed his joy in meeting with the friends on such an occasion. A vote of thanks was proposed by Mr. Huxham to the chairman and all helpers. A thoroughly happy time was spent, and all could join in singing,—

"Praise God, for whom all blessings flow."

The friends worshipping in this neat little chapel pray to be released from debt. Donations thankfully received by MR. T. SCOTT, 8, Prince-street, Sudbury.

LITTLE STONEHAM, SUFFOLK.—Lord's-day, July 20, was a favoured time; the Lord did encourage the heart of His servant. The baptistry was opened for one most afflicted brother to be immersed in the name of the Triune God; he, having for some long time experienced many doubts and fears as to his fitness and inability, and unworthiness, but was mercifully delivered, and he truly felt the Word to comfort and sustain him: "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me; for when I am weak then am I strong." Our prayer is that the Lord may smile on His Church and people at Stoneham, and lead others on, and constrain them to follow their Lord. July 27th was the day for the school anniversary. Mr. Knell came and preached two sermons; there was good attendance, and we heartily thank our friends who visited us and helped us. The children sang special hymns selected for the day. Oh, that all the dear children who then gathered with friends and teachers may meet at last to swell the song of redeeming grace and dying love. May the Lord reward one and all who that day took an interest in the Sabbath schools.

When all the saints are gathered home,
And time its course has run,
What shouts the ransomed souls shall have
When Jesus cries, "'TIS DONE!"

S. G.

WHERE WE ARE! WHAT WE ARE DOING!

A correspondent, in the following few words, describes the condition of very many of our Churches. But does every true believer in CHRIST do his utmost to show forth the revealed truth of God? One signs himself "*A Lazy Old Man!*" Ah! that is too true of many. Whatever sin may be laid to our charge, we think no one can justly charge us with laziness; but the people for whom we have laboured only laugh at our exertions. Some do much worse than this. Let them go on if they think they are doing God service. We know—1. CHRIST is too good a Master to be served by lazy people. We love to WORK for HIM. 2. We know none but the Lord could have made and kept us New Testament Baptists for full 55 years. 3. We know we must suffer with Him if we are to be glorified together. 4. We know we have not laboured in vain. 5. We know our work here must soon close. Will the glorious Lord refuse to acknowledge us? We hope—we pray not. See what our friend says:—

"Amidst all the changes that have taken place, the Lord has been good. He hath not dealt with me according to my sins, nor rewarded me according to my transgressions.

I am sorry to say the cause is low; though we have a goodly number to hear, there are not many manifest conversions to God in our midst. As old friends die, or become infirm, we get weak. I am getting old myself, and you know new men, young and in their prime, with some showy sensations, tell wonderfully. The doctrine of the sovereign love of God is ignored by the many. Baptism by immersion and strict communion is regarded as only observed by a few bigoted fanatics.

[Let us daily read and lay to heart that sterling word of Paul's: "Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, *always* ABOUNDING IN THE WORK OF THE LORD; forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord." Who will come and expound and enforce this grand word of Paul's at our EARTHEN VESSEL meetings in Speldhurst-road? Who will promise?—C. W. BANKS.]

“REJOICE.”

“Rejoice in the Lord always: and again I say Rejoice.”—Philippians iv. 4.

Ye favoured heirs of light,
Who know the Lord on high,
Who've tasted of His grace,
E'er make the Lord your joy.
Rejoice in Him for evermore,
And all His wondrous grace adore.

Rejoice in His sweet love,
In His unchanging grace,
And make Him all your song,
You'll surely see His face.

For those who here His grace enjoy
Shall dwell with Him beyond the sky.

Rejoice in what He's done,
And what He is to thee,
And that He still remains
Thy God unchangeably.
O, bless His name, His grace adore,
Rejoice in Him for evermore.

Hadleigh.

B. J. NORTHFIELD.

Marriages.

On Thursday, August 21, at Bermondsey Old Church, Margaret Rezia Horwood, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Horwood, late of Rovedy-road, Bermondsey, to James Ernest Moore, of Clacton-on-Sea.

On September 11, at the Parish Church, Bermondsey, Mr. Samuel Collin Codd, of Alscot-road, Bermondsey, to Emma, second daughter of Mr. Philip John Rust, Warwick-road, Ipswich.

Deaths.

Died, at Bury-St.-Edmunds, on August 18, Michael Holden, aged 78. He was formerly at Rattlesden; there he was baptized, nearly sixty years ago, by the late Philip Dickerson. Mr. Holden was a true and hearty lover of every part of our Saviour's precious Gospel. As he lived, so he died, beloved and respected by all who knew him. His mourning widow, his children, and the friends at Rehoboth, Bury, all feel their loss is great. Mr. Henry Backhouse officiated at the funeral, and delivered a suitable sermon at the chapel. On the following Sunday evening, brother Garrud (Stowmarket) preached an impressive discourse upon the solemn event. On August 31, the writer (in his own chapel, and amongst his own people) sought to pay a tribute of affection to the memory of his beloved father—which was felt to be a solemn, and, we hope, profitable service.—F. C. HOLDEN.

Died, on July 24, Rhoda, the wife of James House, Baptist minister, of Tunbridge Wells, much lamented by her bereaved husband and a large circle of friends. “Her end was peace.”

Mrs. Ann Fell, the valuable and Christian wife of the late Mr. John Fell, fell asleep in the Lord February 28, 1884, soon after her husband was

taken from her. It has been seriously considered since that time, such manifest grace as was seen in her whole life should not be silently passed over. A fruit-bearing Christian, in every sense of the word, was the late Mrs. John Fell. Baptized by the late Mr. George Wyard: a member at Soho for many years; then at Silver-st.; lastly at Shouldham-street. Her favourite, her soul's text was: “Let my soul live, and it shall praise thee; and let Thy judgments help me.” A multitude no man can number are gathering round the throne; and every Christ-loving soul doth now sigh out the words,—

“Let me among Thy saints be found,
When Thou for them shall call.”

THE LATE MR. BRAND, OF BUNGAY.

This venerable saint drew his last breath in a fallen nature September 10, 1884, in the 83rd year of his age, after some preparatory illness. Many years has Mr. Brand been accustomed to feed the flock, to unfold the mysteries of grace, and to warn his fellow-men of the dangerous consequences of sin, of unbelief, and of enmity toward God, or of hypocrisy in His service. He has put off his harness; and mingles His praise with the elders before the high throne of God in glory. It is twenty-two years since he was recognised at Bungay, and his anniversary was celebrated on the previous Sunday and Tuesday, when Mr. Bedingfield, Mr. Suggate, and others, assisted in the services. Few men have lived so long, or ministered in Christ's Gospel with such fidelity and permanent acceptance. To God's free grace, and Spirit's power, be all the glory given.

LINES WRITTEN IN LOVING MEMORY OF MRS. ESTHER THOMAS,

MEMBER OF SOHO CHAPEL, OXFORD STREET,

Who was called home September 2, 1884, aged 67.

AGAIN we're called to bid
Another friend farewell;
With chastened spirits, Lord, we hear
The solemn funeral knell.

Dear Lord, we own Thy hand,
And bow to kiss Thy rod,
For 'tis Thy voice that speaks to us:
“Prepare to meet thy God.”

Dear sister, thou hast cross'd
The darksome valley o'er,
And thou hast reached the pearly gates
Of yonder peaceful shore.

'Twas grace that gave thee strength
Thy cross to bear so well,
And oft beside the sick one's bed
The Saviour's love to tell.

Rest, weary pilgrim, rest,
Thy work on earth is done;
For thou didst wait and long to hear
Thy Father's welcome home.

As the sun sinks to rest
At close of Summer day,
So, leaning on Thy Saviour's breast,
Thy soul has passed away.

We miss thy kindly smile,
Thy greeting warm and true:
For we have proved, alas! too oft,
That faithful friends are few.

But, though we ne'er shall see
Thy form on earth again
We hope to meet thee by-and-by,
And with our Saviour reign.

ELEANOR WHITE.

Mr. THOMAS STRINGER has kindly offered to give us a sermon in Speldhurst-road, South Inckney, if the Lord will, on Sunday evening, October 12, 1884. We do pray God to bless him with physical, mental, spiritual power, and that it may be the commencement of some years of his usefulness in our Churches.

The Romish Press Reviewing the "Earthen Vessel."

SEVERAL slips from the columns of a journal in the interest of the Roman Catholics have been sent to us, containing a notice of a recent number of "THE EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD." At the first, we felt no desire to make any reference to the article in question, but seeing it had excited surprise in various quarters, we have considered it only courteous to acknowledge the kindness of those friends who have sent to us the said review. We would not revile, because we have been reviled; but defend those essential principles of our faith which has been our wont for more than fifty years.

Ever since we published the "*Anti-Popish Reviewer*," when Cardinal Wiseman made his advent into our highly favoured land, a watchful eye has been set on us; and a jealous spirit has been manifested toward us. For instance, as we were standing on the Cannon-street station, on one occasion, waiting for our train, a gentleman in priestly attire came up very abruptly, and said to us: "Very hot to-day!" "Yes," we replied, "it is warm." "*I wish it were ten times hotter*," he rejoined. This expression awakened in us some suspicion, and we caught up the gentleman's own words, "*Ten times hotter!*" "Yes!" excitingly he exclaimed, "ten times hotter!" And then, looking us full in the face, he added: "Don't ye think *we* are getting on now?" At once perceiving the speaker's reference was to the great increase of Romanism in England, we replied, "O, yes! you are rising up to your last climax! then TO FALL!—NEVER TO RISE AGAIN!" Thus boldly expressing our deep inwrought conviction concerning the FINAL OVERTHROW of the GREAT ANTICHRIST, of which overthrow nothing is more absolutely certain in the Word of God; and being, for years, persuaded that such final overthrow of the Apostacy—that such an eternally crushing victory of "the woman sitting upon a scarlet coloured beast"—will never be accomplished by any human power, by any associations, or societies: believing such a defeat is reserved for the COMING of the LORD Himself, and that "the LORD JESUS will be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels,

"IN FLAMING FIRE,"

taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our LORD JESUS CHRIST: believing this future awful collapse of "the mystery of Babylon," is of a nature too dreadful to be spoken of lightly, when the question of Rome's ascendancy in England was violently thrust at, and into, us we were constrained to answer in accordance with our faith in the Word of Truth; and, seeing, as we have seen for the last half-century, that the prior "falling away" has been gradually going on, on all hands, we replied, without a moment's hesitation, "Yes! you are going on now to your last climax; from whence you

will fall down, to rise no more!" We did not speak insultingly or offensively to the gentleman, of whom we knew nothing, whose face we had never seen before, whose voice we had never heard before: but as he identified himself with a power whose onward march in England we had watched with grief for a lengthened period, we replied without fear, without doubt, without hesitancy. What was the result. The gentleman became exceedingly excited, and in a spirit of anger he loudly exclaimed: "*Ah! what do you know? a parcel of snobs and tailors? what do you know? who have you got? we have the highest, the noblest, the richest, and the poorest as well; bnt, who have you?*" And so on the speaker raved, until others gathered round us.

Deliberately we answered, "Sir, we only replied to your question. We did not commence any dispute with you. We can only hope we may meet some day on better grounds than these." And in the midst of more warm expressions we entered our train, and left the gentleman to himself. We have long since refrained from publishing any controversies opposed to the works, words, or ways of the advocates of Romanism. To our astonishment, we have seen the little Tractarian leaven spreading through all the various sections of Low Church, High Church, Broad Church, and nearly all the other Churches or communities in Christendom; so that it is difficult to draw a correct line, marking out where Romanism begins, and where it is in its highest perfection. We have now no confidence, any implicit reliance in any so-called *Church*, be it Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Wesleyan, Baptist, "Brethren," or any other. We condemn no man. We set in judgment on no synod, congress, or conference. To all the world we would proclaim, "O give thanks unto THE GOD of gods, for HIS mercy endureth for ever." An admission is there implied, that there are gods many, and lords many—Indian gods, Chinese gods, Mahommedan gods, heathengods, Popish gods, yea, and Gospel gods as well. Some of these gods proceed from the Prince of the power of the air; some are enthroned for a time by the people, who all but worship these heroes, and not a few gods are made by themselves. It would be an endless, a useless task, to define, to criticise, to condemn these various gods. We invariably pity those poor things who put any trust in man—let the man be who he may. We reiterate our one proclamation, "O give thanks unto the God of gods." *Life* from Him, *faith* in Him, *love* to Him, *fellowship* with Him; the covenant God, in whom is the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost. Let us but receive from the God of all grace that saving and sanctifying power which shall carry us over

THE LONG BRIDGE WHICH STRETCHES FROM EVERLASTING TO
EVERLASTING,

and Romanism, or any other "ism," may caricature or condemn us to their utmost. We shall not fear; for what can man do unto us?

The character, the condition, the work of the Romish priest, has recently been laid out in a popular journal very minutely. In the Romish Church "the power of the priesthood is summed up by theologians in the proposition that he who is invested with it has jurisdiction over the natural and the mystical body of Christ. His it is to bear the keys of the Christian family, and to give its members their food in due season. Such being the transcendent view which the Catholic Church

takes of the sacerdotal calling, it is natural that she should have fenced it round with manifold safeguards."

Cardinal Manning, in a work of his, writes: "It is not to be denied that the life of a priest is a life of austere loneliness. From the day that he is set apart by ordination the words are true of him, 'without father, without mother, without genealogy, having neither beginning of days nor end of life, but likened unto the Son of God, a priest for ever.' He leaves home and friends, his birth and name and race are forgotten, no one asks when he was born, or cares where he may die. He is separated from the world, and never more than when he is in thronging streets and crowded rooms. A priest's whole life, if he be faithful to his priesthood and to himself, is, or may be, and therefore ought to be, a service to his Master."

Such is the external, the supposed moral condition of the Romish priest. How it is carried out, as seen by the Almighty Searcher of all secrets, is not our province to discuss. To us the whole system is one of idolatry, putting man in the place of the ever-living God. But in some measure this is done in the ministration of every genuine free-will, duty-faith, and Arminian preacher.

Paxton Hood, the great book-devourer and expounder, in his funeral discourse for the late Mr. Blest, said, "He was a religious man—he was a profoundly religious man; but he was that rare being in our day—he was free from crotchets. His early education and religious life had led him to a faith on what we should call the Calvinistic side. Some have come to suppose that there is not much difference in the modes of faith; but for all repose and comfort and assurance there is a great difference; a great difference between that which teaches that all begins in seeking after God; and that other, which makes all to begin in God seeking after me; a great difference between making myself the centre of my salvation—my frames and my feelings—and finding in God the fountain and centre of all. It was impossible to listen to him in devotion without feeling how largely praise formed an element in it; and the last hymn he ever quoted to me was that great, almost forgotten hymn of Toplady,—

" 'A debtor to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear with Thy righteousness on
My person and offering to bring.' "

We thank the Romish press for endeavouring to correct and to chastise us. We must go no further now.

THE LATE MRS. FRANCES HERSILIA FLACK.

BY HER BEREAVED HUSBAND,

Salem Parsonage, Wilton Square, N.

(Concluded from page 272.)

YES, assuredly He will come, and He will not tarry one hour beyond the set time, the appointed time, the time of His ripened purposes, and the time of our ripened circumstances. Yes! O yes! Solemn truth! He shall, He will come, "In flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel

of our Lord Jesus Christ; who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of His power. But He shall come to be glorified in all His saints, and to be admired by all them that believe." Aye! to you "that look for Him, He shall appear a second time without sin unto salvation." So with the dear departed, till the set time came she could not die. Nay! till the Lord came to receive her to Himself, she could not go. Hence after coming apparently so near the gates of death, she lingered on for two more most painful years. How true the words of Ryland:—

"Plagues and deaths around me fly,
Till He bids I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit,
Till the God of love sees fit."

After these things, months passed away without any great change. Night after night we watched as for the last. During these trying nights and days, we greatly feared she would lose her reason. Indeed, there were times when she was scarcely accountable, yet there were other times when she would converse most sweetly on divine things. The Word of God was indeed sweet and precious to her, and her mind was most clear in quoting the same. One night I quoted the hymn, "Jesus, lover of my soul," when she took it out of my mouth, and repeated it, just as we used to sing it at Church more than forty years ago; and although it read very different in several parts from what it stands in Denham's as we now use it, yet she gave it precisely as we sang it more than forty years ago, shewing the power of early impressions. It would be impossible to give all the sweet seasons that were spent during these (shall we call them?) painfully pleasant months. On the Saturday before the August Bank Holiday, 1882, violent retching set in, and it appeared as though immediate dissolution would take place. The Doctor said unless it stopped she could not last many hours. That was a painfully solemn night, during which we all watched most anxiously, and a trying night it was; but grace was sufficient, not a murmur was heard to drop from her lips; and such was the case to the end. She would often say, "I have much to be thankful for, many poor things suffer quite as much as I do who have not the comforts I have, nor the attention that is given to me."

Thus months, nearly two years, passed away without any great change. Sometimes she would converse most sweetly upon divine things, at others she had but little to say. When asked how she felt in her mind she would frequently say, "Pretty comfortable. No great joy, no great trouble; but on a whole comfortable. I am afraid too happy for me, I hope I shall not be deceived at the last." And this continued to be the fear at times till within about three months of the end, when one day she was greatly troubled about the matter, she expressed her fears that she was too happy. She had no doubts, no fears, no exercises of any kind, and she exclaimed with deep anxiety, "Surely I shall not be deceived after all, it would be dreadful to be lost at last." I replied, "I have no fear of that, the Lord is dealing very graciously with you. He knows what your bodily sufferings are, and won't permit you to be tortured in mind and body too, "He stayeth His rough wind in the day of the East wind." This seemed to satisfy her, and I never heard the same fear expressed again. Sometimes she

would express a wish "to depart and be with Christ;" at others she would say, "I don't want to die," and oftentimes the conflict between these two feelings was very great. Her heart's affections were so entwined around her dear children and grandchildren, that she found it hard indeed to leave them, though she knew so well that to depart and be with Christ would be far better. She often made me think of our dear eldest son, who died at the age of six years, who said in his last illness, "I *would* like to go and be with Jesus; but I *do* like to be with you." Although at times her mind seemed very wandering, she was always most solicitous for the comfort of others. Especially so for her own children and grandchildren, and for the members of the Church and congregation, and no less so for the young ones in the Sunday School. During the last twelve months we added a goodly number by baptism, and several of them were young, being still in the Sunday School. For these she would frequently enquire how they were getting on, exhorting us to watch over them and take care of them. Before one of these baptizings, I had a somewhat severe illness myself, and was confined to my bedroom for some weeks. Some of my friends thought it would be venturesome for me to go into the water; but she would say, "Don't try to prevent it, he will be helped, he will have strength given him, it will do him good to go into the water." And so it was, I was not only helped to baptize eight believers, but was better after it. About the same time two of our brethren were brought out as preachers of the Gospel. In their success she discovered a very deep interest. The elder of the two, who has been with us from his childhood, having sat under my ministry for twenty-eight years, and being as one of our own sons, preached a good deal for me during the last winter; and O, how anxious she was that every attention should be given him, and also to know how he was getting on. He preached on her last night on earth, and after the service she would have him brought into her bedroom to take her farewell of him, and as well as she could to wish him God's blessing and speed.

In the beginning of the present year she seemed to have another stroke, though we never saw it; but she lost her speech, and never again could she articulate any word but YES and NO, still she continued very peaceful and very happy. She had said prior to this, that she enjoyed more of the presence and blessing of God in that sick chamber than she ever enjoyed in her life; and this was apparent unto the end. During the last three months the loss of speech was most painfully felt by us all. She strove very hard indeed at times to make us understand. Sometimes we did manage to do so. At others we could not. And in answer to questions put, she gave the *yes* or *no*, and thus we learned the state of her mind, which was mostly stayed and peaceful. For two or three weeks in March I was shut up in my bedroom by bronchitis, &c., and saw her only twice or three times during that period. But on the Tuesday prior to her departure I was suddenly called to her bedside; a great change had taken place, and she was most anxious to see me. I found her quite sensible, but being very altered. In an hour or so she again appeared a little better. The evening and next day passed away much the same; she seemed to enjoy hearing Scriptures, &c., recited and prayer offered. On the Thursday morning the doctor stood by the bedside and talked to me

about her departure. Fearing it might disturb her, I reminded him that she was quite conscious, and he replied, "I know that," and looking at her he said, "You are not afraid to die, are you?" with a smile she said, "No!" I said, "You know that your Redeemer liveth?" "Yes! yes!" was the reply. During the day she saw all her five sons and daughters, and took an affectionate farewell of each. In the evening, knowing that our above named brother Styles was to preach for me, she discovered her usual thought for all to be done as usual, and made us understand that we were not to forget to have the usual glass of egg and milk placed on the vestry table in readiness for him.

During the evening she once or twice became a little excited, and tried hard to make us understand something she wanted to say, and we suggested this and that, but it was "No! no!" At last the "No, no!" brought the word of the prophet to my mind, and I quoted it: "No weapon formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee thou shalt condemn." She smiled a sweet consent, and I went on quoting Micah vii., "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy, when I fall I shall arise, and when I sit in darkness the Lord will be a light unto me; I will bear the indignation of the Lord because I have sinned against Him until He plead my cause and execute judgment for me." Upon the mention of these last words, O such a heavenly smile beamed upon her countenance as she quietly said, "Yes, yes."

After this our eldest daughter came in from Tottenham, and while she was there our eldest son called on his way home from business. After sitting by her side for a time they rose to leave, when she motioned with her hand; I said, "Do you wish us to bend the knee in prayer before we part?" "Yes, yes." And we bent the knee together for the last time. Oh, what a season was that! I had bent the knee by the bed-side it might be of hundreds of God's children, but never before by the death-bed of my own dear wife. I had heard the subdued sobs of many sons and daughters, which had made my own bosom to swell with sympathy, but never before with my own dear loved ones. They knew, they felt what a mother they were losing, and I knew and felt what a wife I was parting with after 45 years' communion.

After this she again became somewhat restless and evidently wanted to say something. Again we tried to anticipate, but it was "No, no;" and these words were suggested:—

"No more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son."

And again a peaceful smile. Then I asked, "Does the Gospel still bear your spirit up? Is strength still equal to your day? Is His grace still sufficient?" "Yes, yes, yes," was the reply. After this she urged me to retire to bed, and to satisfy her I went to my room, but not to bed. Next she asked for some beef tea; then insisted on our daughter and our faithful and devoted friend that had attended her through the whole sickness, lying down on a couch by her side. Thus to the very end self was lost in the well-being and comfort of others. In a little while she dropped into a sweet sleep, to awake no more in this vale of tears. At midnight I was again at her side and watched her sleeping until 2.40 a.m., when without a struggle, with just *one—two—three* gentle sighs she passed away.

Then came the stern reality: She's gone! She's gone! and that stern reality continues. *Yes, she's gone.*

On Saturday, April 5, after a solemn service in our own dear "Salem," the mortal remains were removed to Abney Park Cemetery, and laid on the dust of one of our own dear sons, where the writer expects soon to join them.

We cannot close this paper without acknowledging the kind services of a dear sister who watched and nursed through the whole sickness; but she feels herself paid by the Bethel seasons enjoyed in the sick room.

A SINGULAR, KEEN-EYED BELIEVER.

JOHAN BANHAM, of Stowupland, Suffolk, who departed this life July 3, 1884, in his 72nd year, was one of that old school of believers whose searching conversation and plain dealing leads to their being shunned as pernicious and dangerous persons, even by professors of truth, in the easy-going day in which our lot is cast. It has been well said, "The world knows nothing of its noblest sons," for those whose lives are a continual protest against abounding sin and vain profession, who, with aching heart, wounded spirit, and bleeding feet, often sad and mournful, nobly press on through violent opposition both within and without, to the verdant fields where these evil elements no longer exist, are the noblest children in the human family. Created anew in Christ Jesus, they are fit companions for angels, and of them Christ has said, "They shall walk with Me in white, for they are worthy." "Plain John" could endure nothing in doctrine or practice that would tarnish the glory of the Gospel or the honour of Christ; and being a man of strong convictions, he spoke at times to the wounding of carnal minds. But many who love the truth who knew him would often have profited much by his conversations. The writer has often been refreshed in spirit, and supplied with food for meditation by his thoughtful speech, when on the way to his humble labours on the Lord's-day he has called to see him. His spiritual history (in outline) may be best given in his own words, taken down nearly as spoken, April 3, 1883, at a time when he thought himself dying: "I have often tried to tell you something of that great ocean I like to swim in. That love God showed me when dead in sin I hope never to forget. Free grace is my only ground of hope. Take that away, and I am done. But to come to my point, sir. My father was a godly man, and used to attend mostly the ministry of Mr. Hurn, of Debenham, but at times he used to hear Mr. Wilcox, of Stoneham. Blessed men they were, sir. I sometimes went with him to Stoneham, and the Lord met with me there, making me sensible of my lost state as a sinner. I was very miserable for about four years, sometimes almost beside myself. While in this state my father called one Sunday morning, and would have me to go with him to Mendlesham Chapel. I framed all sorts of excuses, and tried to put him off, but he would not have it. I had reason to bless God for it, for that morning the Lord put something in my heart the devil has never been able to take out. That is now 44 years ago. Mr. Tant preached from the words, 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' I did believe, sir, and never did make haste, only to do mis-

chief. I was baptized at Mendlesham about four years after. From that day to this I have had a rough path, but the Lord has never forsaken me. The way the Lord has searched me makes me fear for many who have a name to live. People want to be Christians now-a-days, and get to heaven without being any different to the world. There does not seem to be—in fact, I know there ain't—that separation and distinction that there used to be. But depend on't, the Lord will try His own work. A religion that ain't been in the fire ain't up to much."

Though he was thus severe, yet the writer has often seen him melted to tears when relating the workings of sin and unbelief in his own heart, and how graciously the Lord has at times surprised him with a word of light and comfort when not seeking it. Having been suffering with asthma for many years, he has been much hindered from attending the means of grace, but Gadsby's hymns and God's Word have been his treasured companions. The writer regrets he was unable to see him in his last illness, but the grace that had kept him did not leave him, but rather grew stronger and brighter as he drew nearer the end. Questioned by Mrs. Threadkell, his daughter, just before he passed away, as to his state, with a countenance radiant with joy he assured her "all was peace."

"Thus his conflicts now have ceased,
Followed by eternal peace."

He was visited by the parish clergyman, but he could only gaze and wonder, and express admiration at what he saw. And afterwards he respectfully committed his body to the dust.

J. WHATMOUGH.

"HAVE WE DONE ALL THAT WE COULD FOR OUR OWN HEATHEN?"—A PLEA FOR THE POOR.

BY W. TOOKE, JUNR.

OF late much has been written concerning the condition of the very poor, and no doubt many Christians have been startled by the revelations made; but very little has been told but what was already known to those who have taken an active part in Christian work among them. Poverty and vice frequently go together; where you find the one existing to any extent you will find the other also. Many persons tell us that the present condition of the poor is due to their drinking and improvident habits. While such, doubtless, is the case with very many, yet we constantly meet with cases of extreme poverty and misery which cannot be traced to either, and very many have taken to drink through previous misfortunes over which they have had no control. That a very dreadful state of things exists no one can deny. There are thousands at our very doors that are half-starved, ignorant, and immoral; some have never entered a place of worship in their lives, and have neither thought nor care for anything else than the satisfaction of their animal and vicious appetites. The question for us all is, What can we do to help remedy it? We have sent missionaries to foreign lands, but have we done all that we could for our own heathen?

God has shewn in his Word a wonderful regard for the poor. In Deut. xv. 11 we read: "The poor shall never cease out of the land;

therefore I command thee, saying, Thou shalt open thine hand wide unto thy brother, to thy poor, and to the needy in thy land;" and in the whole of the Levitical law merciful provisions are made for them (Lev. xii. 8). If the Jewish mother could not bring a lamb, then she might bring two doves or pigeons. Also in Lev. xix. 9, 10, the gleanings are to be left for the poor and the stranger. The year of jubilee, and many other instances, can be found in which their helpless condition is carefully studied, and throughout the whole of the Old Testament we find numerous references to them by way of exhortation to the rich to help them, and threatenings to those that oppress them. But if we come to the New Testament we shall find much, both in the example and teachings of our Lord and the writings and practices of the apostles, concerning our duties as Christians in relation to the poor. It is evident that our Lord not only cured the people's diseases, but frequently attended to their temporal wants. We find Him feeding the hungry thousands who had followed him far and long; and it would also appear from John xiii. 29 that it was nothing unusual for Him to direct Judas to give something to the poor; and it was to the poor that He preached the Gospel. If we come to His teaching, we read, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven," &c. "Sell that ye have, and give alms; provide yourselves bags which wax not old, a treasure in the heavens that faileth not;" and then note His words to the rich young man: "If thou wilt be perfect, go, sell all that thou hast, and give to the poor," &c. "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind." Consideration for the poor was the reason of the first appointment of deacons, and we find in Gal. ii. 10, that when the right hand of fellowship was given to Paul and Barnabas to go unto the heathen, they were exhorted by the other apostles to remember the poor; and Paul says that he was forward to do so, the truth of which we find in other parts of his writings concerning the collections for the poor. We also find him in 1 Tim. vi. telling Timothy to charge the rich to be rich in good works, ready to distribute, laying up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come. Also in other Epistles (particularly those by James and John) we find some very forcible statements made in relation to this matter.

Many Christians appear to shelter themselves under the statement that they are not rich; but it seems that everyone is equally responsible. "Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; for God loveth a cheerful giver." The widow's two mites are taken notice of, and the cup of cold water shall have its reward; only let our motives be right before God. Again, many seem to think their responsibility ends with giving to the Lord's poor; but we are exhorted to do good unto all men; and the parable of the Good Samaritan clearly teaches that we are to consider all men as our neighbours, and render them every assistance within our power. It is very remarkable how wonderfully those who have given much to the poor have increased in wealth. Bunyan says,—

"There was a man, though some may think him mad,
The more he gave away the more he had,"

And Paul says, in 2 Cor. ix. 6, "He which soweth bountifully shall

reap also bountifully." But in our distribution to the poor we should ever make it the means of carrying the Gospel to them. Our Lord feeds the thousands with bread, and afterwards shows them the necessity of their being partakers of the Bread which came down from heaven. His general treatment was first the body, and then the soul; and so it should be with us. If we were all engaged in following the Master's example we should not find time to fall out. Many of our chapels are situated in very poor neighbourhoods, but how few do you find that make any effort outside themselves.

The sound of the word "mission," to some of our friends, savours of Arminianism, and to take up a tract district is taking too much upon ourselves, treading upon God's work. I know some who do not hesitate to speak thus, and when we look at many of our Churches we see the same spirit of indifference to the condition of the poor and wretched; if it was not so, we should see some kind of activity in this direction. The Lord Jesus Himself was an out-door preacher, as well as a teacher in the synagogue. The apostles were missionaries. We read in Eph. iv. 11 of evangelists. Where are the evangelists in our particular section of the Church? It is not because there are no brethren that are Bible students and able to speak, but because they don't do it. I fully believe that all the election of grace will be saved, but I want to be the instrument to save some of them; and this should be the desire of every Christian. For some years I have been visiting the sick among the very poor, and have often found some of the Lord's dear people not connected with any Church. Frequently the Lord has met with them through the missionary or tract visitor. These are unheard of by the Churches, but not unknown to the great Head of the Church. I believe there will be thousands in heaven who never heard a sermon or crossed the threshold of a place of worship in their lives. The commission stands good now:—"Go ye out into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." It is no use opening the doors of our chapels and expecting them to come in. We must go to them, and not be afraid to touch them, any more than the Master was to touch the leper. But all this cannot be done without money. It has been my experience to find that with the effort the means have come; without the effort the means have not come. What we want in our midst is the will, and the rest will follow.

A Church is an organised body, and its efforts as a Church should be in an orderly form. Allow me to tell of our plans, which God has wonderfully blessed to many. We have what we call "A COMPASSIONATE SOCIETY," regularly subscribed to by members of our Church. A committee is formed every year; brethren and sisters to act as visitors; any case of illness within a certain distance, recommended, is visited, if needful, for six weeks, and two shillings a-week given to the sick person. This gives us the opportunity of reading the Word of God and praying with many who never go to a place of worship. Then we have a mission service every Monday night, commencing at half-past eight (no use having it earlier—they are at work), when we read the Word, sing, and give short addresses, one member of the Church taking the oversight, with a few helpers. Sometimes we have a tea meeting; not a free one—we do not believe in paying people to come to chapel—but we meet them by charging threepence, and the deficiency we make up out of our fund.

We generally have them on Bank Holidays, and have had as many as 200 sit down to tea—the very poor; but it is remarked by many how well-behaved they are. After the tea we have a two-hours' meeting, and very happy evenings we have spent, too. Then we have tract districts, worked by a few ladies; a large number of houses are visited every week, and the people personally invited and encouraged to come to the mission meeting. We began the tract work and mission meeting three years ago; of course we had a good many discouragements at first, but by the means used we have a nice little company now on Monday nights, averaging from fifty to seventy, and many of these poor folks now attend the chapel regularly on Sundays. We believe there are some who are not only poor in circumstances, but poor in spirit also. We have a separate fund for the mission, and out of that the visitors are enabled to relieve any special cases of distress on their districts; and then we have a mothers' meeting and a maternal society; both are doing a good work. Now all these little societies are separated, but each one helps on the other, and all have for their object the alleviation of distress, the good of souls, and the glory of God.

"Is not this the fast that I have chosen? . . . Is it not to deal thy bread to the hungry and that thou bring the poor that are cast out to thy house? When thou seest the naked that thou cover him, and that thou hide not thyself from thine own flesh? Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thine health shall spring forth speedily, and thy righteousness shall go before thee; the glory of the Lord shall be thy reward" (Isa. lviii. 6, 7, 8).

THE LAW OF LOVE, AND THE WAR AGAINST IT.

"HATH my dear Lord *this* world o'ercome,
In which I've trials great?
Be of good cheer, then, O my soul,
THY VICTORY IS COMPLETE!"

"RELIGION," in the profession of it, is becoming more wild, more diverse, more bitter against the REVELATION GOD has made of His mind, of His will, of the relationships of His Son, of the sanctifying, spiritual life creating, of the Holy Ghost, and of the work of grace in the souls of His predestinated family, than ever it was known to be in this land before. More fierce are the shafts levelled against the eternal union existing between the Three glorious Persons in the Godhead; between Christ and His whole family in heaven and earth, of which family He so emphatically said,—

"UPON THIS ROCK WILL I BUILD MY CHURCH,

"*And the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*" The burning gates are become extinct here! The dungeons of cruelty (for Christ's sake) are closed. But larger gates than ever heaven opened, more flesh-pleasing, more creature-attracting gates are set up. The words—the prophetic declaration of our Lord Jesus Christ—are true in more senses than one, when He so earnestly said, "Enter ye in at the *strail gate*; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and *many* there be which go in thereat." *Where* do they go in to? Read the

solemn words of the Saviour, as given by Luke (vii. 24): "Strive to enter at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, "AND SHALL NOT BE ABLE!"

Why not? Because He says, "They rejected the counsel of God against themselves." Even this very week the "world-wide reporter" of all the new thoughts, new theologies, and new schools, gives to the professing Churches the following boast of the expiring life of what is called, "Calvinism." It says:—

"Dr. Dale tells us that among the present aspects of theological thought in the Congregational Churches, 'none is more obvious than the general disappearance of Calvinism.' No doubt this change is the result of a variety of causes, but it may be safely said that no Congregational minister has done more to wisely guide this progressive movement than Baldwin Brown. It is instructive to think of the contrast in the position held by Dr. Campbell, Thomas Lynch, and Baldwin Brown thirty years ago, and the position they hold to-day. Thirty years ago Dr. Campbell was deemed a great man; he was regarded as a champion of orthodoxy, and it must be admitted that in some matters he did considerable service. But is there a single soul now living who ever turns to any line that the doctor wrote for comfort, for guidance, or inspiration? Probably not one."

That is a closer! NOT ONE! I wish for no controversy; but there are thousands of young people springing up in the Churches wherein this monthly circulates, and for their warning, for their welfare, for their eternal well-being, I am anxious not to write unkindly of any who *profess* to be on Christ's side, but to apprise them that it is not "every one that saith, Lord! Lord!! shall enter into the kingdom;" but only he that doeth the will of "Christ's Father." And our Lord tells us plainly what that will is, in John vi., and no prophet, no apostle, no angel, no minister, no Dr. Dale, no Baldwin Brown, no preacher, no publisher has ever been authorised to alter that will. For abiding by that will—that revealed will of God—and for contending for it, I have been cast out of nearly all "the respectable synagogues in the kingdom;" cast into poverty, into much distress; while those publishers of the gates of universal redemption, of man's free-will, of the wish, will, and woe of the Lord because men will not let Him save them—these large and loud proclaimers of man's reason, man's arguments, man's newly-invented theologies, these gentlemen become immensely rich in their traffic! I covet not their wealth nor their work. I have not the slightest unkind feeling against the Dales, nor the Browns, the Beechers, the Leasks, nor the beautifully-educated and elegantly naturally-adorned workers of the day. I only know that for nearly sixty years the attestation of our Lord Jesus Christ has been my standard of faith, my ground of hope, and the true test to which I believe every man's religion must be brought. Do—I earnestly entreat of you—do read this plain unfolding of "the Father's will" by the Father's Son, who came out of His Father's bosom and said to the double-faced Jews, "I said unto you, that ye also have seen Me, and believe not." So multitudes in this day profess to have seen Christ, yet they do not believe, but really hate the doctrines Christ and His apostles taught us.

Now, ye good workers, set, if ye can, your eyes, your ears, your

hearts, your prayerful contemplation, on the Saviour's exposition of His Father's will: "All that the Father giveth Me shall come to Me; and him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out. For I came down from heaven,

"NOT TO DO MINE OWN WILL

"But the will of Him who sent Me. And 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 again at the last day. And this is the will of Him that sent Me, that every one which seeth the Son

(*With the new eyes of a living faith*),

"And believeth on Him, may have everlasting life, and I will raise him up at the last day."

At this, the ancient Jews murmured. Against this the modern professors not only murmur, but speak, write, publish, and disclaim against it. JESUS knew it would be so, and solemnly added, "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." As though Christ said, "This is no new doctrine, for it is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard and learned of the Father, cometh unto Me." Salvation in every branch, has its origin with God; but how is it some shall "strive to enter in, and shall not be able?"

HOW IS THIS? WHO ARE THEY?

Christ answers and shews, that the professed workers, the professed followers of Christ, who live in these labours, and even die in what is called "Peace," will come up to Christ's judgment door, and even after *He*, the Master of the House, hath "shut to the door," they will begin to stand without, and they will be so bold, so self-confident, so full of their creature righteousness, that they will knock at Christ's door, even after He hath shut it; and they will cry out, "Lord! Lord! open unto us!" But

CHRIST NEVER DID MAKE ANY MISTAKE.

He never took one into His friendship and fellowship here, which His Father had not given to Him; nor did He ever cast out one the Father had given to Him. He never made any mistake either in receiving or rejecting. And He will never "Rise up, and shut to the door," until every member of the mystic body is inside with Him; for God hath set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased Him; and until Christ can say, "Here am I, Father, and the children Thou hast given Me," He will never shut to the door.

Who are they, then, that will come knocking at His door? Those who never knew Him savingly. Those who never had the ingrafted Word of Truth in their souls, *yet* have done many wonderful works in His name; who have heard Him in their streets, and who as members of the Churches on earth have professedly eaten and drank in His presence.

Look at them now! Oh, I sometimes have feared if I should be found among them. By a person's zealous living you cannot know CHRIST's own sheep. By a so-called peaceful dying you cannot be assured that the deceased is gone into glory.

By two most important things is the safety of the soul declared. Christ said, If the Holy Ghost is sent to you, and comes unto you, He will cause you to know "THE TRUTH!" That is, CHRIST Himself, in all His essential powers, and this knowledge of "THE TRUTH" shall "MAKE YOU FREE" from all Satan's delusions, from all man's devices, from any dependence on anything done by the creature. Therefore, to

THESE LATE-COMERS

Christ said, "I tell you, I know you not, whence ye are. Depart from Me, all ye workers of iniquity. There shall be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth; when ye shall see Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, and all the prophets, in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out!" Oh, soul! on no good works rely for acceptance in the last great day.

As to the doctrines of Calvinism, dead professors may believe some of them; but it is only "the law of love in the heart," and the overcoming of the war which always, here, will be against it: the spiritual conflict and the heavenly conquest—these are God's given evidences of eternal life in the soul. I began this little paper intending to consider the THREE LAWS in the seventh of Romans: the warfare, and the ultimate glorious issue; but very heavy, dangerous sickness laying my beloved wife on her bed for many weeks, unfits me for much of this. Next month, if the Lord will, some of the deep things in that valley of Achor may be discovered by your very sorrowful and sharply-tried

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, Sept. 11, 1884.

The following may meet the case, and afford encouragement, to many who are misunderstood and misrepresented; for doubtless, as the dear departed James Messer said: "Many a noble Christian is sent into obscurity by the breath of slander!"

Ralph Erskine, in a sermon in 1719, said:—

"The Christian's faith may be tried by severe and rough treatment from those of the same profession as themselves. We have a remarkable Scripture to this purpose—Isa. lxvi. 5: 'Your brethren that hated you, that cast you out for My name's sake, said, Let the Lord be glorified.' See what the trials are that those here mentioned met with: they were hated and cast out—that is, cast out of the Church, cast out of the society of their brethren; and by whom were they cast out? Not by open enemies, but even by their brethren, by those of the same profession as themselves; and what is the pretence for casting them out? They said, 'Let God be glorified.' Their brethren who did cast them out did pretend a regard for the honour and glory of God in so doing. Yet the Spirit of God says it was for His name's sake that they were hated and cast out. We observe from this that there is something to be found in the Word of God that meets every case that the Christian may be in. If the faith of any shall be tried after this manner, it may be encouraging to them in the work of the Lord, and in the way of their duty, that others that have gone before them have met with the like trial. The case is not singular, for 'there is no new thing under the sun.'" [How roughly many treated the late James Wells, and helped to bring him to his grave! We must bless God for sustaining grace. More anon.]

THE LATE EMMA JACOB, OF GRAHAM ROAD,
DALSTON.

[ON August 1, 1884, at the age of 72, died Emma Jacob, for many years a member of the Church of Christ meeting at Regent Street Chapel, City Road, London. The following experience may prove interesting to some of the readers of the EARTHEN VESSEL.]

SHE was born of godly parents, August 4, 1812. It pleased the Lord to call her by His grace in the year 1828. She said, "I well remember the time when Mr. Challis preached at a chapel near Bunhill-fields; I cannot remember the text, for I was not then much read in the Scriptures; but, bless the dear Lord, *His* time was come to send an arrow of conviction in my conscience. I knew no more of the reality of religion at that time than an Hottentot, but went about the house, crying, Lord, save me! Lord, have mercy upon me! and was afraid to close my eyes in sleep lest I should open them in hell. I went on in this state of mind until one day a friend gave me 'Bunyan's Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners,' saying, 'This book will just suit you.' I carefully read it until I came to that part where it says, 'Those who trust in the Lord shall never be confounded;' I thought, What a sweet word this is to my poor hungry soul. From that time I had a gleam of hope springing up in my heart; I thought, This is what I want; I well knew I had nowhere else to trust. The Lord encouraged me to trust in Him from that time until now. I have endured up to the present time, and I do hope I shall endure to the end; I say, I hope, for I have never been enabled confidently to say, My Father and my God. My prayer has often been with the poet Steele:—

"My God, my Father, blissful name,
O may I call Thee mine;
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine."

Yet at the same time I felt I would not give up the hope of eternal life for a thousand worlds. I do hope that at even-tide it shall be light. I heard Mr. Philpot in 1860, from, 'As ye have received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in Him.' He said two things were very essential: one was, a good beginning; and the other was, a good deliverer. Now, I can make no mistake about the beginning, it was so marked. He also said there must be a good foundation, or else the building would fall. The first way of receiving Christ was four-fold: (1) knowledge, (2) believing, (3) conscience, (4) in the affections. This made a four-fold cord that held the dear Lord to the believer. I felt I could not let Him go except He blessed me; I said, If I perish, I will perish at His feet. But bless His dear name, there are times I think I shall be landed safe. But these are very short seasons; for the most part I have had to walk in darkness and to have no light, yet have known what it is to stay myself upon my God. I have had many sweet lifts by the way under the preached Word, but, alas! as dear Hart says, 'Returned to my own sad place.'

Mrs. Jacob closed this short account of herself with the two following verses:—

<p>"Many days have passed since then, Many changes I have seen; Yet have been upheld till now: Who could hold me up but Thou?"</p>	<p>The Gospel bears my spirit up; A faithful and unchanging God Lays the foundation of my hope In oaths and promises and blood."</p>
--	--

It is much to be regretted that no continuous record has been kept by her of her various exercises of soul, under affliction and trial; all that has been found in her handwriting are a few scraps without dates, and evidently not intended for inspection; yet they are precious testimonies to those left behind. A friend who had known her over fifty years speaks of her thus:—"From my earliest acquaintance I can well remember her as having a clear judgment in the things of God generally. She had a quick, penetrating perception of the true from the false, the sterling from the ideal, the substance from the shadow. It was sometimes startling to hear her discriminate between the reality and only the appearance, whether it related to a person's profession of religion, a genuine or a pretended experience, a living ministry or a letter ministry. Yet, with all this special gift from the seven spirits which are before the throne there was no attempt to fasten her opinions upon others, or to decide positively upon another person's eternal state or character, neither was she hasty in forming her opinion; she sifted, weighed and considered before she uttered her thoughts, and then the conviction was forced upon you, she was correct, her judgment was sound, according to truth.

The reader will not perhaps be surprised to hear that with all this clear and sanctified intellect in divine things there was a good degree of modesty of spirit which evidently partook of an humbleness of mind, the inwrought work of the Spirit in the heart. There was a remarkable diffidence in her manner when speaking of her own exercises of soul in relation to an internal work of grace or her soul's confidence and hope in eternal things. You could plainly perceive that she regarded a clear apprehension of divine truth as a totally distinct thing from an assurance of hope or any ground of it. She regarded a divine testimony to the heart and conscience as the only reliable basis of hope and true comfort for the soul.

In accordance with what is here related, the character of the ministry she attended, the books she read, and her friends in the Gospel, were all of a piece—one harmonious whole. It will be sufficient to state that the ministrations of the late George Abrahams, Thomas Gunner, J. C. Philpot, W. Tiptaft, A. Triggs, John Grace, and E. Vinal were commended to her judgment and experience during the whole of her spiritual life, and let it here be stated, that her husband (still living), the companion of her life, was most cordially united with her in all these Gospel blessings and privileges of which it was their happiness to partake.

Neither must the reader be surprised to find that our beloved sister in Christ passed through the ordeal of trial by fire, for indeed it was deep trial, deep affliction, severe family affliction, deep sorrow she was called to wade through, all through a married life of fifty-four years. A mother of eighteen children, eleven of whom are still living, she had to encounter the ordinary difficulties incidental to a mother's care and anxiety, as well as those belonging to a wife. At one time, the loss of three children within a few weeks. Furnace work therefore was a part of her heavenly Father's discipline; her faith was clear, for it had been tried by fire; not staggered by unbelief and fear, her hope was fixed immoveably upon the finished work of Christ, His complete atonement, His perfect righteousness and His victorious resurrection.

(To be continued.)

THE LATE MR. EDGAR MULLINER.

DEAR C. W. BANKS,—The painful duty devolves upon me to inform you of the removal by death of one of our beloved brethren, and a deacon at West Hill, Wandsworth—viz., Mr. Edgar Mulliner. This event has overtaken us somewhat by surprise, since your last visit amongst us at our pastor's anniversary, although his health had been very precarious for some weeks, yet few thought the hand of death would so soon make his dear afflicted wife a widow, and his son and daughter fatherless.

The writer having held communion with and having been called to tread with him the pathway of tribulation for many years, the bereaved family have expressed a wish that he would furnish you with a brief account of his experience in life and triumph in death.

Our dear brother was one of a numerous family, and the son of godly parents, whose example and counsel he would often refer to with a vast amount of real pleasure. Not having a robust constitution, and the hand of affliction being laid upon him in his youth, he was in consequence prevented from seeking so soon as desirable those acquirements that are so essentially necessary in the pursuit of this life. There is no doubt this circumstance, though unfavourable, was overruled for his soul's good and God's glory. His native place was Braiseworth, Suffolk, in the vicinity of Stoke-Ash. His parents were members of the Baptist Church in that place, where he attended with them; he also attended the Sunday-school there. In the order of Divine Providence he left home for Ipswich, and was privileged to sit under the ministry of Mr. Thomas Pooch. His next removal was to Wimbledon, Surrey, where he resided for some time, and worshipped with the friends at Zoar. From thence he made his final remove to Wandsworth; here the Lord purposed he should find a place for his soul to rest. He was directed to that favoured spot known as the Waterside Baptist Meeting-house. It was here he found food for his soul under the valued ministry of the late Mr. W. Ball.

Twenty-two years have passed away since he related some of the Lord's dealings with his soul before the Church; he stated then, that for ten years his only hope of salvation was in the Lord Jesus Christ; and so it continued till the last with him. He could not speak of the exact period when the Lord met with him, but he could say, like many others of the Lord's family, "I was once blind but now I see." Our brother sustained the office of deacon for nearly fourteen years, also that of treasurer for a lengthened period, so that the Church has lost in him a valued friend, and a useful brother.

The departed was not considered seriously ill, or past recovery till within about three or four weeks of his death. His physician advised a change, and Tunbridge Wells was the resort, and for a time it seemed to have the desired effect; but it soon became evident that disease was rapidly telling upon the outward man. He said he had held sweet communion with the Lord and enjoyed his presence much during his retreat. He returned home July 31st. Other medical aid was sought, and everything that human skill could devise was brought to bear, but without avail. On the Sabbath previous to his decease he referred to the day with expressions of pleasure, and in the after part of the day said to those about him he was not alone. Portions of Scripture were quoted by him at intervals, such as "Underneath are the everlasting

Arms," "Faithful is He that hath promised." On the Monday he appeared much in prayer, and used the words "Precious Jesus," and said to one near, "He was more so than he could have expected," and said, "Dear Saviour!" and "I hold sweet communion with my Jesus." After a night of great suffering his spirit left the frail tabernacle to enter that "House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens," August 19, at the age of 57.

The funeral took place on Saturday, August 23. The funeral *cortège* consisted of the relatives, and the pastor and deacons of the Church at West Hill; and all that was mortal of our lamented brother was conveyed to the new cemetery on Wandsworth Common, where a large company of friends, consisting of the members of the Church and congregation, assembled to pay their last token of regard for the departed. Mr. James Clark, the pastor of the Church, conducted the solemn service, and delivered a very appropriate address, containing words of sympathy for the bereaved family, and kindly admonished all present, and prayed for the best of all blessings to descend upon all assembled.

Our brother has gone to a happier shore,
His spirit has fled, his conflict is o'er;
His pains are all ended, he'll sorrow no more,
He is now with the host who have gone on before.

Our brother has gone to the home of the blest,
To be with his Saviour for ever at rest.
His absence we mourn, but would not complain,
His joy is complete, our loss is his gain.

The Church feels the loss of a brother so dear,
Who had won the affections of friends far and near;
Yet, tho' we are sadden'd, to us it is clear,
He has reached the fair haven, he sheds not a tear.

Oh, sweet is the thought, as our dear brother said,
The "Arms everlasting" were under his head,
That Jesus had lov'd him, and died in his stead,
And he felt Him most precious in this time of need.

"He's faithful that promised," almost his last word,
This truth to his soul did much comfort afford.
No music on earth could have struck such a chord
As accents like these from a kind, loving Lord.

How often we've mingled our praises below,
At the footstool of mercy our wont was to bow;
But now this communion is ended we know,
Yet our spirits are one when to Jesus we go.

These seasons are over, no more to return,
May we yield to this stroke, and with gratitude learn
To prize more than ever a basis so firm
That sustains the believer at Death's dread alarm.

Farewell, then, dear brother, till we see thee again,
Where we'll join with the choir on yon heavenly plain;
The song will resound in one sweet blissful strain,
Of "Worthy the Lamb, who for sinners was slain."

BENJAMIN DRANE.

Wandsworth, September 2, 1884.

WE regret we are compelled to hold over till next month the following articles:—"The Lord's Work of Grace Perfect in the Believer." By W. Price. "A True Conversion from Man's Free-Will to God's Free and Sovereign Grace." By W. H. Ware; "Our Ancient Grandson, and His Large Family"; "The Immutable Jesus." By W. Winters, &c.

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

The World of Cant.—Eleventh edition. London: W. Scott, Paternoster-square. The late Carlyle, writing to Emerson, opens his heart warmly, and says:—"May the Lord deliver us from all Cant; may the Lord, whatever else He do or forbear, teach us to look facts honestly in the face, and to beware (with a kind of shudder) of smearing Him over with our despicable and damnable palaver into irrecognisability, and so falsifying the Lord's own Gospels to His unhappy blockheads of children, all staggering down to Gehenna and the everlasting Swine's-trough, for want of Gospels. O Heaven! it is the most accursed sin of man; and done everywhere at present, on the streets and high places at noonday! Verily, seriously I say and pray, as my chief orison, May the Lord deliver us from it." John Bunyan's "Trial of Faithful," as given in "Pilgrim's Progress," is the motto to this daring, dissecting, hypercritical, developing book. Oh, that God may use it to rend the mask in ten thousand shreds. We have the volume for review. Reader, look out presently. That one sentence,

"FALSIFYING THE LORD'S OWN
GOSPELS,"

is comprehensive of much, of most of the cant now so much in vogue. What a pass we are come to. But of all this both Jesus and the Holy Ghost foretold plainly. "He was despised and rejected of men." So are His honest followers now.

"THE STORM IS HUSHED."—How frequently that poetic prayer rolls into our soul, and then ascends up in a sighing petition, we hope, unto our great High Priest.

"Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last."

In such a frame of mind we received the October number of *Life and Light*, edited by Robert Edward Sears, pastor of the Baptist Church, Little Alle-street, in which the editor gives us a paper headed—

"A FAITHFUL GOD."

In perusing that opening editorial, we found a spiritual cordial in the following sentences: "The storm is hushed, the rain ceases to fall, the waters subside, the deluge passes away, the long voyage is over, and the ark rests upon the mountain top. The window is opened, and the birds fly forth to sing their Maker's praise beneath the broad ex-

pense of heaven. The door is opened, and Noah, his family, and all the living creatures come into the light of day, and breathe the fresh air of a purified world. Noah, in the spirit of the Gospel precept, sought first the kingdom of God and His righteousness. He built an altar unto the Lord. The sacrifice was suitable, and the offering acceptable; God was pleased, and Noah was blessed. The sacrifice was fragrant with truth and thankfulness, and God promised not to smite the earth again as He had done. A blood-stained altar was the meeting-place with God. In connection with that blood-stained altar, God made a covenant with Noah. That covenant God has remembered. Throughout all generations seed-time and harvest, Summer and Winter, day and night, has not ceased. The changing seasons tell of an unchanging God; every day is a covenant mercy, and every night proclaims the God of Noah to be faithful. Christian, in every sorrow trust Him, for He

"Will give a glorious morrow
To this thy night of pain,
And make thy dew of sorrow
Like shining after rain."

So we find it now, in the earnest of it; but the Summer sunshine of heaven will be an eternal rest from sin and sorrow.

THE GREATEST MYSTERY.—Twelve short thoughts. You cannot help thinking, if the Spirit of Christ be in you. The Spirit of Christ is a fountain of inspiration wherever He is. What an ocean-like saying is that John closes up his Gospel with! Beautiful! I look at the letters, and catch a little of the spirit, when the beloved disciple writes, "This is the disciple which *testifieth* of these things, and *wrote* these things; and we know that his testimony is true. And there are also

"MANY OTHER THINGS WHICH JESUS
DID,

"the which, if they should be written, every one, I suppose, that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written." And to all this John adds his "Amen." Oh, what a little we know of Him yet! Well, Sunday afternoon I sat down to listen to the breathings of the Spirit. I had thought to speak that evening from "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." It would not open. "He shall see of the TRAVAIL of His soul, and shall be satisfied," was fastened on my mind,

and the wheels of thought began to run round. I have caught a few (twelve) which, for my poor afflicted readers, I much desire to put on record, because (God forbid I should presume) I feel they could only be given by HIM whose office it is to lead into all truth. I quite long for the treat to write them out, because they all centre in

“THE MAN OF SORROWS.”

TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.—The ancient commentator said at that time England might well be called “The Valley of Visions; a Seminary of Seers.” What would such a commentator say now? “Geoffrey Oldcastle” thinks many are wild gourds, &c. We are not disposed to criticise; but as the divine Spirit declared an INTERPRETER was as one among a thousand, and as the exposition of the real character of an interpreter, his qualifications, and his work may be useful, we purpose to give it in the EARTHEN VESSEL.

MOWING THE MINISTER'S GRASS.—Grass! “All flesh is grass.” “The grass withereth, the flower fadeth.” The most promising, the most brilliant, the most beautiful men you ever saw in a pulpit, fade, wither, die, and a solemn, weeping people carry them to the grave, a funeral oration is delivered, and they are soon forgotten. Of course, the living have no time to think any more of the dead; but the young ones, when coming up fresh, free, and full, may sometimes think, “man is of few days,” and either in his prime he may suddenly be cut down, or in old age he may be despised. We will tell of the interview with Mr. Cresswell in CHEERING WORDS, if we live long enough. We pity poor Macmaster, but are glad a good sum is being raised. Sirs, many a minister is brought to grief by the people withholding. Think now, a man travels a long way, preaches three sermons, loses part of Saturday and nearly all Monday; then the retired gentry who have made their fortunes present the poor fellow with about enough to pay his railway fare. He reaches home tired out; the wife wants some money to get food. The hard-working preacher has scarcely any left. A knock at the door. It is opened. “Rent, if you please.” If that be paid there is nothing left. What a fix the poor fellow is in! What a sorry face the wife exhibits! This is not the general case. Thank God, it is not; but we can produce a list of places where the minister's grass is mowed so close that he droops, he dies. Widows are very numerous. God be merciful to us all.

Amen. Either do not send for the men, or, if you do, give them to see you believe “the workman is worthy of his meat.”

THE RICHEST CITY IN THE WORLD.—A poor woman sat on the door-step crying. Some thought she had had too much to drink. So she had; but it was the bitter drink of a broken heart, the gall of poverty, of that starving poverty which carries an immense multitude of our race to an early grave. That woman was a farmer's daughter. She became a young farmer's wife; they had seven children. The farming went bad, the husband died. All was sold off. The widow and her seven children came to London. They understood anybody could get a living in London if they would work. The girls were all good needle-workers. They took lodgings, and began to work up articles. They took their work round to the shops; but nobody wanted their goods. At length they began to work for what are called

“THE SWEATERS.”

They worked sixteen hours a day, stitch, stitch, and could not get enough to pay their lodgings, and provide dry bread and a little tea. One by one the children died. The mother, with Job, would cry, “Have pity upon me, O ye, my friends, have pity upon me; for the hand of God hath touched me.” I must not follow the narrative. The words of Job came up in my soul, and I would notice the degrees downward by which Job came to that extremely low condition which drew from him such a mournful cry, “Have pity upon me, O ye, my friends.” The Bible is not all promises, not all hallelujahs; it is not of holy and heavenly things only, but it showeth you even God's own dear children in the most severe and abject conditions. In the text, and in its immediate neighbour, you have two distinct voices: 1. The voice of nature. 2. The voice of the faith of God's elect, which comes in immediately upon the soul which is almost in despair, “I know that my Redeemer liveth,” &c. If God bring down, it is for our good, and He will raise such up to a home where, without faltering, they shall sing,—“HERE!” ah!

“Here my best friends, my kindred dwell,
Here God my Saviour reigns.”

Some of the cold, cast-iron professors have no pity; they are worse than the brute beasts. Some, like Abraham to Lot, and Nehemiah to Jerusalem, exercise a practical pity. Our Saviour's pity brought Him down to us, and I have found He can show pity still, while those

called friends stand aloof. How wise it is of our Best Friend to dry up all creature streams, that we may find our all in Him! *A Voice from the Dim Millions*, the true history of a working woman, really should be read by the millions who can have compassion. We purpose to notice it in **CHEERING WORDS**.

COMPANIONS OF MY SOLITUDE.—Who? what? where are they? When, during the long years of my apprenticeship, I slept in a garret which had no window at all, no ventilation, no pure air could flow through it. You must enter it by ascending a few wooden steps out of the press-room and book-binding store, which had no fire-place or chimney. When books were being lettered, a strong charcoal fire was lighted, filling the dark attic with unwholesome fumes. Who were then the companions of my solitude? Three ghostly phantoms: Death, Judgment, Hell. They were all the *companions* I had then. Such scenes and sorrows in my teens helped to cast a gloom over me, never entirely eradicated. *Within me* there is, as it were, a solitary cell; and though to others I am sometimes apparently cheerful, and inclined to be free in speaking, yet those who have known my home-habits for years could testify that I sink into my solitary cell, retire to my quiet study, and there alone in meditation, in reading, writing, sighing not unfrequently breathing my own original spasmodic Whitestone rhymes, which sprung up as I walked down the bank-side, from seeing Mr. Price's dying wife, on the borders of South Wales, travelling on to my favourite Purlbrook, I unconsciously sighed out,—

"Oh, my gracious God and Saviour,
Pity, pardon my poor soul!
Let me live for Thee, and labour
To make wounded spirits whole.
Let me live that life of faith
Which walks in love, as Jesus saith;
Then on shores beyond the river,
May I see our glorious Giver;
There for ever, yes, for ever,
Let me crown Thee Lord of all."

Those lines never leave me. They express the continued feelings and desires of my heart, as my narrative in **CHEERING WORDS** will show. "The companions of my solitude" are not found among the tall, the gifted, the fluent, the well-paid, the holy and beautiful men of this day. They never knew me, only they have heard some enlarged stories, which, with every edition, have additions; but I forbear. If I might "speak before I die," if I might be believed, some mysteries would be cleared up. *The Companions of My Solitude* is a work only suited to "such as are sick in their

souls and need a Physician." More of this if permitted.—C. W. B.

THE GOSPEL OF WAR, AND GENERAL GORDON'S RELIEF.—Under this heading is a leading article of instruction in the *Banner of Israel* (R. Barks) for October 8. We read the said article with edifying surprise. It gave us clearer views of the present Egyptian mystery than anything we have read before. The editor is evidently a thorough Biblical student, and opens up the typical and prophetic portions with much care and convincing force. We do not think even the "World of Cant" can bring any railing accusation against Philo-Israel, the editor of the penny weekly *Banner of Israel*. We have no pecuniary interest moving us thus to write.

ISAIAH SMITH will be glad to know that Dr. Doudney, in the *Gospel Magazine*, quoted some part of his account of "the poor old man near eighty." Is the aged penitent still alive.

The Regular Baptist Magazine, published in St. Louis by Farris and Co., is a pretty garland of nosegays, culled out of many other serials, with original articles of its own, written by sober, serious, spiritual correspondents. It is got up in superior style. There is "The Regular Baptist Publishing Company" in St. Louis, and if we could have an "EARTHEN VESSEL Publishing Company," this monthly of our own might be enlarged and improved in every sense. It is time some permanent arrangement for the future was considered.

MR. FRITH'S NEW BOOK.—**DEAR MR. BANKS.**—Seeing your observations on *The Age To Come*, by W. Frith, I ventured to obtain it, and having read it, I may say I have found a gem; something worth reading; and worth attention. Yes, after fifty years' thought on the subject, I was much pleased in reading such a Biblical testimony concerning "the things that are to be hereafter." Truly, Mr. Frith has given us much in a little of the very verity of the prophetic testimony. I wish it could be had in a cheaper form, so that the poor of the flock might not be deprived of such a treasure. As you have kindly noticed Mr. Frith's *Age To Come*, I take the liberty to send you a pamphlet on "The Cloud in the East," by an old student of prophecy, to review. It may be had at Houlston and Sons, 7, Paternoster-square (price fourpence). I'm glad to find the Lord has, in mercy to the Church, raised you up, and that a God-given old age attendeth you; as also will attend the doctrine that you preach. Yours truly, in the Lord,—W. LYNN.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MR. W. WINTERS'S NOTES.

[We have received the following reports of meetings, &c., from Mr. Winters, which show some of our Churches are zealously working to maintain the original, the ancient, the New Testament doctrines, ordinances, and faith of the Lord and of His apostles. The afflictions and oppressions of many other Churches, of many of their almost starving ministers and members, whose letters to us now load our table, show that pains and sorrows are the lot of not a few. We gladly fly to help the poor, who, as our Lord said, are always with us. In the work we stand almost alone. As yet, by the grace of our Lord Jesus, we have been upheld.—C. W. B.]

GRAYS.—Harvest Thanksgiving services were held in Ebenezer chapel on October 8. Mr. R. E. Sears preached. Mr. G. J. Baldwin presided at evening meeting, and gave telling words on the "Opening Hand of God" (Psa. cxlv. 16), which struck a chord in the hearts of the speakers. The writer was the first (for once) to address the meeting; he held the ministers and friends in terrible suspense for at least fifty minutes. This advantage was granted by the kind permission of the chairman, and esteemed by the speaker as part payment of an old score. C. L. Kemp, on the satisfaction of the soul and its vast desires, was well up. W. Beddows' soul seemed on fire with the inestimable grace of thankfulness. G. Goldsmith, a worthy brother whom I had not heard speak in public before, was thoroughly sound, warm, and hearty on the great things done for God's people. I wish brother Goldsmith (a member of Mr. F. Shaw's Church, Gravesend) God speed. Mr. R. E. Sears gave a splendid discourse, as the finishing stroke of the evening, on the waters of Ezekiel, which was highly appreciated.

PECKHAM-RYE.—Services were held in Heaton-road, on Lord's-day, September 21. Sermons were preached by Mr. J. Wilkins. On the Thursday following Mr. Burbridge preached in the place of Mr. John Bonney, who was, I am sorry to say, unable to fill his post on account of illness. In this regret the pastor, deacons, and friends shared. In the evening the chair was to have been occupied by Mr. James Lee, but he was prevented from attending from unforeseen circumstances. Mr. Wilkins presided. Mr. Thos. Stringer addressed the throne of grace in a solemn way, which was much appreciated. Mr. Wilkins gave a few remarks on the nature of the parables (or pictures) of the New Testament. Mr. Burbridge was on the vineyard and labourers; W. H. Lee gave illustrations of the wicked husbandmen; W. Winters noted the meaning of the parable in Luke xix. 11—27; Mr. H. F. Noyes showed up the barren fig-tree; H. Boulton unfolded the nature of the seed growing secretly. Mr. Wilkins is progressing in his work. They lost by death and removals a few good supporters; but the friends nobly support their pastor, as a result of the blessing attending his ministry.

GRAVESEND.—Congregations assembled in Peacock-street chapel on September 30. Mr. R. E. Sears preached a Gospel sermon. The tea was enjoyed. Mr. F. Shaw opened the harvest thanksgiving services;

Mr. Goldsmith offered prayer. Mr. Shaw gave a graphic description of the literal harvest of the present year; Mr. George Webb expressed many blessed truths on thankfulness; W. Winters gave instances of divine Providence; R. E. Sears spoke instructively of the Jewish feasts. With pleasing remarks from the pastor's lips on the success of the cause, the happy meeting terminated.

GLEMSFORD.—In Ebenezer Baptist chapel, on September 20 and 21, sermons were preached by Mr. W. Winters to large congregations. Some hearty expressions were made respecting C. W. Banks, who drew a considerable number of people when he visited Suffolk in days long ago. The old cause at Ebenezer, Glemsford, is flourishing. A good pastor is much wanted. Several are standing ready for baptism. In the evening of Monday, September 21, a public meeting was held, presided over by the writer. Mr. Page (of Providence chapel) and Mr. Firbank gave excellent speeches. Before the service closed the chapel was entirely freed from debt. The friends have now a beautiful chapel without a pecuniary burden. A Sunday school-room is much wanted, also a new burial ground. May the Church and Sabbath-school unitedly flourish.

TRING.—The friends at Ebenezer held Sunday-school anniversary on October 13. The writer endeavoured, in the strength of God, to extol Christ in two sermons. Mr. Reynolds was with us; also brethren Kendall and Cato, who testify of their glorious Master, Jesus Christ. The cause at West-end is composed mainly of the poor of this world, but rich in grace, and heirs of the kingdom. Several have been added to the Church recently by baptism. The school is growing; harmony prevails.

CHATHAM.—**ENON CHAPEL.**—The kind and faithful Church, and friends herein worshipping, held their anniversary in celebration of the opening of their new chapel. W. Winters preached on Lord's-day, Sept. 28. On the following Monday tea was well served up. I. C. Johnson, Esq., J.P., presided in the evening. Mr. Dunsday offered prayer. The beloved chairman then called Mr. Cooper to read the report, which showed the past year to have been less favourable than the two preceding years in pecuniary matters. In 1882 £50 was paid off the debt, besides interest, and the same sum in 1883; but in 1884 only £8 ls. 6d. It is hoped the friends will take courage, as the whole of the debt on the chapel only amounts

to £191 18s. 6d. Having reduced the debt thus, there is much cause for gratitude and for pressing forward in the good work. The Church is thoroughly happy and peaceful; the deacons are united and loving, and are praying men. A pastor is needed. Mr. Johnson made an able speech on the immortality of the soul and its desires. Mr. Squirrel spoke well on the ministerial stars in the right hand of God. G. Webb testified of the blessings of the Lord to His people. A few words from the writer terminated this soul-refreshing meeting.

WALTHAM ABBEY.—Joyful services were held in Ebenezer chapel, Fountain-square, on October 2, under the heading of "Harvest Thanksgiving." Surely such an abundant harvest as has been realised this year testifies the goodness of God, and calls for the praise of all living, especially of His people. Mr. Thomas Steed preached a sound sermon from Psalm cvii. 7. In the evening the chapel was packed full. Josiah Crutcher, Esq., presided. Mr. Whiting humbly addressed the throne of grace. Mr. Crutcher made a solid speech on heartfelt thankfulness to God for temporal and spiritual mercies, and gave ample proof of the liberal Christian prospering, as he had never known a man to be the poorer for giving in the fear and love of God. Mr. J. Hand described the valleys of corn; Mr. F. Green on the mysteries of life and its progress; Mr. R. Bowles on the reigning power of God; Mr. W. Tooke on the literal and spiritual corn and weeds; Mr. H. Welch unfolded the nature of the last great harvest of the world; Mr. T. Steed gave a spirited wind up, to which all the people said, Amen. The meeting concluded by the public thanks of the pastor, W. Winters.

BOW.—Commemorative services were held October 14. Mr. Henry Hall preached. He treated with power of the nothingness of man in creation and salvation, and exalted the Lord as all and in all. The public meeting was presided over by Mr. G. Lovelock. Mr. N. Oakey offered prayer. Mr. Lovelock stated that there had been twenty added to the Church. The Church had a bright future before it. W. Winters spoke on the record of the Father; C. Cornwell on the wonderful Son of God; F. C. Holden on the witness of the Spirit; John Bennett on the great Three in One; R. Burbridge declared the agreement of the Three in One; W. H. Lee dwelt on the blessing of God to the Church at Mount Zion, Bow, in which sanctuary one or two persons had recently been quickened into spiritual life.

BLAKENHAM.—At this interesting place, the scene of Mr. W. Houghton's labours, anniversary services were held September 25, two sermons were preached to good congregations; afternoon by Mr. B. J. Northfield; the evening by Mr. W. J. Styles. Our hearts were gladdened to see many friends testifying their respect and affection for the place by their presence.

"WHERE WILL MY SOUL BE IN ETERNITY?"

BY BENJAMIN WOODROW.

"The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Blows when and where He please."

[We remember when in the pulpit at Stonehouse, Devon, seeing the soldiers come into their pews. Surely, we have "gone forth weeping, bearing precious seed." Shall we not come again with rejoicing, seeing some who have been called by the Spirit's power, while we, in many places, have preached the Gospel of the grace of God.]

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

MY BELOVED BROTHER IN CHRIST, C. W. BANKS,—Possibly some of your readers may remember that remarkable conversion of a soldier at Plymouth, some years ago, by the simple sound of a drum while he was attending to the funeral of one of his comrades. The Holy Spirit's power was felt in his soul for the first time, so that every sound of the drum spoke the word "ETERNITY" with almighty power to his soul; and the first thought was, Where will my soul be in eternity? Before his conversion to God he was always looked upon as a loose, wicked man. His praying father and mother had tried everything possible for him in business and in situations, but all to no good. He at last enlisted for a soldier. Blessed be that God who heareth and answereth prayer; and the prayers of the Lord's people availeth much with Him. They prayed especially for this prodigal son; and through God's mercy, in answer to prayer, He was most remarkably brought to the feet of the dear Redeemer. After his conversion he suffered great persecution from his mates; the sweet power of eternal love in his precious soul enabled the Christian soldier to say—

"Onward, Christian soldier, onward go,
Though opposed by many a foe."

Soon after this young soldier's conversion, one of his superior officers heard of it, and one day he asked this Christian soldier the meaning of the word "CONVERSION." This was the answer: "Sir, it is when the blessed Saviour, the Captain of salvation, puts the cry into the poor sinner's soul, and speaks the word with power, 'Halt! attention right-about face: march!'" The officer said, "I wish a further explanation." "Halt! stop just where you are; go not a step farther on the road to destruction, and to the dark ocean of eternal woe. Attention! God is speaking in His holy Word, 'The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations that forget God.' Right-about face! Your face turned towards heaven, and your back turned to hell. March! on the road that leads to life and eternal glory, onward, upward, homeward, heavenward." This was the explanation given to the officer, who expressed great satisfaction. I well remember at one of our prayer-meetings this young Christian soldier prayed most blessedly at that Baptist Chapel at Stonehouse. The night before we had a special prayer meeting for God's dear ministers, knowing that your-

self was going to preach in that chapel the next day. Oh, how that dear man prayed for you and all God's faithful ministers that He has sent to proclaim a full and free salvation, and I verily believe God heard and answered that dear man's prayer, for you preached the next day as with the Holy Spirit sent down into your heart, and I remember the text well—Isa. lxi. 16, "Doubtless, Thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us," &c., God only and our souls know what a blessing we had that night. God bless you. Still in love,

B. WOODROW.

32, Jervis-road, West Kensington.

HADLEIGH.—We held our anniversary Lord's-day, Sept. 28. Three excellent sermons were preached by our brother, W. J. Styles, of London. Harvest thanksgiving services on following day. About 200 sat down to tea. Public meeting was presided over by the pastor. Brother H. Cooper, of London, read and prayed. The chairman expressed his gratification at seeing such a large congregation assembled, and after making other remarks with reference to the harvest, and the progress of the Church, &c., suitable addresses were delivered by brethren Houghton, Bland, Kern, and Brown. The chapel was tastefully decorated with flowers, fruit, evergreens, &c., in which many willing hands had been cheerfully engaged. During the evening an anthem, "O praise the Lord," was effectively rendered by an efficient choir. In all the services the Lord's presence was truly experienced. All honour and glory redound to our Redeemer God. Oct. 5, our pastor (Mr. B. J. Northfield) administered the ordinance of believer's baptism. The Lord is still owning and blessing us.

CHATTERIS.—We have had a stirring event at Zion Chapel lately. Our pastor, Mr. A. B. Hall, and our people always have been fairly united; but in September last Mr. Hall brought home a good wife, and the Church and congregation so appreciated the union that they presented him with a useful purse of gold. All seem truly glad to know their long-waiting and careful-choosing minister has now a partner to render him comfortable in his home. A very ministerial name is "HALL." Joseph Hall, the Bishop of Exeter and Norwich, a reviewer of the Psalms, a beautiful-looking man, was born at Asby-de-la-Zouche, in 1574, 300 years ago. That famous orator, Robert Hall, was born at Asby in 1764, died in 1832. In 1555 there was a famous Nicholas Hall, who was burnt at Rochester, for opposing the Romish heresies. There are eight Baptist ministers in England named "Hall," and at Clapham we have a benevolent, a most industrious minister of Ebenezer, Mr. Henry Hall. We wish our brother, A. B. Hall, of Chatteris, may yet have full fifty years of successful pastoral work, of happy married life, and then be called home to his rest and reward in glory. Amen.

FARNBOROUGH, KENT.—**DEAR MR. EDITOR.**—A mother in Israel, in the days of Shamgar, exclaimed, "There shall they rehearse the righteous acts of the Lord, even the righteous acts towards the inhabitants of His villages of Israel." With her, we, who reside in the pleasantly situated village of Farnborough, in the beautiful county of Kent, and meet in the neatly constructed and comfortable "Beulah," for the praise of His glorious name, would rehearse His doings among us. His care has been as constant as the sun, and His mercies numerous as the stars during the present year. It is impossible to record all; we would rehearse one or two instances of manifested goodness. Our new year's meeting was a pleasant one, and afforded the Church and congregation an opportunity of expressing their regard for the pastor and his wife, by presenting them with a very handsome easy chair and tea service. On April 11 we were favoured with good words from Mr. Phillip Reynolds, of Islington. On August 12, our Sunday-school and friends, numbering about 100, spent a very enjoyable day in Mr. Session's paddock. Our thanksgiving services were held September 9th, when Messrs. G. Simmons, J. Catell, and J. Jones spoke upon "Thanksgiving for life, health, and reason." The evening meeting as well as the afternoon was a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. We would give one word more. On August 24 the light and pleasure of the Lord was upon us. The morning service was truly solemn. In the evening our minister preached upon the Doctrine of baptism; then, when descending into the water with the first candidate, requested the congregation to sing:—

"There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains."

And taking the hand of the second they again united in singing:—

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in His day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

The most imposing of all was when the pastor took the hand of his son, Francis Bargullai, who walked deliberately into the water, singing aloud:—

"Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Be saved to sin no more."

And as they came up out of the water the congregation united in singing:—

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

On the first Lord's-day in September, the gathering at the Lord's table was one of joy, when the right hand of fellowship was given by the pastor to these young disciples. That a lasting blessing might abide upon this hill of Zion and upon your own head, is the prayer of your brother in the Gospel,—F. B. BALLARD.

MR. W. OSMOND'S LETTER TO THE CHURCH AND FRIENDS AT CARMEL, WOOLWICH.

[Some things are the better for keeping. We never intended to keep the following letter so long, but it was sunken in a sea of ever-incoming manuscripts. One day we caught the nearly buried paper, and here present it to our readers. We give much offence to some correspondents for condensing or omitting their contributions. We are not willing to offend any, but it may not be long before some new, some better hand may succeed us.—ED.]

Copy of letter sent.

The goodness and faithfulness of God claims the believer's gratitude.

DEARLY BELOVED IN THE LORD AT CARMEL, WOOLWICH.—This sentence is true in the soul's experience of every heaven-born child of God when the Spirit of the Lord sheds abroad divine love in the heart. It constrained the poet Watts to say—

"Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my life, my soul, my all."

And, oh, how many times in the writer's experience has he been led to admire and adore the marvellous and matchless displays of grace and goodness in the chequered path of life. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. Methinks we can utilise the words of the Psalmist in Psa. cxix. 65, "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, O Lord, according unto Thy Word." In ver. 17 his earnest prayer is that the Lord would deal bountifully with him, that he might live and keep His Word, and now, after a long and trying experience, the Lord grants the desires of his heart, and the outburst of loving gratitude is, "Thou hast dealt well with Thy servant, according to Thy Word."

It is considered amongst men an high honour to be taken into the service of an earthly prince or monarch; it would be thought a wonderful stoop of Royalty if the Empress of India or the Queen of England should deign to admit a poor peasant into her palace and service for a lifetime; but this time state, with all its greatness, grandeur, and nobility, is not worthy to be compared to the true dignity and honour conferred upon a poor and needy sinner, to be raised from the dust of death, to be washed in the water of life, to have all our filthy rags taken away, and be cleansed in precious blood, and clothed upon with the best robe, and called by the King of kings and Lord of lords into His presence, to hear His voice of command, saying, "Take My yoke upon you and learn of Me, for I am meek and lowly of heart; My yoke is easy and My burden is light." Having this honour conferred upon an helpless worm, here is honour of vocation, of commission, and credentials called to the service and work, by the Word of Christ, the power of the Spirit, and the sovereign grace of God. We do not take this honour upon ourselves; it is the Lord only that accounts us worthy and honourable, putting us into

the ministry. "Not unto us, not unto us, but unto Him be all the glory," who hath been pleased to take us into His service, finding us all the life, and strength, and materials necessary, that His purposes may be carried out and His gracious designs accomplished.

The servant of God is dignified also by his service; he does not serve or slave under a tyrant. When we were in the service of Satan we were deluded slaves held in bondage by sin and death, and we could see no danger, we were willing captives. But now, being delivered by mercy, grace, and love from the kingdom of Satan, sin, and death, and translated into the kingdom of God's dear Son, being made free from sin, and become servants of God, we have our fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life. No mean service is the service of the servant of the Lord. He is dignified by the promise, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life." The Lord of lords makes him faithful, keeps him faithful, and then rewards him; and, lastly, the servant of God is honoured by faithful brethren and sisters in Christ for his works' sake. This I have proved several times in the various spheres in which I have been called to labour, in that former one in Hoxton 14 years of goodness and faithfulness of God, with its friends and foes, adversity and prosperity, sorrow and joy. The Lord was the guide and helper all the way through; and so in coming to you and leaving. In coming it was the Lord's will; that many of you rejoice to know because of the happy seasons we have felt in the divine presence of the Master, and we were drawn together by the communion of the Holy Ghost; and then at the close it was hard to part with each other. We are persuaded that—

"Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees it."

The Lord does permit opposing powers to exist, and to try His saints, to stir them up, to quicken their faith, and hope, and love in the Gospel; to stimulate them in the ways of the Lord; and He said to His disciples, "It is impossible but that offences will come, but woe to him through whom they come" (Luke xvii. 1).

My heart was filled with sorrow when I left my dear friends, but the Lord has cheered my spirit since, and said, "My presence shall go with thee, and I will give you rest." And there was only the following Lord's-day after leaving you that I have had no place to tell out the goodness and faithfulness of a covenant God. Doors are opened for me for several months to come. I pray to be guided only where the Lord would have me go. As from the first until now, so I am persuaded He will accomplish His purposes of grace in me; He will guide me with His counsel, and after receive me to glory.

I was pleased to receive your kind letter of condolence and inquiry. I felt sure it was a welcome invitation, seeing the Lord had honoured me in the immersion and uniting

of three of you to the Church militant. I was, therefore, glad to come and see you again, and when I came you took me greatly by surprise; little did I think of the motive you had in view. I could not express my feelings on that occasion. I thought I would therefore try and pen down a few of my thoughts on paper, to endeavour to express my sincere and heartfelt thanks to all those beloved friends who have so willingly subscribed towards such a handsome present as this silver-plated tea service, and you call it only a small token of deep affection for me. I am sure I did not expect nor desire, because I feel unworthy of this token, but I am exceedingly glad to receive the same, because it doubly assures me that I have not laboured in vain, nor spent my strength for nought, and that I have many more loving and faithful friends than foes, and may the Lord in His abundant mercy grant all of you an hundred-fold into your bosoms, not only temporal blessings, but all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, is the sincere desire of your former pastor,

W. OSMOND,
who desires to utter forth with overflowing gratitude to the Lord for His goodness and faithfulness and kind friends in Jesus. Surely the Lord hath dealt well with His servant according to His Word.

53, Palatine-road, Stoke Newington,
June 4, 1884.

MR. THOMAS STRINGER PREACHING AT SPELDHURST-ROAD, SOUTH HACKNEY.

On Sunday evening, Oct. 12, 1884, we had the happy privilege of seeing and hearing Mr. Thomas Stringer. He looked well, hearty, and upright. He read for his text the following words: "Stand up and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever: and blessed be Thy glorious name, which is exalted above all blessing and praise." Mr. Stringer delivered a comprehensive, consecutive, and cheering discourse. His mind appeared richly stored with Scripture expressive of

"THE GLORIOUS NAME."

His memory supplied his mouth; his tongue rang like a golden bell, with ease, correctness, and an edifying force. There was to us a plain and precious verification of the words, "Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things, so that thy youth is renewed like the eagles." The good bishop says, "It is GOD who giveth us the 'good things.'" It is GOD who *restoreth* a body emaciated by sickness to bloom, to vigour and agility; and God doeth greater things than these; He "SATISFIETH" all the desires of the soul with a banquet of spiritual dainties, and bestoweth on her a relief for the same. By the renovating power of HIS SPIRIT, He restoreth her from decrepitude to the health and strength of a young eagle, so that the soul can ascend up on high and contemplate the splendour of the Sun of Righteousness. Thus, at the day of the

resurrection, clothed anew with salvation and glory, the body likewise shall arise from earth, and fly away, as an eagle, toward heaven to begin an immortal life,

"AND BE FOR EVER YOUNG."

St. Amhrose and Dr. Hammond write delightfully on the eagle's new life; but here in the case of our brother Thomas Stringer nothing can be more demonstrative; he was reduced to all but death; he comes up like a young eagle, full of mental, spiritual, and physical power. We hope this new lease the Lord has so mercifully granted him may be a long, a loving, and a useful one. Mr. Stringer has preached in Surrey Tabernacle, in Lynton-road, and now in Speldhurst-road. That it might please our Lord to raise up the Church and the people at South Hackney is the fervent, inmost cry of

C. W. BANKS.

HIGH WYCOMBE.—The Baptized Church of Jesus Christ worshipping in the Zion Chapel, Bridge-street, held their 204th anniversary on Tuesday, September 23, when Mr. James Clark, of Wandsworth, preached two excellent sermons; that in the afternoon from the text, Deut. xxxiii. 3. and in the evening from Song of Sol. iii. 9, 10. The day being fine, friends from Sydenham, Penn, Wooburn, Prestwood, Lee Common, Aylesbury, &c., came to keep holiday and cheer the hearts of the pastor and people, and render thanksgiving and praise to our Triune Jehovah, for all His mercies in the long past, and seek strength to still go on their way rejoicing. Mr. Clark was heard well, and between the services nearly 200 sat down to tea in the beautiful schoolroom just purchased and put in trust with the chapel, the congregation being good, so also the collection, which amounted in the aggregate to £17. Praise God, from whom all blessings flow.

LIMEHOUSE.—"ANOTHER GOOD DAY AT ELIM."—The first anniversary took place on October 16. Mr. O. S. Dolbey preached from "In due time Christ died for the ungodly." About 200 enjoyed an excellent tea. In the evening chapel full of people, under the kind and able presidency of Mr. H. Hall. Solid and spiritual addresses by brethren Cornwell, Lee, T. Stringer, Dolbey, Baldwin, and Kemp. Mr. Turner, secretary of our building fund, stated the debt on our chapel was £650, the interest on which for the present year had been collected. Altogether, the sum of £1,450 had been paid over to the treasurer and every penny collected that day would go to the reduction of debt. He read a list of donations, and was followed by the pastor, after which the chairman made a very hearty and earnest appeal to the meeting. The result of it all was that the proceeds of the day amounted to about £100, which the chairman, by his liberal gift of £5, made one hundred guineas. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad, and to Him be all the glory.—F. C. HOLDEN.

PRESTWOOD, BUCKS.—DRAR FRIEND.—Having had another opportunity of meeting with my brethren and sisters in Christ at the Baptist chapel, Prestwood, I give a pleasing account of their state. About twelve months ago I visited them, and found they had made great alterations in the chapel, enlarging it and putting in new seats, enlarging the gallery, building new vestry, a new pulpit, making it altogether a comfortable place of worship. I was pleased to find, although nearly a new chapel, still the great and glorious old truths of the ever-blessed Gospel maintained. I found Mr. Palmer, of High Wycombe, preaching to the people a thanksgiving sermon. I heard Mr. Palmer blessedly, to the joy and comfort of my soul. Hope the Lord will make him a great blessing to the cause at High Wycombe. I feel thankful for the help to the cause at Prestwood by Wycombe friends. The Lord bless them. Prestwood cause is very dear to me. On Sunday, September 28, Mr. Price preached the sermons. The evening was a solemn time. Mr. Price had witnessed several sudden deaths near, or at Wycombe. Oh, that the subject may have the desired effect on the minds of old and young. Mr. Groom gave notice a prayer-meeting would be held on the following Monday evening. I think in all the years I have attended prayer-meetings, that was one of the best I ever attended. If ever there was a union of spirit and outflow of love and gratitude for past mercies, and an earnest breathing of desires for future blessings to rest upon ministers, deacons, Churches, congregations, Sabbath-schools, sure it was that evening. We retired to our homes thankful for His mercies, rising in the morning, thankful for kind protection through the night, looking upward for a blessing upon our brother, Mr. Joseph Wilkins, and his preaching amongst us that day. We found it a happy day to our souls. We had not forgotten the sweet opportunity we had in hearing him thirteen years ago, and many times since. The Lord go on to bless him for His great name's sake, Amen. Brother Groom gave notice of another prayer-meeting on Thursday evening, when we had another good meeting; all very bappy. On Sunday morning brother Lisle came to the pulpit. He labours hard for the poor body. Hard labour all the week, and preaching on Sundays, is too much. But he preached in the morning, administered the ordinance in the afternoon, preached again in the evening in his lively, warm-hearted manner. May the Lord bless him and his labours abundantly. The time came to say, "Farewell;" but this seemed too much for me, for I thought it might be the last time. We closed by singing,—

"When Christian friends together meet,
With singleness of heart."

I left the chapel, and while I felt thankful to God for all His merciful kindness to me, I felt a desire go up for all I left behind.—
WM. MASON.

SETTLEMENT OF MR. MOXHAM, AT PROVIDENCE, CLAPHAM.

It is a matter worthy of more than a mere passing note that the Church of Christ at Clapham Junction has been led, in the order of God's Providence, to fix upon a settled pastor, whom we all hope may prove for the good of the cause and glory of God. Mr. Moxham is a young man whom God has endowed with ministerial gifts, and these, sanctified by the Holy Spirit, must be a blessing in his new sphere of labour.

On Tuesday, October 7, 1884, he was duly recognised as the pastor. At the services a great number of friends came together. Mr. Lambourn stated the nature of a Gospel Church; Mr. J. S. Anderson asked the usual questions, united pastor and Church, and gave the charge. Mr. Mead preached to the Church. Mr. Clark, deacon, gave a cheering and satisfactory reason why the Church desired Mr. Moxham to become their pastor. The presence of the Lord was realised, communion with saints enjoyed, and a desire expressed that the services might be sent abroad.

Mr. Moxham hails from Bradford-on-Avon, Wilts, where, in his younger days, he was brought under the ministry of the late Mr. Stevens, John Warburton, and others. An account of his call by grace and to the ministry is expected for next month.

EAST-END LONDON.—When we read the placards of concerts in halls all around us, where the greatest musical and oratorical entertainments are freely given, we stand amazed at the immense zeal and variety of the attractions offered to the masses of London people. The plain old Gospel is well-nigh forsaken in these parts. "Peter the Hermit" supplies striking facts upon the needless multiplication and unnecessary sizes of Churches at the East-end. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners 'living in a fantastic world of illusions,' insist, it seems, that Churches, when their erection is undertaken, 'shall be built large enough to contain all the people in the parish who ought at one time to attend Church, as if they were all good Christians' 'Actually to avoid the admission that the Church of England is not the Church of the entire population,' we are assured 'immense sums have been squandered away upon building Churches that are nearly empty;' not to mention the terrible burden imposed upon the clergy who have to collect the funds for building them."

BELTON, NEAR UPPINGHAM.—Harvest thanksgiving services were held on Sunday, October 12. Pastor W. R. Parker preached from Levit. xxiii. 10, 11, 17. A special service of praise was also held; singing, with readings from the Psalms, and a sermon by the pastor from Psa. ciii. 1. The chapel was decorated with choice flowers, evergreens, &c. The proceeds were added to the Church funds.—**W. ROWTON PARKER, Pastor.**

MEN THAT I HAVE KNOWN.

DANIEL SMART.

"Daniel Smart" is the smartest preacher of the present day. Nearly the last of the old school of the Zoar clergy. I was saying but yesterday, that most of the preaching of the day is to me as cold as a picture of a fire. The picture is good enough, and the fire blazes on the picture, but there is no real fire. It is the reflected light of other days, the lurid reflection of a bygone age of burning and shining lights. Have we not lost the tongues of fire? We live in an age of Scribes and Pharisees. The old Scribes copied the law, and broke it. The modern Scribes copy the Gospel, and hate those who have an experimental knowledge of a revealed Christ. Yes, the Calvinistic Pharisees are as dead against a manifested Christ in the soul as the old Pharisees were against Christ manifested in the flesh. And these men, who know as much about the Gospel as the Pharisee did about the law, dub experimental preachers, such as Smart, "corruptionists," &c. It is well that some Ezekiel should dig into, and open the chamber of imagery. And it is far better to be made personally acquainted with the great abominations done in the house of the Lord, than to be as blind to those abominations as the teachers said the Lord was. These dead men carried on their idolatries, their dark idolatries, and abominable wickednesses in secret, and said, "The Lord seeth us not." Better be an honest "corruptionist," confessing the villainies of our own wicked heart, than to assume a sanctimoniousness that is only the covering of the "greater abominations."

The question has been asked, "What is in a name?" Much indeed is in some men's names. For instance, Luke means light; and of all the Evangelists his Gospel is the most luminous. John means grace, and how "full of grace and truth" is the Gospel of John. It was not without significance that our Lord said to Simon, "Thou art Peter." So Daniel's name is Smart, and smartness is with him. And he has made the writer smart with such pains of mind, that he has been almost driven to destruction by his awfully searching testimony. Well he remembers hearing him in Zoar Chapel, Great Alie-street, London, on the burning bush (Exod. iii. 2); and the bush was not consumed; "The bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed." The preacher said, "If you are only a twig in that bush the fire shall never consume you, but if you are not you will be damned." Timid souls under depression, as I was at that time, always take to themselves the alternative that is most against them, because most in harmony with their own fears. And so I left Zoar that morning with the dreadful feeling that my damnation was sealed. The terrible conflicts of that day have never been forgotten. In the afternoon I was alone in the parlour, indeed I was alone in the house, for all had gone out but myself, and I heard, as I thought, the devil coming down the stairs to carry me bodily to hell.

In great terror of mind I fell down on my knees, and in a vision I saw Christ on the cross as in a cloud of densest darkness. Some tell me that it was a fit of nervousness. I know that the sound I heard on the stairs, and the sight I saw were both very real to me.

If you are mending your filthy garments for presentment before the Lord, I don't know any ministry so likely to strip you, and to take away your "filthy rags" as that of Smart's. If you have any proud flesh, Smart's ministry will make you wince under the close application of caustic-truth. If you are in the furnace, Smart is the man to enter into your burning trials and afflictions. The last time I heard Daniel was from the words, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" (Luke ii. 14). And that sermon was as refreshing as the former had been searching. The pains of hell got hold upon me, through the sermon on the burning bush. But the sermon on the angel's song took me up to the gates of heaven, and I sung with the angels, and said with the preacher, "Glory to God in the highest." I believe that was a season of great refreshing to many. How God was glorified in His Son, in His incarnation, in His work, and in the application of His work, was to me very blessed, and is gratefully remembered.

On the table that Smart spreads out before the longing appetite, you don't get any "mouldy bread" from another man's cupboard; nor the bare bones of some "body of divinity," nor any "broth of abominable things," nor any swine's flesh, no hotch-potch, made of nobody knows what, no namby-pamby pabulum, no milk diluted with water. Smart is a high liver. He lives on "royal dainties." And you get from the table of his ministry "strong meat for men of full age," "strong drink" (spirituous) "for the ready to perish," "strong consolation" for refugees in their flight to the City of Refuge. Everything you get from this strong man is strong. His language is awfully strong; we have sometimes thought too strong. But then we have thought that in a large hospital, some are nurses, administering comforts; some are students, questioning death, and studying the science of anatomy in the dissecting room; some are apothecaries, dispensing medicine; some are surgeons, amputating limbs; some are physicians attending the most desperate and dangerous cases. If you were to go into the room where operations are performed, you would see so much difference in the operators that one would almost have a limb off whilst another was thinking about it. Or if you watched them setting broken bones, one would do it with a rough and ready hand, and another with a nervous tenderness of sympathy. But the articulation of the rough handed surgeon, whose sensitiveness doesn't arrest the proper and vigorous action necessary to the case, is the most successful. Yes, the rough handed man makes you smart most, but as a rule he does his work best. The doctors in Zion's Hospital differ as much

in their treatment of souls as doctors of medicine differ in their treatment of afflicted humanity. "Every man in his own order." We may not like the *Smart* order, but we believe their services are very needful.

AMICUS.

[We heard Daniel Smart forty-five years ago, or more, and we can subscribe to the dissecting testimony of "Amicus." Indeed we can.—C. W. B.]

TROWBRIDGE.—Few towns are more, as a whole, on the side of "the righteous cause" than Trowbridge. Its population is under 12,000. There are four Baptist chapels, which give accommodation to nearly 3,000, four places belonging to the National Church; the Congregationalists, Wesleyans, and Salvation Army have three or four between them. All the places are well attended, and all pay special attention to the rising race. It might be fairly said, speaking roundly, there is not a child or a youth but what goes to Sunday-school. Deducting a fair per cent. of the population for children, nearly one half of Trowbridge are Baptists. Within the last two years £15,000 have been spent in altering, enlarging, and improving its places for worship.—J. W. B.

PASTOR DANIEL ALLEN'S LETTER ON THE SPELDHURST ROAD CASE.

This letter we reserve for the present. We are compelled to leave out many papers, yea, very many. Besides, it will be seen whenever Mr. Allen's letter does appear, that he knows but little of our position. Nor do we wish to enter into that subject now; we thank him very heartily, and it may be on some future occasion he may know a little more of the London Baptist Churches and ministers (to whom he appeals) than he does at present.

The Australian Particular Baptist Magazine for September has come to hand, from which we learn that some of the Churches in the colonies are favoured, and some are crying out, "We lament most deeply the want of power and savour with the preached Word." Mr. Ward, of Hawthorn, is suffering from a slight attack of paralysis. We hope soon to hear he is restored; he went out from us about twenty years ago, and has been accepted as a useful brother in the ministry. The ministers and Churches in New South Wales are striving together manfully. We wish them, we pray for them, the down-coming of those showers of God's spiritual rain many of the English Churches are longing to realise.

CARLTON.—Harvest thanksgivings on Tuesday, September 30. Mr. Jull (late pastor of this Church) preached two excellent sermons to attentive congregations. Tea was provided. The services and the tea were well attended. Many cordial greetings were exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. Jull and their old friends. A satisfactory collection was taken towards the purchase of lamps for the meeting.—F. K.

CHIDDINGFOLD, SURREY.—October 1 was a special day in the little village of Chiddingfold. The spiritual darkness that has prevailed has weighed heavily on the minds of a few of the Lord's people dwelling in the village, and some time ago Mr. and Mrs. Henry were moved to open a room in their house, Ebenezer-place, for services on Lord's-day afternoons and Friday evenings. Since their removal from Chiddingfold—nearly a year ago—brother James Ayling, and a few others, have continued the services. The lack of a convenient place to assemble in has been severely felt for some time, and brother Ayling determined to devote an office, standing on his premises at Ebenezer-place, to this good work. By some judicious alterations a pleasant little room has been made that will seat fifty persons. Wednesday, October 1, was the day fixed for the opening services. At the afternoon meeting the room was filled to its utmost capacity. Prayer was offered by Mr. H. R. Atkinson, and Mr. S. R. Lewis read the 110th Psalm, after which Mr. E. Mitchell, of Guildford, preached from Matt. xx. 18: "Where two or three are gathered together in My name there am I in the midst." The words were regarded as the inauguration of a new dispensation; as conveying the true idea of consecration; and as imparting some useful lessons. The remarks were felt to be weighty and appropriate. A substantial tea was provided, to which the friends did ample justice, under the supervision of Mrs. and Miss Ayling and several lady friends. At six o'clock the evening service commenced. The room was packed, and several stood outside the door. Mr. Mitchell delivered a discourse founded on Isa. lxxi. 10: "Lift up a standard for the people." Satan's various standards were discovered, the black flag of infidelity, the enticing flag of worldliness, the deceiving flag of superstition, the false flag of legality, the true standard described, and warm wishes expressed that it might ever be unfurled in the room that day opened, and that many might be drawn to Jesus Christ thereby. It was announced that services would be held on Lord's-days at three, and on Friday evenings at seven. The singing was very hearty, the people seemed happy, and we departed with the hope that the Lord would bless the efforts of our brethren to His own glory, and the eternal welfare of immortal souls.—A LOVER OF ZION.

BETHNAL GREEN.—It is over thirty years since the late Mr. James Wells, and the editor of the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, preached at the opening of a room near Twig Folly Bridge, for the publishing of the Gospel. That room paved the way for the present "Hope" Chapel, where the truth has ever since been maintained. Tuesday, September 30, the anniversary was held. Mr. J. S. Anderson preached in the afternoon, and presided at evening meeting. He regretted they had no pastor to take the chair, and gave wholesome Christian advice to the Church and deacons, and expressed a desire that they would seek a pastor from the Great

Head of the Church. He said, Be careful you are not led by your own spirit; sacrifice everything for Christ's honour. Mr. Holden opened that comprehensive promise, "I will be to them a God," &c. The child of God has often proved His promises to be very precious in times of trial and difficulty. No spiritual mind can read the context without seeing that He has made for His people an unconditional covenant. He is a God to sanctify, justify, and will ultimately glorify all His. Mr. Dexter referred to the negative and positive aspect contained in the words, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come again," and spoke well of the sacrifice of Christ, and the work of the Holy Spirit. Mr. John Hunt Lynn was impressive and solemn on the words, "I am the Almighty God." What will it be to stand in the presence of Almighty God? It will be either woe or joy, either "Depart," or "Come in," when the last great day arrives. To such as are weak and trembling His Word affords much consolation, "He giveth power to the faint, He speaks to the wounded spirit and troubled conscience, and makes His people willing in the day of His power. Mr. Myerson gave an instructive and spiritual address from the words, "An Israelite indeed" (John i. 47), and took a threefold view of a regenerated Israelite. (1) Hebrew, to pass over, a traveller or pilgrim. Abraham, after God called him, was a pilgrim toward heaven, and when God calls His people they can no longer travel with the world. (2) Israelite means also a prince to prevail. God's children are like Jacob, they not only leave the world, but seek His presence; the man who never prays is not an Israelite indeed. (3) It means a Jew—Judah—is praise, God's people delight in praise, and at last they will unite with the ransomed throng in singing, "Unto Him that loved us," &c. Mr. W. Hazelton, and Mr. Waite followed. Mr. Belcher offered prayer, and the benediction brought the thirtieth anniversary of Hope to a close. The brethren Lawrence, Stockdale, and Youdan, manifested, as is their wont, every Christian courtesy to visitors and friends.—J. W. B.

PIMLICO.—Mr. Hand is happy with the Church and people at "Rehoboth." He has been with them five years; the place is comfortably filled with a warm-hearted, united people, who love the distinguishing doctrines of grace. The anniversary of his pastorate was held Sept. 23; it proved to be a profitable time. Mr. Winters (in the afternoon) was exceedingly precious on the love of God. The divine influence of the Holy Ghost filled the place. The key-note struck in the afternoon was taken up in the evening, and its echo was reverberated till the close of the service. Mr. Henry Hall presided. Messrs. Myerson, Beazley, Adams, Battson, Realf, Boulton, and others took part. Mr. Hand gave a statement of their numerical and financial position. There were 50 in membership, 12 of whom were received last year. £237 had been collected, and £249 disbursed.—J. W. B.

BRIGHTON.—Second anniversary of Mr. C. Masterson's pastorate at Salem Chapel, Bond-street, was commemorated Lord's-day, Sept. 14. Sermons were preached by the pastor. On following Tuesday Mr. J. S. Anderson gave an excellent discourse on "Upper springs and nether springs," followed by a tea and public meeting, the pastor presiding. Hearty and paternal addresses were delivered by brethren T. Boxell, S. Gray, J. S. Anderson, J. Turner, J. Greenyer, and G. Virgo. The cause of Christ at "Salem" is still being divinely favoured. Meetings for prayer are well sustained, the various institutions are doing a good work, the pastor's Bible-class is appreciated by many, and some excellent papers have been given by our young men on the subjects chosen, eschewing all worldly entertainments. We think this to be a step in the right direction, in order to establish the minds of the young in the precious truths of the Gospel and the order of the New Testament Church. Eighteen persons have been added to the Church during the year: fifteen by baptism, and three by letters of transfer. In all, sixty-three in the two years. Although not satisfied, yet we are thankful to God for these tokens of His presence and blessing, and to Him shall be all the glory. Friends here are doing their best to liquidate a debt of £250 on the chapel, which they hope to realise by the end of the year. At all the above services congregations were large, collections liberal, and the great Head of the Church present.

KENTISH TOWN.—An honest countryman, a believer in Christ (whom we have known for forty years), who, with his aged partner in life, have seen better days; having lost all this world's goods, being lodged in Kentish Town, gives the following account of SEARCHING FOR GOSPEL TRUTH. We know this brother to be a most honourable, godly, truthful man. Of such, in similar circumstances, we have many. How much they have to watch the providential hand of their heavenly Father toward them. We have a vast number of letters proving old age is a trying time with many of the Lord's children. Such sights as we sometimes witness! such letters as we are constantly receiving, cause us much grief and sorrow. The country friend now in London says:—"Yesterday morning my partner said, 'I do not know what we are going to do to-day for food.' 'Oh,' I said, 'do not fret, we shall be sure to have something.' At the same time a knock at the door: postman brought a letter: opened it: a shilling's worth of stamps from a dear young granddaughter. The poor girl had taken her small sum of wages which she worked hard for, and her kind feelings sent us a shilling. It made my heart ache with gratitude unto the God of all my mercies. We got a cup of tea for breakfast, and a little bit for dinner. In the evening I went to the High-school and heard Mr. Dawson very well. Came home, and found a letter from my dear old friend C. W. B., with five shilling order. Felt so

rejoiced I could not sleep. I do feel a desire to praise and adore Him for all His kind mercies to unworthy me. Now I want to tell you a little about the places of worship in this neighbourhood. When I arrived here I first went to a chapel, but what the young man said was no good to me. We have a large building called 'Catholic.' I have not been there, but it is wonderful what numbers do flock there; I do not know what for, but so it is. I tried another Congregational chapel; there is a great deal of 'do, do' there. Then I went to the Wesleyans; did not expect to get any good there. A strong, powerful man, like Mr. Foreman: quite different in sentiment. I was directed to a Baptist chapel. I found that as bad as any of them. I could not go there. Enquired where Mr. G. Webb used to preach. I went and heard an elderly man of the name of Dawson; there and then I got a sweet meal, and there I continue to go as often as I can, and often find the Gospel sweet and comforting to my soul. I have not told you what a stir we had a little time back with Moody and Sankey. I am afraid they did not do what some expected. Their tent being so near where I live I went in. They asked me if I was a Christian. I said I hoped so. 'Ah, but you should be sure.' I should be glad to say, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Could not take any comfort from such preaching. He took for his text, 'Ye must be born again.' I thought when he began we were going to have some good. But, oh, what a muddle he did make of it. He said that 'we all might be born again and become new creatures in Christ Jesus that night if we would, but you won't let God save you.' I thought if man was become master over God, there will not be many saved. It made me tremble. Bless the Lord, I have been shown different from that, and I hope to praise Him for ever and ever for what He has done for me."

ACCEPTED BY MANY.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Last week I had a little conversation with a young brother in the ministry, Andrew Ward, residing at Earl's Barton. He was brought out under my ministry when I was living at Earl's Barton. I baptized him, and I have been much acquainted with him ever since. He has been persecuted of late because he is an abstainer. His persecutor is a *Standard* man; brother Ward is not. Brother Ward is one who the Lord has brought out into the ministry. I have known all about him for years, and can assure you that no one has any right to speak against him; his conduct and his profession agree. I long to know how you are getting on about your chapel. The Lord make your last days the best. I wish you very much happiness of the best sort.—W. TOOKE.

[Others have written respecting Mr. Ward of Earl's Barton, near Wellingborough. We believe Mr. Ward is a genuine New Jerusalem blade. This is not written to get him places, for the Churches who need ministerial help are calling him in all directions. God be thanked.—C. W. B.]

THE REALLY DESERVING POOR.

MR. WILLIAM TOOKE, JUN., has, without the slightest hint from us, furnished a practical plea for the poor, which we give in this month's *Vessel*. As a companion to it, we give the following from a morning paper, which exactly confirms our experience for some years. The most needy, the most deserving, are the most opposed to any open avowal of their distressing condition. The writer says:—

"The aversion felt by the really deserving poor to resort even in the hour of dire extremity to the public for relief is a remarkable feature in their character. To the idle and the dissolute the workhouse is not repulsive, but a feeling of self-respect, existent though crushed, makes the honest poor often prefer death to the receipt of workhouse bread. A singular illustration of this feeling was revealed lately at Hackney, at an inquest upon the body of Eliza Smart, an upholsteress, who literally died of starvation. She was a widow, and earned the sum of four shillings per week; out of this she paid two shillings for rent, and upon the balance she and her boy endeavoured to subsist. To feed her boy she starved herself. Her sad condition accidentally reaching the ears of the parish doctor, he promptly attended, but too late to be of effectual service."

We have a list of aged ministers, of broken down godly people, of necessitous bed-ridden, and of widows, out of number, to whose urgent wants we have, as the almoner of other good friends' bounty, ministered for years. But the out-going so far exceeds the in-coming that oftentimes the anxiety we endure is a burden; and of these we have not a few.

TROWBRIDGE.—Mr. Schofield, at Zion, Trowbridge, on Sunday morning, Oct. 5, delivered an encouraging discourse to seekers from the words, "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." After referring to some of the troubles of the Psalmist, the preacher said David was inspired to write this Psalm of praise and exhortation. The words of our text struck my mind as I read them on the memorial-card of our late sister Tucker. No words could better express her case than these. She was a woman of many doubts and fears, all her life-time subject to bondage. She was, consequently, a seeker. Few of God's people are more tried about their soul's salvation than was our sister Tucker; but before her departure her soul was set at happy liberty, proving the truth of the words of our text, that God does hear, and, in His own good time, deliver. Her triumphant death is a source of consolation to her bereaved husband, and to the Church worshipping here. Our sister felt the plague of sin in her heart, and I tell you, young and old, that we are all suffering from a disease that no mortal man can cure, the malady of sin. You may do whatever you will, none can touch the case but the Great Physician. Our sister's troubles made her a seeker; and if there is one here weighed down in body,

mind, or estate, and it does not draw you to the foot of the cross, I tell you solemnly, you are in a dangerous place. Mr. Schofield divided his text as follows: (1) The seeker, "I sought;" (2) The object sought, "The Lord;" (3) The result of the search, "Delivered me from all my fears;" and preached a powerful sermon.—J. W. B.

"THE BOOK OF LIFE."

The whole Bible is one complete prophetic index to all things which would be seen in this world from the creation to the final judgment and its results. Every character, every event, every revelation, was an INDEX pointing on to the future. Individual Christian experience, with a watchful, careful, discerning eye, is one of the best interpreters of the Word of God. It is—

"His Providence unfolds the book,
And makes His counsels shine;
Each opening leaf, and every stroke,
Fulfills some deep design."

I am a witness (at any rate, to myself, and that before God), most clearly and confidently I see that the grace of God, with faith in the predestinating purpose of God, never sets a man down in abstract indifference, or careless idleness. From a child I have had a strong inherent will to WORK, and by sheer hard perseverance in WORK I have never wanted bread. I could never be a "gentleman" preacher, nor an aristocratic scribbler. I had no father to leave me even a penny, no training under collegiate or scholastic hands, no "bringing up" (as my little narrative in *Cheering Words* will show); a hard climbing up on the rocks and quicksands of time has been my lot. A poor, little, insignificant thing to look at; counted as the off-scouring of all things; yet in the Book of Life I have now and then seen my name, and the sight has been soul-satisfying, divinely comforting, and with the sense of adoption, and of being registered with those whose names are in the Book of Life, I have sung.—

"Let cares, like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
MY GOD, MY HEAVEN, MY ALL!"

How I have seen my name in the Book of Life, how all true believers in God the Father, in God the Son, and in God the Holy Ghost, how believers in the New Covenant, believers in Christ's Gospel, may see and read their names, is the design, in future numbers, of C. W. BANKS, who is assured that in the light of the Spirit you may not only see your own name, but the names and spirits of others also.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, E.

WATTISHAM.—Sept. 26 harvest thanksgiving services were held. After reading and prayer by Mr. H. Cooper, Mr. Styles preached an able sermon. Good number took tea. At public meeting addresses by Messrs. J. Easter, B. J. Northfield, W. J. Styles, A. Knell, and D. Dickerson. The meeting, under the presidency of Mr. E. Hitchcock, was cheering and good.

Deaths.

Mrs. Matthews (the widow of the late William Matthews, once the pastor of the "Round-house" Baptist chapel, Canterbury), recently departed this life in a good old age. Mr. Matthews baptized us. He died in 1838, consequently Mrs. M. had been a widow forty-six years. She had lived to see the pretty, the convenient, the honoured old "Round-house" swept away, the new "Congregational Baptist" Chapel (as they now style themselves) erected in the Dover-road. She witnessed the Church casting strict communion to the winds, and becoming open communion; she saw which way the wind was blowing, and left it for a more permanent kingdom.

The once pastor of Sandhurst, Josiah Green, left all things here at 63, on October 11. He died at Leicester. Many of the ministers are ill; not a few are off altogether. It always has, and will be so. Amen.

No! Thomas T.—John Denton is not dead, though between 80 and 90. We have thankful notes from him, who, with his aged wife, still in bed and blind, sing praises to God. John Dickinson died at 87. They laid his bones to rest in a grave behind his chapel. Such crowds of weeping lovers are seldom seen.

DEATH OF MR. CHRISTMAS.

DEAR SIR,—It was the will of the Lord to call my afflicted husband from this world of sorrows on October 11, 1884, having been daily under Dr. Atkins from the 14th of last April. I believe the doctor was both skillful and attentive; but every effort failed. His sufferings were very great, both mentally and physically. The last words to be understood were, "Glory! glory!" I believe he did not know anyone on this earth; but departed in sleep. I desire to thank the Surrey Tabernacle friends, and all others, for their Christian kindness. Mr. Steed frequently visited him, and will speak over him at Bow Cemetery. My husband was in his 70th year. We had been married 48 years last August. He was alling all our married life.—W. M. CHRISTMAS, 222, Jubilee-street, Mile-end-road.

James Duke, of Down, Kent, died on Sept. 25, 1884, aged 63. He had been a great sufferer for many months. When the writer of these lines visited him, he ascertained that so gradual was the Lord's work with his soul in early life, he could never say when the change really did take place; and on this point at times he had painful exercise, lest it should not be a genuine work in his soul. He was received by the Church on the testimony of his faith in the free-grace of God, and was kept 40 long years as a child of faith, living on the all-conquering, all-supporting grace of God, which pillowed his soul through death to brighter worlds.—MATTHEW.

Mrs. Kemp, the widow of the late manager of the "Glory Mill," near Woodburn-green, was suddenly caught away by death on September 29, 1884. Her husband and herself were real friends to the Baptist cause at Woodburn-green. They have both now done with the cares of this world, and, as believers in God's covenant, in God's Son, in God's Spirit, and as lovers of the true Gospel, we know they are not only saved, but glorified in the brighter spheres. We do feel the loss of such friends.—On September 25, that long-known veteran for the faith, Mrs. Taylor, the clothier of Notting-hill, ceased to suffer. Mr. R. G. Edwards, her pastor, officiated at her funeral in Kensal-green Cemetery. Her afflicted daughters are left in great distress. Their address is 189, Clarendon-rd., Notting-hill.

Mrs. Milbourne, daughter of the late Mr. William Bidder, and widow of that friend to the cause of the Gospel, Mr. Milbourne, of the Tabernacle at Yeovil, slept away in death on October 16, of whom more particulars are promised.

Lobe Facing Her Foes!

“Were this frail world our only rest,
Living or dying, none were blest.”

WE have reached an age of intellect and of excitement. There is a cry of “over-pressure” in the Board Schools; and every day somewhere express into express doth fly, while many groan and some do die. Everybody is in a hurry. The “ESCUTCHEON OF THE AGE,” as drawn by one of Job’s grandsons, represents PARROTS! PICTURES!! and EAGLES!!! The amazing success of the false and foolish press declares plainly the weakness, if not the wickedness of the masses of the people; and really if you attempt to “walk about Zion,” you, who have “*the light of LIFE*” will not be much surprised at the following sentence in a recent sermon, when the preacher said:—“Theologians have (tried to) think out God; but what a miserable mess they have made of it.”

God hath come down to us by wonderful works in the visible world; by His prophets in the ancient world; by His Son in the incarnation world; by His SPIRIT in the invisible world; by His Gospel in the evangelical world; by His providence and judgments in the open world; but “canst thou by searching find OUT (to the utmost) the ALMIGHTY?” God is everywhere, but man cannot, or will not, perceive HIM! While atheists thrust God out of their conversations, God continues in their consciences. A heathen said, “There is no nation so barbarous, so untaught and ignorant, but confesseth THERE IS A GOD!” And when from earth we are called away, to our sorrow or joy, we shall more solemnly know GOD, and realise His sovereign power. For—

“Beyond the flight of time, beyond the vale of death,
There surely is some blessed clime where life is not a breath;
There is a world above, where partings are unknown,
A whole ETERNITY OF LOVE formed for the saints alone!”

“*Mr. Fawcett is dead.*” “*Dr. Leask is gone!*” These echoes have been heard for thousands of years. Man is dying. The courageous Postmaster-General is arrested in the midst of busy enterprises. He enjoys a ride on horseback for twelve miles, reaches home, retires to his bed, and in a few days his lifeless corpse is laid in the grave. Of his faith for the future we know nothing. As a “Professor of Political Economy,” as the director of our immense Postal Establishment, a great man has fallen; and during the last few years the heads of the different branches of society have nearly all been taken off. We knew something of Dr. Leask when he was at Ware, and his first volume, “*Struggles for Life*,” had a large reception at the time. It is not mentioned now. Since his espousal of the “Conditional Immortality” theory we have known him only by report. In his seventy-third year he has finished his earthly career.

FORTY YEARS have quietly rolled away since we commenced this EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD. We had no premeditated programme for its ever being a monthly magazine. No committee or company had anything to do with its formation, its furtherance, or its

success. It received a kind welcome among the poor of the Lord's family, and by that section it has continued to be hailed for full forty years. CHARLES WATERS BANKS alone commenced it, and has, from 1843 to the end of 1884, continued to conduct it. His three eldest sons, GEORGE WATERS BANKS (for some years, alas! taken from us by death), JOHN WATERS BANKS, and ROBERT BANKS, all three strove hard to keep the *E. V.* going on from month to month, from year to year. They saw, they shared in, the struggles, the efforts, and the crosses attendant upon the carrying up of a class monthly. Our crosses were of no ordinary character. No three young men could have more strongly persevered in the work than they did. For years, when their father was travelling, even to the far ends of England and Wales, preaching in every direction for the poorest of the Churches; when the father was preparing the copy as he travelled in railway carriages, or in the bedrooms where, after preaching, he should have slept—when from the different parts the father was posting to them the copy for the coming month, his sons were actively composing, arranging, and printing the EARTHEN VESSEL. George was a careful and ingenious overseer; Robert was a spirited and industrious compositor; while John was at the press printing tens of thousands, and thousands upon thousands of sheets of the monthly, so that it was never behind its time. I thank the Lord God for such valiant and energetic sons in such emergencies as I was often found in. My narrative in *Cheering Words* may more fully show what I hope was the Lord's hand in helping a family up, and carrying them onward, in the face of the heaviest trials and losses which then fell to our lot. The useful improvements which we introduced have all been copied by our contemporaries; although not a word or a line was ever given by them to show in what school they learned to improve. For forty years and more (God knoweth this to be true) we have looked alone to Him! He has never failed to help us, although He has not left us altogether unpunished.

All that noble army of the elder brothers, which filled the Gospel pulpits when the EARTHEN VESSEL climbed up into existence have passed away. Mr. William Gadsby and his large company, Mr. John Stevens, and his numerous adherents; Mr. Joseph Irons and his sympathisers; Mr. George Abrahams, and his loving followers. All these veterans in the grand old Gospel days have been called home. We saw and heard them living! We sorrowed for them in their departing; but neither in their lives nor in their deaths have we either gained or lost. We never sought a favour from any one of them, except Mr. George Abrahams, who, on one or two occasions, preached for us; and Mr. John Kershaw did the same. Those friends of ours at the present time might much further enlarge our circulation, if each *friend* would resolve to obtain more subscribers to the EARTHEN VESSEL for the coming year of 1885.

In continuing to contemplate that all-essential attribute—GOD'S LOVE TO HIS CHURCH IN CHRIST—my mind has been led to see something of the mystery of iniquity assailing some, at least, of the members of Christ's mystical body, while here on the earth. I know Gospel Pharisees will be angry at this. But the cases of Job, of Heman, of Paul in Rom. vii., and others, will prove that something more than that flimsy profession, now so common, is pointed out by Peter, who speaks of a fiery trial, which is to try them as gold is tried.

Of this "gloomy Valley of Achor," I have not the room this month to notice. Many letters come enquiring into the state of my soul and ministry under the manifold trials which, during this year of 1884, I have been the subject of. Faithfully, I will in a few words review the experiences I went through on Sunday last, Nov. 9, 1884. That one great sentence of Paul's followed me secretly, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" And it was spread open before me largely, but when I came to speak from it in the morning, I found myself as in a sea, and the felt weakness and the anxiety of my soul I cannot now attempt to describe. I read the text—

"WHO SHALL SEPARATE US FROM THE LOVE OF CHRIST?"

and said, "This is not a question." A question is an undecided thing. Paul is here more positive. It is a challenge. There are three challenges. It is as though Paul challenged the whole universe. First, He looks to all the angels in heaven, to all the attributes in the Deity, to all the powers, legal, ceremonial, and spiritual, and exclaimeth:—

"WHO SHALL LAY ANYTHING TO THE CHARGE OF GOD'S ELECT?"

It is God, by not sparing His Son, but by giving Him up for us all, hath justified them essentially; and, by grace divine, will justify them experimentally and eternally. Then the apostle throws his mind's eye into the regions of space, through all the myriads of fallen spirits of men and devils, and cries, "WHO IS HE THAT CONDEMNETH?" Lastly, he riseth up to higher ground, and looking at all the adversities that might assail them, again he cries: "*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?*"

This Scripture, this challenge, can be of no real comfort but to living souls in trouble, in soul-trouble: tossed to and fro, under the hiding of their Saviour's face. Others may have it in their creed: some may ill-use this cordial, but only those who have had the Saviour's love in their souls, only those who have tasted the Lord is gracious, only those who have been awfully assaulted, bruised, and wounded, yet still believe in and love the Lord, and desire to glorify Him,—only such really living, seeking, sighing children of God can, by the power of the Holy Ghost, realise a hopeful comfort from the words: "*Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?*" This Scripture shas in it, first, a definition of the strongest power in all God's universe; secondly, a union (brought about by that power) of eternal duration. and lastly, a contemplation of the various armies which may come against and labour hard to destroy that union.

To see, to prove, to be assured of the supreme power of the love of Christ, you have need to travel through the Bible twice; then to go through modern history twice; then, if you are real Christians, to go right through yourselves twice; and if you can make these six excursions—if your minds are at all clear, I am sure you will see there is no power stronger than the love of Christ, the love of the Christ of God. Go through the Bible just to see how utterly *weak* all men have proved to be. The most astounding proof is found in Adam and Eve. When I see them overcome and cast out, I feel I can wonder at nothing, poor man, left to himself, cannot, will not dare to do. See the Israelites and Aaron, dancing round the golden calf! See Samson in Delilah's lap; David and Solomon fallen; Peter denying and cursing,

and many Paul knew, who came to him, then went away from him, until he had scarcely anyone left. Now see the strength of Divine love in Abel, in Moses, in Daniel, in Isaiah and Jeremiah, in Paul, and Peter, and John, all conquered, and preserved by the love of Christ in them.

If we travel through the world's history, and we can only catch a glance, we see Alexander weeping because he could conquer no more; and Gibbon, the historian, laying down hope and crying because he could write no more. Then, what brilliant orators, poets, preachers, and wise men, have risen up to the pinnacle of the world's idolising; then, down they have fallen, to rise no more, while some of the poorer, like Bunyan, Huntington, Gadsby, and a host of men of low degree have, by a Saviour's love, been raised up in the Gospel kingdom, to be loved, and prayed for, and honoured by thousands. Now try and run through your own experience. Before grace came, some, at least, were led about in darkness, and in divers works of evil, and no power could stop or deliver them. But when Christ came, when His life and His love came right into our heart, we could all see, hear, and feel, and speak altogether different from all we did before. No man can overcome himself, or his sin, or his great enemy, but by the love of Christ.

I have a quarto volume of my silent, secret, contemplations, when, fifty-four years ago, I quietly walked in faith and fellowship with the Lord; and if I am permitted to publish those writings in my narrative in *Cheering Words*, it will be seen, my faith in the Lord, in His Word, and my experiences of His truth, were the same in their character then as now. But, oh, how I have proved the Almighty power of a Saviour's love—enough to make one weep for ever, if some grace given did not support one under such circumstances. If the mercy of God allow me to commence another volume of this work, the power of the love of Christ shall be my theme, if permitted. For

HIS TWELVE GOLDEN BELLS,

which rang such a gladsome peal in my heart, in Philip Smith's house, near forty years since, still sound in my soul almost daily; and in the fiery conflict now raging against me, I approach, in some small measure, to Job's climax of faith—"Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Though I fail in my effort to give the mortgagee his full demand; though all the Pharisees and Philistines triumph over me, I shall prove, I hope, that

"Nothing can separate us from the love of CHRIST."

In the afternoon of the Sunday before referred to, I was wholly shut up; and when I came to the time to preach the evening sermon, I said, "God knoweth I have no sermon to give"; but the last verse in Rev. v. was the text, and as soon as I had read it, a clearness of voice, a springing up of thought enabled me to preach with a holy liberty; and the following is a skeleton of the discourse which I would clothe if possible:—

"THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES, AND THEIR AMEN!"

Let us enquire and see what came before this AMEN! Then can we get a clear and correct knowledge of who it is that these four beasts or "LIVING CREATURES" are designed to represent? We may stop and consider the manifold fulness of the "AMEN"! Why did they thus cry out?—the results, the circumstances which followed. For certainly we are interested in all this book of Revelation contains, because they are

declared to be blessed who hear, and read, and keep those things which are written: "FOR THE TIME IS AT HAND"! It was an Amen of satisfaction with Him who had taken the Book. It was an Amen of strong, conclusive decision. "*So shall it be*"! It was the Gospel "AMEN." "*So it is*"! It was the saved soul's "AMEN"! The saved soul, on hearing the Gospel, and on feeling it come into the heart, can give its hearty "AMEN"! "*I know it is true*"! It is the "AMEN" of faith which showeth and anticipateth what is yet to come to pass. "*I know it will be so*"! My mind is set on pursuing this theme, if God will. Here I leave all in the hands of a wise and merciful Lord. I am passing through the waters of tribulation. He smiles, He sustains; my soul in secret sings:—

"O may I live to reach that place
Where He unveils His lovely face."

Then will a satisfaction, and a perfect salvation, be enjoyed by your obedient servant,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

9, Banbury-road, South Hackney, November 12, 1884.

THE LATE EMMA JACOB, OF GRAHAM ROAD, DALSTON.

BY CHARLES GORDELIER AND EBENEZER JACOB.

(Concluded from page 340.)

A FEW extracts from her papers shall now be given, which the reader will perceive exactly agree with the characteristics and features of her religious experience already named. A remarkable simplicity will be seen in her statements, no displaying of self, her aim was to exalt Christ; it may truly be said, she loved Christ, she lived Christ, she died in Christ. She was heavily afflicted in body for the last three years, but her mind was kept in peace, stayed upon God, trusting in him through all that long, dark night of tedious pain and suffering; at times, evincing deep feeling when friends spoke to her on eternal things, but her remarks never partook of despondency, complaint, or fear of the last enemy. She was asked by a friend in the ministry what text he should preach from on the morrow, she immediately replied (though with some difficulty, for her speech was almost inarticulate from paralysis of the tongue), "Christ is all and in all." The promptness of her reply and the general tone of her mind, gave us great satisfaction; it evidenced the state of the heart amidst much pain and suffering, she rested on Him who was all her salvation and her desire.

In one of her papers we find written, "I was coming home from chapel much cast down in mind, yet could appeal to God and say, Lord, Thou knowest all things, Thou knowest I love thee. And then again I was troubled if the love was *real*; I said, Dear Lord, should I mourn the absence of one I never loved? surely not; but it is hard work for faith to walk on in these trying paths."

"I certainly think Mr. Gunner's ministry was made useful to my soul, as if God was preparing me for that great trial we had to pass through, for though I had no great joy yet I felt my soul established on the Rock, for he was led to speak very sweetly from that text, 'Christ

is all and in all,' and another, 'He that hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.' I heard him very comfortably on three Sabbaths (1861), not thinking what the Lord was preparing me for, but was begging Him to give me a promise that the fever should not come nigh our dwelling (this refers to the scarlet fever by which she had lost three grown up children, see *Gospel Standard*, 1861), but could not lay hold of one, when in a moment, as if one spoke over my shoulder, 'Thy shoes shall be iron and brass;' it came two or three times, but I was like one that tried to cast it away. I well knew that with such a promise there must be great trouble to walk through; truly, so I found it, both in my family and in my soul. Poor E. A. was taken ill, and died in forty-eight hours. The next trial was heavier still, and though not in fear, it appeared I was to be the one that was next; yet I felt much supported by an unseen hand. I said, O Lord, do let the afflicted have a word, do let the rod have a voice; and when He was pleased to take my two dear girls to Himself, Surely, I said, is not this a voice indeed? Immediately these words came to me, 'Be still and know that I am God. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?' I said, Surely, Lord, Thou cannot do wrong, but do grant me submission to Thy divine will; upon which this promise came to me in this form, 'I am thy Sun and Shield, I will give grace and glory.' I was still praying for the Lord to stay His hand, for we had no more taken ill for a month. I thought the Lord had heard my prayer, but to my great grief, was called up in the middle of the night to one of them. My prayer was, Dear Lord, what shall I do, do undertake for me, O do keep me, O Lord, save me—thinking I might be the next one. But while sitting up in bed that precious word came with power to me, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' I felt strengthened and able to get up, and come down stairs and attend them, and shortly I found His strength was indeed made manifest in my weakness."

"Mr. Gunner preached from Colossians i. 17, 18, 'By whom all things consist.' I heard him very sweetly, I felt my heart humbled under the Word, and said, 'Let the dead bury their dead, follow thou Me.' I said, Dear Lord, do not let me be deceived, my heart and soul panteth for the living God, O when will He give me a dead lift into the glorious liberty of the Gospel? O do not let me prove to be the 'smutty wheat,' but search out every corner of my heart, rather than I should be deceived; there is one mercy, Thou searchest the inward thoughts of the soul."

"Have been very dark, all confusion, like a bottle in the smoke, dried up and unfit for use; anxious care about things in providence crooked and dark, some perhaps I may never live to see, but would rob me of my very life, if possible. In this state of mind I was led to the word, Psa. xxvii. 3, 'Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear, though war should rise against me in this will I be confident;' and throughout the fourth verse faith seemed to raise its head. I felt my heart softened, my feelings gave way, I felt truly humbled; but again the veil kept flapping over my head, and then again the life of God would rise. I read also Psa. xlvii. How solemn to me those words, 'Be still and know that I am God;' also those words, 'I will work all things after the counsel of My own will;' and again, 'The pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hands.'"

"Surely, Lord, I can see the shield of faith, but have no power to hold it, yet though I have no power, He Himself has proved a shield to me up to the present moment. Dear Lord, Thou didst bring the three children out of the fire without a smell of fire upon them, and Thou canst bring me through the furnace; honour to His precious name, He has brought me through, and kept my mind on praying ground.

" 'His love in time past forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink.'

"My soul has been in a wilderness state for some weeks, so much so, I was led to think and look back when I used to say,—

" 'What shall I do, or whither flee,
To escape the vengeance due to me?'

I have reason to bless the name of my God for a crumb, His word came to my mind with some satisfaction; the words were, 'The Author and Finisher of our faith.' I felt somewhat refreshed, and went to chapel; Mr. Gunner's text was, 'When the poor and needy seek water,' &c. (Isa. xli. 17). He spoke out my feelings to the very letter. His text at another time was, 'That your faith should not stand in the wisdom of man, but in the power of God.' I could bless God that I was very sure my faith did not stand in the wisdom of man, but in His power. Bless God, for if one grain of faith will move mountains, surely it will save my soul; Mr. G. then described the faith of God's elect to be like the child that cleaves to its mother's breast, it will not leave until satisfied."

"Oh, to feel through all the darkness of mind, the Spirit sanctifies the soul, the will set apart to follow after Him whom to know is life eternal. I felt my mind in my last affliction strongly stayed upon God, though with no great joy; bless His dear name, I felt I had again touched the hem of His garment, I had been enabled to stand my ground, I felt the bottom was good—namely, the work of Christ the eternal Son of God, and there is all my trust for time and eternity. 'This is My beloved Son!' sounded in my soul; Him hath God the Father exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour to the poor lost sinner I feel myself to be."

The reader will observe that these extracts refer to that memorable season of affliction the lessons of which were so indelibly engraven upon the tablet of her heart, which the after years of her life the more confirmed. The Lord thus gave testimony to the word of His grace, keeping her to the end of her days by the power of His truth, and enabling her to live to His praise.

On the Sunday evening previous to her departure, July 27, she repeated these words, "For this God is our God for ever and ever, He will be our Guide, even unto death." What a mercy it reads, "even unto death," and repeated,—

"Will the Lord His truth reveal,
When our heart and flesh shall fail;
Shall we sing in Jordan's flood,
Sweet the peace that's sealed with blood?
Guide us down to death, and there
Banish all our guilty fear."

And then again,—

“He then is all my hope and stay,
When all around my soul gives way.
On Christ the solid Rock I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.”

After this she spoke but little, her bodily sufferings were very acute and continuous; she was taken with more severe symptoms of paralysis; she was unable to speak, and unable to take food; the body soon became exhausted, her faculties failed, just able to express by a grip of the hand that her hope was immovably fixed. At length, in a state of coma she sunk on the following Friday early in the morning, leaving her husband, family, and friends to mourn their loss, yet rejoicing that her ransomed spirit had joined the hosts above, bought with the Saviour's blood. Her remains were interred in the family grave at Abney Park Cemetery, Stoke Newington, in the presence of a goodly company who had assembled to witness this last tribute of affection, in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to life eternal. The service was conducted at the cemetery chapel and at the grave by Mr. E. Ashdown, of Zoar Chapel, London, assisted by her old and attached friend in the Gospel, Mr. Gordelier of Hackney. The hymns sung on the occasion were, “Fountain of life, who gav'st us breath,” and “Sons of God, by blest adoption”—*vide* Hart's Supplement, 47 and 45.

A WORD TO SOME IN THE FURNACE.

“Behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed.”—Exodus iii. 2.

STRANGE, passing strange, is the sight before us!—a bush enveloped in flaming fire and yet unconsumed. Here is a mystery we cannot solve, nay, we cannot so much as touch it; a bush charged, encompassed, all-possessed by fire; and yet unharmed, uninjured, unchanged, unconsumed. Why, surely it is a miracle; a manifestation of power divine. Infidels may scoff, and science may deny, but the fact remains the same and is incontrovertible. It may be contrary to all the known laws of nature, and contrary also to our narrow reason, but yet it is in harmony with the purposes of Him who doeth all things after the counsel of His own will. And have we not here a glowing symbol of our Lord Jesus Christ, whose humanity burned vivid with celestial fire? He was very God, and very Man: Deity and dust. His Godhead and His manhood was interfused, combined, and made one in the Man Christ Jesus. A wondrous mystery, I grant you, but yet, to the sanctified, grace-taught soul, its mystery is its evidence; truly, it passeth knowledge, as everything that is divine ever must pass the knowledge of poor, frail, finite man; the gauge, and the grasp, and the grandeur of it can only be within the power and the intellect of the all and only wise God.

But, beloved, the fact stands out before us in the light of divine revelation. “The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us.” He who was in the form of God, and thought it no robbery to be equal with God, took upon Himself the form of a servant, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.” The bush of His

humanity was indeed enveloped in the fire of trial, of pain, and of sorrow—through all His life on earth. He was “the Man of sorrows and acquainted with grief.” On Him was poured out all the fiery vials of human malice, hate, and scorn! Against Him all the assaults of hell’s malignity was concentrated into one burning focus—hot, and fell, and fierce. Ah, strange that HE who came on an errand of mercy—who went about doing good, and only good—whose every act was love, and whose every word was a benediction, should be thus hated, scorned, persecuted, despised, spit upon, yea, pursued to the death! But so it was. No human tongue can ever tell; no human mind can ever conceive the keen anguish that scorched and pierced His holy soul. All this He endured “for us men and for our salvation.” “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities.” “In Him was no sin, but He became sin for us; with His stripes we are healed, and by His death we live.”

“Ah, *never, never*, canst thou know
What thus for thee thy Saviour bore,
The fire of that mysterious woe,
The pain, the grief, the anguish sore.”

But “the bush was not consumed”—it could not be; nay, far from the very midst of the furnace there comes the shout of victory—“*It is finished;*” and then unscathed, unharmed, with not a hair of His head singed, He came forth from the furnace triumphing over the wrath of men and the malice of devils, over sin, death, and hell; and so—

“Love’s redeeming work was done,
The battle fought, the victory won.”

And have we not here also a glowing symbol of the true child of God? “The servant is not greater than his Lord.” “Think it not strange concerning the fiery trials which are to try you, as though some strange thing had happened unto you,” for did not our divine and sovereign Lord forewarn us that it should be even so? “If they have persecuted Me, they will persecute you.” “In the world ye shall have tribulation, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world.”

As the world has done to Him, so it has ever done to HIS, and it is still the same. They who are faithful to their Lord are sure to suffer persecution, shame, and contempt, as did He. Yes, persecuted we are, but never forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed; we bear about in our body “the dying of the Lord Jesus, that the life also of Jesus may be made manifest in our mortal flesh. The true Christian, though in the world is not of the world. He *dwells* in the desert, truly, a very wilderness country, a Midian indeed; and he is subjected to the fire, but he is not consumed. Indwelt by the Divine Spirit, he is invincible.

“Fire cannot burn, and floods cannot drown,
The soul that the Saviour doth take for His own.”

Ah, methinks Jacob knew something of the fire when he said, “All these things are against me;” but ere long he realised the truth of the sweet promise: “All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are called according to His purpose;” and then it was that Jacob bowed his snow-white head in grateful praise to a covenant-keeping Lord. Job was in the heat of the furnace when he

said: "My soul desires strangling rather than life;" but when he had been tried the Lord brought him forth like gold, and he was raised to honour, happiness, and wealth again. David wrung his hands in despair as he cried aloud for Absalom; but he, too, was soon enabled to resume his harp again, and then he lifted up his song anew to extol the God of all mercy and grace. And so you and I have many a time wiped away the tear of yesterday's sorrow, and as we have set up our "Ebenezer" stones of remembrance, we have shouted with glowing soul—"Hitherto the Lord hath helped us." We have traversed many a rough and stony road, but the Lord has ever been with us—"Our strength and our shield."

The saint of God is often a mystery to himself. As he looks back, he stands amazed. But, oh, how his soul rejoiceth as he sees that all the trying circumstances of the past were overruled of God for good; yea, the storm was a mercy, for it was necessary to clear the air that the bright sunlight of His smile might be the more clearly seen. The fire was necessary to purge away the dross, else the gold could not be meet for the Master's use. The cutting knife was necessary to prune the tree that it might bring forth more fruit. Without the storm, the fire, the knife, we might have had a name to live while yet dead; but the Lord has too much love for His chosen ones ever to allow this: "Whom the Lord loveth, He chasteneth;" "I have chosen thee in the furnace of affliction;" and, "they shall be Mine, saith the Lord, in that day when I make up My jewels."

But how is it that the people of God, who are thus in the fire, are yet unconsumed? Well, just because they are indwelt by God the Holy Ghost. The bush of Midian was not consumed because Jehovah Jesus had made it His temporary dwelling-place; and so the saints of God are not consumed by the fiery trials through which they pass because they are divinely indwelt. "Know ye not that ye are the temples of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?" Ah, here is our lesson, let us learn it well. If "Christ be in you the hope of glory," then the fire may encompass but it cannot consume. This is a great truth; yea, it is vitally true. Without this divine indwelling we are only as stubble for the flame. Our only ground of hope and confidence is God, but having His witness within, then—

"To Him mine eye of faith I turn,
And through the fire pursue my way;
The fire forgets its power to burn,
The lambent flames around me play;
His arms are still my sure defence,
Nor earth, nor hell, shall pluck me thence.

Though in affliction's furnace tried,
Unburt on snares and death I'll tread;
Though care assail, and hell thrown wide,
Pour all its flames upon my head,
Like Moses' bush, I'll mount the higher,
And flourish, unconsumed in fire."

W. ROWTON PARKER.

THE LATE MR. WILLIAM HUNTLEY.

Baptist Minister of Limpley Stoke, Wilts.

[This godly man we knew for years, and if love to the brethren, because the Spirit of CHRIST is in them, is a hopeful evidence of being accepted in the Beloved, then we have that one internal fruit of the Spirit. For the late venerable brother Huntley we preached; with him we travelled; often met him. He was always the same meek, solemn, and saving man in Christ Jesus. We thank his dear grandson for so concise a memoir.—C. W. B.]

MR. WILLIAM HUNTLEY, for 64 years the devoted Pastor of the Baptist Chapel in his native village, was born at Limpley Stoke, April 25th, 1798.

Like many other villages, at that time, Limpley Stoke knew nothing of a living Gospel ministry, the only apology for religion being a monthly service at the parish church. However, some earnest loving hearts from neighbouring Bath were led to begin cottage services, and here the glad tidings were simply announced, and by the Spirit's power were blessed to the salvation of young William Huntley and many others.

"God moves in a mysterious way," and as with John Bunyan, so with him, divine grace was manifested in a striking way. He, with two other companions (they were nick-named "the three Bills," rejoicing alike in the name of William) were playing a game of "trap" one Lord's-day morning, when they were so greatly alarmed by a mysterious noise in the wood above them, that they ran away from their amusement in great terror. The deep impression made upon them grew, and resulted in their being turned from their sins to the Lord Jesus.

These three, with six other converts, were baptized by Mr. Porter at Somerset chapel, Bath, and thus began the little Baptist cause at Limpley Stoke.

"Wonders of grace to God belong,
Repeat His mercies in your song."

Being filled with a desire to be made useful, he was led to speak in the Lord's name in the surrounding villages. What kind of conversion is that which does not result in personal and practical devotion to the Lord's cause? Oh, for more of the spirit of Paul's "henceforth" (2 Cor. v. 15). Soon after this, by the kind help of George Head, Esq., of Bradford-on-Avon, and other friends, the present chapel was erected, and Mr. Huntley called to the pastorate, which he held till the Master sent for him. His labours at home and in the surrounding places were greatly blessed. He saw all his children brought to a knowledge of Christ, and his three sons labouring in the Gospel. He was not a "college-made reverend," but pursued a secular calling, in connection with his pastoral work, to supply his earthly wants.

Those who had the privilege of communion with him will not soon forget the Christly life he led. His memory was wonderfully well stored with the letter of Holy Scripture, which was a lamp and a light. The many little recollections of old John Warburton and other worthies he never tired of relating. His oft-expressed wish was that he might die in harness, and this was granted him. He was only laid aside one Lord's-day from his work, and on the following Sabbath entered the rest. His suffering, though short, was at times very severe. At one

time he exclaimed, "Oh, what should I now do without a good hope? But, bless the Lord, Jesus is precious." To his son he said, "John, preach the Gospel in love, lift up Jesus to the highest." And thus he passed away from the hands that cared for him and the hearts that loved him here, to that large, bountiful heart of the Father above. His friend, Pastor Thomsett, of Reading, conducted the funeral service in the village Churchyard (thanks to a Liberal Government), and on the Sunday sought to improve his death from the words, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God" (Heb. v. 9). His sons, John and Arthur, are left to labour on. The former is the pastor of Widcombe, and greatly used of God. Well may we say, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

OUR ANCIENT GRANDSON, AND HIS LARGE FAMILY.

A TYPE OF GOD'S ELECTION,
AND A TYPE OF THE FAMILY OF SORROW.

SO Kraus, the Irish pastor, said Jacob was. What Jacob was in the covenant of grace—in God's purpose and choice, was one thing: what Jacob was as a man here, in some sense, was another thing. At least, we cannot see beyond the appearing facts of a man's life here, unless GRACE come forth powerfully and prominently to declare that where sin abounded God's mercy did more powerfully, more abundantly abound. Mr. Wise said he thought the three were types of the Trinity—Abraham of the Father, Isaac of Christ, Jacob of the work of the HOLY GHOST. I have often said the three appeared to represent the three-fold grace of God. Abraham shows the power of FAITH IN GOD, Isaac, the possession of the promise, Jacob, of the TRIAL of FAITH. In the people of God on the earth, I feel sure there are some Abrahams—rich men, and men strong in faith. Isaac is a type of those who have God's promise so fulfilled in them that they are comparatively free from that "blind unbelief" which "is sure to err; and scan God's work in vain." While Jacob is the representative of

"THE FAMILY OF SORROW."

It is said in Gen. xlii. 36, Jacob exclaimed, "ALL THESE THINGS ARE AGAINST ME." Lately I have felt all things were working to pull me down; I have had seasons of freedom when I rejoice, but there soon come times of trouble; then I am down, so were others. I do not see how Jacob could feel otherwise, while he looked only at the thing seen, and temporal. There were many things apparently very much against him. First, consider the mysterious loss of his dearly beloved son, Joseph; it all but broke Jacob's heart. Second, came the famine, so sore was it in the land that starvation was inevitable. Thirdly, Simeon was detained by Joseph, and Jacob knew not what to make of all this. Fourthly, there was a demand for Benjamin, he must go too; so that every stroke was heavier and heavier. Then, last of all, the bundles of money found in their sacks looked as though a plot was laid to catch them and cast them into prison; beside all this, Jacob had lost his beloved Rachel. Can we wonder that Jacob should cry out, "All these things are against

me"? Consider three things, (1) what poor Jacob said; (2) what God had said to Jacob; (3) what God was now doing. Jacob looked at the succession of heavy trials, he had lost his Rachel, his Joseph, and his Simeon; now he must part with his Benjamin. His old heart was filled with terror and FEAR, and cried out (as I have done), "All these things are against me!"

Secondly, consider carefully what God had said to Jacob, "*I will never leave thee.*" If faith could have fastened upon that promise, Jacob would not have repined, but, when faith is tried, the soul will mourn. Trial drives faith behind, unbelief comes into court, and he brings in the verdict against you. Consider what God was now doing. Joseph was exalted, Simeon was safe, and Benjamin would be alive. Look at the three scenes, Jacob crying, "All these things are against me;" then when Jacob comes to see Joseph—and at the end of the journey he sees his Joseph was well!—how different the scene! Are we of the sorrowful family? do all things appear against us? has God ever spoken to us one promise? Then God is not against us, but FOR us! who, then, can harm us, when to our Father's house we come?

There we shall be blest indeed,
Ne'er again will our hearts bleed.

So believeth,

THE POOR VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE LORD'S WORK OF GRACE PERFECT IN THE BELIEVER.

A NOTE TO DESPONDING ONES.

BY W. PRICE.

"The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me" (Psa. cxxxviii. 8).

YES, He will do it. "Hath He said and shall He not do it?" There is much that we meet with in our pilgrim march to the better land that hinders us; we are often cast down and dismayed. The psalmist David had evidently realised the same thing. "Though I walk," says he, "in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me." It is clear then that trouble brought him low, and nothing short of the reviving influence of God's good Spirit could revive or animate his soul. We too are often brought to realise the same experience, but let us be assured amidst it all that the Lord will not forsake us, or leave undone the work which "wisdom hath begun."

Now will you notice, kind reader, that it is *He* who will do these things for us. He is the Author of all goodness. It is His grace that we have received. Grace is a thing foreign altogether to the carnal mind. It does not grow on nature's barren soil; if we have received this grace in our hearts by faith in the Living Son of God, then He is the giver of it. "By grace are ye saved through faith, and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Then if He has made known to us the riches of His grace without any merit on our part, let us magnify and adore His blessed name. The work is of God, and therefore it shall

stand. That which is of the creature shall perish, but that which is of God shall be for ever.

Notice that He *will* perfect that which concerneth me. He hath said, "I *will* put My fear within their hearts and they shall not depart from Me." "I *will*," and "they shall" runs through the sacred record from Genesis to Revelation respecting the dealing of God with His people. "He *will*;" then let us be assured that it is impossible for God to lie. This is what God cannot do. Having declared, He will perform the doing of it. He *will*, for "He is faithful who hath promised, who also will do it," "with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of tarning."

*"My love through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows."*

We are the subjects of change; but He never does. "I am the Lord, I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed." Change is a thing utterly unknown to God. He is from everlasting to everlasting, and of His years there shall be no end. His will is immutable. How firm a foundation! How solid this rock of comfort that never moves. It is true that we often tremble on the rock, but the rock never does. He *will*—then I can rest secure.

Again, what is it that He wieldeth? He will *perfect* that which concerneth us. Now we only know in part, but by-and-bye "we shall know even as we are known." Now, we look within, and the sight horrifies us; for in our flesh dwelleth no good thing; unruly thoughts and everything that is corrupt is found within, so that we are led to say, "I am a man of unclean lips." But presently this body of sin and death shall be laid in the tomb, and then—

*"We shall mount and soar away
To the bright realms of endless day;
And sing with rapture and surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies."*

Yes, He will perfect that which concerneth us, for "Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever," and therefore He will not forsake the work of His own hands. Having wrought in us the new creation, He will not leave us to finish what He Himself began. No, no! "He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ." Surely then this important matter concerneth us. We are concerned about many things; but, oh, how this, which God hath Himself wrought in us, concerns us! How blessed it is to know experimentally that He is concerned about us, that He is indeed interested in us since we are in His Son Jesus Christ. Perfect in the flesh we never shall be down there, but "complete in Him" we now are, and in a little time we shall be with Him, sharing in His glory, and crowning Him Lord of all.

Thou, disconsolate one, be of good courage. Though you sometimes tremble lest in that day you should come short, yet remember that He who has "begotten you again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus from the dead," will quicken us again, and we shall reign with Him for ever and ever. "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Hereford, August 12, 1884.

THE IMMUTABLE JESUS.

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever" (Heb. xiii. 8).

I LOVE to meditate on the unchangeableness of Jesus. It is that which strengthens my faith and encourages my hope in times of inward and outward change:—

"Change and decay in all around I see:
O Thou who changeth not, abide with me."

Christ is the same *yesterday* in the eternal counsel, just as the very word *same* implies, Himself. Everyone of His attributes is eternal, like Himself. His kingdom is the same, not of this changeful world; His priesthood is also everlasting. He is the good old way, seen in symbols and figures, and He is the new and living way seen in the shed blood, in the glorious Gospel, and in the influence of the Holy Spirit. Therefore all that pertains to Him is the same as Himself, immutable. O sweet words, "I change not." However dark be my frame of mind I resort to the unchangeable Rock—Christ, on which my soul can rest as the ground of its hope.—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee."

The arms of Jesus are everlasting, the soul born of God cannot sink below them. His covenant, His strength, His redemption, His righteousness and His glory are eternal. To know Him is life eternal, and the weight of His glory is eternal and beyond utterance, it is joy unspeakable:—

"O! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
The uncreated beam."

Christ is the same *to-day*, in and through all time, He is the present God as well as of the past and to come; a present help in time of need. In the midst of failures in business, losses, crosses, and deaths, His constancy is unalterable as He says, so He is always the same. He spans the two eternities and governs all between, hence His promises are all yea and Amen. The uniformity of His government and the certainty of His promises are the consolation of the soul that lives by faith and the solidity of its trust:—

"Through endless years Thou art the same,
O Thou eternal God."

Christ is the same *for ever*. Here His identity is discovered, He dies no more; ah! and those who trust in Him to the end will be like Him. His employment is the same, He ever lives to make intercession for the saints; for Satan, their own hearts, the world, are constantly accusing them. But there is *now* no condemnation. He has ascended with the interest of His people, the same in sympathy as in power, the same as He will be when He comes to judgment. He went to heaven blessing that He might for ever bless. Bless the Lord, O my soul! Do I really believe in Him, and converse with Him? if so I shall surely be with Him for ever, though no soul on earth deserves more to be ever banished from Him. Reader, are you like—W. WINTERS?

A TRUE CONVERSION FROM MAN'S FREE-WILL TO GOD'S
FREE AND SOVEREIGN GRACE.

BY WILLIAM H. WARE.

"Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."

THESE powerful words have indeed been fulfilled, as will be shown in the following experience which I am about to relate, as regards myself. It is nearly two years since I was first alarmed as to my eternal destiny. One morning, upon waking from a horrible and solemn dream of the day of judgment, my first impulse was, "How can I flee from the wrath to come?" I went the following Sunday to the Established Church of England and, afterwards, to two or three other places of worship; the last being a Congregational (freewill) chapel in the same grove where I live. My soul that Sabbath evening was echoing those thirsting and glorious words, "Like as the hart panteth for the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O GOD!" I wanted that peace which the world could not give. That evening the preacher held up CHRIST as the sinner's Friend in those beautiful words, which are meant not for the self-righteous but for heart-felt sinners, "Whoso cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out." His omnipotent and glorious Person, mighty to save, travelling in the greatness of His strength, was irresistible. He drew me with cords of love. My joy was so great, I asked to join the Chapel at once; and when some time after two deacons saw me they said, "Now, then, brother, you must work for CHRIST! You must do this, that, and the other, and woe be to you if you go back."

Every time, therefore, I was absent this "woe be" came vividly to my mind. I believed what Satan said—viz., "That if I left off working I should be cast off as an unprofitable servant." I felt obliged and constrained to preach with other young men in a street close by; it was a false Gospel we preached by saying that persons would go to hell if they did not come to Christ, and that Christ was waiting for them to come; also that it was man's own fault if he did not come to Christ. The pastor told us all at one prayer meeting, that if we did not ask people to come to Christ, that at the judgment day they would say, "If you had asked me when on earth I should not have been lost!" I mention this as a warning to those who are still ignorant of the strict and eternal truths of the Bible.

But to continue. I gradually got colder and colder on account of scandal, and coldness of young men towards each other in spiritual matters. Their talk was morality and carnality combined. The pastor was anything but gentle in his manner of speaking, I am sorry to say. Now, the Lord did not utterly forsake me. After I left, I went the next Sunday to hear Dr. P——, but there was no Christ in his expositions. The flame of grace kindled in my soul by the Almighty and Holy Spirit had not gone out, though it only flickered, having been blown by freewill blasts.

One evening a kind Christian friend offered to lend me some of her sermons, by the late James Wells. His experience and expositions cast out (by the Holy Spirit) all false creature Gospels, and showed me my utter worthlessness. Apart from Christ, I saw I had no right to heaven. I saw predestinated election. I saw the eternal perfected work of CHRIST. I felt my utter lost state as a sinner, with a desperately wicked and deceitful heart. I felt I had under-estimated and lowered the sovereign dignity and power of the TRIUNE JEHOVAH. I had doubts as to whether GOD had thoughts of love and peace towards me. I went the next Sunday to Carmel Chapel, Pimlico, doubting and trembling—not daring to say I would get to heaven of my own free will. I felt GOD had power to thrust me into hell against my will, I having incurred the penalty of the law, "They that have done evil unto everlasting damnation." I came away that Sabbath morning blessed abundantly with an assurance of His love and mercy towards me. I went on from strength to strength upheld by His sovereign grace. I have since been baptized and admitted with ten others into the true Church of GOD, which is at Carmel Chapel, Pimlico. Thus I have shown the verification of the words, "Thy people shall be willing in the day of Thy power."

May each one of us bear in mind that if we wilfully turn aside from the truth after we have received a knowledge of the same, there remaineth no more sacrifice for sin. Did not CHRIST tell His disciples to beware of false Christs and false prophets? Are we not living in a day of false Christs or false Gospels?—viz., Freewillers, Salvation Armies, duty-faith, and purgatorial Popish priests? Dear reader, only the grace of God can ultimately save us from such. Unto Him, therefore, who has redeemed us from everlasting perdition by His own death on Calvary's cross, and who when at last cried with a loud voice, "It is finished." Unto Him be all glory, might, majesty and dominion ascribed for ever and ever. Amen

THE PULPIT—THE PRESS—AND THE PEN.

NEWTON, COWPER, IRONS, AND
DOUDNEY.

"Four valiant men for truth divine,
Each in his own essential line,
Did glorify our Saviour."

JOHN NEWTON was born in London, 1725, died Dec. 21, 1807. In 1779 he came from Olney, to be rector of St. Mary, Woolnoth, where, in the heart of the always busy city of London, he preached, "poured out" with flaming eloquence and solid argument the Gospel of Christ the Lord. For many years Dr. Doudney, the well-beloved editor of the *Gospel Magazine*, had a desire to stand in the pulpit where John Newton stood, and this good feeling was realised in October last. Referring to the service, *The City Press* said:—"The service at St. Mary Woolnoth was of deep interest. On that occasion, when a thousand persons were unable to gain admission, the preacher, the Rev. Dr. Doudney, said that he had desired earnestly and ardently from the time that he had been admitted to the ministry, now 37 years ago, that he might one day have the privilege of standing in that pulpit—a pulpit where John Newton had so often delivered the Gospel message. And he expressed his thankfulness to the Rev. J. M. S. Brooke (the rector) for permitting him to gratify that wish. Dr. Doudney on this occasion preached an admirable sermon in aid of the funds of the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, and alluded at some length to Newton, who, first at Olney, and then at St. Mary Woolnoth, laboured in the Gospel. Although the sermon was in aid of an excellent society, yet the service was in every sense a memorial of Newton. And there are just two ways whereby the memorial might take a more permanent character. Newton's church at Olney needs immediate attention. A correspondent writes to me:—"To those interested in the associations of Olney, the vicar and churchwardens especially appeal for help. The architect having pronounced the spire of the parish church to be unsafe, and the funds for the restoration of the church, which is in progress, having been exhausted, the removal of a portion of the spire is taking place. Contributions will be thankfully received by the Rev. J. P. Langley, Olney Vicarage, Bucks. This indeed would be one good way of perpetuating the memory, not only of Newton, but also of his friend Cowper. A second way to commemorate the ser-

vice of Wednesday last would be the erection in St. Mary Woolnoth, of a monument worthy of Newton. The present one is totally out of character. I hope these hints will find an echo somewhere. The object is good, 'for the memory of the just is blessed.'" There is a third way whereby the service might be of practical value. Mr. J. E. Hazelton, the secretary to the Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society, sends us the following note:—"Aged Pilgrims' Friend Society. —The service on behalf of this institution, at St. Mary Woolnoth, when Dr. Doudney preached the sermon, was very largely attended, many being unable to obtain admittance. The collection amounted to £61 0s. 6d., and this sum it is earnestly desired to make up to £100. A gentleman, long a friend of the society, has kindly offered the last £5 of the balance required. Contributions will be thankfully received by the secretary at the society's office, 83, Finsbury-pavement, E.C." Say £40 is required, God help us all, not only to remember the poor, but at once to secure to the fund this £100 clear of all expenses. We know well the necessity of funds for widows, good old worn-up and forgotten ministers, who now in all parts of the country are in need—in absolute want—of the common necessities of this life.

COWPER was another kind of man; clouds often obscured the bright intellect of his original mind, and streams of sorrow floated through his soul; but his hymns form a monument to his memory which will be carried, methinks, into the glory world, and even there will bring to remembrance deliverances wrought by the inspired hymnology of Cowper's well instructed soul. I take down Newton's Cardiphonic, and the volumes of Cowper's Life, Letters and Poems. How different the moulds, while the matter is mainly the same.

Joseph, of Camberwell-grove, was a man of many hot irons. We are grieved to find the *City Press* obliged to complain in the following spirit. We hope Mr. Bradbury will see to this:—"A correspondent informs me that the grave of the Rev. Joseph Irons, at Norwood Cemetery, is in a wretched condition. Mr. Irons was an active Christian minister for 33 years, and died in 1852. Perhaps those who knew him as an able minister of the New Testament at Camberwell and in Jewin-crescent, will take note of this, and see that early steps are taken

to make decent the tomb of a man of no ordinary character."

Dr. Doudney, in *Gospel Magazine* for November and December gives us particulars of his journey to London, and of service in John Newton's Church. A wonderful providence preserved the doctor, and a great blessing attended his sermon, of which we may give a further notice. We are so thankful living witnesses to heaven's grand old Gospel are still lifting up their voices with great courage.

THE soft and sapient reviewers of the Life of Thomas Carlyle are sarcastically noting the John Bull spirit in which Carlyle rebuked all the tinsel of the times in which he lived. I must confess I cannot be angry with a common-sense man who is not afraid to fetch "*Mr. Cant*" a straightforward blow when "*Cant*" comes to the front. How some men can "*cant*" on for years always puzzled me, and never being fond of fighting, even with words only, I have let them pass on. Poor fellows, who have little else but conceit, are much to be pitied.

A USEFUL WORD.—A brother in the Lord says:—"Dear Brother Banks,—Please send a copy of your sweet little work, *Cheering Words Annual*, 1883, to address as per wrapper enclosed. You join me in prayer that God the Holy Ghost may make it a blessing to the soul of the recipient. I am distributing *Cheering Words*, praying they may be used of God for the good of souls and for His glory. I believe good will come of them; so far, they seem to strike home to the heart the moment they are received. Whether it is the title, *Cheering Words*, or whether it be 'Let Me Speak Before I Die,' I know not, but they have been received in a remarkable manner. May the Lord Himself be glorified. Amen."

THE SON OF MAN.—*Had not the Father Power to Restrain the Glory and Strength of the Godhead in the Person and Experience of His Son, so that the Son was, in feeling, Reduced to the Low Estate of the Man?* Was it not so in Gethsemane, and on the cross? In the experience of some of God's own loving children are there not times when the God-like power of grace is, for a season, restrained? "In a little wrath I hid My face from thee for a moment." Does not Satan see the believer in these mysterious seasons, and saith, "Now seize and take him, for God hath forsaken him"? In no other way can I account for that black cloud which overwhelmed me near forty-five years ago. Did not

our Lord refer to these seasons when in His prayer He included, "Lead us not into temptation?" Who will think of this deep mystery?

The Slighted Commission; an Essay on Baptism, etc. By Philologus, Nottingham. Price 1d.—This brochure of 16 pp. is a critique on a pamphlet by J. B. Jones, M.A., of Spalding. Although Philologus has considerable Scriptural advantage over his opponent, I do not catch so clearly as I could wish the full meaning of this idea—i.e., "that believer's baptism is absolutely essential to union with Christ, and, consequently, to salvation; provided, of course, that such baptism be preceded by true repentance and faith, and followed by walking after the Spirit." Jesus never uttered one word that was not essential either to the faith or the order of His Church; and water baptism is a divine command and essential to public obedience to Christ, and to Church fellowship; and represents the believer's life in Christ, and death unto the world. *The Slighted Commission* is well worthy of a close reading and is far superior, Scripturally and logically speaking, to Mr. Jones' remarks therein quoted. (R. Banks will send copies post free for two penny stamps).—W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.

The Slighted Commission.—An essay on baptism, by Philologus. This one-penny pamphlet is now to be had at our office, and we beseech Baptist ministers to read it. It is a grief to us to find in how many forms the New Testament ordinance of baptism is slighted, shunned, or explained away. It is time for true New Testament Baptists to prove their zeal for their faith in this Christ-commanded rite.

"THE STALWART HEROES OF THE PARADE."—Who are they? those bold professors of Christ who are not what they profess to be. So saith S. G. Bonavin Hunt, the evening preacher at St. James's, in his recently-issued volume, which carries this title, "*The Glories of the Man of Sorrows.*" He places the family of Adam in four groups: only one group is in heart, in faith, in grace, in vital union, truly and really, the friends, the followers, the fellow-heirs, the firm believers in "*The Glories of the Man of Sorrows.*" Oh, the three other groups! Wayside hearers! stony-ground talkers! Hard as flints! no root in themselves! What will become of them? O Lord, give us the new life, the new heart, the new love, the new name, the new creation. Leave us not dead in a mere name to live. For Jesus' sake DO NOT. Amen.

OUR CHURCHES, OUR PASTORS, OUR PEOPLE.

MR. W. WINTERS'S NOTES.

[Wherever Mr. Winters is announced to preach or speak, he finds a hearty welcome, and a cheerful company. He furnishes us with elaborate reports. We cannot always find room for all his gifted pen doth furnish, but we do our utmost to give the fullest information we possibly can.—Ed.]

OXFORD-STREET (SOHO).—Nov. 5, at the anniversary of the Christian Sisters' Society, W. Winters preached. This excellent society was established September 14, 1830, just 54 years ago, for the purpose of relieving the necessitous with warm clothing, blankets, coals, &c., during the winter months. The society has an active committee, consisting of the following ladies: President, Mrs. Box; Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. Thorne; Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Simpson, Miss Foster, Mrs. Joseph Faulkner, Mrs. Bonser, and Miss Knottly. An annual subscriber of 10s. is entitled to recommend a case for relief. The society is in need of help, and any friend who wishes to assist the good workers connected with the institution will find the Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. Thorne, 6, Russell-gardens, Kensington, W., who will be pleased to receive kind donations. A circular states that "The committee, composed of ladies in the Church and congregation worshipping in Soho Chapel, with the best hopes, commend to your favourable consideration and sympathy their labour of love in connection with the objects of this society. Under the divine blessing it has, for the past fifty-four years, been the means of alleviating the distress entailed upon the more needy during the inclement season of the year. By personal enquiries and due investigation care is taken to appropriate the fund to the relief of such only as really require assistance. The chief source of our income being the annual subscriptions of our friends, any assistance you may be able to afford, however small, in maintaining their work, will be most gratefully received by either of the above mentioned members of the committee." In the absence of the pastor, Mr. John Box (who, I regret to say, was laid aside by sickness), Mr. Kennard presided, and read Psal. lxxii. Mr. Squirrel offered earnest prayer. Mr. Joseph Faulkner read the annual report, and excellent addresses were given by Preston Davies, W. K. Squirrel, W. Hazelton, and the chairman. The adoption of the report was moved by W. Winters.

CHATHAM.—A quarterly tea meeting was served in Enon Chapel, Nelson-road, Nov. 12. In the evening the Lord very graciously helped W. Winters to speak to an excellent company. The debt on the chapel is diminishing; the people are united and peaceful. The Lord long prosper this cause.

PRESENTATION TO MR. THOMAS STED.—The 19th anniversary of Mr. Thomas Steed's pastorate at Steppny was celebrated Oct. 28. W. Winters preached.

At public meeting Mr. Steed presided. Mr. Joiner offered prayer. Mr. Steed stated he was never more happy with his people at Rehoboth Chapel than at the present moment. The congregation continued to be encouraging, and the Church gradually strengthened, consequently there was great cause for gratitude. A worthy deacon, Mr. Killick, spoke of twenty years of his history in connection with Mr. Steed, who, he remarked, preached the truth of God then, and preached it still. His attachment to his pastor was as firm as ever, and as a deacon he could testify to the truth of the pastor's remarks, that the Church was united and loving. Mr. Killick then presented the pastor, in the name of the Church and congregation with a purse containing £14. Mr. Steed, in a few tender words, expressed his thanks to all who had so kindly interested themselves in the presentation. Messrs. Poyton, Scribner, Joiner and others supported Mr. Steed, and speeches on Gospel subjects were delivered by J. Mote, Esq., W. Boulton, R. Burbridge, R. G. Edwards, W. H. Lee, E. Beazley, J. Mills, C. Holton, John Taylor; other brethren were present, and enjoyed the services much.

SOHO.—A lecture on the great German Reformer was delivered on Oct. 30 by W. Winters in behalf of the Sunday-school. The pastor, Mr. John Box, presided. The scholars sang several suitable pieces.

ISLINGTON.—At Providence Chapel on Tuesday, November 9, the 34th anniversary was holden. Mr. John Hazelton gave the sermon. In the evening Charles Wilson, Esq., presided. Mr. W. Waite prayed; Mr. Wilson expressed his heart-felt gratitude to God (in which others united) for preserving to the Church at Providence Mr. Phillip Reynolds, their beloved pastor, who had so recently been restored to them from a painful illness. Mr. Reynolds noted some interesting points in the steady progress of the cause, that although he had been kept from his pulpit work for six Sabbaths, the Lord had mercifully sustained both himself and the cause. His own personal trials were great, but strength had been afforded him. The Church had sustained a great loss in the death of deacon Hardy; and death had taken away an efficient helper in the Sunday-school in the person of Mr. Chapman, and many were sick. From the time Mr. Reynolds had been pastor, which was five years, 84 persons had united with the Church in membership. The Church now consisted of 123 members. Mr. Reynolds regretted the absence of Mr. John Box through illness. Then came W. Winters, on

"Christian Joy." J. H. Lynn was eloquent on the joy of the Lord being the saints' strength. R. E. Sears was on the joy of harvest, and J. Harris spoke nobly well on eternal harmony. The proceeds of the anniversary, including the profit on the tea (all the trays being given by the ladies), were estimated at £27. The benediction closed another happy meeting at Providence. To God be everlasting praises given.

SURREY TABERNACLE.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE FORMATION OF THE CHURCH.

THE Surrey Tabernacle, Wansley-street, Walworth-road, is, without exaggeration, a beautiful "temple built for God," having been erected twenty years. It is beautiful, of a truth, when filled with attentive hearers, and the sound of the glorious Gospel is being proclaimed therein, as is so frequently the case; and it is most of all beautiful when the presence of Christ is felt and the light of His love flames high on the altar of the heart of every believing worshipper:—

"His arms embrace the happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around."

As a firm adherent to the grand truths of God held by the Strict Baptist denomination, I rejoice from my soul with thousands more throughout the two hemispheres that such a splendid sanctuary stands with its useful auxiliary associations for the defence of the pure truth in faith and practice, and in noble defiance of all the foes of the unmixed religion of the Bible. Long may the Surrey Tabernacle thrive, unshaken in truth, and its office-bearers and members flourish as the mighty cedars of Lebanon:—

"And all His springs in Zion flow,
To make the young plantation grow."

The commemorative services of the formation of the Church were held on October 21st, when a large assembly of friends were gathered in the afternoon to hear Mr. O. S. Dolbey, the preacher of the occasion, and, according to the united verdict of the company present, the sermon was sound and highly appreciated. I was not able to be present myself, owing to the long distance I had to travel that day to the meeting, and therefore I am not in a position to report more on the sermon, but rest in the belief of what the friends stated. Several hundred persons sat down to tea, and many ministerial brethren were in the congregation and on the platform.

In the evening Mr. Albert Boulden, one of the respected deacons of the Tabernacle, presided, and was supported by his brethren in office. Messrs. Rundell, Carr, Crowhurst, Pells, King, Green, and others. A good staff of ministerial brethren were also noticeable. Messrs. Bush, Holden, Mead, Dolbey, W. H. Lee, Winters, Stringer, W. Beech, Varden, Houghton (Blakenham), Northfield (Hadleigh), Becket, J. Wheeler, J. W. Banks, Rayment, and many others. Mr. Boulden opened the meeting by reading

a sweet Psalm (xlv.), and Mr. Varder offered fervent prayer. Mr. A. Boulden in his hearty opening address noted that the Church had been kept in peace another year without deviation from the glorious Gospel of Christ; friends had not forsaken the assembly of themselves, in which they appeared rather selfish, which selfishness was quite pardonable as it was for their soul's profit. Some had come cast down and were soon raised up and were helped to unite and rejoice in the services of the house of prayer. Mr. Boulden made feeling reference to his late pastor, Mr. James Wells, and the loss the Church sustained in his departure. Yet he, with his beloved brethren in office, were glad to say that every institution connected with the church was in as flourishing a condition as it was ten years ago. The poor, as the Master said, they had always with them, and they in their varied institutions of benevolence were able to meet all immediate demands. The most important part of their work as a Church had been to procure through the year a good supply of ministerial brethren to fill the pulpit; this they had succeeded in, and the brethren were willing to come and help them.

At the close of Mr. Boulden's Christian address the vast congregation showed their appreciation of his faithful and tender remarks. Mr. Boulden, in a few words, introduced as the first ministerial speaker, Mr. F. C. Holden, pastor of Limehouse, who spoke in loving memory of Mr. James Wells, under whose ministry he profited many years ago. Mr. Holden very sweetly dealt out some precious things couched in Psalm cxlv. 4-7, and recited with powerful feeling one of John Kent's beautiful hymns beginning thus:—

"Indulgent God, how kind
Are all Thy ways to me."

Mr. Rundell announced hymn 444, which he heartily conducted. Mr. Mead, pastor of Nunhead, gave a very able speech, making timely references to the opening of the Tabernacle twenty years ago, and to the Church having been preserved for fifty-four years, a few old saints forming part of the foundation of which were still living. Mr. Mead bore heartfelt testimony to the reverence Mr. James Wells, his pastor, always maintained for the Word of God, and as a close student of which he (Mr. Wells), was so well known as an instructive teacher and preacher of the Gospel. Mr. Mead also gave in the course of his address some excellent remarks on the fan in the hand of the Lord. Mr. O. S. Dolbey was warmly received on rising at the chairman's call, and spoke with fluency and warmth on what God had wrought, which was a matter for great praise. Mr. Dolbey referred to the works of nature, to providence and to grace, as ample proofs of what God had wrought and of which even the great enemy of souls was not ignorant. Mr. Pells gave out hymn 101, and W. Winters spoke on the potency of the Scriptures as the inspired record of Jehovah. Mr. Bush gave a faithful exposition of Psalm cxv. 12, and

spoke of the power Mr. Wells, his pastor, had been for good in dwelling so much on the love of God in his public ministry. Mr. Bush was well heard, after which Mr. T. Carr announced hymn 365 and Mr. W. H. Lee, pastor of Bow Church, was in truth eloquent in treating of the precious words, "Kept by the power of God," which language Mr. Lee appropriated to the Surrey Tabernacle mainly as the secret of its success. Mr. Lee spoke of his love and knowledge of Mr. James Wells when he (Mr. Lee) resided in the far-off land of the antipodes. Mr. Lee's testimony was heartily received, as was also Mr. W. Beech, from Chelmsford, who is always welcome among the Churches of truth. Mr. Beech gave an epitome of great interest of his connection with the Church of David Denham in 1834, and of the profit he afterwards realised under the constant ministry of Mr. James Wells until 25 years ago, when he removed to Chelmsford and became associated with the Church there, now under the pastorate of Mr. Burgess, whose ministry is highly useful. Mr. Beech spoke with warmth and great firmness on the value of God's inspired Word. Mr. Thomas Stringer who, thank God, is partially restored to health, spoke with power and sweet mellowness on the Lord's dealings with him, and referred with tender respect to Mr. Wells, whose mural tablet near the pulpit often caught his eye. Mr. Stringer has for the last two months been helped to speak in the name of his loving Master, and it is to be hoped his noble voice will soon again be heard within the sacred walls of the Surrey Tabernacle. Mr. Boulden having expressed his pleasure and that of his brother deacons on seeing so many ministers and friends present, concluded the happy meeting with the Doxology, which was heartily sung.—**W. WINTERS, Waltham Abbey.**

A GOOD PLACE FOR THE CHASTENED SOUL TO BE FOUND IN.

To a friend I truly said, "I am brought not to attempt to dictate to our heavenly Father, but simply to commit all into His hand, only begging for grace to be resigned to whatever He is pleased to lay upon me.

There is something very impressive in the thought that whilst the surface of the ocean is ever restless, liable to be tossed by storm and tempest, there is a vast region in the ocean depths where all is still, silent, and at rest. Sir Emilius Bayley observes that the silence of the soul before God is a very high attainment in the spiritual life, and that "only unto God my soul is silence" (the literal rendering of the opening sentence of *Psa. lxii.*), expresses the resignation of absolute trust, the perfect acquiescence of the soul in the will of God.

This experience is not gained without long training in the school of discipline. Many a true believer is at first restive under the chastening hand of God, "as a bullock unaccustomed to the yoke," and it is only when that hand has long been laid, tenderly, but heavily, it may be, on the wayward child,

that he is led to say, in quiet submissiveness to a Father's will, "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth, because Thou didst it." "It is good that a man should both hope and quietly wait for the salvation of the Lord. It is good for man that he bear the yoke in his youth. He sitteth alone and keepeth silence, because He hath borne it upon him."

One case stands out in my experience of a woman who suffered such an accumulation of sorrows as I have never even heard or read of. I went to see her, but I passed and repassed the house before I could summon up courage to enter her home. Only one sentence passed the lips of that stricken and bruised heart, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Beneath "the raging waves of the sea" of her trial was the depth of a heaven-born peace and rest. Let every tried and afflicted reader of this paper remember for his comfort that he is not alone in his sorrow. "The eye of the Lord is upon them that fear Him." He who of old "led His people through the depth as through a wilderness," still makes "the depths of the sea a way for the ransomed to pass over." On the other side, "there shall be no more sea"; "there remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God." "In Thy presence is fulness of joy, and at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."

ITINERATING BRETHREN.

It is thought it would be useful if we could furnish "a list of such brethren as are qualified, received, known to be sound in the faith, clear in character, commendable in style; although so diffident, they never join any society, nor give their names in any printed list." We will try and consider. The following is from Mr. C. Gordelier. He recently delivered an address on "Itinerating." It was wished he should publish it. He says:

"Dear Brother Banks,—So much has been said and printed on the supply of itinerant preachers, that little good can come of any further remark on the subject. The love of variety, and the vast number of the supply over the demand has become the erysipelas of the Baptist Churches; it is a disease that will ultimately cure itself, but not until it has extinguished the life of many Churches, to the great satisfaction of Satan and the pompous carnal professors of religion. What is wanted is, no person to be sanctioned until they have been heard, tried, and approved, and sent out by the Churches of which they are members. Fifty years ago it used to be so, and if again adopted would keep down the supply of such who have the 'parson fever,' and it would diminish the number of itching ears in the congregations. When the Churches had the control of this matter they flourished, religion was in a healthy condition, and congregations were kept unbroken by the Corinthian disease of 'I am for Paul, I for Cephas, I for Apollus,' and, says the incipient P. B., 'I for Christ, so that I may have a say too!'

"I fear that the Lord has a rod in pickle

for all this, and will send a sweeping besom to clear away all this accumulating rubbish of the last 50 years. The gentry at St. Stephen's, if God permit, will do it in a single night; our great Dissenters will do it heartily and effectually, for they are heart and soul against all teaching and preaching that is uncollegiate. But the Lord reigneth.—Yours in the truth, "C. GORDELIER.
"25, Devonshire-road, Hackney, Oct. 30."

OUR CHURCHES ON NOTTING HILL.

"A mother in Israel."—Jud. v. 7.

OUR beloved sister in Christ, Mrs. Merab Taylor, of 169, Clarendon-road, Notting-hill, W., quitted the shores of time, and arrived safely and joyfully the same day in the third heavens, to inhabit her royal mansion, wear the starry crown, bear the palm, and singing glory to God and victory through the blood of the Lamb for ever and ever. Her ransomed soul was released at twenty minutes to four o'clock on Thursday afternoon, September 25, 1884, the same day as she had completed her seventy-seventh year in this vale of sin and sorrow. Her ransomed body was solemnly committed to the grave in Kensal-green cemetery, on Wednesday, October 1st, 1884, by her pastor, Mr. R. G. Edwards, in the presence of a numerous gathering of friends and spectators, in sure and certain expectation of a glorious resurrection.

A funeral discourse was delivered on the following Lord's-day evening from the above mentioned text. The fear of the Lord was eminently in her heart. Integrity, probity, and sincerity governed her actions. Jesus was the beloved of her soul; His dear name was sounded frequently from her lips in her dying hours; His saints were her companions, and His ministers her welcome guests. His truth was her constant guide. She would have the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. She loved to sing the songs of Zion, a favourite one being, "Vital spark of heavenly flame."

In early years she was brought up in the Church of England and had serious thoughts and tender impressions; would get out of bed to say her prayers; could not fix any time as to when the good work of the Holy Spirit commenced; the work was gradual, but by sovereign grace she knew the Lord from her youth up; had not particular great elevations or depressions, yet always feeling deeply the plague of her own heart; maintaining through life, from the help of her God, a consistency in life, both in the world and in the Church of the living God. When young she left the Church of England and tried the Independents, but not obtaining the food her soul was craving for she went on the search for the Gospel of the grace of God, and her hap was to light upon a little cause in Kensington, called "Bethel," where she joined and was baptized by Mr. Brown (who had lost his natural sight), in Rehoboth, Pimlico, more than forty years since.

For some cause her husband and herself,

with three others, left Bethel, and those five—viz., Thomas Taylor, Merab Taylor, Ellen Goodchild, Sarah Horn and Esther Crowther, sent a letter to Mr. Williamson to come and speak to them in the name of the Lord. He came, and eventually Johnson-street Chapel was built by them. In 1865 a separation occurred, and our sister, with others, commenced worshipping in Stormont House, Bayswater, when hearing of Mr. Compton they invited him to the pastorate. On April 4th, 1866, the Church was formed of 32 members, and Mr. Compton ordained their pastor. They after some time left Stormont House and rented Silver-street Chapel, where our departed sister remained till May 10th, 1872, when she and her two daughters joined Mr. C. W. Banks' at Johnson-street Chapel, remaining there with him till he left and preached his farewell sermon in Silver-street Chapel, lent for the occasion, when our dear sister with her two daughters again joined Silver-street, November 26th, 1874, under the pastorate then of Mr. R. G. Edwards, and continued till her death his unwavering friend.

—Greatly afflicted in body for many years, she was not able to attend latterly the service of God; her daughters had to recapitulate the sermon, which they did, helped by thorough good memories. In short, there are few to be found bearing so many features of the good woman exhibited (Prov. xxxi.). Truly a gracious character, a mother in Israel, wise and firm, an active mover in the establishment of three Baptist Causes in the neighbourhood. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours and their works do follow them."

—NOTTING-HILL GATE, W.—The eighteenth anniversary of Beihesda Chapel was held on Sunday, Oct. 19. Sermons were preached by Mr. W. K. Bloom. On Tuesday a sermon was preached by Mr. W. P. Reynolds. After tea a public meeting, Mr. J. Mayhew (in the chair) referred to the formation of the cause in 1865, at Stormont-house, which formerly stood in the High-street, Notting-hill. The friends afterwards removed to the present chapel under the pastorate of Mr. Crumpton. Mr. Oxborrow (deacon) offered prayer. Mr. G. Herring addressed the meeting on Isa. xxv. 6—8. God's ministers were used to remove the veil from our eyes, we cannot see ourselves as lost and ruined sinners. The soul then sees a sacrifice necessary, and points to the bleeding Lamb—the only antidote for sin. Not at first only, but even now, he had to go and plunge in that fountain for sin and uncleanness. Mr. W. J. Styles said the text, Psa. ciii. 19, came into his mind as he ascended the platform. God might have swept us to hell; but no! "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Fear was of two kinds: legal and filial. An old Puritan writer says, "Fear may be described as loyalty to God, or as the grace of restraint." We do not take hold of fire, as we fear to be burnt. Carnal appetite leads us to evil, but the grace of

restraint keeps us back. None but forgiven sinners know of this. "Work out your own salvation" is not a legal fear. The lowest evidence of Christianity in the soul are those who "desire to fear His name." Mr. H. Myerson spoke from "I am the door" (John x. 7). The door is the way of ingress into a house. God compares His Church to a house in His Word. Some have said baptism is a door of entrance into the Church. I do not like this definition. Although in favour of baptism, I prefer the idea of His Church being understood as to what is intended here. Jesus is the door. In Mark we read, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved." So, then, faith gives a right to all the privileges of His Church. The apostle recognised Christ as the door. If you are a soul brought to a sense of your guilt you ought not to keep without. The door implies security. Some assert it is quite possible God might leave His children. We naturally care for our little ones. It is so with God. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep." It is the love of Omnipotency that keeps us. Mr. J. Parnell said, "Wisdom hath builded her house." The idea of wisdom takes us at once to the Lord Jehovah. Wisdom's work is perfect. He never half cured the leper, half raised the dead, or at any time half performed His miracles. He does His work completely and according to His Divine purpose. It is of, in, and through Him. He hath builded it with line and plummet, so that the topstone shall be brought home with shouting. The collection amounted to above £6. The Chairman stated there was £11 more required to clear off arrears of current expenses.—W. C. B.

CITY ROAD.—Never since "Jireh" has been erected did it appear so cheerful and animated as on Tuesday, Oct. 28, spiritually, numerically, and financially. Alterations necessary have been made at a cost of little less than £50. They are out of debt; there is not a jarring note; and they have a genial, happy pastor in Mr. William Waite. A platform has been put up, and other requirements. On this occasion Mr. Waite presided, and in the course of his address said, "It is a new thing for me to stand before you as a pastor; it is too early to tell you how we are getting on. We are not going back. We are trusting in the Lord; endeavouring to preach the Gospel as handed down to us in His revealed Word; there has been a growth in grace, and His people have been built up and strengthened, and it is no small mercy to be able to say we are here striving together with one heart for the furtherance of the Gospel of Christ. We are longing and praying to see poor sinners brought in—we are waiting and watching for this. Much money is expended on missionary work, but I believe there are thousands in this locality who are living in ignorance of the great plan of salvation, and I should much like to see the Strict Baptists going out to preach the Gospel to the people and invite them to come

to His house. That the Lord may own the testimony is our fervent prayer, and that some good and happy days are yet in store for "Jireh." To His name be all the praise. Mr. Anderson said there is a wonderful deal of Gospel in the Books of Moses. Christ is there sweetly set forth, and has often been very precious to my own soul. I want Christ around me, above me, beneath me, and that every day of my life. We know Christ's blood was shed, but the question is, Am I interested in it? I want Him as a brother, a friend; yea, in all the relationships He bears toward His own. Is this our desire? Other addresses followed by the brethren Flack, Box, Winters, and Thomas, Christ's love to His Church being the theme. Mr. Linsell, Mr. Archer and Mr. Haslop took part. Mr. Waite, in the name of the Church and congregation, presented Mr. Walter James with a large type edition of Denham's hymn book, beautifully bound. The full house stood up and sang, "All hail the power of Jesu's name," and then separated.—J. W. B.

NORFOLK.—"Good morning, sir," said a farmer-looking gentleman. I bowed, and returned the compliment. "Are you a stranger in these parts?" "I am a stranger, sir, everywhere; a kind of wandering prodigal, and very seldom do I meet with one so free, so kind as you appear to be." He looked me up and down, until we came to a large building, and he said, "I am going into this chapel." I followed. He said, "Our minister is going to marry a couple here this morning." "Who is the minister?" "Mr. Benjamin Taylor, sir. Here he comes. He seems very ill." I went in. The man was 78, and the bride 75. Mr. Taylor preached two sermons out of his heart, administered the Lord's Supper, and took part in the prayer-meeting. He is a good man, but in every way afflicted.

ADMINISTERING THE LORD'S SUPPER.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

SIR,—Will you answer the following question? When a Church is without a pastor, and is having supplies, invites one for any definite time, what is law and order in reference to administering the Lord's Supper? Is it right to allow the supply to do it, or does it devolve on the deacons to attend to that? By answering this through the December VESSEL, you will oblige

ONE THAT LOVES LAW AND ORDER

[During the last fifty years, at least, an indifferent spirit has come into the Churches. Any one may enter the pulpit, the pool, or break the bread at the Lord's Supper. The ordination of elders, the exhortation to "lay hands suddenly on no man," to let them "first be proved," and other Scriptures, have guided Churches when without a settled pastor, to confine the administration of the Lord's Supper to those WITHIN the Church; consequently the recognised law

is: Where there is no pastor the deacon, or deacons, to whom the members are united by faith and fellowship should decidedly preside at the Lord's table.—ED.]

BATH.—“From the Weald” will find Mr. Davis is gone home; so is the aged Mr. Hunley, of Limpley Stoke. The venerable father left his son John preaching at Widcome; and Mr. George Cudlip has a Baptist Church and people, in Bethel Chapel, Bath; but where Bethel is we cannot say.

LOWESTOFT.—The 25th anniversary of Tonning-street Baptist Chapel was held Oct. 12 and 13. Gospel sermons came forth from the Lord, we hope, through Mr. Harsant, of Claxton. Next day at tea 80 friends sat down; public meeting was presided over by Mr. Cammell. A handsome Bible and Cruden's Concordance were presented to the chairman, which took him by surprise. In thanking the friends who had been so kind and mindful of him, he expressed his thanks in a very feeling manner, assuring his friends he would make the best use of them. Addresses were given by Mr. Harsant and Mr. E. Marsh. It was a happy evening.—H. KNIGHTS.

LEWISHAM.—At third anniversary of Mr. William Hazelton's pastorate of College Park Strict Baptist Chapel, Clarendon-road, Oct. 27, sermons by the pastor and Mr. P. Reynolds. Following Tuesday Mr. John Hazelton delivered a glorious discourse from “My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God,” &c. Tea as usual. Pastor H. Hall presided in evening. Brethren Sears, Lynn, Dexter, Clark, and Anderson told us good news. Our pastor gave encouraging account of the Lord's dealings with and goodness to him and the Church during the past 12 months; 11 had been added to the Church, making 34 during his pastorate; peace had reigned in their midst, and the blessing of God had attended the services. Brother H. W. Hall (treasurer) with pleasure endorsed the pastor's statement, adding that the Bible-class was fully attended, pastor presiding, Sunday-school increasing, so much so that the Church and friends had decided (D.V.) to build a school-room on spare ground at back of chapel. A preliminary meeting had been held and funds already collected over £104; but as the intended building would cost about £450, the pastor and the Church would be glad to receive monetary help from any friends whom the Lord may incline to give. Donations, &c., should be sent to the pastor or treasurer.

THE PENTECOSTAL GARDENS IN LONDON AND IN THE PROVINCES.

At the close of another year we quietly look around at the prospects of our Churches, more for the information of our friends in distant lands than for those who reside in this busy market of commerce, and zealous hive of professing followers of the Lord. We

remember, thirty years ago, there was a dream told by not a few that the so-called “Strict Baptist Churches” were fast dying out. We purpose to face this much-vaunted theory.

Who are they that compose these Churches? In the Apocalypse, they are signalled by five distinctive marks.

First. “These are they which follow the LAMB whithersoever He goeth. These were redeemed from among men, being the firstfruits unto God, and to the Lamb.”

Secondly. “They are with the Lord of lords and King of kings.”

Thirdly. “They are called.”

Fourthly. “They are chosen.”

Fifthly. “They are FAITHFUL.”

In London and the suburban districts there are quite fifty of these gardens, or “Churches.” We purpose to review each one of them in the metropolis and throughout the kingdom, noting their exact position, their pastors or their supplies, their growth or decline, and endeavour to stimulate them to a zealous working out of their principles.

The oldest minister standing all his time in one place is that grace-preserved man, Mr. J. L. Meeres, of New Church-street, Bermondsey. Just about forty years has he worked in and worn his harness well. That part of London, since we have known it, has lost a number of chapels and their congregations. Where now is Fenlon and his long, narrow chapel? Where is Buttersfield and his new building; Dovel and Jamaica row, Unicorn yard, where we have seen a thousand people crowded together; George Francis and Snow's Fields, Thomas Gunner and Chapel-court; Crosby-row, and its three hundred members; Mr. Lewis, and his Trinity; Earl-street; the Little Ark, and many others gone, gone. The ministers and their people are gone! Some large tabernacles, luminous pastors, streaming congregations, we know, have sprung up, of which we shall take further notice, if our Master is pleased to allow us the time and the power. During the present year new, extensive, and prosperous places have been brought to the front, such as Mr. Cornwell's Brixton Tabernacle, Mr. Holden's Elm, and Mr. John Hunt Lynn's Stratford New Chapel. But we can occupy no further space in this review of our Churches until next year.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Mr. Lill, of Boston, and his two sons, are gone. The Chapel, wherein the late David Wilson preached, is turned to some other use. The venerable widow of our beloved David Wilson, has come to her end. Brother John Bolton is useful in that Chapel so many years accustomed to have the Gospel proclaimed in it; where Master John Hazelton and you came and preached. Oh, dear editor, I am a painful waiter to see where these various scenes will end. At Quadring we remain the same in our faith. Will you come and see us?

MR. MOXHAM'S EXPERIENCE AND FAITH.

We gave, last month, a brief notice of Mr. Moxham's settlement at Clapham Junction Strict Baptist Church. The following are his answers to the usual questions:—

CALL BY GRACE.

I was the subject of very serious impressions as early as the age of nine or ten. The child of godly parents, brought up in the Sunday-school, with the example of my parents before me, and their prayers for me in my ears. Even at that age divine things seemed most real, and I often thought I should like my father's God to be my God, and that I might be found in His way. But I was seriously awakened at the age of fourteen. My teacher gave us one Sunday afternoon a question, which he desired us to answer by the next Lord's day: "What reason have I to hope that I shall go to heaven?" This question seemed to take hold of me, and I commenced to be very earnest; I broke off all company, I paid more attention to the matters of prayer and reading God's Word. I consulted my teacher and other godly friends, and it seemed to many, and even to myself, I was making some progress. But this would not do—for three or four years I was doing all I could to commend myself to God, and, so to speak, endeavouring to make terms with Him; and I was much confused, often unhappy, and sometimes hopeful.

About this time I heard a very searching sermon from Jer. xii. 5, which was the means of showing me where I stood. My eyes were gradually from that time opened to see that I was a sinner, lost, undone, with nothing to expect but wrath to come. Here I was led to see and love the way of salvation by grace alone, and I began to cherish a little hope. Then the doctrine of election seemed to stand in my way—God seemed indifferent to me till these words helped me (2 Cor. vi. 17, 18). I saw that however much I might be hindered as a coming sinner, nothing could prevent God in the absolute freeness of His grace from having mercy upon me. The words which seemed to set me at liberty, and to put my feet on the Rock, were Isa. liv. 17, and these took hold of me with great power. The way of salvation seemed so plain; God was my Redeemer; I was able to cast myself on Him, to realise that I was accepted—a new song was in my mouth, and I thought surely I could never doubt, never be in difficulty again. I was then among the Independents, but was by conviction a Baptist. It was suggested I should be baptized, and then become a member of the Independent Church I was connected with. It did not seem quite the right way, but not wishing to break from my old friends and my spiritual birth-place, I assented; but before this arrangement could be carried out, I was in the order of Divine Providence removed to Cheltenham, and lost no time in casting my lot with the Baptists. I went before the Church, my testimony was accepted; I was baptized by Mr. W. Julian,

Cambray Chapel, Cheltenham, October, 1875, and by the grace of God I am what I am.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

In the year 1877, I came to London. I went to Mr. Spurgeon's (Mr. Julian had been a student at Mr. Spurgeon's College); I was delighted with Mr. Spurgeon, and without delay applied for admission, and was transferred by letter of dismission from Cheltenham. I continued there six or eight months only, and believe I was there established in knowledge as I had not been before, and shall always look back with pleasure upon the short time I spent among the earnest and sensible people of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Married at the end of 1877, and as I was living at Islington, the distance to and from the Tabernacle proved too great for my wife, and though we regularly attended for a few months were compelled to give it up. Sought out Spencer Place Baptist Chapel, City-road; then Cross-street Chapel, Essex-road, and several others, but did not find a congenial home. At length heard of Mr. Osmond, in Newton-street, Hoxton; were well satisfied with the simple truth as it is in Jesus we heard there, and after waiting about a month applied for membership, and were received. After a time it was proposed to start a Sunday-school at Newton-street, and the friends elected me Superintendent. The school grew rapidly, and to keep up the interest, I began to give addresses in the afternoon to the teachers and children. Some friends in the congregation hearing of it, came too, until it became a custom, and we sometimes had some very happy gatherings. Seeing my addresses were well received, Mr. Osmond once or twice spoke to me on the subject and said, if I would like to speak in the Master's name he thought a door would be opened. But I had not thought about it, and I was well satisfied with my work in the school. But, however, Mr. Osmond seemed to think it was the right way, and gave my address to a fellow minister for whom I supplied one Lord's-day, and about this time I also supplied Mr. Osmond's pulpit once or twice on Thursday evenings. The friends at Clapham Junction wrote me, and I came to supply for them for the first time in April, 1881. Since that time I have been pretty well engaged. I cannot tell how, but I was recommended by one friend and then by another, and as I was received in every case with all the kindness I could wish, there was nothing for it but to go on. For two years I have had very many more engagements than I could attend to. In September, 1883, the friends here wrote me, asking if I would accept a three months' invitation to supply their pulpit, and I replied I could not say, but would consider it when definitely proposed. Shortly after the formal proposal came—and after two or three months' interval I decided to comply. The engagement commenced in April last, and on June 26 I received the invitation to the pastorate, and so unto me is this grace given to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ.

Mr. Anderson asking for brief summary of truth he intended to preach, Mr. Moxham replied as follows: "I believe that God has made a revelation of Himself in Holy Scripture, and that all Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and that it contains all truth necessary to our salvation."

The Bible reveals God as the mysterious and glorious Trinity in unity, three persons, one God; "these Three are One," the One is Three. That God is fully declared in the person of the Son, the mystery of godliness is God manifest in the flesh. His atonement—

"Points out the place where love abounds,
Directs us to the bleeding wounds
Of our Incarnate God."

That the power of the Holy Spirit is exerted in saving souls, that we must be born again:—

"That Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To save our souls are all concerned."

I believe in what are known as the doctrines of grace, that salvation does not depend upon the free will of man but upon the free unforced grace of God, that God is in covenant relation to His people in Christ, in His eternal and everlasting choice of the believer, in the effectual call of the Holy Spirit, His acceptance and completeness in the Beloved, His final perseverance and future glory.

That the great business of the preacher is to preach Christ and Him crucified, to point men to the thorn-crowned head, the pierced hands, and to say, "Behold the way to God." Where God's Word seems to teach the universality of Christ's redeeming work, I shall not think it my duty to explain it away as though God's Word could be mended by me; but let the simple statement speak for itself. I shall not overlook the invitations of the Gospel, and wherever God has said, "Whosoever," I will say whosoever, remembering it is mine to proclaim and God's to claim wherever He wills. This I believe, this I preach, and woe is me if I preach not this Gospel. I believe the order of our Churches is based on the New Testament, and while I will differ with none for the sake of differing, I have a definite belief, and I intend to preach definite things; I take the whole of the Bible, and no part of it shall be a sealed book to me.

Mr. Anderson here requested Mr. H. Clark to state the manner in which the Church was led to its choice of Mr. Moxham as pastor, which he did very clearly, laying stress upon the fact that they were united and hearty in their choice, that from the first the ministrations of Mr. Moxham had been well received, and that appreciation still grew—being shown by substantial additions to the congregation, and thirteen had received the right hand of fellowship, six of whom had been baptized. Mr. Anderson here requested Mr. Clark, as representing the Church, and Mr. Moxham to join hands.

Morning congregation was fair, Mr. Lambourne preached from Matt. xviii. 2; afternoon congregation very good. Mr. Anderson preached from 2 Tim. ii. 15; evening congrega-

tion, a good full house, Mr. J. Mead preached from Exod. xxiii. 13. All excellent sermons—listened to with much interest and profit.

HUNTS.—When I was at Layton, I saw a record of old George Herbert, who came here in 1626, and found the Church in ruins. He wrote here, but soon removed. My customer said, This is a dark village. He directed me to Staploe, where one Mr. Sears preached; then, at Hail Weston, I heard Josiah Morling, who is well up in pulpit work. My cousin said, Mr. Morling was once at St. Neots, but now he is pastor of a good Church at Over, where I think George Wyard preached when I was a boy. Oh, brother Banks, it makes my heart ache to see how, in a few years, the old oak trees and pulpit-cedars are cut down; and the little saplings are so proud, so knowing, so unlike the former generation. I sometimes think the glory of God in Christ, by the vitalising power of the Spirit, is not much seen now. I am meditating on that word of Paul: "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth." Why, Banks, the people, and pulpits, are much in this mould; then—"and grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption." You see Paul thought they were sealed; but yet it was possible the Spirit was grieved. That is where we are. I do fear it. We need not what Moses asked, but what God promised. Moses said to God, "Before I go forward any further, give me to see Thee. Let me know what Thou art." And the reply was to him, a glorious agnosticism of the ancient days, "Thou canst not see Me and live. My whole figure is uncommunicable to your senses; would overwhelm you. But this I will do: I will let My goodness pass before you." As to all the breadth and width, and height, and depth of the being of God, of which man has scarcely a conception, it was declared to him that the outrush of such existence would be far more than if the whole sun should pour its torrents down upon human life and make this world as hot as it is itself, extinguishing life and consuming everything. "But My goodness in some sense and degree can be communicated to you." And this is the portrait which God draw of Himself. O that God's goodness might pass before us, in the Spirit's revelation of the person of Christ! Ministers and people are very much in the Gospel stereotype foundry. And original gushing forth of the Spirit is rare indeed.

HULL.—A correspondent says, "We have had vicar Battersby in Hull. He preached a full and free Gospel from 1 Peter ii. 5: 'Lively stones, a spiritual house.' He is a valiant watchman on Zion's walls. He fights with royal weapons, he lives on royal food, he wears royal apparel, he loves royal family fellowship. I saw a few of the Particular Baptists at the Church, and I believe they were well satisfied."

SPELDHURST-ROAD.—There was a good and cheerful gathering on the occasion of the Harvest Thanksgiving, in the School-room, on Saturday, November 1. In the absence of C. W. Banks, Mr. David Stanton presided, and in the course of a very feeling address, spoke of the faithfulness of God as verified in his own experience of the fulfilment of that promise: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." It was true also in God's goodness to us as a nation, in providing food for man and beast; and it was right and proper that we should meet together to thank Him for His goodness, and no one more rejoiced to do this than God's own children. Mr. Samuel Banks read and expounded the Scriptures. Several brethren engaged in prayer. Our old friend Poynton conducted the service of praise, and all united in singing the hymn,—

"To praise the ever bounteous Lord,
My soul, wake all her powers;
He calls, and at His voice comes forth
The smiling harvest hours."

Some excellent samples of the earth's production (setting forth the wonders of God in creation), in the shape of wheat, barley, fruits and flowers (all gratuitously supplied), tended to enliven and make it specially characteristic of a Harvest Thanksgiving meeting.—J. W. B.

COGGESHALL.—There is an opening here for any man, or an "M.A.," that is "Master of the Acts and Monuments of the Gospel Mystery." Where can that man be found? We have long thought the Church should unitedly, earnestly, weepingly, cry unto the great Saviour, and there and then continue, until the Lord doth appear for them, in sending them "a man in whom the Spirit of God is."

SPALDING.—We regret to find Mr. Newbold has left Spalding. The history of Love Lane Chapel, as far as we have known it (which is about forty years), may be given in *Cheering Words* narrative. Benjamin Flory, the good old deacon, John Vincent's voyage to Newcastle, his wonderful prosperity, his removal to Spalding, his work, his death; Love Lane as it is now, Mr. Tryon's prophecy—the happy meetings we have seen there, all take us back into Ezekiel's vision, causing us to cry, "O WHEEL"! Our Churches, who are not chained up to any Association, require a wise, a wealthy bishop, who could travel among them, labour with them; by God's mercy find out, and set over them, living ministers; not praters, nor grumblers, nor bigots, nor crotchety, cruel dynamiters, but Christ-like men, who, out of love's necessity, must work and suffer for the good of souls. Where can such a bishop be found? Look at Cheltenham, Liverpool, Manchester, Rochdale, and a thousand other places in England alone. The fathers are going home, and the "man's free-will heresy" is running off with the rising race, while we sit down and grumble. There are a few young men with some zeal; but plenty

of Stephen's friends, who would stone them to death. Praying students, truth interpreters, spiritual healers, are wanted. Old Eliphaz may go to bed. Elihus, come to Zion's help; Holy Spirit, send them!

MR. ANDREW WARD.

To the Editor of the EARTHEN VESSEL.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow space in your next issue for a brief note in reference to a letter from Mr. Tooke, which appears in the November number of the *VESSEL*? The letter is so worded on a point for which it seems chiefly to have been written to you for publication, as somewhat to mislead the readers of it who live away from Earl's Barton, until a word or two is added to it. Mr. Tooke writes: "Last week I had a little conversation with a young brother in the ministry, Andrew Ward, residing at Earl's Barton;" and then goes on to say, "He has been persecuted of late because he is an abstainer."

Without enquiring into the merits of the case, as stated by Mr. Tooke in his letter to you, I can assure you and your readers that his "young brother, Andrew Ward," has not been persecuted by us at Earl's Barton, and certainly not by any one here on the ground of his being an abstainer.

Yours truly, D. MARRIOTT.

Earl's Barton, Nov. 13, 1884.

[We have no room to reply to this until January.—ED.]

MAIDSTONE.—Harvest Thanksgiving Services were held at Providence Chapel, Mote-road, October 22, 1884. Mr. Squirrell gave an excellent sermon. A most bountiful tea was provided by lady friends. Mr. George Webb, pastor, presided, and Mr. Worsell offered prayer at evening meeting. Messrs. Shaw, Cattell, Thomas, Patterson, and Squirrell, gave appropriate addresses. The Lord's presence was with us? The Lord's name be praised.—E. W.

ORIGINAL HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

"Peace on earth and good-will towards men."

Merry Christmas! once more come;
Distant friends are welcomed home!
Brothers, sisters, scattered wide
(Who land and sea awhile divide),
Meet together at such times,
Glad to hear the cheerful chimes.

Many sad hearts there's sure to be,
Sorrowing of necessity;
Some for loved ones now no more,
Some for some afflictions sore!
Some remembering better days,
Some for children's wayward ways

Some there will be *who are poor*,
The giant wolf's close at the door!
Who cannot with friends rejoice,
Listening to each welcome voice.
They are friendless, homeless, sad;
Heaven cheer them, make them glad.

As the merry Christmas bells
Of a Saviour's birthday tell,
May kind hearts be ever found
Caring for the poor around!
Stretching out the bounteous hand
To the needy of the land!

And whilst peace and plenty reigns,
On our hills and o'er our plains,
May glad hearts with gladness sing
Praises to our Lord and King!
And God's blessing on all rest,
Homes and families truly blest.

Margate. G. H. M. READ.

Author of Home Recollections, The Willow-bound Harp, Seaside Thoughts, and other Poems and Hymns.

Marrriage.

Mr. John Scarfe, deacon of Baptist Chapel, Mendelsham, to Lavinia Pinner, of Ipswich.

On October 27, 1884, at Station-road Baptist chapel, Redhill, by Mr. Picknell (pastor), John Hickmou, of Dorking, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Mr. Jas. Eyles, of Twickenham, Surrey.

Deaths.

DEAR C. W. BANKS.—I have lost a faithful friend. William Proctor. For 36 years I have known him. He was a member of Mr. Hughes's Church in Backney. Then you baptized him many years ago at Shoreditch. He went out to Chicago, America, in 1868. We have corresponded with each other ever since. He was a kind friend. I heard from him in September. He was well the 12th October; he was out twice to the house of God. Monday he went to business. Friday, Oct. 17 fell asleep in Jesus. He was a gracious man.—S. FOSTER.

FOOT'S CHAY, KENT.—What an indescribable thrill of sorrow, hope, and silent sighing Godward runs through my soul when called to view the scenes, the circumstances, and the many-gifted men of God whom we once knew and deeply esteemed. William Henry Colyer was a singular, a large, and long-preaching minister. He has been in heaven near fifty years. Hence he knows more of it than we do down in this valley of sin, of sorrow, and of a variety of imperfect ones. In a sermon on Job xxvi. 14 ("Lo! these are parts of His ways; but how little a portion is heard of Him; but the thunder of His power who can understand?") he uttered in his own quaint, original way, "To read the book of Job, and understand it, you must know much of Job's devil and much of Job's God." He was found in his chamber one morning as one gone. At the age of 62, Sept. 10, 1845, he quietly left all here below. Since his death the Gospel has been continually proclaimed by a variety of voices, and our sacred, steady, and truth-loving brother Mr. John Salea, tells us the Church is growing in grace and increasing in numbers, notwithstanding one old plant of sturdy growth was rather suddenly plucked up by the roots and transplanted to flourish in the courts above. For her early and late attendance, I used to call her "Alpha and Omega." The following lines faintly express her work and worth:

"Attending early, leaving late,
Loving her humble part to take,
Preparing for the saints:
Her plodding feet and useful hands
Are now at rest in death's cold bands,
Awaiting judgment's call.

No more of sorrow, grief, or woe
Does our dear sister share or know
On Canaan's happy shore.
Mysterious though her state may be,
Entered eternal bliss has she,
Giving glory to the Lord.

Amen, so let it be.
Soon we shall also see.
All we desired below.
Voices all clear and sweet,
Entraptured we shall greet,
Delivered from all woe."

The Church is now at peace, and prospering under the faithful and loving ministry of brother Simmonds, who is outspoken and earnest. The Sunday-school is flourishing. Several have been added to the Church from the classes. The congregation has also increased so much that to seat them it is settled to enlarge the chapel to seat 130 more. The harvest thanksgiving services were well at ended, and more collected than on any previous occasion for the same purpose. We have also a Dorcas Society, doing good service. So you see we are not barren, nor unfruitful. Old Bethesda, Orpington, where you and many other faithful servants of the Lord have broken the bread of life, is still closed, and seems doomed to be turned into two cottages. Praying the Lord of the harvest to support and abundantly bless you and yours.—I remain, your loving brother, JOHN SALEA.

KENT.—Mr. Swonell, a minister, has been called away rather suddenly. Mr. Drake, the aged man of God at Sittingbourne has been occasionally preaching at Chatham since the illness and death of Mr. Charles Christmas.

Mrs. Wilson, the widow of the late David Wilson, Baptist minister of Hull, of Saffron Waldon, and of Boston, died at Boston, Nov. 10, 1884, in the 84th year of her age. Her pastor, Mr. John Bolton, writing us, says, "her life, as you know, has been a true and living testimony for Him she beloved." Indeed, we do know it. We found her and her beloved David first at Hull forty years ago. A more pious, primitive, faithful, unworldly Christian couple we never did know.

William Peploe, Esq., a cheerful and useful friend to the Church, laid down to cease from all the cares of this life Nov. 9, in his 70th year, at his residence in Lee. We have often met him years-gone by, and his Christ-like spirit won our silent esteem for one so gentle, so faithful, so upright, and to our Lord so affectionate and sincere. Shall we not meet beyond the river, and in the unnumbered assemblies there ungle our praises and unite in giving glory and honour to God and to the Lamb, with the over-blessed Spirit, who helps us here to know and to trust in the God of our salvation?

At Great Yarmouth, Robert Goddard departed this world of sin, sorrow, and affliction to be with Christ, which is far better, on Oct. 22, 1884, at the age of 78. For many years he stood a member of the Surrey Tabernacle. In the providence of God he removed to Great Yarmouth, and after a time he cast in his lot with the people of God at York-road, under the ministry of Mr. James Muskett. He oftentimes rejoiced under the preached word. He loved the doctrines of free and sovereign grace. For some time past he felt very dark in his mind, and was fearful and timid in pretending to call God his Father, although he would often say, "My only hope is in Christ." As he drew near his end, darkness was exchanged for light. When asked if he was happy, he said, "I am truly happy; I have cast all my burden on the Lord Jesus Christ; His yoke is easy and His burden is light." He was interred at the Yarmouth Cemetery October 29, 1884. Mr. J. Muskett officiated, and gave a solemn address, speaking words of comfort and consolation to the bereaved widow, family, and friends. On Lord's-day, Nov. 2, Mr. J. Muskett preached an excellent discourse from Rev. xiv. 13. In the course of his sermon, relating to the conversation he had with the deceased during his membership with us, he would often say he wanted no new doctrine. Nothing but a full Christ for an empty, vile, sinner like him. He is gone; we feel his loss in the Church; but our loss is his eternal gain. May our last end be like his.